

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. I.,

BELLEVILLE, JUNE 15, 1892.

NO. 9.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:
DR. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATTHEWSON, Superintendent.
A. MATTHEWSON, Director.
J. F. KIRK, M. D., Physician.
MISS DAUFEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

Head Teacher: MISS J. O. TRIBBLE.
Miss S. TRIMBLETON.
Miss M. M. OSTRUM.
Miss MARY FULL.
Miss FLORENCE MAYNOR.
Miss SYLVIA S. HALL.
Miss CARRIE COLEMAN.
Miss MARGERY TRIMBLETT, Teacher of Attendants.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Needle Work.
Miss S. H. HALL, Teacher of Drawing.
JOHN T. HUBBS, Instructor of Printing.
FRANK FLYNN, Master Carpenter.
W. MUMBY, Master Shoemaker.
D. GUNNIBONAN, Master Barber.
THOMAS WILLS, Gardener.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common schools.
Admission between the ages of seven and fifteen, in the case of deafness in intellect, and from fifteen to twenty-one, in the case of deafness in hearing. The regular term of instruction is three years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.
Parents, guardians or friends who are able to defray the cost of the tuition, board and medical attendance are admitted free.
Pupils whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to defray the cost of their education are admitted on the basis of a grant from the Province.
The trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the pupils. Pupils are instructed in general English, work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, the use of the Sewing Machine, and other manual and fancy work as may be required.
All having charge of deaf mute children are advised to send them to this Institution for their education and improvement.
The annual Manual Term begins on the first Monday in September, and the annual English Term begins on the first Monday in June of each year. The terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATTHEWSON,
Superintendent.

Grand Trunk Railway.

BELLEVILLE STATION:
Trains leave Belleville for Toronto at 7:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 3:45 p.m., 7:00 p.m.
Trains leave Toronto for Belleville at 7:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 3:45 p.m., 7:00 p.m.



THE DEAF AND DUMB.

CORDIALLY INDITED TO THE BENEFITORS OF THE DEAF-MUTE.

Send to the CANADIAN MUTE:

In vain the woodland's feathered choir
In vain the zephyrus may sing
In vain the rattle of the lyre
May issue from the quivering string
In vain the cadenced notes of song
May soothe the deaf and dumb employ.
When solemn souls the ear among
Delightful sounds it can't enjoy

What boots musicians' cultured skill,
Or rhetoric of gifted speech,
To him whose sense cannot thrill,
Nor verbal sentences e'er reach?
The language that the dumb man talks
Expressed by gesture, looks and signs
Is understood of those who talk,
Nor ever thoroughly defines.

The wrattle of his children's glee
He can but understand by sight
Upon each face he looks to see
The signal tear or smile a delight
But when the wall of anguish breaks
From infant lips, by pain impelled,
Although his heart with pity quakes,
How shall the weeping one be quieted?

Mute as a voiceless statue, he
Can utter not the burning thought,
Which, half unloosed, still struggles free
From shackled silence, but untroubled
With half the emphasis or sense
Cheerful in every spoken word,
By its magnetic eloquence,
To those by whom its sound is heard.

Deaf and dumb! Oh! how bereaved
Of nature's twin of precious gifts
Were you infinitely coveted
Which leaves but mind-betiding rills
Whence e'er your mental powers
Intelligence may filter through,
Like sunlight to a sheltered room,
My brother, we should pity you.

WILLIAM T. JAMES
In "RHYMES ABOUT AND ABOUT"
Toronto.



THE "NEW BOY."

WHY THE PROPRIETOR EXPECTED A SUCCESSFUL CAREER FOR HIM.

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?"
"Because the first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will change your mind about him."
"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I think not."

Three days later the business man said to his wife.
"About that boy you remember I spoke of a few days ago. Well, he is the best boy that ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"
"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began work he performed every faithful and systematic duty assigned to him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said 'Mr. M— I have finished all that work. Now what can I do?'"

"I was surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man." Business men, heads of firms, know exactly when they see it, and they make a note of it. Willingness to do more than the assigned task is one of the chief stepping-stones to commercial success.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Word to Boys.

Boys, be kind to loved ones at home. Don't wound your parents' hearts with words of impatience and disrespect. Remember the love and care they have lavished, and will continue to lavish on you, from the cradle to the grave. Remember what your life has caused them—how many sleepless nights and dreary days have come to them because of their love for you. Don't come into their presence with an air of disrespect and self-importance, don't imagine that because you came into the world several years after them that you are therefore wiser, don't get impatient and resentful because they favor you with some of their dearly bought experience and wholesome advice, don't expect them to see things from your standpoint or sympathize with you in all your little disappointments. Remember they have fought life's fiercest battles and been sorely wounded therein, and they know you are yet only on the skirmish line.

Don't be too eager to leave the home nest. Of course it is natural and right for every boy, when the proper time comes, to think and plan for a home of his own but don't imagine the time has come when you put on your first swallowtail and cravat.

No matter how well you may promise to do, the day you leave the old homestead to start out for yourself in the world will be a day of mourning to the old folks therein. So be careful and don't try to remind them on every occasion that the time is coming and that you are anxious for it to come.

Be courteous to your sister. There is an old adage, "that as the boy treats his sister so the man will treat his wife." Show your sisters the same kindness and courtesy that you would the fairest lady in the land. Don't appropriate the easiest chair in the room and leave them to take the footstool or hunt a seat at pleasure. Don't snap them up when they ask you a question or answer them as if they were idiots, incapable of comprehending a sensible reply. Don't go into the room which their careful hands have made tidy and throw things around as if to convert it into a curiosity shop, and then wonder why your "things" are not always in order. A gentle boy will make a gentleman, and there is no surer proof of a boy's character than his manner at home.—*Baptist Standard.*

In Grippe and Deafness.

A correspondent of the *Deaf Mutes' Journal* writes:—In deafness to be more common as a result of a grippe? According to the State Homoeopathic Medical Society held in Cincinnati last week, the question seems to be decided in the affirmative. Dr. D. C. McDermott, of that city, read a paper on the subject, in which he says: "Three years ago, a grippe came among us and it has remained very continuously ever since. When it first made its appearance the disease affected the middle ear. Last year, however, there appeared new and more complicated manifestations. The nervous apparatus became involved. Many became profoundly deaf and could scarcely hear the loudest voice, and certain notes of music were entirely indistinct."
There were several notable symptoms or manifestations noted about these grippe effects. First, a tuning fork could be heard best through the forehead, second, the hearing was better in a quiet place, third, conversations were more audible than the tick of a watch, fourth, sudden noises produce painful impressions. Other doctors gave cases of like nature, and of suppurative in the ear after the disease left.

The Indiana School has made the wearing of uniforms by its boys obligatory for the next session.

WISE WORDS.

ORNS FROM THACKERY.

Nothing is secret.
A good laugh is sunshine in a house.
I would rather win honor than honors.
Life without laughing is a dreary blank.

I would rather have genius than wealth.
A hero, whether he wins or loses, is a hero.
You get the truth habitually from equals only.

I would rather be a man of genius than a peer of the realm.
A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence.

Lucky he who has been educated to bear his fate, whatever it may be, an early example of unrighteousness, and a childish training in honor.

When our pride, our avarice, our interests, our desire to dominate, are worked upon, are we not forever postponing heaven to decide in their favor?

What man's life is not overtaken by one or more of those tornadoes that send us out of the course, and fling us on rocks to shatter as best we may?

I would rather have a good word than a bad one from any person; but if a critic abuses me from a high place, and it is worth my while, I will appeal.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never know a misanthrope who quarrelled with it, but it was he, and not it that was in the wrong.

Many a heart would be hardened but for the memory of the past griefs, when eyes, now averted, perhaps, were full of sympathy, and hands now cold, were eager to soothe and succor.—*He.*

Lottie's Turtle.

Lottie kept a turtle in a tub of water at the foot of the yard. She enjoyed that turtle very much. Frank carried it home from the country for her. He made a little bridge of stone into the middle of the tub for the turtle to climb upon. He showed Lottie just how to feed it, and warned her not to let it get out.

Lottie had a little neighbour named Dan. Dan sat on the fence which separated his home from Lottie's, and watched the turtle every day. Lottie grew jealous.

"I just wish you'd get down and go away, Dan," said she.

"Let me have the turtle in my yard a little while to play with me?" entreated Dan.

"No, indeed! He sha'n't go anywhere, but stay in his pretty house," declared Lottie.

But Dan waited his chance. One day Lottie came out to feed the turtle, but the turtle was nowhere to be seen. Then there was a terrible outcry.

"Oh! Oh! My turtle! Has any one seen my turtle? Oh, where has he gone?"

"Have you looked all over the yard for him?" asked Frank.

"Yes—everywhere!" cried Lottie, in tears.

"Well, I'll look," said Frank. So he ran out into the yard.

On the fence sat Dan, a broad grin on his face, and a long rake in his hand.

"I just wanted to play with him a little while, he said, 'so I raked him up here. But Lottie can have him back, just as well as not. And—ah—I did put him into the tub again.'"

But Dan's repentance would not have been so sincere had not his bitten finger hurt him so.—*He.*

A runaway horse attracts more attention than ninety-nine teams doing steady work; so a sky rocket attracts more attention than ninety-nine street lamps, but the street lamps and the steady teams are more useful.—*He.*



THE DUMB CHILD.

The following beautiful poem we copy from "The Deaf Mute Voice" of Jackson, Mississippi. It was sent to that paper by the mother of one of the pupils at that school, with the hope that it would interest the mothers of deaf daughters, and so is published:

She is my only girl! I asked for her as some most precious thing. For all unfinished was love's jeweled ring. Till set with this soft pearl!

Oh, many a soft old time I used to win life that deadened ear. And suffered not the lightest footsteps near. Lest she might wake too soon.

I was long ere I believed That this one daughter might not speak to me! Waited and watched and knew how patiently How willingly deceived.

Oh, if she could but hear! For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach To call me mother in the brook or stream. That thrills the mother's ear!

My heart it sorely tries To see her kneel with such a reverent air. Beside her brothers at their evening prayer. Or lift those earnest eyes.

I've watched her looking up To the bright wonder of a sunset sky. With such a depth of meaning in her eye. That I could almost weep.

The song of bird and her The chorus of the breeze, streams and groves. All the music to which nature moves. Are wasted melody.

Her face is very fair. Her blue eyes beautiful of finest mold. The soft white brow, o'er which in waves of gold. Rippled her shining hair.

Wills He the mind within Should from earth's flail-claiming be kept free. Knew that His still small voice, and step might be Heard at its inner shrine.

Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way Whose voiceless eloquence Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so! And when his sons are playing merrily, She comes and leans her head upon his knee. Oh, at such times I know.

Not of all gifts best, Even now how could I say she did not speak! What real language lights her eye and cheek. And renders thanks to Him.

And God in love doth give To her defect a beauty of its own. And we a deeper tenderness have known. Through that for which we grieve.

THE EARLY BIRD.

Daintily over the dew-wet grass, Tripped blue-eyed Milly, the farmer's lass, Swinging her milk pail to and fro, As she warbled a love-song, soft and low.

Now faithful Donald, the herdman's lad, The more he loved her the more was sad. "For what with the squire's son," thought he, "She never will turn a thought to me!"

Then suddenly Donald grew so bold That the "old, old story" was quickly told. And blue-eyed Milly was nothing loth. On that summer morning to plight her troth.

FROWNS OR SMILES?

Where do they go, I wonder, The clouds of a cloudy day When the shining sun comes peeping out And scatters them all away?

I think I should like it better A sunshiny day to take, And eat it down for dainties and waffles, What beautiful uses 'twould make!

Selected

TEN YEARS OF SILENCE.

BY HOWARD GAYLORD

Oh, I do not often dare to think Of the bright spot in my buried past Standing out in such bright relief From the dimming shadows by Memory cast.

Ten long years, and never a sound To startle the stillness out of my life! Velocly muffled, its wheels go round. Nonetheless, forever, in joy or strife.

Sometimes my little sister comes With a pouting look in her soft blue eyes. Murmuring words that I cannot hear. How she stirs the olden memories!

God of the silent I cry at the door That the path is too straight for my feet to tread. Yet know I whose footsteps have gone before. Tho' the human is stubborn of heart and head.

I LIKE YOU.

BY MARGARET V. SANDSTEN

A little sad and out of tune, Though all the world was bright as June. A weary of my way I sat this morning at my books.

When came to me a little lad With cherry mouth and eyes so glad. And leaped upon my knee. His brown hair touched with gleams of gold.

And looked and then with sudden start His arms just reaching round my heart. In close embrace he threw. And as I stooped to take a kiss.

And all the shadow rolled away. My heart grew blithesome as the day. An child, 'you little know How sweet your honest words to me.

For childhood a look is strangely wise It pierces every thin disguise. And they whose children love Are nearer to the Lord of all.

JUST BE GLAD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't Worry so! When we've missed of rain we couldn't Have, you know!

We have erred in that dark hour We have known. When the tears fall with the shower All alone— Were not alone and shower blest.

For, we know, not every morrow Can be had. So forgetting all the sorrow We have had. Let us fold away our fears.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

The road to Heaven is narrow And its blessed entrance straight. But how safe the little pilgrims Who go within the gate.

The sunbeams of the morning Make the narrow path so fair. And these early little pilgrims Find dewy blessings there.

They cross o'er rugged mountains But they climb them with a song. For these early little pilgrims Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble As the shadows night forest. For these early little pilgrims Have trod the path so well.

They know it leads to Heaven With its wide and open gates. Where for happy little pilgrims A Havoc's welcome waits.

BOYS WANTED

Wanted—the world wants boys to day And she offers them all she has for pay— Honor, wealth, position, fame. A useful life and a desirable name.

The world is anxious to employ Not just one, but every boy. Who's heart and brain will o'er be true. To work his hands shall find to do.

Chicago Post

SOME DAY!

You see, both the angels and the devils With gentle touch and tender care. And count the years ere you shall meet. Bright silver threads among the dark.

I do not scorn the power of time. Nor count on years of fabled prime. But no white gleam will ever shine. Among those heavy locks of mine.

Some day I shall not feel a snow. Your soft hands move about my brow. I shall not wait for light commands. And draw your tresses through my hair.

And while your tears are falling hot Upon the lips which answer me. You'll take from these my treasured tress. And leave the rest to sternness.

SCATTERING PEARLS.

BY HENRY H. DEVIS

Gentle words and kindly tokens Freely given day by day. Many heavy burdens lighten. Of the poor on road's highway.

Men and women are seen struggling bravely for their daily bread. And the look of high despairing. On their faces may be read.

When by deed or look aspiring. You can help a being on. Do it with a real consuming. Thoughts of self—A victory won.

From his home on high, the Saviour. Eagle-watches all the day. And the brightest beams of Heaven. Fall on those who Him obey.

NO NIGHT THERE.

No night shall be in heaven—no gathering gloom. Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come. No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those towers. That breathe the fresh fragrance through colossal towers.

No night shall be in heaven but endless noon. No fast declining sun, no waning moon. But there the land shall yield perpetual light. All features green and waters very bright.

No night shall be in heaven—no darkened room. No fear of death, nor silence of the tomb. But promise ever fresh with love and truth. Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

All through the night. Dear Father, when our trembling eyes explore. In vain thy heaven's hermit of warmth and light. When birds are mute, and roses glow in bloom.

All through the night. When slumbers deep our weary senses fold. Protect us—the hollow of thy hand. And when the dawn, with glances bright and bold.

All through the night. Just a little dew drop brightens up the flower. Growing by the way-side or in shade—lower. Just one little summer, singing in the tree.

All through the night. The seed one is sowing. Through time to be growing. And each one must gather his own. In joy or in sorrow.

All through the night. The day will come when men shall know. That goodness only can be great. That no man can be true and low. Whose nobleness is his estate.

All through the night. The day will come when men shall know. That goodness only can be great. That no man can be true and low. Whose nobleness is his estate.

Poetical Dew-drops.

The day will come when men shall know. That goodness only can be great. That no man can be true and low. Whose nobleness is his estate.

The seed one is sowing. Through time to be growing. And each one must gather his own. In joy or in sorrow.

The day will come when men shall know. That goodness only can be great. That no man can be true and low. Whose nobleness is his estate.

This strange and world is but our Father's school. At chance and change His love shall grandly overrule.

Help the weak if you are strong. Love the sad if you are young. Two a fault, if you are wrong. If you're angry, hold your tongue.

To-morrow when it comes, will know. Its daily task, its daily care. But not till then will come show. Our needed and our needed prayer.

To-morrow when it comes, will know. Its daily task, its daily care. But not till then will come show. Our needed and our needed prayer.

To-morrow when it comes, will know. Its daily task, its daily care. But not till then will come show. Our needed and our needed prayer.

To-morrow when it comes, will know. Its daily task, its daily care. But not till then will come show. Our needed and our needed prayer.

LETTING THE CAT DIE.

Not long ago I wandered near A playground in the wood. And there I heard words from a young boy. That I never quite understood.

But what he pushed on, where he went. I could not well make out. On account of the thicket of bending trees. That bordered the place about.

The little villain has stolen a cat. Or hung it upon a limb. And left it to die all alone. I said. But I'll play the mischief with him.

I forced my way between the boughs. The poor old cat to seek. And what did I find but a swinging child. With her hair brushing her cheek.

Her bright hair floated to and fro. Her little red dress flashed by. But the loveliest thing of all, I thought. Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth. With one foot in her face. She seemed like a bird and a flower in one. And the forest her native place.

Steady I'll send you up, my child. But she stopped me with a cry. "Go way go way! Don't touch me please. I'm letting the old cat die!"

"You letting him die?" I cried aghast. "Why, where's the cat, my dear?" And I, the laughter that filled the woods. Was a thing for the birds to hear.

Why don't you know, said the little man. The fitting, beautiful elf. "That we call it letting the old cat die. When the swing stops still of itself!"

Then swinging and swaying, and looking back. With the merriest look in her eye. She bade me "Good day," and I left her alone. A letting the old cat die.

Think, and say "No."

Here to say "no" when you're tempted to drink. Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think. Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed. For answering "yes" without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain. Think of the tears that will fall like rain. Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow. Think of the danger to body and soul.

Think of the long-graves that await and in known. Lying long bones that were fair as your own. Think of proud forms now forever laid low. That might still be here, had they learned to say "no!"

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl. Drinking to ruin both body and soul. Think of all this as life's journey you go. And when you're assailed by the tempter, say "No!"

VOICES OF NATURE.

Softly ripple, little stream, Gently o'er thy pebbly bed. For thy faintest murmur is Music to the listening ear.

Softly ripple, little stream, Gently o'er thy pebbly bed. For thy faintest murmur is Music to the listening ear. Loudly peal thy thunder e'er. Made sweet thy voice doth speak.

Softly ripple, little stream, Gently o'er thy pebbly bed. For thy faintest murmur is Music to the listening ear. Loudly peal thy thunder e'er. Made sweet thy voice doth speak.

Softly ripple, little stream, Gently o'er thy pebbly bed. For thy faintest murmur is Music to the listening ear. Loudly peal thy thunder e'er. Made sweet thy voice doth speak.

Softly ripple, little stream, Gently o'er thy pebbly bed. For thy faintest murmur is Music to the listening ear. Loudly peal thy thunder e'er. Made sweet thy voice doth speak.

THE BRAVEST OF BATTLES.

The bravest battle that ever was fought. Shall I tell you where and when? On the base of the world you'll find it. 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Say not with caution or battle shot. With sword or soldier pen. Say not with eloquent word or thought. From mouth of wonderful man.

But sleep in a walled-up woman's heart. Of woman that would not yield. But bravely, silently bore her part. Lest there is the battlefield.

No marching tramp, no bivouac song. No banner to gleam and wave. But oh, those battles they last so long— From babyhood to the grave.

TO A DEAF GIRL.

A girl's presence through the twilight dim. A fair face lit by the sunset glow. Deep earnest eyes, the light of love emitting. And soft hair rippling down a neck of snow.

Hair, bright and golden as the sky above her. A brow the mirror of a soul serene; A nervous beauty winning all to love her. A nameless sweetness in her look and mien.

What is from all the world's discordant noise. She dwells in silence, feeling God more near. And hears the music of angelic voices. Her loving purpose in her life make clear.

A better vision, undimmed by sad repine. But rich in gifts of self-forgetting love. God's an-ode reveal her fervent shining. His benediction waiting for a dove.

Celia Barleigh

More Foot-ball, and more Honor for the Deaf Boys.

Our foot ball clubs have made a good record this session. Out of ten matches played they have won 7, lost 1, and tied 2. This record has not been gained from weak unorganized teams, but from clubs in most cases composed of larger and heavier players than our own. On the 25th ult our Seniors went to town and met the city team. After a spirited game, our boys returned victors with a score of 2 to 0.

On the 7th inst. Mr. Mathison kindly let the boys have a team of horses from the stable, and a merry, noisy crowd of fifteen packed into a large van that was hired for the occasion, and, amid ringing cheers, departed on a sixteen mile drive to Stirling, to play a match there. The drive was delightfully cool, and the roads dry and hard without dust. We arrived at Stirling at 3 p. m. and at once dressed and got on the field as soon as possible, where the Stirling club awaited us with a large crowd of spectators. The ground was very uneven the left bank rising twelve feet above the center. When the teams lined up, our boys saw at once that it would be a tough match, as their opponents were as heavy as any they had met this season. The Stirlings took the ball from the start and at once attacked our goal keeping our defence busy. Our boys seemed cramped from the long drive and the strange ground. In twenty minutes the Stirling players became a little too over confident, the "half-backs" playing too far up the field which our boys took advantage of, and the "forwards" getting the ball away, easily passed the full "backs" and scored, and in ten minutes they scored again but it was disallowed. Just before half time Stirling equalized the score, and in fifteen minutes repeated it again. It now looked as if we would be beaten, but an accident happening to Noonan, our boys re-organized, Chantler going in the forwards and Chambers to the defence. Hunt taking Noonan's place. With fresh material in front our boys, put on a spurt and shortly before time scored again and the game ended a tie of 2 to 2. The Stirling Club put up one of the nastiest combined plays we have seen for a long time. After supper our team departed for home where all arrived safely and happy at 9:30 p. m.

On the afternoon of Friday, 10th inst., our base ball club wound up the sports season by defeating the I X L club of Belleville. Our boys feel elated over the match, as their opponents are considered one of the best teams in the city. Foster and James Chantler were our batters. The score by innings was:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Institution	2	0	0	5	2	0	2	2	—10
I X L	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	1 - 6

The Toronto and Buffalo nites will have a grand picnic at Lawiston, N. Y. on the 15th of July next.

Mr. Moore, editor of the *Acton Free Press* and President of the Canadian Press Association, visited the Institution and our printing office a few days ago. He appeared to be very much interested in our general work, and thought the *Canadian Press* is nearly as well printed and arranged as his own paper which is saying a good deal.

Ray Job Turner the well-known, and popular missionary to the deaf, made an unexpected and most agreeable visit on Sunday the 12th inst. arriving from Montreal the previous evening. He conducted services in the chapel of the Institution twice, and his discourses were highly appreciated. He is a venerable and noble worker in the cause of Christianity, and is beloved by the deaf of this continent.

The *Acton Free Press* says—"The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, presided over by Mr. Mathison, is an important school for the class intended to be provided, and its splendid equipment renders it a valuable institution for the deaf and dumb and secures to them an education which ably qualifies them for the duties of life. The school rooms are large and convenient, the lanterns well lighted and cheerful; the grounds spacious and all the surroundings attractive. The pupils are given a good education and have a general knowledge of useful trades. There is a very large attendance, and the pupils are contented and happy lot of which it would be difficult to find elsewhere."

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

BY MARY LYNCH.

Mary Lynch and Lou Robinson got the two first pictures of the printing office staff, and are much pleased with them.

A great many of the girls will graduate this year, and perhaps their school mates will never see them again. We bid them good bye.

The little girls who have only been here one year, already sign to each other "glad home train." They seem very happy.

Aggie Dewar got a letter from Eliza McIntyre stating that her little niece died lately. She is sorry for the parents of the child.

Miss Carrie Coleman, on a late Saturday, came and took Cora Pierce home to spend the day. Cora said she had a lovely time and lots of taffy.

The attendants took advantage of Mr. McCormick's being here to have their photographs taken. We think they will make a nice group.

Mr. Mathison gave the pupils a half holiday on the afternoon of the 30th ult, and the girls whittled away the time by taking a walk up near the cemetery.

Elise Garden's sister, Eliza, who is a teacher, says she will take Lou Robinson and Elise out to see her pupils this summer, but says they must be good girls.

The boys might have given the girls first chance at the "Tag of War," on the 24th of May. Then the rope might have parted. We know the boys don't like plo.

The girls regard our base-ball and foot-ball boys something in the light of heroes. They have done some good work, and won some big victories in matches with the various teams around here.

Lou Robinson's grandpa died on the 21st of May. Her pa was going to telegraph for her, but if he had, she would not have been in time for the train. Lou feels very sad, for she loved her grandpa dearly.

Bella Herrington has just finished making an elegant table scarf for her sister who was married lately. It is really very handsome, and she deserves much credit for her skill as an embroiderer can not be equalled.

Two wandering minstrels struck this place recently, and set to work to amuse us with some Scottish music. They played on the pipes, and doubtless were very much surprised on finding that we did not fancy the music. But, then, we could not hear what they were playing.

On a late Sunday, the Catholic pupils started at an early hour for church. When church was out, it was raining a little, but some of the pupils had taken the precaution to provide themselves with umbrellas. When they got near the Lower Bridge, the rain came down in torrents, and they got soaking wet.

The other day, when Mr. Denys came into his class-room, he saw a caricature of himself on the black board. He admired it for some time, then called in some of the teachers. He was very much amused, of course, and disclaimed any resemblance to the figure on the black board. Pity it was not done on paper, then he could have had it framed.

On a late Saturday, Mr. Bongough came here and at about ten o'clock gave an exhibition of his skill as a cartoonist in the chapel. The first thing he drew was a small boy sliding down a hill. In about two minutes, under his deft hands, it assumed the shape of a drunkard in tattered garments. The next one represented Mr. Burns in the act of filling his stock. He also drew Mr. Coleman, with a bottle of hair vigor in his pocket, and Mr. Douglas pulling out a tooth. He drew several more, chief among which was one of our Supt., who seemed to be saying "I'm the boss." Mary Lynch moved a vote of thanks. The pupils enjoyed the entertainment immensely.

BY LOU ROBINSON.

Hurrah, Hurrah! for Home!

The girls have the croquet set out now, and play quite often. They say they are having fine times.

The girls enjoyed themselves pretty well on the 24th. Annie McPhail got the most prizes on the girls' side.

Several girls have been sewing tin typewriters for fun, and that they may show them to their friends at home.

All the girls are thinking of going home now, and are counting the days. They will soon be counting the hours.

We wonder why the sewing has not been put up again? The girls don't go out so much now as they did when it was up.

Elise Garden does not seem to know what kind of flowers to wear. She picked up an old daisy one and wore it one evening.

One of the girls got a little Chinese doll made of psamite. It looked very funny. It was sent her as a present on her birthday from an old school-mate.

Almost all the fruit trees in the lawn of the Institution are in full bloom, and the blossoms smell very sweet. Sometimes the girls pluck one and wear them.

We have again learnt that Edith Steel is in Hamilton, visiting her grandparents. She is going back to Stratford again. Her sister Mabel is rather lonesome without her.

Some girls are rather jealous, because some of the pupils that live in the vicinity of Belleville go home earlier than they do, but they have to try and not mind it.

Sometimes the little girls go about hunting for birds' nests. They know some places where there are several tiny eggs, but they are not so cruel as to break them.

Rev. Mr. Green of the city came up to see Jennie Burk and Mabel Ball on Friday. They were down to have tea with him not long ago, and said they had a very pleasant time.

I expect to spend several weeks at my lodge next summer. It is a nice place, and is built on an island in Pigeon Lake. I can go fishing as there is a great deal of fishing around there.

Lately one evening the girls practiced going down the fire escape. We did not study that evening and had a nice time. Some of the girls watched Miss B. Mathison and her visitors playing lawn-tennis.

Mabel Ball and I received a photo of our dear friend Edith Steel, and we feel proud of them. Her sister Mabel is going to send me one of hers as soon as they are finished. I will be very glad to get it.

Some of the girls that graduated some time ago, on seeing in one of the papers that the girls of the Calisthene Class had their photo taken, wish to buy some. Mr. McCormick will have to make some more.

One evening lately as the girls were about to swing clubs, Mary McGillivray, thinking a bench was behind her, sat down, but she fell with a heavy thud on the floor and it hurt her enough to make the tears come.

One evening while I was out walking with H. Hoggard, she got up on the fence, and when she was about to get down her dress got caught on one of the pickets and was badly torn, but she mended it soon after.

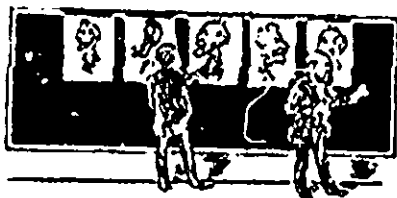
On the 24th ult., Mary Lynch got a badge for running the 100 yard dash, Flossie Gardiner got one for skipping, and Aggie McFarland got one for swinging clubs. They are very nice ones, and they ought to feel proud of them.

Some girls intend to visit each other during the vacation. Hopsy Hoggard thinks she will go and see Minnie Hayward, and as Marion Campbell spent two weeks with Mabel Ball last summer, Mabel expects to go and see Marion. I hope they will have grand times.

Mabel Ball's brother Eddie is going to stay here during vacation. He says he wants to stay for fun. Mabel and Fannie are going home. They live away down at Windsor, and have a long way to go. We hope Eddie will have a nice time here, although it will look so quiet when we have all gone home.

The girls are generally saying—"We will soon be speeding on our way home 'Home Sweet Home'." They say the boys don't care much about going home, and that they know the reason. They say it is because the boys have to help their fathers work on the farm, and it is hard work. Do you think that is so?

The *Journal* wants to know why the biographical sketches in the *School Educator* ceased when they reached the T's. It must be because Harris Taylor belongs to that list. Too tough for publicity.



The above cut shows Mr. Bongough, the immitable cartoonist of *Grip*, at the Institution. The likenesses are very life-like. Mr. Bongough and Mr. Coloman appear well in the foreground and the portraits of Mr. Burns, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Burns, Mr. Douglas and the Superintendent will be a joy always.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution.

BY GEORGE REEVES.

The flowers on the front grounds are very pretty.

Two men began painting the flag pole on the 27th inst. It looks better now.

We had a part holiday on the 30th ult. We had a good time playing base-ball.

We are having fine weather, and we hope we will have fine weather when we go home.

Lewis Hodgins cut the grass on the front grounds. The grounds look much better when the grass is short.

The boys began to plant the potatoes on the 31st ult. There were a few postponed on account of its raining.

Charlie Holton was absent from school for a week on account of the death of his first cousin, Mr. James L. Jamieson.

Mr. Lang, the laborer, has much work to do now. He is cleaning the road which extends from the Institution to the gate.

James Chantler thinks of getting work in Mr. Grant's shoe shop in Woodstock during the holidays. He also thinks of playing base-ball.

Eddie Ball is going to stay here during vacation this summer. He said he thought he would have a better time around here than when he is home.

David Lomox, a pupil, got a letter from his sister saying that his two brothers, and one sister, were very sick with the measles. We hope they will soon be all right.

Mr. Brown, the Public School Examiner, of Dundas County, came here to examine us. He looked as if he was a kind man. He went home on Friday, the 3rd inst.

A number of the boys went to the city to witness the game of foot-ball which was played between our first club and the city team. The result of the game was that our team was victorious.

Joseph Fambert, who stayed here during vacation last year, is going home this summer. He is thinking of getting a job. We hope he will have a good time this summer, as he has not been home for two years.

A boy got a letter from Joseph U. Johnson, of Barrie, saying that he had not scored a situation yet. He said that it was hard for deaf people to get situations as well as speaking people. Joseph thinks of going to Harriston to work where George Bridgford lives.

James Chambers' father is very ill. James was called into the Superintendent's office on Saturday the 25th ult. Mr. Mathison told James that perhaps he would not come back to school on account of his father being ill. James said he would come back if his father got better.

A number of letters and items have been crowded out of this issue, much to our regret, among others a ray letter from Archie Smith, Brautford.

Col. S. B. Clark has been appointed Superintendent of the Ohio Institution. Mr. Amasa Pratt, who was a candidate for the office, was not "in it," the choice being unanimous.

The Woman's Auxillary Association of the Foreign and Domestic Mission Board, in connection with the English Church, of the Diocese of Ontario, held a session at St. Thomas' Church, Belleville, last week, which was attended by a large number of women from Ottawa, Kingston, and elsewhere. Friday forenoon, the 10th inst, the delegates visited the Institution, and were much pleased with what they saw.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

PROG. 42 17 MUTE PAGES
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

OUR MISSION

First.—That a number of our pupils, by their 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.

ROBT V. BUCKVILLE, 105 Times Building, New York, is our agent for United States advertising.

Address all communications and subscriptions to
THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1892.

ANOTHER SESSION.

To-day closes the twenty-second session of the Ontario School for the deaf. We are beginning to assume the character of veterans in the work. The years pass swiftly, and age comes with experience. Not long ago we were considered juveniles in comparison with the older and more famous schools of the kind on this continent, and elsewhere. Now we are old enough to talk about our graduates, or alums, to be more in touch with prevailing sentiment of the age. They are numbered by hundreds, and it is a source of much satisfaction to know that all retain so strong an affection for their *Alma-mater*.

The session just closed was uneventful in most respects. There were the usual incidents peculiar to a large boarding-school like this. A few cases of sickness engaged the attention of physician and nurses, and one death occurred early in the session, the child having returned to school in a physically weak condition. All things considered, the health of the pupils was remarkably good, and the general results of the work, both literary and mechanical, quite satisfactory to all concerned.

The attendance was up to, if not a little above, the average for several years,—two hundred and fifty-five. This is as many as can be accommodated with present arrangements. In fact, it is more than the necessary convenience and classification call for. The sleeping and teaching apartments are now crowded, and more room is needed for the health, comfort, and pleasure of teachers and pupils. Additional accommodation will be provided in due time. The provincial authorities are always willing to do what is possible for the protection of educational and general interests.

Important improvements have been made to the Institution proper and its surroundings during the session. First in this list stands the sewage disposal works, which were fully and ably described in a previous issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE. They will ensure a degree of sanitary security that must add materially to the reputation of our school,

as well as the satisfaction of the citizens of Belleville who considered previous arrangements detrimental to the purity of their water supply. The new printing-office, with its admirable equipment of type and presses, and from which this paper is issued, is also something to boast of. It has already accomplished much that we feel grateful for.

The general routine of work in the class-rooms and shops has proceeded in the usual way, without change or friction. The only exception to this rule was the retirement of Miss Ostrom, one of the teachers from her duties through sickness. She is now quite restored to her former health, and will be able to resume the work at the opening of another session. She is a successful teacher and will be welcomed back to the position she so efficiently filled for several years.

Indulging a retrospective mood, we can find little among the records of the session that has left an unpleasant impression, while there is much to give satisfaction and inspire to renewed efforts for the accomplishment of still better results in the future.

WORDS OF COUNSEL.

The pupils of this school know how deeply interested the Superintendent, teachers, and officers are in their welfare. Years of patient toil and paternal solicitude must have left such an impression on their minds. The peculiar associations and dependencies that characterize the work, beginning with the little ones who enter with tears and robes caused by the first separation from loved ones at home, and continuing through the term of seven or more years, do not end with graduation or an effluxion of time. When pupils leave the school to return no more, the interest felt in their future is intensified by misgiving circumstances, inseparable from their condition in life. Having, with so much patience and earnest labor, prepared them for a respectable position as citizens of this great country, their Superintendent and teachers expect to hear good reports of their conduct, in whatever capacities of life they may be placed. Former graduates of the school have, with very few exceptions, reflected honor upon their *Alma-mater* and those who were instrumental in preparing them for life's duties. They are industrious, intelligent, and generally prosperous men and women respected by their associates, and loved by their friends.

Again, the closing exercises of another session bring the school days of several of our pupils to an end. They will not return when school opens next September. They have been here so long, and their faces have become so familiar to officers, teachers, and school-mates, their absence will be noticed and felt for some time. We have confidence in them. They leave school well equipped for the battle that must be so resolutely fought. To win success and esteem they must work with an honest purpose. They must have courage to grapple with difficulties and create possibilities. Furthermore, even in the face of strong opposition, will overcome all obstacles and win the prize. Do not become impatient of slow progress. It is "the steady drop that wears the stone." A faithful discharge of duties imposed will bring success. We must be sure that we understand what our duties are. They mean more than the gratification of our own needs and desires. We must be true to ourselves, true to our fellow men, and true to our God. If we are sober, moral, and industrious, good health and reasonable prosperity are quite certain. If we are intelligent and willing to work we can be useful. If we love God and serve Him faithfully we will be happy.

VACATION VOICES.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE HOME GOING.

School is dismissed for three months. It is a long time to the children since mother was kissed "good-bye."

For nine months young hearts have tried to be brave and patient while longing for "the dear ones at home."

We know how carefully and thoughtfully the months, weeks, and days have been counted, and with what joyous anticipation the end of the long term of school life was watched.

Life here has been made as pleasant as possible to all the children and a full measure of home comforts has been meted out to residents of the big building.

But, after all that can be done, there is no place like home, and we can easily sympathize with the joyous life that makes young hearts happy and brings such gleams of radiant hope in sparkling eyes.

We are going home. At an early hour this morning a train of cars, filled with laughing, cheering lads and lasses, left the post-office square at the corner of Bridge and Pinnacle Streets, in the city, and steamed away westward. It carried nearly two hundred pupils, with officers in charge.

Later in the day those resulting in the eastern part of the province left similarly guarded, and this evening, when the vesper songs are sung and families seek repose in peaceful sleep, all the pupils will rest beneath the paternal roof.

There is a change in our daily routine of life, and this brings thoughts both retrospective and anticipative. The quiet that reigns in class-room and hall ways awakens recollections of what "has been to be no more," and we cannot help wondering what will be.

The children who have been with us so long, and whom we have learnt to love and cherish as sacred trusts, have gone from our protection to those who love them even more. They left us in the flood-tide of happiness. Will they return again next autumn, the spared monuments of God's mercy?

"Oh my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and thorny
Where the feet of the dear ones must go
Of the agonies of his breathing or throes,
Of the trumpet of Fate's blustering wild.
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!"

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps in their tremors,
His glory still glimmers in their eyes.
Oh, those truths from heaven and from earth,
They have made us more meekly and mild,
And I know how Jesus would liken
The kingdom of God to a child."

He who has given them life, and who in the infinitude of his wisdom and goodness, has deprived them of one or more senses, will "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," and with an alighting faith in his mercy we commit the children to his everlasting care. If some of them return not again, we feel that—

"We have taught them the goodness of Jesus
They have taught us the goodness of God."

Those who have experienced much of the losses and crosses of life, and who know that, with the most fortunate, there is more shadow than sunshine,—more bitter than sweet,—cannot but regard the future of those deaf children with solicitude. It is fully,—it may be a sin, to expect too much in their favor, but the affairs of this world are largely governed by selfishness.

"I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All content as others have done,
But that life may be a just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bend back to myself
Ah a selfish may pray, or a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself."

The *Journal* says no less than three deaf-mute couples will be united in marriage, in New York City this month. Evidently Dr. Bell has not frightened them much by his theories.

AN APOLOGY.

We owe an apology to the *Kentucky Deaf Mute* for having published an article that originated in its pages without the usual credit. We found it floating around among our exchanges as a sort of fugitive production, not being even the professional "K." attached to ensure its legitimacy. It was a good thing of its kind, and somewhat for its improved a prevailing bad habit. To fill a vacant niche we clipped it yesterday and sent it to the printer, regardless of "Indian boards" and "sich." If the *Kentucky Deaf Mute* had visited us regularly, as we desired, this mistake would not have occurred. It is possible we suppose, for an honest and worthy person to "feel like" doing wrong, committing a sin, even; but if he has the moral strength to suppress this feeling,—to resist the temptation, he thereby enables his character as well as his work. Is that not the way we view it, friend Kenton? A certain little editor up in Minnesota has our sympathy under the circumstances. We expected better things from such a source.

Referring to political interference with affairs of the Ohio School for the Deaf the *Oregon Sign* remarks: "It is possible officers whose heads are required by this miserable business that we are sorry for, but the work itself. We say it is a most abominable application of the most abominable political maxim,—to the victors belong the spoils," that such institutions must stand in the whirl, and suffer from the ups and downs, and ups and outs of politics." Strong language, but justified by the circumstances. We are entirely free from such interference in this province. Competent and worthy officials in whatever capacity, are unmolested by political influences, especially if their services are devoted to the cause of charity or education. It is a pernicious principle that tolerates such a sweeping application of the equilibrium in the distribution of political favors.

After reading something in a recent issue of the *Juvenile Ranger*, addressed to "W. A. Harris," we are fully convinced that the editor of that paper is a little above ordinary mortals in the way of erudition. We submit the following as sufficient proof:—"During those primordial periods anterior to the initial appearance of the solar luminary, all things terrestrial were in a condition of unobscured opaqueness. Ages hence the cirro-cumulo-nimbo-stratum of the earth was penetrated by the sun, and its iridescent rays permeated into waters." etc. Pan us!

It is not too late for us to congratulate Editor Deems, of the *Mississippi*, on his recent marriage to Miss Hattie Hoover. We wish both a full measure of conjugal joys, with many years of life's best gifts to make them happy. The *Force* has always been a good paper, it will be a better one now.

Vacation begins to-day, to continue until September 14th. We wish all the officers, teachers and pupils a most enjoyable and profitable season of recreation, and that increased mental and physical vigor will be the result of their pleasure seeking.

A Chicago painter was suddenly stricken dumb. Physicians, whom he consulted, consider his case incurable. The turpentine used in his trade caused a paralysis of the vocal chords. After learning the manual alphabet, as a means of communication with his associates, etc.

Table with columns for OFFICERS and INSTITUTION ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. Includes names like Wm. Nunn, R. G. Slator, and J. A. Isbister.

The CANADIAN MUTE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1892.

The purest treasure moved thence afford in a quiet repetition that away. Men are not gilded loam or painted clay. -RICHARD II., L. I.

HOME NEWS

An Revolt.

With this issue of the CANADIAN MUTE we take leave of our subscribers and friends generally until the 15th of September next. During the intervening three months there may be changes in our relationship not anticipated now.

It is well, perhaps, that our knowledge of all things mundane is limited to the narrow circle in which we move, and that the future is hidden from our view. We can, under this sense of limitation, anticipate the best, though we may experience the worst, in our conflict with the world.

Our Examinations.

The annual written examination of all the literary classes in this school took place in May, occupying a full week. There was a big pile of foolscap used, probably not less than two thousand half sheets. The errors were carefully marked, thus furnishing a reliable criterion of the standing of each pupil, and as reliable a guide for future promotion.

The usual departmental examination, conducted by Mr. A. Brown, Public School Inspector of Dundas County, also occupied a full week, beginning on the 20th ult., and closing on the 4th inst. This is a crucial test, inasmuch as the questions are prepared, and the answers judged, by one in no way connected with the school, and consequently uninfluenced by local and social prejudices.

Before beginning the examination of each class the teacher was asked to outline his or her method of teaching the subjects on the curriculum, a half hour or more being devoted to this work. The Superintendent and Examiner were silent witnesses and critical judges of what the teachers did. The limited time at the disposal of the Examiner for this purpose admitted of only a partial exhibit, as it would require hours to show the diverse ways and means by which the mind of a deaf child is reached and enlightened by scholastic processes.

"Grip" at the Institute.

Please do not start at the above announcement. We are not under the stroke of a new epidemic. This was the call of a friend, not the treacherous visitation of a foe. Remembering, no doubt, that with the world at large and more particularly with our children, "the eye is the great court of appeal," Mr. Mathison, who never loses an opportunity of bringing instruction, comfort and delight to the silent ones under him, availed himself of a visit to Belleville, of Mr. J. W. Boughough, the celebrated cartoonist of Grip, to request the favor of an exhibition of his widely known talents before the school. This pleasure was granted all the more readily as we believe the eminent delineator to be a long personal friend of our Principal. The pupils were made aware of the treat in store for them and there was rejoicing in anticipation. About 10.30 o'clock, Saturday, the 4th inst., Mr. Boughough arrived accompanied by Mrs. Boughough, a lady of graceful presence and genial manner. At eleven, we find the chapel of the Institution filled with expectant children, teachers and officers, as also a number of admirers from the city. Then began that great trip into scenes as mirthful as they were varied. How from a first seemingly unimportant stroke of his pencil, sprang, in rapid evolution, men, beasts—works and all that they contain! If genius be the power to do certain things that the most advanced roles cannot touch, the eminent creations of this great artist raise him at once to the sacred heights of the sublimely gifted. Every stroke conveyed humor. Wit presided over the scene. Mr. Boughough may begin a man at the extraneous or amissness. It is immaterial. When he is through with repudiation is impossible. Our lookers will detect what is without in you and cordially acclaim the unerring touch. Superintendent and staff came in for their share of attention. The more perfect the portraying, the more enthusiastic the reception. "Sir Oliver and the Darky" journeying towards the colonial gates brought the gloo to its supreme height. And the moment that, under the master's finger, the realistic form would dawn upon the eye, cheer and laughter would respond. The intervals were brightened by sallies of humor such as only a Boughough can pour forth. It goes without saying that a hearty vote of thanks followed the also lecturer on his retiring.

Mr. Boughough, who was the guest of Mr. Mathison, was, on Sunday, prevailed upon to give the children another lecture. And here again our kind friend showed he was not less at home in Biblical illustration than in every day life scenes. He took for his subject the "Prodigal Son." The kind, aged father's face so full of surprise and sorrow at the strange determination of his son—the young prodigal with his bag of gold starting off to a distant country, his companions in plenty—the swine that saw his degradation—and then the return—the fatherly embrace—the disheartened brother and on to the fatted calf, were all perfect—these images impressing on the attentive minds of his silent spectators more vividly than any other mode of communication could have done, the truths that the beautiful parable is intended to convey, thereby evoking thoughts that in time cannot fail to develop into rich fruit. The eminent lecturer concluded by the moral which was, how willing our blessed Lord ever is to receive the contrite sinner and how rejoiced he feels at his return.

The great pleasure of all present was visibly expressed by the gratification which grew in every countenance as each picture burst to view. The law of kindness is one which finds abiding room in every noble heart. It is the distinguishing feature of generous minds. By placing his talent so kindly at our disposal, our obliging friend has done something we shall recall with gratitude and with delight. We trust he shall carry away as pleasant recollections as we shall keep of him and his amiable wife.

We must admit that the Silent Echo's treatment of the sun-bonnet controversy is superior to ours or any body else's. It settles the matter at once.

We notice that Dr. J. H. Brown was one of the judges at the Interstate Re-Union and Field Game, by the contestants of Missouri and Kansas, held at Kansas City on the 9th inst. The Dr. is a good judge of sports.

If the present favorable weather continues a while longer there will be an unprecedentedly heavy crop of hay on the field in front of the Institution, and outside the lawn proper. The succulent grass is growing thick and high, where it has previously shown a stunted growth.

Miss Mathison has come home from a visit of over two months duration with friends in the West. While away she met many of the old pupils in Brantford, Hamilton and Toronto. We missed her from the Institution, and are glad to see her back again looking, as she always does bright and joyful.

We have received a clipping from a Toledo, Ohio, paper, recounting a brave act by Mr. P. G. Jefferson in that city recently. He noticed smoke issuing from a window, and calling attention to it, he took off his coat, crawled through the window, and extinguished the fire. His act was applauded.

Our gardener Mr. Wills, has just set out 650 tomato plants, and 2220 cabbage plants. He evidently deems a surplus preferable to a deficiency. On the farm, Mr. O'Meara has been taking advantage of the fine weather to get in his potatoes. On account of the wet weather planting has been backward. Five acres are planted every year.

We sympathize with our friends across the border. In many states there have been floods, tornadoes, snow storms, and misery galore, resulting in serious loss of property and also the loss of many lives. In this favored land north of the great lakes we have had glorious weather since spring really began, and at present the landscape is certainly a thing of beauty.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute when paying its compliments to the Silent Echo, says: "It takes a Yankee to show our Canadian cousins how to make the wheels go round. Would our genial Kentucky friend be surprised to learn that Mr. McDermid is a Simon-pure Canuck, 'of the manner born'?" He is not much of a Yankee, having resided under the Stars and Stripes only a few years. 'Tis a fact.

Our large coal shed, built to store about 800 tons when necessary, is now empty for the first time in four years. The 75 tons which has laid over in the farthest corner for the past four years has been found very convenient this spring, as the cold wet weather has required the keeping up of the fires. Three furnaces have been kept going all through the winter to generate the large supply of steam required for our various buildings.

The bathing season is now open and the small boy is happy, at least those who do not belong to the Institution. Several of our large boys stole off to the bay for a dip, but they were "twiggled," and strict injunctions were put up against it in future. We don't want to wind up the close of school term with the chronicle of unpleasant events. We hope that the time is not far distant when a good swimming bath will be built here.

R. Mathison, Jr. who lives in Vancouver, B. C. has just recovered from a dangerous illness. For some weeks past Superintendent Mathison, Mrs. Mathison and the other members of the family were very anxious about him. Welcome letters written by himself testify to his returning strength. While ill away from home, he had the kindest attentions of many good friends. We are glad he is better. Robert Jr. is pleasantly reunited here by the pupils who were here when he left for the west, six years ago.

One member of our Athletic Association has been debarred from participating in the matches that have lately taken place. Although he is a good player at anything, yet the officers decided to dispense with his services for the present term. On two occasions, on the eve of a match, he has failed to take the position required of him without good reason, thereby causing confusion to the rest of the team. Our Athletic Association has a mission to fill and the officers will tolerate no juggling from any player, whatever his standing may be.

Mr. J. W. Boughough, the famous cartoonist and humorist of Toronto, and editor of Grip, lectured in the opera house, Belleville, on the evening of the 8th inst. His first sketch with the chalk represented Mr. Mathison, Superintendent of this school, in a familiar attitude and holding in one hand a "report of the D. & D. Institution." Addressing the Premier of the province, who stood before him with life-like features, he was made to say: "It is doing bully, Sir Oliver!" The sketch was a happy one, and "brought down the house."

Mr. McCormick, the photographer, paid us a visit on the afternoon of the 27th ult., and took a number of groups. The First and Second Foot-ball teams, and the printing office and carpenter shop staffs were photographed. The attendants of the Institution were also taken in a group, there being thirteen of them. One of them, Miss Love, has been in the service of the Institution for the past seventeen years, and several others have long service records. It is probable that a photograph of the buildings will be taken soon, and then the parents of the pupils can secure a copy at a cheap rate.

The Silent Echo, referring to what we said about grading pupils, says: "The excellent system of grading in the Ontario Institution cannot be well improved upon," and after quoting part of our remarks, adds:—"To complete this admirable article, we think that the editor should have included a brief mention of their method of disposing of pupils utterly incapable of making further advancement in the literary classes. When we were in Belleville Mr. Mathison inaugurated the system of placing such cases in the industrial schools, where their whole time was occupied in perfecting themselves in some useful trade that would be eventually of practical benefit. And the results obtained have more than justified the wisdom of such a course."

The pupils were relieved from study and work after 8 p. m. on Monday 8th ult. The boys enjoyed a game of basketball among themselves, J. Isbister and Jas. Chanlor being captains. Isbister won on a score of 15 to 11. In the evening a tug of war took place between two teams chosen by Jos. Faubert and J. Baizana. The struggle was terrific between the two. Faubert's team however proved to have the most staying power, and took the prize. The girls then had a pull. Mary Lynch and Maggie Noonan being the leaders. The contest was too one-sided to be of much interest, Miss Noonan having chosen the largest and strongest girls she could get, while Miss Lynch had an eye to the beauty of the thing and had to succumb to mischance. The examiner, Mr. Brown, was an interested spectator and was much amused.

"Zeno's Antecedents."

The Weekly News, of the California School, publishes what has appeared in the CANADIAN MUTE and other journals about "Zeno" and his indolence as Douglas Tilden, and adds: "Tilden taught in this Institution seven years. After his first three years' work, he made a bold departure from the general routine of work, thus giving less time to books, and, instead more time to the making-up of a list of common mistakes—such a stumbling block to the majority of the deaf-mutes. In this way he continued his hobby until Art called him. He made his pupils write out original sentences or compositions. He copied the mistakes and wrote them out on large slates. He also wrote the correct sentences correspondingly. Then he made the pupils copy both the correct and incorrect sentences in blank books. He himself copied them, too, for his own use. Term after term succeeded with a little change, but with fresh proof of indolence. His bright pupils made rapid progress and his dull ones were made sure to remember the mistakes. When he resigned teaching, he took his manuscripts with him, saying that it had become too valuable a companion to him to give away. He contemplated publishing it some day. It has been published in series in the Silent Echo for two years. One of our teachers easily guessed who "Zeno" was."

The Mirror administers a reproval to those who end manuscript to the printer written so as to "become a refined piece of torture to decipher it." Some correspondents seem to think their execrable writing a passport to fame.



AT SCHOOL CLOSE.

DOWDOIX STREET, 1877

The end has come, as come it must To all things in their sweet June days...

They part, but in the hearts to be Shall pleasant memories cling to each...

One knew the joy the sculptor knows When plastic to his lightest touch...

So daily grew before her eyes The living shapes when on she wrought...

And one shall never quite forget The voice that called from dream and play...

The joy of Urdine soul possessed, The waking sense, the strange delight...

Youth and beauty, loved of all Ye came from girlhood's gate of dreams...

Her little realm the teacher leaves, She breaks her wand of power apart...

Here is the sober summer noon Contracted with your urn of spring...

Across the distance of the years She sends her God speed back to you...

And prays to duty, heed the deep, Low voice of conscience, through the ill...

Be gentle unto griefs and needs, Be pitiful as woman should...

Give and receive, go forth and bless The world that needs the hand and heart...

So shall the stream of time flow by And leave each year a richer good...

And when the world shall hark your names With gracious lives and manly deeds...

Rev. Mr. Gilby's Visit.

We have received from Mr. W. Boughton, of Toronto, a further report of Rev. F. W. G. Gilby's visit to Canada, a year ago...

The Juvenile Hanger has not much faith in "uncorrected compositions by pupils in school only one year..."

"PANSY'S" POINTERS

From our Own Correspondent

The CANADIAN MUTE, which is now a most familiar as well as welcome visitor at the residence of your correspondent...

Miss Bosnie Ball contemplates spending a few weeks in London, Ont., this summer...

Perhaps you have heard of Windsor's gala day on May 24th, therefore I hardly need to speak of it...

From the item which appeared in the column of "Rakings" Miss L. Horvath and Miss Maxwell's names are becoming constantly associated together...

THE MUTE evidently clipped that item referring to John McKinzo, from the Journal, and as your correspondent knows the author of it...

Mr. and Mrs. Ariel Sutherland contemplate moving into a home of their own after June 9th...

The report of Miss Smith becoming part owner of Millard's Gallery, though true in some respects...

The friends of Mr. A. S. Waggoner, of Berlin, were disappointed in not seeing him here on the 28th...

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, of 400 Michigan Ave. soon leave for Chicago, Ill., so report has it...

Well, to one and all I wish a pleasant vacation.

SARNIA SNAPS.

From our own Correspondent

A couple of weeks ago, Mr. Francis Jefferson, late of Toronto and Montreal, now of Detroit...

Mr. and Mrs. Darow will have their son, aged five months, baptized perhaps next week...

Mr. Willie Summers said that he liked Sarnia better than Windsor, and he wishes him success...

Mr. Bertie Symington is very proud of a new fashioned bicycle, "The Pneumatic," that he bought lately...

BERLIN BRIEFS.

From our Own Correspondent

There was a big time on Queen's Birthday in Berlin. The 7th Fusiliers of London, about 300 men...

Mr. Arthur Holms, an old time visitor, was in the city on that day.

Mr. James Bradshaw, of Brantford, paid a flying visit on 21st, staying until 23rd. He wished to stay until Queen's birthday...

Miss Ethel Davey went home to Toronto, and Mr. James Lobb, of Galt, a teacher, took her place to teach the mutes on May 22nd...

The Rangers were defeated by the Varsity Club by 2 to 1 on 21st, and in another foot ball match that took place in Preston on 28th...

Mr. F. W. Gardner travels over the county of Waterloo selling pianos and organs. Mr. Wm Stonebaugh is a driver and helps him...

Paul M. Gottlieb's parents invited the society of young people of New Jerusalem church, to a social party on Monday, June 6th - E. M. G.

TORONTO TOPICS

From our own Correspondent

We shortly expect a lecture on Jerusalem by our good friend Mr. Nazmith.

The Bible Class has closed for the summer. It has been eminently successful so far.

Percy Allen has gone to Europe with a herd of cattle, we wish him a pleasant trip and safe return.

The Mimico and Toronto electric railway opens in a week, and some mutes will take advantage of it to visit Dr and Mrs. Murphy at the Asylum.

We would like Mr. Boston to give us a lecture this summer should he visit the city, and he will be welcomed by the deaf-mute Royal Templars.

One of Mr. Fraser's little daughters was very sick, but has quite recovered.

Your correspondent would like to know what city can boast of more married deaf mutes than Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Liddle gave a wedding party at their residence on Sully Street last Friday evening. The majority of the city mutes were invited.

All the mutes here are in favor of a picnic at Lewiston, where they expect to meet their Rochester and Buffalo friends in July. The date has not been decided on, but any who wish to come can write to F. J. Wheeler, of 17 Webster St. Buffalo, N. Y., or to H. Slater 19 Garden Ave. Toronto.

There were 21 mutes at last Sunday's meetings in West Y. M. C. A. Mr. Fraser's services are highly appreciated and he has reason to be encouraged in his good work.

Though nearly all the deaf mutes now live in the West End of the city, the Sunday meetings in Yonge St. Y. M. C. A. are still fairly well attended.

Messrs. Nazmith and Bridgen are long gone to be missed that many take the trouble to walk four miles to be present.

A contemporary thinks deaf pupils have a bad habit of writing too many short sentences. If they only succeeded in getting their sentences grammatically correct, we will forgive them brevity.

Miss Clara A. Smith, well and favorably known to many of our readers, has returned to Detroit after an absence of several weeks. She is in good health and spirits, "ready and willing to begin another year's hard work."

PRAY.

Fast thou with a care so deep, It chases from thy eye-lids sleep? To thy Redeemer take that care, And change anxiety to prayer.

Fast thou a hope with which thy heart Would almost feel it death to part? Entreat thy God that hope to crown, Or give thee strength to lay it down.

What e'er the care that breaks thy rest, What e'er the wish that wells thy breast, Spread before God that wish, that care, And change anxiety to prayer.

FORMER PUPILS.

The Superintendent would be glad to hear from all former pupils of the Institution. In writing, please give Name, Address, Occupation and how you are prospering.

Maggie Fuller is a dressmaker and works in Mitchell.

Miss Annie Lancaster, of Port (Frank) is doing very well at home.

Harber Brown's friends will please address him at Ancaster. He has gone home to help his father on the farm.

Miss Nellie Cunningham, Oakville. "I am sure I shall never forget your kindness while at school. I must express my thankfulness for having been sent to the Institution, and may every success attend you and your noble work."

Christie A. Hanson, Chosterville. "I often read the Bible and good books and pray to the Lord every morning before breakfast. I will never forget the Superintendent and all the teachers and officers of the school. I work at dress making."

John Molson is working in Lyndoch, Norfolk Co. and is doing well. He writes to the Superintendent: "I am sure I will never forget how kind you were to me when at school. I find my education a great assistance, and must thank you and the teachers for the interest you took in my behalf. I pray that God will help you take care of the Institution."

Duncan A. Morrison, who has the honor of being the first pupil registered at this school, when it was opened twenty two years ago, writes that he is now home in Collingwood, and enjoys good health. For six years in succession he has worked in the lumber camp at Serpent River during several months and finds it agreeable and remunerative labor.

Mrs. Robert Hoy (formerly Mary Leitch) lives with her husband and two children at Avonlea. Mary had many friends when she was a pupil at the Institution, and her home is a bright and happy one. Old and new friends find a cheery welcome when they call. Recently the following named visited Mr. and Mrs. Hoy - John and Margaret Schweitzer, Wm. Quinlan, Edward Barthol, Claude Moore, and Margaret Fuller. A very pleasant day was spent. The Rev. Mr. Drum baptized little Malcolm Hoy a short time ago.

Catherine H. Brown, Princeps P. O., Manitoba. "As I am a mute and a former pupil of the Belleville Institution your paper will be of interest to me as well as many other mutes in Manitoba. I live eight miles east of Melita, with my parents. There are a number of mutes in this part of Manitoba, the most of them old pupils of the Belleville Institution. Harry Ince and John Brown are about three miles from me. My parents are going to try to send me to the Deaf and Dumb School at Winnipeg in the fall. I send my best regards."

To Mr. R. MATHEW: Dear Sir, - It gives me much pleasure to write a few lines to let you know that I am in excellent health hoping this will find you the same. I am working here now about 12 miles east of Carman. I did not get hired for all the summer, but by the month. I think I will go out west to the district of Souris, to hunt up land after the seeding. I always like to hear the news about the deaf in America. I visited the School for Deaf and Dumb in Winnipeg last winter; they were doing very well. Some of my old school mates were very glad to see me in the city. There are many young men coming from the east to Carman and other places here but they can't get work some of them are standing idle in Carman. The great farmers are very busy at seeding, but the spring weather is very backward. I like to live in the Province better than in Ontario. I am not lonesome as many of my old Ontario neighbors live near me. I send my respects to you and all the officers and teachers. Your true friend, NELL CALDER.

Dates P. O. Man., May, 1892

SAY NO!

You're starting my boy on life's journey...

The bright ruby wine may be offered...

Courage alone lies your safety...

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The following from the Arkansas Optic...

"Our school will close, and our pupils...

We beg leave to repeat and to emphasize...

On the one hand, do not pet and spoil...

On the other hand, be very sure that...

Quite a number of our children will go...

Joshua Lloyd has a flock of about...

Shepherd Bradshaw, and McPherson...

Mr. Sutton's father, mother and sister...

Messrs. Lloyd and A. E. Smith drove...

The mutes of Brantford are making...

William Bryce, of Hamilton, came...

Large quantities of sugar were made...

way about. Take the only way left you...

BRANTFORD BUDGET.

From our own Correspondent

We had quite a number of visitors to...

Thos. Bradshaw went to Berlin on a...

On the 24th Miss Sarah Foulds sister...

Miss Katie Frost is at present visiting...

Mr. Robert Sutton celebrated the Queen's...

The mutes of this city were asked to...

While fishing in the Grand River one...

Joshua Lloyd has a flock of about...

Shepherd Bradshaw, and McPherson...

Mr. Sutton's father, mother and sister...

Messrs. Lloyd and A. E. Smith drove...

The mutes of Brantford are making...

William Bryce, of Hamilton, came...

Large quantities of sugar were made...

The secret of being loved is in being...

Supr. Crozier acknowledges the fairness...

There are two deaf-mutes—a boy and...

DETROIT DOINGS.

From our own Correspondent

The fortnightly visits of the CANADIAN...

There are a few Canadian mutes here...

Manitoba Institution.

From the Silent Echo.

School closed on the 8th inst.

Mrs. Taylor, mother of Miss Spaight...

Mr. F. H. Francis, ex-M.P.P., a valued...

Mr. W. L. Drawry, special correspondent...

On May 16th our school was honored...

Ancient Antics.

From our own Correspondent.

William Bryce, of Hamilton, came...

Mr. Thomas Johnston, of Toronto...

Bamber Brown has left Trinity, P. O...

James Goodbrand and Bamber Brown...

Our friends will be glad to see John...

James Goodbrand, stone-mason, works...

Sloughampton Signs.

From our own Correspondent

Large quantities of sugar were made...

Mr. Taylor, father of Jno. T. Taylor...

The farmers finished sowing some...

There are two deaf-mutes—a boy and...



The Condition of an Uneducated Deaf-Mute.

Can you imagine a more deplorable...

A few wants and feelings he learns to...

But education opens the way for the...

Let us stop then and consider what a...

NOBODY KNOWS.

Only a kiss on the baby's face... Only a word to a mother's joy... Only a sigh for a wayward son...

Sound Philosophy.

Here is something like philosophy from the sage of the Juvenile Ranger... Hero is something like philosophy from the sage of the Juvenile Ranger...

Be Kind.

"Have you ever noticed," writes Prof. Drummond, "how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things?"

"The greatest thing," says some one, "a man can do for his heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his other children."

A Pointed Rebuke.

There may be a few of our readers who would be benefited by the following:—Some time ago a minister, annoyed by the filthy habit of tobacco chewing...

The older girls at the South Carolina School have organized a King's Daughters' Circle. They also have prayer meetings on Sunday evenings.

This year's report of the New Jersey School expresses the opinion that deafness is not, on the whole, increasing in the United States.

A Greek Legend.

When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hell to go to Naxia, and, as the way was very long, he grew tired and sat down upon a stone to rest.

If I Were A Boy.

It is Bishop Vincent who said, "If I were a boy I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers and be able to do all manly things that belong to the manly sports."

Who are the Rich?

The man with good firm health is rich. So is the man with a clear conscience. So is the parent of vigorous, happy children.

Attention, Boys!

The attention of our boys is called to the following pledge which Raymond Rose has signed and sent home. "To my father and mother, brothers and sisters and to all whom it may concern...

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

THIS institution is the most widely attended Business College in America. Send for circulars. Address: ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Ontario Business College, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

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.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

A BOOK OF VALUABLE INFORMATION ON the subject of Bookkeeping and Short-hand SENT FREE. Address: Belleville Business College, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the name and post-office address of the parent of deaf children not attending school...

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

The Los Angeles Association of the Deaf

SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY at 3 p.m. at the Social Room of the St. Paul Church, 1105 1/2 Street, Los Angeles, Cal. The holding of religious services in the sign language...

OFFICERS:—President Norman J. Lewis, Vice-President Alex. Houghton, Secretary Treasurer and Missionary, Thos. Wadd. The post office address of Mr. Thos. Wadd is Station 1, Los Angeles, Cal. to whom all communications should be addressed.

FOR SALE.

HISTORY OF DEAF-MUTE EDUCATION in Ontario illustrated with thirty four fine engravings. Single copies paper cover 25c. Full cloth 75c. By the dozen copies paper cover, 10c each cloth 75c each. J. HOWE, the printer, Court Road, Toronto Ont.

NOW READY!

Facts and dates and Poetry about the Deaf and Dumb. Copyrighted 1901 by F. A. Houlton. Contains interesting facts, anecdotes, entertaining humor and pathetic poetry, beautiful language and sublime. This book is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 226 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: F. A. HOULTON, Station M, New York City.

Schools for the Deaf in Canada.

CATHOLIC MALE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION for the Province of Quebec, Montreal, P. Q. established 1845. Principal: REV. J. B. MANSEAU, C.S.C.

CATHOLIC FEMALE DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION, Montreal, P. Q. established 1861. Principal: MISTRESS CHARLES OF PROVIDENCE.

HELIX INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, Halifax, N.S. established 1857. Principal: JAMES H. HUGHES.

ST. ANNE'S INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, Belleville, Ont. established 1870. Superintendent: R. MATHISON.

MARY'S INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, Montreal, P. Q. established 1870. Superintendent: MRS. H. E. ARTHUR.

FREDERICK INSTITUTION FOR THE education of the Deaf and Dumb, Fredericton, N.B. established 1872. Principal: A. H. H. WOODBRIDGE.

MANITOBA INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION of the Deaf Winnipeg, Manitoba established 1898. Principal: D. W. McDELMON.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 4 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 pupils.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 noon from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. DRAWING CLASS from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week. FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday, Wednesday afternoons of each week from 3 to 5. HIGH CLASS for Junior Teachers on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st of each month from 9 to 11 a.m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for Junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:

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

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY Primary pupils at 9 a.m. Senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Lecture at 12 p.m. immediately after which the class will assemble. Each Sunday Day the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8 a.m. and the teacher in charge for the week will open by prayer and afterwards discuss the lesson that may be taught their respective school rooms later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon to look the pupils will again assemble after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet or orderly manner.

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

Industrial Departments

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPET. Hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. Those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. in 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 3:30 p.m. 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, Shoop and Sewing Room to be left each day when work is to be in a clean and tidy condition.

Pupils are not to be excused from 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 the regular chapel exercises at 11:30 on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visiting on ordinary school days is as soon after 10 o'clock in the afternoon as possible, as the classes will be dismissed at 3:30 o'clock.

Admission of Children.

When pupils are admitted and parents are advised to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leaving their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be temporarily separated, and if left in our charge without this 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 either the Hotel 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 in each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of pupils letters of telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN OUR AMERICAN OF LETTERS FRIENDS 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 little ones who cannot write stating, as far as possible, their wishes.

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 in the press and apply for the care of the deaf and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in case of ailments and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.