

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IX.

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NO. 15.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. H. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHISON, M. A. — Superintendent
WM. COCHRANE — Nurse
P. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D. — Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER — Matron

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A. — Head Teacher
J. G. TRIBBLE — Head Teacher
J. DENNIS — Head Teacher
JAMES G. HALL, B. A. — Head Teacher
W. J. CAMPBELL — Head Teacher
GEO. F. SPURWAY — Head Teacher
T. C. FORKMYER — Head Teacher
M. J. MALDEN, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS LIDA M. JACK, — Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
T. C. FORKMYER, Teacher of Sloyd.

MISS L. N. METCALFE, — JOHN T. BURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

WM. DOUGLASS, — WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate Superintendent, Master Shoemaker

G. O. KETTLER, — CHAS. J. TIPPIN,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DEMSKY, — JOHN DOWDIE,
Sawstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

MISS S. MCNINCH, — 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, Carpentry 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.

H. 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 2:45 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.



'Tis Splendid to Live Grandly.

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun.
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps the thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
No white and free front stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though faded and tried again.
That age for age forgets
Repeats the story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

Yes, 'tis splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a toast
To rally the feet of the strong.
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pass on their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.
—Margaret E. Sangster



Very Diplomatic.

"But what shall I do with it?" he asked helplessly.
She looked up at him and laughed as he stood dangling a square white box by its satin ribbon.

"There's a certain faculty in treasureing another fellow's cake. Won't you take it—as a gift?"

"Thanks, no," she answered. "I have a sufficiency; besides, the charm is broken if you give it away."

"Charm?" he echoed. "What charm has an infinitesimal piece of cake that would not stay the appetite of a mosquito? Silly custom this, anyhow—"

"Do you mean to say," she interrupted solemnly, "that you have attained unto years of discretion and never tried the charm that lies in a bride's cake?"

"Never!" he averred.
She looked so bewitching in her bride-maid array that he would have sworn to any fact or fallacy whatsoever could he thereby prolong the tale.

In seeking a spot where perchance that ubiquitous best man might be eluded, he had found this curtained corner of the porch.

"Then you must try it before you are a night older," she said, with a pretty air of authority. "Cut a card into seven slips and give me a pencil, and I'll do the rest."

He obeyed with unvoiced docility.
"This is merely a short and sure way to find out whom you are to marry," she resumed.

"I know whom I want to marry. I don't need a piece of cake and seven slips of paper to tell me that."

"Whom one wants to marry and whom one marries are not always the same individual," she replied, scontentiously.

"Oh!" was his only audible remark.
"Now," she went on, "I shall write a name on each of these six pieces and leave one blank—for bachelorhood, you know."

"Um!" he assented.
"Then you will place them under your pillow, with the wedding cake and draw out one each morning, the last one—with a pango of emphasis."

"I understand," he broke in. "The last shall be first. But I can't think of six names; one is so indelibly written on my heart that—"

"Oh, I can arrange that!" she interrupted blithely. "You know they must be written by someone else, any way—some disinterested person."

"Oh!" very humbly.
But as he watched her brows wrinkle in much perplexity, he concluded that it was not such a bad thing after all, this idea of tying up wedding cakes in boxes, and he became convinced that weddings,

on the whole, were not such a bore when he saw the ubiquitous best man peer into the half light of the veranda and retire precipitately.

"There's one thing I forgot," she was saying "each slip must be destroyed as it is drawn out, and only the last one read."

"Humph! Strict requirements, those! It would give a fellow some satisfaction, perhaps, to know whom he had escaped."

"Oh, but the charm won't work unless you do! Promise, now," imperative.
And he promised. Then—

"Oh, I say," he cried, interrupting the writing again. "You'll put your own name down, won't you?"

"Shall I?" she queried doubtfully.
"Well, rather." And though the light was dim, she saw something in his eyes that made her add hastily: "Oh, very well, since it is by request."

On the eighth day thereafter she received the following telegram: "Your name seventh. Has charm worked?"

And it was not till their honeymoon was at its zenith that she told him—confidentially—that each bit of cardboard had borne the same name, and there had been no blank.—Montreal Herald.

The Highest Bidder.

The late Emperor Nicholas of Russia was in the habit of traveling about incognito in public stage-coaches, accompanied only by one of his generals.

On one of these occasions, he and General A. were told on arriving at a postal station that the next piece of road was so bad it would take the coach three hours to reach the town; but that, if they liked to walk through the woods, they would get there in half that time.

As the weather was fine, and the road through the woods was a good one, the emperor and the general started off on foot.

By and by they came to a rapid river, but could see no bridge. A peasant happened to come by, and the emperor asked him where the bridge was.

"There is none," replied the peasant. "Then is there no way across?"

"No, only through the water."
"Well, I'll give you ten silver roubles if you'll carry me across."

(A silver rouble is worth forty-two cents of our money.)
The peasant took the emperor on his shoulders, and in a few minutes landed him on the opposite shore.

"Now," said the emperor, "ten roubles more to bring my friend over."

"The peasant waded back, took the general on his shoulders, and started with him.

When they got to the middle of the river, the emperor called out:
"I'll give you twenty roubles to drop him into the water."

In a moment the general was splashing in the river.
"A hundred roubles to carry me on, he gasped.

The peasant picked him up again, but had not gone three steps before the emperor shouted:
"Two hundred roubles to throw him in again."

The peasant stood still, in perplexity.
"Five hundred roubles to carry me to the bank," yelled the general.

"Eight hundred roubles to drop him," shouted the emperor.
The peasant began to slip the general off his back, but the latter clutched him tightly, and cried:

"A thousand roubles to put me on the bank!"
The emperor was laughing too much to say any more. The general was put on shore and the two with the peasant as a guide, reached the town. After they had lunched, the general made up his official imperial accounts. In them were these items:

"To carrying his majesty across the river, 10 roubles.
"To carrying General A. under difficulties graciously created by his majesty, 1000 roubles."

A Slip of Paper.

A dissipated young man entered one day a street car in one of our large cities, and sat down all unnoticed. Listless, unobservant, he heeded not nor cared who occupied the seat beside him; he would go to the other part of the city and try for work. He had lost one job after another because of his dissipated habits, and now the extremity had come. He mumbled to himself: "If I cannot get work, I can die—there's an end to all things. When one ceases to be useful he ought to be out of the way." He then looked back to the time when he had come to the city, full of hope, ambition, and promises to mother to be a pure, honest boy. But alas! the old, old story!

A sparkle came into his eyes as he thought of the fortune he so soon thought to lay at her feet. Then, as he realized his condition, a great wave of shame and distress swept over the once manly face.

Now he found himself alone—the man beside him had just left. Where did he want to get off? He did not know or care.

With downcast eyes he espied a slip of paper. Slowly and thoughtfully he picked it up, and was about to throw it down when he thought that the handwriting looked familiar. As he glanced at the script, the words attracted his attention; he read and reread them until the words burned themselves into his memory: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies."

He was aroused to a sense of his surroundings as the car stopped, and he saw they were at the terminus of the line. Yes, he could get off. So without noticing what he was doing, he crossed the street, and sat down on the grass in the shade. With head down, eyes fixed upon the ground as if seeing them there again he repeated the words: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet—"

How was coming to himself, as many another prodigal has done. He was not thinking.

He did not know that he was being watched by a lady on the veranda across the way, and had not heard her daughter singing; but now the words floated out through the open window:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave O leave me not alone—

"Alone, yes, alone," he said, while he wept. He glanced up as a little fellow about three years old ran past him, then turned and looked at him with his countenance full of pity, and said: "Have you lost anything?"

"Yes; I've lost my all, my manhood!"
The lady had missed the little urchin, and called him, but he paid no heed. As she came across the street for him, the little boy said in tones of sympathy: "Mamma, he lost something."

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked in the kindest, sweetest tones he had heard since he had left home and mother.

She drew from him the story of his present condition and invited him to her home, saying that her husband would be in soon, and she was sure that he could help him. In the meantime she prepared tea, and Nellie sang for him.

He is now the noble man that he had planned to be. With constant employment and pleasant Christian surroundings in this home, whose motto was, "Look up, lift up," his feet had been turned and the lust found.

A few years later he remarked to Nellie, who had become his wife: "I wish that I might see the man who dropped that slip of paper on that memorable day. I want to thank him for it."

Nellie promptly replied: "Thank God instead, for it was the Lord's words that you needed. He says: 'So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.'—Selected.



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 typewriting, 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 that when he subscribes.

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:

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

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE

ONTARIO



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1901.

Close of the Session.

With almost incredible swiftness another session has glided by, and when this issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE reaches our readers the school will have closed and all of the pupils, we trust, will have arrived safe at home. The session has been marked by the same earnest effort and faithful devotion to duty, by both the staff and the pupils, that has characterized its predecessors, and the results obtained, we hope and believe, have been at least a little better than in any previous session, for thus only can we hope to retain our place in the vanguard of progress. The pupils have been favored with excellent health, there having been but very few cases of illness and only one of a serious character, and in every instance good recoveries were made. A few pupils had the mumps during the winter but by assiduous care and watchfulness a general epidemic was prevented. The staff, however, did not escape as well as the pupils; in fact on the officers and teachers this has been one of the hardest sessions for many years. Last year the whole staff combined did not lose two weeks from illness. This season quite a number of them were laid off for shorter or longer periods, and death removed one of our oldest and most faithful teachers. This has been the first break in our staff for many years and has made the closing of the present term a memorably sad one. But while mourning for the one that has gone we are thankful that all the others and all of the pupils have been spared. And now those who, during the past nine months, formed our united and happy family, are scattered to all parts of the Province, and we wish everyone of them—officers, teachers and pupils—a most pleasant and happy holiday, and a safe return next fall. And yet once again in our retrospective view of the

session we must express, in the strongest possible terms, our appreciation and commendation of the behaviour of the pupils during the session. There has not been a single serious breach of conduct during the term, and the cases of minor disobedience or misconduct have been very few and unimportant; and year by year we are pleased to see a constant improvement in this respect. We are quite confident that in no other school in the Province could be found an equal number of children, gathered from every condition in life and grade in society, that could even approximately equal ours in their almost uniform courtesy, obedience and general good conduct, or in their steady application, earnest endeavor and unflagging zeal to advance themselves both in knowledge and in the amenities of life. As usual, a number of our pupils, having completed their course here, will not return again. To these we extend our best wishes for a happy and prosperous career; and hope and feel confident that by their success in whatever trade or vocation they may choose, they will do credit to their alma mater, and, what is yet more important, that by nobility of character, by uprightness of conduct, by the beauty of goodness and by the manifold virtues of a godly life, they will exemplify all their lives the lessons that have been taught and the moral precepts and spiritual truths that have been inculcated here.

Work of the Session.

Our written examinations began this session on May 27th and continued throughout the week, and the results indicated that the closing session at least equalled any previous term in the thoroughness of the work done and in the advancement made and the attainments acquired by the pupils. These papers will all be sent home in the pupils' trunks and we hope their parents will carefully look over them, as they indicate very fully the scope of the work done in the various classes and to what extent each pupil has mastered that work.

Our official examiner this year was Mr. Duncan Walker, Inspector of Public Schools for the town of Peterborough. What impression he formed of us will be seen by the remarks he made in the chapel and will be further indicated by his report to the government; but it is quite certain that all here formed a most favorable impression of him. This was his first acquaintance with deaf and they seemed at once to have aroused his sympathetic interest, and, before he parted from them, his affectionate regard; and this feeling was fully reciprocated by them. He seemed to quickly gain an insight into the deaf mind, and to perceive the difficulty they have in acquiring facility in the use of language, and by his tact, his urbanity and his evident interest in his work he quickly won their confidence and good will. He began his inspection on the 29th of May and finished on June 1th, during which time he made a careful examination of every class, and saw everything in and about the buildings and as far as possible entered into the daily life of the pupils, which he saw in all its various phases.

On Tuesday afternoon all assembled in the chapel to bid Mr. Walker good-bye and to hear any remarks he wished to make. Superintendent Mathison expressed the pleasure all felt in making his acquaintance and the liking we had all conceived for him, and hoped that he also had formed a favorable impression of us. He himself was convinced, from his daily visit to the classrooms, that every teacher and nearly every pupil had done his or her utmost and the results were very gratifying.

Mr. Walker said that there was just

one thing which he was not pleased about, and that was that his visit here had come to an end, for it had been an exceedingly pleasant and interesting visit to him. To had come to the Institution expecting great things and he had not been disappointed. Mr. Mathison had said in a joocular way that they had tried to hide all their faults from him, but he did not think they could do this to any great extent because he did not think that they had many faults to conceal. Moreover, it would be pretty hard to fool a man who had under his charge some 1800 pupils with whom he was in constant association as inspector. From the lowest to the highest class in the Institution he had been pleased with the work done. He had found the pupils diligent in the class rooms, earnest in their efforts and they had succeeded admirably in their work. Of course they were not perfect, if they were there would be nothing more for them to learn and there would be no need for them to come to school. So long as we live we must continue to learn and that implied present imperfection. The conduct of the pupils in the class-room, their great industry and zeal and their evident affection for and confidence in their teachers proved that they knew what they came to school for and were fully resolved to utilize their opportunities; and from what he could see he must say that they had a class of pupils of whom Mr. Mathison and the teachers might well be proud. He could also say that judging from the work done in the classes, from the evident interest they took in their work and their pride in and anxiety concerning their classes, the pupils might well be proud of their teachers. He could say nothing but praise for the work of the pupils and teachers. When he came everything was new and he had learned a good deal himself, and so pleasant had been his visit that he almost felt as if he would like to stay there all the time. Some of the pupils are now leaving school to take their places in the world and he knew they would always look back with love to this Institution and would realize the benefit of what they had learned here. He need not ask them to remember the lessons taught them and he was sure that they would do nothing in their after life that would cause them or their teachers to feel ashamed. He hoped they would enjoy their holidays and come back again with the hope and purpose of doing even better than in the past. He again congratulated Mr. Mathison and the staff on the excellence of their work, and all of them seemed fully alive to their responsibility. Success in teaching depended on the results attained and the results they had obtained here must be very gratifying to all concerned.

Mr. Walker was loudly applauded at the close of his speech. Prof. Denys and Miss Templeton made short addresses expressive of the appreciation of the staff for Mr. Walker's courtesy and kindness and their admiration for the quick perception with which he seemed to obtain a clear insight into the special aptitudes and disabilities of the deaf, and incidentally both referred in warmly appreciative terms to the help and inspiration all the teachers received from the daily visits of the Superintendent, whose ready sympathy, unflinching good nature and words of cheer and encouragement lifted them out of many a slough of despondency. The proceedings in the chapel were varied by the singing, in the beautiful language of the deaf, of "Now I lay me down to sleep" by some small girls under Miss James' tuition, and of a couple of hymns by some larger girls under Mrs. Bahr's.

—Mr. E. C. Rosenzi, in company with Mr. F. S. Wallbridge, visited the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Prof. Denys introduced Mr. Rosenzi to the Superintendent, Mr. Mathison, and the teachers, and took great pleasure in showing the visitors through the Institution, explaining the methods of teaching and showing the various exercises of the pupils. Mr. Rosenzi was surprised at the ability and progress displayed by the pupils. The various mechanical branches were also visited, as well as the dormitories, dining rooms and hospital, where everything was in complete order and cleanliness, and it made a deep impression on both the visitors, who heartily praised the well conducted institution. Mr. Rosenzi desires to express sincere thanks to the Superintendent, Prof. Denys and the other teachers whom he had the pleasure to meet, for their courtesy and kindness during their visit. —Belleville Ontario.

The Lily of the Valley.

Cups of charity still
All the fragrance freely spill
Tiny bridesmaids side by side,
Waiting for the tardy bride.
Bells enough to ring a chime,
If the humming bird had time
Dainty caps in snowy cluster,
Such a store can baby muster
Pharos climbing up the hill,
Bent in adoration still.
Lily, on thy throne of green,
Nothing fairer earth has seen,
Though in ambush thou dost lay thee
Yet thy sweetness will betray thee
All alone we seem to find thee,
But a troop is just behind thee
Not a flower has honour greater,
For thine infinite Creator
Doings to take thy name and wear it,
Yet permits thee still to share it
Evermore the Lord most holy
"Gibeth grace unto the lowly"
—LUCY A. BENNETT

—Mr. Robert Sutton, of Brantford and Miss Martha Jane Leigh, of Port Albert, are to be married on June 19th. Congratulations in advance.

—On Sunday, the 2nd inst., eleven of our pupils were prepared to be received into communion of the Presbyterian church in the city, but unfortunately owing to the bad weather the girls of the party were unable to go and the seven boys had to go alone. It was a great disappointment to those who were unable to go.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Penner, of Dublin, entertained a party of deaf mute friends on the 24th of May. The gathering was a good one and broke up at a late hour. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hoy, of Avonlea, Mrs. Rice, of Fallarton, Miss Fuller, of Mitchell, and Messrs. Alexander, of Lunenburg, Pringle, of Staffa, and Novos, of I.

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by beard, covered with hair, and there were wings on each foot. "What is its name?" said the spectator. "Opportunity," was the reply. "Why is its face hidden?" "Because men seldom know him when he comes to them." "Why has he wings upon his feet?" "Because he is soon gone, and once gone he cannot be overtaken."—Selected.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own Correspondent.

This has been an unusually lucky school-year for the Mackay Institution. We have had no epidemic of any kind though we were surrounded with an outbreak of scarlet fever and diphtheria for several months.

The new engine to pump the water up to the tanks has been a success, it is only necessary to use it when the wind mill is not in motion.

We wonder if Belleville is favoured with as much rain as Montreal has been. On account of the bad weather our annual picnic has had to be postponed indefinitely, much to the disgust of the pupils.

The Messrs. Ida McLeod and Elizabeth Duncan purpose attending the Convention of Deaf-mute Instructors to be held in Buffalo and hope to meet some of your teachers there.

We all anticipate seeing our future king and queen in the fall and hope all will have returned and have an opportunity of seeing them as it is not probable they will have another chance.

Our ex-pupils in Ottawa (Gov't. Printing Bureau) did not pay their annual visit this spring to the "Mackay," but we were glad to see that though twenty six printers were given a long holiday, the services of all our boys were retained. Mr. Graham, Metcalfe, is taking one of our boys to help him on the farm this summer.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Gray, (nee Miss Eva Jamieson) a graduate of your Institution, is so happily married. Mrs. Gray has many friends at the Mackay Institution, where she spent two years of her childhood.

The new principal of the Oregon Institution lately paid us a flying visit. We all wish him success in his new field of labour.

The 17 days of May in Montreal, we had a nice, bright day for our Annual Examination and everything passed off very nicely. On the invitation of the Superintendent the Examiners stayed to lunch with herself and teachers, and all enjoyed a pleasant social time.
E. M. D.



THE MAPLE LEAF DEBATING CLUB, TORONTO.

J. FORSYTHE A. A. MINTOSH A. W. MASON G. WEDDERBURN C. ELLIOTT
 R. C. SLATER MISS S. MORRISON F. J. WHILLER MRS. A. W. MASON P. FRASER MISS J. MUNRO
 MISS D. MORRISON F. BRIDGEN MISS BRIDGEN MISS O. OLIVIE
 MISS E. ELLIOTT

The Maple Leaf Club, Toronto.

Mr. F. Bridgen, President of the Maple Leaf Reading Club, left for England, his native country, accompanied by his charming daughter Miss Bertha, on the 17th of May, for a holiday of two months. Though far away from his Toronto friends, the President will not be forgotten; in fact, he cannot possibly be, after having shown so many evidences of his innate kindness and unflinching constancy in making the life of the members of the Club bright, both socially and intellectually. An occasional letter from him will be eagerly looked for, and his return home will be awaited with pleasant anticipations of all he will have to tell us about his travels. An ideal literary club is worth joining; it is almost as beneficial as a college education. Earnestness on the part both of teacher and student is essential to success, a literary society in such co-operation is bound to produce good results. To gain a little knowledge in general every other week makes a considerable accumulation at the end of a winter session; this is possible under the instruction of a teacher well versed in history, science, literature and other branches of education. In this respect the Maple Leaf Club is most fortunate. Such is Mr. Bridgen, he can give a clear explanation on the most subjects. It reminds one of Alfred the Great, of whom the President speaks admiringly. The King, himself a learned man, was zealous in stimulating his subjects to mental effort; he imposed upon himself the task of teaching them when he could; he restored the learning which the long Danish wars had diminished. No unfair comparison would be considered in pointing out that Mr. Bridgen is as the King both in smallness of stature and in displaying the same zeal. The Maple Leaf Club meets every alternate Thursday evening, spending a part of two hours together with profit and pleasure. As arranged, two or more of the members are expected to give news reports, debates, lectures, dialogues or recitations enough for an hour, and then follows the study of another hour in English History. The President examines the same as a deaf school teacher, but makes the

study more interesting with his facts legends and illustrations. On the table are papers and picture-books showing kings and queens and men distinguished in the service of the country, also churches, abbeys, castles, ruins and other things mentioned in history, they help to impress the mind more effectively. The lesson in English History commenced last fall was that which tells how all the small kingdoms in England became confederated in the reign of Egbert and divided again at the death of that King, and was continued through the course of nearly two centuries, stopping May 10th, the part where a story is told about Edgar being rowed by eight kungs on the river in great state. Thus a great amount of information was gleaned at the close of the session, which will no doubt be reviewed in social conversation with renewed interest during the summer vacation. Among the subjects of lectures delivered were Dickens, the fascinating writer of "David Copperfield" and "Oliver Twist," Chinese Gordon, the fearless general and devout Christian, Lady Burlett-Contts, the London philanthropist, and Socrates, the Greek philosopher. Biographic lectures like the above, limited to a time of thirty minutes, take a strong hold on the members, and will certainly be renewed next fall. Historical facts accurately noted down are much to be desired, they would create less doubt or discussion. In the course of the study of English History numberless inaccuracies have been found as to facts and dates. As the English language undergoes a constant change, revisions, more or less correct, must necessarily follow. Wm. Cobbett, a most capable English grammarian, commented severely on the faithlessness of some historians. Accordingly we must read to weigh and consider, not to believe and take for granted, moreover, we must view every question on every side, not to be too one-sided to be fair.—A. A.

He who too much fears hatred is unfit to reign.—Seneca.
 God treats none worse than they deserve, and if He chooses to treat any better, He certainly has a right to do so.—Payson.

A Bravo Woman.

We do not always remember that it requires as much bravery to care for and nurse the soldiers on fields of battle, or in the hospitals near them, as to be a soldier and fight the enemy.

Not long ago, in a city of France, all the soldiers were drawn up on the city plaza. A woman in the habit of a Sister of Charity was called out in front of the governor general, and this is what he said:

"Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years ago you received a wound from a cannon ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field at Balaklava. In 1859 the shell from a mitrailleuse laid you prostrate in the front ranks on the battle field of Magenta. Since then you have been in Syria, in China, and in Mexico and if you were not killed it was not because you have not exposed yourself."

"In 1870 you were taken up in Reichshoffen covered with many saber wounds. Such deeds of heroism you have crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge—you took up the grenade in your arms, you smiled upon the wounded, who looked at you with feelings of dismay; you carried it a distance of eighty meters. On laying it down you noticed it was going to burst; you throw yourself on the ground; it burst; you were seen covered with blood; but when persons came to your assistance you rose up smiling, as your wont. You were scarcely recovered from your wound when you returned to the hospital, whence I have now summoned you."

Then the general bade her kneel down, and, drawing his sword, touched her lightly with it three times on the shoulder and pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on her habit, saying:

"I put upon you the cross of the brave, in the name of the French people and army. No one has gained it by more deeds of heroism, nor by a life so completely spent in self abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country. Soldiers, present arms!" The troops saluted, the drums beat and bugles rang out, the air was filled

with loud acclamations, and all was jubilation and excitement as Mother Teresa arose, her face suffused with blushes, and asked:

"General, are you done?"

"Yes," said he.

"Then I will go back to the hospital."
 —The Outlook.

Have a Purpose, Make It Known

A young man should not start out in life with an idea that the world owes him a living. The assertion is false, in fact, wrong in principle, and dishonest in practice. The world owes no one anything except that which is gained by honest toil. There is no room for drones, tramps or vagabonds, and those who are not willing to work for a living must make room for those ambitious men and women who desire to achieve success by lawful methods. Have a purpose. Aspire to things above the common level and with the motto, "What a man has done, man can do," a determined resolution to succeed, energy and grit, there can be no failure.

The world wants your best. It will have nothing else. The best is none too good. The poorest boy in our land may hope to be a president when he is older. He may be our leading financier, or the greatest minister.

Money will buy many articles, but there are other things money can never purchase. Wealth will cover only a small portion of the earth's area. Purpose covers all of it.

Have a purpose, stick to it, surmount those difficulties which appear to be stumbling-blocks, One's station in life cuts no figure, for—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
 Set well your part, there all the honor lies."

—Alexander S. Widens in Success.

Shrubs growing in a poor soil seldom produce bright, high-colored flowers. Generally the application of manure in liberal quantities will improve their color. Iron filings and scales collected about a blacksmith's anvil have a tendency to intensify the color of many plants, if dug into the soil about their roots.—June Ladies' Home Journal.

"STORIES."

A PAPER TO BE READ AT THE SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE CONVENTION OF AMERICAN INSTRUCTORS OF THE DEAF, BUFFALO, JULY 2-9, 1901, BY MRS. S. C. BALIS.

FELLOW TEACHERS—"I've been honored with a invite to narrate before you today; and when I say that I scarcely feel equal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me," to quote Artemus Ward.

My theme is to be "Stories." Who has not a love for stories? and stories with a point or several of them at the end; there may be a moral attached to each individual point but that is a matter of some indifference to the majority of us. Show me a normal child that will not listen to a story and I'll find a fly that will not eat syrup, but it will be a dead one.

Children live in a world of their own as we are well aware. They can evolve more imaginative situations from prosaic odds and ends of every day material than we adults realize. So the simplest narrative holds for them far more of interest than we, who have had so many of life's illusions destroyed, can possibly arouse in ourselves. The dullest and most hopeless children have been enthralled by a simple pantomimic narrative, and their minds freed, for the time being, of the mental lethargy that bound them. Nothing is more effective than a story to renew interest in our little people or to stimulate thought in the most indolent. A story will quickly quell rebellious small boys and soothe fretful small girls. The same weapon can be successfully employed in bringing order from chaos and in nipping incipient mischief in the bud. Pantomime, spelling, writing, speech can each and all be used as a means to this end. Whichever method seems most expedient at the moment should be used. Abolish stories and much of the interest in school-room work will be lacking. It is through stories so much outside information is imparted to our pupils. And through this means they also gain conversational forms and idioms in common use. Our pupils can be interested in stories in a very short time after entering school; and before the close of their second session many of them should be able to read and understand the simpler forms of narrative, and their interest in reading, once aroused, should never be allowed to abate. Had I the simple stories, floating about in our various Institution papers, bound, I should place them in my pupils' hands as early as the second session and require them to read them. The majority of them would soon be able to do so and I should see that they understood what they read. Picture books are all right, and serve a good purpose, but our pupils need language. All children want to know what each picture they see is about, and if there is a means of finding out, depend upon it they will discover it. If it were possible every narrative, no matter how simple, should have its illustration, for these children think in pictures, not in words. Some of the stories that have appeared in the children's column of the Canadian paper, have been told the writer by the children themselves in course of conversation. Like many "grown ups" they love to see their names in print, and that fact alone will stimulate some of them to read when every other effort fails.

The issue of every number of our paper is so eagerly watched for and joyously received by the small people we cannot but feel repaid for the time and effort often required to keep a constant supply of stories on hand. It is not by any means an easy matter to stoop to the mental level

of these pupils and discard the flowers of language, superfluous words and flourishes in general; to take only the bare skeleton of language, so to speak, and clothe it so simply the children can understand the meaning of every word or phrase. There may be imaginative children among them but experience leads us to the conclusion that, in our schools, the most of them are most uncomfortably matter-of-fact. Having discovered a means of asking questions, they are the most inquisitive, animate interrogation points in existence. There is hardly an educational department that cannot advantageously use stories. Fairy tales and impossible giants do not appeal to them as to hearing children; they are too literal and not able to separate the reality from fiction. All animal stories will hold their closest attention and retain their interest. Nature is such a sealed book to them and the mysteries of life so many, that they seize most eagerly upon every explanation offered, their observation is usually most keen and a mere suggestion will often start them upon an independent course of investigation.

In reading stories, it is well to ask questions frequently. Often this leads to the necessity for an original answer, by which I mean a reply that can not be found in the story itself. So soon as they are able to understand and answer questions, they should be required to ask them. At first they ask what they have learned by seeing repeatedly, but gradually they will venture upon most original questions and delight to exercise their ability in using language in such a form. We have too few books that can be placed in the hands of our younger pupils. The cores of fine stories that appear each session in the various school papers are going to waste, which is greatly to be regretted. Unless each pupil is given a copy of each issue of the Institution paper, the stories can hardly serve their purpose. Even then they are most likely to be hastily scanned and carelessly thrown aside.

I should like to ask a question that I have long had in mind. Why can not some plan be devised by the members of this convention, whereby we may save and have arranged in book form, many of the children's stories now appearing in the various Institution publications? I am aware that some of the authors and editors of these stories propose publishing them in that form in course of time. But there are many others who are furnishing most excellent reading matter, who have no such desire or intention, yet would gladly co-operate to have their stories preserved for school room or library use. It has been proposed that each Institution agree upon a uniform size of sheet and class of type and print two or three hundred extra copies of each issue of their stories, all to be sent to a certain place for binding, at a stated period, but that seems scarcely a feasible plan, nor altogether a desirable arrangement. A better plan has been suggested, which is, that the Convention appoint a committee who shall have power to select and arrange these stories for publication. They could be arranged in three separate volumes, for primary, intermediate and advanced grades, in a convenient book-size, and should be freely illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., furnish most beautiful illustrations with some of their school books, and it is possible that there could be secured from them plates suitable for our purpose. One of the editors of a children's page is keeping the chalk plates that they have used, and others are saving back numbers and extra copies of their papers, so that if any practicable plan can be arranged there is mate-

rial ready at hand and it should not be long before enough has been accumulated to issue one or two volumes of smaller size than the Raundrop of cherished memory.

It would appear that a small committee could work more rapidly than a large number. If copies of all papers that publish a children's department were sent to the members of the committee they would, in the majority of cases, be able to give credit for each story. The authorities of the Hartford, Conn., school, would, I believe, consider the matter of publication in a favorable light and I have reason to think the authorities of nearly all the schools for the deaf would be liberal purchasers of such books. There appears to be no obstacle to the success of such an undertaking, could a practicable working plan be devised and ordered carried into execution by the members of this Convention; and there will thus be saved to us a large amount of most valuable reading matter for our pupils of the present and the future. I hope some action may be taken before the closing of this Convention.

SYLVIA CHAPIN BALIS.

Belleville, Ontario, Canada

San Francisco, Cal.

From Our Own Correspondent

Your correspondent had the pleasure of being with a party of the Oakland and San Francisco deaf pupils recently, on an outing. They had a delightful ride from Oakland to Hayward, about 20 miles distant and return. Many fine residences and gardens adorned with flowers, especially roses; rich farm lands, fruit trees, etc., along the route made a beautiful landscape. Your writer was not the only representative from Canada, there being another in the person of Miss Susie Jones, a belle formerly of St. John, N. B., but now of Oakland. She attended the New Brunswick School for the Deaf at Fredericton, and afterwards the California School at Berkeley. Your writer also has learned that there is a bright deaf girl at the school at Berkeley from Nova Scotia. He also understands that there are one or two small ones from Ontario, who were at your school for some time.

Douglas Tilden, the famous deaf-mute sculptor, does business in San Francisco and resides in Oakland. He was born in Chico, Cal. That town is also the birthplace of your correspondent. It is a pretty place of about 1,000 population, 186 miles north of San Francisco.

San Francisco has a deaf-mute lawyer, in the person of Theodore Grady. Besides being a graduate of the California School for the Deaf and Gallaudet College, Washington, he is a graduate of the University of California. He is both deaf and dumb.

Mr. Keruey, of *Once A Week*, came up here from Los Angeles recently and lectured to the deaf mutes at their gospel meeting on Sunday in the Y. M. C. A. building. He afterwards left for Buffalo to attend the Pan-American Exposition. He is now disappointed over the failure of *Once A Week*, and intends to start it again some time. He said that there were about 130 deaf-mutes in Los Angeles, many of them being wealthy. He is on the fence whether to settle in San Francisco or Los Angeles, but thinks the latter place will take the cake as there are deaf mutes of many nationalities there and he enjoys their company.

Times are good in San Francisco at present. Many new buildings are springing up, some of them being 12 stories high. If China was inhabited by Europeans instead of pig tails, New York might have taken a back seat long ago.

Lost—Tom Hill, last heard of in Woodland, Cal., several months ago.

Mr. D. S. Luddy has a steady position with the Myself-Rollins Printing Co., of this city, who do quite a big business.

San Francisco is at present the temporary capital of the United States as President McKinley and nearly his whole cabinet are here. Owing to the illness of Mrs. McKinley they have been remaining here longer than they expected. They came here on their triumphal tour through the South and the Pacific Coast, to be present at the launching of the battleship "Ohio" on

May 18th. When the President made his official entry into San Francisco, instead of a floral parade, as there has been in the other places in California there was a gorgeous military and naval display. There was great enthusiasm and cheering all along the route. The President was kept busy acknowledging salutes all the way. He has won the hearts of all. There is more Christ than Caesar in him. The blue-jackets and marines from the war ships in the harbor created much enthusiasm by their war-like appearance. They came sweeping along with perfect grace and their sun burnt faces made them look like a hard nut for an enemy to crack. There were many pathetic incidents during the parade. When the gallant First California Regiment first took the field in the Philippines during the war with Spain marched by, tears were shed by mothers and sisters, who were reminded of the loved ones who had died a soldier's death. In the evening the jolly men behind the guns from the battleship "Wisconsin," had a ball and were delighted to have the Secretary of the navy with them. There was an awful crush at the Union depot and ferry building in the evening when the President held a reception. The police and more than a regiment of soldiers had a trying time handling the crowd. It was all excitement to see the President. Fortunately no serious accidents happened. Besides the President and his cabinet many other public men, with military and naval officers, have been here. The launching of the "Ohio" was a brilliant success. The city and all the vessels in San Francisco monster harbor were gaily decorated and in the evening there was a grand illumination.

Mr. Editor, are you wondering what has become of the *California News* nowadays. Well, there have been some cases of chickenpox and several cases of mild smallpox at the school and guards are stationed around the Institution. Perhaps the pupils will have to remain there longer than the time the school should be closed for the summer vacation. That depends on any new cases breaking out. The disease originated with the blind pupils. This is a most unfortunate affair, especially at this time of the year when President McKinley intended to visit the school and the school term is drawing to a close.

To Messrs. Braithwaite and Swanson Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. Heartiest congratulations for graduation with the degree of B. A.

By the time this appears in print your school will be drawing to a close. I wish the officers, teachers, pupils and every one connected with the Institution a very enjoyable time during the vacation and the pupils who graduate every success in the battle of life.

May, 1901. — RANDER.

For the Boys.

The April number of *Success* contains the following valuable suggestions for boys.

"There is something sublime in the youth who possesses the spirit of boldness and fearlessness, who has proper confidence in his ability to do and dare.

The world takes us at our own valuation. It believes in the man who believes in himself, but it has little use for the timid man, the one who is never certain of himself, who cannot rely on his own judgment, who craves advice from others and is afraid to go ahead on his own account.

It is the man with a positive nature, the man who believes that he is equal to the emergency, who believes he can do the thing he attempts, who wins the confidence of his fellow man. He is beloved because he is brave and self-sufficient. Those who have accomplished great things in the world have been, as a rule, bold, aggressive, and self-confident. They dared to step out from the crowd, and act in an original way. They were not afraid to be generals.

There is little room in this crowded, competing age, for the timid, vacillating youth. He who would succeed to-day must not only be brave, but must also dare to take chances. He who wags for certainty never wins."

Virtue is bold and goodness is fearless. —Shakespeare.

A fairy's wand has no such joy giving power as a compliment from a daughter to her mother. A girl doesn't know what it can do until she tries it. —*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1901.

That man may last, but never lives
Who much receives, but nothing gives
Whom none can love, whom none can thank
Creation's gift, creation's blank. — Gibbon

To the Boys and Girls.

All of you, we are sure, are glad that school is over and that you are at home once more. Not that you do not appreciate or enjoy your school life. We are sure that all of you will be quite ready to return in September and would feel sorry were you not allowed to do so. But you have been a long time from home and will be delighted to see your friends again and they no doubt will be equally delighted to see you. We hope all of you will have a real good time and enjoy yourselves thoroughly. But we hope you will not seek for mere selfish enjoyment. Play and amusement of course all children are fond of and should have, but if you confine yourselves to that you will come far short of enjoying yourself to the utmost. Never forget our motto—"The greatest happiness is found in making others happy." Try to act, this summer, in accordance with that precept. Most of your parents have to work hard to supply you with the comforts of life and if you spend part of your time in trying to help them, and if you are kind, thoughtful and courteous towards them, you will afford them a great deal of pleasure and at the same time you will feel a glow of pleasure and satisfaction in your own heart that will immeasurably surpass all the fun you could otherwise have. The worst of all sins, and the least excusable, is ingratitude, and the only gratitude worth the name is that which, while not omitting verbal expression, is manifested rather by deeds than by word.

Rev. C. W. Watch.

The Methodist pupils of the Institution regret very much that Rev. C. W. Watch's term in Belleville has expired and that he is about to remove to another field of labor. During the past session he has been a frequent visitor at the Institution and has been most earnest and faithful in his ministrations, and the pupils are very grateful for his attentions and for his great kindness to them. They have all become very much attached to him and are very sorry that they will no longer have the benefit of his pastoral care and careful instruction in spiritual matters. He made his last visit on the 31st ult., when he was presented with an address expressive of the pupils' appreciation of his interest in them and of their best wishes for his future welfare and success. Mr. Watch, who was taken entirely by surprise, made a feeling response, in which he

said that he had learned to entertain towards the pupils here a very great regard and affection and that one of his greatest regrets in leaving Belleville was that he would no longer have the pleasure of addressing them. His visits here had been a source of very much gratification and had been a real help and inspiration to himself, because of their uniform courtesy and of the genuine interest they had always manifested in the truths he had endeavored to teach them.

HOME NEWS

WM. NURO, LOCAL REPORTER.

Just before they went home all the pupils were vaccinated except those who had been vaccinated recently. This was deemed prudent as a precautionary measure owing to the prevalence of small pox throughout the Province.

The pupils in theloyd room will each take home with them some of the models they have made in the course and their friends are invited to examine the work. Mr. Forrester is pleased with his class and they are just as much so with their teacher.

The pupils enjoyed the half holiday that Mr. Mathison gave them at the close of the examinations. The almost constant wet weather for a long time made it very nice to get out doors to the play ground again. The fine day and the knowledge that the grind of the examinations was over gave the pupils a sense of freedom that was very pleasant.

We regret very much that we were obliged to disappoint the pupils in regard to their long anticipated excursion on the Bay. The owners of the steamer Merritt, formerly employed on those occasions, were negotiating for the sale of the boat and refused to accept any charter, and, as we were unable to secure any other suitable boat, the excursion had to be postponed till next session.

The minds of all our pupils and especially the little ones have been focussed on home for the past two or three weeks, and even the old timers who have been back and forth many times enjoy the sensation of a coming change. The little girls in the infant class each sent a card home asking who would meet them at the station and to each came a prompt reply and they were happy.

George Wallace, one of our graduates from the shoe shop this year, goes to Thamesville, where he will work in conjunction with Mr. Bloom. We are sure the connection will be mutually agreeable. Colin Mitchell, another graduate, commences work with a hearing shoemaker, Mr. Ross, of Alvinston, as soon as he arrives home. W. Loughheed, another pupil of the shoe-shop, will spend the vacation on the farm and probably go to British Columbia in the autumn. Each received a set of tools which we are confident they will put to a good use.

The closing exercises of the Institution were similar to those of previous years. On Monday afternoon the pupils were all arranged in groups corresponding with the various routes of travel and an officer or teacher placed in charge of each group. On Tuesday morning all assembled in the chapel for the last time and an hour or two spent in the interchange of farewells and good wishes. The afternoon was spent in pleasant intercourse by the pupils, all went early to bed and after a few hours sleep, proceeded to the train and before day break were speeding towards their homes with hearts a flutter with eager anticipation.

As a matter of precaution against fire and other accidents the pupils are never allowed to shoot fire crackers or amuse themselves with other explosives at the Institution. In lieu of this we always have a fine display of fireworks on the evening of May 25th. This year, owing to the rain, it was necessary to postpone the pyrotechnic display till a few days ago. The evening chosen was a perfect one, and the fireworks were really excellent and were exceedingly enjoyed by the pupils and staff, as well as by a considerable number of people from Belleville. Mr. Douglas was master of ceremonies and Prof. Hamu himself could not have manipulated the various pieces to better advantage.

PERSONALITIES.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. W. Gustin, of Forest, visited friends at London, St. Thomas and Chatham lately.

—Mr. Byrne, who has been working in the Eastern part of the province, we learn will shortly return to Toronto or Hamilton.

—Mrs. Normandin, a deaf and dumb woman living in Montreal, committed suicide on Monday, June 3rd, by taking carbolic acid.

—Carls are out for the marriage of Mr. A. S. Waggoner, of Hamilton, and Miss E. Irvine, of Belleville. The happy event takes place on the 18th inst.

—We are pleased to hear that Mr. Bridgen and his daughter have safely arrived in England. That their visit will be a pleasant and happy one all their friends will hope.

—Letters of administration in the matter of the late D. J. McKillop, have been granted to J. P. McKillop, of London. Estate \$5,000. McGee, McKillop & Murphy, London, solicitors.

—Rev. Dr. Rice, of Blecker St., who will remove from Belleville this month, made his last visit to the Institution on the 31st ult., and said a few kind and inspiring words of farewell to the Methodist pupils.

—We regret to say that the ship on which was Mr. Nasmith was wrecked in the course of his journey homeward and that he lost all his things, but the lives of himself and fellow passengers were happily saved.

—We are glad to hear that Mission work is spreading from the centre in Toronto. The friends here have been sending out some of their helpers to Oshawa and Hamilton for some time past. We are glad to hear that Guelph and Oakville now want to be privileged.

—Rev. Mr. Bremner of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, called on us the other day. We are sorry he was too late to see the classes but he was a very interested visitor to the Industrial Departments. He is supplying for Rev. M. W. McLean, during his absence in England and Scotland for his health.

—After a courtship extending through the past 15 years, Solomon Kimball, of Meridale, Delaware County, and Miss May Beemis, of Truxton, Cortland County, were married at the bride's home Wednesday, May 20th. Both bride and groom are mutes, and their acquaintance was formed at the Institute for Deaf and Dumb at Rome. Through correspondence and silent manipulation of their fingers on rare occasions when they met the love making had been kept up since that time.

—Mr. John Hazlett, C. P. R. emigration agent, with headquarters at London, England, and Mrs. Hazlett, were interested visitors at the Institution on the 5th inst as the guests of their cousin, Miss Templeton. Mr. Hazlett has six months leave of absence and as Belleville is his native place he is spending a few weeks in this vicinity. They were very much pleased with their visit and we were glad to welcome them as they have travelled extensively and are intelligent observers.

—We regret to hear of a serious accident which befell one of our old pupils lately. Mr. Joseph Dean, of Sandhill, while working on his sister's farm was driving and the horses ran away. The planks on the wagon slipped forward dragging Mr. Dean down under the horse's feet. The wheels passed over his face breaking both jaw bones and otherwise injuring him. While the case is a serious one, Dr. Wallace, of Bolton, expects his patient to recover in the usual time.

—The Ontario Historical Society held its annual meeting in Belleville last week, and with a very correct appreciation of what is best worthy of attention, the first few hours of their stay in the city was spent at this Institution. The members of the society and their Belleville hosts were conducted to the various classes, shops, &c., by Mr. Mathison and Mrs. Walker, and they all manifested great interest in our work here. In great interest they were greeted by chapel afterwards they were greeted by a few words of welcome by the Superintendent after which some hymns and "Now I lay me down to sleep" were sung by some of the girls. On Thursday morning the Society had an excursion down the Bay to Adolphustown and other historic places, on which Mr. and Mrs. Mathison and Mrs. Terrill accompanied them.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by the Pupils of Mr. Coleman's Class.

—Our health is perfect, not one case of sickness.

—The farmers say that late rain has kept back corn planting.

—It does not seem that it is June, as the time is passing so quickly.

—It has been raining so much lately that we have not had a good game of ball in three weeks.

—A big circus is coming to Belleville on June 13th, but we will not be here to see it. We would rather go home.

—Those of us who are leaving for the last time bid farewell with much regret to our "Kind Mother" at Belleville.

—Fine and beautiful weather came for the last day of the examination and we all felt happy outside and inside.

—This will be the last time our class will write locals for the CANADIAN MUTE, as most of the class are graduates and will not return.

—Some of the teachers and officers will go to the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo in July, and we hope they will have a pleasant time.

—We are glad to hear that our examiner, Mr. Walker, said that he was very much delighted with us as we were very well up in our examination.

—We heard good news from our two deaf Canadian students in Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. They did well and got the B. A. degree. We congratulate them.

—When we go away we will never forget the kindness of Mr. Mathison and our teachers. We must try and do right and gain the respect of our neighbors and friends.

—We mustn't poke our heads out of the windows on the cars till we get near our homes, and then we can look out to see our friends standing on the platform waiting for us.

—Miss Anna Allendorf was elected by her classmates to give the valedictory address on the last day, and she did great credit to herself. We all liked it very much and will try and remember it.

—At the close of the examination, when we were all in the chapel, Miss Templeton made an address which was interpreted to us in signs. They say she made a splendid speech—she was not afraid.

—Mr. Mathison congratulated us on our success in the examinations, but told us not to get vain and think that we are wise enough. We should be humble and try and learn more and more the older we get.

—On the 31st ult. two Methodist ministers, Revs. Watch and Rice, came here to visit us before we leave to go home. We, the Methodists, gave Mr. Watch an address of thanks which he was very surprised to get.

—Many of our classmates will never come back, and we are sorry to part. We have been long together, and have learned to love each other. Now we must go out into the cold world. It will be different. We say, God bless you all. Good bye.

—The examinations closed at 3 p. m. on Tuesday, the 11th. We all assembled in the chapel. Mr. Mathison addressed us and called upon Mr. Walker, the examiner, for an address. He said he was greatly pleased with the examination, and wished us health and success.

—On the 2nd of June five pupils, Messrs. W. J. Gray, R. Randall, F. Terrell, F. Baker and T. McKay, were received as members into John St. Presbyterian church, and took their first communion. The weather was so inclement that the girls did not venture out.

—The examiner in one of the classrooms wrote "The lightning struck a house on the hill," and told the class to change it into the Passive form. They wrote, "A house was struck by lightning on a hill." That was like the following notice "A house for sale by a man three stories high."

—To one of our pupils, Roseta Young, the home going will be a sad one. She was full of the anticipation of soon meeting a fond mother when the sad news came the other day that she was bereft of her loving parent. Only a short ten days and they would have been together again.

Your Dearest Wish.

I asked a little child one day,
A child intent on joyous play.

I asked a maiden, sweet and fair,
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair.

I asked a mother, tried and blest,
With baby asleep upon her breast.

Again, I asked a woman, old,
To whom the world seemed hard and cold.

A Good Joke.

It was early in the year for sunflowers,
but a sunflower party it must be—so
said Mary Johnson, and she usually had
her way; for, as the school children said,

"Everywhere that Mary went, Bossie
and Frances were sure to follow."

"You know," said Mary to her friends,
"our mammas have pink and violet
toas, and why shouldn't we have a
sunflower party?"

"But where, and when?" exclaimed
the girls.

"Down by Willow Brook, and Satur-
day, of course," said Mary.

"But where shall we get the sun-
flowers?" asked Bossie. "It is only a
little time ago that the pussy willows
crept out of their 'cat skins' as my
baby sister says, and only the early
flowers are out yet."

"Well, can't we make sunflowers out
of tissue paper, I'd like to know?"
retorted Mary.

"So we can," said Frances, "and it
is in better taste, my big sister says, to
carry one flower than more; so three
will be enough, and I will make them,
as I have both yellow and brown paper,
and sister Ellen will help me. But
shall we have only our three selves? It
don't seem like a party, for we are
always together, anyway."

"We might invite Gouverneur Graham,"
said Bossie, "and perhaps she would
take us in her dog-cart with her Shetland
pony," suggested Bossie.

"Let's do it," said the others.

Just then there passed by them a
little girl whose face was brown and
freckled. She swung her tattered hat
in her hand instead of wearing it on her
head, while her dress was long and
scanty, and twisted about her ankles as
she walked, and her shoes were not
mated, one being of cloth, while the
other was of some kind of coarse leather.

"What a looking thing Nellie Adams
always is," said Mary.

"I don't suppose she ever went to a
party in her life," suddenly exclaimed
Bossie.

"Suppose we ask her—just for fun,"
added Frances, as she saw the look of
surprise on the other girls' faces.

"It would be a good joke," said Mary;
"but what if she should come?"

Ellen, tried so hard to make a good
time for her, that the three declared that
night, after parting with Nellie, at her
gate, that Ellen's kind of joke was much
better than their own.

"Let's always play this kind of jokes,"
said Mary to Bossie and Frances.

Thus they agreed to do, and each kept
her sunflower as a reminder of her pledge,
while Nellie treasured hers as her most
precious possession. "In memory of
the pleasantest day of my life," as she
told her mother, when she went to bed
at night, almost too happy to sleep.

It was a good joke, wasn't it?

What a Horse Would Say If He
Could Speak.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or rail-
ing when the mercury is below freezing.
I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at
night with a big cob right where I must
lie down. I am tired and can't select a
smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more r than
I want by mixing it with my oats. I
know better than any other animal how
much I need.

Don't think because I go free under
the whip I don't get tired. You, too,
would move up if under the whip.

Don't think because I am a horse that
frou, weeds and briars won't hurt my
hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened
along the road, or I will expect it next
time and maybe make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to
carry you and the buggy and myself, too.
Try it yourself some time; run up hill
with a big load.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for
when I go out into the light my eyes are
injured, especially if snow be on the
ground.

Don't say "whoa" unless you mean it.
Teach me to stop at the word. It may
check me if the lines break, and save
me running away and a smash-up.

Don't make me drink ice cold water,
nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm
the bit by holding it a half minute
against my body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they
get jagged and I cannot chew my food.
When I get lean, it is a sign my teeth
want filing.

Don't ask me to "back" with blinds
on. I am afraid to.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if
anything should give way I might break
your neck.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that
it irritates my eyes, or leave my forelock
so that it will be in my eyes.

Don't be so careless of my harness as
to find a great sore on me before you
attend to it.

The Time of the Singing Birds
Is Come.

Those who know tell us that already
the birds are coming back. Strange and
welcome notes may be heard in forest
and in field by those who have ears to
hear.

Now and then a single thrush, or
a blue bird or an oriole has been seen on
the fence. One well acquainted with all
the feathered choir says that within
another week birds of over two hundred
species will return from the sunny glades
of the South and from far off tropic
islands.

Many of us will not know when
they come, nor hear the various notes
they sing. Fortunately are they whose
eyes can see the flitting wing returning,
and whose ears can hear the sweetest
music ever heard on earth!

We have had the little sparrow all
winter. Dr. Van Dyke in one of his late
books makes a distinction between the
talkable and talkative. The talkative
are like the sparrows who go on perpet-
ually without reason, without waiting
for response and without pause. The
talkable are the bright and reasonable
friends who talk easily and naturally but
whose talk is converse, hearing as well
as talking and so showing the spirit that
is companionable. Sometimes in the
long winter we have wearied of the
talkative sparrow on the eaves and the
window sills. We will welcome the birds
that now come to converse and be
talkable.

No more beautiful description of the
coming of spring was ever written than
that of Solomon. "For, lo, the winter
is past, the rain is over and gone; the
flowers appear on the earth; the time of
the singing of birds is come!" This
poetry is notable for its exact truthfulness,
and the absence of poetic license.

It is the same springtime now. The
only other scripture in which is men-
tioned the singing of birds is a verse of
the Psalm CIV., "By the streams shall
the fowls of heaven have their habitation,
which sing among the branches." It
may have been true then, as it is now
in the land of Israel, that the singing of
birds is not often heard. There are
birds of gay plumage but not many
whose notes are sweet. But even there,
there was no mistaking the spring; "the
time of the singing of birds is come, the
voice of the turtle dove is heard in the
land."

How much we are losing every day
by reason of our ignorance. We ought
to know the birds better than we do, and
hear with some appreciation the bird
talk from fence and from the green grass
or the blue sky. After all our learning
how little of the wonder and beauty of
this world we know! How much more
is it true that in larger mysteries and
glories of God's truth and grace, we are
walking as with blinded eyes and un-
opened ears. What a happy awakening
to an eternal spring when we shall
begin to see and know as never here,
"and the time of the singing of birds is
come!"—Central Presbyterian.

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

Classes:

School Hours: From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and
from 1:30 to 3 p. m. Drawing from 3:15 to 3:45
p. m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each
week.

Girls' Fancy Work Class on Monday after
noon of each week from 3:30 to 5.

Evening Study from 7 to 8:30 p. m. for senior
pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:
From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p. m.

Religious Exercises:
Every Sunday:—Primary pupils at 9:30 a. m.
senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture at
2:30 p. m. immediately after which the Bible
Class will assemble.

Each school day the pupils are to assemble
in the Chapel at 8:45 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 school rooms not
later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at
3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble and
after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and
orderly manner.

Regular Visiting Clergymen:—Rev. Canon
Burke, Rector; Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, V. G.
Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A. (Presbyterian);
Rev. J. W. Crothers, M. A. D. (Methodist);
Rev. V. H. Cowart, (Baptist); Rev. M. W.
Maclean, (Presbyterian); Rev. Father A. E.
Sheedy; Rev. C. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice,
Rev. Jos. H. Locke.

Bible Class, Sunday afternoon at 3:15; Inter-
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:
Sewing Room—Monday, Wednesday and Friday
afternoons, from 3:15 to 5:15 o'clock.

Printing Office, Shop and Carpenter
Shop from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m. and from 3:30 to
5:30 p. m. for pupils who attend school; for
those who do not from 7:30 a. m. to 12 noon,
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
8:30 to 5 p. m. for those who do. No sewing
on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shop 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 per-
mission 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 visit-
ing 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 Sun-
day afternoons. The best time for visitors
on ordinary school days is as soon after 1:30
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 the child to the Institution, they are kindly
advised not to linger and prolong leave-
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 class-rooms and allowed every oppor-
tunity 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
Quinto Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-
American and Dominion Hotels at moderate
rates.

Clothing and Management:
Parents will be good enough to give all direc-
tions concerning clothing and management
of their children to the Superintendent. No
correspondence will be allowed between
parents and employees under any circum-
stances without special permission upon
each occasion.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE HELLERVILLE STATION:
West—3:00 a. m.; 4:30 a. m.; 6:00 a. m.; 11:15 a. m.
1:15 p. m.; 3:10 p. m.
East—1:15 a. m.; 10:45 a. m.; 12:07 p. m.; 3:50 p. m.;
5:40 a. m.; 8:45 p. m.; 6:40 p. m.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows,
every Sunday:—
West End Y. M. C. A. Hall, Corner Queen Street
and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a. m.
Charlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.
First Avenue Baptist Church, Corner of Islington
and First Avenues, at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St.,
at 3 p. m.
Bible Class meetings every Wednesday evening
at 8 p. m., in private residences.
Doras Society meets every second Thursday,
from 8 to 9 p. m., in private homes.
Lectures may be arranged if desired by ad-
dressing Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf
of Toronto, 231 McCaul Street.

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 par-
ticulars concerning this Institution and inform
them where and by what means their children
can be instructed and furnished with an edu-
cation.
R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE
Blind, Education and Instruction of blind children
is located at Stratford, Ontario. For particu-
lar address
A. H. DYNOND Principal.