

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

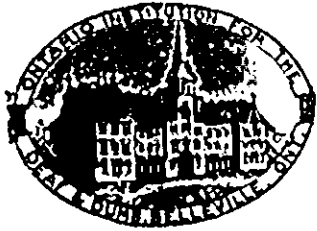
Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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NO. 5.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent
A. MATHISON, Director
J. H. HARKIN, M. D., Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A., (Head Teacher)
P. DENYER
JAMES G. HALL, B. A.
D. J. McKILLOP
W. J. CAMPBELL
Geo. P. STEWART

Miss J. G. TRENDA
Miss M. TRIPLETON
Miss M. M. OSTRON
Miss MARY HULL
Miss FLORENCE MAYBEE
Miss SYLVIA L. HALL
Miss ADA JAMES

Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher of Articulation, (Temporary)

Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

Miss EDITH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing

Miss L. N. MITCHELL, Clerk and Typewriter

Wm. DOUGLASS, Storekeeper & Associate

G. G. KEITH, Supervisor of Boys, etc.

Miss M. DENYER, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc.

Wm. NURSE, Master Shoemaker.

MICHAEL O'SHARA, Former

JOHN T. BURNS, Instructor of Printing

J. MIDDLEMARE, Engineer

JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter

D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker

THOMAS WILLS, 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, character for good will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry 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.

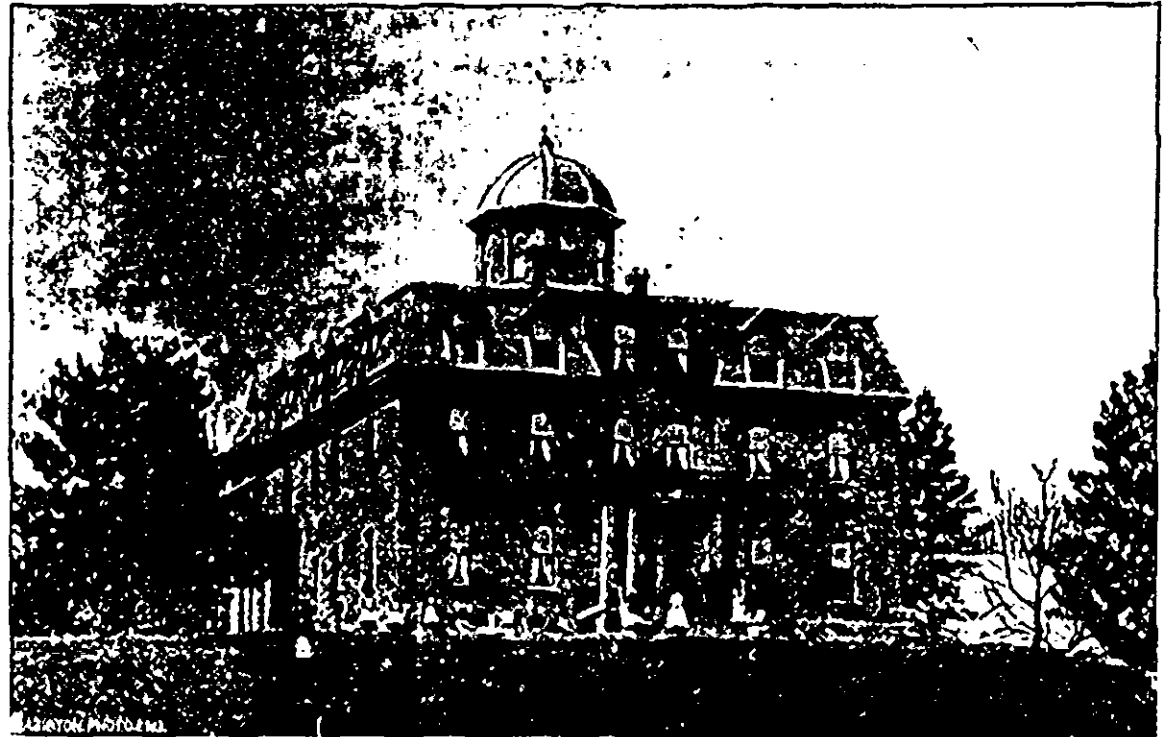
It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and closes 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

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matters 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 message 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.



INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.



When Shall I Meet My Youth Again.

Some time I know not how or when—
This weary road I journey on
Will lead through lands that I have known
And I shall meet my youth again
The road, at length, will bring to view
A cottage in a lonely glen
Where I shall meet my youth again
Where I shall meet my youth again
A boy whose unforgetten face
Will smile me with its tender grace
Of artless life and love and ease
My soul will sparkle in his eye
The white lily's aurnut hand I raise
Against my lips to salve, then,
Where I shall meet my youth again

And yet the lad of whom I dream
May know me not for I shall be
To him a despoiled mystery
Of things that are and things that seem
From these old years of time and toil
His heart, albeit, may recall
As children's often do from men
Where I shall meet my youth again

But he shall know me at the last
And creep into my arms and weep
As I shall fall his lips to sleep
With stories of the charged past
And ere the morning breaks upon
C' twain our souls shall be as one,
And time shall breathe a soft Amen
Where I shall meet my youth again

—Boston Globe



Foundation Stone of Success.

The one great rule of business is that of honesty—absolute and unqualified honesty, writes Edward W. Bok in the *May Ladies Home Journal*. All the rules of business are worthless if they are not founded on that one and only foundation stone to sure commercial success. Honesty is not alone the best policy in business, it is the one and only policy. Upon it, and upon it alone, can a good reputation be built, and a man in business, without a reputation for honesty might just as well stop. Any deviation from the rule of honesty in business may bring temporary gain, but it invariably means permanent loss. On the other hand, a strict adherence to an honest policy may mean a temporary loss, but it is sure to result in a permanent gain.

Harry Blount's Temptation.

If there was anything Harry Blount enjoyed it was a visit to the country home of his Aunt Martha. Aunt Martha was one of those persons whom some people called "an old-fashioned body," but everybody loved her.

When her friends went to see her it was one of her delights to make with her own hands dainty things for them to eat.

There was a particular kind of cake she always made for Harry, because he liked it better than any other kind. It was full of sugar and spice and everything nice. Aunt Martha always baked it in little round pans, and each cake was beautifully frosted. The frosting was covered with candied cherries, always five on each cake, some pieces of citron and chopped nuts. Does it not sound very delicious? There was trouble about it, it was very rich for young people to eat. Aunt Martha had made a dozen of those cakes the very morning that Harry came to visit her, and that evening she gave him one with his supper.

He asked her for another, after he had eaten that one, but Aunt Martha said, "No, dear, you have not been well lately, and I am sure two of those cakes for supper would give you a headache. To-morrow you shall have one at dessert if you like."

The next morning Harry was busy and happy every moment. He helped the man who took care of the horse and cow, he had a ride on the hay cart, he fed the chickens and fished in the brook. It was all delightful.

At dinner his aunt asked him if he would like to drive to the mill with her. Harry's eyes sparkled. If there was anything he liked it was a drive, and if there was a place he liked to go better than anywhere else, it was to the mill.

He talked so much about it he hardly ate any dinner until the dessert came on. That kept him quiet. It was strawberry ice cream and a plate of the cakes with the cherry frosting. Again he asked for two of them, and again Aunt Martha felt she must say no. Harry and Aunt Martha had finished their dinner by two o'clock, and they would not start for the mill until four. It seemed a long time to wait.

He went on to the piazza and swung in the hammock. As the hammock swung quite high, he suddenly saw through the pantry window a plate of the spice cakes on a shelf.

"How many there are," he said to himself. "I don't see why I can't have

another. Aunt Martha does not really care; she is only afraid I'll be sick." While he was thinking this he was getting slowly out of the hammock. In another moment he was in the pantry. I hate to have to write it, but in a short time he had eaten three of the rich cakes. Then he ran out of doors. He went to the barn, nothing amused him. He went to the goose-pond, the geese seemed very stupid. He went back to the house, slowly. He was very unhappy.

Suddenly he had a very queer feeling in his head. He tried to cross the room, but everything seemed to be turning round. He threw himself on to the sofa, his head was now aching terribly, and he was a very wretched boy.

Aunt Martha came in, ready for her drive. His white face almost frightened her. She thought he was going to be ill. She spoke gently to him and Harry burst into tears. Then he told her what he had done.

Aunt Martha said very little, but as she was not willing to leave him, she did not go to the mill that day. The next morning, at breakfast, Harry was much better. His aunt said to him very kindly, "I am glad your headache is quite gone. I am going to the mill this afternoon. If you think you deserve to go I will take you, but I want you to decide for yourself."

Harry looked surprised, but he could say nothing. At four o'clock the carry-all came round to the door. Aunt Martha came out of the house, Harry was standing near.

"Are you coming, too, Harry?" she asked, softly. Harry shook his head and turned away. Aunt Martha got in without another word, took up the reins and drove off.

Harry stood and watched the carriage out of sight with a sad, but determined face. "I do not deserve to go," he said to himself. "It just serves me right. I'll never again do such a mean thing." *L. E. in Our Little Ones and The Nursery.*

Stopped His Laugh.

A man began to laugh immoderately over some amusing narrative and finally, to his dismay, was conscious that he could not stop. The doctor had given him up, and the family were gathering around in expectation of the end when a telegram arrived saying that his wife's mother was coming to make a short visit. It was saved and has laughed no more. *London Tit-Bits.*