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# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. I,

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1893.

NO. 19.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge  
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:  
DR. J. E. CHAMBERLAIN

### Officers of the Institution:

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

### Teachers:

D. C. GLENN, M.A.	Head Teacher	Miss J. O. TERRILL	Miss M. TEMPLETON	Miss M. M. OSTROM	Miss MARY HULL	Miss FLORENCE MAYRER	Miss MYRTIA LA HALL	Miss ADA JAMES	(Monitor)											
Miss MARGERY CLEGG	Teacher of Articulation	Miss MARY BELL	Teacher of Needle Work	Miss MYRTIA LA HALL	Teacher of Drawing	Miss J. M. HODGINS	JOHN T. BURNS	Instructor of Printing	FRANK FLENN	Master Carpenter	Wm. NUGAR	Master Shoemaker	Miss A. O'CONNOR	D. CUNNINGHAM	Master Baker	Miss E. M. O'NEILL	THOMAS WILSON	Garlener	Miss M. O'NEILL	Farmer

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are in want of instruction, either partial or complete, to receive instruction in the common school.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, who are deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born in 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.

Parent, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for each pupil, including books and medical attendance, which will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board and maintenance, clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

The trades of printing, bookbinding and shoemaking are taught to the deaf mutes. The female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine and all other useful and fancy work as may be desired.

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 first Wednesday in June of each year. All information as to the terms of admission for pupils will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,  
Superintendent

### INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DESTROYED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE OFFICE TO WHICH THEY ARE ADDRESSED. All mail to be sent to the post office at noon and \$4.50 p. m. of each day. Subscriptions for the paper are not allowed. Letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for pupils.



## POETRY

### A SOLILOQUY.

BY ANNE FULLER FISCHER.

No sound, no sound! no loudly chiming bell,  
No cannon's boom, nor wind's intensest roar,  
Nor thunder peal, nor ocean's loudest swell,  
Nor music such as high-toned organs pour,  
Or best-strung harp yield from their sweet store.

No sound, no sound! I dwell alone, alone,  
In silence such as reigns in deepest grave,  
Not even my own voice in sigh or moan  
Starting a single ripple or sound-wave,  
To flow until the shores of sense they lave.

No sound except the echoes of the past,  
Seeming at times in tones now loud, now low,  
The voices of a congregation vast,  
Praising the God from whom all blessings flow  
Until my heart with rapture is aglow.

No pleasant sound, yet I am well content  
To wait until the Master deigns to say  
In tones of sympathy made eloquent,  
"It is enough for thy deliverance day  
Is drawing; weary prisoner, come away."

Sweet world! if they shall be the first to break  
The silence of these swiftly fleeting years,  
What a grand recompense! Henceforth I wake  
Thine the assuagers of my sighs and tears,  
The kind rebuffers of my doubts and fears.



## MISCELLANEOUS

### THE CIPHER.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

The Story of a Silent Love. From the National Observer.

Talton was staying his horse by a spring at Guidon Hill when he first saw her. She was gathering May-apples; her apron was full of them. He noticed that she did not stir until he rode almost upon her. Then she started, first without looking round, as does an animal, dropping her head slightly to one side, though not quite appearing to listen. Suddenly, she wheeled swiftly on him, and her big eyes captured him. The look bewildered him. She was a creature of singular fascination. Her face flooded with expression. Her eyes kept throwing light. She looked happy, yet grave withal; it was the gravity of an uncommon earnestness. She gazed through everything, and beyond. She was young—eighteen or so.

Talton raised his hat, and courteously called a good morning at her. She did not reply by any word, but nodded quaintly and blinked seriously, and yet blithely on him. He was preparing to dismount. As he did so he paused; astonished that she did not speak at all. Her face did not have a familiar language; its vocabulary was its own. He slid from his horse, and, throwing his arm over his neck as it stooped to the spring, looked at her more intently, but respectfully too. She did not yet stir, but there came into her face a slight indication of confusion or perplexity. Again he raised his hat to her, and smiling, wished her a good morning. Even as he did so a thought sprang in him. Understanding gave place to wonder; he interpreted the unusual look in her face.

Instantly he made a sign to her. To that her face responded with a wonderful speech—of relief and recognition. The corners of her apron dropped from her fingers, and the yellow May-apples fell about her feet. She did not notice this. She answered his sign with another, rapid, graceful and meaning. He left his horse and advanced to her, holding out his hand simply, for he was a simple and honest man. Her response to this was spontaneous. The warmth of her fingers invaded him. Her eyes were full of questionings. He gave a hearty sign of admiration. She flushed with pleasure, but made no verbal protest, only gesturing. She was deaf and dumb.

Talton had once a sister who was a mute. He knew that amazing primal gesture-language of this silent race whom God had blown like one-winged birds into the world. He had watched on his sister just such looks of absolute nature as flashed from this girl. They were comrades on the instant: he, reverential, gentle, protective; she, sanguine, candid, beautifully aboriginal in the freshness of her cipher thoughts. She saw the world naked, with a naked eye. She was utterly natural. She was the maker of exquisite, vital gesture-speech.

She glided out from among the May-apples and the long silken grass, to charm his horse with her hand. As she started to do so, he hastened to prevent her, but, utterly surprised, he saw the horse whinny to her cheek, and arch his neck under her white palm—it was very white. Then the animal's chin sought her shoulder and stayed placid. It had never done so to any one before save Talton. Once, indeed, it had kicked a stableman to death. It lifted its head and caught with playful, shaking lips at her ear. Talton smiled; and so, as we said, their comradeship began.

He was a now officer of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Guidon. She was the daughter of a ranchman. She had been educated by Father Corraine, the Jesuit missionary, Protestant though she was. He had learned the sign language while assistant priest in a Parisian chapel for mutes. He taught her this gesture-tongue, which she, taking, rendered divine; and with this she learned to read and write.

Her name was Ida.  
Ida was faultless. Talton was not; but no man is. To her, however, he was the best that man can be. He was unselfish and altogether honest; and that is much for a man not a saint.

When Pierre came to know of their friendship he shook his head doubtfully. One day he was sitting on the hot side of a pine near his mountain hut, soaking the run. He saw them passing below him, along the edge of the hill across the ravine. He said to someone behind him in the shade, who was looking also: "What will be the end of that, eh?"

And the same one replied: "Faith, what the Serpent in the Wilderness could not cure."

"You think he'll play with her?"  
"I think he'll do it without wishin' or willin', maybe. It'll be a case of kiss and ride away."

There was silence. Soon Pierre pointed down again. She stood upon a green mound with a cool ledge of rock behind her, her feet on a margin of solid sunlight, her forehead bare. Her hair sprinkled round her as she gently threw back her head. Her face was full on Talton. She was telling him something. Her gestures were rhythmic, and adorably balanced. Because they were continuous or only regularly broken, it was clear she was telling him a story. Talton gravely, delightedly, nodded response now and then, or raised his eyebrows in fascinated surprise. Pierre, watching, was only aware of vague impressions—not any distinct outline of the tale. At last he guessed it as a perfect pastoral—birds, hunting, deer, winds, sun-dials, cattle, shepherds, reaping. To Talton it was a new revelation. She was telling him things she had thought; she was recalling her life.

Towards the last she said, or gestured: "You can forget the winter but not the spring. You like to remember the spring. It is the beginning. When the daisy first peeps, when the tall young deer first stands upon its feet, when the first egg is seen in the oriole's nest, when the sap first sweats from the tree, when you first look into the eye of your friend; these you want to remember. . . ."

She paused upon this gesture—a light touch upon the forehead, then the hands stretched out, palms upward, with coaxing fingers. She seemed lost in it. Her eyes rippled, her lips pressed slightly, a delicate smile crept through her cheek, and tenderness wimpled all. She glided

slowly from that almost statue-like repose into another gesture. Her eyes drew up from his, and looked away to plumbless distance, all glowing and childlike, and the now ciphers slowly said:

"But the spring dies away. We can only see a thing born once. And it may be ours, yet not ours. I have sighted the perfection Sharon-flower far upon Guidon, yet it was not mine; it was too distant; I could not reach it. I have seen the silver bullfinch floating along the canon. I called to it and it came singing, and it was mine; yet I could not hear its song; and I let it go; it could not be happy so with me. . . . I stand at the gate of a great city, and see all and feel the great shuffles of sound—the roar and clack of wheels, the horse's hoofs striking the ground, the hammer of bells; all; and yet it is not mine—it is far away from me. It is one world, mine is another; and sometimes it is lonely, and the best things are not for me. But I have seen them, and it is pleasant to remember, and nothing can take from us the hour when things were born, when we saw the spring—nothing—never!"

Her manner of speech, as this went on, became exquisite in fineness, slower, and more dreamlike, until with downward protesting motions of the hands she said that "nothing—never!" Then a great sigh surged up her throat; her lips parted slightly, showing the warm, moist whiteness of her teeth; her hands, falling lightly, drew together and folded in front of her. She stood still.

Pierre had watched this scene intently; his chin in his hand, his elbow on his knees. Presently he drew himself up, ran a finger meditatively along his lip, and said to himself: "It is perfect. She is carved from the core of Nature. But this thing has danger for her. . . . well . . . ah!"

A charge in the scene before him caused this last expression of surprise.

Talton, rising from the enchanting pantomime, took a step towards her; but she waved her hand pleadingly, restrainingly, and he paused. With his eyes hooked her mutely, why? She did not answer; but, all at once transformed into a thing of abundant sprightliness, ran down the hill-side, tossing up her arms gaily. Yet her face was not all brilliance. Tears hung at her eyes. But Talton did not see these. He did not run, but walked quickly, following her; and his face had a determined look. Immediately a man rose up from behind a rock on the same side of the ravine, and shook clenched fists after the departing figures. Then he stood gesticulating angrily to himself, until, chancing to look up, he sighted Pierre, and straightway alvied into the underbrush. Pierre rose to his feet, and said slowly: "Talton, there may be trouble for you, also. It is a tangled world."

Towards evening, Pierre sauntered to the house of Ida's father. Light of footsteps, he came upon the girl suddenly. They had always been friends since the days when, at uncommon risk, he rescued her dog from a freshet on the Wild Moose River. She was sitting utterly still, her hands folded in her lap. He struck his foot smartly on the ground. She felt the vibration, and looked up. He doffed his hat and she held out her hand. He smiled, and took it, and as it lay in his, looked at it for a moment, musingly. She drew it back slowly. He was thinking that it was the most intelligent hand he had ever seen. . . . He determined to play a bold and surprising game. He had learned from her the alphabet of the fingers—that is, how to spell words. He knew little gesture language. He therefore spelled slowly: "Howley is angry, because you love Talton."

The statement was so matter-of-fact, so sudden, that the girl had no chance. She flushed, and then paled. She shook her head firmly, however, and her fin-

(Continued on last page.)



# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

### OUR MISSION

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

### SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance.

### ADVERTISING

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

ROY V. SOMERVILLE, 105 Times Building, New York, is our agent for United States advertising.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,  
BELLEVILLE,  
ONTARIO



WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1893.

### A COMPETENT WITNESS.

What Principal Wilkinson has recorded in his "European Notes" cannot be very flattering to the claims of the oralists in America. It must be admitted, at the outset, that he is a competent witness to give testimony in the case. It must also be conceded that his opinions were formed after careful and impartial tests had been made in Germany, Italy, Austria, and France. Mr. Wilkinson's object was to ascertain just what degree of proficiency the most intelligent students of pure oralism could attain, under the most favorable conditions of instruction. He has given us the results of his investigations, and we repeat that, what he says, cannot flatter the conceit of those who would abolish all other systems for instructing the deaf. Some of the deaf persons examined by Mr. Wilkinson were tolerably well educated, in a European sense, but they could not depend upon their ability to read lips for general conversation, and instruction or amusement. This being the case, the utility of the system cannot be successfully defended, nor can it be used to the exclusion of other systems now in favor in America, and rapidly gaining favor in Europe. Pure oralism will not soon relegate the manual and sign methods to the limbo of forgetfulness on this continent; and, we believe, it will not much longer retain its supremacy in Europe.

Henri Gaillard is editor of the *Gazette des Sourds-Muets*, a French publication in the interest of the deaf, and is himself deaf, we presume. Recently, when discussing the claims of the rival systems of deaf-mute instruction, he remarked "It is too early to banish the mass of requiem over the sign language. She will bury all her detractors." Coming from such a source this may be considered somewhat significant. Oralism does not seem to flow with the tide in France, and it certainly does not in England and Germany.

### HOW TO "FETCH HIM."

If Bro. McClure of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute ever gets mad at us, we'll invite him to go fishing. That'll fetch him, so he affirms. Did you ever sport with the ganiv black bass Mac? *Companion*.

"Bro. McClure" was just a little mad at us a few weeks ago, and called us "a journalistic fledgling." He isn't mad now but offers a friendly hand across the border.

We have the most and best "ganiv black bass" to be found in America. The Bay of Quinte is full of 'em. Come over next summer Mac and go fishing with us. Bring your corkscrow along. If it will be convenient for Mr. Smith of the *Companion* to join us, so much the better. Come over.

Our genial friend Bray now a resident of Chicago, has designed a calendar for 1893 which is said to possess unusual merit. The badge worn by school children of the United States on Columbus Day, was also designed by Mr. Bray. He is an artist in that line of first class ability, and his deafness does not discourage him in the keen competition for public favor. We are pleased to hear of his success in so important a line of business, and hope that he may secure a still more substantial recognition of his artistic ability.

The State of Kentucky seems to be an exception to the general rule, as regards deaf children of deaf parents, according to the following from the *Deaf Mute*.—"During the seventy years of the Institution's existence there has hardly been a time when there has not been deaf children of deaf parents among our pupils. At present we have nine children, representing five families, one or both of whose parents are deaf. Experienced here has proved that it is dangerous for two persons congenitally deaf to wed.

Gen. Ben. Butler, whose death was recently reported, once said a deaf man was only "a half-man." The people of the Southern States, it is well known, had no love for Gen. Butler, on account of alleged cruelties to citizens of New Orleans during the civil war. A deaf-mute, not long ago, called at Butler's residence in Washington, leaving his card, on the back of which he wrote "Half-man comes to see Beast."

Prof. Porter, of the National College, was eighty-one years old on the 12th ult. He is hale and hearty, and spends much of his time in his library among his books. We are told that he has written a work entitled—"The best way to teach the English language to the deaf" which is still in manuscript form. His knowledge and experience would guarantee a valuable book, which should be printed for general use.

"Col." Taylor of the *Ranger*, publishes a language lesson, presumably of his own construction, in which, when illustrating the idiom "to go back on," he says, "My girl went back on me." Sorry to hear it, "Col." You bear up under such a trial remarkably well. Keep a stiff upperlip. "There are as good fish in the sea as have been taken from it." That girl will live to repent her folly, too.

### "The Cipher."

The interesting story published in this issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE, under the above caption, is one of the shorter contributions to the leading English magazines by Gilbert Parker. The writer's experience as a teacher in this school enables him to introduce deaf people and their language as subjects of interest in his fictitious sketch. Mr. Parker has already taken high rank as an author, and zeal and ability will carry him still further forward in the paths of literature. The story to which we refer will be found very interesting to the deaf.

### Written for THE CANADIAN MUTE ALFRED TENNYSON.

The greatest waster of my English tongue  
Since the pen fell from Milton's mighty hand,  
Is suchlike Shakespeare's all might understand  
Through every cadence has his music rung  
Victorian;—rigid on his ancient-bung  
Now softest harmonies, now stern and grand  
His glowing language to new splendor faunt  
The flame of England's honor burning low  
Flare to the clash and clang of charger's heels!  
It is the Light Brigade or with the glow  
Fading on Alpine summits, hear the peals  
Of bell born music as the wild winds blow  
The noblest warrior of our laurel crown  
Has passed, but long will live his memory and  
rebound.

HENRY H. BRAY

### The Flat Gone Forth.

The Springfield Ill., correspondent of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, writing Jan 19th says "Governor Altgeld has asked for the resignation of all the trustees of charitable institutions and will begin to fill their places next week. Then will come the removal of such men as Dr. Gillett, who has had charge of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Jacksonville for many years, and has made it known all over this country by his efficient management." This is what we have feared for some time, and can only deplore the circumstances that render such a prejudicial policy possible on the part of any political party.

### THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

The *Deaf Mute's Journal* of New York, has entered its twenty-second year with a resolve to achieve still better results in the future. Under the able management of Mr. A. E. Hodgson it is doing good work for the deaf of America.

The *Deaf-Mute Advance* is twenty-four years old, and claims "that no other paper of its kind can point to so long and distinguished a career. Representing, as it does, unofficially, the largest school for the deaf in the world, the *Advance* occupies an honorable position among its confreres, which it ably fills. It is a good paper.

The two first numbers of the *Deaf Mute's Advocate*, published at the Northern New York Institution, have been received. It is a highly creditable production—typographically, editorially, and otherwise. It makes us better acquainted with Supt. Rider and his school, and we hope it will live long, and accomplish much good for the school where it is published and for the deaf generally. Here is our hand in X.

### CHICAGO CHIPS.

From our own Correspondent

The World's Fair buildings constitute a separate municipality with all distinctive features, just like a great city, called "The White City," and the Fair is expected to surpass in size and variety of exhibits all previous exhibitions.

I have been to the Eskimo village on a visit lately. A party of Eskimos were invited to come to Chicago where there was to be a coming together of all nations. They were promised a village of their own to live in, and, if they wished, their families might come, too. They are on the Exhibition grounds now. They have little sledges and toys, and besides play their games together in their tiny huts and yards. They like ice and snow best. All next summer they will be here, and it will probably be very hard for them to bear the heat without plenty of ice. They will leave for their ice home in Greenland next Fall. What wonderful tales they will have to tell for years to come of the Great World's Fair and our country.

I saw Mrs. Jefferson the other day, and she has very warm feelings towards Canada.

On New Year's Day the services were held in the Auditorium of the Methodist Church, which was attended by a large crowd of mutes and hearing people. Several preachers conducted the services which were interpreted by Dr. Gillett for the deaf, and the Holy Communion was administered.

On the 8th inst. Rev. Mr. Koehler, of Philadelphia, held the services in All Angels Church here and admired the edifice, which was copied from St. Clement's Church in Russia. He knows Mr. Feast, formerly of Toronto.

Prof. Hasenstab, of Jacksonville held the M. E. Church services last Sunday afternoon, taking the text for his discourse from Phil 3:11. The day was awfully cold—5 degrees below zero.

R. M. T.  
Chicago, Jan 14th, 1893

### THE DEAF AND DUMB

Their Lot is Hard, but Much to be Done to lighten it

GRAND WORK AT THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE

To the Editor of the *Intelligencer*

I wonder if your readers have given any thought to the Deaf and Dumb? What it means to them to hear the sweet voices of father and mother, to be able to sleep by the soft lullaby of mother's voice—never to hear the whirring of love, the carols of the birds, or the songs of the father-land, the grand diapason of the music of the many-throated band, the melody of the summer wind through the leaves, to have the soul so flooded with golden light that it seemed as if the melody of heaven had been caught, and wafted by gentle breezes to earth—to sit in large assembly and to listen either to hear or speak—to be present when made the inspiration of the orator, soul in every soul, and the masses vibrate with emotion, not to hear a sound, or know why the people have come together—to be filled with intense longing to enter the arena in the great conflict of life, and win renown by statesmanship and wisdom of mind, yet to be forever debarred from the great prizes in the commercial and political world, cannot be won by him who can neither hear nor speak—to have his soul filled with yearning to plead the cause of the oppressed, to see and wear the crown of a Judge, and yet to be handicapped as to be out of the race, with his inefficient vigorous frame yet ruled by an awful destiny. Oh, the intercessor and deprecator would be ours, were we to suffer such a fate! How would we utter rain cries and prayers and supplicate heaven to shield us from such a destiny, and yet two hundred and sixty thousand ones are to be found to-day in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, under the superintendence of Mr. Mathison.

Deaf and dumb! It seems so hard, so hard  
No sound—no sound, silence on every side,  
Silence as perfect, utter and profound as space  
When chaos yawned, deep, dark and wide

Deaf and dumb! It seems so hard  
Dumb though the mind be all alive  
Thought,  
Dumb, though the spirit's tenderness death and thoughts  
Are into ecstasy or frenzy wrought.

At the very kind invitation of Mr. Mathison spent a day of unalloyed pleasure at the Institute. The building was beautifully decorated with pictures, busts and evergreens. Everywhere welcomed in hall and public rooms. Everywhere was to be found perfect cleanliness and order. The cultured taste of Mr. Mathison showed in the interior of the building to be painted in light and pleasant tints—there is not a sombre or dull color in the building. The class rooms are light and well ventilated. There should, however, be a large building devoted exclusively to school purposes. Class rooms should not be in the same building with the dormitories, kitchen, etc. The chapel will well repay a visit. The painting in this room is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. The color scheme is charming. On the blackboard was delineated a well executed representation of Santa Claus. Two objects are gained by rare attention to ornamentation. The pupils learn through the eye and are thus aided in order and neatness. They are also taught the selection of beautiful and appropriate colors to blend and combine harmoniously. The most noticeable feature of this institution is that everything is practical—the lessons taught, the language employed—the information conveyed is all of the nature and kind required for use in daily life. Those who are graduated from the Institution with a vast store of practical knowledge and useful information. In the spare time at my disposal it was not possible to gain anything like a fair conception of the work performed by the teachers. It would require days of hard, but agreeable toil, in visiting the classes to gain a thorough and comprehensive idea of what is taught and the methods pursued in teaching. In the primitive classes, the students are filled with object lessons of animals, and other objects, in endless variety. The pupils are carefully graded. From class to class you trace the evolutionary process. Some of the pupils are from houses, where no attempt has been made towards education, where much has to be learned. The pupils under such circumstances know little to begin with. Through their eyes they learn to learn, and then the light of the light of the intellect, begins to dawn. The little faces beam, and you catch the intense expression, as they strive to grasp what is being taught. The progress made is astonishing. In the higher classes, the questions and difficulties were so difficult, the solutions so simple and correctly given, that the impression produced was amazing. The classes in drawing and designing, are doing excellent work.

To teach the dumb to speak, was all that the ages considered a miracle; yet that is done here in the articulation classes. The pupils converse with their teacher, readily repeating the questions from her lips, and giving verbal replies. None of the pupils are naturally mute. It must require a great deal of enthusiasm and endeavor to educate these dwarfed minds. The grand charity does not content itself with imparting mental education; the girls are taught plain and fancy sewing, laundry work, cooking, baking, etc. The printing room is a work of cleanliness, and the work done cannot be done by steam. The cooking and housework of the gentlemanly superintendent, Mr. Bandman contains everything required for the Institution. The bookkeeping is so thorough, that a careful check is established. Every thing is obtained by written requisition—agencies at the bank with large how many eggs, how much butter, etc. etc. are on hand in every department. Kindness and cheerfulness prevail throughout the dining room, and see the troops of smiling, bright, intelligent children, and not one of them who will not feel moisture in his eye, and a lump in his throat, as he looks at the little afflicted ones, and thinks of the Institution that is brightening their lives, and making them intellects, and teaching them to hold their own in the world. The world is a cruel and discontented place. The boys have won their confidence and respect. They must require wonderful tact to provide for an Institution, and to do it so successfully. The huge machine runs without jar or trouble until now it seems impossible to improve. The Government is that of love, kindness, and very seldom is punishment of any kind inflicted. If our citizens would, at suitable times, visit the Institution they would be most kindly received and then they would be enabled to learn something about the working of the charity which materially affects our city.

J. J. B. F.





Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

OFFICERS

WM. NURSE, Belleville; H. W. BLAZEN, Toronto; A. W. MASON, Toronto; A. F. SMITH, Brantford; D. J. McKILLIP, Belleville; D. R. COLEMAN, Belleville.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

H. Mathison, President; Wm. Nurse, Vice-President; Wm. Douglas, Secretary; D. J. McKillop, Treasurer.

BASEBALL CLUB

J. A. Isbister, President; J. Henderson, Vice-President; Willie McKay, Secretary; Jas. Chantler, Treasurer.

LITERARY SOCIETY

H. Mathison, President; Wm. Nurse, Vice-President; D. J. McKillop, Secretary; Ada James, Treasurer; J. A. Isbister, Treasurer.

HOME NEWS

Several of the boys are suffering from sore eyes. They attribute it to getting cold in them.

The new U. S. postage stamps are being eagerly sought after and procured by stamp collectors.

The principal exercise for some of the boys has been to keep the little pond clear of snow lately.

Papa, has your little boy or girl a pair of skates? If not, send a pair or the money to purchase them. It will be a good investment.

The fleet of ice-boats is almost snowed under, near the Institution wharf, and the bold sailor boys are seeking other kinds of winter sports.

If the boys could be sure of getting clear ice on the bay again before spring, they would form a hockey club, and challenge the city boys to a game.

Spring is coming! Only one more winter month, and that is the shortest of them all. We do not expect to pluck flowers in March, but it will be Spring.

Our Mr. Beaton has been distinguishing himself again at a public meeting in the Bridge Street Methodist church, by rendering favorite pieces in the sign language.

An interesting exercise with the pupils of Class C, is to point out places on the maps that have been named. They are becoming quite familiar with the physical features of Canada.

The Scientific American has been added to the files of papers in the boys' reading-room. They can now take note of the various new inventions, and we hope will become more interested in mechanism.

Maggie Robinson has returned to school by permission of the Superintendent. Her parents were very anxious to have her resume her studies. She will be more careful about taking holidays without leave hereafter.

Several of the pupils have been placed under obligations to Miss Curlette, teacher of articulation, for a supply of newspapers, which were no longer of use to her, but of much interest and equal use to those who received them.

A number of the boys have had sore eyes, the result of severe cold and snow reflection, and have been wearing glasses to assist their vision. One of the pupils, in an original composition, when referring to the glasses, said the boys had glass-eyes.

For the violation of a rule by some of their number, the girls had the privileges of the skating-rink denied them, and it was only by an humble address to the Superintendent, asking for forgiveness and expressing sorrow, that they were reinstated.

The carpenters have just finished a new ventilator for the ice-house; the one put in when the place was built was found to be too small. Now stairs to the engine room have also been put up; our necks feel safer as we descend down there now.

What becomes of the slate pencils lost, or destroyed, by the pupils of a school for the deaf? There will be some kind of a slate quarry where this school building stands in the future—when Macaulay's New Zealander takes observations from the ruins of London Bridge.

The days are growing longer, and the pupils in the work-shops are now able to do without gas. The carpenters and shoe-makers wish that the weather would get warmer, too, so that they could pack away their stores for the summer. "The printing office is more fortunate, as they have steam fixtures there.

It is a long time since we experienced such a protracted and severe cold spell as we have this season. Beginning just before Christmas, Jack Frost "held the fort," with little relaxation in the rigor of his rule, until late in January. Some of our boys had frozen ears, cheeks, and noses, but they did not mind that much.

As is usual at this season, our gas is of an poor, and candles have to be brought in to supplement the light some times. Such of the boys as have a streak of mischief in their composition don't generally mind it, only when they have to go to bed before their time. When we are in semi-darkness, it makes us wish that we had electricity and were independent of the city gas house.

Supt. Mathison left on the evening of 23rd ult., for Washington, D. C., on business in connection with the Executive Committee, of which he is a member. He may have something to say about his visit to the American capital in a future issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

On the evening of the 11th ult., Prof. Balis, at the request of the Literary Society, gave the pupils a lecture on the modes of life and habits of the tribes that inhabit the Arctic Circle. The lecture was accompanied by crayon illustrations on the slates, and was both instructive and interesting, and the pupils enjoyed it.

Mr. Alexander Henry, a prominent and influential citizen of Napanee, visited us on the 20th ult., and with the Superintendent made short calls on teachers and others. He and our master printer, Mr. Burns, worked together in a printing office thirty years ago. They are staunch friends still, and were happy to meet and renew old associations.

During his leisure, Robert Hanson cut out and made up a set of shirts to complete the uniforms of the Athletic Association teams, to be worn during their matches. They are of fine blue cloth and will bear the insignia of the Association on the breast. With the completion of these, our boys' uniforms will be equal to those worn by the best teams in the country.

The Rev. E. R. Young, Missionary to the Indians in the North West, visited the Institution on the 16th ult., in company with Rev. E. N. Baker, of Bridge Street Church. In the evening he gave a public lecture on his work, accompanied by lime-light views of the various phases of Indian life, in the Bridge St. Methodist Church. About 25 of our elder boys attended, and they enjoyed the two scenes exceedingly, though, of course, they missed the lecture.

For the past two years, Robert Hanson has been learning the tailoring trade with Mr. Mills in the city. Robert is a handy lad with his needle, and always showed an aptitude for the trade. He is an industrious boy, and every morning, rain or shine, dinner basket in hand, he trots off over the two miles to his work in the city, and we do not see him again until the evening. He is at present enjoying two weeks holidays while alterations are being made in his employer's store.

One little boy here seems to have turned over a new leaf with the New Year, and has begun with good resolutions to redeem the past as far as he can. His teachers, past and present, were begged for forgiveness for various offences. Mr. Cunningham was visited and received a confession of many cakes, &c., stolen. Mr. Nurse no longer wondered why his shop made so little profit after the lad had confessed what he had stolen for balls. Good boys who try to do better are always encouraged here, and this one received plenty of good advice, with hearty hand-shakes as he went his rounds.

We have a splendid outdoor skating rink this winter, and no one wants to go back into the covered rink again. It is flooded over a larger area than ever before, and 150 skaters can enjoy the sport without being crowded. If the boys wield their brooms and shovels as regularly as they have been doing, the ice will be kept in nice condition. Now we have connection with the city water works, and it is quite easy to flood the rink at any time. The boys have organized to keep the ice clean. Isbister, Baizana, Reeves, Henderson and Bloom have each a dozen boys under their orders to sweep up after the ice has been used. After a fall of snow all turn out to help clear the surface.

Our good-natured Simple Simon, Henry Lentz, has had set up, a row of enamelled tomb stones in the place of his departed teeth. For years he has bewailed the loss of his natural grinders. Successive classes of carpenters and shoemakers have pitied his misfortune, and have often tried their skill as amateur dentists, but each have failed, and it looked as if poor Henry would go through his school days almost toothless, and so it was a surprise when he came in one evening with a new set of new teeth. Only by great coaxing could he be persuaded to let his school-mates look at his treasures, so useful was he of losing them. They were made and fitted by our Superintendent's son George, who gave them as a free gift. There is not a prouder or happier boy here now than Henry, and we guess Master George's boots will be well blacked after this.

Extracts from Letters

An old pupil living in Detroit writes:—"It is a long time since I wrote you, but as the CANADIAN MUTE tells me how you all are, I write to let you know how I am getting on. My health has been pretty good during the past year, and I have earned enough to pay all expenses and save something. I have many things to be thankful for.

A grandmother writes:—"It has been a great comfort and relief for me to feel assured my grand daughter had every care and comfort, and I now write to thank you, the Matron and nurses, most sincerely for the attention she received and all the kindness bestowed upon her since she entered the Institution. I am unable to express the gratitude I often feel when thinking of your kindness and loving care over the members of your interesting, but in many cases, helpless pupils.

Mr. D. D. Surratt, of Lewiston, Maine, is a native of New Brunswick, Canada. He attended the School for the Deaf at St. John for several years, and while there made very good progress in his studies. The last four years he has been working on the Gingham looms in the Lewiston Mills, Maine, where he gives good satisfaction to his employers. We are always glad to hear of our Canadian friends, wherever they may locate. Our deaf friends always do credit to their native country.

A grandfather writes:—"I cannot express myself as I would like. When I think of the poor ignorant boy that I left in your care a few years ago, and to think of the perfection he has arrived at in the Institution, it appears more like a miracle than anything else. I think you must feel proud of a number of pupils that received their education at the Institution. I see by the paper that many of them express their thankfulness to you for your kindness to them while under your care. This must be very pleasing to you. I am sincerely grateful for what has been done for my grandson.

A mother writes:—"We feel it our duty to express our thankfulness to you for the way our son is being educated and cared for. We were very much surprised to see how nicely he could write and draw, and so were our neighbors. He said he would like to learn to speak. Do you think he can be taught? We would be so delighted, and I do wish he may have a trial as this is his 7th term. He always likes to come home, but is pleased to go back again. We are glad to see him, but we feel perfectly satisfied that he is kindly treated there, as the school has made a great change in him. He is so kind and affectionate at home. Our sincere prayer is that God's richest blessing may ever rest upon all engaged there in that good and grand work.

STONY CREEK ITEMS.

From our own Correspondent.

The weather since Christmas has been fine and cold, several nights the thermometer has gone down from 5 to 10 below zero, but as far as I have known there has not been much suffering. The sleighing has been, and is, excellent, and we hope it will continue so for a while.

The toboggan slide near the village, which is said to be one of the best in Canada, is crowded every night to its fullest capacity. Hundreds have enjoyed themselves there. They do not have to walk up after the sliding, as there are two slides from which they start to slide down one on the east, and the other on the west. I have never tried it, but I will before long.

Great banks of ice piled up along Lake Ontario are a very grand sight. Every time the wind blows from the east, it increases the beauty. It is lovely to see them when they are glittering in the sunshine.

I was sorry to hear that George Dickson met with the accident, which you described in the paper, but I hope he is getting on nicely now. I would like to know what he was thinking about when he was in bed.

There were three cases of scarlet fever here, they were three little girls, under five years of age. One of them died. She died with croup, as she caught cold after she was getting better of the fever. No fears for me, as I had it when a baby.

[Ed. Note: We will be pleased to hear from our friend at Stony Creek whenever he finds it convenient to write for THE CANADIAN MUTE. His "items" will be published.]

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 1, 1893.

The above society held a business meeting on the 24th ult., when all were present, except Miss Henry, who was getting something warm; she however came out. The voting lever for the convention seems to have struck the pupils, for the following subject was put up for debate and carried—"Resolved.—That the convention had better meet this summer than be postponed until 1894."

The Dufferin Literary Society.

The above society held a business meeting on the 24th ult., when all were present, except Miss Henry, who was getting something warm; she however came out. The voting lever for the convention seems to have struck the pupils, for the following subject was put up for debate and carried—"Resolved.—That the convention had better meet this summer than be postponed until 1894."

Institution Reports.

The 25th annual report of the "Clark Institution for Deaf-mutes," located at Northampton, Mass., is also on our table. This school is devoted to the study and system of instruction, and under the care of Caroline A. Yale, has accomplished a good deal towards popularizing that system. The teachers and officers are all women, excepting the steward, farmer and master of the cabinet shop. The attendance during the year ending Aug 31st, '92, numbered 118. This report also contains some excellent illustrations of the school buildings.

The 30th annual report of the Texas School for the deaf has been received. It is somewhat of a surprise to read on one little page of this report, published in 1892, such words as these: "Texas Deaf and Dumb Asylum." The reformers certainly have not converted all to the way of viewing such matters. But, let us not mind the school, be what it may, or a good school, and is doing excellent work. The report gives several illustrations of the school rooms, and apartments generally, which exhibit an admirable order of instruction and arrangement. The number of pupils enrolled was 24, and the actual attendance 20 at the time the report was issued. The per capita annual cost was \$1.

How to arouse an interest among pupils, came up at the business meeting of the Western Institution, recently, and quite a little time was spent in discussing it. It was decided that the best way to select some book, or newspaper, suitable for his class, and through which would be printed to supply the pupils. It is believed this is a superior direction.

(Continued from first page.)

gers slowly framed the reply: "You guess too much. Foolish things come to the idle."

"I saw you this afternoon," he slightly urged.

Her fingers trembled slightly. "There was nothing to see." She knew he could not have read her gestures. "I was telling a story."

"You ran away from him—why?" This questioning was cruel that he might, in the end, be kind.

"The child runs from its shadow, the bird from its nest, the fish jumps from the water—that is nothing." She had recovered somewhat. But he said: "The shadow follows the child, the bird comes back to its nest, the fish cannot live beyond the water. But it is sad when the child, in running, rushes into darkness and loses its shadow; when the nest falls from the tree; and the hawk catches the happy fish. . . . Hawley saw you also."

Hawley, like Ida, was deaf and dumb. He lived over the mountains, but came often. It had been understood that, one day she should marry him. It seemed fitting. She had said neither yes nor no. And now?

A quick tremor of trouble trailed over her face, then it became very still. Her eyes bended on the ground steadily. Presently a bird hopped near, its head coquetting at her. She ran her hand gently along the grass towards it. The bird tripped on it. She lifted it to her chin, at which it pecked tenderly. Pierre watched her keenly—admiring, pitying. He wished to serve her. At last, with a kiss upon its head, she gave it a light toss into air, and it soared, lark-like, straight up, and, hanging overhead, sang the day into the evening. Her eyes followed it. She could feel it was singing. She smiled, and lifted a finger lightly towards it. Then she spelled to Pierre this: "It is singing to me. We imperfect things love each other."

"And what about loving Hawley, then?" Pierre persisted.

She did not reply; but a strange look came upon her, and in the pause Talton came from the house and stood beside them. At this Pierre lighted a cigarette, and with a good-natured nod to Talton walked away.

Talton stooped over her, pale and eager. "Ida," he gestured, "will you answer me now? Will you be my wife?"

She drew herself together with a little shiver. "No," was her steady reply. She ruled her face into stillness, so that it showed nothing of what she felt. She came to her feet wearily, and drawing down a cool flowering branch of chestnuts, pressed it to her cheek.

"You do not love me?" he asked nervously.

"I am going to marry Luke Hawley," was her slow answer. She spelled the words. She used no gesture to that. The fact looked terribly hard, and in flexibility so. Talton was not a vain man, and he believed he was not loved. His heart crowded to his throat.

"Please go away now," she begged, with an anxious gesture. While the hand was extended, he reached and brought it to his lips, then quickly kissed her on the forehead, and walked away. She stood trembling, and as the fingers of one hand hung at her side they spelled mechanically these words: "I would spoil his life; I am only a muto—a dummy!"

As she stood so, she felt the approach of some one. She did not turn instantly but, with the aboriginal instinct, listened, as it were, with her body; but presently faced about—to Hawley. He was red with anger. He had seen Talton kiss her. Less one of his faculties, he had proportionately less self-restraint. He caught her smartly by the arm, but, awed by the great calmness of her face dropped it, and fell into a fit of sullenness. She spoke to him: he did not reply. She touched his arm: he still gloomed. All at once the full force of her sacrifice rushed upon her, and overpowered her. She had no help at her critical hour, not even from this man she had intended to bless. There came a swift revulsion, all passions stormed in her at once. Despair was the resultant of these forces. She swerved from him immediately, and ran hard towards the high-banked river!

Hawley did not follow her at once: he did not guess her purpose. She had almost reached the leaping place when Pierre shot from the trees and seized her. The impulse of this was so strong that they slipped, and quivered on the precipitous edge; but

Pierre righted them, and presently they were safe.

Pierre held her hard by both wrists for a moment. Then, drawing her away, he looked her, and spelled these words slowly: "I understand. But you are wrong. Hawley is not the man. You must come with me. It is foolish to die."

The riot of her feelings, her momentary despair, were gone. It was even pleasant to be mastered by Pierre's firmness. She was passive. Mechanically she went with him. Hawley approached. She looked at Pierre. Then she turned on the other. "Yours is not the best love," she signed to him; "it does not trust; it is selfish." And she moved on.

But an hour later Talton caught her to his bosom and kissed her full on the lips. . . . And his right to do so continues to this day.

### Helen Keller's Dog.

In a recent letter from Miss Sullivan, Helen's governess, received by Mr. Anagnos since the publication of the report, came this pathetic little anecdote about her:

Helen has a puppy—a most precious, beloved little puppy. One day, in her joyous but sightless frolics, she accidentally trod upon his little, soft body.

When she realized that she had hurt her dear doggie, it was more than her sensitive and loving heart could bear, and her teacher saw her stand a moment in an attitude of the deepest distress, and spell out into the air, with those swift little talking fingers of hers: "I am too blind! I am too blind!"

Sweet, tender heart! There is no self-pity marring her radiant life; and it was only when her deprivation caused her to inflict pain upon others than herself that she sorrowed over being "too blind!"



We are reliably informed that there will be no living exhibit at the World's Fair from the various institutions for the deaf of the country, but the Illinois school will have a living exhibit during the whole time of the Fair.

The Margate (Eng.) Institute for the Deaf, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary in May last. This school was founded by Dr. Watson, a nephew of Thomas Braidwood, one of the first English teachers of the deaf.

Hoy, the famous deaf-mute ball player of the Washington team last season is an economical sort of a fellow. He runs a shoe shop during the winter and salts away his ball salary entirely. He is a resident of Findlay, Ohio.

An exceptionally wise magistrate of Belfast, Ireland, has given as his legal opinion that deaf-mutes cannot use abusive language in sign. He would change his mind if he ever saw a hot game of foot-ball between deaf-mutes.—*Ec.*

The school for the deaf made an excellent showing at the Utah territorial fair. All the industrial departments made creditable exhibits. Among the things displayed was an engine and tender made of wood by one of the deaf boys.

To come down to a simple statement, the Silent Hoosier would like to see a technical school for the deaf of the United States located within the hour of Indiana, and bespeak of the committee a favorable consideration of the State's advantages.

The position of a teacher is not an enviable one. It requires a combination of rare qualities, besides that of patience. A college professor once told us that "all good teaching is tedious." This implies that the teacher must combine patience with industry, and never weary of repetition, for with the deaf reviews are frequent and progress generally slow.—*Advance.*

The following is an outline of the new institution for the deaf to be built in Edinburgh, Scotland. The institute is to be erected at the corner of West Campbell and West Regent streets, and will consist of a chapel to accommodate 200 persons, a hall for meetings, reading and recreation rooms, billiard and smoking rooms, a gymnasium, and a show room for the exhibition of work made by deaf-mutes.

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### 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 morning at 11 a. m. in the Y. M. C. A. Building at corner Queen Street West and Dovercourt Road. Leaders: Messrs. Fraser, Boudinot and Slater. In the afternoon at 3 p. m. in the Y. M. C. A. Building at corner of College Street and Spadina Avenue. Leaders: Messrs. Nasmith and Bridgen.

The Literary Society meets on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month, in the Y. M. C. A. Building, corner of Queen St. West and Dovercourt Road, at 8 p. m. President, C. J. Howe; Vice-Pres., A. W. Mason; Secretary, R. C. Slater; Treas., W. J. Terrell. The above officers, with P. Fraser, form the Executive Committee. All resident and visiting deaf-mutes are cordially invited to attend the meetings.

### The Los Angeles Association of the Deaf.

SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY at 3 p. m., at the Guild Room of the St. Paul Church, Olive Street, Los Angeles. Officers—1. The holding of religious services in the sign language. 2. The social and intellectual improvement of deaf-mutes. 3. Assisting them to get employment at their trades. 4. Visiting and aiding them in sickness. 5. Giving information and advice where needed. OFFICERS:—President, Norman V. Lewis; Vice-President, Alex. Houghton; Secretary-Treasurer and Missionary, Thos. Will. The post office address of Mr. Thos. Will is Station K, Los Angeles, Cal., to whom all communications should be addressed.

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NOW READY! Facts, Anecdotes and Poetry about the Deaf and Dumb. Copyrighted 1901, by E. A. Hodson. Contains interesting facts, anecdotes, entertaining, humorous and pathetic; poetry, beautiful, touching and sublime. This book is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 225 pages, printed on heavy paper, bound in cloth, with title in gold letters. Every deaf mute should have one. Orders now received. Price, one dollar per volume. Address E. A. HODSON, Box, Station M., New York City.

FOR SALE. HISTORY OF DEAF-MUTE EDUCATION in Ontario, illustrated with thirty-four fine engravings. Single copies, paper cover, 25c; full cloth, 50c. By the dozen copies, paper cover, 17c; cloth, 35c. each. C. J. HOWE, 175 Dovercourt Road, Toronto, Ont.

Grand Trunk Railway. TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION: WEST—5:50 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 11:55 a. m.; 4:15 p. m.; EAST—1:15 a. m.; 6:25 a. m.; 11:10 a. m.; 12:45 p. m.; 6:00 p. m. MARG AND PITHAGORAS BRANCH—5:45 a. m.; 11:20 a. m.; 4:30 p. m.

## GENERAL INFORMATION.

### Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS.—From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p. m. DAILY CLASS from 8:30 to 8 p. m. on Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week. GIRLS' VARY WORK CLASS on Monday and Wednesday afternoons of each week from 3:30 to 5. DION CLASS for Junior Teachers on the afternoons of Monday and Wednesday of each week from 3:10 to 4. EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p. m. for senior pupils and from 7 to 8 for Junior pupils.

### Articulation Classes:—

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

### Religious Exercises:—

EVERY SUNDAY.—Primary pupils a 9 a. m.; senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture at 2:30 p. m., immediately after which the BIBLE Class will assemble. Each SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:30 a. m., and the teacher in charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards discuss their actual day's work. 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. HONORARY VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Canon Hurke, Right Rev. Monseigneur FARRBY, V. G., Rev. J. A. George, (Presbyterian); Rev. E. N. Baker, (Methodist); Rev. E. Marshall, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Maclean, (Presbyterian); Rev. Father O'Brien.

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

### Industrial Departments:—

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTRY HOURS from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., and from 1:30 to 3:30 p. m. for pupils who attend school; for those who do not from 7:30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3:30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

THE SWEWING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a. m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3 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.

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

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

3.—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 Monday afternoons. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 12 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

### Admission of Children:—

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong waiting 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 Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Hamilton Hotels at moderate rates.

### Clothing and Management:—

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

### Sickness and Correspondence:—

In case of the serious illness of pupils letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THAT ALL 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.

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

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 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 attentional deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.