

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. P. BATHURST, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

HON. F. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

W. H. HURON, M. A., Superintendent.
W. H. HURON, M. A., Nurse.
J. W. KIRK, M. D., Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

Mrs. J. G. TERRILL, Head Teacher.
Miss H. TEMPLETON, Teacher.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher.
Miss SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher.
Miss OLIVIA L. LIND, Teacher.
Miss ADA JAMES, Teacher.
Miss M. MATHIEU, (Monitor Teacher).

Teachers of Articulation:

Miss CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

JOHN T. HURON, Instructor of Printing.
W. M. DUNN, Master Shoemaker.
Chas. J. FERRIN, Engineer.
JOHN DOWNE, Master Carpenter.
D. CUNNINGHAM, 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, on account of deafness, either partial or total, are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

From the age of seven and upwards, deaf and dumb children are admitted to the Institution. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.

Guardians or friends who are able to pay the charge of \$80 per year for tuition, fuel, books and medical attendance will be admitted free.

Deaf and dumb children whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, fuel, books and medical attendance 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 other ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. Particulars as to the terms of admission and other matters will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHEWSON,

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 in boxes in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:30 p. m. of each day excepted. The messenger is not to post letters or parcels, or receive matter at post office for delivery, for any other than the same in the locked bag.



Do the Best You Can.

BY PHILIP CARY

And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows,
And don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows.

For each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother,
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you were never made for going.

There are very many pleasant things,
As many pleasant tobes,
For those who dwell by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

If you have tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying,
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.



How they Crossed the Stream.

"If the fellows are going to do that way," said Guy, in a tone of scorn, "I'm done with the whole thing."

"The fact is," said Mark, "the kids want to have too much to say in this mission-band business. They want to run the machine."

"We'll just show them this afternoon that we won't go into their schemes; and if they are pigheaded about it, why,"—Guy held up his head an extra inch—"our crowd will resign."

The boys were on their way to a mission band meeting, and the sentiments were re-echoed over and over as one and another of "our crowd" fell into line.

But when they actually got to the meeting, things took a different turn. I cannot say positively why the big boys got quietly into step with the schemes of the rest, nor why there was no more talk of resigning, but I think it had something to do with a story the leader told at the beginning of the meeting. Perhaps she had heard murmurs of discord among the boys on the way, but I am only guessing so because of this little story.

"When my father was a little boy," Miss MacPheters said, "he lived in old Scotland, where breakfasts were rather scanty and the Shorter Catechism was plentiful. Along with his brothers and sisters, a goodly number, he walked barefooted every day, over miles of rough road, to school. About halfway between the home cottage and the school door-step ran the river Earn, which they had to ford, for there was no bridge. Fortunately, it was not deep; but a sudden fall in the river-bed gave the water an extra swiftness at that place, and if it had not been for a promise made to their father at the beginning of each term, the younger children might have gotten many a fall and wetting. Can you guess what that promise was?"

No guesses were offered.
"I am telling you about how those little lads and lassies crossed the river safely every day," said Miss MacPheters, "because I am sure that, unless you adopt their plan, this mission band will stumble and fall, and the work that we are trying to do will go to pieces, and drift away helplessly."

The boys picked up their caps, but said nothing.

"It was a very simple plan, boys," said the leader. "They simply joined hands!"

A look flashed into the faces of all

those boys, which seemed to say, "To be sure!"

"There are as many difficulties in our way," continued the story-teller, "as there were rocks and boulders in the river Earn. Each boy has his own opinion of how things ought to be done, different from every other boy's opinion. This makes contrary currents and eddies, harder to cross than the swirling waters of the stream. There is but one way for all to cross safely. You must join hands."

"I do not ask you to make me any promises, but I want you to think about this matter at your own homes, when you speak alone with your heavenly Father. I am sure that if my boys will make that silent, secret promise to join hands, our mission band will go forward like an army with banners."

As I was saying, there was no pulling back and no resigning at that meeting, and I could not help thinking it was because of the picture shown them of our Scotch children crossing the river, hand locked in hand.—Elizabeth P. Allan.

John Beck's Venture.

BY MRS. RUSA M. GRIFFITH.

The town clock struck 7, and John Beck promptly closed the big ledger and locked it in the office desk. Then he slipped into his overcoat with alacrity, took his hat off the hook where it always hung, whistling tunelessly the while, and stepping into the street, locked the door behind him with the glad feeling in his heart that another day of toil was over, and rest was awaiting him in a bright home only a few squares away.

As he walked quickly down the street, his firm business tread ringing out upon the pavement, his keen, alert gaze was arrested by the unusual sight of two young men halting before one of those shining palaces of Satan, of which there were far too great a number in Dexter. John Beck hesitated, passed them slowly with head bent in meditation, then the next minute he turned and walked rapidly back with the light of a sacred resolution shining in his face.

"Boys," said he, going up close to them and laying a friendly hand on the shoulder of each, "don't go into that saloon. Have you nowhere else to spend your evenings but in a place like that?"

The young men turned involuntarily and faced him. They wore well dressed, pleasant looking fellows, evidently bent on getting all the fun possible out of life. They replied civilly enough, stating that their choice lay between their bare, fireless room at their lodgings and the well-lighted streets, or the warm, brilliant saloon. "And," said they, with an airy laugh, "the streets and saloon are miles ahead. We fellows get so dead lonesome, and this is all of social life that's open to us here."

Beck regarded them with the keenest interest.

"You are strangers then?" he asked.
"Rather," was the careless response.
"We've been here about two weeks or such a matter. We're foundry hands. Right nice place, this. Rather dry, though. Not much fun going on."

"That depends," said Beck, thinking hard and fast. "Perhaps you don't know just where to look for amusement." He took a critical survey of them. Here was a bit of work for one of the Lord's workmen like himself. These boys, half grown, inexperienced, fun-loving and lonely, were longing for a bit of bright companionship. They were in danger, and only a block or two away stood his home full of cheer and happiness. How would it do to take them to that safe refuge for one evening, out of reach of harm's way? What would mother and sisters say? Would they consider it an unwarrantable intrusion to introduce these strangers into the home circle? He felt sure they would not. They were the Lord's workmen as well as himself, and delighted in doing strange things for

God. Anyway, he felt that Jesus would like him to do a kind and Christian an act, so he spoke without further hesitation:

"You complain of lack of sociability," he said brightly. "Now, I don't want you to think Dexter unfriendly. We are very social people here. The only thing is to get acquainted, and when you once know folks it's all right. Now, you see, I have introduced myself and I am going to prove myself the most social of fellows by inviting you with me to spend the evening. I have one of the best mothers in the world, and three sisters who know how to make a fellow pass a pleasant evening. What do you say?"

A few minutes brisk walking brought the three young men in front of John Beck's comfortable residence—a plain, unpretentious brick house, bordered by pretty porches and filled with warmth and brightness and flowers. One great window was full of a wealth of plants in glorious bloom. The young men noticed that as they followed their guide up the stone steps.

"You're sure we're not intruding?" asked one, drawing back instinctively, as Beck threw open the hall door.

"I'll be answerable for everything," replied John. "Only give me your names, hang your hats and overcoats on the rack and follow me," and he led them straight into the pleasant sitting-room where the family were gathered.

The greeting of the ladies was informal and sweet, and the two boys forgot their awkward shyness on the instant and slipped easily into the current of friendly conversation. The atmosphere of the room was delightfully homelike, and as they glanced furtively about, taking note of the scattered music on the open piano, the wealth of books and papers on the table, the flowers, glowing with beauty, in the window, the mocking bird in the cage, and the two pet cats, their dainty necks ornamented with bows of ribbon, dozing on the hearth rug before the brightly glowing fire, their hearts opened to the influence, and they were soon talking to these people as if they had known them all their lives.

"You don't know what you have done for us," said they. "We got so lonely evenings we don't half know what to do with ourselves. A social time like this is everything to us. We shall never forget it nor you."

"And," said one of the girls, handing each of them a dainty bit of pasteboard, "These are our church invitation cards. We shall be very glad to see you at all our Sunday services."

A few days after this John Beck was busily writing at his office desk when a lad brought him a note. He opened the envelope and drew forth a printed temperance pledge, to which was affixed the names of Hall and Ford in full. A slip of paper accompanied it, on which was written: "You ventured to introduce a couple of hard boys into your home in order to rescue them from the saloon for one night. It did more—it rescued us for life! We can make you no more acceptable return than to present you with the enclosed pledge with our signatures attached.—Ford and Hall."

Cheap Land.

Some years ago it was proposed to the Duke of Wellington to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Stratfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition; to this proposition he gladly consented.

When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having made such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulty and forced to part with it.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" asked the Duke.

"It was valued at £1,100, and we have got it for £800," replied the steward.

"In that case," said the duke, "you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."