

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VI.

BELLEVILLE, JUNE 1, 1898.

NO. 21.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:

M. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
A. MATHISON, Librarian.
E. BAKING, M. D. Physician.
ISS. ISABEL, WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

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J. DENYS, Miss S. TEMPLTON.
JAMES C. HALL, B. A., Miss MARY HULL.
W. J. McHILLON, Miss FLORENCE MATHEW.
W. CAMPBELL, Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALLIS.
W. F. STEWART, Miss ADA JAMES.
A. McINTOSH, Miss GEORGINA LIND.
Monitor Teacher: Miss GEORGINA LIND.

Teachers of Articulation:

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

MISS E. N. MPTCALDY, JOHN T. BURNS,
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WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker,
Superintendent.

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MISS M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Sewstress, Superintendent of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS H. A. HALL, 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 \$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, 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.

R. MATHISON,

Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go 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.



"The Best That I Can."

"I cannot do much, said a little star
To make this dark world bright
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best that I can

"What can be the use, said a fleecy cloud,
Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
If caught in her chalice of gold
But I, too, am part of God's great plan
So my treasure I'll give as well as I can

A child went merrily forth to play
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head
Mother said, "Darling, do all that you can
For you are a part of God's great plan

She knew no more than the twinkling star,
Or the cloud with its rain-cup full
How, why, or for what all strange things are—
She was only a child at school
But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can"

So she helped another child along
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought wondrous sweet,
And her father—a weary, toll worn man
Said "I, too, will do the best that I can"

Our best! O, children, the best of us all
Must bide our faces away
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our tasks at the close of day
But for strength from above 'tis the Master's
plan,
We'll pray, and then do the best that we can
Mrs. M. E. Kingston



Clear Grit.

By W. BERT FOSTER.

"There is no use in telling Ned," said Mr. Strange, shaking his gray head sadly. Somehow the past few months the head had grown very gray indeed. "It is bad enough, mother, for Nellie and Bob to know. We'll let the boy enjoy his vacation as he always has, there's no need of spoiling it for him."

"But you know what we had planned to let him do this summer, and he has been looking forward to it all the school year."

"Ah, I forgot that! He was to go with his Uncle Joe and the rest up to Canada, to stay till October too. It will cost two or three hundred dollars, I suppose."

"I'm afraid so, husband."

"Well, you must find the money some where, that's all," declared Mr. Strange. "His enjoyment mustn't be spoiled by these business troubles. We'll retrench in some other way, mother. Let the boy be a boy as long as he can."

And so, when Ned came home from school for the two days before Uncle Joe's grand hunting party was to start, the cloud of trouble which was hanging over the home was carefully hidden by all hands. Other men in business were weathering the hard times and Mr. Strange hoped that he could.

He did not realize that he was not treating his son fairly by hiding from him facts with which everybody who knew him was familiar. In truth, he was saving Ned a great deal of unnecessary worry and materially adding to the enjoyment of that famous trip into the Canadian wilds.

But as it happened, Ned learned of his father's reverses in a manner which made the news all the harder for him to bear. The party were to start from Uncle Joe's home in Philadelphia early in the morning, Ned went over the night before and walked uptown to his uncle's office.

He was a frequent visitor there, for Saxton, Uncle Joe's oldest boy, occupied a desk himself, and Ned often ran in to see him when he was down from school,

or had come over from Harrisburg. But Saxton was going on the trip too, and his desk was closed.

"Mr. Strange is in his private office, Ned," said one of the clerks, nodding toward the door of the apartment.

Ned went over and opened the door but finding his uncle in close conversation with a man, he closed it again and remained outside, hidden from the clerks by a low partition.

"He's going to Canada too, 's he?" one of the clerks said, evidently referring to Ned.

"Yes, lucky chap, eh?"

"I don't know. If my old man was in the shape his is, I wouldn't want to go off for the summer and spend three or four hundred dollars."

"Oh, I reckon Strango isn't so bad off as it's reported. If he is, I don't see where Ned gets his money to sport around. He goes to the most expensive school in the State, and all that."

"I don't know how that is, but I'm dead sure that his father is just on the brink of ruin. If he weathers this dull season it will be pure luck and nothing else."

At that instant the door of the private office opened.

"Ah, here you are, eh?" said Uncle Joe cordially. "Saxton's just gone home. Dear, dear, I don't see what Perry will do without him here. If I hadn't promised him so long ago that he should go with us, I'd make him stick to his desk. I really don't see how both he and I can be off all summer," and the busy man shook his head gravely as he sorted over the papers before him.

"You see, Saxton looks out for the details of things, and it's impossible to find a now man to take his place at a moment's notice. And another thing, I wouldn't want to trust everybody."

Ned looked at him strangely and caught his breath.

"Would you be willing to trust me, Uncle Joe?" he asked huskily.

"Oh, yes, you're just the chap I'd like to have, if you weren't going with us," returned the merchant carelessly.

"I suppose I shall have to let things fly this summer, and lose money by it. I don't see—"

But here Ned interrupted again. "Uncle Joe, is my father in bad shape?" he blurted out.

"Eh, what's the boy thinking of?"

"I want you to tell me. What is the matter with my father's business?"

"What do you know about it?" demanded Mr. Strange gruffly.

"Nothing, and that's why I ask. I never heard a word about reverses at home, although I noticed father seemed worried a good deal more than usual, but I just heard something which makes me believe he is—bankrupt!"

"Tut, tut! not as bad as that," cried Uncle Joe. "How did you hear? Bother take those clerks! So they were chattering, were they?"

"They didn't know I heard, and if 's so, I'm glad they did it," cried Ned. "Tell me, uncle."

"Why, he is in bad shape, there's no denying it. But he didn't want you to know, for he thought it would spoil your vacation."

"And does he suppose I would go off to Canada and spend a lot of money when they are scraping and saving at home all summer? I won't do it."

"Hold on, hold on!" cried Uncle Joe. "That's no way to talk, young man. Your father and mother would be very much troubled if you should go back to them instead of going with me."

"Then let me stay here and take Saxton's place. They needn't know but I've gone with you. I can do his work and be earning something too. Come, say yes, uncle," said Ned eagerly.

"Why, Neddie, I don't see how it can be done," began the merchant. "You show grit—clear grit, I must say; still—"

But within the next half hour the whole affair was planned, and when the hunting party took the train the next

morning for the North, Ned saw them off and then went back to Saxton's desk in the office.

And he did faithfully stick to his job all summer. He boarded at his uncle's house and kept his aunt company, and he really had a very jolly time dodging friends and visitors at the house who would be sure to know him and report his presence in Philadelphia to his father and mother. But the latter were blissfully ignorant of his proximity.

Uncle Joe wrote frequently to his brother that "Ned was all right," and as Ned never had been much of a letter writer, the folks at home thought his silence due to the boy's usual carelessness.

"As long as he is having a good time I don't care," said Mr. Strango wearily, "though I don't know but we made a mistake, mother, in letting him go. I believe I shall weather the trouble, but where the money is coming from for Ned's next year's school expenses, I don't see. The money he will spend on that Canadian trip should have gone toward those."

And Ned, grudging at the work in the hot city office, read Saxton's glowing accounts of hunting and fishing excursions, sometimes with tears in his eyes. Still, not once did he feel sorry that he had sacrificed it, and with all his regrets, he had never experienced more quiet happiness.

"How would I have felt afterward if my going up there had helped to cripple father?" he thought. "I should never have forgiven myself."

When the hunting party returned about the first of October, Ned accepted the handsome sum his Uncle presented him for his services and hurried home. He wasn't as big and brown as they expected to see him after his "summer in the woods," but he looked happy. And I tell you he was happy when at the dinner table the first night of his return he laid the whole sum he had earned during the summer, with the amount given for his vacation expenses, on his father's plate.

"My boy—my own dear boy!" cried his mother, her voice full of tears.

Now, in common with other fellows of his age, Ned abominated tears.

"Come, mother, don't cry," he said gruffly. "I'm no baby. The next time you and father are in trouble you must not treat me like one."—Our Boys and Girls.

The Czar's Ear.

In the western districts of the Czereson province of Russia there recently occurred a strike of peasants, who resolutely declined to do any more work for the local landowner. The police investigated the matter, and gave the following extraordinary reasons for the outbreak.

A picture of the present Czar was recently sent to all communal councils in Russia, including, of course, those in Cherson. As the picture only presented a side view of the Czar, only one ear was visible. This led the peasants to believe that the Czar really possessed only one ear, and the loss of the other they thus account for.

When Alexander III. died (say the peasants) his widow and old advisers began to confer together, afterwards inviting Nicholas II. to join them. As soon as Czar Nicholas entered the room he declared that all land in Russia must be equally divided among the peasants. One of his councillors replied: "As sure as you cannot see your own ear you won't divide the land." The Czar thereupon cut off one ear, and remarked, "As surely as I now see my ear I will divide the land." The peasants in Cherson were so convinced of the truth of his legend that they believed a strike against the landowners would be followed by the intervention of the Czar and the division of the land among themselves.—Our Deaf and Dumb.