

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. H. STRATTON, TORONTO.

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

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHISON, M. A. — Superintendent
WM. COCHRANE — Nurse
P. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D. — Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER — Matron

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A. — Head Teacher
J. G. TRIBBLE — Head Teacher
J. DENNIS — Head Teacher
JAMES G. HALL, B. A. — Head Teacher
W. J. CAMPBELL — Head Teacher
GEO. F. SPURWAY — Head Teacher
T. C. FORKMYER — Head Teacher
M. J. MALDEN, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS LIDA M. JACK, — Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
T. C. FORKMYER, Teacher of Sloyd.

MISS L. N. METCALFE, — JOHN T. BURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

WM. DOUGLASS, — WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate Superintendent, Master Shoemaker

G. O. KETTS, — CHAS. J. PIPPIN,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DEMSKY, — JOHN DOWDIE,
Sawstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

MISS S. MCNINCH, — D. CUNNINGHAM,
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 \$50 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, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

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

H. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:45 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.



'Tis Splendid to Live Grandly.

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun.
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps the thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
No white and free front stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though faded and tried again.
That age for age forgets
Repeats the story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

Yes, 'tis splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a toast
To rally the feet of the strong.
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pass on their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.
—Margaret E. Sangster



Very Diplomatic.

"But what shall I do with it?" he asked helplessly.
She looked up at him and laughed as he stood dangling a square white box by its satin ribbon.

"There's a certain faculty in treasureing another fellow's cake. Won't you take it—as a gift?"

"Thanks, no," she answered. "I have a sufficiency; besides, the charm is broken if you give it away."

"Charm?" he echoed. "What charm has an infinitesimal piece of cake that would not stay the appetite of a mosquito? Silly custom this, anyhow—"

"Do you mean to say," she interrupted solemnly, "that you have attained unto years of discretion and never tried the charm that lies in a bride's cake?"

"Never!" he averred.

She looked so bewitching in her bride-maid array that he would have sworn to any fact or fallacy whatsoever could he thereby prolong the tale. In seeking a spot where perchance that ubiquitous best man might be eluded, he had found this curtained corner of the porch.

"Then you must try it before you are a night older," she said, with a pretty air of authority. "Cut a card into seven slips and give me a pencil, and I'll do the rest."

He obeyed with unvoiced docility.

"This is merely a short and sure way to find out whom you are to marry," she resumed.

"I know whom I want to marry. I don't need a piece of cake and seven slips of paper to tell me that."

"Whom one wants to marry and whom one marries are not always the same individual," she replied, scontentiously.

"Oh!" was his only audible remark.

"Now," she went on, "I shall write a name on each of these six pieces and leave one blank—for bachelorhood, you know."

"Um!" he assented.

"Then you will place them under your pillow, with the wedding cake and draw out one each morning, the last one—with a pango of emphasis.

"I understand," he broke in. "The last shall be first. But I can't think of six names; one is so indelibly written on my heart that—"

"Oh, I can arrange that!" she interrupted blithely. "You know they must be written by someone else, any way—some disinterested person."

on the whole, were not such a bore when he saw the ubiquitous best man peer into the half light of the veranda and retire precipitately.

"There's one thing I forgot," she was saying "each slip must be destroyed as it is drawn out, and only the last one read."

"Humph! Strict requirements, those! It would give a fellow some satisfaction, perhaps, to know whom he had escaped."

"Oh, but the charm won't work unless you do! Promise, now," imperative.

And he promised. Then—

"Oh, I say," he cried, interrupting the writing again. "You'll put your own name down, won't you?"

"Shall I?" she queried doubtfully.

"Well, rather." And though the light was dim, she saw something in his eyes that made her add hastily: "Oh, very well, since it is by request."

On the eighth day thereafter she received the following telegram: "Your name seventh. Has charm worked?"

And it was not till their honeymoon was at its zenith that she told him—confidentially—that each bit of cardboard had borne the same name, and there had been no blank.—Montreal Herald.

The Highest Bidder.

The late Emperor Nicholas of Russia was in the habit of traveling about incognito in public stage-coaches, accompanied only by one of his generals. On one of these occasions, he and General A. were told on arriving at a postal station that the next piece of road was so bad it would take the coach three hours to reach the town; but that, if they liked to walk through the woods, they would get there in half that time.

As the weather was fine, and the road through the woods was a good one, the emperor and the general started off on foot.

By and by they came to a rapid river, but could see no bridge. A peasant happened to come by, and the emperor asked him where the bridge was.

"There is none," replied the peasant. "Then is there no way across?"

"No, only through the water."

"Well, I'll give you ten silver roubles if you'll carry me across."

(A silver rouble is worth forty-two cents of our money.)

The peasant took the emperor on his shoulders, and in a few minutes landed him on the opposite shore.

"Now," said the emperor, "ten roubles more to bring my friend over."

"The peasant waded back, took the general on his shoulders, and started with him.

When they got to the middle of the river, the emperor called out:

"I'll give you twenty roubles to drop him into the water."

In a moment the general was splashing in the river.

"A hundred roubles to carry me on, he gasped.

The peasant picked him up again, but had not gone three steps before the emperor shouted:

"Two hundred roubles to throw him in again."

The peasant stood still, in perplexity.

A Slip of Paper.

A dissipated young man entered one day a street car in one of our large cities, and sat down all unnoticed. Listless, unobservant, he heeded not nor cared who occupied the seat beside him; he would go to the other part of the city and try for work. He had lost one job after another because of his dissipated habits, and now the extremity had come. He mumbled to himself: "If I cannot get work, I can die—there's an end to all things. When one ceases to be useful he ought to be out of the way." He then looked back to the time when he had come to the city, full of hope, ambition, and promises to mother to be a pure, honest boy. But alas! the old, old story!

A sparkle came into his eyes as he thought of the fortune he so soon thought to lay at her feet. Then, as he realized his condition, a great wave of shame and distress swept over the once manly face.

Now he found himself alone—the man beside him had just left. Where did he want to get off? He did not know or care.

With downcast eyes he espied a slip of paper. Slowly and thoughtfully he picked it up, and was about to throw it down when he thought that the handwriting looked familiar. As he glanced at the script, the words attracted his attention; he read and reread them until the words burned themselves into his memory: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies."

He was aroused to a sense of his surroundings as the car stopped, and he saw they were at the terminus of the line. Yes, he could get off. So without noticing what he was doing, he crossed the street, and sat down on the grass in the shade. With head down, eyes fixed upon the ground as if seeing them there again he repeated the words: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet—"

How was coming to himself, as many another prodigal has done. He was not thinking.

He did not know that he was being watched by a lady on the veranda across the way, and had not heard her daughter singing; but now the words floated out through the open window:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave O leave me not alone—

"Alone, yes, alone," he said, while he wept. He glanced up as a little fellow about three years old ran past him, then turned and looked at him with his countenance full of pity, and said:

"Have you lost anything?"

"Yes; I've lost my all, my manhood!"

The lady had missed the little urchin, and called him, but he paid no heed. As she came across the street for him, the little boy said in tones of sympathy:

"Mamma, he lost something."

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked in the kindest, sweetest tones he had heard since he had left home and mother.

She drew from him the story of his present condition and invited him to her home, saying that her husband would be in soon, and she was sure that he could help him. In the meantime she prepared tea, and Nellie sang for him.

He is now the noble man that he had planned to be. With constant employment and pleasant Christian surroundings in this home, whose motto was, "Look up, lift up," his feet had been turned and the lust found.

A few years later he remarked to Nellie, who had become his wife: "I wish that I might see the man who dropped that slip of paper on that memorable day. I want to thank him for it."

Nellie promptly replied: "Thank God instead, for it was the Lord's words that you needed. He says: 'So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.'—Selected.