

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:
HON. J. R. BRANTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M.A. Superintendent.
W.M. COCHRANE Bureau.
E. F. KIRK, M.D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron.

Teachers:

Head Teachers:
MRS. J. O. TRIMBLE, Miss H. TRIMBLE,
Miss MARY BULL, Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL,
Miss GEORGINA LIND, Miss ADA JAMES,
M. J. MADDERN, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS L. M. JACK, (Miss CAROLINE GIBSON,
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. HURNE,
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.
WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NUBAR,
Receiver & Associate Supervisor, Master Shoemaker.
G. O. KEITH, CHAS. J. PEPPER,
Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer.
Miss M. DENNEY, JOHN DOWNIN,
Semi-train, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.
Miss B. MCNICOL, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Institutional 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 \$80 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, provided for on 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 the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Milling, 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.
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 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.



The Boy of the House.

He was a boy of the house, you know,
A jolly and rollicking lad,
He was never tired, and never sick,
And nothing could make him sad.
If he started to play at sunrise
Not a rest would he take at noon,
No day was so long from beginning to end
But his bedtime came too soon.
Did some one urge that he make less noise,
He would say with a saucy grin,
"Why, one boy alone doesn't make much stir—
I'm sorry I isn't a twin!"
"There's two of twins—O, it must be fun
To go double at everything;
To holler by two, and to run by two,
To whistle by two, and to sing!"
His laugh was something to make you glad,
No trifle was it, of joy,
A conscience he had, perhaps, in his breast,
But it never troubled the boy.
You met him out in the garden path,
With the terrier at his heels;
You knew by the about he hailed you with
How happy a youngster feels.
The maiden auntie was half distraught
At his tricks as the days went by,
"The most mischievous child in the world!"
She said, with a shrug and a sigh.
His father owned that her words were true,
And his mother declared each day
Was putting wrinkles into her face,
And was turning her brown hair gray.
His grown up sister referred to him
As a trouble, a trial, a grief—
"The way he ignored all rules," she said,
"Was something beyond belief!"
But it never troubled the boy of the house,
He revelled in clatter and din,
And had only one regret in the world—
That he hadn't been born a twin.
There's nobody making a noise today,
There's nobody stamping the floor,
There's an awful silence, upstairs and down,
There's a crape on the wide hall door.
The terrier's whining out in the sun—
"Where's my comrade?" he seems to say,
Turn your plaintive eyes away, little dog,
There's no frolic for you to-day.
The freckle-faced girl from the house next door
Is clobbering her young heart out;
Don't cry, little girl, you'll soon forget
To miss the laugh and the about.
The grown-up sister is blushing his face,
And calling him "darling" and "sweet";
The maiden aunt is holding the shoes
That he wore on his restless feet.
How strangely quiet the little form,
With the hands on the bosom crossed;
Not a fold, not a flower out of place,
Not a short curl ruffled and tossed!
So solemn and still the big house seems—
No laughter, no racket, no din,
No starting shriek, no voice piping out:
"I'm sorry I isn't a twin!"
There's a man and a woman, pale with grief,
As the warhorse innocents creep;
Of the loneliness touches everything—
The Boy of the house is asleep.
—John Everett.



An April Fool.

BY HERBERT W. ROBERTS, A FORMER PUPIL.
(From the Montreal Daily Witness.)
"Good morning. I've got something splendid to tell you to-day," I said to my chum, Charlie Morgan, as we joined each other on our way to school.
His face was all interest in a second.
"You'll have to keep it secret," I went on.
"Trust me for that."
"Well, you know Billy Smith has always fooled us on the first of April, and now I propose that we fool him for a change."
"And I heartily second the motion," said Charlie, "only you'll have to lay bare the plan."
Billy Smith was known throughout the neighborhood as one of the most provoking and mischievous of boys. He was in addition a bully, a sneak, and a coward, so that it was no wonder we had little love for him, and I knew that

any scheme which would result in his discomfiture would meet with staunch support from all our school.
"I haven't thought out a plan clearly yet," I said, "but let's see who can think of one quickest."
"Hush, there he is," and Charlie pointed to an approaching figure.
"No, that is not he. It's only Ben Morrison; let's get him into the conspiracy, and Ted Lawson, too. No one will suspect good little Ted of being up to a piece of mischief."
Our friends had soon joined us and it was not long before we had them ready to join in any plan we should adopt. But it was long indeed before anything feasible would suggest itself. At last I lit upon an idea which the others voted for at once and which promised to be very amusing in its fulfilment.
And this was it: I was to get some decayed apples from the cellar of my home and bring them to school along with a hard felt cap the first thing in the morning. Charlie, Ben and Ted were also to be at school early. We should put the apples, soft as mud, into a heap on the grass and carefully cover them with my hard hat. Operations would then be suspended until Bill appeared. Meantime, however, Charlie and Ben were to go into the school while Ted should lurk about the road until Billy came in sight and then should proceed to school slightly ahead of him. At that moment I, who had remained near the hat, was to begin wildly gesticulating and shouting for help to keep what I hid got under my hat. Of course they would all run up in answer, but Billy was to be the one allowed to help in the arduous task of keeping safely what I had got under my hat.
On the morning of April 1, as previous ly arranged, I went to school as early as possible and found all three of my associates waiting to prepare the 'game.' They burst into laughter at my appearance with a pile of decayed apples and a borrowed hard hat.
Soon we had deposited the apples in a convenient spot with the hat carefully placed over them. Then Charlie and Ben retired to the house while I hung about near the hat and Ted went some distance down the road.
Presently I observed someone coming into view. It was Billy, our future victim. Then I saw 'od quickening his steps to meet him. The two seemed to accost each other and then advanced toward the school.
I made for the hat and bending over it, yelled with all my might, "Help, boys, help to keep them!"
Charlie Morgan and Ben Morrison came tearing out of the house, and Ted rushed up with Bill close at his heels. Soon they were all around, trying to persuade me to lift my hat. This I refused until I saw Billy was in the right place for the fun to begin. A lot of the other boys had now come up and the teacher himself was present.
"I will give twenty five cents to any one who will catch them safely," said I, pronouncing the word 'safely' very emphatically.
A little chap from the junior school promptly came forward and said he would do the job. But I waved him back on the score that he wasn't half big enough.
Billy then bobbed out and said he was game to catch anything. I looked at him with a show of pretended reluctance.
"I tell you nothing will escape my grasp," he said, "if you will only draw up your hat like a shot when I give the signal."
"Very well," I said, "take your stand."
He planted himself almost directly over the hat; then shouted "now!"
Up went my hat and down came his hands with lightning-like rapidity. Spitter! spatter! sputter! went the squashy pieces of the rotten apples in every direction, but more especially into his face and over his clothes.
Shrieks of laughter issued from the mouths of the watching boys; even the teacher, a stern and somewhat gloomy

man, laughed. But Billy had turned tail and was flying homeward with a face of crimson hue.
I am sure Billy never forgot our rough and rude April fooling of him, for henceforth complaints against his bullying became few and far between instead of being an everyday occurrence.
The incident was our chief topic of conversation during many recreation hours to come, and even now it is still nearly as fresh in our memories as it was in our youthful days.
Presents to the Queen.
A quaint little ceremony, known as a rent service, was observed in the Queen's remembrance room at law courts, says the London Mail.
The ceremony was a replica of what has taken place annually for at least six hundred years, and it consisted of the payment to her Majesty the Queen of two hatchets, six horseshoes and sixty-one horseshoe nails, in consideration of certain property owned by the corporation of the city of London.
The property consists of a large common in Milford lane, St. Clement Danes, and an estate in Shropshire, known as the "Moors." The custom of rendering these curious dues to the crown dates back to the days of King John, and probably before.
Yesterday afternoon the Queen's remembrance, Mr. G. F. Pollock, was seated at the head of a table to receive the dues on behalf of the Queen. On another table were six large horseshoes, twice as large as present-day horseshoes; a new keen-edged ax, a bright and blunt billhook, and a chopping block placed between two bundles of fagots. Half a dozen ladies and three gentlemen seated on chairs arranged in the form of a horseshoe watched the proceedings on behalf of the general public.
The "service" opened with a short explanation by the Queen's remembrance. The tenant of the "Moors" was then asked to come forward and render his dues to the Queen. The tenant, in the person of Mr. H. Homewood Crawford, the city solicitor, approached the table, bowed most gravely, and then took up the ax and a bundle of fagots. With one blow he cut the fagots in half, and the pieces leaped in all directions. "Good," said the Queen's remembrance—thus testifying to the excellent quality of the ax. The city solicitor next took up the billhook, but it was so blunt that several cuts had to be made before the fagots parted. "Not so good but quite good enough," remarked the Queen's remembrance, and the ax and the billhook were formally handed over in payment for the privilege of owning the "Moors."
The tenant of the forge was next commanded to render his due. Again the city solicitor gathered up the horseshoes, and carefully replaced them one by one. "Six," he said. "A good number," replied the Queen's remembrance. The nails were then slowly counted. "Sixty and one—sixty-one," said the city solicitor. "A good number," again answered the remembrance, with evident satisfaction; and the horseshoes and the nails became the property of her Majesty the Queen. The city solicitor again solemnly bowed, and the Queen's remembrance gravely announced that the horseshoes and the nails and the axe would be "rendered to the Queen in due course if she desires to have them." The seriousness of the remark caused every one to smile.
The horseshoes and the nails to fit them, it should be explained, have been trotted out for this unique show many, many times, but the axes are renewed every year. They are given away to some leading citizen, providing her Majesty does not want them.
Diagrams began work regularly at five in the morning. He wrote an average of four pages at each sitting, and never revised a morning's work.