

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 9.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON. J. M. GIBBON.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
MATHERON	Warden.
LEAKINS, M. D.	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron.

Teachers:

M. A. GIBBON, M. A.	Mrs. J. O. TERRILL.
Head Teacher.	Miss K. TRIMPERTON.
MISS M. M. OSTRUM.	Miss MARY HULL.
MISS FLORENCE MAYBURN.	Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALLIS.
MISS ADA JAMES.	Miss GEORGINA LINN.
Monitor.	

MISS FARRIE GIBBON, Teacher of Articulation.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

JOHN T. HURNA,	JOHN BROWN,
Head and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.	Master Carpenter.
J. MIDDLEBURN,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Engineer.	Master Baker.
THOMAS WILLS,	MICHAEL O'MEARA,
Gardener.	Farmer.

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 fifteen, 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 shall be charged the sum of \$30 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance which will be furnished free.

For those whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance, clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and other manual and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

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

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

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 2:30 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.



Who's Afraid in the Dark?

"Not I!" said the owl
And he gave a great scowl
And he wiped his eye,
And fluffed his owl.
"To school!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark
Hoo!"
Said the cat, "I'll scratch
I'll scratch any who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid, mouse!"
"Afraid," said the mouse
"Of the dark in a house"
Here he scatter
Whatever the matter
Squeak!

Then the toad in his hole
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round
And the bird in the tree,
The fish and the sea,
They declared all three,
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his head!



A Thanksgiving Dinner.

"Morning paper, sir, *Public Ledger*, only two cents."

An old gentleman who was about to enter a second class restaurant stopped and looked at the lad. "It is late in the day to purchase morning papers," he said. "You have only one left, I see; couldn't you fall a cent on it?"

"That I could, sir," was the cheerful answer. "I've been going over since six o'clock, and am ready to have a Thanksgiving dinner now. Were you going in here?"

The old gentleman hesitated and put his hand in his pocket. "I don't know, lad," he answered.

"He is as poor as can be," Nat thought, as he took a hasty survey of the rusty coat and well-worn hat. "I reckon he can't even afford a decent dinner on Thanksgiving Day."

"See here, sir," Nat said, as he laid a detaining hand on the old man's arm, "come in and have dinner with me. I'm going to treat myself, and there is nobody to share it with me."

The old gentleman looked startled, and examined the boy closely. "Why, lad, you are poor," he said, "and I can not take advantage of your kindness."

Nat raised himself on tip-toe, snatched off his dirty little cap, and thrust his hand into his jacket pocket. "Hear that money jingle? Why, I cleared fifty cents this morning, and as much more yesterday! You don't call that being poor do you? Some of the fellows even call me Nathaniel Brown, the millionaire."

The old gentleman smiled encouragingly. "But you don't spend it all, do you? There is little good derived from money thoughtlessly squandered."

The boy's face fairly glowed. "Well, sir, there's one boy in our set that has a kick against me, and he calls me Nat Brown, the miser. But, growing confidential and drawing nearer, "I'm saving it for mother and sister Betty. When we get enough ahead they are coming to the city to live; then I shall have my own home."

"You are, indeed, better off than I thought, Nathaniel," the gentleman said. "Go in and have your dinner, lad, and enjoy it as you deserve."

"I want you to come in, too, sir. Never mind about the coat; I'll attend to that. Thanksgiving Day comes but once a year, and mother would say 'Share your blessings with the needy. Natty, boy.'"

"Come in, sir, do come?" Nat con-

tinued, as the old gentleman hesitated and was about to turn away.

"Well, I will, since you so much wish it, but never mind about luxuries, boy; a cup of hot coffee would satisfy me."

"A cup of coffee for Thanksgiving dinner? Why, what kind of fare is that? Here, waiter, pie enough for two, a round slice of ham, a dish of potatoes and a pot of coffee smoking hot. Anything else you would like, sir?"

But the old gentleman shook his head, and looked approvingly at the boy over the rim of his steel-bowed glasses.

"This is something like a dinner, now, ain't it?" Nathaniel declared, fifteen minutes later, while in the midst of enjoying a hoarty meal. "Do you live alone, sir?"

The old gentleman sighed and gave a silent assent.

"He's old and poor, and nobody cares for him," thought Nat. "Here, sir, you take most of the pie, and I'll finish up the potatoes. Does the coffee suit your taste? Wasn't it lucky that we got here together? Not much sport eating alone on a day like this, is it? Would you mind telling me your name, sir?"

The old gentleman took a pencil from his vest pocket and wrote, Henry Turner, 1018 Diamond Street.

"Drop in, lad, and see me," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

The gentleman put his hand in his pocket. "I'll pay for my share of this feast, lad."

Nathaniel eagerly remonstrated. "It was my treat, sir," he said. "Here, waiter, I want to settle my account. This gentleman is my guest."

At a while Nat squared his bill the old gentleman quietly arose and left the restaurant.

The week which followed Thanksgiving was a busy one for Nat, but he did not forget the old gentleman and his resolution to call upon him soon. One day Nat sold out earlier than usual, and hastened his steps toward Diamond street. "No mistake here," he said, "with the name on the door, Henry Turner, Agent." Nat modestly stepped into the office to find his old friend busily engaged in counting greenbacks, while two or three gentlemen stood by awaiting his leisure. A pair of kindly eyes looked over the glasses and motioned Nat to a seat.

"Well, lad," he said, an hour later, when they found themselves alone.

Nat thrust his hands in his ragged pockets, and looked bewildered. "I—I thought—"

"You thought what?"

"I thought you was poor, sir!"

"So I am, boy, for I have no one to make a home for me. Gold and silver are poor substitutes for love and tender care. You have a good mother; send for her to come and make a home where I may spend my declining years."

Nathaniel Brown no longer cries daily papers, but is a pupil in the public school, while Mrs. Brown, in the home which Henry Turner provided, makes her benefactor so comfortable in the many little ways known to woman, that he no longer realizes the weight of his threescore years.

"But," he is fond of saying, "I never expect to taste another dinner quite so good as that which Nathaniel provided out of his well earned savings." - *Sally L. Du Bois, in Christian Intelligencer.*

Concluded to Sing.

A former Maine minister, now settled in the west, tells a good story of his experience with a choir who had frequent quarrels. "One Sabbath they informed me that they would not sing a note until Brother—, one of their number, left the choir. I gave out as the opening hymn:

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God
But children of the Heaven King
Will speak their joys abroad.

"They sang, and I was never again troubled." - *Philadelphia Press.*

Written by THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Kate's Fraction Lesson; or the Value of Little Things.

BY EDITH CHARLTON, ST. GEORGE, ONT.

It was far from being a bright face that Kate Westover brought home from school one day this summer. She went into the cheerful sitting room where her mother and grandmother sat at work; threw her hat and books down on the table; flung herself into a low rocker and picking up a new magazine began turning over its pages.

It was something unusual for happy, sunny-faced Kate to act in this manner on her return from school; mother and grandmother both looked up as she entered but seeing the frowning face and noticing that she tried to avoid their glances, they wisely forbore questioning her, knowing that before very long she would tell them her trouble. And they had not long to wait.

Kate hastily turned the pages of her book, glanced at a picture here and there and read the titles of one or two articles, then throwing the book impatiently on the table she burst out. "I don't care, it is just too bad, Miss Hopkins knows I hate fractions, that I never can understand them, so she has given our class two whole exercises to work and says if we don't finish them correctly this week we must lose our half-holiday on Friday. She knows very well we have planned a picnic to Saller's Grove that afternoon and we shall have to give it up, for there isn't one in the class can do all those questions. I think it is too mean for anything."

Tears came into the excited girl's eyes and she felt very much like crying but feeling too dignified with the weight of her fifteen years for such a childish exhibition of weakness, she rocked violently backward and forward, while she twisted and untwisted her daintily trimmed handkerchief much to the hurt of that delicate article.

"Why Kate, whatever is the matter?" asked her mother in much surprise. "How flushed your face is my dear, here take this fan and cool yourself a bit, then tell me all about it."

And Mrs. Westover, with a mother's tact waited until the big tears were pushed back beneath the drooping eyelids, and until the quivering lips had regained their composure before she said anything more. Then she said "What is it Kate? Perhaps I can help you with those questions."

"Oh no, you can't—at least I mean, I suppose you can do them, but that won't help understand fractions any better. I don't see any use in girls studying them any way," and again there were signs of trouble brewing.

"You'll find them useful some day when you grow older and have more duties and responsibilities Kate. However I hope you may not lose your half-holiday, and I shall be glad to help you this evening. You are tired now and need to rest a while before taking up your studies again. There is a very interesting story in that magazine, or perhaps you would prefer to chat with Grandma and me."

Grandmother had been a silent listener all this time but now she called Kate to see if she hadn't dropped a stitch in her knitting and while the young girl took the work from the dear old woman's fingers to straighten out the tangles she sat down on the footstool, and leaning over her grandmother in her favorite attitude picked up the stitch and knitted a few rounds on the little sock Grandma was making for Baby Willie. Meanwhile the gentle, trembling fingers stroked the brown curls on the bowed head and the sweet voice said. "Never mind, Lizzie, you'll know it all some day and 'Cau do is easily carried about wi' ye, you know. Fractions will seem very simple things some day when you have harder lessons to learn."

(Concluded on last page)