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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VII.

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 16, 1899.

NO. 8.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

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

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
A. MATHISON	Bursar.
J. E. BAKINS, M. D.	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron.

Teachers:

D. B. COLEMAN, M. A.	(Miss J. G. TERRILL)	Head Teacher.
JAMES C. HALLIS, B. A.	MISS MARY BULL.	
W. J. CAMPBELL.	MISS SYLVIA L. HALLIS.	
Geo. J. NEWBART.	MISS ADA JAMES.	
T. I. FORBES.	MISS GORODINA LYNN.	
M. J. MADSEN.	MISS NINA BROWN.	

Teachers of Attention:

MISS LINDA M. JACK.	MISS CAROLINE GIBSON.
MISS MARY BULL.	Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss L. N. McLAGAN.	JOHN T. HURNS.
Clerk and Typewriter.	Instructor of Printing.

Wm. DODDLAGAN.	Wm. STARR.
Stenographer & Lancet.	Master Shoemaker.

D. G. KRITH.	JOHN F. KANE.
Supervisor of Boys, etc.	Engineer.

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

Miss R. McNECH.	D. CUNNINGHAM.
Friend Hospital Nurse.	Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE.
Farmer and Distiller.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education 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 supplied with a 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, dress-making, 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 us 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 this 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.



FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE

Longing for Boyhood Days.

I know not why it should be
But still it is there I know
That ardent desire to visit
The scenes of long ago.

It comes in the rush of business
In the quiet of evening rest,
I long for the home of my childhood,
Like a tired bird for its nest.

I am weary of life's burdens,
Its care its sorrow its agh
I would fain lie down for a moment,
And close my eyes to its din.

The world is a noble workshop,
Where the gold is refined from the dross,
But the struggle is long and arduous,
And I'd rest for a time from its cross.

How swiftly rolls the stream of time,
To those that backward look.
The far off days to them appear
Like a tale from some old book.

As retrospect I take to-night
Far upon the stream of time
The echoes that faintly reach the ear
Are like those of a distant chime.

But all the echoes are those of love,
And harmony and peace,
For long since all the ardent notes
Have been made by love to cease.

But should I see to-night
The spot to memory dear,
Would not Time's brush have blurred,
The scenes I see so clear?

And should I tread the olden paths,
And all by the old hearthstone,
No familiar face would greet me there
I would walk or sit alone.

How few of all my playmates then
Are left in business now,
How deeply Time hath set his seal
Upon the furrowed brow.

Gods care of old Woodhouse guards
The ashes of my dead,
Their grass grows green above their graves,
Their souls to bliss have sped.

The Lyra flows gently as of yore
Through forest and through field,
The maples at the frost king's touch
Their rainbow colors yield.

But vanished is the racecourse where
Like unshod colts we played,
And Walsh's wood is but a myth,
Where often we have strayed.

Where stood the school house rude and bare,
A splere rears the head,
The master whom we all revered,
Is numbered with the dead.

As water spilled upon the ground,
Are childhood's smiles and tears,
No magic wand can conjure back
Its wealth of hopes and fears.

No many memories mingle
Their sweet and sad refrain,
Ere both to make the journey
To my boyhood's home again.

Perhaps it were as well to keep,
Unblurred within my heart
The bright illusions of my youth
Till memory depart.

Not on this earth in space and time
Can we youth's Eden find
Transported to an inner realm,
It lives but in the mind.

There let it live serenely fair
Forever and a day,
Till we too from this sphere depart
To dwell in it always.

ROBERT MATHISON

Chicago Ill Oct 15 1898



Dorothy's Outing.

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL.

Dorothy Bradford knelt beside her own little trunk carefully laying in the last articles. It was a great pleasure to her, being allowed to pack her own trunk for a journey, and she had learned to do it neatly. She was arranging the ribbons and gloves and handkerchiefs in a scientific way about her hat in the hatbox. Her mother's door stood open a few inches and her mother and father were talking in low tones. Dorothy was so busy she did not notice at first what they were saying until the

sound of her own name called her attention.

"Yes, I would certainly feel that I ought to do it if it were not for Dorothy," her mother was saying in a troubled voice. "She has counted so much on this trip, and I know it would almost break her heart to give it up. If it could be put off a few weeks, it would be all right, but Dorothy has planned to be at the shore with her friend, Ada Whitton, and the Whittons have already gone, so there is no use in talking of that. Ada and she have spent hours planning what they would do."

"Yes, I suppose it would be a great disappointment," said her father, "but it seems to me she is brave enough to be willing to do it if she under stood all about it. However, we have promised her all winter, and I suppose it would be expecting too much of a child to ask her to sacrifice herself to such an extent. You say they can get any one else to take the baby? How very extraordinary! It seems as if Mrs. Barrows ought to have enough Christian friends to offer to do that for a few weeks while she goes to a hospital to take the necessary treatment to save her life for her husband and children. What is the reason Mrs. Brown doesn't take the baby did you say?"

Oh, her husband objects. She is willing enough but she says he can't bear a light in the room at night, and she is afraid it would keep him awake. Mrs. Stout would take it if she were well but she is really quite miserable. They say poor Mrs. Barrows is feeling very bad about it. She says religion isn't worth much if in the whole church there isn't one person that loves Christ enough to take a poor baby for a little while till its mother can get well enough to live—and it is hard. I must go over there to call this afternoon sometime, and explain to her just how it is about my going away. I cannot bear to have her think that I am like the rest, and won't help to save her life."

A gust of wind closed the door between the two rooms and Dorothy heard no more, but a dark cloud seemed to have settled down over her joy. Tears of rebellion filled her eyes and one or two brimmed over and fell on her pretty new brown gloves. Some duty was always coming up to spoil everything—it was very mean. Anyway, she would not let it ruin everything this time. This was her right, this playtime by the shore. She had earned it by hard study and her father had promised her if she stood well in her classes during the past term she should have this as her reward. She brushed the tears angrily away and went about picking up more of her things to put in the trunk. That horrid little baby! Was it through chance that she raised her tear wet eyes just then to the wall roll over her little brass bedstead and read the words, "Even Christ pleased not himself." That text followed her about the room and seemed to get between her eyes and everything she tried to do, and she was glad when she heard her mother calling her to get her hat and come out to walk with her. She ran downstairs hurriedly, glad to escape from her uncomfortable conscience. As they passed down the street she saw little Jack and Bennie Barrows standing idly and sadly by a neighbor's fence. They did not look bright and gay as usual, and she remembered, with a thrill of pain, that the doctors had said Mrs. Barrows might never recover, and that she would surely die soon if she did not go immediately away and have an operation performed at a hospital. While she was thinking this, her mother turned into the Barrows gate, and there was nothing for her to do but to follow, much as she disliked it. Mrs. Barrows herself was in the sitting room, looking wan and sick, with a heavy baby on her lap, laughing and crowing. Dorothy listened almost painfully as Mrs. Bar-

rows described how she had been all ready to go away, expecting Mrs. Brown to take the baby, when she had sent word that it would be impossible. "And now," said Mrs. Barrows, "there is no thing left for me to do but to stay here and die, for I won't leave my little baby with no one to care for it. His father is away at the store all day, and Mary is only six years old."

Dorothy's mamma explained how glad she would be to take the baby if she were to be at home, but somehow it seemed to Dorothy now, looking at the sad mother's face, as though their excuse was a very poor one, and that text, "Even Christ pleased not himself," kept repeating itself over and over in her ear.

Suddenly she broke in upon her mother's words.

"Mamma, we can stay at home. Let us take the baby. I will help you."

Her mother looked at her, a pleased light in her face.

"Are you willing to give up all your plans, little daughter, and do this? Are you sure you realize what it will mean to you?"

"Yes, mamma," said Dorothy, bravely holding the tears back that Mrs. Barrows might not see how hard it was; "I want to do it. He is a dear little baby, and I should love to help take care of him."

And so it was decided, and Dorothy went home and unpacked her trunk very fast not to think much about the nice times she had planned as she packed it, and then went down stairs to help make a bed for the baby visitor. Mrs. Barrows had eagerly accepted the proffered kindness and went to the hospital that evening, and baby Jamie arrived to occupy Dorothy's mind and time so that she scarcely had opportunity to remember that she was to have been far away on the cars by this time. The days went by happily enough, though Dorothy did shed some tears by herself at the thought of what she had given up, and had a good long cry when a letter came from Ada, telling of all the delights of the seashore.

But there came a glad day when news reached them that little Jamie's mamma had passed successfully through the operation at the hospital, and would be at home in another week and able with the help of a nurse to take the baby again.

"Get your trunk ready, Dorothy," said her papa, "you shall have your trip yet. You were a good girl and deserve a reward. Mr. Whitton has written me that Ada can stay at the seashore as long as you do, and at the end of the three weeks I am going to take you up the river and among the mountains."

Dorothy was glad indeed over the surprise her father was giving her, but when as she went with her mother to take little Jamie back, and Mrs. Barrows kissed her and said, "I owe my life to you, dear little Dorothy," her heart was so full of joy it seemed as though it would burst, and she said to herself, "I would have been glad I had done it even if papa had not given me this trip afterwards, for it makes one so happy to please Jesus."

As the train sped along, bearing her to the seashore the wheels seemed to be chanting the words, "Even Christ pleased not himself; even Christ pleased not himself."—Our Boys and Girls.

A Detroit man the other day received a sudden invitation from a Kentucky friend of his to come down and join a hunting party about to start out for the mountains. The Detroit man wanted to go, but he didn't know what kind of game was to be the object, so he sent this telegram for instructions. "All right. What shall I bring?" A few hours later he received this reply: "Corkscrews; we have the rest."



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 give a number of our pupils the opportunity of learning to read and write, 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 or dumb.

SUBSCRIPTION

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

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

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

ADVERTISING

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

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1896.

Death of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet

Deaf mutes everywhere, and especially in America, will learn with profound regret of the death of one of their truest friends and ablest instructors, Dr. Peet, of the New York Institution, which occurred on December 27th. On the previous Sunday he caught a heavy cold which developed into pneumonia, with fatal results.

Isaac Lewis Peet was born on Dec. 4th, 1824, and had thus attained the ripe old age of 74 years and 23 days. He was a son of the late Harvey P. Peet, an able and successful teacher of the deaf, so that, from his youth up, Dr. Peet had been associated with this work. He graduated from Yale College in 1845, and in the same year he began his life work as a teacher in the New York Institution. At the same time he began a course in the Union Theological Seminary, graduating in 1849, and in the same year received the degree of M. A. from Yale University. In 1872 Columbia College fittingly recognized his eminent services by conferring on him the degree LL. D. After twenty-two years of continuous service as teacher and vice-principal he became Principal of the New York Institution, succeeding his father when the latter retired with the title of Emeritus Principal. For twenty-six years Dr. Peet continued at the head of the Educational Department of the Institution, so that for 48 years he was engaged in active work in connection with deaf-mute education. On January 1st, 1893, he was obliged to relinquish his arduous duties, and in recognition of his long and valuable services the Board of Directors appointed him Emeritus Principal and granted him an annuity of \$3,000.

Dr. Peet had no superiors and few peers as an educator of the deaf. He was a man of broad culture and rare

erudition, of warm heart and ready sympathy; and he possessed most of the qualities of the successful teacher. He devoted all the powers of his cultivated intellect to his work, and sought earnestly for the best methods for the attainment of the highest possible results. And few men have contributed so much of lasting value to the cause which he so much loved. In addition to his valuable work in the class room and his inspiring personal influence on his co-workers, he was a prolific and scholarly writer on many subjects relating to the deaf, and some of his manuals have been and continue to be regarded as among the best aids to the work of the class room. But, though one of the pioneers in this work, and although he helped to establish the surest foundations of deaf-mute education, yet his gaze was always towards the future rather than towards the past. For, while holding fast to that which was good in old methods he was ever pressing forward to higher attainments and better systems, and, even to the very last, he welcomed with enthusiasm any innovation in educational methods that commended themselves to his judgment.

Personally Dr. Peet was one of the most lovable of men; and, because he loved much and always manifested the spirit of unselfishness and good will to all men, he was always regarded by his pupils and by all his friends with feelings of warmest esteem and deepest affection. He has gone from our midst, full of honors as of years, but he, being dead, yet speaketh, and his works do follow him; for in all the coming years the power of his example and the personal potency of his influence will be felt in every school in the land, broadening the sympathy and exalting the ideals and rekindling the enthusiasm of every educator of the deaf.

The Mackay Institution.

The Annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Mackay Institution at Montreal was held on the 6th inst. The report of the Superintendent, Mrs. Ashcroft, was presented, and gave indication of a very successful and satisfactory year's work. The number of pupils enrolled was 62, of whom five were blind and the remainder deaf or semi-deaf. During the year the health of the pupils continued good and nothing occurred to interfere in any way with their happiness and progress. The report of the directors expressed great satisfaction with the year's work, and was eulogistic of Mrs. Ashcroft and her staff of able assistants. We hope that the present year will be a most pleasant and prosperous one for our sister Institution.

We were very pleased to receive a few days ago a copy of the first issue of a new magazine for the deaf entitled *Philosophus*, a word which means "The deaf-mute's friend." It is published quarterly at Los Angeles, Cal., and is edited by our talented and esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Wadd. Mr. Wadd's purpose is to supply the deaf everywhere with a first-class magazine devoted to morals, religion, literature and general information about the deaf. The number before us is an excellent one in every respect. The miscellaneous articles are well selected, the original matter is interesting and well written, and the frontispiece is of special interest and value, being a facsimile of a photograph of the original "rock of ages" where Timplady composed that famous hymn. We wish for the new magazine abundant success. There would not seem to be any need for another journal for the deaf, but there is always room at the top and if *Philosophus* maintains

the high standard of the first issue it will very quickly justify its existence by its success.

When school opened last Fall a bright little girl was brought here by her father, who then returned home. The next day he came back to the Institution for her, saying that her mother could not endure the separation. All remonstrances seemed to be in vain and the girl, who seemed quite happy and contented, was taken home again. At New Year's the father returned with the girl, saying that they had thought better of it and would let her remain this time. The parents are to be commended for this action. We know that it is very hard indeed for parents to part with their children, but the truest affection is shown by sacrificing all personal considerations and enduring all consequent pain in order to advance the best interests of the loved one.

The expected has at last happened, and the *Calverna News* man stands exposed to the gaze of the cold, unfeeling world. For some years past, the strong feature of the *News* has been its puzzle column, and we have often wondered what was the source of those fearfully and wonderfully devised puzzles for which we were sure our friend was too clear-headed to evolve such brain-racking literature. The secret is out at last. Some years ago he subscribed for a cheap puzzle paper which has been coming to him ever since and now the editor is billed for the subscription and requested to pay up.

Neither wealth nor honors nor titles of high degree exempt men from the afflictions and misfortunes of humanity, a fact strikingly illustrated by the statement that the only son of the Duke of Norfolk, Britain's proudest noble, is blind and deaf and dumb. If he lives, he will become the premier noble of England and the only man in the kingdom who, by hereditary right, can sit in the presence of royalty with covered head.

We are indebted to Mr. Arthur J. Goolwin, Instructor of Printing at Mt. Airy, for a little dictionary of technical terms used in a printing office. The book is well planned and very complete, and should be of much assistance to those learning this trade.

Silent and Pathetic Grief.

On Sunday, December 18, 1895, the lay-reader of the deaf of Los Angeles visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, both deaf mutes, on 49th street, this city, and found them bowed down with silent grief, and their care-worn faces bathed in tears as they bent over the crib of their dying child, a bright and intelligent four-year-old boy, who, while at play, almost covered his tongue in the middle by getting it between his teeth and striking his head against something when jumping. The wound not being properly attended to, typhoid and fever brain set in till there was no hope of recovery. The child lay unconscious in his crib, and father and mother, full of unspoken sorrow, were bending over their child, as if struggling with the angel of death for the possession of the loved one. The scene was pathetic in the extreme. Nothing could be done but to console with them and urge them to resign themselves to the will of Him who does all things well. - *Philosophus*.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward were pupils in this Institution in the 70's, and have our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss. - *ED. CANADIAN MUTE.*

Senator Hoar made a remark recently in a public address which seems to be entirely in harmony with the facts. Wherever anything good is to be had or to be done in this country, you are apt to find a Scotchman on the front seat trying to see if he can get it or do it.

Sheldon's Popular Books.

A copy of that splendid story entitled "Overcoming the World," by Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," "The Redemption of Preetown," etc., etc., has been sent to us by the Poole Printing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. This story is interesting alike to old and young, and has a powerful influence in the moulding of character. Dr. Horrick Johnston, who stands among the very foremost of religious leaders, says "I have read 'Overcoming the World' with genuine interest. It is a bit of moral heroism that the world wants more of. By the side of realistic stuff that vaults up fidelity to nature by stirring up moral cess pools, this little story shines like a star out of the darkness. It will put tears up into many eyes, and put moral heroism into many hearts." This makes eight books of Sheldon's published by The Poole Printing Company, Limited, the extra fine cloth edition of which makes a splendid set of books for Sunday school libraries. They are undoubtedly the best library books published this year. In paper covers, 25 cents extra fine cloth binding, 60 cents. For sale by all dealers, or sent by the publishers postpaid on receipt of price. On any six books in paper covers will be sent postpaid for \$1.00, by sending to The Poole Printing Co., Limited, 28 and 30 Melinda Street, Toronto, Ont.

These Things Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or grievances you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would score thousands more worse than they are. Not out as far as possible all the disreputable acts of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and constant thought of the acts of meanness makes you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

How Peanuts Grow.

It is a pretty sight to see a peanut plantation when the vines are in blossom. The blossoms are a bright yellow, and the vines are a vivid green. As soon as the blossom appears a fine branch forms on the vine and shoots down into the ground. The peas, as the nuts are called on the plantation, form on the shoot beneath the ground, like potatoes. When the crop is gathered in October, the vine is plowed up, and the nuts hang to the roots. Vines and all are piled in cocks in the field, and in 20 days the nuts are ready to be pulled off, placed in bags and taken to the factories. There they are cleaned of dirt, assorted, polished in revolving cylinders and put into bags ready for the market. - *Washington Star*

To Subscribers

Date of Expiration. - The date on the label of your paper indicates the time when your subscription expires.

Change of Address. - Subscribers will please notify us of any change in their address, giving both the former and present address.

How to Remit. - To secure safety, it is important that remittance should be made by postal notes, express money orders, stamps or money in registered letters.

Receipts. - Remittances are acknowledged by change of date following the subscriber's name on the paper and also by card.

Missing Numbers. - Should a number of the Mute fail to reach a subscriber, he will confer a favor by notifying us of the fact, upon receipt of which notice the missing number will be sent.

DIED.

WARD, in Los Angeles, Cal., on December 19th 1895, John Bennett, beloved and only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ward, aged 4 years and 2 months.

Your Gifts.

If you have a gift of seeing, ever look for beauty
 Soiling faults in all your friends is plainly not
 your duty.
 If you have the gift of hearing, list to what is
 said.
 Give your ears to everything that is not good
 and sweet.
 If you have the gift of talking, use but pleasant
 words.
 Let your speech be glad and cheery as the songs
 of birds.

-EMMA C. DOWD

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Pupils of Mr. Denys' Class.

Life
 Is short.
 Brief, boy, brief!
 Mr. Kane is most able.
 1899 is a good youngster.
 John is quick, but not fast.
 Tears are drops in the ocean of time.
 It is a wise boy who knows he knows
 nothing.
 Think what to write and write what
 you think.
 If one talks ever, what time has he
 for thinking?
 The mumps are over - "all swell
 that end swell."
 Watch for a useful thought, when
 it comes, capture it.
 Jas. Vanco had both his ears frozen,
 but he is all right again.
 - We often go out. Mr. Mathison told
 us "skating is better than medicine."
 - Stephen A. Lett, a brother of Birch,
 writes that he is doing well at carpenter
 ing.
 Mary Berocher's brother went to
 Toronto and she felt bad. Her brother's
 name is James.
 We heard that a Chicago girl, on
 Xmas morning, found a piano in her
 lung up hose.
 Some pupils went to the Roman
 Catholic Church on Friday morning last
 it being Epiphany.
 - We are glad a new boy, whose name
 is S. Campbell, came last Wednesday.
 He looks bright and happy.
 The pen is mightier than the sword
 - so says the little piggy as, those cold
 nights, he hides him in the straw.
 We had a magic lantern exhibition
 last week and we had a pleasant time.
 Mr. Mathison gave us a lot of fun.
 - Dr. G. Mathison went to Winnipeg
 last Wednesday. He has many warm
 friends in the Institution and the city.
 On Friday, 30th ult., some of us
 worked in the printing office all forenoon
 to get the paper mailed. We liked to do
 so.
 We skated on the bay two afternoons
 last week. We must thank Mr. Mathi-
 son for his kindness in allowing us to do
 so.
 - We have no sleighing which is very
 bad. It is snowing now. We expect we
 will have sleighing which will be very
 good.
 George Wallace often speaks of his
 brothers Bert and Herbert, who, he says,
 are good, hard working fellows and doing
 well.
 Mr. Mathison kindly gave us per-
 mission to go out skating this week and
 we had a very nice time. We got our
 cheeks rosy.
 I would like to be an editor, since I
 read that journalists usually get rich and
 so luxuriously until they die and then
 go to heaven.
 - On the evening of the 27th ult.,
 Mrs. Mathison entertained a number of
 her friends from the city. A warm,
 graceful welcome was extended.
 - Our Burns is Scotch.
 And o'er bears in mind,
 The last of the month
 Is for Auld Lang Syne.
 Nellie Mowoy got wot from home
 that her mother were at a Christmas tree
 at the Methodist church to sing and it
 was lovely. Nellie was proud of them.
 - The Christmas and New Year holi-
 days have passed away. A new year was
 born 1899. We must work hard and
 be attentive in school now after our dis-
 ruption.
 Florence Hill went home and stayed
 for two weeks as her little sister Annie
 was very ill with typhoid fever. She
 cannot speak but can hear. She is a
 good girl.
 - Now that balloons have become
 dingy, cycling had better look to its

laurels. There will be no tax collector
 up above, nor magistrate to fine you -
 no indeed.

-One of the newest organizations is
 the "Sudden death Club," of New York.
 Only those are eligible who are afflicted
 with heart disease. The Club has no
 constitution.

-Speaking of the Queen City, the
 question, incidentally was asked the
 class to "name the two leading Toronto
 papers?" One little man wrote "The
 Daily Globe and The Weekly Globe."

-Miss Edith Wiloy came here on New
 Year's, she visited Miss Ethel Irvine's
 home, where she was invited for dinner,
 then Edith came to the Institution.
 We were both surprised and glad to see
 her again.

-Little Ella's letter. Dear Mamma,
 we had, thanks be to God, turkey for
 dinner and cranberries and other kinds
 of fruit. They were lovely and I ate
 them too much. We are all well. I
 love you and papa.

-Miss Maggie Noonan went to the
 Catholic church on New Year's day,
 after that she went to meet her aunt,
 Mrs. Deason, who lives in Belleville.
 She gave her a cup and saucer, and her
 cousin Willie gave a lovely gold brooch
 to Maggie. She was very much pleased
 with them and was grateful for their
 kindness.

STRATFORD NOTES.

From our own Correspondent
 Mr. and Mrs. Holt Hoy and little
 girl, of Avonton, were away on Xmas
 for a few days visiting friends in London
 and Denfield, they renewed acquaint-
 ance with many old school mates, and
 accepted an invitation from their old
 school chum, Mr. Noyes, to eat a Christ-
 mas turkey for the memorial of the
 happy school days they had spent in
 Belleville.

Miss Maggie Fuller, of Mitchell, had
 a pleasant visit from Mr. Thos. Hill,
 lately, and they thoroughly enjoyed a
 conversation together. She was visiting
 her sister near Fullarton. I don't know
 if she is back to Mitchell yet.

Mr. Wm. Quinlan is as jovial as usual,
 and enjoys delivering milk to the city
 creamery which is three miles from
 his farm.

Mr. Jas. Duncan is still in the t outer
 office, Embro.

Miss Claudia Moore is keeping house
 for her uncle, Michael Kichina. She
 changes places with her sister Carrie
 every three weeks.

Mr. J. R. Byrne has resumed his
 shoemaking after spending three weeks
 holidays in Stratford and vicinity. Mr.
 Byrne is a successful and industrious
 worker and prospects for his future are
 very good.

Mr. Rice, father of Miss C. Rice, died
 suddenly lately and his death was
 greatly regretted by the community.
 Mr. Rice left all his family in comfort
 able circumstances.

Mr. John Trachwell, of Shaker, peers,
 is rushing his business very well in
 company with his partner, and the flax
 mill has commenced operations for the
 winter. There are about a dozen hands
 employed this year and several months
 will be required to manufacture the
 large amount of flax which is on hand.

Mr. J. R. Byrne, of Stratford, was in
 Avonton lately and called on Mr. Robert
 Hoy. Mr. Byrne made a personal
 inspection of the poultry of Mr. Hoy and
 was greatly surprised to find such a fine
 lot of pure bred.

Mr. Wm. Smith, South Easthope, was
 in Stratford on December 24th, to
 prepare for his Christmas. Mr. Smith
 is reputed to be a wealthy farmer, as he
 has a 100 acre farm of his own. Billy
 is keeping back and it seems to his
 friends that he dislikes the idea of
 becoming a married man, but they hope
 he will change his mind before long.

Mr. Robert Watson got a place to
 work for a farmer near Stratford for his
 board this winter.

JANIS JOTTINGS.

From our own Correspondent
 Mr. Hesley Grant, of Hamilton, was
 the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Crozier,
 of Springvale, during the happy yule
 tide. Mr. Herbert W. Roberts received
 an invitation to spend New Year's Day
 at their hospitable home, but he was
 sorry he had to decline, owing to another
 pressing engagement.

Mr. Samuel Pugsley, of Cheapside,
 contemplates making a visit to Brantford
 soon. Mr. H. W. Roberts will likely
 follow suit.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent
 There was an interesting debate at
 the last monthly meeting, held on the
 6th inst. the subject being, Resolved -
 "That men have done more for the bet-
 terment of the world than women." The
 affirmative side was supported by Messrs.
 Slater and A. W. Mason, the negative
 by Miss Munro and Mr. Bridgen. Mrs.
 A. W. Mason was chosen to support the
 negative side also, but was unable to
 be present, and Miss Campbell the
 affirmative, but withdrew though at
 meeting thereby leaving Miss Munro
 the only lady in the debate, which she
 stuck to till the last and acquitted her-
 self very creditably, giving many strong
 points in favor of her sex. The debate
 lasted for an hour and a half and was
 exceedingly exciting throughout. As to
 the flourish of trumpets we admit the
 negative side had the best of it, but as
 to solid facts we think the affirmative
 side had it pretty strong, although they
 had Mr. Bridgen, a heavy weight, against
 them. Of course we do not mean a
 heavy weight physically, but mentally.
 The judges appointed, who were young
 men and strong admirers of the fair, and
 very tender hearted gave their decision
 in favor of them. We could hardly have
 expected it otherwise as at criminal
 trials women often have strong influence
 over the jury, and in many cases
 outweigh the evidence against the
 prisoner. From the beginning of the
 debate it was clear the whole audience
 was in sympathy with the negative
 side. As it was, however, the meeting
 was thoroughly enjoyable, and broke up
 about eleven o'clock, after the usual
 refreshments had been served.

The first silver wedding probably ever
 celebrated in Toronto by our friends
 took place at Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Terrell's,
 No. 118 Arzyle Street, on the 30th Dec.
 Invitations were sent out to a large
 number of their friends to an evening
 party to celebrate the event and a large
 number turned out. The host and
 hostess were presented with a large
 number of valuable articles of silver-
 ware. The evening was spent in games
 and various other ways, Mr. and Mrs.
 Terrell serving the guests with abundant
 and choice cakes, fruits and candies.
 Before the party broke up all present
 wished Mr. and Mrs. Terrell many more
 years of life and happiness.

Mr. Luddy has gone back to his old
 situation at Perth, Ont. We are sorry
 to lose him from amongst us as he was
 very popular with all his friends here.
 We hope to see him with us again before
 long. We understand we are going to
 lose one of our popular married couples
 some time soon, but will wait further
 particulars before rushing into print.

Miss Annie Fraser has been called
 away to Mount Forest to assist in the
 wedding ceremony of Mr. Neil Calder to
 Miss Jessie Brown, on the 11th inst.
 We tender them our congratulations
 and wish them a long and pleasant life.
 Mr. and Mrs. Calder will reside in
 Manitoba.

Mr. S. C. Sheppard went to Barrie on
 New Year's Day.

Mr. J. Gates went to Belleville on
 the 9th inst. He will stay with his
 sister, Mrs. Baird, for three weeks.

Mr. Neil McMillan spent New Year's
 holidays with Miss Annie Henderson and
 Mr. Jontie Henderson in "shotville."

Miss Ker leaves for B. C. in a few
 days, where she will reside in the future.
 We wish her success in her new home,
 but sorry to lose her from amongst us.

Mrs. Hodgins from near Ottawa is
 spending a couple of weeks in the city,
 the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
 Bradshaw.

Mr. Nasmith is going to give a grand
 social next week and a good time is
 expected.

OTTAWA NOTES.

From our own Correspondent
 Owing to the failure of Warrington &
 Co., of Montreal, Mr. A. Gray had the
 misfortune to lose \$80 worth of milk
 which he supplied to the cheese factory
 in Metcalfe, who sold all their cheese to
 the above named firm. Mr. Gray paid
 a visit to Mr. Bayne and together they
 visited the Experimental Farm.

Miss Culligan and her friend, Miss
 Lett, of Carr, paid Ottawa a flying visit
 on New Year's Day.

The writer spent a pleasant evening
 last week with Mr. and Mrs. McClelland,
 who told him things were very quiet in
 deaf mute circles and that there was
 very little news of any interests to be
 had. Mr. McClelland reports brisker
 work in the printing bureau and expects

the rush in preparation for the opening
 of Parliament soon to set in.

Dr. Smith reported that he met Mr.
 Hodgins, of Diamond, in Ottawa a few
 days ago. Mrs. Hodgins is at present
 visiting Mrs. Bradshaw, of Toronto.

Mr. Wiggot spent his holidays in
 Sherbrooke, Que.

Mr. Holland is at present in Ottawa,
 where he intends to spend the winter.

The Ottawa Bible class for the deaf
 has ceased to exist, owing to the non-
 attendance of some of its members, and
 as the writer very seldom meets the deaf
 now, in future you may expect to hear
 from him only at long intervals.

FOR THE CANADIAN METEOROLOGICAL.

Turrill - McKenzio Homestead.

This is the new homestead, fourteen
 miles from the Showers' homestead and
 six miles from Oil Springs, owned by
 David A. Turrill and Kenneth McKenzio
 jointly. On Dec. 6th I came here to
 make my new home with my good
 friends. They were in Sarnia lately
 doing business with Mr. Symington, the
 manager in connection with this new
 farm. They had the pleasure of meet-
 ing his mute nephew, Edward Sym-
 ington a graduate of the Michigan
 Institution for the Deaf, whose brother
 is a leading dry goods merchant in
 Sarnia. The boys, assisted by a genial
 and experienced woodcutter, Fred
 Wilson, so fortunately secured, are
 rushing their work in wood. The first
 delivery in Oil Springs is at Mr. Fair-
 banks' pumping rig, run by Mr. Wm.
 Esson, father of Maggie, of your school.
 Shortly before my arrival here, the
 first visit was exchanged between the
 boys and Willie Summers, within six
 miles of each other.

On Sunday, Dec. 11th, Miss Christiana
 Showers was made happy by the un-
 expected visit made by us, and then we
 were all surprised and delighted who
 Duican Bloom and Wilho Thompson
 unexpectedly arrived. The other in-
 teresting visitors were the tall and
 strately Mrs. Kenneth Munro and her
 children, Alex. and Eliza, aunt and
 cousin of the Showers girls of your
 school.

Two of our thoughtful and helpful
 neighbors, the Mason brothers, who are
 now settlers like us, were home in
 Wyoming the other week and met
 William Wark on his farm, four miles
 from theirs, reporting him well and
 prosperous. It is understood that his
 brother, Walter, has a situation as a
 harness maker in Flint, Michigan. His
 preference for that place is a matter of
 curiosity among the mutes here.

To A. L. McP., of Gallaudet College, -
 Isn't the Washington monument 606 feet
 high? Are you or any one else aware
 that there was or is a figure of the first
 President of the United States between
 the two trees, close by the tomb, on
 Mount Vernon?

We are so fortunate as to have kind
 and hospitable Mr. and Mrs. James A.
 Jackson, parents of Elroy, now of your
 school. They live just two miles from
 here and have relations around here.

Mr. Bloom informed me that he was
 so overworked in his shoe shop that he
 would like a mute assistant of steady
 habits. Any one wanting a job had
 better write him at once. His address
 is Thamesville, Ont.

Mr. Thompson still lives with his
 uncle, Mr. Shorman, on his farm near
 that place.

On Xmas eve we made a raid on Mrs.
 Michael Showers' place for the night
 and found among the presents awaiting
 us a pair of shoes from Thamesville,
 where Miss Christiana Showers, ac-
 companied by a hearing friend, visited
 Mr. Bloom a few days ago and brought
 them. We spent Xmas day at old
 Mr. Turrill's place - Kenneth McKenzio
 doing with his former employer, Mr.
 Alex. Debbyn, first and supping with us.
 On the same evening we returned,
 calling at Mrs. Showers' place for an
 hour or so on our way and finally arrived
 here after midnight. The boys resum-
 ed their activity in cutting and drawing
 wood while I am making myself useful
 at whatever I can do in this small and
 humble place, which we call the shanty
 for the present. Wm. Kai.

President Lincoln, one morning, found
 that a robin's nest, containing three
 little robins, had been knocked off an
 overgrown tree near the White House by
 a careless cabdriver. Kneeling on the
 ground and putting the birds back in the
 nest he replaced it saying, "Those birds
 are helpless, and I'll make them happy
 again."

Report of Pupils' Standing.

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

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1899.

Table with columns: NAME OF PUPIL, HEALTH, CONDUCT, APPLICATION, IMPROVEMENT. Lists names and their corresponding scores.

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GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

From our own Correspondent. The Christmas holidays are over... The Christmas holidays are over to the regret of those who have been out visiting friends... During the vacation, the weather was in such a condition that it did not permit of the formation of ice... This new year was welcomed by some students, especially of the Class of '99 with the ringing of the tower bell... January 2nd, there was a public reception held at the White House, by President McKinley...

NOTE.—General good health prevails again, every pupil was in the dining-room on Sunday last.

HAMILTON ITEMS.

From our own Correspondent. Christmas and New Year's day passed quietly in this city... Mr. James Mosher has been working overtime nearly seven months... Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Golds and baby of Georgetown, were in Guelph for two days... Mr. Robt. McPherson was in Brantford on New Year's day to see his brother...

The Sophomores are wearing a broad smile for they have just finished their hard study—Virgil.

Each Canadian student was made happy with a pretty Christmas present by Supt. Mathison. Warmest thanks for his kindness. A. D. S. Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, 1899.

Assignment of Boys for January.

- THOMAS GREEN—Head Attendant. 1.—C. Laniell 2.—C. Dool. 3.—A. H. Jaffray. 4.—C. French. 5.—A. Smith. 6.—W. Dand. 7.—F. Torrell. 8.—H. Raudall. 9.—C. Mitchell. 10.—F. Burchell. 11.—George R. Wallace.

COMPANY MONITORS.

- WILLIAM LOUGHEED—Captain. Company A.—Wm. Cornish. B.—James Maitro. C.—Henry P. Scott. D.—Frod Baker. E.—Frank Harris. F.—John C. Zimmerman. G.—H. McKenzie. H.—W. E. Gray. I.—H. Forgotto. J.—Thomas Dool. K.—W. Loughhead. L.—Thomas B. Lott.

The sight of a battlefield after the fight is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war.

Ontario Deaf-Mutes Association.

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VICE PRES. F. J. HARRIS, Toronto
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TREASURER W. M. NURSE, Belleville
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INSTITUTION ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
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Vice Pres D. J. McKillop
Secy-Treas Wm Nurse

FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS
Captain First Eleven, I. Charbonneau
Second Eleven, H. Warner
Hockey, First Team, H. Harris
Second, H. Warner

DEAFEN LITERARY SOCIETY
Hon. President, R. Mathison
President, Wm Nurse
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Secy-Treas

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1893.

Now comes the glad New Year
To be a friend most dear,
If true we prove
As glides the time away
We'll give him day by day
To all we do or say
Kindness and love.

New Year's Day.

New Year's Day was observed here in the usual manner. On Monday morning Prof. Denys entertained the pupils with an interesting and instructive lecture, some extracts from which appear elsewhere. The ice was in perfect condition and it was a beautiful day, so the pupils had an opportunity to skate to their hearts' content. In the evening there was the usual party, at which all seemed to enjoy themselves. Most of the teachers and officers were present, as well as a number of other friends. The whole day passed off in a very pleasant manner and was unmarred by any untoward event.

Mr. Campbell's Lecture.

On Saturday evening, the 7th inst. Mr. Campbell visited the Institution and gave the pupils a very interesting and instructive lecture. He prefaced his address with the narrative of some great sculptors and painters, who had acquired fame in their art, and next took up his lecture proper, the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone among the people in Mr. Gladstone's village. He first spoke of the great man's power in parliament and his influence for peace. His kind-heartedness, humility, his even carried his own boots to the cobbler—fearlessness, punctuality, fondness for animals, and how he honored God in his home life, in chapel, in his speeches and at all times, his wife's great love and care for him, winding up with his last hours on earth and his honored grave in Westminster Abbey, mourned by the nation and honored by the Queen. The lecturer brought in many interesting incidents in the life of the great man. We need not add that the pupils greatly enjoyed the address. The delivery was clear and he was followed with ease by the youngest pupil present, and at the close a hearty vote of thanks was tendered him.

Mount Forest, Jan. 11.—An interesting wedding took place today at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Neil F. Brown, County Commissioner, Arthur Township. The contracting parties were Miss Jessie McEachren Brown and Mr. Neil Calder. Both are deaf mutes. Rev. J. G. Reid, pastor of the Bethel Presbyterian Church, was the officiating clergyman, and Miss Fraser of Toronto acted as interpreter. The bride and groom are both graduates of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Belleville. Mr. Calder is a native of those parts, but for the past twelve years has resided at Carnan, Man., where he is now a prosperous farmer. He and his bride will go to their western home in a few weeks.—Toronto Globe. [Congratulations from many friends in the Institution.—Ed. CANADIAN MUTE.]

Some Timely Facts.

In his very interesting lecture on New Year's day Prof. Denys gave the following timely facts relative to methods of reckoning time and the various dates that had been fixed upon as the beginning of the year. "The duration of a year was variously determined by the ancients. A year of 354 days was at first adopted, but was found to be defective by 11 days or more which later on were intercalated so as to keep in with the seasons. The Egyptians had only three seasons—Winter, Summer, and the Nile (the inundation)—thus allowing four months to each season. Both the Greeks and Romans reckoned the year by the twelve lunar months till Julius Caesar caused the adoption of the solar year which comprised 365 days and 6 hours. The Gregorian calendar substituted in the 16th century gave us the leap year (February taking 29 days). The early nations were far from agreed as to when the year should begin, some commencing in the spring, others in the fall. It was Numa first chose Jan. 1 in France March 1 and subsequently the 25th were kept till 1564. The Russians long opened on Sept. 1, and even now among Mohammedan races there is no fixed position of New Year's, a good many of them beginning when they are ready."



Letters from our correspondents at Denfield and one or two other places came too late for insertion in this issue.

Some parent sent a box of dominoes and a knife to a pupil here and forgot to put the name on the parcel. Who does it belong to?

Our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Douglas little boy, Harloy who is ill with scarlet fever is doing nicely and all are hoping for a good recovery. From the nature of the disease Mr. Douglas has been quarantined from the Institute since Christmas and we are all glad to see him back again.

Mr. Mathison sent a large box home last week. Through a desire to do him good he was allowed to return to school over the regular time limit and repaid the kindness by acts of unobedience. When pupils get to the stage that they think they know more than the teachers and officers, and their errand becomes somewhat enlarged in consequence, it is time for them to help their parents and provide for their own sustenance. This is no place for them.

This month a change has taken place on the boys side. Miss Fletcher, the little boys attendant, resigned her position and returned home much to the regret of all associated with her and she leaves with the best wishes of all in the Institution. Miss Blake for many years one of the laundry staff, is transferred to fill the vacancy and all who know her are satisfied that our matron has made a wise choice. The little boys have lost a good attendant, but we are sure they will miss no care in her successor.

Last week the pupils were given the first magic lantern entertainment this winter, electricity being used as a illuminating power. Mr. Geo. Thompson who put up our electric light plant last summer, came up and filled connections and it worked very satisfactory. Mr. Douglas being absent, Mr. Mathison himself manipulated the slides and in the course of a little over an hour threw several hundred scenes on the canvas. He worked them off so rapidly the pictures had no chance to overstep, their welcome, consequently the pupils want to see them over again. They and 200 others we have on hand will be shown at some future day.

It is said one of the spider's threads or fibers is estimated to be one millionth of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of thread are spun. One of great strength for radiating or spoke lines of the web, the cross lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are tenacious, that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass of fluid, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is somewhat afraid, as, for example, a wasp.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Bella Mathison is visiting friends in Brantford.

Miss Maud Templeton spent a day at the Institution last week.

Miss Mabel Hodgson is working at dress making in Simcoe and doing well.

Miss Jack spent the New Year's vacation with her sister in Kingston, where she had a very enjoyable visit.

Mr. Harper Cowan, of London, spent a very enjoyable New Year's time with his deaf mute friends in Toronto.

Mr. Moore, our gardener, who was so severely injured by a fall on the ice on Christmas Day, is able to be around again and is not likely to suffer any permanent injury.

Robert Symington, of Sarma, Canada, accompanied by Charles Harris and Walter Wark, of Flint, made our school a pleasant visit last Monday evening. Michigan Mirror.

Miss Ethel Nurse is suffering with an attack of lagueppe, which, appears to be very prevalent in the city and throughout the province. So far, however all the pupils have been spared.

Miss Maggie Phillimore was visiting her sister, Mrs. Levi Crouse of Ealing, for some time. She has now returned home and during the Christmas holidays entertained Mr. W. H. Goulin and Miss McIntyre, of London.

Mrs. Ashcroft, the esteemed Superintendent of the Mackay Institution for the Deaf at Montreal, wired us on January 1st as follows:—'We wish you all a very Happy and Prosperous New Year. Reciprocated.'

On the 30th ult. Mr. Keith was summoned to Toronto on account of his wife having been severely hurt by a fall on the ice. She is now pretty well recovered, some severe and painful bruises and contusions having been the only injuries.

Mr. Edward White, of Chatham, Ont. made our school a short visit last week. He had just reached from Saginaw and Bay City, where he had been visiting his relatives and friends. He returned home last Monday.—Michigan Mirror.

Dr. Geo. Mathison returned to Winnipeg on the 4th inst. after a very enjoyable, but all too brief visit at his parental home. We were all very sorry that he could not prolong his stay with us, but his professional interests and duties would not permit him to do so. We all wish him a very happy and very prosperous year.

Albert F. Channon, of Dyer's Bay, Ontario, writes that he and his brother often think of the dear old school. They are working at lumbering and are getting on very well. Albert was in Manitoba for a time a few years ago but he did not like the climate and the rolling prairie; he preferred the bushlands of Manitoulin Island.

Mr. Mathison, the superintendent received many kind reminders of his birthday on the 9th inst. They came from old pupils and friends at Washington, Montreal, Detroit, Neillsville, Jarvis, Toronto, Belleville and from the pupils, officers and teachers in the Institution. He appreciates the courtesies very much and the expressions of good will are treasured up in his memory.

Miss Templeton has received a very considerable and welcome addition to her family. On the 28th ult. her sister in law, Mrs. William Templeton, from British Columbia, accompanied by her three children, arrived at her home for a visit. The eldest girl, Miss Maud, went to Toronto last Monday to attend the Presbyterian College. Mrs. Templeton and Miss Maud and Master Edwin will probably remain at Miss Templeton's for a few months.

Mr. D. Fotheringham, P. S. I for South York, who was our official examiner last year, has not forgotten us yet. A few days ago he sent each teacher here a valuable little pamphlet, together with his best wishes for our happiness and success. The brochure comprises two very interesting, instructive, and inspiring papers read before the South York Teachers Association held last October. One was given by himself, and is entitled 'The Teacher's Art and Reward.' The other is a paper on 'Phonics in Ungraded Schools,' by Miss Carey, of Doncaster. We thank Mr. Fotheringham for his kindly remembrance and assure him that we all fully reciprocate his good wishes.

Worth All It Cost.

What return does the State and society get for this outlay (cost of maintaining a school for deaf children?) There are some things that can not be measured with money, the almighty dollar loses weight when put into the balance against a human soul. But the school justifies its existence on the grounds of what has been aptly termed "enlightened selfishness." Ignorance is costly. Our pupils have hand, eye, and muscle as well as mind educated and when they leave us they go back to their communities to become law-abiding, self-supporting citizens. The per cent of the educated deaf who are self-supporting is but little less than that among the hearing. As to the occupations in which they are found, they are many and various. They are cut off by their infirmity from the professions, though there are cases where the difficulties have been surmounted in certain branches of law, medicine and pedagogy as well as in the arts and sciences. But the majority are farmers, artisans and housekeepers, who with broken sword are yet fighting life's battles bravely, hopefully and usually successfully. From every corner of our commonwealth the graduates of the school, rescued from the helpless night of ignorance, rise up and call her blessed. Surely it is worth all it costs!—Kentucky Standard.

A Successful Worry Cure.

A famous actress once said:—"Worry is the foe to all beauty," and she might have added, "it is also the foe to all health." Nothing will bring lines and wrinkles so soon to a face as worry. There are people who worry over a thing for years. It may be something they wish they had not done, or may be something they long to do. The thought of it is with them the moment they open their eyes in the morning, and it is the last thing they think of before falling to sleep. It may even happen that they dream of it, and very, very often it will keep them awake for hours.

Now, what is the good of it? Will worrying remedy what is past, or will it bring the future one day nearer? Is any good to be obtained by it at all? No, it is not, and you know it is not. But, you say, "the thing is on my mind, and I can't get rid of it however I try." It can be done, though, if you try really hard enough, says the Virginia Pilot.

Here is one remedy, and you must say it is a pleasant one. The instant the worry takes hold of you think of some pleasure you have had at one time of your life. The worry will try and poke its way between, but you must take a firm hold of it and put it out. Recall one pleasure after another, and as it brings a smile to your lips and a light to your eyes your face will slowly but surely assume a different and very much more pleasant expression.

Get into the habit of pondering over pleasant things which happen to you each day, and forget all the nasty ones. It is related of an old lady once who kept what she called "a pleasure book," and in it she made a point of recording each day some pleasure she had had. "No matter how dull or tiresome the day has been," she said, "I can always manage to find something to put in my book." Could you possibly find a better way to forget your troubles than by making a note of all your pleasures? We are always better for having been happy, and recalling a happiness that is over gives one a taste of it once more.

Resisting Temptation.

The young man, as he passes through life, advances through a long line of temptations ranged on either side of him; and the inevitable effect of yielding is degradation in a greater or less degree. Contact with them tends to draw away from him some portion of the divine element with which his nature is charged; and his only mode of resisting them is to utter and act out his "No" manfully and resolutely. He must decide at once, not waiting to deliberate and reason, for youth, like "the woman who deliberates," is lost. Temptation will come to try the young man's strength; and once yield, the power to resist grows weaker. Resist manfully and the first decision will give strength for life; repeated, it will become a habit. It is good bits which insinuate themselves into the thousand inconsiderable acts of life that really constitute by far the greater part of man's moral conduct.—Illum's Horn.

Land On Your Feet.

You take a cat up by the tail,
And whirl him round and round,
And hurl him out into the air,
Out into space profound,
He through the sliding atmosphere
Will many a whirl complete;
But when he strikes upon the ground
He'll land upon his feet.

Fate takes a man, just like a cat,
And with more force than grace,
It whirle him whirling round and round,
And hurle him into space;
And those that fall upon the back,
Or land upon the head,
Fate lets them lie there where they fall—
They're just as good as dead.

But some there be that, like that cat,
Whirl round and round and round,
And go gyrating off through space,
Until they strike the ground,
But when at last the ground they touch,
Do really come to rest,
You'll always find them right side up—
They land upon their feet.

And such a man walks off erect,
Triumphant and elate,
And with a courage in his heart
He shakes his fist at fate.
Then fate with a benignant smile
Upon its face outspread,
Puts forth a soft, caressing hand,
And pats him on the head.

And he's fate's darling from that day
His triumph is complete,
Fate loves the man who whirle and whirle,
But lands upon his feet,
That man, whatever his up and down,
Is never wholly spurned,
Whose perpendicularity
Is never overturned.

"Our English."

The wonder is not that pupils make so many mistakes in the use of language, but rather that their errors are so few. For, proud as we are of our mother-tongue, with all its wealth of historical, literary and religious associations, we must confess that its acquisition, by one not born to it, is attended with difficulties manifold and voracious.

Look at its pronunciation, full of inconsistencies. You may say *but, cut, hut, jut, nut, rut, shut, stut, strut, tut, yot* with what a contemptuous pool pooling would the similar sounding of *put* be received! Why should that one poor, useful, little man-of-all work be left out in the cold? Within recent years, some body—name unknown, as it deserves to be!—has seen fit to substitute the curt and unmusical *def* for the smooth and euphonious *deaf* (deaf). *leaf, neaf, sheaf, deaf*—why introduce a discord into the harmonious quartets? Let them be! Who but a native can, with out cough or hiccough, plough through tough dough unerringly?

In spelling, the trouble increases. *Hehere and receive, siege and seize, Britan and Christian, pleasant and present*—knowledge, with its nine letters where five would be sufficient—*explain and explanation*—what can anybody do without a dictionary at the elbow? However, as sight is a better guide than sound in mastering our varied orthography, the deaf moccod in this more generally than hearing persons.

In word-making, in the insertion or omission of certain words, in the arrangement of words, our language is so lacking in uniformity that it deserves the ridicule which too often falls upon the palustaking pupil. If a "baker" is "one who bakes," a "writer" "one who writes," a "sailor" "one who sails," what is more natural than to follow the same process of thought in defining "carpenter" and "tailor," and why should we smile at the sentence, "Arnold was a traitor; it is not right to trait?" Who will give a rule for the use of that bothersome article *the*? Now it is marked in, and now it is marked out, but to assign the why and the wherefore in each case would puzzle even a Lindley Murray. We "allow a pupil to go to town," but may not "let him to go to home." We say *Lake Michigan*, but *Morgan Lake*; *Hudson River*, but *River Nile*. To "trim a tree" is to take something off; to "trim a dress" is to add something to it. A boy is told to "empty" a basket of apples, while another is directed to "empty the apples" into a barrel. A girl is required to "sprinkle the clothes" for ironing, while her sister "sprinkles water" over the carpet. Which is which, and what's what? Is it at all surprising that, after a day's wrestling with such incongruities, a pupil should write, "I am discouragous about my languagos?"

The superficial observer is amused when he reads upon the slates, "I saw a horse white," "A dog cross into me," "A boy funny plays," or "A boy loves her mother," "A girl helps his fat or." Yet in almost every prominent language except our own such forms are correct, as reference to the pages of Plato, Cicero, Gootie, Dante, Racine, or Corvantes will prove. To reform our composite, anom-

alous, unsystematic tongue is out of the question. Of course, pupils must be taught to lay aside their more logical and reasonable ways, and to conform to the usage of the majority. But let us not blame them too much for faults which should rather be laid at the door of "Our English."—*John H. Woods, in Ill. New Era.*

Golden Rule Arithmetic.

"Phil," whispered Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nico?" asked Phil.
"Yes," was the answer; "nico for me."
"Oh!" said Phil, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the school house after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols and that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.
"Well, it's first rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.
"No, sir ee, now tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "wou't your Uncle George, give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"
"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it, it certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said any thing about his ticket; but after a few minutes' struggle, "Phil!" he cried, "I wonder if the man wou'dn't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy little smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he wou'd," he asked eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth, and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But," Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat to the great man, "one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir, we use *Barnard Smith's*," answered the boys. And they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by *Golden Rule*.—*Union Signal.*

Secret of Success.

Here is the secret of success, done up in a small parcel.—Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be poor always. The art does not consist in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many make great waste. Hair by hair the head gets bald; straw by straw the thatch comes off the cottage, drop by drop rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the rod lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all things keep within compass. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff and no tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never stretch your legs farther than the blanket will reach, or your feet will soon be cold. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old. A penny saved is a penny earned.—*Sci.*

If no man says anything against you, be sure you are not doing the world much good by living in it.

Reasons for Daily Exercises.

Body and mind are both gifts and ought to be well cared for, and for the proper use of them our Master will hold us responsible.

Exercise makes one feel like a new man and gradually increases the physical powers and gives more strength to resist diseases.

If you want to feel like a healthy boy you must act part of the time like one. "All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy," is as true in our mature life as it was when we were boys.

Exercise will do for your body what intellectual training will do for the mind—educate and strengthen it.

Galen, the celebrated physician said that we should exercise to prevent disease rather than want to cure it.

You must admit that a sound body lies at the foundation of all that goes to make a success. Judicious exercise will help to give it.

The principal had occasion recently to write a parent thanking him specially for the character of the letters he had habitually written his children. They not only gave good wholesome advice, but manifested an interest in their studies as well as in their enjoyments. The letters were eagerly looked for, not alone for the pleasure that a letter brings of the home news that it may contain, but the sympathetic answer to every detail of their own letters. Occasional letters of this description do good, but when they have continued over a period of years at regular intervals they are a great power for good. If parents realized how much they might add to their children's pleasure and their knowledge, and aid us in our efforts in moulding their character they would write oftener, and take more pains with their letters.—*Silent Echo.*

Learn to laugh. Smile though your heart be breaking. Have a cheery word for all comers and you will be liked by everybody. For an example, in a smile that will live in history, Mrs. Cleveland own the patent. Her smile was never of the stereotyped sort, and in it there was always welcome. But smiling is not the whole of it; laugh out loud, if you please. It may be artificial at first, but it gets to be natural after awhile. Hide your pains and aches under that laugh. The world has troubles of its own, and can't stop to coddle yours. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is considered a public nuisance.

Great causes grow slowly for a long time and then suddenly sweep on to victory.

The greatest need of the day is men who will do what is right, whether it is popular or not.

The man who will not work for a cause till he is certain of its success might as well not work for it at all.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
WEST—3:15 a.m., 4:30 a.m., 6:00 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 5:30 p.m.
EAST—1:30 a.m., 10:47 a.m., 12:10 p.m., 5:30 p.m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—6:40 a.m., 12:10 a.m., 5:35 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

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

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

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

Institution for the Blind.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE Education and Instruction of blind children is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

A. H. DYMOND, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

101

Classes:—

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

Articulation Classes:—

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 4 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 Hible Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:45 a.m., and the Tractarian 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, Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, Rev. J. J. Thompson, M.A., (Presbyterian), Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, (Methodist), Rev. H. Cowart, (Baptist), Rev. M. W. Maclean, (Presbyterian), Rev. Father Connelly, R.C.W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. S. Hill.

HIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3:15, International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATTHEW, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER Hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 3:30 to 5 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 shop will be closed at noon.

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

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

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

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

Visitors:

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

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong 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 opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals or entertain guests at the Institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

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

Sickness and Correspondence.

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

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

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

Parents and friends of Deaf children are warned against Quack doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.