

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. V.

BELLEVILLE, APRIL 1, 1897.

NO. 18.

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:
R. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent
A. MATHISON, Registrar
J. E. EAKINS, M. D., Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:
D. H. COLLEMAN, M. A., Head Teacher
P. DENY, Teacher
JAMES C. HALL, B.A., Teacher
D. J. MCHILLOP, Teacher
W. J. CAMPBELL, Teacher
Geo. F. MEYER, Teacher
Mrs. J. G. TAYLOR, Teacher
Miss R. TEMPLETON, Teacher
Miss M. M. GIBSON, Teacher
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher
Miss FLORENCE MAYNOR, Teacher
Miss SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher
Miss ADA JAMES, Teacher
Miss GEORGINA LINN, Teacher

Miss CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Attention
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
Mrs. J. T. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing

Miss L. N. METCALFE, Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing
Wm. DOUGLASS, Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor
G. G. KEITH, Superintendent of Boys, etc.
Miss M. DENNEY, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc.
Wm. NURSE, Master Shoemaker
MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer
JOHN T. HUNNA, Supervisor
J. MIDDLEBARR, Engineer
JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker
JOHN MOORE, 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 this amount CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering 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 an 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 1/2 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.



Gratitude.

BY FELLA HANDALL PEARCE.

Two eyes have I, with which to see
The world, so fair and bright,
Whose art and nature spread for me
A feast of deep delight.

Two hands have I, with which to do
The tasks that fill my days,
Two feet have I to lead me through
My chosen, devious ways.

A heart have I, wherein each day
The seeds of grace may grow,
Its sweeter mission to repay
The debt of love I owe.

A mind have I, with which to gain
Earth's knowledge, vast and free,
A soul, whereby I may attain
Fair immortality.

Then, since God a goodness is revealed,
And I, His love attest,
Shall I, because my eyes are sealed,
Say that I am not blest?

Although this one gift is denied,
And faltering is my speech,
How many precious gifts beside
Lie here, within my reach?

Then, let my thoughts ascend in praise
And, while on earth I dwell,
Let me ever, through all my days,
"He doeth all things well."



The Jolliest April Fool.

A TRUE STORY, BY CLARA J. DENTON.

Could you have scanned Romie Newton's face as he stood against the old green pump, you would have said he was plotting mischief. In fact, like held for him but two conditions of happiness; when he was planning mischief and when he was doing it. All other occupations—eating, sleeping, studying, running errands, and "doing chores"—were but necessary intervals that must be got over as quickly as possible.

But the mischief that Romie was now turning over in his busy brain was unusually fascinating. You will understand this when I tell you that the hour was three o'clock, and the day was the thirty-first of March. To "April fool" his only sister Nettie—three years his senior—was now necessary to his complete happiness.

"I'll have to be awful sharp," he said to himself as he shifted his other shoulder against the pump. "I used up all the old deiges on her last year. I do wish I could think of something now!"

In the midst of these thoughts, through the open kitchen window (the afternoon was warm) came these words in his sister Nettie's clear, firm voice:

"I've a good mind to say I'll not go to Sunday-school or church again!"

Romie was startled. What could have come over Nettie? In a moment this followed:

"I know I'm wicked, I ought not to think of my clothes, but I just can't help it! I'm so tired of looking shabby, and when I think of that lovely brown dress-pattern, trimmings and all for only three dollars, at Downly's, I can't be reconciled. And there are my gloves, too. Even your skillful fingers, mother, cannot make them fit for another appearance in public."

At this point Mrs. Newton closed the window, and Romie heard no more. He had heard quite enough, however, to bring a different look on his freckled face.

"If only I could earn some money, or had something to sell! If I had chickens, like Tom Brown, or rabbits, like Ned Jones. Oh, dear!" He leaned so hard against the decrepit pump that it gave

forth a responsive groan, as if in sympathy.

"Yap! Yap! Yap!" at that moment sounded from some invisible source; and, a second later, around the corner of the house came two handsome Scotch terrier dogs in hot pursuit of an encroaching cat. Romie's face flushed at sight of them, and then he turned deathly white.

The dogs relinquished the chase after the cat, and bounded towards Romie, prancing about him in expectation of the caresses usually lavished upon them, but their capers made no impression upon their young master, and after gazing a few moments into space he set his lips tightly together and started towards the house with a firm, rapid step. In a little while he reappeared, with clean hands and face and neatly brushed hair. Like Nettie, his wardrobe was a very meager one, and there were no other changes within his power.

The dogs again came running towards him. He caught up the smaller of the two and hugged him affectionately to his cheek.

"O Stub!" he sobbed, "how can I let you go!"

Stub answered by a pitiful little whine, and buried his short black nose in the depths of Romie's shirt-collar.

"Of course I'll have Muggins left, but she isn't half as smart and pretty as you are," he whispered.

Stub whined again and nuzzled close. Romie wavered. Why must he do it? Then he thought of Nettie. Wasn't she the dearest and best sister that was ever known? How fast the recollections of her goodness came crowding upon him: her patience with his pranks, her frequent averting of richly deserved scoldings, the hours she devoted to his amusement, reading to him when he was too lazy to read for himself. As he hugged Stub's warm little body closely to his well worn jacket, he tried to remember one unkind word or act from this queen of sisters; but it was impossible to do so. Even when he was naughty, selfish, and impatient, she kissed away his ill-temper and coaxed out his better self.

No, it was no use. Stub might try all his blandishments, he might roll up his dark eyes, and wag his funny little tail and wave his dainty paws in the air in his very best style. Romie's decision was made.

"I'll see that lady on Summit Street first," he thought. "She has tired more than once to buy Stub, and I am sure she will love him."

So hugging closely the fluffy little body he went on down the street at his very best gait. When he came to the place he found that the lady had bought a dog the day before. It was not half so pretty as Stub, she admitted frankly; but then, of course, she didn't want two dogs.

There were three or four other places, however, in reserve, for Stub had many friends who were eager to own him. One after another of these places were visited, in vain: some of the people had changed their minds, others had already bought dogs; so the poor boy walked slowly along, hugging Stub very closely, and wondering what he should do. One moment he rejoiced that Stub was still his own, the next he mourned that Nettie must still go shabbily dressed to Sunday-school, or, worse still, stay away altogether. In the midst of his serious thinking, a lady suddenly intercepted him.

"Do you want to sell that dog?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" he answered, eagerly.

On learning the price of the dog she said:

"Go to Engine House Number Four, and give the foreman this card. Tell him that I want your puppy. He is just the kind that I have long been looking for."

It was a distance of many blocks to the designated engine-house, but away

went Romie as fast as his already tired feet could carry him.

The twilight was coming on when he again turned his face towards the business part of the city. His arms were empty, and there was a tugging pain in his heart; but he struggled with it bravely, and tried to think only of the crisp new bills snugly tucked away in his jacket pocket.

When he reached Downly's dry goods store the clerks were arranging the goods preparatory to closing; but Romie slipped in before the doors were locked, and with a little help from one of the bright young women behind the counter, he bought not only the coveted dress-pattern, but also a pair of neat kid gloves to match it, and a soft, white ruching to encircle Nettie's pretty, plump neck. Then with his precious bundle under his arm he set out for home.

As he trudged rapidly along, he suddenly remembered his anxiety to "fool" Nettie on the coming morning.

"Oh," he thought, "I know what I'll do. Now that will be an 'April Fool' worth something."

It was quite dark when he reached home. He stole noiselessly in at the unlocked front door, and deposited the big bundle under the sofa in the parlor. He then slipped as noiselessly out of the house again, and re entered it through the side door with his usual accompaniment of merry bluster.

An hour or so afterwards his mother was taken into his confidence, and of course she soon found a pretext for sending Nettie to the next neighbor's. There was then a long visit to the parlor, whence they both returned with smiling faces.

The next morning, as soon as her eyes were opened, Nettie remembered her determination not to be "fooled" by her teasing brother. She came down stairs with every sense alert, but Romie was subdued and dignified, and made no allusion to the unfortunate first of April. When breakfast was over, Romie immediately left the house; a few minutes afterwards Mrs. Newton came into the kitchen, saying, "Nettie, there's some one in the parlor who wants to see you."

Nettie wondered a little at the unseasonableness of the call, yet, suspecting no pranks from her mother, she went at once to the parlor, her mother following. She stopped, however, on reaching the door. In a large chair sat a "dummy" made of her much despised "one dress," and in its lap lay the long-dearied "lovely brown dress-pattern," and a pair of kid gloves dexterously crossed as if covering a pair of plump hands. She was too astonished to speak or move; but in the midst of her happy silence a well-known voice shouted, "April fool!" and from behind the chair Romie bounded into her arms.

"But where did you get all the money?" she inquired, after she had kissed him a great many times and shed one or two joyful tears on his brown curls.

"Weren't you wondering at breakfast where Stub could be?" said Romie, flushing a little.

Nettie was silent a moment, then said, with a sigh: "I am ashamed when I remember how often I have scolded him for his naughty capers, poor little Stub."

"Oh, never mind him," said Romie, swallowing hard, and hiding his swimming eyes under pretence of examining the new kid gloves. "They'll be good to him, and I tell you this is just the jolliest 'April fool' that I ever got up!"

And Nettie agreed with him.

"Hello! What's wrong, old fellow?"

"I'm almost crazy, I sent a letter to my broker, asking him whether he thought I was a fool, and another one to Miss Willots, asking her to come for a drive with me, I don't know which of them this telegram is from." "What does it say?" "Simply 'Yes.'"