

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. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
DR. T. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHISON, M.A., Superintendent
A. MATHISON, M.A., Warden
J. F. KIRK, M.D., Physician
MISS ISABELL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M.A., Mrs. J. G. FERRIS
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JAMES GIBBON, M.A., Miss MARY HULL
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Printer & Associate, Master Shoemaker

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Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer

Miss M. DUNPHY, JOHN DOWDY,
Seamstress, Supervisor, Master Carpenter

Miss B. A. HALL, D. CANNONHAM,
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 \$25 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, Bookbinding 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 all 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 2:15 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messengers 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.



Tommy's Dreadful Dream.

Tommy was sleeping like a top
When to his great amazement
A great black shadow fell
And came tapping at his easement.

He off he off, you savage bird,
Or else I'll call my mother.
The black shadow said, "Allow tones,
Why did you eat me together?"

Revenge is sweet, and you must die
No time to this for you to die
The black shadow said, "Allow tones,
The black shadow said, "Allow tones."

They're busy now with Harry Ford
He's to be cooked for dinner
And then we'll roast young Jacky South
Who takes a wee bit thinner.

Oh let me live, cried Tommy when
At least till I am fatter
As long as you're not old and tough
Said they, "It does not matter."

I'll never eat you, said Tommy
The black shadow said, "Allow tones,
The black shadow said, "Allow tones,
Without the least relenting."

He said Tommy, "You're a man
With my little bits of things,
The little black shadow said,
The black shadow said, "Allow tones."

The black shadow was open wide
When Tommy, loudly screaming,
Saw a great jump and found himself
He had been badly dreaming.



How the Boys Helped Widow Long.

Widow Long lived in a two-room cottage upon the brow of a long hill on the edge of C—. She was very old and poor, and had no one to care for her except Miss Lizabeth, her daughter, who was an invalid. The son who had been the mainstay of this little family, had died with pneumonia two years before the opening of our story, so there was no one left but these two, and it was a struggle to live on the little that poor Miss Lizabeth could get by taking in sewing when she was able and selling crocheted trimmings that so few wanted to buy.

"I say, boys, what do you think of giving Mrs. Long a surprise party?" asked Kenon Williams as he joined a number of his friends on the green one bright afternoon in spring. "Miss Lizabeth is sick again, and they've got no wood, and nothing to eat to speak of, and I think that it would be just time if we could help her all by ourselves, and it would be working for Jesus, too. What do you think about it?"

"'T would be just splendid, I think," said Charlie Graham. Kenon's suggestions were always "just splendid," the children thought. "I for one will give the dollar that I got for selling my last winter's suit. I thought that I would get me Robinson Crusoe with it, but I had rather give it to Mrs. Long. It would buy her some meat and things."

"That it would," said Kenon, "and I've got seventy-five cents that papa gave me for a birthday present. I'll put that with it, and that makes a whole dollar and three quarters. Hurrah! And now, Jim, can't you give us something too?"

Papa said that I might have the money the tanner gave him for Bunkam's hide. Bunkam was a good calf, an I just believe that if he was alive he'd like for his hide to buy something for a poor old woman. Yes, I'll give it to buy her some wood and some liniment for her rheumatism."

"It will help a great deal," Kenon told him. "Ben, what will you give?"

"I dunno. I got no money, an no

way to get it. I don't see as I can be stopped suddenly, and then added in tones scarcely audible. "Zyp's tail." "Yes, the very thing," said Charlie. "I heard Mr. Marion say yesterday when Zyp passed us on the street, 'I would give a whole round dollar for that tail. My wife wants it so bad to make a fan with.' It'll soon be time to pull it out anyway. Ben, and I just believe that Mr. Marion would pay you the money now and wait for the tail."

This was a sacrifice to Ben. Zyp was a large, beautiful peafowl, and Ben loved his favorite very dearly, but Widow Long had been very kind to him, when he was so sick with fever after his mother died. He had never forgotten this, and so he told the boys, he would sell the tail, and would give every cent of the money he would get for it too.

Capers was sitting all this time with his head in his hands and a thoughtful expression on his round face. "Boys," he said slowly at last, "can't we help Mrs. Long any way except with just giving money? I haven't any money at all, and I don't know how to get any. Mother would give it to me, I know, but it would be so much nicer if we could get all the things by ourselves and not let the grown-up folks know anything about it, and then Mrs. Long would be gladder, too, to think that we children did it. Don't you think Mrs. Long would be pleased if I took my calf and plowed up all her garden like I did mother's? Billy is a first-rate plower, and then I could rake all the trash away and fix it ready to plant the seeds. I know just how 'cause I watched Uncle Armstrong Burns when he raked mother's off. You just pile up the sticks and leaves and trash in little heaps and burn 'em. I believe that Mrs. Long would like it, and then she could take the money that she would have to pay a hired man to fix it for her, and get some seeds."

"I'll buy the seeds with the money that I've been saving since Christmas, interrupted brown-eyed Auguste, "and I'll plant them, too. My grandpa can fix the nicest rows in the world. He showed me how they do it in Germany, and he has a little forked hoe that lays off the rows just regular, and papa's got one just like it. I say, Capers, when shall we do it?"

"What are you boys about, I'd like to know," said George Travers as he came up to the little group. "Any secrets up?"

"Yes, sirc," said Capers, "but none that we have to keep from George." And they told him all about their plans.

"Well, that's lucky, I declare. I've just come from the mill, and father said that I might sell a sack of flour that was ground from the wheat in my little patch, and have the money for my very own. But I'll tell you what! I'll just give the flour. It's nice and fine, too. And another thing—we must do it right away. Do you all know that Thursday is Mrs. Long's birthday? Wouldn't it be just time to give her a surprise party on her birthday?"

So it was settled on the green, and the boys separated.

Thursday morning, when the Widow Long opened her door to the sweetest knocking, she almost staggered back with surprise at the sight which greeted her. George Travers, red in the face from carrying his sack of flour, managed to stagger out between his quick breaths. "We brought you a birthday surprise, Mrs. Long, and we got all the things by ourselves, just us children."

There was Charlie Graham with his arms full of bundles, besides a small canvassed ham which hung over his shoulder, there was Kenon Williams with a larger piece of bacon than he could well manage, and there was Ben with a great sack of meal.

"Here's my surprise," said Jim. And, looking out at the gate, her old eyes dimmed with tears as she saw the nice load of wood, all cut and ready for the stove. And then they told her that Capers and

Auguste were fixing her garden, and all that she had to do was just to tell them where she wanted the different seeds planted.

The poor lady was so overcome with amazement that she could hardly speak, but the boys noticed, as she opened the door wide for them to enter, that she used her handkerchief very frequently, and as she followed them to the closet in the corner of the other room she kept saying, "God bless 'em! God bless 'em! My boys—His boys!"

They found the closet well-nigh empty but it was not so when they left it. Widow Long took each one of the dear children in her motherly arms and told them all how grateful she was. "Remember, my darlin's," said the old lady, tearfully, as she went with them to the door, "that the dear Saviour said once—"

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The boys hurried away down the hill. "I'd rather have done that than have had all the Robinson Crusoes in the world," said Charlie.

That's the best birthday present that I ever had," said Kenon.

"I never was so happy in my life," said Ben as he tossed his cap high in the air.

"Three cheers for Widow Long and her birthday," said Jim.

The cheers rang long and loud, and the people of C— wondered what was making such a commotion over in the direction of the hill. —Sunday School Visitor.

A Mother's Kisses.

A recent traveller to Spain, writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, describes a touching scene witnessed at the departure of a regiment for Cuba. All day long there had been heard the measured tread of soldiers, marching through the streets, all day long gaily bedecked boats had been passing to and from the vessel that was to take them to Havana.

The twilight had begun to deepen when the correspondent saw "a startling and pretty sight"—the impetuous action of a portly, good-looking and well-dressed lady, who noticed a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his travelling gray, with a knapsack strapped over his shoulders.

All the rest of the men had friends, their *norias*, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and it might be divined that he was carrying a heavy desolate heart overseas.

The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said, "My son has already gone to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G., take this kiss to him." She leaned and kiss his cheek.

An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word.

The boy flushed with pleasure, and still holding the lady's hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile, "And may I not take one for myself as well, senora?"

The lady reddened, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again, to the frantic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on braced and happy.

Modesty never shows up to good advantage in the dark.

The smaller the hole a man gets into the louder he howls.

Some people are never so happy as when they are miserable.

Smiling through tears makes the most beautiful of rainbows.

There are promises it is more honor able to break than to keep.