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:

THE HON. R. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A.	*Superintendent*
A. MATHISON	*Bursar.*
[illegible] HAYES, M. D.	*Physician*
MISS ISABEL WALKER	*Matron*

Teachers:

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F. DAVIS	MISS S. TEMPLETON
LAURA E. HALLS, B. A.	MISS MARY HULL
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W. J. CAMPBELL	MISS ADA JAMES (on sick leave)
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J. C. FORRESTER	MISS GEORGINA LINN
M. J. MATHEWS. *Monitor Teacher*	MISS NINA BROWN

Teachers of Articulation

MISS IDA M. JACK	MISS CAROLINE GIBSON

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MISS S. MCNEICE, *Trained Hospital Nurse*	D. CUNNINGHAM *Master Baker*

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education al 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, Shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing machine, Crochet, 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 aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, pupils, etc., will be given upon application to 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 out put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2.45 p. m. of each Sunday excepted. The messenger is not used 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.

POETRY

Pax Britannica.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN

Behind her rolling ramparts England lay
Impregnable and girt by cliff high towers
Weaving in peace and plenty day by day
The long-drawn hours

In peace Spring fleest her flocks and showered her grain.
Summer sate smiling under peaceful leaves
And Autumn piled on the nowarlike wain
Her sickled sheaves

And white-winged keels flew flittering to her shore,
Laden with Eastern bale or Southern fleece
And from the fields of far off labor bore
The spoils of Peace

Then, seeing her within her waves so blest,
The jealous nations, i. noiseless strike,
Said "Look! She wears no armour on her breast
What if we strike?"

But she of their base greed and armed array
Haughtily heedless, mated by her main
Still across it ploughed her peaceful way
In strong disdain

Then each to other muttered "Now at last
Her splendour shall be ours and we shall slake
Our envy. She is pillaged on her Past
And will not wake"

Slowly as stirs a lion from his lair
Lengthens his limbs and crisps his mane, she rose,
Then shook out all her strength and flashing, said,
"Where are my foes?"

Thus to herself She did herself reveal,
Swiftly yet calmly put her armour on
And, round her Empire, sentinelled in steel
Like morning shone!

From field and forge there thronged embattled hosts,
And that one struck the anvil this the lyre
And from the furnaces of war her coasts
Were fringed with fire

Dazed and dismayed they settled their futile vow
Some fain would be her friend and some would curse
Their hate till they could urge the night that now
They could but curse

But they who watch from where the west wind blow,
Since great themselves, proud that their kith are great
Said "See what comes when England with her foes
Speaks at the gate!"

Then back to loom and share her people poured
Chanting peace-pæans as they reaped and gleaned
While gazing worldward on her undrawn sword
Watchful she leaned!

MISCELLANEOUS

Private Young's Victoria Cross.

When the famous Huntley collection of coins and medals was sold by auction last year, the leading paper gave a brief summary each morning of the highest prices that the previous day had realized. But should any inquiring mind student look through a file of the *Times* to refresh his memory on the present value of a Victoria Cross, his search would only lead to wondering disappointment. As a matter of fact, the specimen from the Huntley collection was knocked down at so insignificant a price that it was never included in any report, and when the covetous heir to the Huntley estate, in something of a funk, demanded the reason of its being given away he was curtly informed that it was sold to the highest bidder, and there the matter ended.

The fourth and last day of the Huntley sale was dragging slowly on. The incidents of the bidding were as commonplace and uninteresting to most of the men who sat half wearily round the baize covered table and looked languidly at medal after medal as they were to the auctioneer himself. The professional raillery which had marked the earlier hours had evaporated long ago. It was three o'clock and a hot day in the latter half of July.

The score or so of buyers was as varied a crowd as any event could well bring together. Lord Wentlocke was a well known collector, who never missed an important sale; next to him sat a man without cuffs who bought all the most expensive lots, without apparently looking at them; opposite was a Jew, who made all his bids by furtive winks, and who endeavored, by amusing sallies, to distract his competitors' attention at critical moments, between him and the British Museum representative a turban ed Parsee, buying on behalf of a Calcutta art gallery. Two schoolboys had strayed in and looked on silently, or compared notes of admiration in apprehensive whispers. At last the auctioneer pulled himself together. "Surely this will rouse you, gentlemen, if anything will," he said. "Lot 181, a Victoria Cross, presented to Private Thomas Young for conspicuous bravery at Magdala. Purchased by Mr. Huntley from Messrs. Link and by them from the original holder. What shall I say?"

It seemed that the National collection was not in want of a specimen. Lord Wentlocke never by any chance opened the bidding, and the Jew always waited a little to find out who was interested. Someone else started with ten pounds, and in the twinkling of an eye the cross had advanced to twenty, and then hung for a moment.

It was then, in the pause marking what would probably have been the halfway point, that the silence was broken by the poorly-clad woman who had sat, nervous and unobserved near the door:

"Oh, sir," she cried in a voice that was half a sob, "I don't understand, but I could only save two pounds, and—and I am his mother."

There have been many scenes of psychological suspense at Whetheboy's. Millionaires have plunged recklessly for historical pictures, relatives and legatees have carried on their wrangles and snarled across the table for the possession of heirlooms, but never in the annals of that famous house has there been so vivid a moment as when the mother of Thomas Young, the man who had displayed conspicuous valor at Magdala, stood forth in her neat and pathetic poverty and timidly held out the two pounds' worth of hot silver for which she had starved and drudged in order to redeem her son's medal.

The silence was only for a second. Someone down the table, woefully out of touch with the wave of feeling, gave an amused laugh at the absurdity of the thing, and, anxious to share the exquisite joke with the auctioneer, looked up with a merry smile as he called out, "Twenty-one!"

The Jew was on his feet in an instant. "Shut up, you fool!" he shouted furiously, "can't you see?"

The auctioneer—it was Mr. A., ever the most courteous and sympathetic of his profession—quietly tapped his rostrum once or twice. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is an unusual incident, and I think we will all agree that some way must be found out of the difficulty. So far the prices have been very satisfactory, and should it happen by any means I cannot make any suggestion, gentlemen—but should it happen that in this one instance the price is not maintained, I do not think that the vendor will have any cause for complaint. To my mind I myself will be responsible. The bidding, when I last took it, stood at twenty pounds, that was Lord Wentlocke."

"Mine, too," said the man without cuffs, readily. "Surely you heard me? I thought you took mine."

"The gentleman is quite right," said the Jew, rubbing his hands delightedly. "I heard him myself—before Lord Wentlocke, if anything." He had never spoken a more obvious lie, or one which passed so unquestioned.

"As the matter is in dispute, I have no option but to start the lot again," said the auctioneer, with infinite relief. "But, to take you completely into my confidence, I must inform you that I have against it a reserve, merely nominal, it was thought at the time, of five pounds."

"Guineas," said Lord Wentlocke, quietly, and when the hammer fell, as it did, without a second's pause, it was amid enthusiasm which rivalled the scene when the famous Petition Crown created a record of five hundred pounds.

Lord Wentlocke never had any hesitation in the matter. "You must have no scruples about accepting it from me," he said, crossing the room, and putting the medal into the rough and toilworn hand. "Your country is heavily in your debt, and what we are doing is little enough. How came your son to sell it?"

"I was ill," she replied, the tears running down her cheeks. "Oh, my lord, how can I thank you?"

"It's nothing," said Lord Wentlocke, the modest English feeling of awkwardness in confer g a favor gaining the ascendant, and, to avoid the possibility of a scene, he opened the swinging doors, and escorted the mother of Private Young down into the street.

There was another ovation awaiting Lord Wentlocke on his return, but that chivalrous and ingenuous peer, having sent his brougham to an address in the Borough Road, decided to walk to Grosvenor Place rather than receive it.
—*London Year Book.*

The Girl Men Admire.

They admire the girl who is her mother's right hand in household matters, and who is not above taking an interest in the most trivial matter in connection with house duties.

They admire the girl who is a bright entertaining companion, and who has ever a kind word and pleasant smile for those with whom she comes in contact.

They admire the girl who is always neatly gowned, no matter if in inexpensive materials, and who never dresses loudly or in questionable taste.

They admire the girl who can adapt herself to any society, who never puts on affected airs, and who would scorn to do a mean action.

They admire the girl who in an emergency can turn her hand to anything, from cooking the family dinner to retrimming an old hat.

They admire the girl who is unselfish enough to give up some pleasure of her own to benefit another and does not consider herself aggrieved at having to do so.

They admire the girl who can talk of more important things than dress or the last new opera, and who can listen intelligently when deeper subjects are introduced.

Educating Deaf Mutes by Telephone.

The medical officer of one of the leading deaf and dumb institutions of England states that he has obtained material aid from the seemingly improbable source of a loud-speaking telephone in the treatment of his patients, in the education of such deaf mutes as possess a fragment of hearing power, the telephone being found to possess many important advantages over the speaking tube usually employed. In the first place, in arranging for this purpose, the wires from several receivers can be coupled up to one transmitter, and thus a teacher can instruct a group of children at the same time, then again, it is not necessary for a teacher to apply his mouth close to the the transmitter, so that pupils have a full view of the facial expressions and lip movement, which is not possible when having to direct his voice into the mouthpiece of a speaking tube or trumpet. While seeing the movement of the lips, the patient has the sound conveyed close to his ear drum—a most advantageous combination.—*Scientific American.*