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# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. VIII.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1900.

NO. 7.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. J. H. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

H. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

M. H. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
W. M. CHURCHMAN	Director
E. J. KINGS, M. D.	Physician
MRS. ISABEL WALKER	Nurse

Teachers:

H. J. COLEMAN, M. A.	Mrs. J. G. TENNILL,
(Head Teacher)	Miss S. TEMPLERSON
J. J. BALIS, B. A.	Miss MARY HULL,
J. J. McILLOP,	Mrs. SYLVIA L. BALIS,
W. J. CAMPBELL,	Miss GEORGINA LIND,
W. J. STEWART,	Miss ADA JAMES,
J. J. FORRESTER,	Mrs. J. MADDOCK, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:

Miss M. M. JARVIS	Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work	

Miss L. N. MITCHELL,	JOHN T. BURNS,
Book and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing	

W. M. DOUGLASS,	WM. NURSE,
Bookkeeper & Associate Superintendent	Master Shoemaker

H. G. KEITH,	CHAS. J. PIPPIN,
Supervisor of Boys, etc.	Engineer

Miss M. DEMPSEY,	JOHN DOWNIE,
Supervisor of Girls, etc.	Master Carpenter

Miss S. McNICOLL,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse	Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,  
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering and Shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

**R. MATHISON,**  
Superintendent  
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 4:30 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



## The Song of the Camp.

Bayard Taylor the author of this touching poem, was born in Pennsylvania in 1825, began life at seventeen as apprentice in a printing office, and died in 1878 as Minister of his country at the German Imperial Court. He was found dead among his books in his library at Berlin. He travelled over most of the habitable globe, from Iceland to the upper Nile, and published seven volumes detailing his experiences. He also published a novel, several volumes of poetry, and perhaps the best translation of Faust that there is. The "Song of the Camp" records an incident in the siege of Sebastopol, 1855.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried  
The outer trenches guarding  
When the heated guns of the camp allied  
Grew weary of bombarding

The dark Median, in silent scoff  
Lay grim and threatening, under  
And the away mound of the Melakoff  
No longer belched its thunder

There was a pause a guardman said,  
"We storm the forts to-morrow  
But while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow"

They lay along the battery a side  
Below the smoking cannon,  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde  
And from the tanks of Shannon

They sang of love, and not of fame  
Forgot was Britain's glory  
Each heart recalled a different name  
But all sang "Annie Laurie"

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong  
Their battle-eve confession

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak  
But, as the song grew louder  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With screams of shot and rattle of shell  
And howling of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a slinger, dumb and gory  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie"

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing  
The bravest are the tenderest  
The loving are the darest.



## Thrilling Battle Scene.

We had been fighting in the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box had been emptied once or more, and one-fourth of the brigade had melted away in dead, wounded and missing. We knew that we were being driven foot by foot, and that when we broke once more the line would go to pieces and the enemy pour through the gap. Hero comes help. Down the crowded highway gallops a battery. The field fence is scattered, the ammunition chests open and along our lines runs the order, "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoners are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery lozes just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works again as before. Every gun is using fuso shells. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sounds from a line three miles long, and shell-go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and

mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the do-montical singing, purring, whistling grape shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from their bodies. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crushes through grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts are blended into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened and bloody mass. Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is silence for ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of 3,000 muskets, and we rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over wireworks of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood, every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians see glory.—New York American.

## A Hint for Readers.

It often happens in reading that we come across a reference to a book we would like some time to consult, or a mention of some subject we hope some day to have time to investigate. But we finish our book, and forget the clow which attracted us, and which might have led us into new and interesting fields of thought.

There are readers, doubtless, who keep a systematic account of their reading, and in whose voluminous note books are stored all such points for future use. But the ordinary hurried mortal, whose moments of reading are snatched from a multitude of other occupations, may not think such note books necessary or valuable. It is for his benefit a simpler hint is thrown out.

In any book one is reading it is handy to keep a sheet of paper. In addition to the use to be suggested it answers for a book mark. And the humble lead pencil should be always in the pocket of man or woman to help along the wheels of daily existence.

Then scribble upon the sheet the name of the book, the notice of the subject, the reference to the "well-known anecdote" with which you would like to be familiar. And the scribbling must be done at the instant we meet the name or the allusion we would like to retain. Finally, the sheets are collected and kept in an envelope marked "Notes for Future Reading," or "Helps to Information," according to your point of inquiry.—Harper's Bazar.

When did George Washington take a carriage? When he took a hack at the cherry tree.

## Thirty Seconds Too Late.

Rev. Mr. Bell was always punctual. Whoever might be late at meeting, at the funeral or anywhere else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. If called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the door step and his hand on the bell handle when the clock was striking the hour. It was at first quite annoying to his flock to go according to their old habits to a funeral and meet it on its way to the grave, or to go to a wedding and find it all over before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Slow waited on the minister to ask him why he "was always in such a hurry and so afraid of being too late."

"Well, my good friend, I will tell you: and if, after hearing me, you do not think I am about right in this thing, I will try to alter."

"That's surely fair," slowly said Mr. Slow, as if afraid to commit himself.

"When I was a young man and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant mountain town and preach to a destitute people. I went for some weeks, and then returned home for a few days, promising to be back without fail the next Sunday. Well, I had a pleasant week among my kind relatives, and was so much engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties till Saturday returned, and then my sister and a beautiful friend of hers persuaded me to go out a little while in the little white boat Cinderella on our beautiful lake. The day was fine and Cinderella spun and darted under my oars as if a thing of life. When we got ashore I found it two o'clock, and I knew the cars left in fifteen minutes!

"I left the ladies and ran home and caught my carpet bag and ran for the depot. I saw the cars had arrived. With all my strength I ran. I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts and got within fifteen feet of the cars! Oh, for thirty seconds more! Thirty seconds too late! No more! The next day was a fair, still, sweet Sunday. My mountain people gathering, coming down from the glens and following the rills, filled the house of worship. But there was no minister; and the hungry sheep had no shepherd to feed them! He was thirty seconds too late! There was a poor, old, blind man, who lived four miles from the church, and seldom could he get to meeting. That day he ate breakfast early and his little granddaughter led him all the way down the mountain to church. How weary and sad and disappointed he was! There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a great gathering of children to the Sunday School. And their little eyes glistened, for the minister had promised to preach them a 'little sermon' to day, but he was not there. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a sick child up one of the glens of the mountain, and she had been enquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him and have him pray with her. How she hailed the day when he would be there! But no! he was not there. That poor old blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble, and never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!

"That little girl was dead before I got back, and I could only shed tears over the corpse! I had been thirty seconds too late!

"On my bended knees I asked God's forgiveness and promised him that, if possible, I would never again be thirty seconds too late! And now, Mr. Slow, am I not about right in my punctuality?"

"Well, I guess—it—don't look—quite—so—unreasonable—as it—might."—Secretary.

The worst remedy for an evil is to complain of it.

For every foolish thing in law there is a wise reason.



# THE CANADIAN MUTE

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb  
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

### OUR MISSION

- First - That a number of our pupils may learn to read, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.
- Second - To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.
- Third - To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

### SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remitt by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

### ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 25 cents a line for each insertion.

Address all communications and subscriptions to  
**THE CANADIAN MUTE,**  
BELLEVILLE,  
ONTARIO



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1900.

### "Once a Week."

Of making many newspapers there is no end and seldom a week goes by in which some new journal is not born into the world. In our last issue we printed the announcement of a new paper for the deaf to be entitled *Once a Week* which will shortly make its appearance. The prospectus reads well and the promoters are—as is always the case—confident that their paper will "fill a long felt want" and be eagerly welcomed by multitudes hungry for the superior mental diet which it proposes to supply. We hope with all our heart that the paper will be as good as is promised and will meet with success; but we are bound to say that our expectations do not equal our good wishes. For the benefit of the publishers of the new journal we beg to ask their most careful consideration of the following parable. Once upon a time a certain individual, who was determined to get all the pleasure out of life that it was possible to get, made a bargain with his Satanic majesty to this effect. Satan was to grant him a long life and to furnish him with all the money he could spend in any way he chose, and at the end of his bargain, if he lived up to his side of the bargain, he was to have the man's soul. This modern Faust then proceeded to enjoy himself as perhaps man never did before. He tested every form of pleasure and indulgence, and devised every possible scheme for spending money in the hope that his majesty's purse would give out and the contract be finally void. His efforts seemed all in vain, for money in limitless abundance was always at his command. He had about given up in despair what seemed a hopeless task when a bright thought occurred to him. For some days he shut himself into his room and then he issued forth with a prospectus for a new paper. His Mephisto was wild with anger and dismay

when the huge preliminary draft was made upon him, but he was irrevocably bound by his agreement. Soon the arrangements were all completed and the paper began to issue and the demand for money became incessant. This continued for some weeks, every day Satan's countenance became gloomier and the man became correspondingly happier and more hopeful. Ere long the payments began to be spasmodic and uncertain and draft after draft went to protest. Mephisto put forth every possible effort, and despatched his messengers to scour the whole universe for money to satisfy the insatiable demands. But of course for such a contest there could be but one end. In a few months the exchequer of Pluto himself was empty, every conceivable source of supply was exhausted, and Satan was compelled to admit that he had reached the limit of his resources, to confess himself defeated and to cancel the contract. The point of our parable lies in the application thereof. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

### The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language.

All who are familiar with the deaf and their chief mode of communication know how utterly impossible it is to produce clear and easily comprehensible pictorial representations of signs. Many efforts have been made to do so with varying degrees of success, but by far the best of these that we have ever seen is contained in a booklet issued by the Connecticut Magazine Co., of Hartford, which gives the Lord's Prayer in a series of pictorial representations. The signs, by means of dotted lines and other devices, are made as vivid as it is possible for them to be, and with careful study even a novice would be able to reproduce them with tolerable accuracy, especially as there is also a clear and detailed textual description of each sign. The book is a beautiful production of the printer's art, all the figures, of which there are 68, are pretty and graceful and are artistically arranged in groups of four with handsome floral designs. This brochure is worthy of a place in the home of every deaf person and of all who are interested in the deaf. See advertisement in another column of this paper.

Every session, at about this season of the year, there is more or less of a controversy among our contemporaries as to the advisability of having a midwinter vacation in Schools for the Deaf. Many years ago the Superintendent of this Institution abolished the practice of allowing the pupils to go home at Christmas time. Some of our reasons were as follows. On several previous occasions pupils brought back with them various contagious diseases which occasioned considerable trouble and one or two deaths in the school, many parents can ill afford the money to pay the fare of their children going and coming twice a year, while, if some went home and others stayed here, those that remained felt the deprivation much more sorely than they now do. The excitement of anticipating and preparing for the home-going, and the time it took for the pupils to get over their home sickness and to settle down to work after their return, really caused a loss of not less than a month of the school session. For these and other reasons we abandoned the practice and have never regretted doing so. A number of other institutions have followed our example and every year others are added to the list, with invariably good results.

In the United States, according to the census of 1890, there were 458 deaf blind persons, of whom 62 were insane and 137 feeble-minded. So far as we know or can ascertain there is not in Canada a solitary individual thus doubly afflicted.

In every new enterprise it is better for a person to try to first gauge his powers and opportunities, and to start at the pace which he thinks he will be able to maintain. That is what we endeavored to do when we established *The Canadian Mute*, we felt that a semi-monthly paper was all our facilities justified and all the purpose we had in view required, and we have kept up the same steady pace with uniform regularity, and we believe with uniform if not ever increasing excellence. In many other institutions, however the promoters of school papers in the exuberance of their enthusiasm over a new venture, decided on a weekly paper, and no doubt some of them looked forward hopefully to a daily edition. Many of them soon found out their mistake, and for some years past we have seen the announcement of first one paper and then another that it has been decided to thereafter publish semi-monthly instead of weekly. Some schools may have the means and facilities for issuing a good paper every week, but the majority have not, and it is decidedly better to publish a first class paper every two weeks than a merely tolerable one weekly.

*The Toronto Evening Star* is a recent and very welcome addition to our exchange list. The past history of the *Star* has been one of many ups and downs, but amid a" mutations of fortune it has generally managed to keep on the right side of most public questions and has exercised a good deal of beneficial influence in Toronto. Since coming under the management of the present talented editor, Mr. J. E. Atkinson, it seems to have passed beyond its period of probation and to have become firmly established on a solid basis. It has doubled in size, it is full of the timeliest news and most carefully selected matter, its editorial comments are apt and dignified, and every department presents evidence of energy, enthusiasm and prosperity. It is clean, reliable and interesting and is justly and ever increasingly popular in Toronto and is fast adding to its circulation all over the Province.

We have received a copy of the revised edition of the Language Chart, prepared by Mr. R. H. Atwood, of Columbus, Ohio. The chart seems to be an ingenious one and its author claims that it is a great aid in teaching language. The distinctive feature of Mr. Atwood's system is that pupils should be taught the part of speech and even the subdivision to which each word in a sentence belongs, and the function of each word in the sentence. For teachers who follow this plan this chart would no doubt be very helpful.

*The Oregon Statesman* recently issued a very handsome Illustrated Annual which, among other interesting and attractive matter, contained a short history of the Oregon School for the Deaf, which, under the superintendency of Mr. Wentz, has attained a high standard of efficiency and merits the encomiums passed upon it by *The Statesman*. The article is illustrated with cuts of the Institution and of each member of the staff, to each of which is appended a brief biographical sketch.

Some local merchants presented a large assortment of games, toys, books, etc., totalling about 110 in all, to the pupils of the Kentucky school last Christmas, and many hearts were thereby made glad—the donors', no doubt, most of all. The merchants of Belleville made the same number of presents to the pupils here, barring the two left-hand figures.

### To Helen Keller

BY ALICE S. HESTER

The sunny number of *Frontier Monthly* contains the following poem, with a portrait of Helen and her life.

For thee the outer world is dim,  
With a dawn of morning light  
For thee, the inner world is bright,  
An endless day of perfect light.

Thou canst not hear the least  
Nor see the mead the brook  
But, schooled in the verse of life,  
Thou hearest voice of sea and sky.

No shade envelopes sculpture  
Thy hand interprets to thy soul  
Although no painting thou canst see  
The soul of beauty lives in thine.

The tones of music, sweet and true  
Tune that thou canst never hear  
But deep within thy soul doth dwell  
The sense of all things that are.

### Economy.

Economy is a great virtue. It is the saving of time, of money, of health. The principles of economy are to waste absolutely nothing, and to have to waste nothing, for we consider it each person's business if he has few or many wants, though the consensus of opinion tends to make him who saves a little more than him who wastes his money in buying foolish things. But the position that we should waste absolutely nothing is one to which we desire to point in a homely way. In institutions where everything is furnished for the use of pupils and employes, the waste of some things may be lost sight of. Children know very little concerning the value of things, and when something is broken, they think that a new one is easily got. How often have we seen signs, "The superintendent will give a new one," when some boy, through carelessness, has destroyed some property. And it is always the case. The boy is reprimanded, but the new article takes the place of the old one, and the incident is forgotten. And in respectable goods, like soap, and shoe brushes, and shoe brushes, and combs and brushes, there is room for economy every day, and we see evidences of waste as often as we go where these things are used. It is easy to break the handle off a blacking brush, though if the boy that break them had to earn the money to replace them, we feel certain that there would be need of fewer replacements. Soap soon goes to waste if it is allowed to stand in water, and we see soap soaking in a bowl of water almost every day. Some boys do these things thoughtlessly. They need to have economy taught them, or thought into them. We cannot believe that they do these things maliciously, but we know the things are done, and we do not think it is in our own school that they are done. To correct these wasteful habits should be the duty of everybody connected with the school.

*Silent Hoosier.*

### Qualifications for Teachers

There is a mistaken notion in the minds of many people that any person can teach the deaf. In consequence of this mistaken notion Superintendent Dobyus has a great many applications from persons, knowing nothing whatever about the deaf, who want to enter upon that duty at once. He also has frequent applications from those who want to prepare themselves for this teaching. As the nominating of teachers, as well as officers, is entirely in the hands of the superintendent he has prepared the following, which is being printed in convenient form so that all applicants can see at a glance what is required. The superintendent proposes to stand by these qualifications before appointing any one as a teacher or a normal student, and must that applicants should possess at least one of them.

Qualifications for position of teacher:

- 1st. Several years' successful teaching in a school for the deaf.
- 2nd. Several years' successful teaching in hearing schools, coupled with normal training in teaching the deaf.
- 3rd. Several years' experience with the deaf, coupled with a diploma or certificate of graduation, from a first class college or high school, or an institution for the Deaf.

Qualifications for normal student:

- 1st. Several years' successful teaching in hearing schools.
- 2nd. A diploma or certificate of graduation from a first class college or high school.—*The Voice*

## Deed and a Word.

It had lost its way  
The grass and fern  
The stranger scooped a well  
The very man might torn  
The man and hung, with care,  
The man of the brick  
The man of the deed he did,  
The man that toll might defolk  
The man and, to the well,  
The man never dried,  
The man ten thousand parched tongues  
The man a life beside

A man and a crowd  
The man through the mart,  
The man of hope and love  
The man, from the heart  
The man of the tumult thrown,  
The man of the breath,  
The man of the dust,  
The man of the death,  
The man of the word of love,  
The man of the word of love,  
The man of the word of love,  
The man of the word of love,  
The man of the word of love,  
The man of the word of love,

## PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Pupils of Mr. Denys' Class.

Some  
Month  
Days longer  
Lam in sight  
Cold hands, warm feet  
No wrinkles on our rink.  
Storm the citadel of illiteracy  
Cape Nome is the latent for gold.  
Canada expects every man to do his duty.

Learning is not an easy ladder to climb.

The proverbial January thaw caught the train.

Joseph Dubois is the prince of book-lovers.

Some fight to get married and others get married to fight.

Tommy wonders how it is that French is English.

Miss O'Connor, sister of Ettie, came to see her. Ettie was delighted at her visit.

Our Principal was born in January, and also our teacher. Nothing like beginning the year well.

The newspaper man who claims a good circulation must have a deal of dry humor in him.

Harry Crooms is very proud that his father has been in the Richmond Council for six years in succession.

On the 18th ult. Anna Allendorf's friend, Mr. Zryd, of Toronto, came here to see her and she was very much pleased.

On the 13th, John Zimmerman got word from home that his brother is employed as a G. T. R. engineer. He is doing well.

This work was a revelation to Mr. Boulding, a nice man who just brought his son, an intelligent young fellow, to our school.

The powers stand in the following order as to naval strength: Great Britain, France, Russia, the United States, Germany, Italy.

Georgina Fairbairn was very much surprised that she got a nice brooch from her loving friend. She was very much pleased with it. She looks proud.

There is something pretty in the following: "Our country? In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong?"

Last Friday evening Leon Charbonneau and Joseph Dubois, whilst walking, thought they saw an owl and were preparing to declare war when they found out it was only a hat.

Corra Pierce got a letter from her aunt Mary, of Detroit, saying that her cousin Aggie is sick with hip-disease and in the hospital. She hopes that she will be getting better soon.

We are sorry because one of the girls, Miss Maud Thomas, has been lying in bed for a long time. She is able to dress now but she is weak. We hope she will be quite well soon.

We are glad that Generals Clerly and Buller are getting to Ladysmith now and the English soldiers beat the Boers last Saturday and Sunday. We are proud of the English soldiers.

Thanks, *New Era*, for your kind words about our teacher and reproduction of the CANADIAN MUTE'S flattering tribute. No compliment could have come from more graceful or pleasing sources.

Hattie Sager got a letter from her sister Phoebe, saying her cousin, Violet,

Grace and Percy from Grafton, paid her family a visit. Hattie and her sisters expect their mother to visit them whilst the sleighing is good.

In these days when the air is ripe with contention, it may not be inappropriate to recall the fact that at the battle between Abias and Zerobeam, the latter lost 300,000 men, the greatest number upon record of slain and wounded in any battle whether of ancient or modern history.

Abbe Belanger, Principal of the Milo End School for the Deaf, never forgets us. In his last report just received he gives valuable information regarding the progress of the work in Quebec. The number of pupils on the register is 111, and everything seems to be moving prosperously and well. All success ever attend our sister Institution.

One day last week the snow was very soft and some of our boys thought they would play war. They rolled up great quantities of the beautiful into huge balls, piled them up to a point considered impregnable by the juvenile experts and christened the works "Mafeking." Baden Powell, a lad of 12, got behind this fort with his braves, a dozen of tots ranging from 11 to 8. Snyman picked his Boers as best he could and then began the bombardment. Dum-dums manufactured on the spot, cleaved the air with deadly accuracy. There were performed here and there great feats of valor. Darkness, however, set in and the enemy retired towards nearest kopje a pile of lumber, not far from the road. It is unofficially reported one lad lost one of his mitts.

## DETROIT NEWS.

From our own correspondent.

The Rev. A. W. Mann was in Detroit Jan. 6th and gave a lecture that evening. It was about the Nineteenth Century and the many improvements that have taken place within the past one hundred years and what might take place within the coming century. It was very interesting and largely attended. Miss M. Gafferty was the only one over from Windsor.

The next day, Sunday, we had service twice. In the morning the Rev. Mann preached on True Happiness, which is more often found in serving our Heavenly Father than in seeking worldly pleasure. In the afternoon, after the sermon, Miss Ella Fuhrman, a former pupil of Flint, signed "Lead kindly Light" very gracefully.

Misses Mabel and Fannie Ball came over from Windsor. The former is still busy and looking well, while Miss Fannie has grown to be quite a young lady and a great favorite with her deaf friends over here. It would not be surprising if she becomes a little American some day. Mr. Ed Ball is both doing and looking well. Detroit appears to agree with him better than Canada.

The gentlemen of Detroit have a club, which is just what was needed. The club room is open to members all the time and is very nice and comfortable. Whenever they have entertainments or lectures they always invite the ladies and other friends, which makes it very desirable. Occasionally one of the teachers or officers from Flint comes and gives a lecture, which are always very interesting. On Jan. 27th, Mr. Pratt is expected to come and give one. I think all cities where there are a number of deaf gentlemen should have a club or a room where they could go anytime and meet and talk with each other.

Misses Eva Zugg and Alice Francis are both enjoying good health.

As I write this I wonder what kind of weather my friends in the east are having. It has been rain and fog here for the past week, more like April than January. Now I think I have raked up all the news I can and one and all must be satisfied for the present.

## Habit.

Did it ever strike you how hard a thing "habit" is to get rid of? Even the word itself partakes of its own meaning. To illustrate: Decapitate "habit," and you still have "abit" cut off its head once more and again there remains a "bit," repeat the operation and the whole of "it" remains, and if you again dismember what is left, this wonderful little word is not "totally" done for. Under the circumstances, you will all agree that bad habits are bad things to contract and very difficult to get rid of.

## Returned to Toronto.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

DEAR SIR: Having been requested to help to hold up the reputation of Toronto, in the matter of correspondence to the MUTE I shall try and write items of occurrences which I think may make interesting reading.

I am just back from Manitoba, where I have lived nearly nine years. So much is already known of life in Manitoba that I suppose it is unnecessary for me to make any remarks concerning the country. Allow me to say, however, that I look always at the best and most pleasant side of things, and in justice to Manitoba I must admit that it is a very admirable country. I have lived for the most part on a farm, which life I always enjoyed. I think nothing is better for deaf mutes, and in fact any body, than farming. If you want to farm and spend your declining years on a farm, Manitoba is the place to go to. I came down to Ontario on a visit to friends and relatives in Toronto, Bruce and Grey counties. I visited my cousin, Miss Nellie Burr, and found her well and seeming contented at home. While in Owen Sound I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Corbett. My visit so far has been a most pleasant one. I am not yet acquainted with many of the mutes here, as I have only been here a short time, therefore the readers of this paper will excuse me for not writing many items pertaining to events transpiring amongst the deaf population of the Queen City.

Sunday, Jan. 21, Mr. Nasmith preached a most instructive sermon to a fairly good attendance at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. Of course I am interested in the Sunday services. I beg to be permitted to say, without causing any offence, that there is a large number of mutes in the city who should make an effort to be present at the services every Sunday.

From what I have learned of the Maple Leaf Club, I am of the opinion that it is a most beneficent organization for promoting good will amongst the mutes and at the same time helping the mind in a literary way. I have not been present at any meeting yet but shall attend one to be held at the residence of Mr. R. Slater on Feb. 1st.

There are quite a number of my school mates in Toronto who were small boys when I left school, all of whom I was delighted to see again. Of course I could not recognize most of them.

It seems to me all the mutes in the city are at work except myself. Well, I may be working in Ford's art studio in a few days. Mr. Ford wants me, but I have other important business to attend to which may keep me busy for some time. At present I do not care to say anything about it. The above does not signify that I will remain in the city for good, though I understand there are those who would be only too pleased to have me remain here. However, there is special attraction for me in Manitoba.

I beg of all the correspondents who have been accustomed to represent the Queen City in the MUTE, to continue to do so. You can write something now and then. I am a greenhorn or a hayseed at such business. Perhaps I will need a year's experience before I can satisfy the readers. I have always read the correspondence that appeared in the MUTE, and I must say that most of it has been interesting. Surely your scribbles have reason to be satisfied with the work you have done.—EDMUND SPERER.

January 22nd, 1900.

## Well Trained Girls.

Two young girls have lately spent several months in the house with me, whose mother I highly respected, though I have never seen her. They are evidently in good circumstances but there is no waste. Every article of their clothing has wise and thoughtful care. Their rooms are always neat, and well aired, and orderly. They are students, and very busy ones, but nothing of theirs is left in slipshod fashion. They have time to put things in their proper places, hang up their clothing, and do all those little things that make the difference between a tidy and a slovenly room. They will make pleasant homes for somebody, some time, I believe. And I doubt not the credit is mainly due to a mother too wise and loving to indulge her own fondness by doing everything for them, or her ease by neglecting to train them because it is more trouble than to do the work herself.

## "On the Other Side."

We go our ways in life too much alone  
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind  
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan  
Too often to the weak and helpless blind  
Too often where distress and want abide  
We turn and pass upon the other side

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour  
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones  
To take the swollen and the sick and sore,  
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs  
Instead we look about the way is wide  
And so we pass upon the other side.

## What a Boy Did

The Duke of Argyle, walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass, and thinking that it had been brought from his library, called someone to take it back.

"It belongs to me, your Grace," said the gardener's son, stopping up.

"You?" cried the duke. "Do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the boy modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the science, began to talk to the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how come you to know so much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad. "One does not need to know anything more than twenty-six letters in order to learn every thing else one wishes."

But the nobleman wished to know more about it.

"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the mason came to work on your house. I noticed that the architect used a rule and compasses and made a great many calculations. What were the meaning and use of these? I asked and they told me of a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic, and studied it well. Then they told me there was another science, called geometry. It seems to me we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet."

They are in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are contented to waste their time in the first two or three rounds, without pluck or perseverance enough to climb higher! Up, up, up! if you wish to know more and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in this world. And if you are a poor boy, and need a little encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the garden's son did afterward in the Duke of Argyle, under whose patronage he pursued his studies, and became a distinguished mathematician.—L. J.

## History of a Famous Poem.

Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, who wrote the exceedingly popular poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring to Night," lives in a pretty frame cottage at Pacific Beach, near San Diego, Cal. When asked recently to tell how she came to write the poem that has made her famous she replied:

"I cannot remember when I did not write poetry. I have done so ever since I was a child. My mother did not approve of my writing, in fact, she discouraged it. One day after school I went to my room. I had been studying the historic period of which I was about to write in my poem, and the incident impressed itself so strongly on my mind that I felt impelled to write about it. I was about half way through when my mother came in, saying a young friend had come to spend the afternoon, and take tea with me. In great distress, I called out, 'Oh, mother, can't she wait a little while?' My mother, thinking I was solving a hard example in arithmetic said she would amuse my friend till I could leave. At last I finished it and put it away. Two or three years later I wanted a poem for publication in a Detroit paper for which I had been in the habit of contributing short poems gratuitously. I was unable at the time to write, as usual, an original poem for the next issue, and, on looking over my papers, found this one, which I decided to send, though doubting its acceptance, as it was so long. A day or two afterwards I received a note from the editor complimenting my last contribution highly and prophesying for it great and immediate success.—L. J.

A delicate man at work accomplishes more than a giant in idleness.

It is much harder to get a dollar into one's pocket than to take it out.



# Report of Pupils' Standing.

Excellent, 10; Medium, 5; Good, 7; Poor, 3.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1900.

NAME OF PUPIL.	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.
Armstrong, Jarvis H.	10	10	10	10
Allen, Ethel Victoria	10	10	10	5
Allendorf, Anna May	10	10	10	10
Aldcorn, Barbara	10	10	5	5
Burke, Edith	10	7	10	10
Barnott, Elmer L.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Eva Jane	10	10	10	10
Bellamy, George	10	10	10	10
Burke, Mabel	10	3	10	10
Bartley, John S.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Sarah Maria	10	10	10	7
Babcock, Ida E.	10	10	10	10
Barnard, Fred	10	10	10	10
Billug, William E.	10	5	5	5
Baragar, George H.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Mary Louisa	10	7	10	10
Boomer, Duncan	10	10	10	10
Bissell, Thomas F.	10	10	10	10
Brackenborough, Robt.	10	10	7	7
Branscombe, F M.	10	10	10	10
Baragar, Martha	10	10	10	10
Barnett, Gerald	10	10	10	10
Bezo, Richard	10	10	10	10
Burke, Elsie	10	10	7	7
Brown, Davy R.	10	10	10	10
Berthiaume, Marilda	7	10	10	10
Brown, Florence M.	10	10	10	10
Baker, Fred	10	10	10	10
Burchill, Cora	10	10	10	10
Blackburn, Annie	7	10	10	10
Buchan, Alexander	10	10	10	7
Brown, Frederick	10	10	7	5
Boyle, Mary Theresa	10	7	5	6
Boulding, George	10	10	7	5
Charbonneau, Leon	10	10	10	10
Cornish, William	10	10	10	10
Corrigan, Rosa A.	10	10	10	10
Clements, Henry	10	10	10	10
Cole, Amos Bowers	10	7	10	10
Cuningham, Martha	10	10	10	10
Cyr, Thomas	10	10	10	10
Croucher, John	10	10	10	10
Cathcart, Cora	10	10	5	5
Cove, Benjamin D. C.	10	7	10	10
Countryman, Haevoy B.	10	7	10	10
Carter, Stella Jane	10	10	7	7
Clark, Adeline	10	10	7	7
Chaine, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Caroy, Ferguson	10	10	5	3
Campbell, Samuel A.	10	10	10	10
Cummings, Bert	8	10	10	10
Chatten, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Cratchley, Mabel G.	10	10	7	7
Croan, Thomas R.	10	10	7	7
Chestnut, Arlio M.	10	10	5	5
Dowar, Jessie Carolus	10	10	10	10
Doyle, Francis E.	10	10	10	10
Dool, Thomas Henry	10	10	10	10
Dool, Charles Craig	10	10	10	10
Dubois, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Dixon, Ethel Irene	7	10	10	10
Dand, Wm. T.	10	7	7	7
Dale, Minnie M.	10	10	10	10
Derocher, Mary Ellen	10	10	10	10
Duke, Ettie	10	10	7	5
Duncan, Walter F.	10	10	10	10
Durno, Archibald	10	5	7	7
Deary, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Elliott, Cora Maud	10	10	10	10
Elliott, Wilbur	10	10	10	10
Edwards, Stephen R.	10	10	10	10
Elliott, Mabel Victoria	10	10	10	10
Essex, Margaret J.	10	7	10	7
Ensminger, Robert	10	10	10	10
Ensminger, Mary	10	10	10	7
Ensminger, Maggio	10	10	10	10
Fairbairn, Georgina	10	10	10	5
Fretz, Beatrice	7	10	10	10
Forgette, Marion	10	10	10	10
Farnham, Leona	10	7	5	7
French, Charles	10	10	7	5
Ford, Charles Ray	10	10	10	10
Fleming, Daniel W.	10	10	10	10
Fishbein, Sophie	10	10	7	7
Gray, William	10	10	10	7
Gerow, Daniel	10	10	10	10
Gies, Albert E.	10	7	10	10
Goetz, Sarah	10	10	10	10
Goetz, Eva	10	10	10	10
Grooms, Harry E.	10	10	10	10
Green, Thomas	10	10	10	10
Gray, Violet	10	7	10	10
Golicau, Arthur	10	10	7	7
Greene, Minnie May	10	7	10	10
Gordon, Daniel	10	7	10	10
Gummo, Gertrude	10	10	10	7
Gauthier, Alfred	10	10	10	10
Gibson, Winnifred	10	10	10	10
Gleadow, Norman L.	10	10	10	10
Gardiner, Dalton	7	10	10	10
Garner, Esther Little	10	10	10	10
Greene, Thomas John	10	10	5	3
Green, Mary Annie	10	10	10	10
Gordon, Mary J.	10	10	10	10
Graham, Victor	10	10	10	10
Grobe, Emma E.	10	10	10	5
Gillam, Walter F.	10	10	10	7
Gillam, Wilbert	10	10	5	5
Howitt, Felicia	10	10	10	10
Holt, Gertrude M.	10	10	10	10
Henault, Charles H.	10	10	7	7
Hartwick, Olive	10	7	10	10
Head, Hartley J.	10	7	7	7
Hartwick, James H.	10	7	5	5
Henault, Honore	10	10	10	10
Harper, William	7	10	10	7
Harris, Carl	10	10	10	10
Hagen, William	10	10	10	10
Harper, Marion	10	10	10	10
Hustwayte, John F.	10	10	7	5
Hoare, Ethel May	10	10	10	7
Hough, Ethel Viola	10	10	10	7
Hughes, Myrtle W.	10	10	10	7
Herman, Nina Pearl	10	10	7	7
Hazlett, William H.	10	10	7	7
Ireland, Louis Elmer	10	10	10	10
Jaffray, Arthur H.	10	10	10	10
Justus, Ida May	7	10	10	7
James, Mary Theresa	10	7	10	7
Jones, Samuel	10	7	10	7
Johnston, Anetta	10	10	10	10
Jackson, Elroy	10	10	10	10
Jowell, Ena	10	10	10	10
Johnson, Wm James	10	10	7	7
Krug, Joseph	10	10	5	7
Kirk, John Albert	10	10	10	10
Kelly, James	10	10	10	7
Kraemer, Johana	7	10	10	10
Lett, Thomas B.H.	10	7	10	7
Loughceel, William J.S.	10	10	10	7
Labelle, Maxime	10	10	10	10
Lett, Wm Putman	10	7	10	10
Lawson, Albert E.	10	10	10	10
Lowe, George C.	10	10	7	10
Little, Grace	10	10	10	10
Lowry, Charles	10	10	10	10
Laporte, Leon	10	10	10	10
Larabie, Albert	10	10	10	10
Lamell, Cleophas	10	10	10	10
Love, Joseph F.	10	10	7	7
Lobsinger, Alexander	10	10	10	10
Law, Theodore	10	10	10	10
Langlois, Louis J.	10	10	10	10
Lawrence, David	10	10	10	10
Lacombe, Joseph	10	10	7	7
Mitchell, Colin	10	10	10	10
Morton, Robert M.	10	10	10	10
Mosey, Ellen Loretta	10	10	10	10
Mason, Lucy Emma	10	10	10	10
Myers, Mary G.	10	10	10	10
Moore, George H.	10	10	5	5
Moore, Rosa Ann	10	10	10	7
Miller, Annie	10	7	7	5
Muuroo, Mary	10	10	10	10
Muuroo, John	10	10	10	10
Moss, Susan Maud	10	10	5	5
Maas, Anna Maria	10	10	10	10
McKay, Thomas J.	10	10	10	7
McGregor, Maxwell	10	7	7	7
McCorumick, May P.	10	10	10	10
McCarthy, Eugene	10	10	10	10
McMaster, Robert	10	10	10	10
McKenzie, Herbert	7	10	10	10
McGregor, Ruby Violet	10	10	7	7
McDougal, Elizabeth	5	10	10	10
McCready, Aletha J.	10	10	7	7
McDonald, Sara	10	10	10	7
McGuire, Lily	7	10	10	10
Nahrgang, Allen	10	10	10	7
Orth, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Orr, James P.	10	10	10	10
O'Neil, Ignatius David	10	10	10	10
O'Connor, Mary B.	10	7	10	7
Otto, Charles Edward	10	7	10	10
O'Connor, Franklin J.	10	10	10	5
Perry, Algo Earl	10	10	7	7
Pepper, George	7	10	10	7
Punder, Clarence	10	10	10	7
Pilling, Gertrude	10	10	10	5
Perry, Frederic R.	7	10	10	10
Pilon, Athanase	10	10	10	10
Pierce, Cora May	10	10	10	10
Pruglo, Murray Hill	10	10	10	7
Parent, Sophie	10	10	10	10
Penprase, Ruth E.	10	10	7	7
Petrimoux, George	10	10	10	7
Quick, Angus R.	10	7	10	10
Rooney Francis Peter	7	10	10	7
Rutherford, Emma	10	10	10	10

# CHILDREN'S STORY COLUMN

BY MRS. SALVIA J. BAY

## The Village Darning-Needle

Many years ago some people Mystic, Connecticut, lived in a village. There were no streets, no people lived on farms, no sheep, and women would spin the weaves cloth with it. They had clothes such as we have now, but had very few needles and pins. All the needles and pins were across the ocean from England. There were no railroads and cars. People would travel on horse back stages. It took a long time to go from one town to another. Boston was far from Mystic. Sometimes when people went to Boston they bought needles for their friends. They did not have a darning needle in the village of Mystic in the summer of 1770. A darning needle is a large coarse needle used to darn stockings and clothes. Miss Maudsey has many darning needles in her sewing room. One day a woman wanted to darn some stockings. She went some miles to a house to borrow a darning needle. She wrapped it in paper and put it in her apron pocket. Then she went to work. She walked through some woods. When she got home she could not find the needle. It was lost. She was very troubled. She told all her friends. Some people scolded her and said she was careless. All the people went to the road. They walked along the road, and through the woods and along the paths she had walked in. They looked closely at the ground. They were very anxious to find the needle. By and by a little girl saw it on the ground. She ran and picked it up. She told the people she had found it. They all shouted. They were glad to find it again. A man carried her home and she gave the needle to the woman who had lost it. Do you think you could find a darning needle in the road?

### Jack

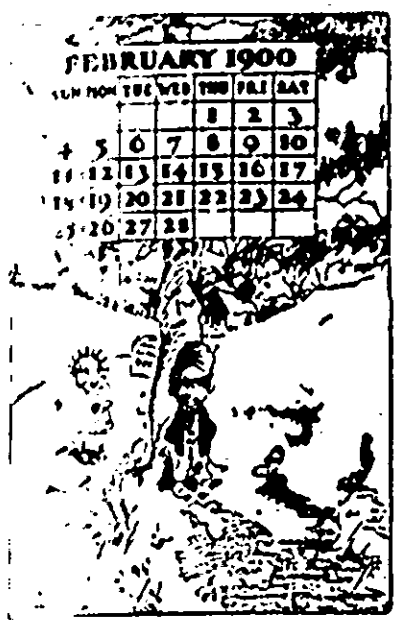
Jack is nearly six years old. He is very small but he is intelligent. He lives with a lady and gentleman in Belleville. His hair is white with a few black spots. He has black eyes. Jack is a dog. The lady and gentleman have no children. They pet Jack very much. Jack loves them. Jack is a noisy dog. He does not bark at anything. He does not fight other dogs. Cats are afraid of Jack. He chases them out of the yard. The lady made a cushion for Jack. She put it on the window sill. He lies on the cushion and looks out of the window. At night he takes the cushion upstairs to her bedroom. Jack sleeps on it. She puts a shawl over him. If he hears a noise at the night he will bark and wake the people. Jack catches rats. He plays hide and seek with the children. The gentleman will say "Are you hungry Jack?" The dog will stand on his hind legs and hold up his paws and bark. Sometimes the little dog goes visiting with the lady. She will say "Do you want to go home, Jack?" Then Jack lies down on the floor and rolls over, jumps up and runs to the door and barks. If we say "Rats, Jack," he will run to a corner and smell the floor for the rat. Everybody has a little Jack. When Jack is sick the lady and gentleman nurse him and give him medicine.

### Dr. Eakins.

We are glad to say that our Institution Physician, Dr. Eakins, is much improved towards recovery since our last issue. We hope to welcome him on his regular visits before very long.

### Don't be Afraid of Work.

Here are some stirring words that it will do every boy good to read. Good, honest work hurts few people. It is the other things that we put with it that tire and wear us out. Remember, boys, that you have to work whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheel barrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, you must work. If you look around, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes but it is because they leave off at six and don't get home until two in the morning. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives the appetite appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names. It simply speaks of them as old So and So's boys. So find out what you want to be and do, take off your coat and make a dash in the world. The busier you are the less mischief you will get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and better satisfied will the world be with you.



# HOME NEWS

WM. NURSE LOCAL REPORTER

Preparations are being made for filling out ice houses, and the work will go on in a few days.

Our bakery received a car load of flour the other day. It takes nearly two car loads to supply our Institution each month.

We are just now in the middle of the session and will soon be on the home stretch, and it behoves all to do their very best.

Our latest arrival at school is a young man twenty-four years old, who although coming so late is making commendable progress in his class.

Perhaps our readers have not noticed that with this issue closes the eighth year of the CANADIAN MUTE'S existence, the first number having been issued on February 15th, 1892.

After four months of occupation with infectious diseases and under quarantine our hospital is at last empty, and so we are all rejoicing thereat, none more than our faithful nurse, Mrs. McNeill, who has remained over there the whole time in charge of the patients. She has now left for a few days well earned rest at home.

The other day one of our little new boys, Joseph Lacombe, received the sad news from home that his father had been killed in the woods. It was a very unpleasant task for his teacher to tell him of his loss and he took it very hard indeed. We all sympathized with the little chap and his school mates did all they could to cheer him up.

Last week the weather in this part of the country gave an almost unheard of exhibition of its wonderful agility and versatility. On Tuesday it was very cold. Before Wednesday morning the mercury rose 43 degrees, by Thursday it had fallen 40, and on Friday it had dropped over 40 again. Probably even the oldest inhabitant had never seen so many extreme changes in so short a time.

The senior pupils assembled in the girls' sitting room last Saturday evening for a social time together. It was noticed that the round of games were not kept up with the usual spirit, the cause probably being that the boys and girls had spent the whole afternoon skating on the rink, had a merry time and so were somewhat tired, but the hours passed pleasantly in social conversation, a few games, and a drill exhibition by the boys, a distribution of fruit taking place at the close. The boys in the Literary Society were a good deal disappointed and somewhat discouraged, as they had arranged for a meeting on this evening and had been preparing for two or three weeks to give one of the best programmes arranged by the society this year. Mr. Madden deserves much credit for pushing on the society and rousing enthusiasm among the boys to improve themselves. On account of the party the meeting was postponed for a month.

On Saturday evening, the 13th ult., Prof. Coleman rendered one of Shakespeare's plays for the entertainment of the pupils, and he succeeded admirably. None but a master of signs would attempt anything of that kind, the characters being so intricately interwoven that any one but an expert would have got the whole in a mix up that anything like a clear conception of the plot would have been impossible to a deaf audience. But from the rise of the curtain to its fall, Mr. Coleman kept them in rapt attention, making the citation of each individual character so clear as to go along that he was followed without a break in the links from start to finish by the youngest present. Nothing affords a wider scope for bringing the power of the sign language into play than in portraying the varied emotions of the characters of Shakespeare's plays, and Mr. Coleman more than deserved the hearty vote of thanks he received at the close. To several of the teachers present the story was an old one but the skilful way it was rendered drew out their admiration.

Two Easter solos of exceptional beauty have been secured by *The Ladies Home Journal* for publication in the March issue. The date of giving them to the public is timed so as to admit six weeks rehearsal before their first rendition on Easter Day.

## PERSONALITIES.

Edward Pickard is employed in Collingwood at present.

John T. Taylor was hanging on to fifteen tons of pressed hay, which he was holding for a rise in price.

Miss Flossie Gardner of Guelph, and Miss Anne Butler, Belleville, visited the Institution on Monday last.

T. A. Madleton, of Horning's Mills, visited Collingwood lately and dropped in to see his old friend John T. Taylor.

Miss O'Connor, of Ottawa, is visiting friends in the city and has been making several calls on her sister Mary, who is one of our pupils.

Mrs. Peppin and children returned home last week after a month's visit to friends in Brockville. Since her return, Mr. P. has changed his mind and thinks that life is still worth living, he was in doubt about it while she was away.

Mr. G. Zryd, of Toronto, was a caller last week. He is a traveller for barber's supplies and called to see if we needed anything in our shop. Being a friend of Miss Allendorf who led him through the industrial departments and tried to make his visit pleasant.

Mrs. S. C. Bahr, of our staff, has the honor of being one of the two ladies who have been selected to prepare papers for the International Congress of the Deaf at Paris this summer. The other lady chosen is Mrs. Searing, ("Howard Glyndon") the poetess of California.

Mrs. C. A. W. Gustin and her daughter, Miss Alice, have returned home after a visit to friends in Flint, Mich. While there they visited the Institution, and also met Mr. Walter Wark and other old acquaintances from Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Gustin had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Arthur White, of Chatham, to their home during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Gustin and Arthur were classmates together at school. Mrs. Gustin also visited her mother at DeWold for a few days.

## The Chronic Pessimist.

There is a class of people who occupy the whole of fair weather periods in prophesying storms. When there is nothing really serious to alarm anybody, the chronic pessimists give us scarecrows of their own creation. Whenever the country is enjoying a period of business prosperity they are sure to be heard laying down the law of the periodicity of panics, and predicting one of unusual severity within a year or two. If crops are good for two or three successive seasons, lest we should become over confident some body prepares an elaborate magazine article proving that the world's wheat producing capacity has been reached, and that from now on population is going to outrun the means of subsistence, until we shall have to look to wars and pestilences for relief, and Malthus will be vindicated. When this idea is exploded, or its repetition becomes too monotonous for anybody to read, the habitual alarmist takes the reverse tack and proves by statistics of decreasing birth rates in this or that country that the race is degenerating and will become extinct at no very distant period. Finally, if nothing else sufficiently gloomy suggests itself, they figure out the rate at which the earth is cooling, and how soon we shall all be frozen up, or proceed to unfold some mathematical calculation to the effect that in a hundred years or two this planet will be hit by a comet and broken into fragments.—*Gundon's Magazine.*

## Value of Work.

The young man who is petted too much is seldom any good. What is wanted now a days is a practical man who can do something besides smoke cigarettes and twist a cane. The time to learn business habits is in one's youth. He who leads the life of a butterfly until he is twenty five or thirty years of age and then recognizes the fact that he has made a mistake, has precious little to recommend him when he applies for a job.

This may be a "chesnut" but it fits not a few men of every city. The boys on the farm are better off, if they only know it, than thousands of boys in the cities. There is nothing like being practical, and there is but one way to do so. Acquire business habits and train yourself to good, honest, hard work. Don't waste your time learning to tie a cravat—you can buy cravats already tied.—*Exchange.*

## Hearing Restored.

REPORT ON OPERATIONS ON PEARL HARRIS AND M. JOHNSON, TWO OF OUR PUPILS.

We give herewith a special dispatch from Kokomo, Indiana, that appeared in the *Indianapolis Press*, on Monday, the 22nd of January:—

"Dr. F. W. Hayburn of this city has just performed the remarkable feat of restoring hearing to Miss Pearl Harris, of Anno, a young lady who has been deaf from birth. This is the second successful operation the doctor has performed within a month. The other was on Miss Mabel Johnson, of this city. These girls have been schoolmates at the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The delicate operations were performed by making small incisions in the drum of the ear, over which a thin film or tough covering was tightly drawn. The young women have both been mutes from birth, and both are overjoyed at being enabled to hear. One of the strangest things in connection with it is the fact that with the return of hearing has also come a return of speech and the girls are making rapid progress in learning how to talk without using their hands."

There are a few statements in the foregoing report that are so far from correct that we feel they should not be allowed to pass uncorrected. We do it with no desire to disparage the work of the doctor whose feat is the subject under discussion, but with the hope that his operation and the results are as truly wonderful as the general public will be led to believe from the newspaper report.

First, neither of the girls operated upon has been totally deaf, but both have had sufficient hearing for them to be helped in their acquisition of speech by instruction through the ear. Second, both were pupils of the oral department of this Institution for several years, and both possessed intelligible speech although it was limited, of course. These facts are sufficient to dispose of the "strangest" thing in connection with the story.

It is probable that both Mabel and Pearl have had, or will have, their hearing improved, but in neither case will it be a restoration; and should their speech improve, it will not be a return, for neither ever had more speech than at the time they went under the care of the doctor.

We learn that Mabel Johnson is taking lessons of the doctor who is treating her for her hearing. If her hearing approaches the normal, there will probably be a necessity for special training in speech for some time; but the question arises, is not the doctor adopting the well known "auricular method" for training the partially deaf? If he is, it is not a new thing for his patients.—*Silent Hooster.*

The foregoing disposes of another of the fake stories that are published from time to time.—*Ed. C. M.*

## Judge Slowly.

One of the many things which the teacher of a new class must guard against is the quick decision as to the temperament, spirit, or ability, of individual children. "First impressions are always truest," is a dangerous maxim for teachers. The longer a teacher can hold herself unbiased in opinion regarding each member of her class, the better for all. It takes time for children to be themselves in new environments. Does Mary seem indifferent, almost sullen? She may have a little volcano in her heart. Is Johnnie "the dearest, sweetest boy in the world"? Judge slowly. That "sweetness" may conceal a temperament that is simply lazy good-nature that may come to be a great trial to you later on. That large awkward boy on the back seat—why is he there and why is he always scowling? Ah, here may be your "child-study" case, or one of them, for you will be amazed to find how many you have when you really set about studying them out. The scowling, the inattentive, and the "don't care" children,—these are to be your special care this year till you find if eye or ear is defective, or if there is any physical cause whatever for their apparent backwardness or heedlessness.—*E. A. D. Kellogg.*

The muscle making qualities of sugar have been long recognized by the Canadian lumbermen. Experiments with sugar as food have been made for the German army. After long and tedious marches the soldiers recovered completely in from fifteen to twenty minutes if given several lumps of sugar. One of the salient features of sugar as a food is that it is readily assimilated by the blood.

## Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

### OFFICERS

President	A. E. SMITH	Brantford.
V. Pres.	F. FRANK	Toronto.
Secy.	A. W. MASON	Toronto.
Treas.	WM. NURSE	Belleville.
Corr. Secy.	D. J. MCKILLIP	Belleville.
Rep. at Ann.	D. H. COLEMAN	"
Rep. at Ann.	W. J. CAMPBELL	"

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President	R. Mathison
Secy.	Wm. Douglas
Treas.	D. J. McKillop
Rep.	Wm. Nurse

### BALL AND BARE-BALL CLUBS

First Eleven	W. Loughheed
Second Eleven	E. I. Barnett
First Team	L. Charbonneau
Second	M. Cartier

### LITERARY SOCIETY

President	R. Mathison
Secy.	M. Madlen
Treas.	D. J. McKillop
Rep.	J. T. Shilton
Rep. at Ann.	Wm. Nurse
Rep. at Ann.	L. Charbonneau

# THE CANADIAN MUTE

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1900.

Do not cast away a stick of wood in a small way and say it is not good. Do not treat your fellow man the same way. Do not deserve not universal blame. *Strains of the Chinese, Joel Boston*

## Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

MEMBERS.—Some of our friends are getting impatient for news concerning the next Convention. It will, of course, be held this summer, but the time and place for holding it is still under consideration by the Executive Committee, who will give early notice when a decision has been reached, in the meantime we shall be glad to receive suggestions from any of our friends.

Faithfully yours,

A. E. SMITH, Pres. WM. NURSE, Secy.

## Wark--McFarland.

A very interesting wedding took place at the residence of Mr. McFarland, of Warwick, on Wednesday, 17th inst., when his daughter, Agnes Fleming, was married to Mr. W. A. Wark, of Lambton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Park and interpreted by Mrs. Rogers, sister of the bride, who converses very fluently in the sign language. Among the invited guests were Miss Wark, of Sarma, and Walter A. Wark from Flint, Mich, sister and brother of the groom. At the ceremony the guests spent a very pleasant evening, the young couple leaving for their home near Wyoming about 10 o'clock, taking with them the good wishes of their many friends.

The knoetgen system of canal-boat towage consists of a narrow gauge railroad along the canal bank and a motor led from an overhead trolley. Great economy is claimed for this method. An electric automobile is being built at Hartford to tow barges along the Erie canal. *Patent Record, Jan. 1900.*

### Predestinated.

Not always told the tolling and the striving.  
Does solitary effort claim reward.  
Not often in the fevered rush of living  
Do single sparklets flash from out the dark.

Yet, now and then, some sweet, renewed existence  
Shines, unthought, 'gainst a dull, cold sky.  
And shows us, with a power beyond resistance,  
That it is purposeful, and cannot die.

For even when the golden bowl is broken,  
And when the silver cord is loosed for aye,  
We hold the words that helpful lips have spoken,  
To guide us gently on our rugged way.

God takes the harvest, man is left the blessing,  
And to justifying ones, the Spirit saith,  
"There is no life without its perfect meaning,  
There is no chance in that which men call death."

Sweet lives pass on; the world may never find  
Them,  
And souls, though bright, may show no dazzling  
Ray.

But God will know exactly where to find them,  
When He makes up His jewels in His day.

Bring, then, O hearts! the first fruits of your  
treasure:  
Yield up your living, trust your sacred deal,  
Weigh not the cost, for He who holds the  
measure  
Will smooth and straighten every tangled  
thread.

—NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

### Clear Grit.

"About thirty years ago," said Judge P., "I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy, not over twelve years old, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much," he turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got 61 cents," he said "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

"How eagerly his little eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place sir."

"Shall I go, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

"Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I will try them all, or, I should not know whether I could get one."

"We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much.

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I am at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to those places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy sadly. Then he added, after awhile; "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows earnestly.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new, for 60 cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have 11 cents left toward buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

"The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice white paper in it.

"Thank you, sir, you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I asked him.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

"I gave him a bank-note. 'It will buy some for you,' I said.



### DEAF AGENTS EARN

#### "GOOD MONEY"

Selling the handsome illustrated 32 page booklet, "The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language." The book sells at 15 cents each, and interest-bearing to deaf people old or young. Our agents say "they sell like hot cakes." Write for free circular with terms to agents and testimonials. The booklet mailed postpaid to any address for 15 cents.

AGENTS WANTED. Conn. Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

### He Was a Dandy.

An advertisement in a newspaper calling for a "first-class book-keeper at \$3 a week" drew forth the following:—

I am a young man 37 years of age, having had a business experience of 23 years, being connected with the United States Embassy at Madagascar, and feel confident if you will give me a trial, I can prove my worth to you. I am not only an expert book-keeper, proficient stenographer and typewriter, excellent operator and erudite college graduate, but have several other accomplishments which might be desirable.

I am an expert snow shoveller, a first-class peanut roaster, have some knowledge of removing superfluous hair and clipping puppy dog's ears; have a medal for reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," am a skillful chiropodist and practical farmer; can also cook, take care of horses, crease trousers, open oysters and repair umbrellas.

Being possessed of great physical beauty, I would not only be useful, but would be ornamental as well, lending to your office that delightful artistic charm that a Satsuma vase or stuffed billygoat would.

As to salary, I would feel I was robbing the widow and swiping the sponge cake from the orphan if I was to take advantage of your munificence by accepting the too fabulous sum of \$3 per week, and would be entirely willing to give you my services for less; and in accepting \$1.37 per week would give you an opportunity of not only increasing your donation to the church, pay your butcher and keep up your life insurance, but also to found a home for indigent paper salesmen and endow a free bed in the cat home.

"Yes, my hands are soft," said a coxcomb young fellow, the other night in a small court-yard, who admiringly looked at those useless appendages that had never done a day's work. "Do you know how I do it?" he exclaimed proudly. "I wear gloves on my hands every night to sleep in." "Do you sleep with your hat on also?" asked a port young woman. And the young fellow replied in the negative, and looked wonderingly because the company snuffed.

### Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:  
WEST—3:15 a.m.; 4:20 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.; 2:20 p.m.; 5:20 p.m.  
EAST—1:20 a.m.; 10:17 a.m.; 12:10 p.m.; 5:50 p.m.  
MADON AND PETERBORO BRANCH—5:40 a.m.; 12:10 a.m.; 5:25 p.m.; 6:50 p.m.

**MONEY** TO PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

### Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post-office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward them particulars concerning this Institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

### TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—  
West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.  
And Y. M. C. A. Hall, cor. Yonge and McGill Streets, at 10 a.m.  
General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m. Leaders—Messrs. Nasmith, Bricker and others.  
BIBLE CLASSES—Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and cor. Queen Street and Dovercourt Road. Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. Miss A. Traver, Secretary to the Deaf in Toronto, 1 Major Street.

## GENERAL INFORMATION.

### Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, from 1:30 to 3 p.m. Drawing from 3 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday week.  
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASSES on Monday afternoon of each week from 3:30 to 5 p.m.  
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p.m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

### Articulation Classes:

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1 to 3 p.m.

### Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY.—Primary pupils at 10 a.m. and senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Assembly at 12:30 p.m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:15 a.m., and the Teacher in-charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective schools previous to 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble, after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. C. W. Burke, Rector; Rev. Monsignor Farrell, V. G. Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A., (Presbyterian); Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, (Methodist); Rev. A. H. Cowart, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Mackay, (Presbyterian); Rev. Father Connolly, (Catholic); C. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. S. Hill.

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3:15. General national Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

Clergymen of all Denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

### Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SIGN AND CARPENTERS from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 8:30 to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. For those who do not attend school, from 7:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shops and Sewing Room to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

### Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visits on ordinary school days is as soon after 1 p.m. in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

### Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leaving-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

### Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the classrooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the Institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Hudson House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Hamilton Hotels at moderate rates.

### Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion.

### Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FROM PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks. Letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.