



# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

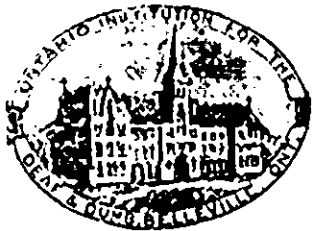
Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. IX.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1901.

NO. 6.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE ONTARIO  
CANADA.



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

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

Officers of the Institution:

J. MATHISON, M.A. Superintendent.  
W. M. COCHRAN, M.A. Registrar.  
J. E. HAKINS, M.D. Physician.  
MISS ISABELL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. E. COLEMAN, M.A. Head Teacher.  
P. DENNY, Head Teacher.  
JAMES HALLIS, B.A. Head Teacher.  
D. M. KILLIP, Head Teacher.  
W. CAMPBELL, Head Teacher.  
G. E. SENWALT, Head Teacher.  
T. J. TORRENTIA, Head Teacher.  
M. J. MADDEN, Monitor Teacher.

Teachers of Braille:

MISS L. M. JACK, MISS CAROLINE O'BRIEN.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

T. J. TORRENTIA, Teacher of Sloyd.

MISS L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS, Chief Examiner, Instructor of Printing.

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE, Shopkeeper & Associate Supervisor, Master Shoemaker.

G. U. KEITH, CHAR. J. PEPIN, Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DENNEY, JOHN DOWRIE, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS S. MUNNICH, D. CUNNINGHAM, Chief 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 \$20 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.

Some previous to 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 on 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 the Superintendent by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,  
Superintendent  
BELLEVILLE ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

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



## The Maple Leaf Forever.

BY ALEXANDER MUIR

In days of yore from Britain's shore  
Wells the dauntless hero came  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
On Canada's fair domain  
Here on my way, our host, our guide,  
And joined in love together  
The Thistle, the Rose, the Maple-leaf  
The Maple Leaf forever

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane  
Our brave fathers, side by side  
For freedom, honor and loved ones dear  
Firmly stood, and nobly died  
And those dear flags which they maintained  
We swear to hold them never  
Our watchword evermore shall be  
The Maple Leaf forever

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear  
The Maple Leaf forever  
God save our Queen, and heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever

Our fair Dominion now extends,  
From Cape Race to North's Sound  
May peace forever be our lot  
And pleasure store abound,  
And may those ties of love be ours  
Which discord cannot sever  
And flourish green o'er freedom's home  
The Maple Leaf forever

Oh merry England's far famed land  
May kind heaven sweetly smile  
God bless the peaceful evermore,  
And Ireland's Emerald Isle  
Then swell the song, both loud and long,  
Till rocks and forest quiver,  
God save our Queen, and heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear  
The Maple Leaf forever  
And flourish green o'er freedom's home,  
The Maple Leaf forever



## "Tatters."

To the grown-up dwellers in the Orchard Street tenement he was known only as the newsboy, but to the children of the locality he was "Tatters." The name was applied in ridicule, because his clothing was well worn and his reefer a thing of rags and patches, but it stuck to him long after the neighborhood came to know him as a boy of family who worked early and late to support a mother and some younger brothers and sisters.

The lad had a "stand" on the street corner, not a table or shelf with a canvas or board shelter as most local news-dealers, but a stand in the literal sense, and there he could be found with the earliest editions of the morning papers and again through the afternoons when "extras" followed each other at short intervals. When business fell off between the morning sales and the coming of the wagon with the 9 o'clock editions of the afternoon papers, Tatters would run errands or deliver parcels for the butcher. He was not a good boy. He had never been to church or Sunday school in his life and could swear like a pirate whenever circumstances seemed to justify strong language, but he was honest and manly. Tatters had incurred the enmity of the less industrious newsboys of the neighborhood by muddling his own business and refusing to shoot craps with them. He did not regard gambling as a vice, but it would interfere with his business, so he thrashed a few of the urchins who called him names and held his "stand" on the corner by standing on it during business hours. His one diversion was going to fires. If there was a fire in the neighborhood Tatters was always one of the first spectators on hand, and he maintained a speaking acquaintance with the members of the engine company situated in the block, and to them con-

fided his secret ambition to become a "hooker" when he grew up. A hooker in the dialect of the East Side meaning a member of a hook and ladder company of the Fire Department.

There came a time one day, when Tatters leaving his papers with the butcher and running to a tenement house fire at the first alarm, got a chance to show that he had in him the stuff of which heroes of the hook and ladder are made. When the reporters from Police Headquarters arrived at the scene of this particular fire they found a tenement in ruins, a block filled with crying and chattering women and children, the firemen dragging out their hose, a squad of police struggling with the pushing throng at the fire lines, and all the other incidents of commonplace confusion peculiar to the locality. The reporters made their way to the police roundmen and the battalion chief, who were comparing notes for their respective reports. "Any one burned or hurt?" they asked of the roundman.

"Now, the whole bunch got out," the roundman replied.

"Any rescues, Chief?" they asked the commander of the firemen.

"None that you want, I guess. I believe they dropped some kids out of a window before the truck got here, but that didn't amount to anything," said the Chief of the Battalion as he signalled his men to return to quarters.

The reporters had passed out of the fire lines and were forcing their way through the dense crowd when a bare-headed girl of ten pulled the sleeve of the man in front and said—

"Say is youse gonn' to put somethin' in de paper about Tatters and what he done?"

"Who is Tatters, and what did he do?" the reporters asked, scenting material for a descriptive or special story.

"Why, he saved Mrs. Frank's two kids outen de fust floor back fore de hookies got here."

"Where is he?"

"Back at his starr' sell'n' papers jes' like he aint done nothin'."

By this time the reporters had cleared the worst of the crowd, and they were quickly surrounded by eye witnesses of the heroism of Tatters, all eager to tell the story in the hope of getting their own names in the newspapers. The story they told, stripped of unnecessary details, was that Mrs. Frank, who lived in the burned tenement, fourth floor back, had gone out, leaving her two small children locked in a room. She returned to find flames bursting from the third-floor windows, and the stair way black with smoke. Between five piercing screams and a struggle to rush into the burning building she managed to make known the fact that her children were locked in, and then she fell in a faint just as Tatters broke from the crowd and dashed up the smoke enveloped stairs. The women in the streets ran through the adjoining houses and gathered, white faced and breathless, in the yard back of the burning tenement. A moment later they saw Tatters at the window on the fourth floor. He looked down the encumbered fire escape and saw tongues of flames darting out of all the windows below him and twining about the frail iron ladder.

Then he disappeared for an instant and the shrieking crowd in the yard below saw a mattress hurled from the window where he had stood. It was followed by a feather bed, then two pillows and some quilts came down in a bunch.

"Pile on in a heap," the boy shouted to the women below, and without divining his purpose, they obeyed.

The flames were creeping up, and the fall of the fourth floor window was smoking when Tatters reappeared with a bundle in his arms.

"Look out, it's de youngest kid!" he shouted as the bundle flashed through the smoke and landed in the middle of the pile of bedding. A lusty howl from the bundle announced that the child

was not even stunned by the fall, and half a dozen women rushed forward to remove it quickly as they realized the heroic plan of rescue adopted by Tatters. A moment later a second bundle landed safely on the improvised life cushion, and then a cloud of black smoke rolled up from below and hid the fourth floor window. For an instant the excited spectators held their breath, and some turned their heads away. They heard a choking and muffled warning to look out, and Tatters, turning a complete somersault through the smoke, landed on his feet on the pile of bedding, unhurt.

When the firemen arrived, Mrs. Frank had recovered from her swoon and was clasping her children in her arms. Tatters had disappeared in the crowd.

The reporters realized that they had material for a good story, with pictures, and, followed by a great crowd of children, they hurried down to the corner to get an interview with the boy hero.

Finding himself surrounded by such a crowd, with men wearing fire badges asking him questions, Tatters became so confused and disconcerted that he denied having been at the fire.

"Oh, what a lie!" cried the girl who had first told the newspaper men of his heroism.

"Aw, g'wan, I aint done nothin'," said Tatters, glaring at the girl and trying to back away from the reporters.

Then a woman with tears running down her cheeks forced her way through the admiring throng, and dropping on her knees in front of the now thoroughly frightened newsboy, she threw her arms about his neck and begged to kiss his dirty hands and smoke-stained face.

"You saved my babies! You saved my babies! God bless you!" the woman said, and then she cried and laughed by turns, and stroked his arms with trembling hands.

Tatters glanced furtively at the faces of the men and women who were now closing in around him, and seeing no encouragement hogrew desperate. Dropping his papers, he wrenched himself free from the embrace of Mrs. Frank.

"Aw, g'wan!" he cried, as the woman began to call down the blessings of heaven upon him, and making a wild dash through the crowd, he disappeared around the corner, running as fast as his short legs could carry him.—*Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

## A Boy Inventor.

How important to the world may be the turning of boys' thoughts into the right channel is indicated by the fact that the telephone was originated by Prof. A. G. Bell when he was a boy. His father, the venerable Prof. A. M. Bell, gives an account of the matter in a letter published in Mr. George Hies's new work, "Flame, Electricity and the Camera."

"In the boyhood of my three sons I took them to see the speaking-machine constructed by Herr Faber and we were all greatly interested in it professionally. To test their theoretical knowledge and their mechanical ingenuity, I offered a prize to the one who should produce the best results in imitation of speech by mechanical means.

"All of course, set to work, but nothing of startling novelty was devised. The scheme of my second son, A. G. Bell, was, however, the best. This contest—as well as the whole course of the boys' education—directed their minds to the subject, until the sole survivor of the lad's came to the conclusion that imitative mechanism might be dispensed with, and merely the vibrations of speech be transmitted to an electric wire.

"This was entirely his own idea. He illustrated it to me by diagrams, and sketched out the whole plan of central office communication long before anything had been done for the practical realization of the idea. I can claim nothing in the telephone but the impulse which led to the invention.—*Youth's Companion.*"



# THE CANADIAN MUTE

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

### OUR MISSION:

**First**—To fit a number of our pupils for manual type setting, and from the knowledge obtained to 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 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.



FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1901.

## The Queen is Dead.

With wisdom, goodness, grace, she filled  
For sixty years the throne.  
And whatsoever her people willed,  
She made that will her own;  
More long, more nobly reigned than all  
The kings of days gone by;  
Neaptes may fade and empires fall,  
Her name shall never die!

"My beloved mother has just passed away" were the words of the fateful message that a few days ago plunged the whole world in gloom and sorrow, and in particular bowed the hearts of four hundred million loyal subjects with woe and brought the bitter tears to millions of eyes, many of which were long unused to weep. The death of no other person in all the world's history has ever elicited such an outburst of spontaneous and universal grief, or produced in so many hearts such a sense of personal loss and bereavement; and words are but weak and imperfect vehicles with which to give adequate expression to the sentiments that filled men's hearts on that sad day. Victoria, now of revered memory, occupied an unique place in the world's history, as in the hearts of men. She was the beloved and incomparable sovereign of the world's greatest empire—but she was more and better than that. She was the personal friend of her people, whose heart was ever touched with others' sorrows, whose sympathies went out to the humblest sufferer, whose heart beat responsive to every throbbing of pain, or tale of woe in all her vast domains. By virtue both of her regal grace and of her gentle womanliness, she sat enthroned in the hearts of men above any other human personage; and she elicited

from her subjects a loyalty so devoted, so universal, so almost passionate in its fervency as to transcend all previous human experience or conception. She was enveloped in the minds of her people with so august a majesty and at the same time with such an atmosphere of wifely devotion, of motherly solicitude and of womanly graciousness, that she had come to be regarded almost with adoration. Sovereign she was of one fifth of all the earth's surface, while one fourth of all the people in the world rendered her glad allegiance; on her had been conferred the highest honors that earth could bestow, with heart of gold, with will of iron, with royal temper of steel she had proved herself earth's greatest and best ruler, and for half a century she had sustained with perfect tact and unimpaired majesty the lonely grandeur of her throne; yet her queenly virtues far transcended the lustre of her sovereignty, and the devoted loyalty of her subjects was exceeded by their sincere affection. For all the splendor of her majesty and all the might of her imperial power were impotent to protect her from the personal afflictions that come to queen and peasant alike. She had run the whole gamut of human sorrow and had fathomed the bitterest depths of bereavement; and thus, while her regal presence commanded men's devoted fealty, and while her beautiful womanliness awakened their reverent chivalry, so also the pathos of her many sorrows had invested her with a purely human interest which bound all hearts to hers in deepest affection and attracted to herself all the purest and noblest sentiments of her subjects.

Nor was this reverence and affection confined to her own people, for by every nation on earth, even by Britain's bitterest foes, she was regarded with affection and esteem. Her personal influence with sovereigns and cabinets was greater than that of any other royal personage, and always that influence was exercised in the interests of peace and righteousness. Our cousins to the south of us were ready to join almost as heartily as ourselves in singing "God save the Queen"; to the nations of Europe she was the embodiment of queenly graces and womanly virtues; the Boers regarded her with love and respect; the Indians of the Northwest, the tribes of darkest Africa and the inhabitants of the Islands of the Sea had all heard of the Good Queen, the Great White Mother, who was enshrined in their hearts almost as a deity and was by them regarded with absolute confidence and adoration. Empire and fame and glory, all were hers, but above all these was the universe's love, rooted deep in the reverence that ensures remembrance of her name as long as time endures, because she has exemplified as it never was before the saving truth that the greatest greatness is to be good.

But the end has come. Death is always a solemn event, but the deathbed of a mighty sovereign is one of the saddest and most pathetic of earthly scenes. Gladly in the past

have scores of thousands of her subjects sacrificed their lives in defense of her honor and of her empire, and gladly would millions have bared their breasts to the last great adversary could they have thus spared her life. But it could not be, and she who had ruled hundreds of millions of people with unquestioned authority at whose command was the finest army and the most splendid navy in the world, and who could safely have bid defiance to the whole wide universe in arms, must yield at last to the tyrant who conquers the greatest of all. "Farewell, beloved. Here at last I will rest with you," were the pathetic words, vibrant with yearning and enduring love, which the widowed Queen inscribed on the tomb of her beloved Prince Consort. And now at last the faithful heart, so constant in its affection, is lulled, and she whose every power of mind and body was so unsparringly devoted to her queenly duties, and who in its highest and best sense "wrought her people lasting good," rests in peace, after having in her life here on earth, and we trust also in her present experience, realized the abundant fulfillment of the prayer so beautifully voiced by the poet

—May all love,  
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
His love, unseen but felt, shall follow thee,  
Till that love set thee at thy side at last.

### Victoria the Good.

We heartily appreciate the following from *The Deaf Mutes' Journal*, of New York city:—

"The civilized world hears with regret of the death of Victoria the Good. Her long reign is ended, her gentle life on earth is closed; her powerful mediation in the affairs of nations can never again be exerted, but the influence of her life work in promoting the peace and probity of mankind will continue forever. No sovereign in the history of the world has ever held the esteem and affection of the people as did Queen Victoria—not alone the peoples of the countries over which she held dominion, but also those of other nations. By her own life, as wife, as mother, as Queen and Empress, she taught that "it is greatest greatness to be good." Of the private benevolences of England's Queen, they formed such a large part of her daily existence, that but a very small portion can ever be known. She was particularly kind to the deaf and dumb. She learned to talk with them in their own silent language, and one of the most touching and most prized photographs in numberless homes of the deaf of Great Britain, is a snap shot of Her Majesty talking on her fingers to a poor deaf and dumb woman in a humble little cottage in the lowlands of Scotland."

### The Pledge.

A pledge is a promise to do or to keep from doing something. People are continually making pledges with one another. Marriage rests upon a pledge, and it could not last without it. Government also rests on a pledge. Not the highest officer in the land will be trusted unless he is pledged. The people exact an oath from him. Business, too, depends on a pledge. A man in business pledges himself to fulfill a certain engagement, and if he cannot do so he is not again to be trusted. Law rests on a pledge. In all our courts, the judges, attorneys, and jurors are pledged men. And each witness has to lay his hand on the Bible, and take an oath to testify the truth.

Taking a temperance pledge is like bolting the door against a thief. We must make the door secure before the thief comes, not after he is already in the house.

The pledge helps one to be decided, and is a protection against temptation. *The Helper.*

### Our Queen.

W. F. STUART, HAMILTON.

Today the nation weeps, our Queen  
The captive now is taken;  
While all the world looks on, and  
The millions bow and tremble.  
Great was her fame, which spread  
Through the four years that  
Swayed.  
The years of the past have rolled by,  
But who can tell the story?  
Home on with lightning speed  
The news has swept along,  
And loyal hearts through all the land  
With solemn huge days struck  
Her reign was long, she steered this  
For friends of youth had fallen,  
Each storm and shock to make the  
Dark,  
But still she rose illustrious,  
She led no battling hosts, she  
Peace was the motto of her reign,  
While kings and kingdoms fought for  
Power,  
Her heart would bleed for woe  
Slain.  
She saw the rise of empires and of  
She saw them fall, their  
Last,  
While her wide realm extended wide,  
The pillars strong and firm as  
Her crown and sceptre now are  
They are the emblems of a  
But greater far to live in loyal heart,  
That teach the virtues and the  
Best now, illustrious Queen, thy  
Peace to thy dust, the nation  
Bring wreaths and flowers in  
Till round her like a pyramid

### STRATFORD NOTES

From our own Correspondent

Mr. Arthur Fuller enjoys himself on his ice-boating.

Mrs. George Schweitzer, near Belleville, whom several deaf-mutes well know, is dead.

Mr. Robt. S. 'ton, Brantford, and his friends in Clinton and Stratford

It is now known by deaf-mutes that Stratford is probably the only place in Ontario that has a deaf and dumb Asyrian. He can read and write, but could not understand English language. He is a peonier.

Mr. Alex. Hoy, a brother of R. Hoy, was married on January 1st to the daughter of W. McKillan, well known post master in Avonton.

The friends of Miss C. Moore, who thrize with her in the death of her cousin, Miss Anderson, in Stratford, which took place a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Robert Hoy was very severely ill, we are glad to learn that she is recovering nicely. Mrs. Hoy spent Christmas with her parents in Glencoe, Ont.

Mr. J. S. Bradshaw, brother of J. Bradshaw, was re-elected for deputy for 1901. He was third from the top of the Poll. He carries on "China House" in the Classic City.

Mr. Robert Hoy has lots of good eggs, numbering up to one hundred, and they supply between six and seven dozen of eggs a day. Mr. Hoy is a great egg-eater and is anxious to know if any deaf-mute can beat his record.

John Trachsel runs a chopping business at Shakespeare this winter and is doing good business.

Robert McLagan, a deaf-mute from Scotland, has been residing in Stratford for fifty-four years. He carries on a living by renting his eight houses, which watched Stratford growing from a few houses to a big city, which has a population of 11,000 at present. He is 68 years old and he has always enjoyed good health.

### A Good School Honored

The Ontario school for the deaf to exhibit at the Paris exposition and awarded a gold medal, which they notified they could have if they paid hundred and twenty dollars. That is the way some people give credit for nothing. The Canadian Mute that the school's finances will permit buying the medal and they have to be content with a bronze. Their exhibit has been shipped to Glasgow exhibition, and they look for another opportunity to buy a medal. Laying all jokes aside, we congratulate our good friend Matheson, who has one of the best schools in America and trust his Scottish cousins will be ready to recognize the merit of his work as the French were. When it is enterprising enough to get up an exhibition and ship it across the water entitled to honors. *Paris Exposition Weekly.*



The late Queen's Favorite Portrait.

**Little Workmen.**

"I teach the water from the well  
 Says starry little Paul  
 I like to be paid see 'ow deep  
 The chains a rattling go.  
 And hear a splash  
 The bucket dash  
 Way down so far below"

"I wipe the dishes for mamma,  
 Cries Tommy with a sob  
 So nice and neat so clean and sweet  
 At morning noon and night  
 The spoons I rub  
 The knives I scrub  
 And make the glasses bright"

I bring the cows home to the yard  
 Says tiny little Paul  
 Their horns look awful big and hard  
 But I don't care at all  
 I drive 'em straight  
 Right to the gate  
 Though I am sort of small"

So now these little workmen say  
 Their bright eyes full of joy  
 Why don't we march on Labor day  
 Along with all the rest  
 For we can work  
 And never strike  
 And always do our best"

--Youth's Companion

**PUPILS' LOCALS.**

Contributed by Pupils of Mr. Denys' Class.

- At
- Rest.
- Our Queen!
- Upon her tomb
- We lay the tribute
- Of sorrowful affection.
- Edward VII the new king.
- Our busy career we yet pursue.
- Automobile cheese is creeping into popularity.
- Who, a hundred years hence, will be writing items for the CANADIAN METE.
- There is a time for every thing, and the time for boys and girls to learn is now.
- Monday, 21st ult., was Mr. Stewart's birthday, and congratulations were warm and many.
- Rev. Dr. Crothers seemed very much pleased with what he saw in the classes. He is a nice visitor.
- The junior deaf boys played a hockey match with the Victor's. Our boys won by 6 to 4. We are proud of them.
- We were deeply grieved to hear of the death of our good friend Nellie Mossey's father. Much sympathy is expressed.
- Grip may be an aristocratic ailment but if the picture we saw of its microbe be an exact reproduction we want to die unknown.
- Francis West was very glad that he got a photo and letter from his sister Ida Bush, of Carmar, Manitoba. It was very nice.
- Maggie Smith got a photo from her friends, Lily Watson and Mrs. Morrison, last Saturday. She was gladly surprised. They look nice.
- The census of the Dominion will be taken in April. There will be 500 questions asked of married men, and one or two of unmarried.
- Fred Terrell and Steve Edwards from this class like printing very much and are thankful to Mr. Burns, who is very kind to them.
- Hattie Sager was glad to get a photo and letter from home. O. Hartwick's sister Rhoda and Phoebe Sager took the photo which is nice.
- Last Friday a new girl came here. Her mother missed her so much that she had to go back on Sunday. Her name is Marion Olive Best.
- Bessie Woolley got word that friends of her family held a surprise party at her commodious home. She was wishing she had been there.

Lord Bobs' greatness lies not in his physique, he being only 5 foot 2 in., yet sharing that diminutiveness with Alexander and Napoleon, he can rest satisfied.

The boy who is so slow to observe mistakes on his slate and so quick to discover a patch of ice way out across the stone fence, must not find fault with his teacher for looking solar.

Mamma was the recipient of a pretty dolly at Xmas, but it did not live. Perhaps it was too delicate. Mamma, however, is not particularly chagrined as she thinks a month is a long time in a dolly's history.

Queen Victoria is dead! She has laid down her earthly crown for the diadem of immortality. Illustrious as a sovereign, she was yet greater as a woman. Before the cold remains of one who never deserted sorrow, we bow in

profound regret, in prayer and lasting veneration

Shake Australia Canada is proud of you. Of course you have not our fine maple, but your eucalyptus will do. Don't let the rabbits eat you up, sis, before your debut. Also remember our dad dotes on his jewels and neither of us can listen to a proposal without his consent which would surely result in an abbreviated honey moon. Bye

**LOS ANGELES, CAL., NOTES.**

It is pleasing to record the general prosperity of the deaf in the Southern Metropolis of California. They celebrated Gallaudet's birthday in a social and happy manner at Mr. T. Widd's residence and brought the business to a close with a very sumptuous supper. Christmas day and New Year's day came and went with the usual warm sunny weather and abundance of flowers, such as are only seen in the East in mid-summer.

With the advent of the so-called winter, here, came many deaf persons to spend the season, like thousands of others. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kerney, of Indianapolis, latter known as the originator and manager of "Once a Week" who has been helping Mr. T. Widd, the layreader to the deaf in his mission work. They have been the means of creating a sort of revival at the services. Mr. Kerney is delighted with Los Angeles and is doing all he can to help the deaf to obtain a church for themselves. He expects to again issue "Once a Week" if his health will permit. Mrs. E. Andrews and her daughter and Mrs. Buchan, of Chicago, are two others who are in Los Angeles for the winter. These two christian ladies are well known in Chicago for their labors on behalf of the deaf. They are doing similar work here by helping Mr. Widd at his services. Mrs. Buchan has just gone to San Diego for a brief visit. Mr. and Mrs. Leinger of St. Louis, Mr. O. Smith, of Boston, Mass. and Mr. Stroud, of North Carolina are also in Los Angeles, as permanent residents. Mr. and Mrs. Murray, of Salt Lake City, have also removed to Los Angeles. The two latter are intelligent deaf mutes who have never been at a school for the deaf. Several other deaf mutes have the writer understands, come to Los Angeles or its suburbs, but whose names he failed to learn.

The Tournament and Battle of Roses on New Year's day was witnessed by most of the deaf. An attack of the gripe prevented the writer being present. There is no place on this earth where we can elude his merciless grip!

The Bishop of Los Angeles has appointed Mr. T. Widd Secretary of the Bible and Prayer Union (branch) for the Pacific Coast. This is an excellent union for the deaf as well as for the hearing people. A card of membership containing objects, name of the member and list of chapters to be read in 1901 by each, duly, is issued for five cents. By this means nearly a million readers of the Bible are secured in all parts of the world, of all color, race or creed. Thus the deaf of Los Angeles have begun the new century well. "Christ and the Bible" should be the motto of the deaf as well as the hearing in all lands. Many of the deaf of Los Angeles are members of the Bible and prayer union. Cards and all desired information can be obtained from the Secretary, T. Widd, 127 W. 23rd St., Los Angeles, on receipt of five cents. PUPILS' LOCALS.

Los Angeles, Cal. January, 1901

**For a Burn.**

Take a wad of cotton, saturate with ammonia, and pat the burn with it. Keep doing this till the fire is all drawn out, which will be in ten or fifteen minutes, but I must mention that relief is instantaneous. This application not only relieves, but entirely cures the afflicted part, for it will not even be sore again. My boy 7 year old, ran head long into a coffee pot just lit, I from the range boiling hot. The liquid ran down his back and to his waist, and when his clothing was removed the skin came with it. We applied the ammonia as above, and the boy's only cry was "Faster! faster!" and in ten minutes after we made the application he was enjoying the pictures in one of the comic papers, and all his clothes on him.

Great battles are really won before they are actually fought. To control our passions we must govern habits and keep watch over ourselves in the small details of everyday life.

**TORONTO TOPICS.**

From our own correspondents

Miss Nettie Morrison, one of our popular young ladies, went out to Oakville on the 11th inst. to visit Mr. and Mrs. R. Murray Thomas and returned to our midst on 14th when she reported having had a capital outing.

Since sending in my last quota Bible classes have been held at the following places: Jan. 9, H. Mason's, 3 Garden Ave.; Jan. 10, W. Riddell's, 112 Bedford Road; Jan. 23, P. Fraser's, 52 Allen Ave.; and Jan. 30, H. Moore's, 99 W. Jones St.

Out of respect to its honorary president and benefactor, the new Club has been called the Bridgen Club.

Mr. F. J. Wheeler, who lately came to the city, has secured permanent work in the Heintzman piano factory and is considered the only deaf piano manufacturer in Ontario if not in Canada. It things turn out well he will move his family here from St. Catharines in the fall.

Mr. Healy (Grim), of Hamilton, who has been our guest since the conference, returned home on the 18th ult., much to our regret.

Miss J. Smith, of the Marchmont Orphan's Home, Belleville, and well known at your school, was a guest of Miss A. Fraser, for a couple of days, lately. We are sorry to say that she is now bereaved of her dear sister Margaret, who was terminally in China and who met a tragic end at the hands of the Boxer, during the recent uprising in the Celestial Empire, but the nature of her death will never be brought to light, as she has not been heard of for over nine months. Eliza intended going out also as a missionary, but the slight defect of her hearing prevents her from carrying out her projected plans.

Mr. R. C. Slater has made arrangements to journey out and lecture to the deaf of Raglan on Sunday, Feb. 3rd, and our friends out that way are requested to swarm to his meetings.

Miss A. Fraser, our gifted missionary, contemplates going to Berlin to assist our friends out there in their spiritual welfare, but she is not able as yet to give the accurate date, but our western friends will likely be notified in due time.

Went 1st July	Mr. A. A. (Toronto Street First Avenue Church)	Mr. Sager	Mr. Hurdston
Jan. 15	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Feb. 1	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Feb. 15	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Feb. 21	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Feb. 28	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
March 7	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
March 14	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
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April 18	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
April 25	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
May 2	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
May 9	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
May 16	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
May 23	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
May 30	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
June 6	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
June 13	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
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June 27	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
July 4	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
July 11	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
July 18	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
July 25	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Aug 1	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Aug 8	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Aug 15	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Aug 22	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Aug 29	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
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Jul 16	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston
Jul 23	Mr. Mason	Mr. Hurdston	Mr. Hurdston



# Report of Pupils' Standing.

Out. 10. Medium, 5; Poor, 3.

MONDAY JANUARY 31, 1901

of Pupil.

HEALTH.

CONDUCT.

APPLICATION.

IMPROVEMENT.

HEALTH.

CONDUCT.

APPLICATION.

IMPROVEMENT.

HEALTH.

CONDUCT.

APPLICATION.

IMPROVEMENT.

HEALTH.

CONDUCT.

APPLICATION.

IMPROVEMENT.

HEALTH.

CONDUCT.

APPLICATION.

IMPROVEMENT.

HEALTH.

CONDUCT.

APPLICATION.

IMPROVEMENT.

HEALTH.

CONDUCT.

APPLICATION.

IMPROVEMENT.

Name of Pupil

Name of Pupil

Green, Annie May	10	10	10	10
Gordon, Daniel	10	10	10	10
Graham, Corrado	10	10	10	10
Graham, Alfred	10	10	10	10
Gibson, Winifred	10	10	10	10
Gleadow, Notman L.	10	10	10	10
Gardner, Dalton	10	10	10	10
Greene, Thomas John	10	10	10	10
Given, Mary Ann	10	10	10	10
Gordon, Mary J.	10	10	10	10
Graham, Victor	10	10	10	10
Grove, Emma E.	10	10	10	10
Gilliam, Walter I.	10	10	10	10
Gilliam, Walter	10	10	10	10
Gray, William	10	10	10	10
Groulx, Achil.	10	10	10	10
Groulx, Wede.	10	10	10	10
Howitt, Francis	10	10	10	10
Hennault, Charles H.	10	10	10	10
Hartwick, Olive	10	10	10	10
Head, Hartley L.	10	10	10	10
Hartwick, James H.	10	10	10	10
Hennault, Horace	10	10	10	10
Harper, William	10	10	10	10
Harris, Carl	10	10	10	10
Hagen, William	10	10	10	10
Hustway, John F.	10	10	10	10
Hoare, Ethel May	10	10	10	10
Hough, Ethel Viola	10	10	10	10
Hughes, Myrtle W.	10	10	10	10
Herman, Nina Pearl	10	10	10	10
Hazlett, William H.	10	10	10	10
Henderson, Clara	10	10	10	10
Hauby, Mabel	10	10	10	10
Harper, Marion	10	10	10	10
Ireland, Louis Elmer	10	10	10	10
Justus, Ida May	10	10	10	10
Jane, Mary Theresa	10	10	10	10
Jones, Samuel	10	10	10	10
Johnston, Annetta	10	10	10	10
Jackson, Elroy	10	10	10	10
Jewell, Eva	10	10	10	10
Johnson, Wm. James	10	10	10	10
Johnston, Bertha M.	10	10	10	10
King, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Kirk, John Albert	10	10	10	10
Kelly, James	10	10	10	10
Kraemer, Johanna	10	10	10	10
Loughheed, William J.S.	10	10	10	10
Labelle, Maximo	10	10	10	10
Lott, Wm. Pitman	10	10	10	10
Lowe, George C.	10	10	10	10
Little, Grace	10	10	10	10
Lowry, Charles	10	10	10	10
Laporte, Leon	10	10	10	10
Larabee, Albert	10	10	10	10
Love, Joseph F.	10	10	10	10
Loebinger, Alexander	10	10	10	10
Law, Theodore	10	10	10	10
Langlois, Louis J.	10	10	10	10
Lawrence, David	10	10	10	10
Lacombe, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Mitchell, John	10	10	10	10
Morton, Robert M.	10	10	10	10
Mason, Lucy Ermina	10	10	10	10
Myers, Mary G.	10	10	10	10
Moore, George H.	10	10	10	10
Munroe, Mary	10	10	10	10
Munroe, John	10	10	10	10
Moss, Susan Mand	10	10	10	10
Mass, Anna Maria	10	10	10	10
Mapes, John	10	10	10	10
McKay, Thomas J.	10	10	10	10
McGregor, Maxwell	10	10	10	10
McCormick, May P.	10	10	10	10
McCarthy, Eugene	10	10	10	10
McMaster, Robert	10	10	10	10
McGregor, Ruby Violet	10	10	10	10
McCready, Aledia J.	10	10	10	10
McDonald, Sam	10	10	10	10
McGuire, Lily	10	10	10	10
McLachlan, William C.	10	10	10	10
Nahrgang, Allen	10	10	10	10
Noble, Edgar	10	10	10	10
Orth, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Orr, James P.	10	10	10	10
O'Neil, Ignatius David	10	10	10	10
O'Connor, Mary B.	10	10	10	10
Otto, Charles Edward	10	10	10	10
O'Connor, Franklin J.	10	10	10	10
Perry, Alice Earl	10	10	10	10
Pepper, George	10	10	10	10
Pinder, Clarence	10	10	10	10
Pilling, Gertrude	10	10	10	10
Perry, Frederic R.	10	10	10	10
Pilon, Athause	10	10	10	10
Pierce, Cora May	10	10	10	10
Pringle, Murray Hill	10	10	10	10
Parent, Sophie	10	10	10	10
Pomprase, Ruth F.	10	10	10	10
Petrimonds, George	10	10	10	10
Quick, August R.	10	10	10	10

Rooney, Francis Peter	10	10	10	10
Rutherford, Emma	10	10	10	10
Rev. Walter E.	10	10	10	10
Randall, Robert	10	10	10	10
Ronald, Eleanor F.	10	10	10	10
Russell, Mary Bell	10	10	10	10
Ruell, Mary	10	10	10	10
Roth, Edwin	10	10	10	10
Rutherford, Jessie M.	10	10	10	10
Smith, Maggie	10	10	10	10
Sager, Hattie	10	10	10	10
Sager, Martha B.	10	10	10	10
Scott, Henry Percival	10	10	10	10
Shannon, Ann Helen	10	10	10	10
Seroushaw, Lewis S.	10	10	10	10
Smuck, John	10	10	10	10
Showers, Anne	10	10	10	10
Showers, Mary	10	10	10	10
Showers, Catherine	10	10	10	10
Stimpson, Alexander	10	10	10	10
Smith, Alfred	10	10	10	10
Seasons, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Swick, Amos A.	10	10	10	10
Sys, Thomas	10	10	10	10
Selore, Fred	10	10	10	10
Selore, Bertha	10	10	10	10
St. Louis, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Thompson, Ethel M.	10	10	10	10
Tracey, John M.	10	10	10	10
Thompson, Beatrice A.	10	10	10	10
Terrill, Freshick	10	10	10	10
Tossell, Harold	10	10	10	10
Taylor, Joseph P.	10	10	10	10
Tudhope, Laura May	10	10	10	10
Vance, James Henry	10	10	10	10
Veitch, Margaret S.	10	10	10	10
Veitch, James	10	10	10	10
Veitch, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Wallace, George R.	10	10	10	10
Waters, Maria A.	10	10	10	10
Woodley, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Watts, David Henry	10	10	10	10
Webb, Rosey Ann	10	10	10	10
Walton, Allan	10	10	10	10
Wilson, Herbert	10	10	10	10
Welch, Herbert	10	10	10	10
Walter, John T.	10	10	10	10
Watts, Grace	10	10	10	10
Walker, Lillie	10	10	10	10
West, Francis	10	10	10	10
Young, Rosetta	10	10	10	10
Yager, Norman	10	10	10	10
Young, Arthur	10	10	10	10
Young, Clara E.	10	10	10	10
Young, Fred	10	10	10	10
Yager, Jeanette	10	10	10	10
Zimmerman, John C.	10	10	10	10
Zimmerman, Candace	10	10	10	10
Zinke, Charles	10	10	10	10

## CHILDREN'S STORY COLUMN.

BY MRS. SYLVIA C. HALL.

### What Charlie C. Did.

Charlie C. was a brown bear. When he was a little cub a young man caught him. He gave the cub to a doctor. The doctor put a collar around his neck and chained him to a stake. Charlie was clever. He learned to open a hydrant. He would turn on the water and drink some, and bathe in the cool water, then he would shut it off again. He liked candy, fruit and nuts. When Charlie was one year old he was five feet tall. He liked the man who fed him. One day the doctor went into Charlie's pen to pet him. Charlie was cross. He knocked the doctor down and scratched and bit him. Some men caught the bear and held him. The doctor pulled his teeth and cut his claws. One day Charlie broke his chain. He climbed over the fence and ran away. It was dark. He met a tramp. The tramp was frightened and yelled and climbed up a telegraph pole. The men caught Charlie and put him in his pen again. He got crosser and crosser. One day he tried to kill a woman. The doctor had a man kill the bear. — Adapted from 'Pets and Animals'

### Cuckoo.

A lady kept many birds. She had a room for them. The cage doors were open and they flew around the room. She had a cockatoo. Its name was "Cuckoo." A cockatoo is a large white bird. It looks much like a parrot. One evening all the birds were asleep. The cockatoo sat on a perch asleep. A thief came to the house. He quietly raised a window of the bird's room. He did not know birds were in the room. It was dark and he could not see them. The birds heard him climb in the window. The cockatoo flew at him and bit his ear and scratched his face. The man yelled. He tried to push the cockatoo from him. He knocked "Cuckoo" down on the floor and ran and jumped out of the window. "Cuckoo" tore a piece out of the thief's ear. The people did not catch the thief.

### Dress of Spider Silk.

Have you seen a spider's web? The spiders make very fine silk. They spin their webs on trees and fences and in houses and barns. Some spiders make large webs. They catch insects in their webs. The spiders ludo. They watch for flies and other insects. Sometimes a fly falls on the spider's web. The wary spider runs out and spins some fine threads of silk around the fly. The fly cannot break the spider's web. The spider kills it and eats it. It requires many spider webs to make enough silk for a dress. Queen Victoria has a dress made from spiders' webs. It is finer and more beautiful than any silk in the world.

### The Wise Hare.

A hare is a large rabbit. It has very long ears. It lives under bushes. Men and hounds hunt for hares. A hare can hear a hound when it is a long ways off. The hares have long, strong hind legs. They can jump fast and far. If a hare hears a hound it will run away. Sometimes the hare will jump into the water and swim awhile. Then the hound loses the scent and cannot follow the hare again. Or the hare will run into a thick, thorny bush and hide under it.

When our friends die we wear black clothes. Turks wear violet colored clothes. Chinese wear white clothes. Buddhists wear yellow and white.

### She Did Not Answer.

A good story is being told at the expense of a young St. John man well known in social and insurance circles. He was recently in Fredericton on business and accepted an invitation to a young people's ball. One of the chaperones took him in charge, and very thoughtfully introduced him to the young ladies. The fair face and graceful figure of one made a strong impression, and as soon as the chaperon left him the young man hastened to the lady's side and asked the pleasure of the waltz then starting. The young lady nodded her assent and soon they were gliding about the room. She was an accomplished dancer, and the young man rejoiced at having found such a partner, but soon he began to marvel that she answered not a word to any of the many commonplace he addressed her. His best efforts to draw her into conversation failed, and the young man grew much worried, fearing that he had in some way offended her. After the dance he sought another young lady friend, and, confiding to her the story, asked her to find out what he had done. The friend, who had been a witness of the young man's efforts to keep up a conversation, had great difficulty in restraining her laughter long enough to tell him that his partner was both deaf and dumb. — St. John Globe.

It is better to be afraid of your own tongue than the tongue of other men.

If one shall hear the word that such a one hath spoken evil of thee then do not defend thyself against his accusations but make answer. He little know my other wits or he had not mentioned only these.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

**THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CALENDAR**



**FEBRUARY**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
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W. G. CHAPMAN, TORONTO

**A Commemorative Address by Mr. Stewart.**

On account of the Queen's death the usual monthly address to the pupils, to have been held last Saturday evening, was not held, and instead Mr. Stewart came out and gave the pupils a biographical address, exemplifying the kindness of heart, wisdom and virtues of our late beloved Queen. He treated her life as a child, maiden, wife, mother and Queen of the mightiest empire on earth. Right over the platform was placed a beautiful picture of Her late Majesty. This and the mourning drapery of the chapel gave the address a deep pathos and solemnity which has left an ineffaceable impression on the minds of the pupils. Mr. Stewart in the course of his address told many interesting incidents and anecdotes of the Queen's public and domestic life which appealed to the sympathy of the pupils and deepened their love and admiration for her. To know her was to love her. At the close Miss Esson on behalf of the pupils, tendered Mr. Stewart a hearty vote of thanks. The following day, Sunday, Mr. Batts was on duty and in the afternoon took for the subject of his address, Victoria's promise. "I will be good" a promise well kept. His example was one to be followed by all who wish to be honored and respected.

**HOME NEWS**

W. G. CHAPMAN, TORONTO

Several families quite near the Institution have had the mumps in their midst, we here have luckily escaped so far and we hope the danger is nearly over.

Mr. Madden's lecture, The French Revolution, given before the Literary Society at the last meeting, was a very interesting and instructive address and the pupils enjoyed it much.

On five evenings, the resident teachers and the pupils who work all day in the industrial departments, and have no study to do, have our time skating rink all to themselves and often spend a pleasant evening on the ice.

Mr. Quigley, the father of one of our new boys came last week to fetch his little boy home. It was thought that the boy would be better at home under his parents' care for a while so he was taken back until next term.

Quite a number of visitors called to see us on our afternoon lately. They were friends of May McCormick and Hatley. He is one of our pupils. Hatley and May accompanied their friends through the work rooms after school was over.

Only our junior hockey team has had an opportunity so far to test themselves against hearing teams this season and they have always been successful. The third team defeated their opponents on our rink with a score of 3 to 1. The second team has played two matches on the city rink and gained both, the aggregate scores being 6 to 6.

Whenever the work will allow and the ice is good our pupils are excited from the shops after school and are sent out for fresh air and healthful exercise on their skates. Many pleasant afternoons have lately been spent on the bay, where there is plenty of elbow room for all, and when the snow does not permit skating there, our own well kept and tidy rink answers the purpose.

Harry Grooms went home, near Napance to the Chin Wedding of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zephaniah Grooms, which took place at their home on Friday evening, 18th ult. A great many guests were present showing the esteem and popularity of the host and hostess. An elaborate supper was partaken of and 102 persons, young and old, did ample justice to the same. Harry was just in his element. Mr. and Mrs. Grooms were made the recipients of a great number of beautiful and useful presents. We hope they will live long and prosper.

A wave of sorrow passed over every one in the Institution when the news arrived of the death of our beloved Queen. The bell in the tower was tolled, immediately the news arrived and the

picture of Her Majesty hanging in the north hall was draped and the flag run up to half mast where it will remain until after the funeral. It was next hoisted for the day on Friday in honor of our late King Edward VII. Our Queen had no more loyal children than our pupils here, and all who are old enough to understand today carry sad hearts and will ever hold her in revered memory.

**PERSONALITIES.**

Mrs. Wm. Turrell of Newmarket, returned home last week after an extended visit of several months with Mr. and Mrs. Nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hubbard, of Owen Sound, have a baby girl which came on the 9th of January, and they are very proud of it.

Mr. John A. McIsaac is working again at the moccasin factory in Delhi. He was employed in Woodstock with Mr. W. R. Murray for three months, but prefers Delhi.

Mr. Horace Clarke of Elizabethtown, visited the Institution last week. He is attending Albert College and will stop with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Burns, Charlotte St.

David Luddy, one of our old pupils, has been visiting the Berkley School for the Deaf in California lately, and purposes spending the winter with friends there. He is going to Atlin, City, British Columbia, in the Spring.

Herbert Roberts, now of Toronto, is an occasional contributor to the young people columns of the *Montreal Witness*. He lately wrote up some reminiscences of his school days here and some of the little tricks the boys used to play on each other. He thus fills nearly a column of incidents long past and nearly forgotten by all but those who suffered by them. Our papers, including our local prints, thought the accounts worthy of reproduction and copied them.

Mr. and Mrs. Farwell, of Sault Ste Marie, have been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Belleville's Mrs. Farwell's old home, she being a sister of Mrs. Douglas, and Miss McTeaffe of our staff. They have resided at the Sault for the past seven years. Mr. Farwell is doing a good business in that lively town. They made a brief call at the Institution during their stay and intended leaving last Monday, on a visit to friends in Oshawa, but were detained by Mrs. Farwell's illness.

Last Friday the lady and gentlemen students of the Ontario Business College to the number of about forty five quite took us by storm. They came to see and be seen and have a good time generally and they evidently succeeded. They crowded our industrial departments, after school, to such an extent that work had to be suspended for a time. They were certainly the liveliest visitors we have had and made themselves quite at home. We were glad to see them, but if they had come in smaller parties they would have been able to see the work of the Institution much better.

The *Chatham Banner News* of Jan. 21st says: Thomas Mosey, aged 61, of the Communication Road died yesterday. He was well and widely known and highly esteemed by all who knew him. In his church work he will be mostly missed. He was an ardent Christian always putting his best efforts to aid on the cause so near to his heart. For a number of years he has been class leader and a trustee of the Hoffman Methodist church. For a number of years he faithfully guided the Sunday School as Superintendent, of which he was Honorary Superintendent at the time of death. He has been one of its most regular attendants. His last visit with the children was on November 25th. His last hymn with them was, "All the way my Saviour leads me." He leaves a widow, an aged mother now 86 years of age, three sons, Henry, Joseph and George, all of Hoffman's Corners, five daughters, Mrs. Baker, of Melanag, Mrs. J. Pows, Raleigh, Mrs. Ed. Beum, of Centre Line, Mrs. L. Smith, 11th concession and Nellie, the youngest, who has been attending the Belleville Institute.

When God besets the soul with temptation. He is calling it to something high in spiritual enterprise. Let us recognize it as being so, and pray earnestly not to frustrate the vocation by the perversity and sluggishness of our own wills.

**WINDSOR NOTES.**

Willie Bunc is helping his father at the latter's furniture store.

There is an epidemic of lagrippo in Windsor and Detroit.

Mr. Fred Ball, of St. Thomas, spent three days with his mother two weeks ago.

Some months ago Frank Ball, the youngest brother of Mabel and Fannie, arrived home, after being away for two years. He is now working with the Perfumo Co., in Detroit.

There will be a social for the Deaf on Feb. 2nd, at St. John's Church in Detroit, and a large attendance will be expected.

Mr. Stearno Ball, brother of Eddio, who is well known to the deaf mutes, is now a R. R. Agent in Seattle, Washington.

Mr. Eddie Ball had an enjoyable visit in London last August. Before he returned home he called on his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cowan.

Miss A. Gilleland has been visiting her grandmother in Newbury. She is a very charming young lady.

Miss Mabel Ball is employed in Parko Davis Co's laboratories at Walkerville, where her cheerful, bright manner and conscientious discharge of her duties have made her a general favorite with her employers as well as her fellow workers.

There will be an electric car running from Windsor to Chatham next summer and we shall hope that Mrs. Luddy and Mrs. White and our many other friends will take advantage of it to come and see us.

Miss Milkson, of Detroit, sprang quite a pleasant surprise upon Miss Fannie Ball, at the former's residence, a few evenings ago by inviting a number of friends and entertaining them in a very hospitable manner. The table was beautifully decorated with roses, ferns and flags. The refreshments were tempting. The party broke up at 10 o'clock.

**Turrill - McKenzie Homestead.**

Mr. J. W. Jackson has bought 50 acres of land, the second to ours, for his oldest son William, and also Elroy, now in pursuit of his studies at your school. When the proper time comes their father expects them to run it on their own account.

For the ninth time Mr. Hugh A. Beaton, brother of the late Dougald M., has been re engaged as the principal of the public schools in Oil Springs.

There was a happy scene at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wark, in Sarnia, last Christmas, on the first occasion of the presence of a little granddaughter, ten weeks old, brought over by her fond parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wark, of Wyoming. Mr. Walter Wark, of Flint, Mich., was there then and a stream of the town mutes called to have a close view of the little darling.

How glad Mr. Wm. Summer was to welcome us all heartily one Sunday lately, coming over on our own sleigh for the first time. He took Messrs. Turrill and McKenzie to the bush to inspect timbers for a barn to be erected next summer. Well done.

Some of the oldest Hamilton graduates will remember Miss Kate Yorrell, of Hamilton, who attended her only term at the old school in that city, 35 years ago. She is alive and well, and has a brother chief of police in Sarnia who know best how to deal properly with a drunken mute stranger lately, hailing from Orillia, for his disorderly conduct, in consequence of which a fine of one dollar and costs was imposed on him. Such a good warning indeed.

One of the big tax payers in Stratford is a mute, namely, Mr. Robert McLagan, educated in Scotland. His tax for the year 1900 was \$268.86. Who next? Try Toronto and Kingston. - W. K.

Some truths which need to be more universally recognized and lived up to: - "That property is stored power for beneficent use; that ownership is burdened with the claims of a society into which every man is born a debtor for every advantage that distinguishes him from a savage; that all legitimate business is a social service; that the morality of every business man is measured by his regard to the social service he performs in it; that citizenship is a trust of political power for the public good rather than an asset convertible to private interests." *The Outlook.*

**THE CANADIAN MUTE**

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1901.

Check and receipt this time, first publication of the *Canadian Mute* is now in our hands and is being distributed to the subscribers of the paper.

**Dufferin Literary Society.**

Literary meeting of this society was held at the chapel on Saturday evening, 12th 1901, all the members were present and the President in the chair. Minutes of last meeting were read and the Nurse moved that they be approved. Mr. Gray seconded the motion and Messrs. Nurse, Loughheed and others were appointed as judges. The motion for debate was, Resolved, "That books are more readable than papers." Mr. Nairn supported the affirmative side, and Mr. Gardiner the negative. The debate was well contested. The judges gave their decision in favor of the negative. The next debate followed, being, Resolved, "That water is more destructive than fire." Mr. Barnett supported the affirmative side and Mr. Armstrong the negative, but the judges decided in favor of the negative. An essay on the 'Civil Revolution' was then given by Veldley, which was very interesting evening. An interesting dialogue took place between Messrs. McCarthy and Brown, representing a drunk and a sober man. The pupils were kept in a constant state of laughter. The meeting adjourned at 9 p. m. EDWARD L. BARNETT, Secretary.

Wm. Corbett, one of our old pupils, is during the summer months on steamers running between Collingwood and Sault Ste Marie. Several of our boys have employment on the steamers plying upon lakes and giving satisfaction.



