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# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VII.

BELLEVILLE, MAY 15, 1899.

NO. 16.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:  
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:  
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

W. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent  
W. MATHISON, Hornor.  
E. L. AKINS, M. D., Physician  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

MR. G. L. HALL, M. A., Head Teacher  
MISS J. O. TERRILL, Miss H. TEMPLETON, Miss MARY HULL, Mrs. SYLVIA I. HALLIS, Miss ADA JAMES, Miss GEORGINA LINN, Miss NINA BROWN

Teachers of Articulation:

MR. J. M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIMMON, Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS S. METCALFE, JOHN T. HORN, and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

WM. DOVOLLAN, WM. NURSE, Keeper & Assistent, Master Shoemaker

G. KRITH, CHAS. J. PEPPIE, Supervisor of Boys etc, Engineer

MISS M. DANFORTH, JOHN DOWNIE, Mistress, Supervisor of Girls, etc, Master Carpenter

MISS S. McNICHE, D. CUNNINGHAM, General 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.

An deaf mute 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 \$30 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 and tuition will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and other 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 aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application 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 out of the box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and \$1.50 in of each Sunday excepted. The messenger is not bound to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any amount unless the same is in the locked bag.



## The Children.

FOUND IN THE DEEP OF CHARLES DICKENS AFTER HIS DEATH

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed  
And the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good night and be kissed  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine and love on my face

And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood, too kindly to fast  
Of love that my heart will remember  
When it wakes to the pulse of the past  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin,  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within

Oh, a heart grows weak as a woman's,  
And the fountains of feeling will flow  
When I think of the paths, steep and stony  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go  
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er the heads  
Of the temptations of fate blowing wild  
Oh, there is nothing on earth half as holy  
As the innocent heart of a child

They are hots of hearts and of households  
They are angels of God in disguise  
His sunlight still sleeps in their eyes,  
His glory still beams in their eyes,  
Oh, these infants from earth and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and wild,  
And I know how Jesus could think  
The kingdom of God to a child

Seek not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant as others have done,  
But that life may have just as much shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun  
I would pray God to guard them from evil  
But my prayer would bound back to myself  
All, a sinner may pray for a sinner  
But a sinner must pray for himself

The twig is so easily bent  
I have established the rule and the rule  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the goodness of God  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,  
Where I shut them from breaking a rule  
My frown is sufficient correction  
My love is the law of the school

I shall leave the old house in the autumn  
To traverse its threshold no more  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door  
I shall miss the good night and the kisses,  
And the rush of their innocent glee  
The group of the green and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to me

I shall miss them at noon and at eve  
Their song in the school and the street  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet  
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And death says the school is dismissed,  
May the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good night and be kissed

-Charles Dickens



## The Most Beautiful Thing On Earth

BY AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

"Paint me a picture of the most beautiful thing on earth," said the rich man to the artist, and the artist went back to his studio wondering what could be the most beautiful thing on earth, and where he was to find it.

So he sat awhile and pondered, but all his pondering did not bring him nearer to the truth, and in the evening he went to a grand reception at the house of a very celebrated man.

"I shall see something beautiful there," he said, and he hurried through the streets to be in good time, so that he might find a subject for his picture.

And the lights flashed, and music sounded gaily through the great rooms, but the artist didn't see anything that was the most beautiful thing on earth.

"There is the prettiest girl in the world," said a man near him.

And the artist's heart rejoiced, for now he thought, "I shall find the most beautiful," but when he looked at the lovely Countess he saw only the coldness of her blue eyes and the artificial curve of her full red lips, and he turned away disappointed and weary.

The next day the artist went away

into the country, and wandered about the lanes and meadow-paths, in hope of finding the most beautiful thing on earth.

"I am sure to see it here," he said to himself, as he passed a white cottage covered with creepers and gay with flowers.

But he only saw the roses, and they were lovely indeed.

"There are the most beautiful things on earth," said the artist, and he put out his hand to gather some of the crimson red blossoms, but a sharp thorn ran into his fingers, so when he drew them back they were wounded and stained with blood.

"They are not the most beautiful, after all," said the artist; and he turned homeward again with a tired heart.

Some weeks passed away, and the artist was busy with other pictures, so that he had no time to think about his painting of the beautiful. The empty canvas stood upon an easel in his studio. One day, as the artist passed it on his way out, he said to himself that it would never be done.

He went down into the busy city on business—down among the narrow courts and streets, farther on still, where the sunbeams forgot to shine, and where the air was hot and close, and everything was dark and miserable. And when his business was done he quickly retraced his steps, glad to get away from such scenes of poverty and want.

But, as he passed down a quieter court, the fragrance of mignonette greeted him, and, looking up, he saw on a little window-ledge a pot of the pretty, perfumed plant, and at the same moment, a sweet voice sounded from the open casement, and the artist, hearing it, forgot his weariness and his hurry, and went up the narrow, broken stairs, leading to the attic-room.

The door was half-open, and he caught a glimpse of the bare interior—the wretched, dreary room, whose only beautiful object was apparently the pot of mignonette; but the owner of the voice was there, bending over a poor bed in the corner, on which lay the wasted form of a dying child.

They were both children—beautiful, despite the pallor that rested on the face of the younger and the deep sadness on that of her sister. She was holding the thin hands in her own. She was speaking again, "Darling!" she said, softly. "Darling! you are going home to where the star-flowers grow! The angels will carry you, dear; so that you won't be tired any more! But, oh, darling! I love you so much, and you love me, and you will never, never forget me, will you, dear?"

And the pale lips of the dying child murmured something.

The artist gazed that it was the sought-for answer for the master laid her fair head down on the small pillow, and together they slept—the sleep that was to end in death, for one of them.

"I have found the most beautiful thing on earth," said the artist. "It is love."

But he brought help very soon, and food and clothing for the little living sister, who was weeping for the child that had been carried home by the angels to rest, and then he took her with him to his own bright home, and told her that she should live with him and be his sunbeam and his little girl.

And when the rich man saw the picture the artist had painted—the two pale children in the lonely room, with the Peace of Love on their calm faces—he remained looking at it for a long time, with tears in his eyes, and, when he turned away at last, he only said:

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

Chance is the providence of adventurers.

Flatterers and learned men do not agree together.

## The Letter From Home.

"I feel as though I had met a whole roomful of my old friends," said the girl who is trying—in spite of homesickness—to make her own way in the city. "I've just had a letter from Aunt Louise. It isn't filled with her own aches and pains and trials and troubles. Tho' her news is all here, but there isn't one selfish, whining word.

"She writes eight pages. So! She's mentioned most of the people and places I'm interested in, and told me dozens of things I wanted to hear about. I don't mean to say they're important things; but it is nice to know the name of Cousin Carrie's baby, and to learn that Etta Mayo is taking music lessons, and to have a description of the new minister's family, and even to hear that they've laid a new sidewalk over the muddy place above the post-office!

"Gossip? Perhaps it is, but it isn't mean gossip. I wouldn't hesitate to show it to any one who is mentioned here. And it makes me feel as though I'd made a visit home, and found that I wasn't forgotten.

"I know how Aunt Louise does. She makes a list of the people we know, and when the time comes to write, she just looks at the list, to make sure she hasn't left any one out. She says she doesn't pretend to be a letter-writer, but her letters do me lots of good, for all that. Little things look large when one's away from home, and everything is news!"

Perhaps there is a hint here for young people—and older ones—who profess that they would be glad to write to absent friends if they only knew what to say.—*Youth's Companion.*

## He Made Hammers.

Upward of thirty years ago, when David Maydole was a roadside blacksmith at Norwich, N. Y., six carpenters came to the village from the next county to work on a new church. One of them having left his hammer behind came to the blacksmith's to get one made, there being none which gave satisfaction in the village store. "Make me a good one," said the carpenter, "as good as you know how." "But," said the young blacksmith, who had already considered hammers, and had arrived at some notion of what a hammer ought to be, and had a proper contempt for cheapness in all its forms, "perhaps you don't want to pay for a good hammer as I can make?" "Yes I do; I want a good hammer." And so David Maydole made a good hammer that perfectly satisfied the carpenter.

The next day the man's five companions came, and each of them wanted just such a hammer, and when they were done the employer came and ordered two more. Next the storekeeper of the village ordered two dozen, which were bought by a New York tool merchant, who left standing orders for as many such hammers as David Maydole could make, and from that day to this he has gone on making hammers, until now he has 115 men at work. He has never pushed, never borrowed, never tried to compete with others in price, because other men had done so. His only care has been to make a perfect hammer, to make as many such as people wanted and no more, and to sell them at a fair price. Boys, whatever you undertake, do it perfectly with your might and you will succeed.

Love does more harm than good.

"Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary the nearer you come into a relation with a person the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies, they are ready enough to tell them."—*O. W. Holmes.*



# 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 type-setting, 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. Remit 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



MONDAY, MAY 15, 1899

### A New Aid (?) to Hearing.

People who are closely associated with the deaf, and who are conversant with all the efforts that have been made for ameliorating their condition, are always inclined to receive with a great deal more than the proverbial grain of salt all reports and descriptions of mechanical devices for enabling the deaf to hear. Scores of such inventions have been announced in the past, and hundreds of columns of more or less valuable newspaper space been devoted to glowing accounts of the wonders that have been achieved thereby, but every one of them has proven to be valueless. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that news of any new invention of this character is greeted with a skeptical smile. However, past failures do not limit future possibilities, and it may be that some kind of an appliance will yet be devised which may be of benefit to some of the deaf. The latest invention, announced only a few days ago, is called the akoulallion, and was devised by a young electrician of Mobile named Hutchinson. The akoulallion is thus described:

The instrument is very simple and consists of an audiphone and transmitter. At the test they were run by a battery of ten cells. The instruments used at the test consisted of two audiphones, bound together by a spring, one fitting over each ear, in the order of the appliance used in telegraph exchanges. The transmitter is something like the transmitter of an ordinary telephone, though not nearly so large and cumbersome, and shaped somewhat like a small egg cup.

For purposes of instruction in institutions for the deaf and dumb there is a brass plate to which is attached a transmitter, so arranged that it can be used for the mute to speak into, or for him to turn and catch sounds. In other words, the transmitter is connected with the audiphone, so that the mute can hear his own voice as well as that of his teacher, through the transmitter used by the teacher. In this brass plate there are two switches, one of which cuts off each individual pupil from all other pupils, and the other is a control of the intensity of the wave sound, through the audiphone, in order to accommodate the intensity to the different degrees of sensitiveness found to exist in the ears of different mutes.

By means of the switch in the brass plate any number of pupils can be connected together and taught by one teacher through the

instrument, and the teacher can be heard by all at the same time.

According to newspaper reports this instrument was tested at the Alabama Institution for the deaf on over one hundred pupils, with not a single failure. Some of the pupils could hear even whispers that were inaudible to hearing people, and were able to repeat the whole alphabet, and even several words, after Mr. Hutchinson. All of this makes very interesting reading, but we fear it is too good to be true. The effect of the descriptions is very much weakened by the excessive claims made. Had we been told that some of the deaf could hear with the aid of the akoulallion we might have believed it possible, when we are asked to believe that all could hear too great a demand is made on our credulity. There is too much of a patent medicine cure all flavor about the story. And then when it is gravely asserted the deaf children who never had heard a sound, were able to distinguish and repeat off hand the whole alphabet and various words, then we must be excused for expressing complete skepticism. Were a deaf child to have its hearing suddenly and completely restored, it would be many days before it would be able to discriminate between various sounds and to reproduce the same sounds vocally. Long and practice are necessary to enable us to control and use any of our organs, yet we are gravely assured that this instrument will enable the deaf to do that which is beyond the power of the perfect human ear. We hope the akoulallion will accomplish all that is claimed for it, but at present we must confess that our faith is very, very weak.

In addition to the new device for enabling the deaf to hear referred to above, recent despatches describe a new sort of a medical discovery by Dr. Stapler, of Marion, whereby it is claimed that all deaf mutes can have their hearing and speech restored, and it is further averred that the Georgia State Medical Society has endorsed the new discovery. Of course, in view of the fact that in many of the deaf the sound producing and transmitting organs have been entirely destroyed, such a claim as is made by Dr. Stapler is too absurd for serious discussion. That some cases of deafness are amenable to medical treatment is quite obvious, but it is equally true that the vast majority of such cases are beyond the power of human skill to remedy. Yet doubtless in the future as in the past we will be regaled at frequent intervals with thrilling accounts of new discoveries and inventions similar to those recorded above. It would seem that the deaf are favorite subjects for exploitation by quacks and tricksters.

When, some two years ago, it was announced that Superintendent Gillespie of the Nebraska Institution had been dismissed owing to misappropriation of the funds, the news was received with surprise and regret, and, on the part of many of his friends with incredulity. Recently the State Legislature appointed a committee to investigate the affairs of the Institution during the incumbency of Mr. Gillespie, and the report, which was recently presented, not only completely exonerates him from every charge made against him, but also finds that the state actually owes him the sum of \$1122, that being the excess of his disbursements over his total receipts. The report also pays a very high tribute to the value of the work Mr. Gillespie has done on behalf of the deaf as teacher and superintendent. Mr. Gillespie's friends and their name is legion, will be delighted to hear that their faith in his integrity

has not been misplaced, and that his character now stands before the world without a stain, and with the added lustre of a detailed official appreciation of his worth and work such as it is the lot of few men to receive.

The second Canadian Conference of Charities and Correction will be held in the Normal School Building of Toronto on the 1st and 2nd. The object of the gathering is simply to bring the various charitable and prison reform workers together for interchange of thought and experience. Membership in this Conference is open to all who are interested in this work. The meeting last year, though the first held, was a very interesting and helpful one, and no doubt much good will be accomplished by these annual discussions as to the best methods of carrying on the various kinds of charitable and corrective work in this Province.

The Institution for the Deaf at Halifax has begun the publication of a little paper called *The Institution News*. It is composed entirely of letters and compositions written by the pupils, many of which are very creditable to their authors. *The Institution News* is the baby of institution papers, as regards both age and size, but no doubt it will grow and in due time develop into a full fledged newspaper. It has our best wishes for success.

### A Guild of Silent Workers.

The Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers was organized January 7th, 1894. Its object is to help the sick and needy deaf mutes in Brooklyn. The Guild meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 10 o'clock in the evening in St. Mark's Church on Adolph Street, Brooklyn. The officers for the year 1899 are: Archie J. McLaren, President; Chas. J. Sanford, Vice President; W. G. Gilbert, Secretary; Henry L. Jahring, Treasurer; Leo Gries, Executive Committee; Solomon Schloss, Chairman of Committee on visiting; Robert Rusk, Finance Committee. Sign service for deaf mutes is held every Sunday at 3 P. M. in St. Mark's Church, Adolph Street, near DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, except August. All are welcome. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Wm. G. Gilbert, 913 Douglass St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Lip Reading.

It is marvelous to see the perfection which some people who have become deaf in middle life attain in lip reading. It is something that can be learned by oneself after the first few lessons. A hand glass is all that is necessary for the regular study and every person not furnished practice. Like all study, it requires perseverance to become an adept, but the reward is so great in this case that it is worth working for, even if one is not deaf. Soon we may appreciate the advantages of being able to speak to a person silently and from a distance and to receive what is said to us without depending on the easily confused ear. Soon lip reading may become a fad, and any one who wishes to be accomplished in this way while it is a rarity would better being at once. Parents with children of defective hearing are almost inexorable if they neglect having such children taught lip reading while it is easily learned. *Newport News*.

Supt. Argo, of the Colorado Institution says in a recent editorial that a hearing and seeing child may lose a day now and then or a week or even a month and yet keep up with his class since he has a perfect command of language, can read for himself and is constantly adding to his general information by his contact with others with whom he can communicate freely, but the deaf child, on the other hand, masters language by slow steps, word phrase and clause at a time each requiring careful explanation and elaboration by an expert followed by frequent repetitions and drill. *New Era*.

### For The Canadian Mute

#### A May Morning

Fairy between the green and blue,  
The daily battle now takes place,  
The eastern skies are washed in blue,  
While slow the stars retreat to sea.

And as the vapor slowly rises,  
To show his triumph to the sky,  
The bird his advent hath proclaimed,  
The birds have all their flight.

The pear tree stretches its long arms,  
Its sleepy blossoms nod their heads,  
And every lovely child of spring  
Gratefully looks towards the sun.

And cannot man's life be so long,  
For every one there is a goal,  
But when the dawn at length is here,  
It brings to each long hour.

M.S.

#### Manners at Home

I have heard that some people who are polite manners and say nothing, was merely affected. They prided themselves on being so boorish and defying the laws of good society. This is not true, and it is not just to oneself and others. When a young man sits and stands aside for a lady to pass, it is the outward sign of the respect which good men feel for the hearts for pure womanhood. At the time one does it from the heart, it deepens his love for his own sisters, and makes the woman honored feel a deeper desire to be worthy of the homage done her.

Then, if real politeness springs from the heart, there is none to whom we owe a larger share than the members of our own home. You may say, "Well, they know I love them and they will use to trouble myself about the things." That is true, they know they love them, but for that they are courteous go a long way to make the wheels of the household run smoothly. Let the boys and girls begin to remember the little courtesies of life to one another, and you will be surprised to see how soon dirt, grudge, and bickering and strife will vanish; each will be able to remember the rights of others, and the daily friction and fret which makes so many homes unhappy will be gone more.

When the family gathers around the breakfast table, it costs nothing to greet one another with "Good morning." You would say it to the varnish stanger that came into your midst, and it is good for him, why may it not be good for those who are to separate in a moment and go out to work for one another? And sometime one may go off to work and come back. When mother comes into the sitting room, why not get up and give her the easy chair and wait for her to say, "hostatingly," "Well, you let me sit there a little while. Mother is so tired!" When father comes home from the office or from his daily work, why not have the paper ready for him with a comfortable seat by the study lamp and not enjoy it yourself until asked to surrender them?

Sometimes I have heard a mother relating some incidents to a friend, and one of the children interrupt and correct her statements. Mother has told you that it is rude to interrupt other people and it sounds even ruder to the person who hears you interrupt your mother.

Did you ever see boys and girls show things from one another? I hope not, but I am afraid you have. Suppose the next time, you want anything from your brother or sister has, you politely ask them to please let you have it, and there is anything among your possessions which you think they would especially like to have, offer to let them have it. Just try it once, and see if the result is not pleasant enough to tempt you to try it again.

When your boys call at the house of a stranger, you carefully clean your shoes on the door mat, leave your hat in the hall, and walk quietly about the house. Now, isn't your mother's house your own home just as worthy of consideration? Does not your mother like clean carpets just as well as anyone, and would you storm through the room occupied by your mother and sister in noise less disagreeable to them than other ladies? - *Elizabeth D. Fiedler, Youth's Advocate.*

#### DEAD.

NEWS - Suddenly at Blackstock, on April 10th, 1899, Mr. Francis W. Spinks, in the forty-first year of his age. He was an ex-pupil of the Belleville Institution and his demise is deeply regretted by many friends.

The Birds Have Come.

The birds have come! The birds have come!
They fill the air with melody.
They make the whole world ring.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Pupils of Mr. Denys' Class.

Parrots, Catkins, Swallows, Frog's legs, Carpet beating, Apple blossoms, Men disappear, They will return, Our lawn is pretty, Nature weaves her carpet, Who will be our Examiner?

Last week Blanche Sager got a letter from her dear sister, Phoebe, saying she will have a new bicycle.

Anna Allendorf got word from home that Mr and Mrs. Heaton, her uncle and aunt, are going to Chicago to live.

The papers state that a young electrician named Reese Hutchinson succeeded in making a deaf man hear with an audiphone connected with electric wires.

During the Franco Prussian war, there was formed a corps of deaf and dumb Frenchmen who marched to battle with the gallantry of their hearing comrades.

We have a little colt about three weeks old. It is very cute looking. The other day it frisked into Mr. Dowrie's preserves.

OTTAWA NOTES.

Messrs. Clarke and Allen have lately been in Ottawa in the course of their business, but your correspondent did not see them.

We are informed that Mr. Pettit will assist Mr. Gray with his farm work this summer.

We understand Noah Labello is going to hang out a shingle in some large village in Russell Co. this year.

Mr. McEwan was over to Mr. Bayne's for seed grain lately. He expects a prosperous summer's work and will work the whole of his hundred acre farm himself this year.

The bicycle fever has struck the mute ladies in the city, who are all expert wheelswomen now.

Miss Jameson lost an aunt by death a week ago.

Miss Macfarlane has returned from her visit to Montreal.

Seeding operations are well under way now, by this time last year we were nearly through.

We were informed that Mr. Holland intends to make a visit to Newfoundland this summer and return in the fall.

The Clever Weaver Bird.

An interesting bird is the "weaver." It seems to be fond of making enormous nests merely for the purpose of exercise in the art of construction.

Everyone has a fair turn to be as he pleases. Jeremy Collier.

If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue. -Quarles.

The Birds' May-basket.

BY L. R. M.

Among the fragrant apple blossoms, On the branch of an old tree, Just before my chamber window,

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

The women of our silent world have done well this winter. Your reporter was present at the last meeting of the Dorcas Society and makes this statement with sincere respect for what they have accomplished.

The closing meeting of the Dorcas Society was held at Mrs. Nasmit's home, Thursday afternoon, so here the season's work was laid out for inspection.

after which a Bible lesson was given, so that the sewing was but a part of the afternoon's pleasure.

We wish again to draw the attention of our friends to the fact that it is lost time to call at No. 1 Major Street now, Miss Fraser is not there.

We are pleased to see Mr. D. S. Luddy with us again and are sure our friends will be the same, not excepting the fair sex.

We are sorry to report that Mr. H. Moore has been laid up for a week with inflammatory rheumatism, but are pleased to learn he is now recovering.

Through the ownership of the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Hiddell are living, on Borden Street, having changed hands, they are compelled to vacate the house and will remove to Brunswick Ave., near College St., about the middle of this month.

Last Sunday morning at the West End meeting, the lesson was taken from the parable of the vineyard. Mr. C. Elliott had charge and his treatment of the subject was both unique and interesting.

By request of some of our friends who had not an opportunity to listen to Mr. Bridgen's first lecture a year or so ago on "The Pilgrim's Progress," he was induced to deliver it again in a series of three lectures during the last couple of weeks.

During Mr. Nasmit's absence from the city last Sunday, Mr. Frost conducted the services at the Central Hall with Miss Fraser interpreting.

Owing to the sickness of her father, Mrs. J. Flynn was called away to Lindsay last week. So far as we can learn she has not returned at time of this writing, but it is hoped Mr. Brown will have recovered by this time.

From another Correspondent.

Mrs. Ogilvie is in Toronto on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Slater.

Miss Minnie Slater, of the Eaton departmental store, has been on the sick list for a week, but is all right again.

We are sorry to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. Taylor, nee Mrs. Spaight, former matron of your school. Her daughter Cassio, teacher in the Winthrop Institution, is here with her.

Mr. Chris. Gilliam has purchased a new "Red Bird" racer and says he is ready to challenge any of the mute riders during the summer. He won the championship among the mutes at their picnic in Brantford last August.

One fine day recently Messrs. Sheppard, Pickard and Gilliam wheeled out to Oakville, and met Mr. Waggoner, of Hamilton, there. Mr. Waggoner accompanied the boys on their return home and after spending a day in the city went back to Hamilton.

Mr. Percy Allan, of Mountain Grove, Frontenac Co., was in the city lately and was the guest of his brother.

Mr. Luddy left his position in the Canadian Pacific Railway shops at Perth, as he got dissatisfied with the management of affairs under the new general foreman, and was getting temporarily laid off too often.

Our married men spend their leisure hours out in their gardens at present, while the young bachelors take an outing to the parks on their wheels.

There are two deaf-mute ladies employed at the Hoskin House.



**Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.**

**OFFICERS**

A. E. SMITH, Brantford  
 J. LEASER, Toronto  
 A. W. MASON, Toronto  
 W. W. NICKEL, Belleville  
 D. J. McKillop, Belleville  
 D. J. COLEMAN, Belleville  
 W. F. CAMERON, Belleville

**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**

R. Mathison  
 Wm. Douglas  
 D. J. McKillop  
 Wm. Nurse

**ASH-BASE BALL CLUBS**

W. Loughheed  
 J. Armstrong  
 E. Charbonneau  
 M. Cottler

**ORIGIN LITERARY SOCIETY**

R. Mathison  
 Wm. Nurse  
 D. J. McKillop

**THE CANADIAN MUTE**

MONDAY, MAY 15, 1899.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

There is no place like home.

**MANAGEMENT'S OFFICE.**

Belleville, May 12th, 1899.

To Parents and Friends:

The present term will close on June 14th, 1899, and the pupils will return to their homes on that day. The Superintendent of the Institution will accompany those who are to travel by the Main Lines of Railways, and will take care of them and their baggage at the points agreed upon. The closing of this session a large number of pupils will have completed their course, but those who can be allowed to come back. If you have any deaf and dumb children of school age in your neighborhood, kindly send the names of them with their post office address to me. I will send you a copy of the Canadian and Central Ontario Railway Companies have liberally arranged to issue return tickets at a very low rate, good until September 1st. The pupils will leave Belleville on Wednesday, June 14th, and will be taken to the various stations at the times given in the time tables by Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and Central Ontario Railways, and parents and friends must meet them, and be on the platform of the station when the train arrives. This is important.

Money for fares must be received by Mr. Alex. Mathison, Superintendent, by P. O. Order, Postal Note, or by a letter, before the 1st of June, in order that final arrangements may be made for Railway travel.

The next term will commence on Monday, the 20th September, and the pupils will be sent to school promptly.  
 Kind regards,  
 Yours faithfully,  
**R. MATHISON,**  
 SUPERINTENDENT

**Archbishop Gauthier.**

There is in the training of the tender mind of youth a something which appeals to man of thought and sentiment. And when the intellect is adorned and the heart is to be formed are those of a child whose soul is imprisoned in the darkest dungeon it were impossible to conceive, then indeed does his own participation partake of the nature of an achievement calling forth the admiration and sympathy of the truly great and good. This being so, and priding in doing for Ontario what the best men are doing elsewhere for the cause we have at heart, we have sought and found the leading men in church and state enlisting on the side of our humane mission, and giving us their support and encouragement.

And among the valued sympathizers with our work, we have much pleasure in claiming His Grace, the Archbishop of Kingston. We may observe that soon after Dean Gaultier was raised to his present high position, our Superintendent, Mr. Mathison, wrote to him expressing his respect and the hope we might at an early day be favoured with a visit from His Grace. The letter was duly acknowledged and the intimation given that the first time His Grace came to Belleville, he would indeed be glad to avail himself of our invitation.

Archbishop Gauthier is a man of great delicacy of manner and erudition. He is well known to be master of half a dozen languages and to be as unassuming as he is learned. Wherever he has been, his conciliating ways have won for him the regard not only of his own immediate people, but of the entire community. We expect a visit from His Grace in a day or two, and desire to assure him of a hearty welcome to our Institution.

**Base-Ball.**

OUR BOYS CROSS BATS WITH ALBERTS COLLEGE AND ARE DEFEATED.

The game took place on the afternoon of the 11th. Our boys began well, much better than we expected from the desultory practice they had been taking lately. For the first three innings our boys kept ahead, but went to pieces in the fourth, when the Alberts, aided by a series of errors and poor pitching, ran the bases for thirteen runs. In the ninth innings our boys caught up and went ahead. As they had shut their opponents out during the previous two innings our team hoped to keep up and score a win, but their hopes were dashed when Dubois gave several bases on balls, these with some bad errors lost us the game and the Alberts were four runs ahead when supper time came and the game was called. Our team consisted of—Charbonneau, 1 b. Wallace, 1 f. Dubois, p. Lett, 2 b. W. Gray, c. Loughheed, 3 b. Harris, s. c. Dool, r. f. McCarthy, c. Alberts—Bogart, c. f. Roland, 3 b. Pitchard, 2 b. Caskey 1 b. Parry, c. Shackel, 1 f. Houston, p. DeLong, s. s. Browlee, r. f. Score by innings

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Institu.	5	3	3	2	2	1	2	3	4
Alberts	4	0	4	13	2	3	0	0	7

Of course our boys blamed the umpire for their defeat, but they should not expect the best of all decisions. If Dubois had been able to control the ball better, we believe our boys would have won. The bases on balls did it, as our boys are credited with thirty five base-hits, against twenty one by the Alberts. All our boys and girls, as well as several teachers, witnessed the match.

**HOME NEWS**

Notes of Tom Hill's travels came too late for this issue.

Mr. Loughheed has been liberal with the paint lately. The upper hall has received a touching up and the fountain on the front lawn has had a new coat, much to the improvement of both.

Visitors to the hospital admire the painting and cleanliness. The floors are polished like looking glasses. For a long time the place has only been used for show and long may it continue so, no one grumbles that it stands empty long.

Mr. Forrester has not quite settled his plans for the vacation, but it is unlikely that he will go home to Scotland this year. He has arranged for the use of a boat during the holidays and expects to spend much of his time on the water fishing if the mosquitoes and black flies are not too annoying.

The brick work of the coal shed was lately found to be spreading outwards. New supports for the cross beams and bolted rods for the walls had to be put in to check the damage. Mr. Downie and his boys have done most of the work. About a hundred tons of coal had to be moved to get at the work.

Mr. Stewart's new baby held a reception at the garden gate as the pupils returned from church last Sunday. They all wanted a peep at it. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, of course, are not different from other papas and mamas and they think like the rest, that there never was such a baby and were proud to show it.

One of our lady teachers is the envied possessor of a crow's egg. One of the boys on a ramble spied the nest up in a tree and the following afternoon he and the lady visited the nest and robbed the bird of its one egg. If it had been any other bird but a crow the nest would probably not have been disturbed, but crows, blackbirds and sparrows are not highly regarded.

It would seem as if the desire for a wheel is only gratified by possession and then it passes. In our last issue we reported two of our people had disposed of their wheels, this time we have to say three new ones have come in their places. Mr. Downie wheels to business now on a nice new "Cleveland." Miss McNinch fancied the Columbia and got one, Miss McOrmeik thinks there is something in a name and bought a "Quick-step." Just now all are pleased with their bargains.

We expect to have the pleasure of a visit from the Hon. E. J. Davis, Provincial Secretary of the Ontario Government, who has charge of this Institution and represents all our interests at the seat of Government. We appreciated his last visit and will be glad to see him again. It is likely he will come sometime during this month, but the precise date we cannot tell. He will probably arrive and catch us unawares. Dr. Chamberlain, the Inspector, will perhaps accompany him.

Three young Chinese lads were taking a look around the buildings last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Mathison met them and invited them in to see the pupils at tea. They were as much interested in the pupils as the pupils were in them. They asked Mr. Mathison many questions in their broken English which he was able to understand and answer. In China it may be etiquette to keep their hats on when they enter a room but our pupils thought it a strange action here. It was done we suppose, to hide their neatly braided and curled pig tails from view. A hint, however, led them to promptly uncover.

Our Methodist pupils attended service at West Belleville Methodist church last Sunday morning and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Welch, preached a sermon specially for the young. The Rev. gentleman took for his text—"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Both before the service and at the close he warmly welcomed the pupils to the church and expressed a wish that they should come again in the near future. Mr. Stewart was present and clearly interpreted the discourse in signs for the pupils. Misses Mosey and Watts, by special request, rendered in graceful signs the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee," which deeply impressed the congregation.

—Mr. Downie had an unexpected visitor to his shop the other day. Our little colt, in its perambulations around, dropped in to see him and after a little petting was politely shown the door.

Last Tuesday afternoon, just as school was out, news was telephoned that our neighbor, Mr. Ponton's, barns were on fire. In a very few minutes Mr. Mathison had our fire company and two hose reels with five hundred feet of hose off to the scene, one eighth of a mile distant. They got coupled up and had a stream of water on the burning building before the city fire fighters arrived, when the control of the fire was handed over to them. Had the firemen been delayed our boys would have rendered efficient service and probably have saved the house and adjoining store rooms. The whole of the barns and out-buildings, which were nearly new, were entirely consumed. Mr. Ponton has our sympathy in his loss.

—On Saturday evening, the 6th inst., Mr. Stewart pleasantly entertained the pupils in the chapel. Most of our elder pupils are familiar with the story of the boy's favorite book "Robinson Crusoe," and Mr. Stewart recounted the story more for the amusement of the younger pupils. For nearly an hour and a half he kept the pupils in rapt attention while he went rapidly over the main features of the story, describing Crusoe's early life, captivity among the Moors, shipwreck on the desert island, resourceful inventions, his man Friday, and lastly his happy escape home. The time was, of course, too short to do the subject full justice, but the end was attained and the pupils amused. Mr. Stewart was tendered the usual vote of thanks coupled with the request that he would come often next session.

**PERSONALITIES.**

—Miss Walker spent a very pleasant week with her parents in Hamilton and returned to the Institution feeling very much better for her outing.

—His Lordship Bishop Hamilton, of Ottawa, spent a couple of hours in the class rooms and Institution on Wednesday last. He expressed himself as being much pleased with everything that came to his notice and wished us all possible success.

—Miss Flossie Gardner, of Berlin, paid a brief visit to the Institution last Tuesday. Her stay was so short the pupils saw very little of her and the teachers still less. Not one of our old pupils has ever made us such a hurried call. During her stay in the city she was the guest of Miss Butler, and before returning home will pay a visit to her school mate, Mrs. Beatty, of Melrose, about fifteen miles from Belleville.

**The "Change of Air" Cure.**

"There is no sense," said a New York physician, who has passed the days when he must practice even if he does not wish to, "in the haphazard way in which a patient is sent away from home to exhaust his strength and spend his money in the hope that a change of air will do him good. There is no use in sending a person away to die. Many physicians are not all considerate about this sort of thing. There are some cases in which the influence of the climate is a potent factor in the treatment of certain diseases, but not half so many of them as is generally supposed. Quiet and rest at home, plenty of sunshine, good food and pure air are worth far more than a change of climate, that is so often recommended as a cure all."—New York Herald.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—Sterne.

Light is the task where many share the toil.—Howe.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.—Napoleon.

The cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least possible trouble and self-sacrifice.—Smiles.

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.—Mrs. Thrale.

"As the immortal William once said," remarked Prince Henry, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them how we will." "Really, now, Heinrich," said the kaiser as he overheard the remark of the prince, "that is quite clever but when did I say it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

