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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VI.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

NO. 13.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:

DR. T. CHAMBERLAIN TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHISON, M.A., Superintendent
A. MATHISON, M.A., Warden
J. F. KIRK, M.D., Physician
MISS ISABELL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M.A., Mrs. J. G. FERRIS
J. DAVIS, M.A., Miss S. TEMPLETON
JAMES GIBBON, M.A., Miss MARY HULL
D. J. MCILROY, Miss LORENCE MAYNARD
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GEO. PATTERSON, Miss ADA JAMES
A. A. MCINTOSH, Miss GEORGINA LIND

Teachers of Articulation:

Miss L. M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

Miss L. N. METCALFE, JOHN F. BURNS
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing

Wm. DOUGLASS, WM. NICHOL,
Printer & Associate, Master Shoemaker

G. O'KEEFE, J. MURPHY,
Superintendent of Boys, Engineer

Miss M. DUNPHY, JOHN DOWN,
Seamstress, Superintendent of Girls, Master Carpenter

Miss B. A. HALE, D. CANNONHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$25 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay this amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of printing, carpentering and shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:15 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messengers not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



Tommy's Dreadful Dream.

Tommy was sleeping like a top
When to his great amazement
A great black shadow fell
And came tapping at his easement.

He off he off, you savage bird,
Or else I'll call my mother.
The black shadow said, "Allow tones,
Why did you eat up my brother?"

Revenge is sweet, and you must die
No time to this for you to die.
The black shadow said, "Allow tones,
The black shadow said the seasons.

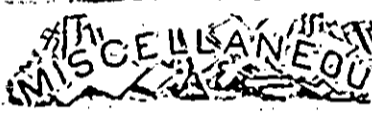
They're busy now with Harry Ford
He's to be cooked for dinner
And then we'll roast young Jacky South
Who takes a wee bit thinner.

Oh! let me live, cried Tommy when
At least till I am fatter.
As long as you're not old and tough
Said they, "It does not matter."

I'll never eat my black shadow
He's cooked and roasted
The black shadow said, "Allow tones,
Without the least relenting.

He said his death in a pin
With my fists of dipping
The little black shadow and then
The black shadow fell to dipping.

The black shadow was open wide
When Tommy's headly screaming
He had a great jump and found himself
He had his body screaming.



How the Boys Helped Widow Long.

Widow Long lived in a two-room cottage upon the brow of a long hill on the edge of C—. She was very old and poor, and had no one to care for her except Miss Elizabeth, her daughter, who was an invalid. The son who had been the mainstay of this little family, had died with pneumonia two years before the opening of our story, so there was no one left but these two, and it was a struggle to live on the little that poor Miss Elizabeth could get by taking in sewing when she was able and selling crocheted trimmings that so few wanted to buy.

"I say, boys, what do you think of giving Mrs. Long a surprise party?" asked Kenon Williams as he joined a number of his friends on the green one bright afternoon in spring. "Miss Elizabeth is sick again, and they've got no wood, and nothing to eat to speak of, and I think that it would be just time if we could help her all by ourselves, and it would be working for Jesus, too. What do you think about it?"

"'T would be just splendid, I think," said Charlie Graham. Kenon's suggestions were always "just splendid," the children thought. "I for one will give the dollar that I got for selling my last winter's suit. I thought that I would get me Robinson Crusoe with it, but I had rather give it to Mrs. Long. It would buy her some meat and things."

"That it would," said Kenon, "and I've got seventy-five cents that papa gave me for a birthday present. I'll put that with it, and that makes a whole dollar and three quarters. Hurrah! And now, Jim, can't you give us something too?"

Papa said that I might have the money the tanner gave him for Bunkam's hide. Bunkam was a good calf, an I just believe that if he was alive he'd like for his hide to buy something for a poor old woman. Yes, I'll give it to buy her some wood and some liniment for her rheumatism."

"It will help a great deal," Kenon told him. "Ben, what will you give?" "I dunno. I got no money, an no

way to get it. I don't see as I can be stopped suddenly, and then added in tones scarcely audible "Zyp's tail."

"Yes, the very thing," said Charlie. "I heard Mr. Marion say yesterday when Zyp passed us on the street, 'I would give a whole round dollar for that tail. My wife wants it so bad to make a fan with.' It'll soon be time to pull it out anyway, Ben, and I just believe that Mr. Marion would pay you the money now and wait for the tail."

This was a sacrifice to Ben. Zyp was a large, beautiful peafowl, and Ben loved his favorite very dearly, but Widow Long had been very kind to him, when he was so sick with fever after his mother died. He had never forgotten this, and so he told the boys, he would sell the tail and would give every cent of the money he would get for it too.

Capers was sitting all this time with his head in his hands and a thoughtful expression on his round face. "Boys," he said slowly at last, "can't we help Mrs. Long any way except with just giving money? I haven't any money at all, and I don't know how to get any. Mother would give it to me, I know, but it would be so much nicer if we could get all the things by ourselves and not let the grown-up folks know anything about it, and then Mrs. Long would be gladder, too, to think that we children did it. Don't you think Mrs. Long would be pleased if I took my calf and plowed up all her garden like I did mother's? Billy is a first-rate plower, and then I could rake all the trash away and fix it ready to plant the seeds. I know just how 'cause I watched Uncle Armstrong Burns when he raked mother's off. You just pile up the sticks and leaves and trash in little heaps and burn 'em. I believe that Mrs. Long would like it, and then she could take the money that she would have to pay a hired man to fix it for her, and get some seeds."

"I'll buy the seeds with the money that I've been saving since Christmas, interrupted brown-eyed Auguste, "and I'll plant them, too. My grandpa can fix the nicest rows in the world. He showed me how they do it in Germany and he has a little forked hoe that lays off the rows just regular, and papa's got one just like it. I say, Capers, when shall we do it?"

"What are you boys about, I'd like to know," said George Travers as he came up to the little group. "Any secrets up?"

"Yes, sirc," said Capers, "but none that we have to keep from George." And they told him all about their plans.

"Well, that's lucky, I declare. I've just come from the mill, and father said that I might sell a sack of flour that was ground from the wheat in my little patch, and have the money for my very own. But I'll tell you what! I'll just give the flour. It's nice and fine, too. And another thing—we must do it right away. Do you all know that Thursday is Mrs. Long's birthday? Wouldn't it be just time to give her a surprise party on her birthday?"

So it was settled on the green, and the boys separated.

Thursday morning, when the Widow Long opened her door to the sweetest knocking she almost staggered back with surprise at the sight which greeted her. George Travers, red in the face from carrying his sack of flour, managed to stagger out between his quick breaths. "We brought you a birthday surprise, Mrs. Long, and we got all the things by ourselves, just us children."

There was Charlie Graham with his arms full of bundles, besides a small canvassed ham which hung over his shoulder, there was Kenon Williams with a larger piece of bacon than he could well manage, and there was Ben with a great sack of meal.

"Here's my surprise," said Jim. And, looking out at the gate, her old eyes dimmed with tears as she saw the nice load of wood, all cut and ready for the stove. And then they told her that Capers and

Auguste were fixing her garden, and all that she had to do was just to tell them where she wanted the different seeds planted.

The poor lady was so overcome with amazement that she could hardly speak, but the boys noticed, as she opened the door wide for them to enter, that she used her handkerchief very frequently, and as she followed them to the closet in the corner of the other room she kept saying, "God bless 'em! God bless 'em! My boys—His boys!"

They found the closet well-nigh empty but it was not so when they left it. Widow Long took each one of the dear children in her motherly arms and told them all how grateful she was. "Remember, my darlin's," said the old lady, tearfully, as she went with them to the door, "that the dear Saviour said once—"

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The boys hurried away down the hill. "I'd rather have done that than have had all the Robinson Crusoes in the world," said Charlie.

That's the best birthday present that I ever had," said Kenon. "I never was so happy in my life," said Ben as he tossed his cap high in the air.

"Three cheers for Widow Long and her birthday," said Jim.

The cheers rang long and loud, and the people of C— wondered what was making such a commotion over in the direction of the hill.—Sunday School Visitor.

A Mother's Kisses.

A recent traveller to Spain, writing in Blackwood's Magazine, describes a touching scene witnessed at the departure of a regiment for Cuba. All day long there had been heard the measured tread of soldiers, marching through the streets, all day long gaily bedecked boats had been passing to and from the vessel that was to take them to Havana.

The twilight had begun to deepen when the correspondent saw "a startling and pretty sight"—the impetuous action of a portly, good-looking and well-dressed lady, who noticed a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his travelling gray, with a knapsack strapped over his shoulders.

All the rest of the men had friends, their *norias*, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and it might be divined that he was carrying a heavy desolate heart overseas.

The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said, "My son has already gone to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G., take this kiss to him." She leaned and kiss his cheek.

An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word.

The boy flushed with pleasure, and still holding the lady's hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile, "And may I not take one for myself as well, senora?"

The lady reddened, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again, to the frantic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on beamed and happy.

Modesty never shows up to good advantage in the dark.

The smaller the hole a man gets into the louder he howls.

Some people are never so happy as when they are miserable.

Smiling through tears makes the most beautiful of rainbows.

There are promises it is more honor able to break than to keep.

The Deaf and Dumb.

'Tis hard to understand
At times, in this strange earthly life,
Mid all its pain and care, and strife,
The working of God's hand

And some must brook the loss
Of much that makes this life most dear
And bear with patience year by year
The weight of some sad cross

On some sad, closed ears
All the sweet melodies that play
To this glad world from day to day
Fall noiselessly as tears

And God has strangely sealed
Some lips which might have served him well
For what high purpose, who can tell
One day 't would be revealed

Aye, blessed be his name!
One day when earthly shadows flee
When hidden eyes, the light shall see
And their reward shall claim

Then we will understand
What here on earth was mystery
And all will be sweet harmony
In that bright better land

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE

Notes During 1869-70 Session.

BY WM. KAY, AN OLD PUPIL.

Most of your readers will be reminded by a glance at the heading that it was the last session of the old school in Hamilton. One day in August my mother and myself sat down on a sofa in our sitting-room reading a letter from the late Mr. Terrill, which announced that the term would open on the 31st of that month. In due time my father and myself arrived at the Dundurn Castle that evening, only stopping at one of the window doors of the school room, when my father bade me good bye and departed. It was quite dark then, and when the lamps were lighted, to my surprise I saw the room beautifully decorated for the ball given by Miss Harriet McGann, now lady superintendent of the Mackay Institution in Montreal, and her late sister Mossie. Among the decorations was a magnificent oil painting, perhaps one yard square, containing the view of Burlington Bay, the work of Mr. Forster, the well known artist, who was an old friend of Mr. McGann. While looking at the painting, Mrs. Terrill came with her baby Alfred in her arms, shaking my hand and stood beside me for a minute or so. Then she said the painting was very good. As the pupils were not included in the ball party, they had to retire to their quarters. The next event of interest was the visit of

LORD LISGAR THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

and H. R. H. Prince Arthur. One night during study hour, Messrs. McGann and Terrill came into the room, the former sitting down on the bench beside me wrote the addresses on a slate for me to learn. The next day, under the supervision of young Edward McGann, the boys tied up the roads and lawns, and also assisted him and Mr. Terrill in making the strings of overgreens for the school-room. After the royal visit, Mr. Terrill went away on his hunting expedition and Edward McGann taught his class, to which I belonged. One day a little girl, rather tall for her age, came forward volunteering to teach her own class, and young Mr. McGann gave her leave. She did the work for a few days and sometimes I glanced at the little group by the black board and noticed how earnestly the little teacher was in reviewing the lessons, explaining or correcting the mistakes her classmates made. There were only three: Miss Ette Lorenzen, (now Mrs. McDermid of the Manitoba School, and one of the most effective and most competent teachers of the present day), Joseph Cook and George Richardson. After two weeks' absence Mr. Terrill returned, bringing with him a splendid bag of game—wild ducks, cranes, black birds, hawk and others. As usual I went home for Christmas but it was the shortest as well as my last one at home. Some time after my return to the castle,

PREPARATIONS FOR THE REMOVAL

of the school began, proceeding by degrees, the last night the boys slept in the family dining room on the floor, lying on the mattresses and covered with bedding warm and comfortable, on account of a hot coal stove under the charge of Mr. McGann, the Superintendent, who carried a lantern with him. The next afternoon the boys took their

having left a day or two previously. The last to arrive were the cook and Miss Maggie Brown (now Mrs. John Flynn), one of the girls who kept her company, as I remember well seeing them coming up the stairs into the kitchen while the boys were at supper for the first time. The new building consisted of two blocks three stories high, and was of red brick, on Main street, just one street behind the Mc Nab Presbyterian Church where the pupils always attended the morning service. The Watson family and the girls occupied one block, and the boys the other. Mr. Watson was the principal of the new school. Mr. McGann resided with his daughter Mrs. Terrill in her pretty cottage, where she had the charge of a few small boys and the blind girls, only three in number. Rev. Mr. James continued visiting there every week and preached effectively as ever.

BEING VALENTINE SEASON

a new and novel fad became the rage all over, in the shape of a moveable figure made of paper and wire. The one for the school amusement was a man sawing wood. The toy was hung against the stove pipe, high above the stove in the general room, and as long as there was a roaring fire the vibration in the air resulting from the heat from the pipe caused the wheel to turn around, thus making the man by means of a wire to saw. It was so amusing to watch how fast or slow the man was, according to the more or less effective vibration. One night during study hour Miss Harriet McGann and Mr. Forster, the artist, came in to the boys' room showing them the new oil portrait of the late Mr. Terrill. The likeness was so striking and forcible that the boys almost believed that he was alive, and were kindly allowed a long view of it with intense feelings. One night the pupils were very glad to welcome back two boys, Charles Howe and Mark Ezard, who had been on an extensive exhibition trip through Western Ontario, in company with either Mr. McGann or his son Edward. In the afternoon of Good Friday the pupils went to a hall to see a panorama, and as they occupied the gallery, I could hardly see the views plainly and was therefore indifferent as to what they were. On Easter Sunday the pupils had eggs for breakfast. There was only one long range of tables in the general room, and I being one of the smallest boys, sat nearest to the girls, not far from the head, where sat Miss Sarah Story, (now Mrs. Robert Riddell, of Toronto), one of my favorite companions for talking. Some new pupils were received by this time, some of whom were Miss Emile, (now Mrs. James Beemer), Miss Theakston, (now Mrs. Charles McLaren), Wm and Margaret Rutherford. Early in the morning of May 18th, some boys came into the dormitory asking for some suits of clothes, saying

"MRS. TERRILL'S COTTAGE BURNED DOWN

I was so astounded, mingled with sorrow, and promptly lent my suit, after a while the whole of the unfortunate minutes and the family arrived, looking sad and tearful. The usual school work was suspended during the day as there was so much excitement. Among the pupils who suffered most, was Miss Hazard, of Buffalo, N. Y., (now Mrs. Robertson). On Queen Victoria's birthday the pupils went down street to see the military procession, but were disappointed. Some boys played with fire crackers out in the yard, mostly out of their own pocket money. I, in company with Robert Hoy, of Avonton, bought three packages for a quarter, without asking the Principal's leave, but he did not give us any trouble as we were so careful not to ignite any building near around. In the evening the pupils enjoyed themselves by watching the display of fireworks down street, through the windows in their dormitories, and it was a very lovely moonlight. The next morning they were thrown into consternation by the unexpected news of the second Fenian raid, but it turned out to be only a fizzle though the soldiers were on the scene and were rather nervous, as the Principal told us. For some evenings Mrs. Watson came into the boys' room and read to them the extra telegrams, which were generally of cheerful character. By this time the talk was that there were some trouble in the far west, where the Red Indians lived and that the soldiers had gone there. It was Manitoba and

THE FIRST LIFT TO BELLEVILLE

Most of the pupils who had United

States money exchanged it for the new Canadian money, which had been introduced into the Dominion by the Government in Ottawa. I had three quarters in the car of a friend in the city who went to a bank and got me three small bills in quarters, not in use now. Some pupils left for their homes at different times, and one evening, Mr. McGann asked Mark Ezard and myself to go with Charles Howe as far as the station to see him off so we accompanied him and saw that he got a ticket and that he got a good seat in a car on the Toronto track, we each shook hands with him affectionately and bade him farewell and then came out. The school finally closed on the 20th of June, and it was Monday morning when some pupils, including myself took a bus to the station and then boarded the tram under the charge of Mr. Edward McGann, who went as far as Paris and then I went to Stratford the place of my nemo. The station was a small one painted brown, and I noticed behind it a newly built one which still stands. I almost forgot to mention that some time in May, upon the invitation of a gentleman in Waterloo, Mr. McGann took Charles Howe and myself there for exhibition, and returned to the school the next day. The day before we went, Mr. Watson told the boys to have a walk to Dundurn Castle, and there we met Mr. George Moulder. It was the last of him and also our last view of the Castle and its grounds. During July and August Mr. Edward McGann and myself were on an exhibition in towns in the county of Huron commencing at Seaford round by way of Goderich, along the lake coast and into the country, ending at Exeter. I believe it was the last connection with the old school in Hamilton before

ITS REMOVAL TO BELLEVILLE

The names of the attendants at the close of the session as I can remember, were Charles Howe, Mark Ezard, Wm. Smith of Shakespeare, Fred Wheeler, Con J. Staley, David Pringle, John and Henry Schnell, Cartwright, Cassidy, Robert Hoy, Daniel Hadden, Robert Sutton, Samuel Darow, Duncan Morrison, Joseph Cook, George Richardson, James Braven, John F. W., Robert Green, John Ormiston, Peter Cummings, Wm. Hammell, Wm. Rutherford, and the writer—21 boys. Sarah Story (Mrs. Riddell), Sarah Fletcher, once attendant at the New York Institution under Dr. Harvey Peet, Miss Hazard (Mrs. Robertson), Miss Birney, Margaret Brown (Mrs. Flynn), Miss Emile (Mrs. Jas. Beemer), Miss Theakston (Mrs. Chas. McLaren), Eliza Sloan, Sarah Byers, Miss McGee, Margaret Rutherford, and three blind girls: 14 girls. Miss Minnie Runley, (the late Mrs. Jas. McCoy) was an attendant in the Watson family. The mute visitors on the Queen's birthday were David Hamby, John and Henry Moore, besides Mrs. Jane Hester Howe, mother of Charles Howe. The other mute visitor was Mr. Cooper, a graduate of the Hartford Institution and an old classmate of the late Mr. Greene, who had the pleasure of meeting him at your school one year after

About Some Boys.

In an English Dockyard a great ship was to be launched. An immense crowd gathered to see it glide down the slides that were to carry it into the water. The blocks and wedges were knocked away, but the massive ship did not stir. Just then a little boy ran forward and began to push the ship with all his might. The crowd broke out into a laugh but it so happened that the vessel was almost ready to move, the few pounds pushed by the boy were only needed to start it, and away it went into the water. Now that was a little thing, but you see what it did.

Oftentimes the little things you do don't seem of much account. But they are. One spring morning a little boy planted a single seed in a bank of earth. It grew budding and blossomed into sweet blue violets in season by the child planter. It also seeded, and the seed fell out upon the bank of earth, and next spring more violets grew, and so for years, increasing every season. The boy, now a man in a foreign land, desired to visit his childhood's home. When he saw the bank of violets he remembered how years before, he had planted there a single seed. "Can it be," he said, "that all these have sprung from the single seed I planted? I will never waste a single seed." Oh, dear children, remember the importance of little things.—Exchange.

John Howells 10

A shaft of golden light
window of the old house
softly on the bare floor
faded, powdery cushions
now and beautiful
most lovingly of all on
little organist, surrounded
a glorious halo.

But the organist
Her hands were resting
and her brown eyes
through the darkened

Up to this time, Miss
able to practice every
time to be able to play
accept the permanent
organist in the village
day her hopes and aspirations
cherished were crushed
for Jim was sick, Jim
who had been her steady
who had cheerfully given
play every day to blow
hor.

"How long," asked the
of the doctor, "how long
be able to pump for Ruth?"

The kind-hearted doctor
pathetic smile. "A long
afraid, my boy. I thought
to take its leave after
person."

So Ruth went alone
that day. Not to practice
to pray quietly for the good
If only she could afford
needed to pay some bills
But that was out of the
must wait until Jim should
wait and hope.

Ruth was aroused from
reveries by hearing footsteps
ing, she saw John Howells
the aisle. He was the
spoiled boy in Plattsburgh
always a cold and pale
and somewhat dreary
now. He had seen
came up with a smile on
face.

"I saw the church door
came in," he said, sitting
near. "Don't let me disturb
your practicing, Miss Morris,
listen to you if I may."

"I am not practicing to
answered. Then seeing
surprise, she added "Jim
know, so I must wait until
helper is well."

"Oh, I see," said John
the organ. But if you were
Miss Morris, I can find
in a few minutes. Any
fellows around here would
do it."

Ruth gave a little laugh
see, John," she said frankly
cannot afford to pay for one
so I must wait, and in time
well."

Her companion said nothing
his mind was busy thinking
he had wasted on trifling
money which this young girl
spent to great advantage
by the spending. The want
had never come home to him
before.

Yet what could he do? He
felt that he must in some way
for his past extravagance
this girl. He could not offer
boy for her. And then close
of golden light, a generous
came into John Howells's heart.

"Miss Morris," he said
"I am an idle fellow and
many hours a day that
doing real good to take me
help me give pleasure to
beside myself. May I put
hour every morning?"

"You are very good,
flushing. "But I couldn't
imposing on you so, John,
some work."

"Well," said John, "if
it why can't I? I'm
stronger. Suppose we
away."

And begun they did an
precious hour Ruth played so

When some of John's friends
what his work was every
smiled among themselves
why the rich boy should waste
money during his vacation,
the little organist and John
knew what prompted the serv

Many people look as if they
did not agree with them

Rest often so recuperates
that it makes him too lazy
work.

Her Awful Dream.

EXAMINATION

"I could of tender years
 In such an awful dream
 Come to me almost in tears
 Just was going to scream
 In both my eyes came open wide
 In such a dream," she cried
 "Because it was so bad!"
 "I could it be, poor child?" I said
 "Were you pursued by bears?"
 "No, your dolly broke her head
 And you fall downstairs!"
 "Dear, it's most too bad to tell!"
 "I know in school our class
 In our examination Well
 I didn't pass!"

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution

BY ANNIE BLACKBURN

Miss Henrietta Hammell got a photograph from Miss Mabel Ball lately. We think she is good looking.

On the 18th ult. Miss Lazzio Scott got word from home that her uncle died the week before. We all sympathize with her in her sad bereavement.

We are much pleased to learn that our little girl, Mary Russell, is amongst her again. She has been sick for a few weeks but has recovered her health.

We were allowed to go out skating on the bay several days lately and we had a good time. It is very kind of Mr. Johnson to let us go skating so often.

On the 14th Misses Holt and Ettie O'Connor went to town to have their teeth filled. Gertie had two of her front teeth filled with gold and she is proud of herself.

On the 15th ult. we assembled in the chapel to see the magic lantern entertainment. Some of the views were from Italy. It was said to be one of the best nights we have had.

I am with deepest regret that we heard of the death of Miss Templeton's brother who lived in Vancouver, B. C., and we all wish to express our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence in the sad loss of her brother.

We were surprised to learn that Miss Bella Harrington was united in marriage to Mr. George Kelly on the 19th ult. We all send our hearty congratulations and trust that they may long live to enjoy a happy married life.

On the 20th ult. Miss Alberta Wells received a letter from Ethel Swatze informing her that she was recovering her strength. On her birthday Ethel sent Alberta a lovely handkerchief and she appreciates it very highly. We all wish her many happy returns of that day.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

From our own Correspondent

On the evening of the 11th Mr. D. Beane entertained his mute friends at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Robert, of McLaren street. It being the first time Mr. and Mrs. Culbert were called upon to entertain a party of mutes they naturally were a little doubtful of their ability to play the part of hosts, but, aided by the Misses Bayne and Bayne, they succeeded in giving the mutes a very pleasant evening. The last two young ladies are quite delighted with the mutes, and hold a very high opinion of them, and the opinion is also held by the mutes in regard to them. Before dispersing to home, D. Bayne was requested to give the thanks of those present to Mr. and Mrs. Culbert, who in return wished them all to come again so they may become better acquainted. Miss Annie Northwick is the only hearing lady who is able to speak fluently to the mutes by the manual alphabet, and used to make the evening pass off pleasantly. Mr. Gray was detained from being present by circumstances which he had no control, and expressed his regret at not being present. His regret was not shared by another young man who had the honor of taking the thanks of those present to Mr. and Mrs. Culbert, which your readers may imagine to be short of young men here.

Entertainments of a social nature are rare among the deaf, and now as Mr. Bayne has started and shown what a case it and profitable evening can be, we don't wonder some also take their turn to keep the ball rolling. Next Miss Herrington, of Russell, gave us a complete surprise by sending us an invitation to her marriage to Mr. Bayne of Norfolk county, which happy

event came off on the evening of the nineteenth, at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Moore, and was followed by a supper at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Tubman, a very pleasant evening was spent and all departed for their homes at midnight, after tendering the newly married couple their best wishes. Miss Maggie Northwick acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Wigget ably supported the groom. We understand the happy couple intend spending a couple of weeks visiting the bride's relations before returning to their future home and express their intention of visiting the Institution on their way home so be prepared to give them a fitting reception. Your scribe endeavored to obtain a list of the wedding presents and donors but was unable to do so, but from the number of articles of silverware and other costly presents he is in a position to inform your readers that she is held in high esteem by a large circle of friends.

We regret that Mr. Metcalf has been confined to bed by a severe cold.

DETROIT NEWS.

From our own Correspondent

Have just received the last issue of your paper, and remember that in the issue of Jan. 1st there were letters from Mr. Nurse and Mr. Byrne regarding the place for the coming convention.

I will say, by all means not Ottawa. It would be the most unsuitable place, I think, as very few of the Belleville pupils live east of Belleville, and if the convention was to be held at Ottawa, I am afraid not more than one out of every ten living west of Belleville would be able to attend. I cannot say anything about Hamilton, as for London, if held there I have no doubt quite a few would attend that would not if it held elsewhere. But is there any person in London capable of undertaking the responsibility of making all the necessary arrangements in regard to hall, boarding, entertaining, &c.? It is not an easy thing to undertake, and no convention can be a success unless every thing is properly arranged. What is the matter with Toronto? True, the convention has been held there twice, but it is, I think, the most central place and more deaf reside there than in any other city in Ontario, so there would be plenty to make all necessary arrangements and without much trouble either. I should think and Toronto has Lake Ontario, so we could have a delightful boat ride or moonlight excursion, and if the convention is to wind up with a trip to Niagara Falls as was mentioned last fall why, I should think Toronto would be the most convenient place to start from, but not least, as the convention will probably be held just after the close of school, and as many come as far as Toronto to change for other points, if arrangements could be made for a stay over for a day or two I have no doubt a few would be only too happy to attend. As more than one person will attend the convention, the place decided on should be the place that suits the majority. It does not make any difference to the writer whether held at London, Toronto or Hamilton, but if you are going to start for Ottawa, better change your mind turn around and come to Windsor. You may be sure of a hearty welcome if you do.

Your writer, not long ago, was told an amusing story that is going about here in Canada. It was that she can't get married here. Too bad, isn't it? Sorry the teller has not pleasanter and more interesting news to tell his friends after being away over a year.

As I shall attend the convention, if possible, I want all to understand that I go just for the sake of meeting old friends and having a good time, and not to do any lullaby hunting, so if you see me don't be afraid of me, and on no account lock your other half at home for I truly promise not to do any stealing or cutting out, for I am not yet tired of my single blessedness and of doing as I please. I am, in fact, conceited enough to think I am much better off than I would be if married to some good for nothing or had to live in one room while my hubby went tramping about the country. I don't want your readers to think the gentlemen of Detroit are good for nothing, we have some fine fellows here and all the married ones have nice comfortable homes, but there are others in the world, you know. I must say the same as A. J., no news to make a show but think this will be long enough for you to read, so no more until next time.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own Correspondent

Best wishes from all for a bright and prosperous New Year.

We read with pleasure the account of the Christmas celebrations of the pupils of the Belleville Institution.

Our kind president, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas has been absent some weeks in British Columbia, but has now returned and looks much benefited by his trip.

Miss Bolger, our late matron, paid us a two weeks' visit, returning to her home (Kingston) Nias Eye. All were well pleased to see their old friend again.

None of the pupils went home for the holidays, as they brought back so much sickness with them last year, the superintendent deemed it best that they should remain here. They all had a very merry Nias. Santa Claus did not forget anyone. A stereopticon entertainment was given one evening. The teachers had holidays, from 5 to 7 days.

Our rink was opened on Monday, December 20th, and was in splendid condition all through the holidays. We had morning session every day, in the afternoon the children skated. Some of the little ones have made wonderful progress.

On New Year's Day a m., all the pupils went to a farmer's near by and were very kindly entertained.

Our hockey team played a friendly match with the "Rosesales," of Mount Royal Vale the same a. m., which resulted in a draw 2-2.

On Wednesday, January 6th all the pupils, some former pupils and the teachers went for a sleigh drive to Lachine. All seemed to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

I must not omit to mention a pleasant surprise the pupils had in store on Nias Eye for Mrs. Ashcroft whom they invited into their sitting room and presented with a splendid crayon portrait of herself handsomely framed.

A hockey match will take place between our boys and the 2nd team of the St. John's School on Saturday, 20th. We hope our boys will be victorious.

On Tuesday last the boys were invited to a carnival on the Mt. Royal Vale rink. They went and had a very enjoyable time.

Jessie Hardman, one of our little girls, came back to us last Saturday. The pupils all welcomed her bright little face amongst them again. So far, this session every one has enjoyed good health. We hope this good record will remain unbroken for the rest of the season.

January 21st 1895

BRANTFORD BRIEFS.

From a Correspondent

The mutes here are generally on the go, and it's hard to find out where some of them do go, and besides some won't say where their best friends live.

A. E. Smith is still at his old stand, and still a member of the chicken fraternity, and would like to know if there is any other mute a member, if so he would like to have a show with the said mute if any should ever exist.

Mr. A. S. Waggoner spent a few days here so also did A. Shepherd, R. McPherson and Wm. Wallace. Messrs. Giethebe were here for New Year's, and they report a nice one.

The weather has been rather changeable, so that one morning as Jim Goodbrand and Archie Smith were on their way to work both slid down on the little hill across which they were making a short cut. It had been sleeting very early in the morning making it very slippery. They got up after a nice shaking up and a lump on one's head, which told what a fall cost.

Jim Goodbrand is still at the Gould Bicycle Works, not at the Carriage Works, as some reports have said. He can turn out some fine work when desired.

Archie Smith is back at his old place, after being off quite a while, but is rather disappointed at the way prices have been reduced on piece work. It seems he won't remain long as he has another thing in view which none of you need guess.

So Brantford is having a free postal delivery. Some of the mutes are glad, as it saves them a walk to the post office which quite a number live far from.

Bob McPherson leaves for Woodstock to spend a few days with Charlie Ryan. Nearly all the mutes have work, and some of a steady nature.

Miss S. Foulds has secured a better

situation with Miss O'Connor on Colborne street, and she has a short walk now.

Your scribe has seen nothing of Robt. Sutton lately. Perhaps some day he'll pop up unexpectedly, but when and where yet remains to be seen.

John Chantler has been in Brantford several times, but very few of the mutes have seen him.

So the M. I. is open for something to say about the convention. Hamilton will get the whole vote here if there can be enough push in that place to secure rooms for the meeting and rates for the delegates. If Hamilton wins this year the next one should be cast, so as to have fair play for those living there. I find that the coming one is eagerly looked for, as there are two wheelmen who are anxious to do something on their wheels. There will be more wheel races this year, as there are many mutes who have a silent steed and are anxious to show what they can do.

David Souris was in town lately and traded horses, and now owns a fine team. Good luck, Dave.

LINDSAY NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Perhaps some think I am dead, because there have not been any Lindsay items in your paper for a long time. Well, Mr. Editor, the only excuse I have to offer is that there are not many deaf mutes in Lindsay and no news worth while to write up for the paper, but now that I have some I give it, hoping it will be of some interest to your many readers.

Mr. Thomas Hill, of Toronto, was in town for a couple of days lately. Tom is the same old fellow as when he was at school, the only change about him being a "fine" moustache. We were pleased to see him after so long an absence, but are sorry to say that his health is failing him. He has been in Grace Hospital, Toronto, for a few months and was only released a short time ago. He should not have taken to work so soon.

Hello! Where is the next annual convention, going to be held? While many say that it is Hamilton's turn now, we don't see why it is nearly always held in the west. Why cannot the westerners let the east have a chance? We think it should be held every other year at Belleville, where we spent many happy days together, and because, if held there, it would tend to make people think that we take a deep interest in the institution. We would also suggest Peterboro as the place to hold the next convention, because it is more central. Kingston should also be given a chance.

Mr. Arthur J. E. Clarke, of Aurora, spent a few days in this vicinity a short time ago. While your correspondent had not the privilege of seeing him, we understand he did well at his business, - that of selling court plaster.

Thunder and lightning accompanied the rain storm on Wednesday, the 12th ult. There has not been a thunder storm in January since 1852, says the Toronto Observatory, although there was lightning in the same month in 1873 and 1882.

Mr. J. T. Robinson, father of Miss Lulu Robinson, was again elected Reeve of Bobcaygeon at the recent municipal elections. There were three others after the office.

A dwelling house, belonging to Mrs. (Dr.) Bonnell, of Bobcaygeon, situate on the northern boundary of the town, was burned to the ground some time ago. Owing to the nearest hydrant being more than a quarter of a mile distant the firemen were unable to do anything to save the burning building. Partly covered by insurance, so your scribe understands, Dr. Bonnell is deaf. He is doing a splendid business, and also enjoys the respect of every citizen of that village.

- Toronto correspondence came too late for this issue, will appear in our next.

- Mrs. H. Moore, of Toronto, has been on a visit to her home in the city, but her time was too limited to call on us at the Institution, beyond making a few calls in town she was unable to do any visiting.

- The cold weather has arrived. During Saturday night last it was 20 below zero, and on Sunday night and Monday morning 21 was reached. This is a Klondike wave and it must be confessed is a braising one. We are looking for golden weather soon.



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.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

Christmas Holidays.

Some of our contemporaries have been discussing the expediency of giving a week's holidays at Christmas time. Several of the American Schools do so, as does also the Winnipeg Institution. The majority of schools, however, do not give any holidays except Christmas and New Year's days. The practice of granting a mid-winter holiday was abolished at this Institution many years ago, for several good reasons. Of course it would be folly to have the holiday unless the pupils were allowed to go home. But in former times it happened that on more than one occasion some of the pupils brought back with them some epidemic or contagious disease, and a large number of them were sure to be suffering from heavy colds, and resultant indispositions, and we do not think it wise to subject the children to such risks. Again, a great many of the parents of pupils are poor and could ill afford the expense of paying the railway fares for their children twice during the year. Then again a majority of the pupils' parents are farmers and during the summer months their children can be of very considerable service on the farm, so it is better to go away with the usual winter and Easter holidays and extend the summer holiday to a corresponding length. And, lastly, we do not think it wise to break in on the work of the session so seriously as a Christmas holiday would necessitate. The usual holiday is about ten days. Then there is a day for going and one for returning, then, for at least two or three days before, no serious work can be got out of a class and on the return it would take several days to settle down to work and recall what had been forgotten during the holidays. So in all at least three weeks would be taken out of the heart of the session, not even considering the fact

that much better work can be done in the winter than in the sultry summer. Against all these disadvantages the only offset that the advocates of a mid-winter holiday offer is the sentimental one - they think it is a pity that children cannot be with their parents at Christmas time. So it is, but yet sentiment must not be allowed to over-ride a due regard for the best interests of the pupils. And even to the sentimental aspect of the question there are counter considerations. To many parents it is a very hard trial to part with their children and place them in the care of strangers, while for many days after their arrival at the Institution many of the little ones suffer very much from homesickness. Long before Christmas both parents and pupils have become reconciled and contented, and to renew the anguish of the parting for the sake of a few days together is by no means an unmixed kindness.

The Fortieth Annual Report of the Washington D. C. College for the Deaf has just been received and is of unusual value and interest. The attendance last year was 181, of whom three were from Ontario. Full information is given relative to the course of study, the methods of instruction employed, etc., and the book is embellished with a number of beautiful photogravures of the various buildings, and of the statue of Thomas H. Gallaudet, "Friend, Teacher, Benefactor" of the Deaf. The chief feature of the Report, however, consists of the official report of the visit of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of the College, to Europe last year a full report of his able and exhaustive address delivered before the British Deaf and Dumb Association in London, and the interesting account of his trip and the message to the deaf and the friends of the deaf in America and Europe which recently appeared in *The Annals*. These reports and addresses contain an excellent summary and review of the latest developments in deaf mute education, and an able advocacy of the most advanced and intelligent methods of instruction.

The fine Christmas edition of the *New York Journal* came to hand a couple of weeks late. It seems that it had inserted an advertisement of a New York ball at which a gold watch was to be drawn by lot. This was considered a violation of the anti lottery law and the authorities refused to allow the paper to pass through the mails, so it was necessary to set up and re-print the entire edition, with the offensive advertisement omitted. And yet papers by the score are allowed to circulate through the mails which contain advertisements of the most evidently and shamelessly fraudulent nature. The lynx-eyed official who condemned the *Journal* seems to have strained at a gnat after having performed the feat of swallowing a good many elephants.

"THE CANADIAN MUTE" says that school will continue without any break till Good Friday. Wonder if our Canadian friends do not wish that they had a George Washington and an Abraham Lincoln. Not particularly. We have a great admiration for those good men but still we would not trade our Queen off for a dozen Washingtons and Lincolns nor even to get an extra holiday or two. We Britons have to draw the line very strictly in regard to holidays for celebrating the birth of our great men. If we had a holiday on the birthday anniversaries of all our men who are or were as good and great as were the two American heroes, we would not be able to keep school at all.

It is a common saying that what's done can't be undone, that mistakes once made can never be rectified. In a sense this is true, and yet in another real respect it is not true. Phillips Brooks says that the only sure way to get rid of a past is by getting a future out of it. As teachers we often make mistakes in our methods of instruction and our modes of discipline, and, when too late, generally realize and deeply regret them. Of course it is impossible to rectify any specific mistake or obliterate the past. Yet if we gain fresh knowledge from such errors, and so utilize the experience gained as to guard against similar errors for the future we shall, in a very real and important sense, get rid of the past, and making our very errors the medium of future successes, thus rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things.

According to *The Annals* the ten largest schools for the deaf in America are the following: Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, New York, St. Joseph's, Missouri, Kentucky, Indiana and Iowa. In the matter of size Ontario comes quite a distance from the top—but then, you know quality is not always in proportion to bulk. And it is in quality that we claim pre-eminence.

Valentine's Day

HISTORY OF THE SAINT AND THE ORIGIN OF THE FESTIVAL LOVE IS THE CENTRAL FEATURE APPROPRIATE POETRY, ETC.

The 14th day of February was formerly observed in England, Scotland and parts of France by peculiar and amusing customs in relation to an allotment of young men and young women to each other. The imaginary engagements made in sport on that day were supposed to hold good through the year, and often resulted in weddings. In later times the observance degenerated to the sending of tender or ridiculous love letters, and was long in usage in this country. In recent years it has almost been discarded as an absurdity and a nuisance.

The earliest authorities say that St. Valentine was a bishop, gentle, charitable and benignant whose tongue was marvellously persuasive in convincing the benighted pagans of the errors of their ways. He labored hard and earnestly in his good work, but, alas, his zeal did not suit the pleasure of the authorities, and after being cruelly beaten with clubs he was beheaded. This happened in the reign of Marcus Aurelius Claudius, on the 14th day of February, somewhere about the year 270, but after this abrupt taking off, the canonization of the good bishop followed, and his name has been a household word ever since.

How did the good saint become responsible for the flood of tender sentiment which is annually poured forth under shelter of his venerable name? A few only of the reasons will be given. One of the simplest explanations was that birds selected their mates on Feb. 14th. This theory was popular for some time until a heartless naturalist knocked it into smithereens by proving that, as a matrimonial season, birds didn't care any more for the 14th than for the 13th or 15th. Another reason assigned was that St. Valentine, being a man of love and charity, it was natural to suppose he would patronize those virtues. Perhaps the best solution is the following: With the dawning of the Christian era pagan rites, pagan ceremonies and pagan feasts, however, were merged into Christian holidays. The festival of the Lupercalia was the one on which the Romans did honor to Pan and Jano, not with the banquet, the dance and the drama, but by a peculiar ceremony in which the young men drew from a box of billets, each inscribed with a maiden's name, each bachelor devoting himself for 12 months to the lady falling to his lot. In the natural order of events the Lupercalia became St. Valentine's day, and the drawing of billets was so agreeable a custom that the youthful blood rebelled against the annihilation. It was, therefore, permitted to continue and from that time to this, with more or less variation to suit the times and the people, St. Valentine

and Cupid have been in some form of relationship in some samples.

A VALENTINE

Let others wonder what I mean
I you their path shall lead
And fancying half a heart
Some sudden shape of love
To be their Valentine

Let other hearts with trouble
One regret with sighing
That fate may lead them
Fair Julia in the land to meet
To be their Valentine

But, I far happier am
I know the eyes benign
The face more beautiful
Than Fahey's fairest portrait
That mark my Valentine

More than when first I sang
This only prayer is mine
That, in the years I yet shall
As darling, in the land to meet
My happy Valentine

FOR VALENTINE

What though the skies be
And wind be wild and storm
Love's messenger shall fly
Across the vale and hill
For sunlight he shall have
For stars two eyes that glow
When my heart has its own
My own, dear Valentine

He turns to neither left nor right
But straight ahead he goes
His guide is Hope, whose foot
The surest pathway knows
He bears my message in his hand
A song whose every line
Shall turn to music on your ear
My own, dear Valentine

Oh, when you hear his age
Upon the floor begin
Make haste to lift the heavy
And bid young Cupid in
That then shall gleam the
And glad this heart of mine
To be at last with her I love
With you, dear Valentine

SOME NOTIONS

Love, then, hath every bliss
In friendship and 'tis sweet
To love and to be loved

Each other every with love
Not to know love not to live

New and nature seemed in love
And birds had drawn their love

Behold me! I am a orphan
Of thy loving, for I love you

You say to me your affection
Pray give me little so you love

Does not all the blood within
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet
As the spring to meet the sun

See how she leans her cheek upon
That I were a glove upon that cheek
That I might touch that cheek

Oh! have I heard both youths and maids
Bliss whose their loves and company
By their flight I never can divide
When I shall couple with my maid

Thus let me hold thee to my heart
And every care resign
And we shall never, never part
My life, my all that's mine

On paper curiously shaped
Scribbled to-day of every
In Venus valentine's sleep
To Venus elude their names
I too will swell the motley
And greet the all auspicious
Whose privilege permits me
My love thus as set to come

Ask not of me, love, what is love
Ask what is good of that above
Ask of the great sun what is life
Ask what is darkness of the night
Ask what is what may be forgotten
Ask what is happiness of heaven
Ask what is folly of the crown
Ask what is fashion of the stream
Ask what is sweetness of thy love
Ask of thyself what beauty is

Within my earthly temple there is
There is one of us that a humble one
There is one that a broken-hearted one
There is one that a repentant one
There is one that loves his neighbor
There is one that cares for nought but
himself

From much corroding care I should
If I could once for all determine who

A Fair Test.

A travelling peddler of patent
called at a farmhouse in Lew
other day soliciting patronage,
ascertaining that the lady having
ing of cream on hand, was w
churn it. The lady said that
patent churn already but
mused that his was so much
that he could get two pounds
ter from the cream than she
her churn. She said "If you
buy it." So he left the churn
to come and prove it the next
The lady put her cream into
churn and brought her butter
out and poured the butter into
vender's churn. He came in
morning and churned and ch
no butter, exclaiming at last
no butter in this cream." The
said the lady, "for I've churned
churn, but I wanted to see you
other two pounds." There wa
and no further conversation
Journal.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895

...with hideous leer
 ...whom all men fear
 ...when late calls I come
 ...my touch succumb
 ...in his path
 ...and struck at him in wrath
 ...at and still,
 ...the feet of indignity Will
 Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Mr. Campbell's Lecture.

On Saturday night, the 22nd ult. the deaf-mutes assembled in the chapel and listened to a most interesting and instructive lecture by Mr. Campbell. The lecture was turned on for the first time since its introduction into this country, and the light was a great improvement on the gas. It shed such a brilliant illumination full upon the faces of the deaf-mutes that the rostrum and the lecturers were easily and clearly seen every part of it. The pupils were all very pleased with the change and did not give their sight at least to the lecturer. The subject of the lecture was the origin of telegraphs, cables and tunnels, with numerous stories thrown in at intervals to relieve the dry though interesting subject. Mr. Campbell appeared on the rostrum for the first time as a lecturer since his connection with this Institution, and made a most successful success not only as a signer but also in retaining the interest of the deaf-mutes from start to finish. He began by comparing the postage system of the present with the present, and in an interesting manner, the postage to letters, etc., and the delivery of them. By way of amusement he sat down and wrote a few lines of the various distortions of his own pronunciation of some ignorant man who wishes to magnify his own importance by writing letters and charging the postage length to Franklin and Morse. His ingenuity we owe the boon of the telegraph. The most celebrated of subterranean cables and tunnels under mountains and rivers were mentioned, viz. the Dover and Calais, and the Newfoundland and Ireland, tunnels under mountains, the Cascade, the St. Gothard, the Mount Arlberg, and the Simplon under rivers, the Severn, the Mersey, the St. Clair. A funny story was told of a girl and her lover while aboard a boat trying to pass a tunnel. She went to see the tunnel, and a black cat sat just vacated. When she went to the dark going through the tunnel, the white girl's lover embraced her, and she thought it was the wrong girl. Being out of the tunnel into the daylight again, she was carried to the boat and described. Another story was told of a girl had a piece of court plaster on one of her cheeks. When

going through a dark tunnel a fellow kissed her hard on the cheek and she went into the daylight again. In the plaster was off her cheek and she was the man, much to the amusement of her friends in their coach. Before the dispersion of the meeting Miss Wyle in proposing a vote of thanks said that the lecture just closed was extremely interesting and expressed the hope that Mr. Campbell would favor us with another. The vote was passed enthusiastically. Mr. Campbell acknowledged it graciously and promised that he would speak to us again soon.



Since we last wrote one of our boys has been returned to his parents care his further stay here being considered detrimental to good discipline.

Among our visitors last week was Mrs. W. J. Campbell she was accompanied by her friends, Mrs. Hill of Belleville and Mr. Kohl of Peterboro.

Harmonidas Fougette is still compelled to lay off from school and shopwork on account of his eyes. To an active industrious boy this is a great hardship.

In the last of our usual winter scenes of magic lantern entertainments we were indebted to Mr. F. L. Figgler of the city for the kind loan of about 75 pictures of Italian views as well as several taken in this locality.

Men from the city are at present busy cutting ice and filling up the warehouse with our supply for next summer. The quality is excellent but as we have had no very severe protracted cold weather it is not quite so thick as usual.

The pupils have lately been released from the work rooms several afternoons and were allowed to go skating on the bay. We need not add that they enjoyed themselves and came back fresh and cuddly from the exhilarating exercise.

Last week Mr. Tom A. Kelly of Glen Meyer called to see and spend a day with us. His visit was doubly interesting from the fact that he was on his way east to be married. He expected to call and see us again on his return journey and bring his bride with him.

A number connected with the Institution received and accepted invitations to the annual ball tendered by the Belleville teachers. Those who were not so fortunate as to receive invitations were nevertheless interested in the affair and wished to see it successful.

Last week a teacher, officer and employee of the Institution received a circular letter from the Superintendent requesting them to closely look to the consumption of gas and exercise a saving care of it both in the private and public rooms whenever possible. During the past three months the amount consumed has been unprecedented since the Institution was opened and the thing cannot be allowed to continue.

We regret to announce that death has entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow and taken away their little son. Mrs. Barlow and family have been visiting the paternal home at Marmora since Christmas and the child enjoyed good health until the 19th ult. when he was seized with a chilling convulsion and in spite of prompt medical aid never rallied and died in a few hours. The receipt of a telegram that the child was all Mr. Barlow left here to see but a thirty five mile drive takes time and he arrived too late to see his boy alive. All in the Institution sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Barlow in their loss.

PERSONALITIES.

There is an English lady living near Jarvis, who is totally deaf and dumb. She has not a full education in other respects but she reads now converses on her fingers, yet despite these circumstances she gets on well.

Our messenger F. Johnston has been taking a well deserved ten days holiday since this time last year he has been his daily rounds to and from city in all weathers and the short vacation from business has done him good.

Miss Flete McAlloch is a good tailor and has steady employment at Seaforth.

Ho for Kandyko! F. G. Jefferson writes from Toronto, Canada, and would like to know of any deaf young men who want to go nugget hunting in Alaska. He would undertake to guide them safely and keep them from sharks and swimmers which is very kind of him. He says a boat could be rigged up for the party, each member of which need bring only one hundred pounds in the outset for expenses. I like that word only. Mr. Jefferson proposes to start in February so intending voyagers should hurry up. But—that hundred pounds! Ephphatha, Leicester, England.

Miss Templeton has the warm sympathy of all connected with the Institution, and of the deaf throughout the Province, in the very sad bereavement she has been called upon to pass through in the death of her brother, Mr. William Templeton, Mayor of Vancouver, B. C., which took place on the 16th ult. The deceased had enjoyed his usual good health up till the day before his death, and the news of his sudden demise, coming as it did without any previous intimations, was a terrible shock to Miss Templeton, as it also was to all his many friends here and elsewhere. The deceased was born in Belleville 44 years ago, and at the time of his death was recognized as one of the ablest and most popular men in British Columbia where he had resided since 1886. Last year he was Mayor of Vancouver and discharged the duties of his office in such a manner as to merit and enjoy the good will and respect of his constituents and the warm personal friendship of the civic officials, and yet higher honors were within his grasp had he lived a few years longer. The spontaneous and unanimous expression of sorrow and regret throughout the city and province was a splendid tribute to the fine personal character of the deceased and an abundant evidence of the highest esteem in which he was held both as a citizen and a public functionary. The funeral took place on the 19th and was one of the largest ever seen in that Province, all the places of business being closed and all the public bodies, the civic officials, the public school children and representatives from other cities marching in the procession. Says the Vancouver World: "He was in every respect a good and patriotic citizen. None deplore his loss more than those who recently opposed him, and the grand Recessional of haphing keeps ringing in their ears, telling how all glories pass away as the minutes fade into eternity."

To Late.

There came not many days since to the principal of one of our schools, a painful little appeal for work that closed with the words, "I am tired of being at home. I am sorry I left school before my time was up. How often this old story is told to us in a letter. The child has wearied of school life. It is restrictive and the restraints of Institution study and work, and wants to go home and there remain. Home, as it sees it is the place of mending pie, of boundless cake, of inexhaustible chicken and of full indulgence, the place where it may go to bed when it pleases and rise when it pleases, where it is always in its best bib and tucker, and from which it goes on frequent occasions to visit relatives who vie with parents in pandering to all its desires—and so long before the ten years are up, there is a clamor to remain in that place of perpetual bliss. The little one is called in by the conscientious teacher and expostulated with, its duty is made plain to it, every effort is made to show it the folly of such a course, but all to no avail. The vision of good things is too bright and beautiful. It persists. The fond parent gratifies the wish, and it leaves school to return no more. Then comes the disillusioning. Parents cannot keep up the perpetual delight, or perhaps they awaken to the fact that it would be wrong to do so, and home calls. The child has been but half educated, and association with those around it is at best difficult. The child has been but half learned and it is unable to turn to it as a means of livelihood, and the angel of opportunity is counted when it has taken its flight. Then comes the wait a wait that unfortunately often becomes more bitter with the years. I am sorry I left school before my time was up. —Mount Arvy World.

Memories of the Past.

In a letter to the Wisconsin Times, Mr. J. C. Balis of this Institution remarks: "I was reading the Telephone column in the Mount Arvy World a while ago, and A. L. P.'s experiences are so much my own and other's that a collection of them might make an interesting addition to statistics, etc., of the deaf. I however differ with A. L. P. in that I can call up at will any song or music heard prior to my 18th year, and the songs may be vocal or instrumental, at will. I can read any thing and instead of my own voice, interject that of other persons, whose voices I remember, notably those of Dr. David Perkins, K. A. Buppell, and others, in Milwaukee, connected with the First Presbyterian or "Emmanuel" church mission in the 6th ward. Stephen A. Douglas, Matt Carpenters and Gov. Fairchild's voices were for many years quite strong and sonorous, so interjected. I heard Douglas once, his last in Milwaukee.

No moment is still from waking to sleeping time, and, unless spoken to, I am unconscious of being deaf. Fancied external sounds arouse me just as they do others and I've often gone prowl after an imagined "bang" all over the house only to realize at last that it was merely the clearing of some clogged vessel in my own cerebellum.

I wonder how many of the orally taught have to battle with three or four voices in their own throaxes when speaking for any length of time, as I do. May it not account for some of the queer voices that they have? Not having heard, they are unconscious of the difficulty and therefore do not speak of it. I have to hold a hand to my throat when reading aloud or speaking any length of time, to keep to the same tone, while the tendency is to raise my voice to overcome the roaring, sizzling, sputtering, geo whizz bang ing engendered by the effort of speaking. There, I guess that's enough of I, me and my—eh?

LONDON NOTES.

Last Saturday night a severe wind storm, escorting rain, sleet and snow, struck this city and continued all night. About a foot of snow fell here between Saturday and Sunday night. Roads heavy but not drifted.

Mr. Charlie Elliott, of Toronto, is on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Roy Ira Smith, in this city, spending his vacation. He will leave for his home in Toronto next Saturday.

Mr. Wm McKay, of Woodstock, and Mr. Jonathan Henderson, of Talbotville, came here on a flying visit lately. They went to see the city hall disaster.

A very interesting cottage prayer meeting was held at the residence of Mr. D. Dark on Sunday afternoon last. Some deaf mutes assembled in his house and Mr. C. Elliott signed to them about "the spirit." His stay was very brief but all were pleased to see him and hope he will come again.

It is reported that Mr. Wm. McKay will start to work in a bicycle factory in St. Thomas on the first of March.

Mr. W. H. Gould's father is the sewer contractor and he made the final connections for the Edward Street sewer in London South last week.

Christmas Day passed off very quietly, the only occurrence out of the usual being a tea party by Mr. and Mrs. Buck, in Aylmer, to some deaf mutes who came from London, St. Thomas and Hamburg, and it is reported that they enjoyed themselves ever so much. Mr. Oliver Nahrgang is engaged to work for Mr. Buck during the winter and he will go home before the spring comes.

Mr. Sam Thompson did not work in the paint-shop in East London, owing to the cold weather during the winter. He will work busily next spring. He is a pretty good painter.

Mr. Gustin came here on a visit to his friends lately. He is the guest of his son in law (Mr. Noyes, of Denfield) now.

Miss S. Reid and Mr. Richard Lea thorn are working at Ex. Ald. Brewer's cigar factory and they are doing well.

The desire to please God is a continual prayer.—John Wesley

Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—William Penn

In God's world for those who are in earnest there is no failure.—F. H. Robertson.

Report of Pupils' Standing.

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

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1898.

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH	CONDUCT	APPLICATION	IMPROVEMENT
Armstrong, Jarvis H	10	10	10	7
Annable, Alva H	10	7	10	10
Allen, Ethel Victoria	10	10	10	10
Allendorf, Anna May	10	10	10	10
Bracken, Sarah Maud	10	10	10	5
Ball, Fanny S	7	10	10	10
Brazier, Eunice Ann	10	10	10	5
Benoit, Rosa	10	10	10	10
Brown, Wilson	10	7	10	7
Burtch, Francis	10	3	7	7
Bam, William	10	7	10	10
Burke, Edith	10	10	10	7
Blackburn, Anne M.	10	10	10	10
Barrett, Elmer L.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Eva Jane	10	10	10	10
Bellamy, George	10	7	7	7
Burke, Mabel	10	10	10	10
Bourdeau, Benoni	10	3	10	10
Bartley, John S.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Sarah Maria	10	7	7	7
Babeock, Ida E.	10	10	10	7
Barnard, Fred	10	10	10	7
Billing, William E.	10	7	5	5
Baragar, George H.	10	10	10	7
Brown, Mary Louisa	10	7	10	10
Boomer, Duncan	10	10	10	7
Bissell, Thomas E.	10	10	10	10
Brackenborough, Robt.	10	10	10	7
Brancombe, F. M.	10	7	10	7
Baragar, Martha	7	10	10	10
Barnett, Gerald	10	10	7	7
Beno, Richard	10	10	7	7
Burk, Elsie	10	10	5	5
Brown, Daisy R.	10	10	3	3
Chantler, Fanny	10	7	7	7
Chantler, Thomas	10	7	7	7
Cunningham, May A.	10	10	10	10
Charbonneau, Leon	7	10	10	7
Cornish, William	10	7	7	7
Carter, Melvin	10	10	10	7
Cullen, Arthur E.	10	7	10	7
Crowder, Vasco	10	7	7	7
Crough, John E.	10	10	10	7
Chatten, Elizabeth E.	10	7	7	7
Corrigan, Rosa A.	10	10	10	7
Clements, Henry	10	10	10	7
Cole, Amos Bowers	10	10	7	7
Cunningham, Martha	10	10	10	10
Cleimenger, Ida	10	10	5	5
Cyr, Thomas	10	10	10	7
Croucher, John	10	10	6	3
Cathcart, Cora	10	10	10	10
Cone, Benjamin D. C.	10	10	10	10
Countryman, Harvey B.	10	10	10	10
Carler, Stella Jane	10	10	10	7
Clark, Adeline	10	10	7	7
Dowar, Jessie Caroline	10	10	10	7
Doyle, Francis E.	10	10	10	7
Dool, Thomas Henry	10	10	10	10
Dool, Charles Craig	10	10	10	10
Dubois, Joseph	10	7	7	7
Dixon, Ethel Irene	10	10	10	7
Dand, Wm. T.	10	7	7	7
Dale, Minnie M.	10	10	7	7
Dorocheer, Mary Ellen	10	10	10	10
Duke, Ettie	10	10	5	5
Duncan, Walter F.	10	10	7	7
Durno, Archibald	10	10	7	7
Deary, Joseph	10	10	7	7
Elliott, Cora Maud	10	10	10	10
Elliott, Wilbur	10	10	10	10
Edwards, Stephen R.	10	10	10	10
Elliott, Mabel Victoria	10	10	10	10
Enson, Margaret J.	10	10	10	7
Emsminger, Robert	10	10	10	7
Emsminger, Mary	10	10	10	7
Fairbairn, Geoganna	10	10	10	7
Forgette, Harmudas	7	10	7	7
Forgette, Joseph	10	7	7	7
Fretz, Beatrice	10	10	10	7
Forgette, Marion	10	10	7	5
Farnham, Leona	10	10	10	10
French Charles	10	10	7	5
Ford, Charles Ray	10	10	10	10
Fleming, Daniel W.	10	7	7	7
Gilleland, Annetta M.	10	10	10	7
Gray, William	10	5	7	7
Gray, William E.	10	10	10	7
Gorow, Daniel	10	10	10	7
Gies, Albert E.	10	10	10	10
Goetz, Sarah	10	10	10	7
Goetz, Eva	10	10	10	7
Groons, Harry E.	10	10	10	7
Goose, Fidelia	10	10	10	10
Gillam, Walter	10	7	7	7
Green, Thomas	10	10	10	10
Gladiator, Isabella	10	10	10	5

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH	CONDUCT	APPLICATION	IMPROVEMENT
Gray, Violet	10	10	10	10
Gellucan, Arthur	10	10	7	7
Greene, Mimmie May	10	10	10	3
Gordon, Daniel	10	10	7	7
Gummo, Gertrude	10	7	7	7
Howatt, Felicia	10	10	10	7
Holt, Gertrude M.	10	10	10	10
Henry, George	10	3	7	7
Henault, Charles H	10	10	7	7
Hackbusch, Ernest	5	10	10	10
Harris, Frank E.	10	10	10	10
Hartwick, Olive	10	7	10	7
Henderson, Annie M.	10	10	10	10
Hill, Florence	7	10	10	7
Head, Hartley J.	10	10	7	7
Hammell, Henrietta	10	10	10	7
Hartwick, James H.	10	10	7	6
Henault, Honore	10	10	10	7
Harper, William	10	10	10	7
Henderson, Clara	10	7	10	10
Harris, Carl	10	10	7	7
Hagen, William	10	10	7	7
Harper, Marion	10	10	7	7
Ireland, Louis Elmer	10	10	5	3
Jaffray, Arthur H	10	10	10	10
Justus, Ida May	7	10	10	10
James, Mary Theresa	10	10	10	7
Jones, Samuel	10	10	10	10
Johnston, Anetta	10	10	7	7
Jackson, Elroy	10	10	7	7
King, Joseph	10	7	7	7
Kirk, John Albert	10	10	10	7
Kaufmann, Vesta M.	10	10	10	5
Kelly, James	10	5	10	7
Kracmer, Johana	7	10	7	7
Kennedy, Christy	10	10	5	6
Leguille, Marie	10	7	10	7
Leguille, Gilbert	10	3	10	10
Lemadefemo, M. L. J.	7	10	10	10
Letch, Martha	10	10	10	10
Lightfoot, William	7	10	10	10
Leslie, Edward A.	10	7	10	10
Lett, Thomas B.H.	10	10	10	10
Lougheed, William J.S.	10	10	10	10
Lyons, Isaiah	10	10	10	10
Labelle, Maximo	10	10	10	10
Lett, Wm. Putman	10	10	10	10
Lawson, Albert E.	10	10	10	10
Lowe, George C.	7	7	7	7
Little, Grace	10	10	7	7
Lowry, Charles	10	10	7	7
Laporte, Leon	10	10	10	10
Larabie, Albert	10	7	7	6
Lamell, Cleophas	10	10	10	7
Love, Joseph F.	10	10	3	3
Lobinger, Alexander	10	7	10	7
Law, Theodore	10	10	7	7
Lovesque, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Muckle, Grace	10	10	10	10
Mitchell, Colin	10	10	10	7
Mapes, John Michael	10	7	10	7
Morton, Robert M.	10	10	10	7
Mosoy, Ellen Loretta	10	10	10	10
Mason, Lucy Ermina	10	10	7	7
Myers, Mary G.	10	10	10	7
Moore, George H.	10	7	7	7
Moore, Rosa Ann	10	10	10	7
Miller, Annie	10	10	5	5
Moore, Walter B.	10	7	7	5
Miller, Jane	10	10	10	7
Munroe, Mary	10	10	5	5
Munroe, John	10	10	7	7
Maitre, James	10	10	10	10
Murphy, Hortense	10	10	10	10
Moss, Susan Maud	10	10	3	3
Maas, Anna Maria	10	10	3	3
McBride, Hamilton	10	7	7	6
McKay, Mary Louisa	10	10	10	7
McKay, Thomas J.	10	10	7	7
McGregor, Maxwell	10	10	10	10
McCormick, May P.	7	7	10	10
McKenzie, Angus	10	10	10	7
McKenzie, Margaret	10	10	10	7
McCarthy, Eugene	10	10	10	10
McMaster, Robert	10	10	10	10
McKenzie, Herbert	10	3	10	7
Nahrgang, Allen	10	10	10	10
Noonan, Maggie	10	10	10	10
Orser, Orval E.	10	7	7	7
Orth, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Orr, James P.	10	10	10	7
O'Neil, Ignatius David	10	7	10	7
O'Connor, Mary B.	10	10	10	10
Otto, Charles Edward	10	10	5	5
Perry, Alge Earl	10	10	10	7
Pepper, George	10	10	10	7
Pander, Clarence	10	10	7	7
Pilling, Gertrude	10	10	7	7
Perry, Frederic R.	10	10	10	7
Pilon Athanese	10	10	10	7
Piores, Cora May	10	10	10	10
Pringle, Murray Hill	7	10	10	10
Parrent, Sophie	10	10	10	7
Quick, Angus R.	10	10	10	10

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH	CONDUCT	APPLICATION	IMPROVEMENT
Rebordie, William	10	10	10	10
Rooney, Francis Peter	10	10	10	7
Rutherford, Emma	10	7	10	7
Reid, Walter E.	10	10	10	7
Randall, Robert	10	10	10	10
Rutherford, Jessie M.	10	10	10	10
Ronald, Eleanor P.	10	10	10	10
Russell, Mary Bell	10	10	3	3
Rilly, Mary	10	10	10	10
Roth, Edwin	10	10	10	10
Smith, Maggie	10	10	10	7
Scott, Elizabeth	10	10	10	5
Skilling, Ellen	10	10	10	10
Sloss, Albert	10	10	10	5
Sager, Mabel Maud	10	10	10	7
Sager, Matilda B.	10	7	7	7
Sager, Hattie	10	10	7	7
Shilton, John T.	10	10	10	10
Scott, Henry Percival	10	7	7	7
Shannon, Ann Helena	10	10	10	8
Sermshaw, James S.	10	3	3	7
Sedore, Fred	10	10	5	5
Smuck, Lloyd Leeland	10	10	10	7
Showers, Annie	10	10	10	7
Showers, Christina	10	10	10	7
Showers, Mary	10	10	10	7
Showers, Catherine	10	10	10	7
Simpson, Alexander	10	7	7	5
St. Louis, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Smith, Alfred	10	10	7	7
Sager, Phoebe	10	10	10	10
Sedore, Bertha	10	10	5	5
Seissons, Elizabeth	10	10	7	7
Thompson, Mabel W.	10	10	10	10
Thompson, Ethel M.	10	10	10	10
Tracey, John M.	10	10	10	7
Thompson, Beatrice A.	10	10	10	7
Thomas, Maud	7	10	10	10
Terrell, Frederick	10	10	10	7
Tossell, Harold	10	5	5	5
Taylor, Joseph E.	10	10	7	7
Tudhope, Laura May	10	10	10	7
Teskey, Lulu	10	10	10	7
Vance, James Henry	10	10	10	7
Veitch, Margaret S.	10	10	10	7
Veitch, James	7	10	10	10
Veitch, Elizabeth	10	10	6	5
Woods, Alberta May	10	10	10	10
Wallace, George R.	7	10	10	7
Wilson, Murville P.	10	7	7	7
Watson, Mr. J. L.	10	7	7	7
West, Francis A.	10	7	7	7
Wylo, Edith A.	10	10	10	10
Warner, Henry A.	10	7	10	7
Wickett, George W.	10	10	7	7
Waters, Marion A.	10	10	10	7
Woodley, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Watts, David Henry	10	10	7	7
Webb, Rosy Ann	10	10	10	5
Walton Allan	10	10	10	10
Wilson, Herbert	10	10	10	10
Welch, Herbert	10	7	7	10
Walter, John T.	10	10	7	7
Watts, Grace	10	10	10	7
Walker, Lillie	10	7	3	3
Young, Sarah Ann	10	10	10	7
Young, George S.	10	7	7	7
Young, Rosetta	10	10	7	7
Yager, Norman	10	10	7	7
Young, Arthur	10	10	7	7
Zimmerman, John C.	10	10	10	10

STRATFORD NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Mr. Wm. Wallace, who has been staying here since Christmas, returned to St. Catharines a week ago, and will remain there all summer.

The notes here seem to think the next convention will be in Hamilton, however, the executive committee may turn the tables yet and decide elsewhere. Perhaps it may be at the Klondike?

Mr. Jas. Duncan was in the city on business lately but he returned to Embro the next day. Jim has a permanent sit on the Embro Courier, and is much liked and valued by his employer.

The friends of Mr. Emil Gottheb will be surprised to hear that he has devoted into a poultry raiser. He has some high grade fowls, and is considered a crank of the craft. More developments later.

We must live nobly to love nobly — C. Kingsley

That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest.

A man cannot think of very mean things to say to his enemy until his enemy is gone.

It is not so much what a man does that he is condemned for but what people think he does.

The Possibilities

Nothing to do but work
Nothing to eat but food
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from being

Nothing to breathe but air
Quick as a flash the game
Nowhere to fall but in
Nowhere to stand but on

Nothing to sing but songs
Ah well, alas, and alas
Nowhere to go but out
Nowhere to come but in

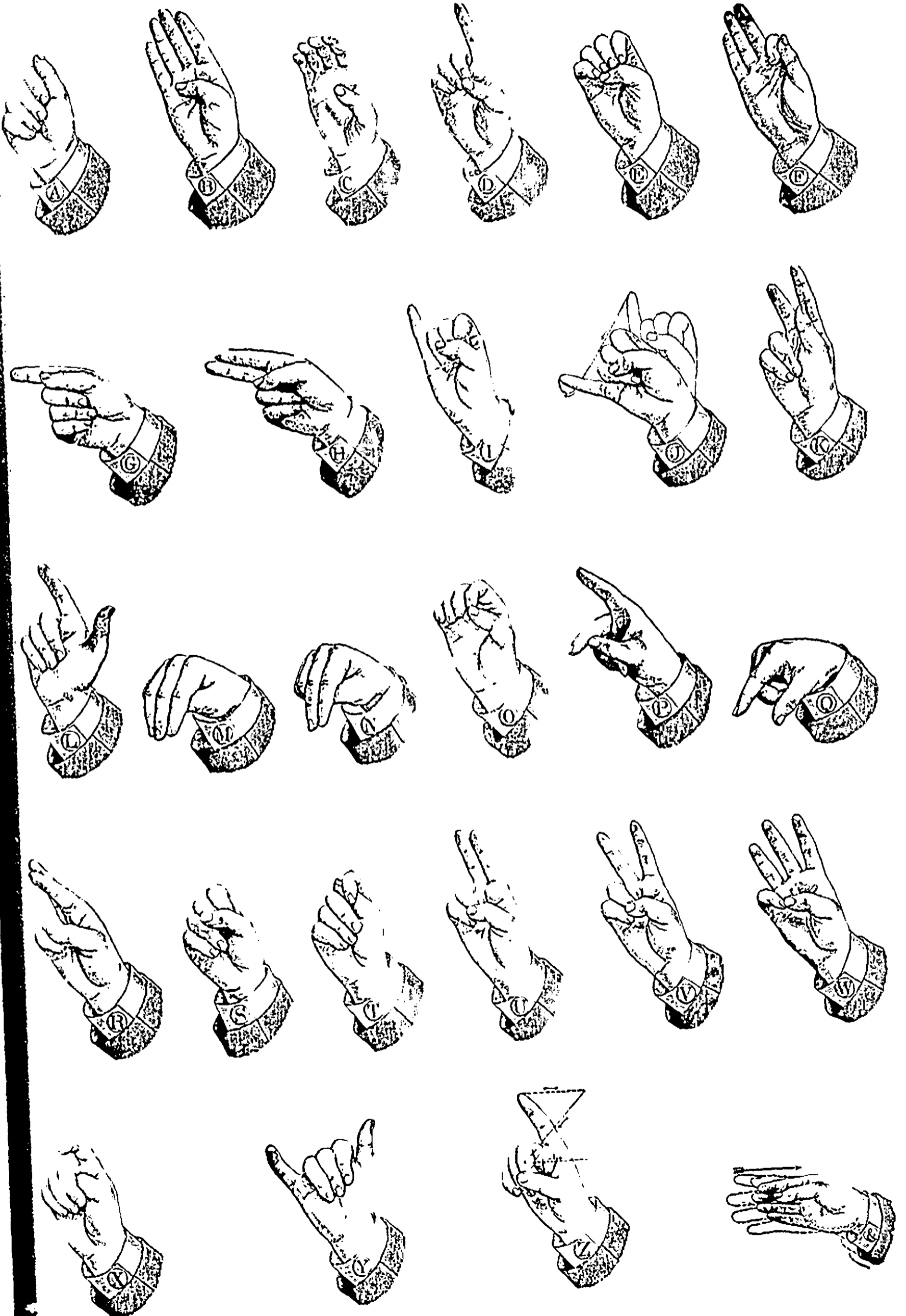
Nothing to comb but hair
Nowhere to sleep but in bed
Nothing to weep but tears
Nothing to bury but dead

Nothing to see but signs
Nothing to guess but fate
Nothing to have but what
Thus through life we are

Nothing to strike but a nail
Everything moves but the ground
Nothing at all but routine
Can ever withstand these

PUPILS' LOCALS

SINGLE-HAND ALPHABET.



Little Foxes.

Around my tender vines I spy
A little fox named "By and By"
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter, "Right away"

Around each tender vine I plant
I find a little fox, "I hunt"
Then fast as ever hunter you
Chase him with bold and brave, "I hunt"

"No use in trying," I say and whine
This fox among my tender vines
Then drive him low and drive him high
With this good hunter, named "I Hunt"

Around the vines in my small lot
Creeps the young fox, "I Hunt"
Then hunt him out and to his den
With "I Will Not Forget Again"

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines named, "I Hunt"
Then let "I Hunt" hunt him
Chase him away from vines and you

Jerry's Chocolate Cake.

"When I am a man," said Jerry Whitmore, searching his plate anxiously for crumbs of vanished cake, "I am going to have a whole chocolate cake to myself—a whole, big, round chocolate cake mother. I am, indeed, and nobody shall have a bit of it. I would like to see how it feels to eat a whole cake by myself."

"You need not wait until you are a man," said his mother; "I will make you one to-morrow."

"Will you really, mother—all to myself?"

"Yes, on one condition; that you will not give anybody a bite of it while it lasts."

"Ho! I can easily promise you that, for I don't want anybody to help me to eat it, I can tell you."

Mrs. Whitmore sighed a little, and wondered if Jerry was as selfish a little boy as he thought he was; but she made him the cake. As soon as the icing was firm, Jerry cut a big slice for himself, and sat down on the kitchen step to eat it. His little brother Rob came and stood in front of him, with his hands behind his back.

"Wis' I had a picco," said Rob, looking at Jerry.

"Mother," called Jerry, "can't I give Rob a picco?"

"Certainly not," answered his mother. "Go away, then, Rob, and don't watch me eat it," begged Jerry. But no; there stood the little man eyeing the cake until it was gone, while two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That picco didn't taste good one bit," said Jerry to himself. "I won't eat any more when Rob is around."

The next time he took a piece he slipped out the door to hide himself in the wood-shed. Bounce, the little black-and-tan terrier, thinking he was going out to play, slipped after him; but just after the couple got out of sight, the mother called, "Jerry, remember not to give Bounce any cake."

"Oh, isn't that a pity!" said Jerry to Bounce, and then he had to eat his cake with Bounce begging for every bite. It was worse than Rob, because he couldn't explain to the dog.

"There that's two pieces of cake spoiled for me!" grumbled Jerry.

"Eating a whole cake isn't half as much fun as it cracked up to be."

When the tea-bell rang, Jerry was just as ready for bread and butter and milk as if he had not tasted anything for twelve hours, and there on his up-turned plate was a half of what the Whitmore children called a "snow-ball." It was a white cake, white inside, with white crumbs and citron, and round and white outside with particularly nice sugar icing. Nobody made just those cakes except Aunt Martha Mason.

"That cake was sent to Rob, Jerry," said his mother, "and of his own accord he asked me to save you a picco"; when he burst out crying. "I hate chocolate cake, mother!" he said. "I never want to see another piece as long as I live!"

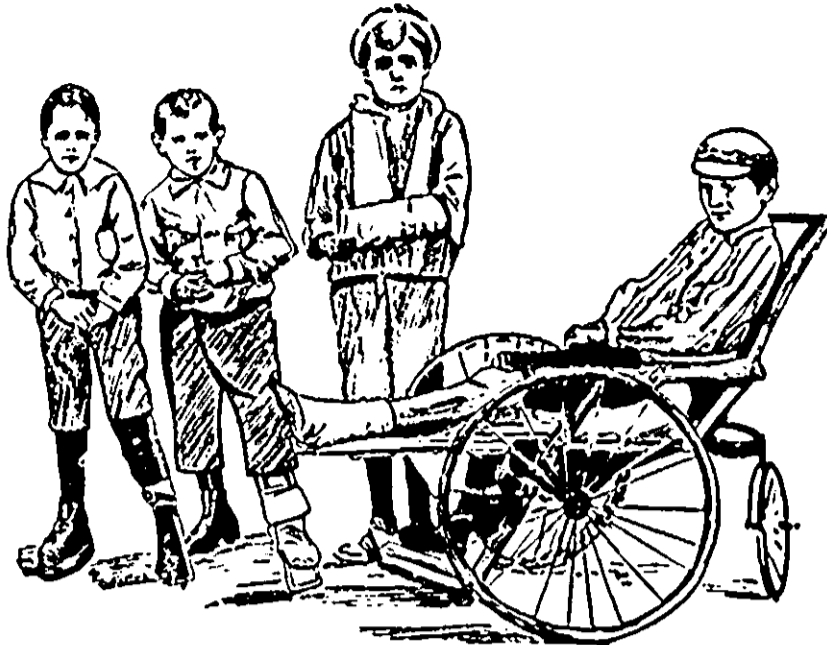
So Mrs. Whitmore knew that Jerry had learned his lesson. She did not believe he would ever again think anything sweeter when he kept tit to himself.

"Suppose we bring out your cake and eat it for supper?" She said to her little boy.

Jerry's face cleared all in a minute. "O mother," he said "that would be so nice."

And I think that if Rob and Bounce had been allowed to eat all that Jerry wanted them to have, they would have both dreamed of their great grand-fathers that night.—*The Children's Paper.*

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO.



A group of little boys whose maimed and deformed limbs are being straitened at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. (As produced from photograph.)



Another group of children who are being treated by the best doctors in Canada, at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. (As produced from photograph.)

From every county in the great Province of Ontario children are admitted free into the Hospital for Sick Children at Toronto, whenever their parents cannot afford to pay.

And few of the poor little sufferers who are nursed and cared for here by rich parents, it would seem. Last year the expense of the Hospital was nearly \$30,000. And to meet this but \$1,325 was received from pay patients.

The balance must come from the more fortunate folks, who are charitable and generous.

The Hospital for Sick Children is the largest of its kind in the world—without exception. There are 200 cots. The average number of patients is 100 per day; 476 were nursed in the Hospital this year—312 little ones were cured and departed with health, strength and sturdy limbs.

Even with the strictest economy it requires no less than five executive officers, 21 nurses and 20 domestic to carry on the work of the Hospital. Twenty-five more children could be taken care of with the same number of attendants.

The work of the Hospital is ever increasing. Its doors are wide open to every ailing child in the province.

Such a work should have a million friends in Ontario. If each friend could spare a dollar—what a rich endowment with which to carry on the work.

But the trustees only ask for \$20,000—a sum which they are required to pay before the end of January. Everyone can help. The need is most pressing.

The appeal is the appeal of poor, weak, suffering childhood, of little, wan-faced babies and children who lie on beds of pain.

The Hospital appeals to you—the reader of this newspaper.

Your dollar will bless you in the giving. And you will give it.

Every penny aids every dollar helps. Your dollar may restore health, strength and straight limbs to some poor crippled boy or girl. Won't you help?

This is a home charity—something that should appeal to every heart.

It was Charles Dickens, that great-hearted Englishman—the friend of the fatherless, the reliever of the oppressed and down-trodden, who appealed to every human heart, when he said:

"The two grim nurses—poverty and sickness—who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, and nail down their coffins."

In this enlightened Canada of ours—this bright Province of Ontario—this shall not be as long as the doors of the Hospital for Sick Children remain open. Help remove that mortgage. Help unload that load of debt.

IN AID OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Matthew xxv 31
"Inasmuch as ye gave ear unto the sighing of the least of these, the children of my care—Of your love from death redeemed them, or, in dying stood between them and the shadow of despair"

"Inasmuch as when the little ones did languish, ye put forth a hand to make their burdens light. Inasmuch as when they lay on beds of anguish, ye were with them in the watches of the night"

"The joy you brought to light, when sorrow hid it. Now awaits you an exceeding great reward. As ye did it unto these—to ME, ye did it. Enter ye into the joy of your Lord!"

"Lord, when sought we out the children that did languish? When put forth the hand to make their burdens light. Lord, we visit not when they lay on beds of anguish. And we slept throughout the watches of the night."

"For our lives were full of trouble and of labor, And the night followed hard upon the day. Had we lingered with the children of our neighbor, Our own little ones had perished by the way."

"Inasmuch as though ye might not touch or tend them, ye were with them in your love, to heal and save—And were hands and feet to those who did befriend them. By the gold and by the silver that you gave."

"Find your treasure where your ransomed ones have hid it. Take it back a thousandfold for your reward; As ye did it unto these—to ME, ye did it. Enter ye into the joy of your Lord!"

J. Houston Stephens, *Brubaker*

Contributions for the delivery of the Hospital from the bondage of debt will be acknowledged by letter and also in the columns of *The Evening Telegram*, a copy of which will be mailed to each donor.

Money may be forwarded to Miss Maria Buchan, treasurer, 165 Bloor Street East, Toronto, or to J. Ross Robertson, chairman of the Hospital Trust, Toronto.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday; from 1.30 to 3 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday; from 7 to 9 p.m. on Saturday.

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS: Meets on the first of each week from 7 to 9 p.m.

EVENING STUDY: For a class of pupils and from 7 to 9 p.m.

Articulation Classes:

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon on Thurs.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY: Primary pupils and senior pupils at 11 a.m. (beginning at 10.30 a.m. immediately after school). Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY: The pupils are in the chapel at 8.30 a.m. and are in charge for the week, will open prayer and afterwards dismiss them. They may reach their respective schools later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon to clock the pupils will again assemble after prayer will be dismissed in an orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. H. H. Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor F. J. O'Connell, Rev. J. J. Thompson, M. A. (Protestant), Rev. Chas. I. McIntyre, M. A. (Protestant), Rev. H. Cowart, Baptist, Rev. M. W. W. (Presbyterian), Rev. Father Corbett, R. Cade, D. D., Rev. J. J. Rice, D. D.

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon: 2.30 to 4 p.m. National Series of Sunday School. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CAP MAKING: Hours from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m. and from 5.30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. Those who do not attend school from 1.30 to 5.30 p.m. each day, except Saturday, when the office will be closed at noon.

FIELD WORKING CLASS: Hours are from 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1.30 to 3 p.m. for those who do not attend school from 3.30 to 5 p.m. for those who do not attend on Saturday afternoons.

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

Pupils are not to be excused from various Classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness, with the permission of the Superintendent.

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

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desiring to visit the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except by the regular chapel exercises at 8.30 a.m. on Saturday afternoons. The best time to visit on ordinary school days is as soon as possible in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 4.30 o'clock.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents are advised that the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong their taking with their children. It only adds discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenacious for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the other children for days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents come, however, they will be made welcome to the classrooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or entertainment for guests at the Institution, but accommodation may be had in the city at the Quince Hotel, Hoffman House, Queens Hotel, American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all information concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. Correspondence will be allowed to the parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission on each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to the guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF GUARDIANS OR PUPILS MAY BE OF THE AGE AND WILL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so will be required to write home every three weeks. Letters will be written by the teacher for the 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 medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are swindlers and only want money for which they do no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of deafness or deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent