

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. R. SPATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

MR. F. CHAMBERLAIN TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
WM. COCHRANE Warden.
L. F. KIRBY, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER. Matron.

Teachers:

H. COLEMAN, M. A. Mrs. J. G. TRERILL
Miss J. G. TRERILL
Miss S. TRIMPTON.
Miss MARY BULL.
Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL.
Mrs. GEORGINA LAMB.
M. A. ADA JAMES.
M. J. MADDEN. (Vocifer Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS IDA M. JACK. Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.
Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS E. N. METCALFE. JOHN T. BURRO.
Clerk and Typewriter. Instructor of Printing.

WM. DOUGLASS. WM. KUMAR.
Master of Accounts. Master Shoemaker.

D. G. KNITH. CHAS. J. PEPPIN.
Superintendent of Boys, etc. Engineer.

MISS M. DEMPSEY. JOHN DOWNER.
Seminarian, Superintendent of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter.

MISS S. MCNICH. D. CUMBERMAN.
Trained Hospital Nurse. Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

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

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

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will 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 boys. The female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the warden 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 notices to be sent in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 4:45 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 one unless the same is in the locked bag.



Cry of the Broken-Hearted.

When the Day of Battle is ended,
And the cruel suspense is past,
When the hours of agonized waiting
Are over, for all, at last,
Then those who are reunited
Will offer their praise to God
But the lad I have waited and longed for
Lies voiceless, under the sod

There were many who climbed the hillside
When they stormed the enemy's post,
There was many a cheer outbursting
For the triumph of Britain's host
There were many who stood, unwounded,
Unharmed, at the set of sun—
But the lad I have waited and longed for,
His day of battle was done.

I've long—by many a fire-side
They will tell of that gallant fight,
They will praise those warrior heroes,
The power of Britain's might,
They will speak—with awestruck voices—
Of their comrades among the slain—
But the lad I have waited and longed for
Will speak to me never again

You are dead for your queen and your country!
You are dead in your honor and pride!
You are dead that your brother soldiers
Might rise with the triumph-tide!
You have paid the price of their glory.
As a soldier would wish to do—
Ay! but my lad that I've longed for,
My heart's just breaking for you!

—Dora Tickle in the Queen.



Plodding.

"Philip, it is school time."
"Plenty of time, mother."
"You are mistaken. You have not a minute to lose."

"I'm not going to lose a minute. Don't you fret. I shall manage my minutes so well as to get into the schoolroom on the very top of time, as I'll assure you when I come to-night."

"Ralph Stacey went by ten minutes ago," remarked Philip's little brother.

"Ralph Stacey!—of course he did. There hasn't been a morning this winter but what Ralph has been at his desk ahead of me. And there hasn't been a morning that I haven't been in time enough. Ralph's a plodder. I'm not."

"Perhaps he'll get ahead of you in the long run," remarked Philip's father.

"Now, father!" said Philip, half in jest, yet a little annoyed. "That's the first thing I've ever heard you say that was not worthy of all respect."

"I hope I may not have reason to remind you of it again," said his father, with a smile, as Philip at length made a spring from his seat with a hearty "Good-bye all!"

Into the hall with a rush and a bound, snatching his outdoor garments and putting them on anywhere between the hall tree and the gate.

"He's dropped one of his books," said his brother, looking after him from the window. "But he's picked it up again."

"He's gone without his coat," said his mother, with a worried look, as she also gazed after Philip to see his wild run down the street, with his unbuttoned coat flying behind him.

"I knew I'd be on the stroke of time," he said to himself, flinging down his coat and cap in the entry and getting in at the door at the last moment, almost too much out of breath to be able to answer to his name on the roll call, with feet covered with snow, and a general appearance of untidiness, the result of his run in the wind.

"It's hard on me, though that my name's Allen. If I wasn't so near the first as they call the roll it would give me at least a minute more of grace."

As he had said, he had never been late, but it would be hard to tell how much annoyance he had caused to those at home, as well as those at school, by

his habit of leaving everything until the last moment.

It was through his unfortunate reliance on his quickness. Many a time he had gone into class with a poorly prepared lesson and by dint of a readiness in catching at the matter in hand had made a fair recitation and won good marking. Such a gift is dangerous for a boy through its tendency to lead him to depend on it instead of on faithful study. No wise student needs to be reminded that it is only the thoroughly prepared lesson that "stays by." From which it may be gathered that this reminder is for the unwise ones.

Philip made a brilliant showing through the early portion of his high school career. During the third year there was a noticeable falling off in the quality of his reports. He felt indignant.

"There isn't a fellow in school that shows better in an oration or debate than I do," he assured his father. "And as for the marks—who cares? That only shows plodding, and I never was a plodder."

By the entrance to the closing year, however, Philip was fully persuaded that he would be wise in getting down to a little of the plodding he assumed to despise.

"Don't you be afraid for me," he said to his mother. "I haven't bowed down to very hard work because I haven't had to, you know, like some boys. But I'll come out ahead at the end."

But Philip, alas! found that months of hard application would not make up for years of skimming on the surface of study.

"Brilliant but superficial" had long been written against him in the estimation of both teachers and fellow students. He did not get the valedictory, on which he had fully counted. Worse than that, he barely succeeded in getting a diploma.

High was not valedictorian, by reason of not having made any record for brilliancy, but his name stood at the head of the list of graduates.

Philip took his time in looking for employment. He had his own views of what he wanted to do, and was not inclined to be easily suited. One of his former teachers came to him and said, "I have been told that they have been looking for an assistant in the historical department of the new city library."

"That is exactly what I should like," said Philip with enthusiasm. "I want to make a study of that kind of work—to become a trained librarian."

"I knew you had a leaning that way. I happen to know one of the directors, and I mentioned your name to him as one who might apply for the position."

"You are most kind," said Philip. "History has been my favorite study."

"You will apply for it at once, of course," said his father, when told of the opportunity.

"There's no such great hurry. I want to go into the city next week to attend the library opening. That will be plenty early enough. Or, I can write this week and let them know I am an applicant for the place."

Late in the week he met Ralph Stacey.

"Going into the city for the opening of the library, Ralph?"

"I'm going in, but not specially for that," said Ralph. "I've been in once this week, and I'm going again next week to begin work."

At his leisure Philip called at the library, to be informed that the place had been filled.

He went home full of disappointment and angry feeling.

"They ought to have kept it for me after Mr. Rande mentioned my name to them."

didn't tell me what you were going to do."

"I have a situation as assistant in the historical library," said Ralph. "I heard of the vacancy and came in on the same day to try for it. I know such a chance wouldn't be waiting long."—STONEY DAYAK, in *Sunday School Advocate*.

Scattering Deeds of Kindness.

"That's a Canadian dime. I can't take that," said the post office clerk. The child looked at the rejected coin and then at her unstamped letter perplexedly.

"Here's a dime—I'll change with you," said a young woman standing by.

"Oh, thank you!" said the little one gratefully. "I ran all the way to get mamma's mail in in time—and it would have been too late if I had to go back."

"How thoughtful that was," I said to myself.

"How few people, comparatively, would have bothered to do that for a child; and yet how little it costs—how much it often means."

A little later in the day it so chanced that I met again the young woman of whom I have spoken. It was at a restaurant at the noon hour, in a hurried, crowded throng.

"Dear me, isn't it warm!" sighed a flushed, nervous-looking girl near me, to her companion.

"Won't you take this fan?" said a sweet voice. I looked, and lo, the speaker was the angel of the stamp! I was very much interested in the young woman by this time, and, ensconcing myself comfortably in my corner, took more time to my meal than was necessary, in order to observe her. I did not have long to wait to see another proof of her kindness and consideration.

"This is the last order of Indian pudding," said one of the waiters to a pale, poorly-dressed girl, as she set down a steaming plate before her neighbor, the young woman whom I was observing.

"Oh, dear!" murmured the girl disappointedly.

"Won't you take this one? I would exactly as soon have something else for dessert." Quick as a flash the dish of pudding was transferred.

"That young woman is worth her weight in gold," I said to myself as I rose to go. "I wonder when I shall ever see her again."

It was months before I did see her again.

This time it was at a reception, I wondered whether she would be able to do any kindly act in such a formal gathering, and observed her closely. It was not ten minutes before I saw her talking to a shy, unattractive-looking girl in a corner, and introducing her to her friends. Nor was this all I noted. As I left I heard her saying something to be noticed of the afternoon, to which the reply was, "You tell me that you have enjoyed my singing. I want to tell you how much I have appreciated your telling me so!" The sparkling eyes and animated face attested the appreciation.

These three brief occasions were all upon which I ever saw "the angel of the stamp," and yet how fraught they were with the acts of friendliness and consideration! At the end of such a life how manifold must be the good deeds placed to the account.

The giving of ourselves because we can no more help giving than the flower can help unfolding its petals, or the rose exhaling its fragrance, that is Christliness, indeed; it is the most potent of all levers for bringing about that blessed day "to which the whole creation moves."—*The Standard*.

The ant hills of South Africa are sometimes upwards 20 feet high and 100 feet in circumference.