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# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IV.

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 1. 1896.

NO. 13.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



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

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

### Officers of the Institution:

A. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Bursar.
J. E. FARRIS, M. D.	Physician.
MISS ISABELL WALAUGH	Matron

### Teachers:

MUR COLEMAN, M. A.	Mrs. J. G. TERRILL
(Head Teacher.)	Miss N. TEMPLETON.
T. DENNY	Miss M. M. OSTROM
JAMES GILLES, B. A.	Miss MARY HULL
I. J. McNEILL	Miss LONNIE MAYNEE
W. J. CAMPBELL	Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL
Geo. F. STEWART	Miss ADA JAMES
	Monitor
	Miss GEORGINA LEVY

Miss CARRIE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Mrs. I. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing

Miss L. N. METCALER, JOHN T. HUMNA,  
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

WM. DUNBAR, J. MIDDLEMARK,  
Sweeper & Carriage Superior Engineer

G. O. KRITH, JOHN DOWITT,  
Carpenter of Boys etc. Master Carpenter

Miss M. DENNETT, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
Matron, Superior of Girls etc. Master Baker.

WM. NERSE, THOMAS WILLS,  
Master Shoemaker Gardener

MICHAEL O'SHEARA, Farmer

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who, on account of deafness, either partial or total, are 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 six months during the summer of each year. Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance to be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board 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 female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and 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 ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission, and the regulations, will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

H. MATHISON,

Superintendent.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

### INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go by post office to office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 2:30 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any reason, unless the same is in the locked bag.



### JANUARY.

I'm little January  
Perhaps you do not know  
How far I've come to greet you  
Across the fields of snow

Perhaps you weren't expecting  
I'd be so very small,  
Perhaps you're almost wishing  
I had not come at all

I've several little brothers,  
And little sisters, too,  
And every one is coming  
To make a call on you

But I've got ready quickly,  
And come right straight off here,  
To be the first to greet you  
This happy glad New Year.

— Jessie Thorne, in Child Garden



### The New Year's Message

All the year round the three great bells of the village spoke to each other, back and forth from belfry to belfry, nodding and swinging. Each had but one word to say and he said it over and over, asking and answering in the very same tone.

One would throw himself up into the air and hang there trembling all over—his great tongue quivering—waiting for the answer from his neighbor, with the shining brass sides, that hung in the tower across the little stream. And then from far down the valley would peel forth the ring of the third great bell. All this while the first one was waiting for his turn to speak again.

Those bells hung and swung far above the heads of everybody in the village. They had but one thing to say and one way to say it, but since the people did not understand, it did very well and everyone loved these three brothers and never questioned what they meant. Though they did not speak in the same

tone, they were of one mind, and even when they spoke together they did not jangle in the least, but sounded so sweetly—especially in the ears of the children—who always stopped and looked up. Whenever they spoke together thus they told that a little child was born—somewhere in the village some one had a little new brother and sister, and so the children smiled. And when the year was born perhaps that was why the ringing brought them such joy.

"Hark hark, the bells.

Everyone in the village awoke at twelve o'clock on New Year's eve, except the children for out on to the night there peared the rich clanging of the bells.

All the grown people got up, peered out of the window, saw the clear sky and the ocean of stars, then they wished each other a very sleepy "Happy New Year," saying that they hoped it would bring some good with it, and back they went to sleep again.

But the children did not wake up—they dreamed on and on under their coverlets, perhaps some of them turned over or stretched themselves, but not a single one opened an eye. Wasn't it strange?

But when the frosty light of the morning poured over the houses from out the sky, every single child in the village started out of dreamland, and such dreams as they did tell! From one end of the village to the other every household where there were any children heard wonder tales that could scarcely be believed. They told of having seen flower-beds right out in the snow, and of music and of lights all over everything. They told of children with the happiest faces, laughing and playing and dancing and singing, and one little girl awoke in her cradle and found some beautiful flowers had blossomed right out of the dream and were still in her hand. And every one came and marvelled over it, and smelled the flowers and knew they were real. This little one had listened perhaps the best of all to what the dream had said, and so the dream came true.

What had come to all the little ones? The wise people of the village were all

puzzled, for no one, not even the old sextons who pulled the ropes, had noticed anything strange in the ringing.

There were many old men and women in the village who had heard the bells for years and years, and they did not know as much about their meaning as the little folks, and how they all wondered at the dreams that came to the children on that New Year's night.

This must have been the way it all came about. A beautiful friend who had told the children stories and taught them wonderful things, had asked each to watch for the message of the New Year which comes after the Christ Child's birth.

Every child that was loving and helpful and trusting would hear on the eve of the New Year a wonder tale, and don't you see each child went to sleep that night waiting and watching for it, and it had come. If the grown people had done the same it would probably have come to them too—but they were often too busy to hear and see even the most beautiful things. We are glad that children are not.

The bells have really a deep story to tell that very few have ever guessed, and what they tell seems easier for the children to understand than for grown folks; it is about the childhood of the year.

The song that the New Year sings through the lips of a bell is something like this, if we put it into words:

"Good people, awake,  
And list to the bell—  
Begin with the year  
To know that all's well."

Listen! and perhaps on New Year's Eve each one of us may hear the happiest greeting, so that the next day when we call out a "glad New Year" to every friend we meet, there will be so much joy in it that they will be much gladder than they ever were before.—ANDREA HORN'S *Child's Christ Tales*.

We are all apt to forget that happiness grows at our own fire-side, and is not to be picked up in strangers' houses.

A New York physician says it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal. And we presume if he did go in after one he wouldn't find it.



# 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. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postage stamps, or registered letter.

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

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

### ADVERTISING

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

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



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.

We wish all our readers  
"A Happy New Year."

A Happy New Year to All.

It is very difficult indeed to realize that another year has passed and gone. It seems such a brief space of time since we last wished our readers a "happy new year," and we have scarce become accustomed to write "1895," ere we must begin with "1896;" and each year as we grow older seems to slip away with ever accelerating speed. Time is but as a thin strip of land between two illimitable oceans covered with an impenetrable fog. We emerge from the mist of eternity past at the one side, pass swiftly across the narrow intervening space, and thence into the dark shroud that covers the great ocean of eternity beyond. And yet we puny creatures of the day live as though we expected to dwell here forever, and plan as if for eternity. How pitifully feeble and futile do all our hopes and aspirations, our rivalries and contests, our joys and our triumphs, seem when their momentary duration is contrasted with eternity. Well has the poet admonished us:

"Make haste, O man, to live,  
For thou so soon must die,  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze  
How swift its trophies fly!"

What a mockery of ideal would life be if death ended all! But our whole existence here becomes transfigured when fate gives place to providence and our earthly dwelling becomes but the vestibule to heaven. Then do we realize that in very truth

"It is not all of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

and our every act and thought becomes of supreme importance as being that which, with all other acts and thoughts, fixes our eternal destiny.

Well, 1895 is gone forever. What has

it left to us? Only one permanent possession—the impress it has made on our characters. On last new year's day there was spread before us the clean unsullied pages of a book. Day by day we have written thereon—what? Are the pages beautiful with the resplendent colors reflected from kind thoughts, kind words, kind acts? Or are the leaves blurred and blotted with the dark impress of revengeful deeds, bitter words, unkind thoughts? Each one knows for himself or herself. But whatever the record, there it is and there it will remain forever. Nothing can erase it, nothing alter, and these pages, just as they are, have now become part of the great book of God's remembrance.

And what of the coming year? We cannot recall or alter the past, but we can utilize it in the future for admonition, for counsel, for guidance. We may, if we will correct our course during 1896 by noting our mistakes in the past and steering clear of the blunders we then made. In wishing our readers a happy new year we would impress upon them that happiness consists not only or chiefly in "having lots of fun," but in doing as nearly as we can our whole duty, in engaging earnestly in the work that lies before us, in striving to bring joy to other hearts.

It is customary to make good resolutions on New Year's Day, and we fear in many instances it is quite customary to break them. But this is because the resolutions are made as a solatium to accusing conscience rather than as the expression of an honest desire for improvement. We hope all our readers, and especially all the boys and girls here, will honestly resolve to make this year the best one in their lives. If they will but do so, if they will sincerely endeavor to study more diligently, to live more uprightly, to treat all others with more kindly consideration than this will in all truth be to them a happy new year.

To one and all we give our warmest wishes for happiness, prosperity and all other blessings during 1896.

Into the voiceless past the years slip  
As pearls from a strand  
Into the forgotten river no ear shall dip  
To find by human hand.

Low to slink in the waves dark depths  
Or light on its created foam  
A record each of our faltering steps  
Toward our last—sweet home.

The years with good deeds bright,  
Nafely shall ride the storm.  
While wasted years in the darkness of night  
Shall lie, to judgment morn.

Then, shall we not guard well our pearls,  
Each till the latest one?  
That together, at last, they may form the crown  
Of the Master's dear—Well done.

### The Industrial Departments.

There are seven boys who put the entire day in the industrial departments at the Ontario Institution. There are also five girls who do the same in the sewing department. This departure was inaugurated a year or so ago, and is designed to give the pupils a more efficient training in handicraft. *Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Record.*

A good idea and one we hope to adopt some time. *Deseret Eagle.*

Will the CANADIAN MUTE kindly tell us why those seven boys are in the industrial classes all day? The above states that the object is to give more efficient training in handicraft, but what we should like to know is whether they are pupils who have completed the course of study in the school or are pupils whose progress is such that there is but little hope of much mental growth and if they were put in the industrial classes simply to see if they would make more satisfactory progress there, and be able to become sufficiently proficient in manual work to be self-supporting. *North Dakota Advocate.*

This and all other needed information is or will be cheerfully supplied. Our aim is to give each boy and girl the very best possible equipment for life. No boy or girl is well equipped who has not a good general education, and our first care is to give this in all possible cases. Nearly all the boys and girls alluded to by our contemporaries have completed their school education so far as our facilities permit. But we also recognize that it is quite impossible for a boy or girl to attend school during the day and get an "efficient training in handicraft" during an hour or two each morning and

evening. Therefore, so far as we have opportunity, we urge any boy or girl who desires to become proficient in any trade taught here to spend a year or two, or such length of time as may be necessary, exclusively in our industrial departments. There are no boys or girls putting in their entire time in our industrial departments, whose capacity for mental growth is inferior. On the contrary these in the past have nearly all been among our brightest pupils. It is a rule with but few exceptions that a boy who is stupid in the school room will be just as stupid and will make equally unsatisfactory progress in the shoe or carpenter shop or the printing office. This departure has been in operation here for twelve years past and has been productive of good results.

### "Loved and Lost Avhillo."

This is the title of a new song, composed and published by Mr G. W. Johnson, of Upper Canada College, Toronto, a copy of which has graciously been forwarded to our Principal by the author for "old acquaintance's sake." This token of kindly remembrance and regard is fully appreciated, for, despite the fact that ours is a great silent family, we are not unmoved by the "concord of sweet sounds" nor indifferent to the strains of pleasing melody. This song, both as to words and music, is simple yet sweetly pathetic and harmonious. It recalls memories of childhood and "the dear old home," and like its predecessor, "When you and I were young, Maggie," will no doubt find its way into many a family circle. Thanks are herewith tendered, and we hope would exclaim "Friend of my life which did not you prolong. The world had waned but such a loved song." For sale in Belleville by Prof W. B. Ruggs, the well-known music man.

In the event of our government's being unable to settle by diplomacy some questions in which Great Britain is involved, may not be long ere the number of schools for the deaf in the United States is increased by seven. That is the number of schools in what is now known as Canada. We wonder how our friends McDonald and Mathison would feel to see the north line of the United States jump over them in making a bee line for the north pole. *Indiana Silent Worker.*

"The King of France with banners flying and amid the blare of trumpets, accompanied by a hundred thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again." Do our American cousins wish to imitate this brilliant exploit? If so, then "lay on, Macduff." If the Yanks come up to Canada as beligerents they will do so of their own free will but we on our part promise to supply plenty of incentives for them to march back home again—all that will be left of them—in very hot haste. In 1812 our cousins across the line in goodly numbers undertook to woo Canada with by no means gentle persuasion but in a few days they found that the irresistible compulsion of circumstances quite beyond their control necessitated their hurried return home. So urgent was their haste that many did not even wait for the boats to take them across but plunged headlong into the river and swam over. If they come again, however, there will be bridges for them to run back upon which will be much more pleasant and expeditious.

The teachers and officers have organized a reading club and for the small consideration of \$1.00 per annum enjoy the privilege of keeping abreast with current literature as it appears in the various magazines and periodicals. If these were put about by the individual teacher they would cost about \$400. We can commend the plan as being an admirable one and would like to know that the teachers of other schools were forming similar clubs. *Colum Index.*

Of course this is a very good plan, but we have one that beats this all hollow. The leading papers and magazines are supplied to our reading room out of our library fund, and the teachers have the use of them without any cost whatever to themselves. "We can commend this plan as an admirable one and would like to know that the teachers of other schools" had like advantages.

### From the Silent Worker, Indianapolis. Rumors of War

BROTHERS MAE AND MATHISON

(To the tune of any Patriotic Song)  
We are coming, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
We are coming, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
We'll cross the line, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Through Belleville, Winnipeg, and home.

We are coming, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Going till we reach the Polar Sea  
And when we pass, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Come join us, we beg, right there.

We are coming, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
We are going to the land of snow  
Let us whisper, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Tis the Polar Sea to Gulf of Mexico.

We are coming, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
No please have friend Chamberlain  
And Sifton, too, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
And all welcome us with song and rhyme.

We are coming, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Sound your Canadian bells and horns  
Laugh, sing, shout, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Tis freedom of Venezuela born.

We are coming, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Of different methods we are tired  
Join us, saying, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Tis the Combined System that we desire.

But if you won't join,—then

Here's a health to Brothers Mae and Mathison  
For right true and royal friends are they  
Whatever befalls, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
Here's a health to you and proceed.

And if we must take you

Then in future, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
When we by war shall divided be  
Nevertheless, Brothers Mae and Mathison  
We shall always drink a health to thee.

### Reply by one of the Poets on the staff of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Air: The British Grenadier

Come on, our brother Johnston with me  
Hundred thousand men  
We'll meet them front to front and send them  
Spinning tops again  
They said in eighteen twelve that they  
Lick us in a day,  
But their sport was turned to grief at Quebec  
Helig's and Chateaugay—  
We were wide and boundless prairie  
And as well they know,  
And I will give them for a welcome here  
Below.

Their fancy that on joining you our numbers  
Hearts are bent,  
You that are on-out, and breathe there fast  
"Far out worth a cent."  
The things that all the earth beside  
To your bug nation,  
It that vain thought will never reach  
Our goal of nation.

No, no, our brother Johnston, let's put our  
Talk aside,  
And strive to solve the problem now in  
We may abide  
And the solving will be easy when our own  
Thoughts abide.  
And when the Anglo-Saxon race in bond  
Is tied,  
Then here's our hand, our brother  
Shake and make friends,  
Or, if you like tip-toeing best, let's know  
For goodness sake don't say a word  
It to your patriotic American  
They'll take our scalp and be good friends.

The *Western Pennsylvanian*, of Highwood Park, issued a very handsome and interesting Christmas Number. The *Pennsylvanian* is interesting at all times.

The *Deaf-mute Voice*, published at the Jackson, Miss., Institution, contained in its last issue the portrait of Mr D. J. McKillop, of this Institution accompanied by a short biographical sketch and an appreciative estimate of his work here as a teacher of the deaf.

### Bravo Words.

As we write, it looks very much as if this country is in danger of a war with Britain, the only other great country of the world that has a free government.

Such a war would be the greatest possible curse to this country. We do not mean in the loss of life and destruction of property chiefly, dread as that would be, but in the blighting effect on the national character. It would thrust us back a long way toward barbarism, cultivating hatred, male braggadocio and the other traits of savagery. It would repress all true patriotism, and would substitute that patriotism which Dr. Johnson defined "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

The male of any animal, down to grasshopper, will fight it is only the civilized man who thinks of and works for better roads, better schools, wise and purer government—all these we need, Heaven knows how kindly! At we must turn our young men away from such objects and we must accept as our typical patriot the drunken, blasphemous, licentious ruffian who is the type-product of the camp!

On the whole, we think there will be no war. We Yankees are not such fools as you'd think, to hear us talk.—*Trent N. J. Silent Worker.*

Hero I Come.

The little New Year, oh, hot  
Some tripping it over the snow,  
Shining the bells with a merry din,  
Open your doors and let me in!

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution.

By DAVID LUDDY.]

A very Happy New Year to all.  
Who is going to turn a new leaf?

North Labelle is working for Alfred  
Lloyd's brother, on his farm near  
Metairie.

William, Captain of our hockey  
team last winter, has joined the Grimsby  
hockey club.

It is strange to say that our teamster  
drove two days before New Year's Day.  
An accident took place here before.

J. Tubois, S. Lett and J. Chambers  
are the only players here this winter  
that belonged to our hockey team of  
last term.

John Patrick will be engaged to  
work on the *Cap Star* for some months.  
He spent one term here working in our  
shop at the same time as John Fisher.

The last time we heard from Alex.  
Swanson he was very busy with his  
studies at Kendall School for the Leaf  
in Washington, but will have a two  
week holiday at Christmas.

Had not Principal Mathison recover  
ed from his recent illness, which con-  
fined him to his bed for a few days, we  
wonder what we would have done with-  
out Santa Claus on Christmas Day.

We don't think we will form a hockey  
team this winter, to play for the silver  
trophy Mr. Corby put up for competition  
last winter not because we are afraid,  
but because we have not as good advan-  
tages as the other clubs.

We were allowed to go skating on  
the bay for the first time this session on  
the 14th ult. and again on the 16th,  
when the ice was in fine skating con-  
dition. However, the weather soon be-  
came changeable and melted the ice.  
The snow also went, which made it re-  
semble April.

Lately, during the cold weather,  
some of the boys formed a skating-rink  
on the same place as that of last term,  
but made it somewhat larger than the  
previous one. Unfortunately, when it  
would soon have been in good skating  
form the weather became changeable  
and it melted away.

James Delaney's cousin, James  
Henry, who was a conductor on a rail-  
way in the States, while putting on the  
brake slipped on the ice and fell under  
the train. Twelve cars passed over him  
and all that was left of him was his  
face and one hand. James has our sym-  
paty in his sad loss.

It is with a great deal of pleasure  
we chronicle that John F. Fisher, who  
spent his entire time here for one term  
in the printing office two years ago and  
who afterwards secured a position on  
the *Tilbury News*, has succeeded in  
securing a situation in Cassopolis, Mich.,  
working on the *Liberator*, and is doing  
very well.

Our brother deaf-mutes across the  
border at Gallaudet College, put up a  
strong team during the late rugby foot-  
ball season, and it won nearly every  
game they played. The defeats it had to  
meet were only from some of the  
strongest teams. We congratulate them  
for having such a fine record; it almost  
equals our own.

Our old friend Mr. McAloney, who  
is at present a teacher at the Alabama  
School for the Deaf at Talladega, has  
been coaching the boys there how to  
play association football as we do  
here. The last game there was between  
the boys of the carpenter shop and those  
of the printing office, which resulted in a  
draw, but the latter by 1 to 0. Mr.  
McAloney played at centre on the side  
of the printers.

Some of the boys who got up early  
have sometimes lately thought they  
noticed David Luddy being late to  
get up. His duties as head-waiter, and  
as he is always there they gave him a good  
shaking, but oh! how his heart had  
grown just then they found out their

mistake, and after saying "Please  
excuse me," at once slipped out of the  
room. It was Mr. Nurse, who has been  
spending the nights here for some time,  
as his wife and daughter are away in  
*Newmarket* taking care of his wife's  
mother who is sick.

—During the recent rumor of war  
between England and the United States,  
Mr. Douglas said that our senior boys  
would have to help their speaking broth-  
ers by forming a deaf mute company.  
Well, we might form a deaf mute regi-  
ment, and have Mr. Douglas as Lieut.  
Colonel; but so hope no such war will  
break out as both nations are like child-  
ren of the same mother. During the  
hottest days of the civil war in the United  
States the late Prof. Greene, before he  
came to Canada, raised a splendid deaf  
mute company, but it did not take part  
in the war.

By GEORGE MUSKO.]

—We had some snow since November,  
but it is all gone now. We hope to  
have lots soon.

—On the 14th and 16th ult., we were  
allowed to go skating on the bay, on  
which we had good times. Our boys  
are all young, but are becoming good  
hockeyists.

—On the 16th ult., our Superin-  
tendent was sick and couldn't come to  
his business, but the day was fine and  
he allowed us to go skating. He is very  
kind to us.

—Mike Noonan, our cook, is making a  
pond for us to go skating when we get  
permission. He makes water go through  
a hose over it. We think it will soon  
be finished.

—We have not a senior hockey club  
yet, but when the rink is finished, we  
will begin to select the boys for one.  
We hope that the rink here will have  
better ice than before.

The boys go to the bay every noon to  
measure the ice. A few weeks ago it  
measured from 10 to 12 inches thick,  
but the rain came and the ice was all  
broken up. We all are wishing for  
skating.

—On the 11th ult., when two men with  
a span of horses were crossing the bay,  
the ice broke, but the horses were not  
drowned. The men jumped out of the  
waggon, as soon as the ice broke.  
Nothing was lost.

—The boys have been busy fixing  
their iceboats since October. Some  
are all finished but the sails. They are  
trying to get them ready before New  
Year's, as they hope to have a good  
time on that day.

An American on the British  
Empire.

The Hon. Justice Field, of the United  
States Supreme Court, recently passed  
through Canada, and a long account of an  
interview with him appears in the *Mont-  
real Daily Witness*. In reply to a remark  
by the correspondent, who observed,  
"You have beaten us in the race for  
population," the judge said: "There were  
special causes for that. But you are  
bound to prosper. Greatness will come  
in time. It always does where England  
plants her foot, and that not because of  
her might, but for a nobler reason.  
Wherever England plants her foot she at  
once establishes order, she makes laws,  
she protects life and property. And those  
who place themselves under that flag stay  
under it, assured that they can sit under  
their own vine and fig tree. That is the  
secret of the British Empire—that it  
stands for order, for the sacredness of  
human life, for protection of every inter-  
est, however humble. You have a great  
country and are part of a mighty empire.  
When I think of Australia, New Zealand,  
South Africa, India and this great coun-  
try to the north of us, I am filled with  
wonder. "Do you think this unwieldy  
empire will last?" "Justice and  
righteousness will make it last," replied  
the venerable judge. "These form the  
cement which binds nations together.  
If they are absent, no nation can prosper.  
It may appear to be great for a time,  
but it will eventually go down in ruin.  
England's rule in the main is for justice  
and righteousness, and therefore, I  
would safely predict permanence for  
her great empire."

—The Rev. T. J. Thompson, the new  
pastor of John St. Presbyterian Church,  
Mrs. Thompson, and Miss Mills and Miss  
Thompson, of Kingston, were welcome  
visitors at the Institution on Monday.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

To Hamilton correspondent. — We are  
at a loss to know who that deaf mute lady  
bicyclist is who is said to live in this  
city.

There is talk of having a social  
gathering of all the mutes in the city  
early in the New Year. A good time is  
expected.

Mr. Arthur Bowen, Penville, was  
visiting friends here at Xmas.

Mrs. James G. McIntosh, of Trinidad,  
West Indies, is visiting her brother-in-  
law, A. A. McIntosh. She is a niece of  
Hon. Mr. Haggart.

There is quite a stir at Mr. and Mrs.  
Moore's at present, preparations in an-  
ticipation of a wedding.

Mr. Nasmyth made a farewell call on  
the deaf mute class in Collego and  
Spadina Hall, Sunday, 14th, previous to  
his departure for Jamaica, West Indies,  
where he will spend a few months. It is  
the sincere wish of all that he may re-  
turn in better health.

Several of our workmen have been  
obliged to work late evenings on the  
approach of Christmas.

Mrs. Riddell's young children are re-  
covering from an attack of measles.

Wednesday evening, the 12th, there  
was a large gathering of deaf mutes in  
Queen and Dovercourt Hall, Mr. Bryden  
preaching. The following were appointed  
for Sunday services:—Messrs. Fraser,  
Slater, Mason Smith and Parkins.  
Mr. Fraser has charge of Bible class  
in Dovercourt and Queen St. Hall, while  
Mr. C. Elliott, who bids fair to be an  
orator, superintends the class in Spadina  
and Collego Hall every Wednesday.

Mr. Bryden promised that they would  
have a lecture each month from some  
professional men, if there was an  
interpreter.

Mr. Slater recently received a letter  
from Alfred Chanton of Dyer's Bay, and  
he said he had received a copy of the  
*MT* and desired to send in his subscrip-  
tion. He may have made a mistake in  
thinking the paper was published in  
Toronto, but Mr. Slater has written him  
telling him to forward his subscription  
to Mr. Mathison Belleville.

We hope to see a larger attendance at  
our Bible class in the New Year as it  
is most important for the advancement  
of the young people who have left  
school. Parents make a great mistake  
in keeping their children at home when  
their minds can be refreshed to a great  
extent. Certainly any one can come  
from a distance on the electric railway  
in the week with more convenience  
than on Sunday.

A certain individual here keeps an  
alarm clock hung over his bed as he is  
an early riser. Not liking to disturb  
the inmates he contrived the idea to  
shut off the sound of the alarm and  
fastened a piece of wire to the spring  
with a vessel the size of a thumb filled  
with water on the other end of the wire,  
accordingly when the alarm is about to  
strike the contents of the vessel is upset  
over the face of the sleeper. He says it  
works admirably. F. E. M.

Another interesting Toronto letter has  
been crowded out of this issue.

Some pupils have a habit of "kick-  
ing" about their daily bills of fare. I  
used to, but being thrown into the battle  
of life I'd like to inform them before it's  
too late, if they can get as good food as  
that every day when they embark on  
the seas in the struggle for existence,  
they can count themselves as being very  
fortunate. — *A Small Observer, in The  
Silent Worker*.

A Superintendent in a distant land  
reprimanded a shy teacher for putting  
forward his brightest pupils in the pre-  
sence of visitors. When the Governor  
visited the institution the teacher, who  
had a good memory, brought out the  
dullest pupils in his class, and the su-  
perintendent was made to blush in the  
very presence of his Excellency. The  
Governor left, and, if I remember cor-  
rectly, superintendent and teacher had  
a long talk about a few things. — *Er*

Somebody has been asking where the  
inexperienced teacher in our schools  
should be put and what class he should  
have. There should be no inexperi-  
enced teachers in any school. Persons  
desiring to learn how to teach the  
deaf, and entering a school for that  
purpose, should be put in a class with a  
teacher of experience to observe his ways,  
learn of him and assist him as he may  
direct. When experience has rubbed  
off he may be appointed a teacher, and  
trusted to work alone. — *Rome Register*.

OIL SPRINGS.

From our own Correspondent

Hon. Clifford Sifton, Provincial Secre-  
tary of Manitoba, who is well known at  
the Manitoba Institution, was born and  
brought up here; his father, Hon. J. W.  
Sifton, was in the oil business.

Mr. Charles Sawery kindly invited his  
next neighbor, Willie Kay, to eat last  
Thanksgiving dinner. He was an old  
friend of the late D. M. Beaton, and was  
one of the six pallbearers at the funeral.  
He has been for years a clerk in Mr. A.  
Wilson's general store.

Mr. Wm. Eason runs the rig on Mr.  
Fairbanks' oil property, and his two  
oldest sons, Duncan and Willie have  
started to battle for their lives, in their  
father's direction. Mrs. Eason sent her  
daughter, Maggie, at the Institution, a  
three storey Christmas cake, on which  
Maggie was expected to invite her  
teacher and classmates, besides a few  
who might choose who have a good  
relish.

The new Presbyterian church was  
opened for public worship on Sunday,  
Nov. 21th, and one of the four smaller  
stained glass windows was erected in  
memory of Mr. and Mrs. George Robert-  
son, for many years members of the  
church. They died in 1893 and 1890,  
respectively, and were uncle and aunt of  
Willie Kay.

For the third time the school trustees  
retain Mr. Hugh Beaton as the able  
principal of the public schools; also a  
young and talented lady-teacher, Miss  
Laura Miller, cousin of Willie and Wal-  
ter Wark, of Sarnia. Mr. Beaton is also  
the superintendent of the Methodist  
Sunday school and sometimes supplies  
the pulpits of his church, a handsome  
and substantial brick structure built four  
years ago, and elsewhere. He and his  
accomplished wife often assist at the  
concerts and socials here and its sur-  
roundings.

The Baptists have increased sufficient-  
ly to form into a congregation, and have  
fitted an old building into a new and  
neat chapel, which was opened for public  
worship on Sunday, Dec. 16th. So this  
village has five places of worship—two  
of which are the English and Roman  
Catholic churches—also a handsome  
brick post-office and other improvements.  
There is no fear that this quiet and  
obscure village will ever dwindle into in-  
significance. It also possesses a good  
weekly newspaper entitled *The Oil  
Springs Chronicle*, which emerged into  
public view more five years ago, after a  
lapse of over 20 years, and is as lively  
and now as ever. It is not generally  
known among your readers that Mr. R.  
Mathison, the beloved and respected  
superintendent of the Ontario Institution,  
once wielded the pen on that paper,  
during the great boom of 1866, and his  
eldest children, Annie and Robert, first  
saw the light here. Mr. Herring, of the  
*Petroleum Advertiser*, began his career in  
the old office at that time.

This writer would like to relate to you  
a little story in regard to the fine illus-  
tration of Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial  
Secretary of this Province. It reminded  
him that about twenty years ago, on the  
occasion of Dr. Palmer's birthday, June  
11th, he was presented with an excellent  
and admirable ink portrait of himself in  
full figure, sitting at the desk looking  
forward, in the old office, which Mr. A.  
Matheson, the bursar now occupies. Mr.  
Greene's birthday fell on the same day,  
and he was also presented with a  
similar portrait of himself. These works  
were done by Mr. A. W. Mason, now of  
Toronto. This writer earnestly hopes  
that some pupils now under instruction  
of such a competent teacher will some  
day equal or excel the veteran artist in  
that particular way.

DELTA ITEMS.

From our own Correspondent.

It cheers me when I receive THE  
CANADIAN MUTE, for from its columns I  
learn about my former school-mates,  
where they are and how they are  
succeeding. I do not wish to miss any  
of the papers.

I had a visit from Joseph Newton, of  
Portland, a short time ago. He is very  
anxious to learn the shoe-making trade  
and wished to be an apprentice in my  
shop, but times are somewhat dull and  
I could not offer him employment.

Our old friend, Albert Howison, is  
suffering from ill-health and it is feared  
he will not recover. T. H.

When you look at yourself, look for  
faults. When you look at others, try to  
see something good.



**Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.**

- OFFICERS**  
 President: H. Mathison, Brantford  
 Vice-President: Wm. Nurse, Toronto  
 Secretary: D. J. McKillop, Toronto  
 Treasurer: Wm. Douglas, Belleville  
 Corresponding Secretary: D. J. McKillop, Belleville
- PHILANTHROPISTIC ASSOCIATION**  
 H. Mathison, Brantford  
 Wm. Nurse, Toronto  
 Wm. Douglas, Belleville  
 D. J. McKillop, Toronto
- AMATEUR HOCKEY CLUB**  
 J. Chambers, Toronto  
 D. Luddy, Toronto  
 G. O'Hara, Toronto
- LIBRARY SOCIETY**  
 H. Mathison, Brantford  
 Wm. Nurse, Toronto  
 D. J. McKillop, Toronto  
 Ada James, Toronto

**THE CANADIAN MUTE.**

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 1, 1896.

...and be gentle  
 ...who are old,  
 ...kindness  
 ...than gold  
 ...are the gardens,  
 ...are the roots,  
 ...are the flowers,  
 ...are the fruits."

**Christmas Day at the Institution.**

The old saying that "Christmas comes but once a year and with it brings good cheer" was truly and fully verified at the Institution on the 25th. Outside, the most importunate weather prevailed and the wet dull day was enough to spread a most depressing effect, but the day gleams was forgotten as much as possible and Christmas smiles wreathed every face while hearty hand-shaking and good wishes flew around spreading brightness and cheerfulness everywhere.

On the afternoon of the 24th, school closed at 2 P.M. and teachers and pupils assembled in the chapel where Mr. Mathison gave out the plans and programme for the holiday. He asked the boys what they hoped to get on the morning and they indulged in a little bit of gull's tastes and declared that they would like a doll each, when asked the same question, the girls returned the compliment by expressing a preference for rocking horses, but most of both parties met on neutral hopes for a new pair of skates each. Mr. Mathison spoke his regrets that so much sickness had prevailed lately, but was thankful to our Heavenly Father that all our pupils had been spared so far and that all were making good recoveries. He expected to see all, but the fever patients in the hospital, at dinner tomorrow. He gave a cordial invitation to all the teachers and officers to attend the evening social and help to enliven the entertainment with their presence. Each of the teachers was then called upon and made a felicitous address freighted with good wishes to all. After an all-round pleasantly spent, the pupils were dismissed.

At an early hour next morning the pupils little and big, were on the alert and few needed the usual awakening slaps at 6 A.M., and from that time throughout the day all was bustle and excitement. The pupils met in the chapel at the usual hour and here to surprise awaited them. On the stage were beautiful pictures artistically executed in colored crayon work. On the center stage was a picture of the Star of Bethlehem shedding its glorious light over the whole village where our Native was born. On another stage was the face of dear old Santa Claus beaming from a wreath of holly and berries. On the next stage the pupils fastened their eyes on a face similar to the picture of the boys' sitting room. The production most certainly did high credit to our young artist, Nelson Wood, and he was commended for his very hard for his fine work. On the late arrival of the morning papers, the pupils were detained in the chapel rather longer than was expected but Mr. and Mrs. Ball were present and kept their impatient waiting in the humor with amusing stories and anecdotes until the word came to move to the sitting-room. At their hostess' summons the pupils were not by Mr. Mathison and Mrs. Walker with a hearty hand-shake and good wishes. Mr. Mathison then

mounted the platform and called attention to the pile before them, and told them that each came not only freighted with good things but also with the love of their home friends. All would get something from that table, those who did not receive boxes or parcels from home would get letters, money or other presents. He wanted all to be happy and contented and be thankful for the many mercies they enjoyed. The work of distribution then began, the teachers and officers helping in the pleasant work until all were delivered, all receiving in addition to what their friends had sent them, a nice book suited to their capacities. This work over, the pupils marched to their respective dormitories, and soon was heard the breaking open of boxes and dances of delight as they unpacked their treasures and admired the new toys, clothes, books and other gifts from kind friends at home while the candles, cakes and fruit quickly found the way to the little hole under the nose and were crunched up with much satisfaction. While the pupils were enjoying themselves our bake shop and kitchen were busy places it is no light task to provide a Christmas dinner for so many healthy appetites, but by noon all was ready, and the festive turkey and the other condiments for making a good dinner, crowded the board. We need not say that the dinner was eaten or how many basketfuls of fragments were taken up, suffice to say there was plenty without waste and every one was full. All the time they required was allotted to the feast and each seemed to be just as happy as they should be at Christmas. It was in the afternoon when the most disappointment was felt that the weather was so unfavorable. The pupils always look for skating and ice-boating at this season and a jolly time would have been spent on the bay if the ice had been good, but instead the pupils amused themselves with indoor games and read their new books. In the evening the large dining room was cleared and from 7.30 until 10 P.M. the wheel of pleasure ran at high pressure and all were happy. Each of the pupils had a surfeit of good things during that day capped at last with another bay of good cheer in the evening, the only wonder is that many were not sick the next day, but youth and vigor can stand dissipation and we did not notice any ill effects next day but a little listlessness all around, which of course their teachers excused.

**NOTES**  
 David Luddy was the very pleased recipient of a nice volume of Sunday Readings, from the Rev. J. W. Shilton, pastor of the Methodist Church at Walkerton, where David lives. Mr. Shilton sent it in his son's box. Mr. Shilton may be assured that the gift will be highly prized. We only heard of one pupil this year who got a turkey from home, poor fellow, the double dose made him feel queer. The little boy Johnny Tracy, got a box nearly large enough to put himself in and had to get a strong boy to carry it up stairs for him. Maggie Eason rejoiced over a three tiered cake, plenty to eat herself and treat her little friends with. Anna Alledorf will keep her feet warm on cold mornings, while dressing she got a lovely pair of blue and pink slippers. There were plenty of skates and both boys and girls are looking forward for some good freezing weather to use them. Miss Walker was very kindly remembered by the resident teachers and officers, she deserved to be. The officers' table was very prettily laid out on Christmas Day. Miss James' brother, who lives in Buffalo, sent a large consignment of holly to dress it up with. Prof. Denys was in the throes of a move from one boarding place to another and expected to be in confusion for a while, but he declared if he could find his cuff buttons and razor he would come to the party as he did not appear, we suppose these very necessary articles are still missing. Marion Waters got a very nice box full of things for such a little girl and she was proud of it too, to see her sitting on it and jealously guarding it, until the crowd cleared off and she could get help to take it up stairs, was amusing. Freddy Terrel expected his mamma down for the holidays, but finding that she could not come he bore his disappointment like a philosopher a fat box of good things came instead. Mr. Shane of the engine-room staff kept a double celebration as the day was his birthday in addition. When the boxes and parcels were being opened in the boys' room and their happy owners display their contents, it was painful to see

some of the boys looking at the spread with longing eyes and some with tearful faces. The day which had brought so much joy to others had brought nothing to them but what charity had supplied. If the parents of those children could have seen them they would never let another Christmas go by without something for their children. Misses Lob singer and Buckhaupt were the lucky girls who got the largest boxes. They must have very loving and thoughtful friends. J. Dubois took the honor on the eastern wing for the largest box. The boys' room will have plenty of room to stow their belongings hereafter, each got a nice new trunk for a present. Annie Blackburn and Annie Oullo land both received sad news in their Christmas letters, of serious illness at home, we hope more cheerful items will reach them shortly. The pupils pulled long faces over Mike Noonan's skating rink on which he had spent so much labor and got a nice sheet of ice. The weather, however, has played havoc with it and the ground is now bare. The attendants had a little jollification and candy pull of their own on Christmas evening and seemed to be having great fun until Peter with his keys came around to lock up. The pupils of the Catholic Church attended early mass in the morning, the pupils of the Church of England also attended and partook of sacrament. Mr. and Mrs. Bais spent the whole day here and contributed not a little of its pleasures. They were the guests of the Superintendent for dinner. Messrs. Campbell and Stewart got out to the party through the rain, neither are made of sugar or salt so no harm befell them but they enlivened the social very much. Stocking hanging on Christmas eve has not gone out of fashion even among those who are no longer children. Our resident lady teachers indulged in its whimsicalities and a line adorned the mantle in the parlor up stairs. The result was a great success. The numerous gifts not only filled the stockings but flooded the floor. One of the most pathetic sights of the day was the line of little stockings which hung around the little girls' dormitory. The little ones most of them here for the first time were keeping up the customs of home. Nurse Elise could not bear to see them quite disappointed so she got a supply of nuts and put in each. The next morning, the little ones looked glum over the smallness of their presents, not understanding that Santa would distribute his gifts later in the day.



There will be another pupils' party this evening. We have six cases of scarlet fever in the hospital and all are doing well. Do not worry take care of your Christmas presents and meet the future as it comes. We greet our readers for the first time in 1896. Don't forget so to date your letters. The days and nights when papas and mamas went buying on the Q. T. (quits) are now over. The pleasure grind of the season is over now and all in the Institution are rushing business at the old stand. The weather was so mild about Christmas that Mr. Middlemas took advantage of it to let one of the furnaces go out and clean the boiler tubes. On Sunday afternoon Miss Mathison resumed her duties as Bible Class teacher, which during her absence, had been discharged by the teachers on Chapel duty. A new messenger, Mr. Johnson, has taken charge of the driving horses and carriages. Mr. Barlow, who has been in faithful charge for three years, has taken up the teamster's duties. The pupils had a very enjoyable magic lantern entertainment on Saturday night last, given by Mr. Douglas, our storekeeper. Mr. Douglas is always very kind in catering for the amusement of the pupils. Nelson Wood has shown so much talent for drawing and designing that his parents thought he had better devote his whole time to the work of improvement after school hours, so he has given up his case in the printing office. We thought he was the only one who show

ed very exceptional talent, but from some work shown us by his teacher, Mrs. Tomplton, we think that W. E. Gray will soon be after a share of his laurels. He, too, executed a very handsome design on the class-room slates for Christmas. Many of our readers doubtless noticed the absence of the well remembered face of Mr. McKillop from the group of teachers and officers published in our Christmas number. In fact some letters have already arrived enquiring if he is no longer a member of our staff. We desire to say that he is still here and long may he stay. The omission was caused by the fact that the engraved cut had been loaned to the *Deaf-Mute Voice*, of the Mississippi Institution, which used it with a sketch of his career as one of the veteran deaf teachers of the profession. The eulogy was a well-deserved tribute to Mr. McKillop as a teacher and well bred gentleman, which none have better opportunities to judge than Mrs. Bais, from whose pen it came.

**PERSONALITIES.**

Miss Bello Mathison is visiting friends in Deseronto. Mr. Burns, and family spent Christmas in Bowdenville, with his daughter Mrs. Clark, and returned next day. Miss Dempsey, of Toronto, spent Christmas at the Institution with her sister Miss Dempsey, girls' supervisor. Miss Maybee spent Christmas with her mother at Warkworth. She went on the previous Friday and returned on Christmas evening. Miss Burns and her friend, Miss Dean, of Port Hope, who was visiting with her, went through the classes before Christmas and were greatly interested. Mrs. Terrill spent Christmas at Kingston, with her daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Forster. She had a very pleasant time. She returned to her duties on Friday morning. Mrs. Campbell and Miss Campbell, wife and sister of our Mr. Campbell, visited the Institution on Thursday last. Miss Campbell is the Principal of the Warsaw Public School, and was very much interested in and pleased with what she saw here. Miss Mathison returned home the day before Christmas, after a visit of several weeks' duration with friends in Brantford, Hamilton, and other western points. She enjoyed her holiday very much, and received calls from a number of deaf-mutes in the various cities she visited. Mrs. John Noyce, of Denfield, with her two children, paid an extended visit to her sisters and brothers living near Metcalfe, she also spent some time with friends and relatives at Manotick and Ottawa. While in Ottawa Mrs. Noyce called on some of her old school-mates, Mrs. Jas. McColland and Miss Borthwick, who hope she will come again and stay longer. The Chicago *British American*, of Dec. 21st, contains a group picture of the members of the Chaminade Quartette, a popular musical organization that is destined to attain a high place in the artistic life in Chicago. The quartette consists of Mrs. Ida Christie-Baines, First Soprano, Mrs. Alice Christie-Bellows, Second Soprano; Miss Mabel Hope Christie, First Alto, and Miss Bertha Amy Christie, Second Alto. They are the four and only daughters of A. Christie, cashier for S. E. Gross of this city, and formerly Burgess of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Belleville, Ont. The young ladies are Canadians by birth, of the good old Scotch stock which furnishes that country with its best people, and have all the characteristics of that race, "grit," industry and perseverance, that united with rare natural musical talent is bound to deserve and command success. Mrs. Bellows began her musical education with Dr. Crozier, at Belleville, Ont., and will be remembered as a pleasing and popular public singer in Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and other western cities. She is now organist and musical director for Lincoln Park Congregational Church. Mrs. Baines is a popular and talented ballad and choir singer, and all have marked natural musical gifts. In range, compass, purity of tone, expression, and that harmonious blending quality so essential to perfect chorus singing, they are unexcelled. They are fortunate in having for their instructor and director so capable and successful a lady as Mrs. Jirah Cole, whose reputation as a musician is known across the continent.

