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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VIII.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 15, 1900.

NO. 8.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

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

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
McGIBBANE, J.	Barber
CHAKINS, M. D.	Physician
ESS, ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

W. COLEMAN, M. A.	Mrs. J. O. TERNILL
Head Teacher	Mrs. H. TEMPLETON
MISS B. HALL, B. A.	Mrs. MARY HULL
MISS McNEILLOP	Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL
MISS CAMPBELL	Mrs. GEORGINA LINN
MISS STEWART	Miss ADA JAMES
MISS MORRISON	
M. J. MADDEN (Monitor Teacher)	

Teachers of Articulation:

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

MISS N. MITCHELL	JOHN T. HURNE,
Printer and Typewriter	Instructor of Printing

W. M. DOUGLASS,	W. M. SORRIS,
Printer & Associate	Master Shoemaker

W. G. KEITH,	CHAS. J. PEPPIN,
Chair of Boys, etc.	Engineer

MISS M. DEMPSEY	JOHN DOWNIE,
Matron	Master Carpenter

MISS S. McNICOLL,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Head Hospital Nurse	Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and 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 do so, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance and be furnished free.

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

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the male pupils and 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.

Boys that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the 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 out if put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2.45 p.m. of each Sunday excepted. The messenger is not sent to post letters or parcels, or receive any matter at post office for delivery, for any day, unless the same is in the locked bag.



"Does God Live Here?"

BY MRS. EVA W. MALONE

Friendless at night the street she trod
A little maid forlorn
Nor reckoned of her shoeless feet
Nor of her garments torn
But eager searching on the street
With look of deep intent
As one with spirit all enrapt
On earnest mission bent

At last she paused, her weary face
Took on a look of light
A stately church with beauty rare
Burst full upon her sight
She heard the organ peal the notes
Of glad triumphant song
Then whispered low "Ah, this the place
And joined the waiting throng

Before the surpliced priest she paused
Nor marked his gaze austere
But, undisturbed, preferred her plea
"Please sir, does God live here?"
They say that he is kind and good
If children to him come
And when I saw this lovely place
I knew it was his home

O men O brothers in pride
We rear the stately dome
But let us ask with grief of heart
Is it in truth God's home?
Do little and passion find no place
In lofty "Malice" near?
Amen with shame our heads we bow
And cry "Does God live here?"



Saint Valentine

BY HARRIET S. HAYWARD

Old Santa Claus has come and gone again. Some of you saw his jolly face as he popped down the chimney, and dreamed of his tiny sleigh with its silver bells and prancing reindeer. What beautiful things he brought you in his pack, everyone of you. We all love him, don't we? I am sure I like him quite as much as you do. And when I was a little girl no stories made me so happy as those about good Saint Nicholas.

But to day I want you to forget him for a little while, to hear of another dear old saint you do not know so well. Let us put on our thinking caps and our fairy wings, for we must fly far away across the deep ocean to another land and back through the years into the long ago time.

It was many years after that first Christmas when the little Christ Child lay in his mother's arms, while angels sang, and shepherds and wise men knelt to worship him. Christ had gone back again to heaven. But the good people who loved him thought of him every day. They remembered how good and true and pure he was, and they tried to speak the truth, to be kind and helpful, and to love one another. They tried to grow to be like Christ. These good people called themselves Christians, that means "followers of Christ."

Yes, I think you have heard that name before. We are Christians—followers of Christ—too, and that is why every year we sing the glad Christmas songs and think lovingly of the dear Christ Child lying in the manger.

But all the men and woman then were not good and kind. In the city of Rome, of which you will learn, O, so many things when you are older, there was a very bad man. He was ruler in the city. He did not love the Christ Child, and he hated all the people who did love him. This wicked ruler said to himself, "I hate these followers of Christ. I will take their houses and their fields away from them, and I will put all I can find in prison. So he did every thing he could think of to hurt the Christians. Some of them had to hide from him; he put some in prison, and some he even killed, but I am not going to tell you about that. I do not like to think of such a bad man, do you?

There was another man in the city

who loved the Christians very much. He was a Christian himself. His name was Valentine. The wise men that write books do not tell us how he looked. But sometimes when I shut my eyes I can see a face that I am sure must be his. See if you can see it, too! A face that shines with love, long white hair and beard, the kindest of eyes, and a smile that says, "Come, little children, I love you. Have you a picture of good Valentine now? I hope so."

You can't think how kind he was to the poor Christians! He gave them food when they were hungry, he took them to his own house, he helped them to hide, so that the wicked ruler could not hurt them, and he went to see those who were in prison. That made the bad ruler angry. He hated Valentine because he was so good, so Christ-like. What do you think he did? He put Valentine in prison, too. That was a shame!

But it happened that the keeper of the prison had a little daughter who was blind. She never had seen the blue sky, the green grass, and the beautiful flowers. Day and night were just alike to her, all dark. Aren't you sorry for this little blind girl?

Good Valentine was sorry for her. I like to think that sometimes he took her up on his knee, and talked to her, perhaps smoothed her shining hair and kissed her. Anyway, he helped her poor blind eyes, so that one happy morning when she opened them she could see as well as you or I can.

You can't think how happy she was and her father and mother, too. They loved kind Valentine. They said to one another,—"What a good man he is! we were keeping him in prison and we were not kind to him. But just see this beautiful thing he has done for us, he has made our little child's eyes well!"

And so this father and mother listened lovingly to all that Valentine told them about the Christ, they tried to grow true and loving, and they became Christians, too. Aren't you glad? I am.

By and by Valentine died, and because he had been so good and kind people remembered him and called him Saint Valentine. They do to-day.

The day is here that is named from our saint—St. Valentine's day. Shall we not try to do the very kindest things to one another—in memory of this dear old man and of the little blind child who saw because of the kindness of St. Valentine.

A Kind Prince.

Among the many anecdotes of the Kaiser's boyhood comes one that shows a manly side of his character. Like all healthy German boys, the German Emperor, when only Prince Wilhelm, and his brother Heinrich dearly loved to play soldier. One day in 1867, as they were joining with the boys of the neighborhood in this sport, the eight-year old Wilhelm, in uniform, of course being the captain, a small boy, armed like the rest, with a wooden sword, came up and watched the play. The little fellow was wistful, but he dared not fall in, barefoot as he was. "Come and play with us!" shouted Wilhelm and so far overcame the boy's timidity as to get him to join the group. The other boys did not like it, made fun of the bare feet and wouldn't stand beside the new comer, so that soon he wanted to go home. Prince Wilhelm, noting the unkindness, called the lad out and had a council of war with Prince Heinrich. Returning to his company he commanded "Attention!" and addressed his subordinates. "If it does not suit you to play with this boy here, it suits me still less to play with you!" He thereupon marched away with his brother and the new recruit to play by themselves.

Most men give up what they like to do in order to get what they like to have.

The Discovery of Ether.

On October sixteenth, 1846, Dr. William T. O. Morton demonstrated before the renowned physicians at the Massachusetts General Hospital that he had found "an annihilator of pain." The night previous to the experiment at the hospital, says Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, he worked till four o'clock in the morning, to make sure that all was in readiness. His young wife of nineteen, who had watched every step in the progress of the discovery, was unable to sleep from her anxiety, and she met him as he came home, and implored him for the sake of herself and her little son, to give up the engagement. "You will ruin yourself," she said. "You will be the subject of universal ridicule." He playfully rallied her failing courage, and then, with solemnity and in tones of assurance said, "I will not fail. To-morrow the world will greet my success."

With a reassured heart, but sleepless, she waited, while he, saying he had but two hours to sleep, almost immediately fell into profound slumber. At six he arose, and, without breakfast, hastened to the instrument-maker's, and thence to the hospital. The large amphitheatre was filled with distinguished surgeons, physicians, students and others, invited to witness a difficult surgical operation to be undergone without pain. The patient, a young man of twenty-five, suffering with a tumor on the mouth, was brought in.

"Are you afraid?" said Morton to him. "No, I feel confident, and will do precisely as you tell me," was the reply.

Grave, but with perfect self-possession, the young student began his work. In four or five minutes the patient was soundly asleep, and then, in a silence like the tomb, with surprise and amazement growing on every face, Dr. Warren cut out the tumor, saying slowly and emphatically, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug!"

When consciousness returned, the patient said, "I have experienced no pain, only a sensation like that of scraping the part with a blunt instrument."

At once doubt among the spectators gave place to joy and congratulations. The student had become in one brief hour, not only sure of fame and honor, but also the benefactor of every race, through unending ages, and those learned men recognized those facts. Meanwhile, the young wife was waiting at home in suspense almost unimaginable. About one o'clock he came, his bright, enthusiastic face tinged with sadness, as though he saw in the distance the hard fate and the long struggle to come. He seemed lost in thought, as in a dream, and embracing her tenderly, he simply said, "I have succeeded."—Sel.

Words and Sentences.

It is a lamentable fact that many of our pupils try to read words, when they should read sentences. Some one is ready to exclaim, "Sentences are made up of words, and one must understand the meaning of each separate word before he can grasp the thought expressed by the sentence." This is not wholly true. Our pupils do know the meaning of a great many words, but they do not understand that words assume a peculiar relation when incorporated into sentences. Unless the child conceives this relation, the sentence to him can be nothing more than a conglomeration of words. There are words, the full significance of which can be determined only in the sentence. These words, isolated, are hard to understand, even approximately, but when taken in connection with other words in the sentence, give a peculiar flavour—of which we may use the word—which is fully appreciated but hard to explain. Perhaps the child may never be able to define the meaning of the word, but he understands its use and uses it understandingly. What more can we ask?—Lone Star Weekly.



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 typewriting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION

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

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

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

ADVERTISING

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

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1900.

Educational Tendencies of the Day.

During the past few decades the world has witnessed some very important developments in the science and art of education and just now we are passing through a momentous change, destined, no doubt, to exert a great influence on the welfare and progress of the nations. We are just now entering upon what may properly be called the era of technical education. Up to a very recent date a knowledge of classics was held to be the basis of a good education and was the chief and the always essential feature of every curriculum. But of late years many people have dared to dispute the excessive claims of the classicists and to avow that the study of science, especially along the lines of original research, was equally as valuable for mental training, and at the same time of much greater practical utility, while for those who aspired to linguistic accomplishments a knowledge of modern languages was much more useful than that of Greek and Latin. The battle between the two opposing schools of thought was most vigorously waged, but ended in a speedy and decided victory for the scientists; and now in many universities classics has been relegated to a secondary place and are no longer compulsory except for students following certain professional courses, such as law, medicine and theology; and even in those it occupies a much less conspicuous position than formerly. As a natural corollary of this new educational idea has come a demand for more technical instruction. It is claimed that the ultimate purpose of education is to fit people for the various professions and avocations in which they purpose to engage. First of all, of course, must come the broad foundation of a general culture of mind and heart and a

general outlook over and at least a superficial knowledge of the whole vast field of human learning. But this is the day of specialization, and every student is perforce compelled to make choice of some one branch of studies and of this obtain a more thorough apprehension. But he who would attain the highest success must curb his ambitions yet further and devote himself to and thoroughly master some one special subject and to know all that can be known thereof both in theoretical knowledge and practical application. It therefore has become necessary that not only must the intellect be quickened and developed, but the eye and the hand should be trained to the highest possible degree. Hence the demand for specific technical instruction in all our schools and colleges in order to prepare students to engage successfully in the various vocations in life. Germany has led the way in this reform, but Britain and America are not far behind, and with Anglo-Saxon energy and thoroughness will no doubt soon surpass all rivals in this as in most other respects. We are glad to see that our own country is also moving along in the van of progress. Many years ago a start was made in the right direction by the establishment of agricultural colleges and model farms and of numerous permanent and traveling dairy schools. This was followed by the introduction of drawing in all schools and of certain modified applications of the Sloyd system. Then two or three years ago the teaching of agriculture became compulsory in all rural schools and now plans are maturing for the establishment of fully equipped technical schools throughout the Province, and no doubt it will not be long ere every boy and girl in Ontario will have at his or her disposal a thorough training in whatever trade or calling he or she may choose.

The McE-End Institution.

Everybody knows there are seven schools for the Deaf in Canada, of which three are in Montreal, to wit: the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-mutes, in charge of Mrs. Ashcroft; the Catholic Female Institute, under the direction of Rev. Sister Philip, and the Catholic Male School, conducted by Abbe Belanger, a man

To whom nature gave, open to distress
A heart to pity and a hand to bless.

The work in Quebec has not received from the local government the liberal support accorded us in Ontario. And whilst much has been accomplished, an earnest appeal is now being made to the authorities for a grant which would enable Father Belanger to receive all who seek admission and confer upon them the inappreciable benefits of education. No wonder those interested in these poor children are trying to bring the matter home to the State. A soldier may be brave, but he is powerless without his weapon. Money is required to redeem a poor, unfortunate being from his sad, helpless condition. We have to provide for existence. But not all the Bank bills or gold in the land can repay the tender care and sympathy and affection with which these children are surrounded in our institutions. The bringing of light and joy and comfort to the mind and heart and soul of these afflicted ones, the training of their understanding, the forming of their character, making of them good, honest, intelligent men, smoothing for them the rugged path of learning, guiding their footsteps towards the star of Bethlehem, entering into their joys and their little sorrows, praising, commending, warning, encouraging, seeking them before they came following them with a warm God speed after they have left, doing all,

all a task without end but grand, that neither temporal rewards nor the gratitude of friends, so often and so warmly expressed, can begin to requite. Some of us have aged in the service, but to see our children prosperous and happy is part of our recompense. We are in the private in the valiant battalion that holds aloft the advancing Banner of the Deaf in this part, but we have pride in the success of the cause. Our Chief, British like, commands from the front—not "go," but "come." The brave Veterans of old, too, would conquer with their illustrious leader La Rochepaquequin whose valor they shared. Let the heads of our philanthropic mission not try to advocate measures of progress and humanity, and in Quebec as well as in Ontario and all other parts where man can still feel for his fellows, there shall surely come soon or late a proper response for

To the heart, eye, that makes us right

In a private letter to the Superintendent, a friend in Illinois writes: "If any rulers ever deserved a complete flagellation Kruger & Co. are the men. I have a German friend in Chicago who tells me that a cousin of his, an ex-German officer, was induced to go to the Transvaal five years ago, nominally as an apothecary but really to drill the Boers in artillery practice." The Boers were evidently preparing for a revolt for some years prior to the opening of hostilities.

The Toronto Star is becoming more interesting and newsworthy every day. Mr. Atkinson, the Editor, is surrounding himself with the brightest newspaper men in the Dominion. Mr. J. T. Clark, well and widely known as "Mack", late of Saturday Night, Mr. S. Hunter, the famous Cartoonist, and "Khan", the poet, whose homely ballads touch the heart-strings, are on the staff. With the latest war news, and other departments up to the times, the Star is an ideal paper.

The retail editor of the California News gives a remarkable tale in the Jan. 13th issue concerning a turkey that kept a steam-whirling watch running while in its gizzard by the action of the gizzard in its attempt to digest it. We are unable to raise those steam-whirling gobblers, but we will give you an incident that we think equally remarkable, besides it shows the possibilities of the Deaf.

Recently, at one of our parlor entertainments, a bright deaf young man was requested to pantomime a deer hunt. He impromptu took a bachelor mountaineer preparing his muzzle loader taking a buck, drawing him, and carrying him down the mountain to his cabin abode. The process of drawing was not the most pleasant part of the work, and when about half finished the hunter wiped his gory hands on the grass and moss at his feet. Soon thereafter the parlor cat was attracted by the smell of fresh venison and began licking the carpet at the spot where the deaf pantomimist portrayed the hunter wiping his hands on the grass and moss. The writer was a witness to the scene. Oregon Gazette.

Next Ananias. —C. M.

Once a Week, the only illustrated and absolutely independent newspaper for the deaf in the world, will appear March 22nd, at Evansville Ind. It will have eighteen brightest deaf scholars as editors and 200 correspondents and contributors of national reputation. Correspondents have already been engaged in every State and foreign country, and no expense will be spared to make it a first-class paper in every respect. Every deaf-mute should consider it his personal duty to support his own paper, without which he would hardly be worth living. The Once a Week will be mailed free to everybody of good character for a few weeks' trial. If the paper fails to please it can be stopped without any expense. They want your full address at once. Please show the newspaper to your friends. The manager of the Once a Week was in New York a few days ago to make definite arrangements to take 75 deaf tourists—20 gentlemen and 55 ladies, to the old world in June, to be gone until September. This great trip will be fully described in the first number of the Once a Week, with numerous attractive illustrations. The first issue will be a magnificent number. It will have a striking cover in colors, by its own artist of national reputation. The newspaper will be remarkably interesting and instructive. The first edition will be limited to 5000 copies. Do not miss this opportunity to send your address immediately to the Once a Week Company, Evansville, Ind.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarcely anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser who from being long accustomed to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.

The Girl I Love Best

From the Westminister

We parted out at the stroke of ten
But the girl was there to bid us
We clung along thru' many a tear
Each with its love-chime ringing
The girl I love best she said
An' my girl called for the refrain
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra
The girl I love best she said

Her eyes were red, but ere she spoke
She'd bristled a lip to see to it
She perched it up to her hair
An' she led the electric current
As the hand burst out with a cry
While every troopie' kissed her
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra
The girl I love best she said

She went at work in a park
Stitchin' like fun at a big sewing
An' the whirr of her foot
I'll back she'll fancy the foot
When the regiment leaps to the
An' then she'll breathe a sigh
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra
The girl I love best she said

An' if a we carry the night
With the girling smile for a coat
When we rush the buskin the
Or for the river's chilly stream
You'll find in the breast of the
The face with a frame of ribbon
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra
The girl I love best she said

A Russian Version of the Light Brigade Charge

Reuter's special correspondent in Russia met in the course of his mission a steward, Ivan Ivanovich, who had been through the Crimean War. He was wounded at the battle of Inkerman, and gave the correspondent a description of the charge of the Light Brigade. "We were so sorry for the men," he said, "they were such fine fellows, and they had such splendid horses. It was the maddest thing that was ever done. I cannot understand it. The guns broke through our line, took our artillery, and then, instead of capturing the guns and making off, they went for us. I had been in the ranks of the Heavy Brigade in the morning, and was slightly wounded. We had unsaddled and were very tired. Suddenly we were told the English were coming. Confound them, we said. The Colonel was very angry, and ordered the men to give no quarter. I was some distance with my wound bandaged, when I saw them coming. They came on magnificently. We thought they were drunk from the way they held their lances. Instead of holding them up, their attempts they waved them in the air, and, of course, they were easily guarded against like that. The men were mad, sir. They never seemed to think of the tremendous odds against them, or of the frightful carnage that was taken place in their ranks in the course of that long, desperate ride. They cheered in among us, shouting, cheering, and cursing. I never saw anything like it. They seemed perfectly irresistible, and our fellows were quite demoralized. The fatal mistake we made in the morning was to receive the charge of your Heavy Brigade standing, instead of meeting it with a counter-charge. We had many more men than you that had continued our charge downhill, instead of calling a halt just at the critical moment, we should have carried everything before us. The charge of your Heavy Brigade was magnificent, but they had to thank our bad management for the victory. We liked your fellows. When our men took prisoners they used to give them our vodka. Awful stuff it was, more like spirits of wine than anything else. Your fellows used to offer us their rum in exchange, but we did not care for it, it was too soft and mild. The Russian soldier must have vodka." —Public Opinion

There is more reading done in our farm neighborhoods than in our cities, and the good typical farm home has newspapers always and its magazines quite frequently. Nor are the district schools so inferior, though their quality varies much from year to year. With a good teacher in charge, the county district school is better than the ungraded school, because it is more free from mere machinery and better adapted to develop the individuality of pupils. Hundreds of men and women of high standing and wide experience to-day are thankful for the little wooden county school house of their childhood days, in which the educational methods pursued were infinitely more scientific and valuable than those now followed in many of our city schools. —Albert Shaw's Sketch of Ireland Stanford.

"Now Lay Me Down To Sleep"

The hearth is low,
The fire is bright and here
The light is here and there
The light is here and there
The light is here and there
The light is here and there
The light is here and there
The light is here and there

With that little prayer
Sweet trouble in my ears,
It goes back to distant years,
With a dear one there
The child's voice,
Her faith comes back to me,
At her side I seem to be,
And holds my hands again

In that dear time,
The peace of that dear time
The peace of that dear time
The peace of that dear time
The peace of that dear time
The peace of that dear time
The peace of that dear time
The peace of that dear time

-Eugene Field

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Continued by the Pupils of Mr. Coleman's Class.

The weather is disagreeable
We have had several thaws this month.

It always falls on its feet, but a dog does not, why?

Which do you think is the better game, hockey or foot-ball?

We are agreeably surprised to see that the ice is improving rapidly in school.

We are sorry to see that the weather is disagreeable, but it will soon change.

It snowed and then it rained, and then it snowed again. The weather is like that.

Mr. Armstrong got a letter from his brother in B. C. It was seven days on the way.

Anna Allendorf always looks for letters from friends, which she receives quite regularly.

On the 10th inst. Miss Clow, the nurse, left here for home. We all miss her very much.

Miss Dempsey is acting matron in place of Miss Walker who went home to see her father Saturday.

We read in the *Toronto Globe*, - "The Electric Railway will be sold in Belleville in March."

We have had several February snows. We are getting ready for the coming carnival if the ice is good.

The sewing class girls frequently go skating on the rink in the evenings, and they enjoy it very much indeed.

We have all a great work for our studies in school. God would have us to be successful and will help us to be if we try.

The pupils are amusing themselves by all sorts of winter pastimes out of doors in fair weather, but in doors in rainy weather.

We are always interested in the war between the Boers and the English in South Africa, and we think that the British will soon win.

Miss Badgley caught a white mouse in a trap, which she put in the more advanced girls' dormitory. Don't you think it can be tamed?

We are sorry that our matron, Miss Walker, is away. She went home on a visit for a month. We will be good while she is gone.

Two weeks ago Georgina Fairbairn sent a photo from her brother Peter, in Yarmouth, Mich. He had one taken with us here and they were nice.

On the 27th ult. Maggie Smith got a little box from her dear parents and we found that it contained a silver watch and chain, and she was glad to possess it.

We don't believe what the news papers say that the statement is made of Lord Roberts' death, and that his fear is due to old age.

On the 6th ult. the boys of the carpenter shop were surprised that Mr. J. Brown was not at work. He will have a holiday for two weeks. We hope that he will return all right.

I wrote an item the last time saying that there were 700 different languages in South Africa. I should have said 7000. That seems a good many. I read it in a newspaper.

The days are getting much longer and we are glad to see it. The ice on the river is splendid. There are a few sleds with a couple of teams employed in pulling our ice house this month.

-We hear that the Victorias of Winnipeg are going to Montreal this week to play a hockey league match with the Shamrocks of Montreal for the championship of the world. We can't judge which will win.

Arthur Jaffray's uncle is in "A" company in the first contingent. We hear that the first Canadian contingent got orders to go to their immediate destination. It is said to be Gras Pan. Perhaps they will be in battle.

The newspapers give us war news almost every day. We see that many British and Boer soldiers were killed. We don't wish the other nations to mediate and have peace made between the British and Boers because the British will soon end the war now.

-On the 16th ult. Mary James got word from her sister in Toronto that her sister Anne will get married to Mr. Frank May. She hopes that her sister may live a long and happy life, and that every day of her life may be as joyous as her wedding day.

-General Joubert, the commander of the Boer forces, is said to have been born in the United States and having been on the staff of General Stonewall Jackson, the celebrated Confederate leader in the civil war of 1860-1864, but the report is untrue.

-About two weeks ago, Etta O'Connor got word from home saying that her loving brother, Jack, had left home for British Columbia. He said that he got a job in the post-office. Etta was sorry to lose her darling brother. He said he couldn't wait till Etta went home.

-Two weeks ago Geo. Wallace ran up to the Wood-Hall in a hurry, but when he was passing the door the knob caught in one of the pockets of his coat and it was torn. He was mad at the door, and wanted to strike it a blow, but he knew it was silly to do that.

-Miss Dempsey's sister, Rose, visited her and stayed for a few weeks for a rest. She is much improved now. On the 8th inst. she came into the sitting room in the morning and said "Good Bye" to all the girls and went to Toronto. Miss Dempsey misses her very much.

-Mr. W. Mills, who went to South Africa, wrote a letter to his parents in Belleville telling them that he had a tent with sixteen men, and they had for Christmas dinner, a small duck, an orange, two pears and two teaspoonfuls of lime juice for all. Do you think they made themselves sick eating too much?

-A few weeks ago, on Saturday afternoon, two girls were going to take a bath. One of them did not know the top tap was loose and it fell down into the tub, and she couldn't put it back. The tub began to fill and she was afraid that the room would be flooded and ran for help. At last it was all right, but they got a scare.

-About two weeks ago Col. Mitchell got a letter from his brother George, in Manitoba, saying that he and his other brother, Peter, are living together this winter keeping "batch." They were taking care of a lot of calves and horses. They had 113 head of calves and 18 horses. Some of the calves, he said, are as poor as snakes and some of them are not much bigger than a good dog.

-We read in our paper that one native runner in South Africa tried to run from Ladysmith to General Buller's headquarters. While running, the Boer scouts captured him and carried him to Gen. Joubert and they examined him, but failed to find despatches, so they released him. Again he ran and reached General Buller's headquarters, and he took a despatch for General Buller out of one of his nostrils, and General Buller praised him for his expert cunningness in outwitting the Boers.

HAMILTON ITEMS.

From our own Correspondent
Messrs. Robert McPherson and Henry Gotlieb were in St. Catharines on the 11th ult.

Messrs. A. C. Shepherd, of Toronto, and Wilho Wallace, of St. Catharines, spent Sunday, the 4th inst., in the city. Mr. Robert McPherson will spend two weeks holidays in Brantford.

Mr. Fred Lawson returned to Caledonia, after he had been learning how to cut the clothes. He is a semi-mute.

Mr. McDonald, of Orillia, was the guest of Mr. Chas. Grant last week.

Mr. Thomas Tims has returned to work after being laid off for a few weeks.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

Mr. M. P. Wilson left for his home at Niagara Falls recently. He has secured a situation with the Silver Plate Co. there.

Miss Laura Soules, of Allandale, is visiting in the city and is the guest of her cousin, Miss Minnie Slater. She is very popular with the mutes, who have the pleasure of getting acquainted with her.

Mr. Nasmith will give his annual social to the mutes on Feb. 15th, which we hope will be a grand success. A committee of eight of the following mutes: Messrs. P. Fraser, A. W. Mason, C. Elliott, J. Darnoy, G. Reeves, T. Bradshaw, N. Labelle and L. S. Luddy, are preparing a programme for the event, which will consist of tableaux, &c. At the committee's first meeting they elected Mr. Fraser chairman and Mr. Luddy Secretary. We will give an account of the event in next issue.

Mr. Percy Allan has returned to Toronto, his folks having moved back to the city from Mountain Grove, Frontenac Co.

Quite a lot of the prominent mutes are seen at the corner of King and Bay sts. during the noon hour nowadays reading the war bulletins. The war has caused lots of things to turn up indeed.

Mr. D. S. Luddy is employed with the W. S. Johnston Printing Co., on Adelaide St. West, the prospects of steady work being very good. He likes it better than his old job in the *Leader & Recorder* office. We understand that they have sent for Mr. Ed. Pickard to come and work for them again, but it is not likely he will return to Toronto.

LONDON NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Mr. H. Cowan will miss his sister Margaret, who having gone to New York for a year's study in vocal music. She is a very popular young lady.

Mr. Nelson Wood lately received a letter from home saying that his father had met with an accident. While chopping wood he cut his foot and had been confined to bed for some weeks.

For some weeks past, the painting business has been slack here and Mr. Simpson Thompson has been idle part of the time. He is thinking seriously of going to the States in the spring, thinking that he can better himself.

Miss Lilly Bryce has been away visiting her home for a month. Her mother's health is slightly improved.

We noticed in the London news that Mr. J. W. Cathcart, of the "Garner House," St. Marys, while holding in a frightened horse, was thrown violently against the stable door frame, breaking his nose. He is the father of Cora Cathcart of the Institution.

At a fancy dress carnival held at the Aberdeen rink last week, Mr. Richard Leathorn, as coloured gent, took the prize for the best comic character, and Mr. Jno Bryce, brother of Wm. Bryce, as a Highland Prince, took the prize for the best costume. Mr. W. H. Gould was one of the judges.

If Belleville and London play the finals in the intermediates series of the O. H. A. a number of the deaf here will accompany the London team wherever they go to play. We hope that Dubois of the Institute will be on the Belleville team when it comes west to play.

Mr. J. Henderson, of Tallbotville, and his sister Annie were lately the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dark and received a warm welcome from their London friends.

The deaf around here have enjoyed several pleasant visits. Forming themselves into parties of the London deaf and deaf friends living near the city, they have visited other deaf friends living at a distance much to the pleasure of all participating.

OTTAWA NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Mr. Holland paid a flying visit to Montreal lately.

Mr. Norman Wilson is the latest addition to the mute population, and from his genial disposition and pleasant manner we consider him a valuable addition. We understand Messrs. Wigget and Haldane are at present working on the night staff at the government printing bureau. Mr. McClelland was on the night staff for eight years and was notified that he was selected for the same place again but asked to be

excused for one session, which the foreman kindly consented to.

Miss M. Borthwick tells me that her sister will shortly return from British Columbia to reside permanently in Ottawa. This is good news to the mutes, with whom she is a great favorite.

We were sorry that Mr. Shouldice had an attack of the grip, but are happy to be able to state he is around again as merry as ever.

We were happy to make the acquaintance of Miss Bloom (sister of Duncan, of whom we have heard such good reports through your paper) at Mrs. McClelland's, of whom she is a distant relation. I understand she has been a resident of Ottawa for some time now and from her happy disposition and love of fun I think the silent community here will give her a high place in their esteem.

Dan McCabo took a notion to take a week's leave of D. Bayne, but after being away one week concluded to return, a sadder and wiser man. Bayne Bros., dairymen, keep a good many hands who are rather fond of chaffing and Dan did not like it, so he shook the dust off his feet in wrath and scorn and skipped. Don't do it again, Dan, old bachelors like our friend Dave are proverbially crusty, you know.

Dan says that farmers Gray and Bayne were the greatest talkers on agricultural matters he ever saw, and as they both seldom agreed on any one point the evenings were rather lively. We informed him they were both of Scottish descent, which nation had gained a world-wide renown for its love of argument, valor of its men and beauty of its women, which fact did not appear to satisfy our Irish friend. It is rather strange that nearly all the deaf here are of Scottish descent.

D. Bayne, who has been working his own farm for six years but boarding with his father, has moved to his own house, with Dan McCabo as cook and general factotum! Say, friends, a man never knows or appreciates the ladies until he misses their ministrations a few weeks.

A. Gray was over to see D. Bayne for a few days and says he enjoyed himself immensely, but from the frequency with which he rubbed the region of his stomach, his host felt there was a slur being cast on his abilities as a cook.

The Deaf-Blind.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

DEAR SIR.—Let me suggest that you are in error in supposing that there are no deaf-blind in Canada; at least, if Newfoundland may be considered as practically a part of Canada. Wm. Heulin, now living at Bay St. George, Newfoundland, was educated at the Halifax school, and is the only deaf-blind person, except Mattie Morchouse, whose course of education was on what I maintain is the only logical and intelligent course of procedure. He was several years in the Halifax school for the Deaf, and after gaining a fair education, was transferred to the blind school in the same city for further education, the way all deaf-blind pupils should be managed.

I am much pleased to see our deaf schools waking up to the fact that they are the ones to begin the education of a deaf-blind pupil, and how the idea ever got into anybody's head that the blind schools were the proper places, baffles comprehension, unless it was that the early cases of such education occurred at the famous Perkins Institution for the Blind. It is perfectly evident that the first need of such a pupil—in fact the only one that can be taken at first—is teaching communication. The pupil cannot learn to read until it learns what reading is for, and, as I see it, that is the position that every merely deaf pupil is in when it enters a school, and it follows necessarily that teachers of deaf schools must be more expert at that work than teachers of the blind. But after a fair comprehension of language has been gained, the blind schools present greater facilities in their extensive equipment of tangible apparatus, books, etc. The oddest thing is that the idea that the deaf schools were not the ones for deaf blind pupils should exist, in the face of the fact that the Fairwood school has educated more deaf-blind pupils than any other school of either class in the country, and very probably more than any other school in the world.

Yours truly,
W. WADE.
Oakmont, Pa., Feb. 6, 1900.

Report of Pupils' Standing.

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

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH	CONDUCT	APPLICATION	IMPROVEMENT
Armstrong, James H.	10	10	10	10
Allen, Ethel Victoria	10	10	10	10
Allendorf, Anna May	10	10	10	10
Aldcorn, Barbara	10	10	5	5
Burke, Edith	10	7	10	10
Barnett, Elmer L.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Eva Jane	10	10	10	10
Bellamy, George	10	10	10	10
Burke, Mabel	10	7	10	10
Bartley, John S.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Sarah Maria	10	10	10	10
Babcock, Ida E.	10	10	10	10
Barnard, Fred	10	10	10	10
Billing, William E.	10	7	10	10
Baragar, George H.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Mary Louisa	10	10	10	10
Boomer, Ducaun	10	10	10	10
Bissell, Thomas F.	10	7	10	10
Brackenborough, Robt.	10	10	7	7
Branscombe, F. M.	10	10	10	10
Baragar, Martha	10	10	10	10
Barnett, Gerald	10	10	10	10
Beno, Richard	10	10	10	10
Burke, Elsie	10	10	7	7
Brown, Daisy R.	10	10	10	10
Berthiaume, Marilda	7	10	10	10
Brown, Florence M.	10	10	10	10
Baker, Fred	10	10	10	10
Burchill, Cora	10	10	10	10
Blackburn, Annie	10	10	10	10
Buchan, Alexander	10	10	10	10
Brown, Frederick	10	10	7	7
Boyle, Mary Theresa	10	7	5	5
Boulding, George	10	10	10	10
Charbonneau, Leon	10	10	10	10
Cornish, William	10	5	5	5
Corrigan, Rosa A.	10	10	10	10
Clements, Henry	10	10	10	10
Cole, Amos Bowers	10	7	7	7
Cunningham, Martha	10	10	10	10
Cyr, Thomas	10	10	10	10
Croucher, John	10	10	7	7
Cathcart, Cora	10	10	7	7
Cone, Benjamin D. C.	10	7	7	7
Countryman, Harvey B.	10	10	10	10
Carter, Stella Jane	10	10	7	7
Clark, Adeline	10	10	7	7
Chaine, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Caroy, Ferguson	10	10	5	5
Campbell, Samuel A.	10	10	10	10
Cummings, Bert	10	10	10	10
Chatten, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Cratchley, Mabel G.	10	10	7	7
Croan, Thomas R.	10	10	7	7
Chestnut, Arlie M.	10	10	5	5
Dowar, Jessie Caroline	10	10	10	10
Doyle, Francis E.	10	7	10	10
Dool, Thomas Henry	10	10	10	10
Dool, Charles Craig	10	10	10	10
Dubois, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Dixon, Ethel Irene	7	10	10	10
Dand, Wm. T.	10	7	7	7
Dalo, Minnie M.	10	10	10	10
Derocher, Mary Ellen	10	10	10	10
Duke, Ettie	10	10	7	7
Duncan, Walter F.	10	7	10	10
Durno, Archibald	10	5	7	7
Deary, Joseph	10	10	10	10
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
Esson, Margaret J.	10	10	10	10
Ensminger, Robert	10	10	10	10
Ensminger, Mary	10	10	10	10
Ensminger, Maggio	10	10	10	10
Fairbairn, Georgina	10	10	10	10
Fretz, Beatrice	7	10	10	10
Forgette, Marion	10	7	10	10
Farnham, Leon	10	10	7	7
French, Charles	10	10	7	7
Ford, Charles Ray	10	10	10	10
Fleming, Daniel W.	10	10	10	10
Fishbein, Sophie	10	7	7	7
Gray, William	10	10	10	10
Gerow, Daniel	10	10	10	10
Gios, Albert E.	10	10	10	10
Goetz, Sarah	7	10	10	10
Goetz, Eva	10	10	10	10
Grooms, Harry E.	10	10	10	10
Green, Thomas	10	10	10	10
Gray, Violet	10	10	10	10
Gelineau, Arthur	10	10	7	7
Greene, Minnie May	10	10	10	10
Gordon, Daniel	10	7	10	10
Gunno, Gertrude	10	10	10	10

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH	CONDUCT	APPLICATION	IMPROVEMENT
Gauthier, Alfred	10	10	10	10
Gibson, Winifred	10	10	10	10
Gleadow, Norman L.	10	10	7	7
Gardner, Dalton	7	10	10	10
Garner, Esther Ettie	10	10	7	7
Greene, Thomas John	10	10	7	7
Green, Mary Annie	10	7	7	7
Gordon, Mary J.	10	7	10	10
Graham, Victor	10	10	5	5
Grobe, Emma E.	10	10	10	10
Gilliam, Walter F.	10	10	7	7
Gilliam, Wilbert	10	10	5	5
Howitt, Felicia	10	10	10	10
Holt, Gertrude M.	10	10	10	10
Henault, Charles H.	10	10	7	7
Hartwick, Olive	10	10	10	10
Head, Hartley J.	10	7	7	7
Hartwick, James H.	10	7	5	5
Henault, Honore	10	10	10	10
Harper, William	7	10	10	10
Harris, Carl	10	10	10	10
Hagen, William	7	10	10	10
Harper, Marion	7	10	10	10
Hustwaye, John F.	10	10	7	7
Hoar, Ethel May	10	10	7	7
Hough, Ethel Viola	10	7	10	10
Hughes, Myrtle W.	10	10	10	10
Herman, Nina Pearl	10	10	7	7
Hazlett, William H.	10	10	7	7
Ireland, Louis Elmer	10	10	10	10
Jaffray, Arthur H.	10	10	10	10
Justus, Ida May	7	10	10	10
James, Mary Theresa	10	7	10	10
Jones, Samuel	10	10	10	10
Johnston, Aretta	10	10	10	10
Jackson, Elroy	10	10	10	10
Jowell, Ema	10	7	10	10
Johnson, Wm. James	10	10	7	7
King, Joseph	10	10	5	5
Kirk, John Albert	7	10	10	10
Kelly, James	10	10	10	10
Kraemer, Johanna	7	10	10	10
Lett, Thomas B.H.	10	7	10	10
Loughheed, William J.S.	10	10	10	10
Labelle, Maximo	10	10	10	10
Latt, Wm. Putman	10	10	10	10
Lawson, Albert E.	10	10	10	10
Lowe, George C.	10	10	10	10
Little, Grace	10	10	10	10
Lowry, Charles	10	10	10	10
Laporte, Leon	10	10	10	10
Larabe, Albert	10	10	7	7
Laniell, Cleophas	10	10	10	10
Love, Joseph F.	10	10	7	7
Lobsinger, Alexander	5	10	10	10
Law, Theodora	10	10	10	10
Langlois, Louis J.	10	10	10	10
Lawrence, David	10	10	10	10
Lacombe, Joseph	10	10	7	7
Mitchell, Colin	10	10	10	10
Morton, Robert M.	10	10	10	10
Mosey, Ellen Loretta	10	10	10	10
Mason, Lucy Ermina	10	10	10	10
Myers, Mary G.	10	10	10	10
Moore, George H.	10	10	5	5
Moore, Rosa Ann	10	10	10	10
Miller, Annie	10	5	5	5
Munroe, Mary	10	10	10	10
Munroe, John	10	10	10	10
Moss, Susan Maud	10	10	5	5
Maas, Anna Maria	10	10	10	10
McKay, Thomas J.	10	10	10	10
McGregor, Maxwell	10	7	7	7
McCormick, May P.	10	10	10	10
McCarthy, Eugene	10	10	10	10
McMaster, Robert	10	10	10	10
McKenzie, Herbert	10	10	10	10
McGregor, Ruby Violet	10	10	7	7
McDougall, Elizabeth	7	10	10	10
McCready, Aletha J.	10	10	7	7
McDonald, Sara	10	10	10	10
McGuire, Lily	7	10	10	10
Nahrgang, Allen	10	10	10	10
Orth, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Orr, James P.	10	10	10	10
O'Neil, Ignatius David	10	10	10	10
O'Connor, Mary B.	10	7	10	10
Otto, Charles Edward	10	7	10	10
O'Connor, Franklin J.	10	10	10	10
Perry, Algo Earl	10	10	7	7
Pepper, George	7	10	10	10
Pinder, Clarence	10	10	10	10
Pilling, Gortio	10	10	10	10
Perry, Frederic R.	7	10	10	10
Pelen, Athanasie	10	10	10	10
Pierce, Cora May	10	10	10	10
Prangle, Murray Hill	10	7	10	10
Parrent, Sophie	10	10	10	10
Penprase, Ruth E.	10	10	7	7
Peltimonk, George	10	10	7	7
Quick, Angus R.	10	10	10	10
Rooney, Francis Peter	7	10	10	10
Rutherford, Emma	10	7	10	10

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH	CONDUCT	APPLICATION	IMPROVEMENT
Reid, Walter E.	5	10	10	10
Rudall, Robert	10	10	10	10
Rutherford, Jessie M.	10	10	10	10
Ronald, Eleanor F.	10	7	10	10
Russell, Mary Bell	10	7	10	10
Rielly, Mary	10	10	10	10
Roth, Edwin	10	10	10	10
Smith, Maggie	10	10	10	10
Scott, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Sager, Hattie	10	10	10	10
Sager, Matilda B.	10	10	10	10
Shilton, John T.	10	10	10	10
Scott, Henry Percival	10	10	10	10
Shannon, Ann Helena	10	10	10	10
Scribshaw, James S.	10	10	10	10
Smuck, Lloyd Leeland	10	7	10	10
Showers, Anne	10	10	10	10
Showers, Mary	10	10	10	10
Showers, Catherine	10	10	10	10
Simpson, Alexander	10	10	10	10
St. Louis, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Smith, Alfred	10	7	10	10
Scissons, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Sauve, Telesphoro	10	10	10	10
Swick, Amos A.	10	10	10	10
Sipe, Thomas	10	10	7	7
Sedore, Fred	10	10	10	10
Sedore, Bertha	10	10	10	10
Sager, Mabel Maud	10	10	10	10
Thompson, Ethel M.	10	10	10	10
Tracy, John M.	10	10	10	10
Thompson, Beatrice A.	10	7	10	10
Thomas, Mand	7	10	7	7
Terrell, Frederick	10	10	7	7
Tossell, Harold	10	7	10	10
Taylor, Joseph F.	10	10	10	10
Tudhope, Laura May	10	10	10	10
Teskey, Lulu	10	10	10	10
Vanco, James Henry	10	10	10	10
Veitch, Margaret S.	10	10	10	10
Veitch, James	10	7	10	10
Veitch, Elizabeth	10	7	7	7
Wallace, George R.	10	10	10	10
Waters, Marica A.	10	7	10	10
Woodley, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Watts, David Henry	10	7	7	7
Webb, Rosoy Ann	10	10	10	10
Wain, Allan	10	10	10	10
Wilson, Herbert	10	7	7	7
Welch, Herbert	10	10	10	10
Walter, John T.	10	10	10	10
Watts, Grace	10	10	10	10
Walker, Lillie	10	10	7	7
Young, George S.	10	10	10	10
Young, Roseta	10	3	10	10
Yager, Norman	10	10	10	10
Young, Arthur	10	10	10	10
Young, Clara E.	10	7	10	10
Zimmerman, John C.	10	10	10	10
Zimmerman, Candace	10	10	10	10

CHILDREN'S STORY COLUMN

BY MRS. SYLVIA J. ...

Hilda and the Indian

A little girl named Hilda, her parents in the woods twelve years old. She had no brothers or sisters. They lived far from houses. They lived in a log house. The log house was small. It was made of logs piled one on top of another and fastened together at the corners. The doors are low and the windows small. One Sunday in the afternoon Hilda's parents wanted to go to the store. Hilda did not want to go. She got into their wagon and Hilda sat down in the doorway. She read a long time. By and by she looked up. She saw an Indian up the road. She was afraid. He had long feathers in his hair and down the sides of his trousers. His face was painted red and blue. He had a club and a short hatchet. He jumped up from the door step and ran into the house. She shut the door and barred it. Then she shut the window and barred them. She hid behind the kitchen door. She kept very quiet. She could hear the Indian walking. He knocked the door. "Open!" Hilda kept very still. He knocked again and again. He was angry. He went away from the door and tried to open a window. He was much frightened. He hit the window shutters with his club. Then he went back to the kitchen door. There was a barrel half full of chicken feathers in the room. It had a large piece of board over it. Hilda ran to the barrel and jumped into it. She sat down and hid her feathers and put them over her head. She put the board over the barrel. She sat down. The Indian was angry. He struck the door with his club. It did not break the door. He cut it with his hatchet. Soon he cut it down. He sprang into the room. No one was there. He was surprised and looked all around. He did not see Hilda. But he found food in the kitchen and he stole it and ate it. He found a jug of whiskey. He drank whiskey and drank it all up. He was very drunk. He went out into the woods and lay down on the ground and went to sleep. Hilda stayed in the barrel. Late in the afternoon her parents came home. She heard the wagon and heard their voices, so she jumped out of the barrel and ran to the door. She ran to her father and told him about the Indian. Her father found him asleep in the yard. He was very drunk and did not wake up. So her father tied his hands and feet with ropes. Then her father and mother put him into the wagon. Her father drove to town with the Indian and he was locked up in jail.

Dr. Eakins Improving.

Dr. Eakins has been so much better the last week that he has taken occasional drives on fine days. His strength is gradually returning and we hope to see him out to the Institution before long.

The Tale of the Months.

Do you know the tale of the months, the ancient Bohemian legend, how by a fire which never goes out, sit twelve silent men each with a staff in his hand. The cloaks of three are white as snow, and three are green like the spring willow, and three are gold as the ripened grain, and three are blood red like wine. The fire that never fails is the sun, the silent men are the months of the year. Each in his turn stirs the fire with his staff, for each has his office, and if one month should sleep and a turn be made amiss, then the snow would fall, bring us blight in spring,

FEBRUARY 1900

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

HOME NEWS
Wm. News Local Interest

Our ice house is now being filled with ice to keep things cool and long piles of hard wood is being hauled in to keep things warm, so we are getting provided for both extremes.

Mr. Downie is at present away on a holiday. During the summer when others had their outings, was his busy time and he could not be spared. We hope he will enjoy himself.

It will interest those who are fond of birds to know that a pair of horned larks was seen on their old nesting ground in the Institution pasture field, the morning of the 11th inst.

So far this winter our hockey teams have had no opportunities to show what they can do with outside teams and are anxious for a match. We hope they will get a game before the winter is quite gone.

The first to respond to our letter about the convention in last issue, was friend Haselton of Delta. He would like it to be held in the Institution and we know nearly all the members are of the same mind. Well, we will see later.

Miss Walker, our matron, has not been very well lately and rest for a month or six weeks was prescribed for her. After seventeen years devoted and conscientious service in Institution work a short respite from duty will do her good.

Miss McNinch, our nurse, is back to her post again. She has been away for a couple of weeks for rest and change after her long detention under quarantine in our hospital nursing the fever patients. Both she and we hope it will be a long time before we have any more.

We had a large party of country visitors on the 5th. They were a sleighing party from across the bay and were not pressed for time at all, so took a leisurely view of everything to be seen and when the rounds were made they spent quite a time seeing how our boys and girls enjoyed themselves on the rink, no doubt thinking that they were most happily placed.

The boys are indebted to Mrs. Terrell for the illustrated magazine *The Black and White*, which is just now filled with interesting views of the South African War. Mr. Balis is also very kind, to encourage reading, he distributes his daily papers and illustrated magazines among them. The daily progress of the war is closely watched and commented on by our pupils.

One was hardly surprised to hear the loud, clear call of the flicker last Sunday morning, as the spring like temperature brought thoughts of the return of the songsters. The bird at that time was invisible but one was seen in the same vicinity in the afternoon. An occasional individual must remain with us during the winter as it is too soon for their return.

Miss Gibson was requested by those having charge of the Red Cross fund in the city, to take up a collection among our pupils for this worthy object. The matter was laid before our assembled boys and girls in the chapel, and they were invited to give any little amount they liked from 1c. up. The response was very good and Miss Gibson was able to forward over five dollars for the fund from the pupils alone.

One of our intermediate pupils, Walter Reid was lately taken ill, the cause being appendicitis. The case was considered so serious that his friends were at once communicated with and his mother arrived as soon as possible. It was the first illness of the kind that has appeared among our pupils and all are glad to know that prompt treatment checked the disease and the lad is now out of danger and recovering. His mother returned home on Tuesday.

Our rink was so well graded that it has been quite easy to keep the ice on every part in fine condition, and the only thing that bothers us is the frequent snow falls. It is an interesting sight to watch the boys clear off the leavings of a heavy storm. It takes a hundred or more of them all the winter long to do the job, even with one of the horses to help them. Every boy who can handle a shovel or other implement is pressed into service and has to do his share. The boys deserve credit for the hearty way they persevere.

PERSONALITIES.

Mr. James Dunin, an ex-pupil, has a good situation in Carman, Manitoba.

Miss F. Gardiner of Guelph, has been in the city for the past week or two, the guest of Miss Butler.

Miss E. H. Smith, of the Marchmont Home in the city, was a visitor to our work rooms last week.

Mr and Mrs. Tindhope visited Laura for a day or two this week accompanied by a little sister of Laura's. It was a happy reunion for all of them.

Dr. Forster came up with the Rockwood Hospital curlers from Kingston last week and he and Mrs. Forster were the guests of Mrs. Terrell during their stay in Belleville.

Mr. R. Murray Thomas is here from Canada visiting his niece, Mrs. H. V. Peters. Mr. Thomas has many friends here, who are glad to see him. *Chicago paper, Feb. 10th.*

Dr. C. K. Clarke, of Rockwood Hospital for the Insane, Kingston, spent a couple of hours with us on Monday, the 5th. He was the guest of Superintendent Mathison.

John McIsaac is working in the mocasin factory at Delhi. He has steady employment and has been engaged lately both night and day on a big order for the north west.

Miss Rosa Dempsey, who was the guest of her sister, Miss Dempsey, returned on the 8th inst. to her home in Toronto, greatly benefited in health by her sojourn in this salubrious section of the country, among friends in the city and at the Institution.

The members of the Rockwood Hospital curling club who came up to play against the Belleville curlers last week, gave us a brief call during their stay in the city and were taken through as many classes and departments as their limited time would allow.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Calder are happy and prosperous on their farm in Manitoba. They write:—"Our crop turned out very good last year. We had 1800 bushels of wheat off 80 acres and 523 bushels of oats off 10 acres." Their many friends will be pleased to hear of their prosperity and happiness.

The marriage of Mr. James Goodbrand and Miss Matilda Lafferty took place yesterday, Wednesday, the 14th inst. at Windsor, at the residence of the bride's mother. The contracting parties were pupils at this Institution some years ago and have our best wishes for their happiness and prosperity through life.

Miss Clow, who has acted as nurse here while Miss McNinch was confined to the hospital with the scarlet fever patients, returned home on Saturday last. Miss Clow greatly endeared herself to the pupils and won the warm esteem of all connected with the Institution, and, should the occasion ever rise, we hope to see her among us again.

Many of the early pupils of our school will remember Mr. P. C. Canutt, who used to be the farm manager of the Institution some twenty five years ago. They will be pleased to hear that he is still alive and hearty. He is at present living in Chicago with his son and daughter-in-law who will also be remembered as Miss Isabel Palmer, daughter of the first Principal of our Institution.

Although Alfred P. Lockhart has been away from the Institution for ten years, he does not forget the officers and teachers who were here when he was a pupil. A recent letter conveys from him the pleasing intelligence that he is prospering in his Manitoba home. Alfred is a thorough farmer and last year his labors were rewarded by a bountiful crop and his neighbors gave him credit for being one of the best all round farmers near Armstrong Lake, where he resides.

The following quib would convey no meaning to a person who never heard, and we have seen a number of hearing persons badly puzzled by it. "She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang: 'Be it averse oh wain bull there snow play sly comb, and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.'" If however, the reader will read the test line straight through to another person, making no pause, the listener will be almost certain to catch its meaning at the first reading.

When one builds castles in the air, he leaves out the troubles.

A Wonder-Worker Makes His Appearance.

The Associated Press has sent out a story from Kokomo, Indiana, to the effect that a doctor there had restored to hearing two girls deaf from birth and, *mirabile dictu!* with the restoration of hearing had come a return of speech. The story is somewhat colored, as statements made in the public prints about the deaf generally are. It is probably true that the doctor did benefit those girls. There are cases now and then that can be helped, and we are always glad when such cases are found. The great harm that those stories of restoration to hearing do, is to mislead the public and, especially, parents of deaf children. They lead them to believe that their child can also be restored and induce them to experiment, perhaps with quacks whose chief industry consists in securing, through the instrumentality of gab, large unearned fees. The worst of it is that the loss of the money is not always the most harmful feature of the transaction. The disappointment to the parents, and the loss of time, suffering and, it may be, permanent injury occasioned the child are likely to outweigh the loss of money. The best course for parents to pursue, if they entertain a hope that their child may be benefited by medical treatment, is to submit the case to the authorities of the school, who are supposed to be better informed in everything pertaining to the deaf than themselves, and let these take such steps with reference to the treatment of the child as they see proper. There are but few deaf-mutes who can be successfully treated.—*Lone Star Weekly.*

Slander.

What is slander? 'Tis an assassin, at the midnight hour, urged on by envy, that with footsteps soft steals on the slumber of sweet innocence, and with the dark drawn dagger of the mind, drinks deep of the crimson current of the heart.

'Tis a worm that crawls on beauty's cheek, and, like the vile viper in a vale of flowers, it revels in ambrosial pleasure there.

'Tis a coward in a coat of mail that wages war against the brave and wise, and, like the long, lean lizard that mars the lion's sleep, it wounds the noblest and best.

Oft have I seen this demon of the soul, this murderer of sleep, with visage smooth and countenance serene as Heaven's own skies; but storms were raging in the soul of thought; oft have I seen a smile upon its brow, but, like lightning from the stormy clouds, it shocked the soul and disappeared in darkness, oft have I seen it weep at tale of woe and seem as 'twere the heart would break with anguish, but, like the drops that drip from Java's tree, or the fell pest that sweeps o'er Arabian sands, it withered every flower in the vale.

I have seen it tread upon the hly fair, one in whom the world could see no harm, and, although hidden within the sacred tomb, it has dragged its victim from the hallowed grave for public eyes to gaze upon; it hath wept that from earth its victim passed away ere it had taken vengeance on its virtue.—*Selected.*

Feeling the Parson.

Clergymen are seldom overpaid, and to most of them the occasional fees bestowed by generous and happy bridegrooms are items of considerable moment. It is easy to sympathize with a certain Yorkshire clergyman who, after pronouncing a couple man and wife, was asked by the groom what the charge was.

The parson, according to *Spare Moments*, told him that there were no fixed charges in such matters, but that he might give what he thought proper.

"Parson," said the young man, "I have five greyhound pups at home, I ask a sovereign apiece for them, but I'll let you have one for half a sov."

The clergyman protested that he could not accept a fee of such a character. It would be quite impossible.

The bride and groom went home, and the marriage must have turned out very happily, for before a month was over the parson received a crate containing a fine greyhound pup, accompanied by a note from John, saying that Maria had proved such a treasure that he was glad to give the dog for nothing.

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

- OFFICERS**
- | | | |
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| President | A. E. Smith | Brantford |
| Vice-President | P. F. Fisher | Toronto |
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| Treasurer | Wm. Nurse |
- BOYS' AND BASE BALL CLUBS**
- | | |
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| Second Eleven | E. L. Barnett |
| Third Team | L. Charbonneau |
| Fourth | M. Cartier |
- GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY**
- | | |
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| President | R. Mathison |
| Vice-President | M. Madden |
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| Treasurer | J. T. Sullivan |
| Organist | Wm. Nurse |
| Publicist | L. Charbonneau |

THE CANADIAN MUTE
 THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1900.

and you help me,
 what a helping world there'll be
Lucy Wheeler

A merry sleighing party left here on the afternoon of the 2nd inst. for a drive and to pay a surprise visit to one of our former pupils who lives fourteen miles out. The party consisted of Misses F. Gardiner, Morrison, Butler and home, and Messrs. McKillop, Madden and Holton. The objective point was the pleasant country home of Miss D. beauty of McRose. Sleighing was good, the team well appointed and the weather on the drive out was very pleasant. Owing to unavoidable delays in starting the party arrived at their destination later than was intended. By a pre-arranged plan only two of the party were knocked for admission, these were welcomed with effusion, in a few minutes another pair appeared then another and another until the surprised family were kept guessing how many there were, but a warm welcome awaited one and all, the teasing, games and other merry-making the party enjoyed themselves until a late hour. Mrs. Betty would not hear of their returning home until the following day, so they remained until returning to the city after a late breakfast next morning. Although it was a surprise party yet in the hospitable home of Mrs. Betty nothing was found lacking for the fullest comfort and enjoyment of the visitors, who left with warm expressions of thanks to the kind entertainers.

Mr. Stewart came up to entertain our pupils last Saturday evening. He did so with giving them, what many of us are most eager for the latest war news from South Africa, and caused amusement by some sarcastic remarks about amateur war strategists, from our school has its share. He told an amusing anecdote to show that at least some wise old chap, enter his fellows, is sure to strike an idea to turn the situation. He then told an interesting simple story more especially for the amusement of the younger ones and wound up the evening with the legend of Persius. Miss Mosey gave a vote of thanks, and Mr. Stow replied said he hoped to be up again in a few years, but was instantly corrected to a few weeks.

His Valentines.

BY MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

To Maid I'll send a Valentine
All tressed, bows and all bedecked
She's such a young sweetheart of mine
That e'en like these will be in place.
She'll dance for joy, because, you see
My sweetheart Maid is only three.

To my old swan the art, fraud and deary
I'll send a parcel, trim and neat
Content of it not mention I care
So nothing to wear, or drink, or eat
No matter, she'll consider it
The valentine for her most fit.

For quiet May I'll buy and send
A pretty lock to seal her letters
She'll say good court to be, and friends
To say I'll show some civilities.
To the flowers, and then, oh well,
To her whose name I will not tell.

Whose tender eyes before me shine,
Whose sweet face haunts me, angel fair,
I dare not write a valentine,
I breathe, instead, a trembling prayer
So dear she is, so far apart,
And so dear, silently, my heart.

St. Valentine's Day.

The fourteenth day of February, as most of our readers are aware, is called St. Valentine's day; and it is customary on that day for unmarried people of both sexes to write love letters to each other, in sport; there are a great many of these letters interchanged at or about this period. Would you like to know the origin of this custom, children? I will try to tell you.

Valentine was a priest of Rome, a very excellent man, according to history, and became a martyr for his religion, on the fourteenth day of February, as some say, though others doubt whether his death occurred on that day. Many people suppose that there is some connection between this saint and the notions and practices peculiar to Valentine's day. But this is a mistake. The origin of the peculiar amusement of this day lies much further back in history. Many years before the Christian era, the feast in honor of the gods, Pan and Juno, was celebrated at this season of the year. Among the ceremonies of that feast was a game, in which young people of opposite sexes chose each other, by lot. The present mode of observing Valentine's day originated in this manner: After the Pagan superstitions were modified by Christianity, the name of the day was changed, and instead of people celebrating the feast of Lupercana, as it was called before, they observed the day in a very different manner, and gave to it the name of the martyr, St. Valentine.

The sports peculiar to Valentine's day now, are very different from those in which young people used to engage at this season of the year, a few hundred years ago. Then a kind of lottery formed a part of the amusements, it would seem. "An equal number of maids and bachelors," says an old writer, "get together; each writes his or her true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots—the men taking the maid's billets, and they the men's. So that each of the young men lights upon a girl whom he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means, each has two valentines; but the man sticks closer to the valentine that falls to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. After that, the valentines give parties to the respective partners who have fallen to them by this lottery; and this little sport often ends in love."

Of reminiscent military songs the annals of music are full. "The Girl I Left Behind Me," according to tradition, became the parting tune of the British army and navy about the middle of the last century. In one of the regiments then quartered in the south of England there was an Irish bandmaster, who had the uncommon peculiarity of being able to fall in love in ten minutes with any attractive girl he might chance to meet. It never hurt him much, however, for he fell out again as readily as he fell in, and so acquired a new sweetheart in every town the regiment passed through. Whenever the troops were leaving the place where he had a sweetheart he ordered the band to play "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which, even then, was an old Irish melody. The story of his accommodating heart soon spread through the army, and other bandmasters, at the request of officers and soldiers, began to use the melody as a parting tune, and by the end of the century it was accounted disrespectful to the ladies for a regiment to march away without playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."



DEAF AGENTS EARN

"GOOD MONEY"

Selling the handsome illustrated 32 page booklet, "The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language." They sell at 15 cents each, and latest hearing of deaf people old or young. Our agents say "they sell like hot cakes." Write for free circular with terms to agents and testimonials. The booklet mailed postpaid to any address for 15 cents.

AGENTS WANTED. Conn. Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

How Gibraltar Is Guarded.

Were Gibraltar in a continuous state of siege it could not be more carefully guarded, according to the account of Mr. Chatfield Taylor in The Land of the Castanet. The vigorous rules of a foreign post are never relaxed; and that it is a foreign post, held by force in a foreign country, is never forgotten.

At retreat the gates are closed; at reveille they are opened. None but Englishmen are allowed to enter without a pass, and none but residents permitted to spend the night. The Spanish laborers from San Roque who come for the day are forced to leave at nightfall. A bell of warning clangs like an alarm of fire before retreat is sounded, and then the streets are thronged with grimy workmen from Spain—men, women, even children, hurrying to get beyond the gates before the closing of the town.

At sunset the warden, bearing the keys, marches through the streets to the stirring strains of the fife and drum or the braying notes of Highland pipes, and locks the gates for the night. Again at the hour of taps, martial music echoes through the town as the pipers of the Black Watch or the drummers of some regiment of the line swing through the narrow streets, their red coats glinting in the lights which glare from shop or tavern, their feet falling in measured time upon the glistening cobbles of the pavement.

The batteries of ponderous modern guns, and El Hacho, the signal tower, are now closed to visitors, so one no longer gazes, as on a former visit, across the straits to the misty hills of Morocco, where the Moorish cities of Tangiers and Ceuta nestle by the sea.

You used to scramble on donkeys over the crest of the rock, and visit St. Michael's cave below; cockney gunners used to point the great guns at Africa, and detail their carrying power and caliber, but the authorities have grown suspicious, and now but half the "Gib" is shown to the foreign visitor, while even the whereabouts of the newest batteries are kept a secret.

The Best Work Pays.

A well-known judge wanted a fence mended, and hired a young carpenter to do the job, saying: "I want this fence mended. I will only pay a dollar and a-half, so use those unplanned boards, and do not take the time to make a neat job."

Later the judge found that the carpenter had carefully planned and numbered each board, and, supposing that he was trying to make a costly job, interrupted him with the angry remark:—

"Why didn't you nail those boards on as they were. I don't care how the fence looks."

"I do," returned the carpenter, and went on measuring. When the work was done no other part of the fence was as thoroughly finished.

"What do you expect to charge?" asked the judge, sarcastically.

"A dollar and a-half," The judge started.

"Why did you spend all that labor on the fence, if not for the money. No one would have seen the poor work."

"For the job, sir. I should have known that the poor work was there."

He refused anything more than the dollar and a-half, and went away. Ten years afterwards the judge had a contract to give for the erection of several magnificent buildings. Among the many applicants the face of one caught his eye. Said the judge, later:—

"It was my man of the fence. I know he would have only good genuine work done. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him." Exchange.

Take care of your health while you have it, not after it is gone.

The Modern Valentine

To day Saint Valentine is not as popular at court as he was in the days when Mr. Pepys wrote down his famous diary; yet lovers of customs old and quaint find there are a few in this smart, hurrying age do still send to dearest friends on this fourteenth day of the second month a bunch of flowers, a box of sweets or a bit of bric-a-brac; these in lieu of the one time favored present of jewels, silken hose, superseded finally by a lace-paper creation mightily bedight with gilt and silver, likewise with many blazonings of red hearts, under which were imperfectly concealed some Latin but honeyed verses.

The modern girl makes her valentines at home. She paints lover's-knots, floating blue ribbons all a-tangle, and red hearts on sheets of parchment note-paper, on which she writes a verse from one of the old-time makers of love-songs. Or perhaps she is clever enough to compose an original verse, in which case she indites a message of her own, without the aid of the poets. But of course she never signs her name, for valentines must go anonymously.

I am glad the modern girl sends her prettiest, cleverest-fashioned valentine to a very appreciative young man; the rest of her valentines are mailed to her mother, her next door neighbor or her dearest girl friends. A search among the poets will bring to light many appropriate quotations for home-made valentines. The following are suggested:

There is dew for the flower
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.—Hunt

If they send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt w' the sun,
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sand o' life shall run.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever,
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic another.—Hunt.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West—5:15 a.m.; 1:20 p.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.; 2:30 p.m.; 5:20 p.m.
East—1:30 a.m.; 10:47 a.m.; 12:10 p.m.; 5:50 p.m.
Moose and Patterson Branch—5:10 a.m.; 12:10 a.m.; 5:55 p.m.; 6:30 p.m.

MONEY TO PATENT Good Ideas
may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

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

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

DELICIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—
West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 A. M.
St. Y. M. C. A. Hall, cor. Yonge and McGill Streets, at 10 A. M.
General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 P. M. Leaders—Messrs. Nasmith, Hadden and others.
Bible CLASS Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and cor. Queen Street and Dovercourt Road. Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto, 1 Major Street.

Institution for the Blind.

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

A. H. DYMOND, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

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Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, from 1:30 to 3:30 p. m. DRAWING, 4 p. m. on Tuesday and Thursday each week.
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 1:30 to 3:30 p. m.
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p. m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for juniors.

Articulation Classes:

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

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY. Primary pupils at 10 a. m., general at 11 a. m., General at 12:30 p. m., immediately after which the Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are in the Chapel at 8:15 a. m., and the one in charge for the week, will open the service and afterwards dismiss them, so that they may reach their respective schools later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble after prayer will be dismissed in an orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. J. H. Barke, (light Rev. Monsignor) Barke, Rev. J. J. Thompson, M. A., (light Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, Methodist), Rev. H. G. Gossert, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. M. Preshyterian; Rev. Father Connors, C. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. N. H. H.

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. National Series of Sunday School by Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CRAFTS: Hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., and from 5:30 p. m. for pupils who attend school, and those who do not from 7:30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shop will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8 a. m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3:30 to 5 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, 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, without permission of the Superintendent.

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

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 p. m. on ordinary school days as soon after 12 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong the stay, taking with their children. It only causes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without a parent will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class rooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or entertain guests at the Institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinle Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

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

Sickness and Correspondence:

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

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

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

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise in newspapers and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds, and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurousness, and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.