

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. F. J. DAVIN, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

DR. F. F. CLAMBERGAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
A. MATHISON, Director
C. F. VAKIN, M. D. Physician
MISS ISAID L. WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

H. R. COLMAN, M. A. Mrs. J. C. TERRILL, Head Teacher
V. DENNIS, Miss S. TEMPLETON
JAMES C. BALIS, B. A. Miss MARY HULL
H. J. MCKAY, M. A. Miss SYLVIA L. HALL
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H. F. McWART, Miss M. G. LEAH
L. J. FORTWELL, Miss G. ORINA LINN
M. J. MOORE, Miss NINA BROWN

Teachers of Articulation:

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

Miss L. N. McRAE, JOHN T. BURSA,
Cook and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NURK,
Shoemaker & Associate Master Shoemaker
Superintendent

H. H. KEITH, JOHN F. KANE,
Superintendent of Boys etc. Engineer

Miss M. DENNEY, JOHN DOWNER,
Seamstress, Superintendent of Girls etc. Master Carpenter

Miss S. McNEIL, H. CUNNINGHAM,
Prison Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Printer and Compositor

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this institution is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are in need of instruction, 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 born in 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, Compositing 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 on 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 us 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 is put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 4:30 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.



A Boy's Thanksgiving.

Thanks dear God for all the good
I have had throughout the year
For the smiling sky and sun
For the sweet and glorious cheer
Thanks for every jolly game
I have played in field and wood,
Thanks for lovely flowers that came,
Blooming where the snow-drifts stood.

Thanks for all the luscious fruit
Apples red and purple grapes
Thanks for wine and beer and
Stewards of all sorts and shapes
Thank you for the noisy rain,
Making music down the eaves,
Knocking at the window-pane,
Dancing with the happy leaves.

Thank you for the winter days
Beautiful with ice and snow,
Merry tales to fling to sleigh,
Coasting skating to and fro
Thanks for jovous Christmas tide
And the pretty stories told
By the bright and warm fire-side
Safe from harm and wind and cold.

Thank you for the stars and moon
For the great wide world too
Thank you for the birds sweet tune
Laughing brooks and sparkling dew
Oh, so many thanks we need
For your kindness and love
Thank you very much indeed
For the gift of Thanksgiving day.

JOHN ZIEGLER, TORONTO



How He Saved Thanksgiving

Peleg Pete, the fat rubber doll lay on his back out in the kitchen, little dreaming that he would be a hero in less than fifteen minutes.

Peleg Pete's little mother lay in her crib fast asleep, and his grandmother had gone away up stairs to change her dress. In the sitting room adjoining Elsie and Meg played paper dolls softly, so as not to wake the baby. The door was open a little way.

Oh, dear me no! Nobody was dreaming that fat rubber Peleg Pete was going to distinguish himself. On the kitchen table a row of pies were cooling, blanketed by a row of tarts and crisp, golden cookies—of puddings and plump, raisin speckled cakes. The turkey himself was there too. He reared his big brown sides above all the other good things, from his post of honor in the middle. What a tableful of precious goodies it was! And only fat, rubber Peleg Pete to stand guard over it. But he did it! Wait and see.

Elsie and Meg sniffed once in a while as they played.

"I left the door open to let the smell in. Oh, ain't it perfectly splendid, Meg?" Elsie said.

"Oh my, ain't it! Every single smell is nice, an' all the smells stirred together are—just delicious!"

"I'm so glad to-morrow's Thanksgiving, Elsie said, taking long whiffs of the Thanksgiving smells.

"Oh so I!" chimed in Meg, taking long whiffs, too. But it hadn't been for Peleg Pete, out in the kitchen, there might have been no Thanksgiving dinner, after all.

Peleg Pete's hour of heroism drew very near. And still he lay calmly on his back. Creak! the very softest creak.

The outside door a little ajar, was opening wider. A tramp was coming in! He walked on low padded feet, pitter, patter, across the floor toward the Thanksgiving dinner. He was a big, hungry tramp, with watery eyes and a shaggy greatcoat.

Nearer, nearer than he stepped on Peleg Pete, and there arose a shrill squeak—a whistle of remonstrance.

Peleg Pete's work was done. He had saved the Thanksgiving dinner. In an out rushed Meg and Elsie at his call.

"Oh, you naughty doggie!"
"Go away, seat!"
The tramp edged out of the door, dis-

appointed and crestfallen. Then Elsie caught up Peleg Pete.

"Oh, you darling Peleg Pete!" she cried. "You've saved our Thanksgiving!"

"Oh, you have, Peleg Pete," Meg joined in. "If you hadn't've called to us, what should we have done, for there wouldn't've been anything left to Thanksgiving for!"

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

The Mince-Pie.

Mother was going to make the mince-pie. She was very busy, and her mind was full of other things, for Kitty and Jack were in bed with the measles, and Maggie, the cook, had just scalded her hand and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were all coming on the afternoon train to spend Thanksgiving.

Still it would never do to have a Thanksgiving dinner without a mince-pie, so mother tied on her blue-checked apron, took out the paste-board and the rolling pin and went to work. She mixed the paste and rolled it out thin, and put bits of butter all over it, then she folded it over and rolled it out again and put more bits of butter on it. When she had done this a good many times it began to puff up in places and make bubbles, and then mother stopped rolling and cut out a nice round piece, which she laid in the pie-dish, trimming the edges neatly all around.

Just then a man came to the back door and asked, would the lady please give him a piece of bread, as he "hadn't had nothing to eat since day before yesterday," so mother got a great piece of bread and some corned beef and while he was eating she went back to the pie and began to cut another round piece.

But before she had it half cut she heard kitty calling and ran up stairs to see what was the matter. Kitty wanted a glass of water and Jack wanted his pillow turned and it was time for both of them to take their medicine. Mother did everything they wanted, and then went back to her pie. She put in the mince meat and then she began to put thin layers of crust round the edge and then a book agent came to the door and said he had a most interesting work he would like to show her, and that it was in nineteen volumes at three dollars a volume and no person of education could afford to be without it.

So mother said she was not a person of education and the book agent went away looking very cross. Then mother put the cover on the pie and marked it with three crosses, for Faith, Hope and Charity, as she always did, and then the door bell rang and she put the pie on the shelf in the closet, and took off her checked apron and went to the door, and it was the doctor who had been called to set a broken leg for a boy who climbed on a shed to find his ball and fell off, so he could not come before to see kitty and Jack.

By the time the doctor's visit was over, the afternoon train had come in and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were at the door. They had brought Cousin Sophronia and Cousin Almira Jane with them, as a surprise to mother, and it was a surprise.

She took them all up-stairs and showed them their rooms and Cousin Sophronia and Cousin Almira Jane in her own room, because there was no other. Then she went down to get tea, and poultice Maggie's hand and make mince-cakes for kitty and Jack, and iron father's collars, and press out Aunt Kate's marmala, which had got crumpled in the carriage.

So then it was tea time, and then in a little while it was morning again, and Thanksgiving day. Mother was so glad to think that the mince-pie was all ready, for she had the turkey to dress and roast and the cranberry sauce to make, and the vegetables to cook and pudding

to make. At last dinner time came, and the turkey was done to a turn, and smelt so good, and the pudding was ready, and so was everything else; and then mother went to the closet and took out the mince-pie, and found that she hadn't baked it! Poor mother!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

A Spelling Bee.

"I am going to have a spelling-bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates—an A No. 1 pair—to the boy who can best spell 'man'."

The children turned and stared into one another's eyes. "Best spell 'man,' Uncle John? Why, there is only one way," they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I leave you to think of it awhile." And he buttoned up his coat and went away.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys for all their fun that day. It seemed as if after that, supper time would never come, but it came at last, and Uncle John came too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his great coat pocket. Uncle John did not delay. He sat down and looked straight into Henry's eyes. "Have you been a good boy to-day, Harry?"

"Yes—No," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. But what's that got to do with spelling 'man'?" he added half to himself.

But Uncle John turned to Bob.

"Been a good boy to-day, my boy?"
"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob stoutly. "It's all Joe's fault too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came, we'd clear them off. But Joe, he—"

"I think this is Joe's time to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Joe, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys and they thought so too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way." There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket.

The next minute the skates were on Joe's knee.

"The spelling match is over," said John, "and Joe has won the prize." Three bowlered faces mutely questioned him. "Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling 'man' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it boys, and see."

Hard Work.

Boys, do not shun hard work. Go at it, rejoice in it, it is a blessing to you. And understand us. By hard work we do not mean study or sticking closely to keeping books, keeping store or teaching school, or any of the professional pursuits. These are all honorable, and when closely followed exhaust the nervous energy and make men tired, too. But by hard work we mean work that requires a great deal of muscular force, such as farming, chopping, rolling logs, quarrying rock, doing carpenter work, blacksmithing, laying brick, carrying the load, and working in the forges, furnaces, rolling mills, mines and car shops. This kind of work develops muscular strength, the power of physical endurance, grit, courage and good health.

Said an old man, now up in the eighties, to me a year ago, "When I was fifteen years old I was a weak, spindly kind of a boy, and went into a blacksmith's shop, learned the trade, worked at it eighteen years, and forged out a constitution worth a million dollars." He has ever been a healthy vigorous man, and old as he is still walks the streets, port, cheerful, and straight as an Indian's arrow.

Hard work is good medicine for boys, and especially for young men.—Ex.