

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

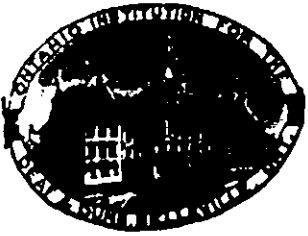
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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

DR. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

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C. MATHESON	Inspector
DR. F. CHAMBERLAIN, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

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MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
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Master Supervisor of Texts, etc	Master Baker
W. W. NEASE	THOMAS WILLS
Master Shoemaker	Gardener
MICHAEL O'MEARA	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 afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, and who are 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 the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance will be admitted free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance 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 the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and Ornamental and fancy work, as may be desirable.

It is provided that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal facilities afforded by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the first of September, and continues until the first of June of each year. The term of admission is to the term of admission, and will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go to the office at noon and 4:45 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.



Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Secretary, Minister of the Ontario Government in charge of this Institution, in his office, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.



Girls Wanted.

Girls of loving heart and soul
Girls who'll lend a helping hand
To a sister in distress.
These are always in demand.

Happy, joyous, innocent,
Molest always and polite
Such are girls to make the world
Pure and beautiful and bright.

Not the girls with naughty ways
Who will scorn another's woe,
Nor those who, on mischievous bent
Boon may reap what they now sow.

Not the girls who selfishly
May of all things, They are mine
But the girls who share their sweets
Saying kindly, "These are thine."

Are the girls our great world needs
For such girls and they're not few
Will to-morrow women be
Strong for any work, and true.

L. H. M. M.



How the Treasure was Found.

BY FLORENCE A. EVANS.

"Now, Peggy," said Mrs. Hunt, "I am ready to go. Don't forget to feed the puppy and the kitten, and I wish you would gather the eggs to-night as I won't be home till quite late."

Peggy was in the kitchen peeling some potatoes, but she came to the front door, kissed her mother good by, and stood watching her walk down the road.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little girl, "I wish I didn't have to see to the eggs. Mother knows I'm afraid of that old gobbler," she continued, addressing the puppy, who looked at her with one eye closed.

Peggy finished the potatoes and went upstairs to her room to sew, for since her father had died, about a year ago, Peggy and her mother had supported themselves by sewing and knitting. Mrs. Hunt's errand to the town that

afternoon was to dispose of some of their handiwork.

Peggy settled herself comfortably and began to sew, but her thoughts still ran on the turkey.

"It was only yesterday," thought she, "that horrid old thing chased me"—then, as a sudden idea entered her mind—"suppose, suppose I didn't look for eggs and told mother that I forgot it; she wouldn't scold. I will forget it. I won't think of it any more."

She did her best to think of other things, of her kitten, of how much money her mother would bring home, but it was of no use—her thoughts would revert to the eggs.

"Oh, this is of no use," said Peggy, aloud. "I'll never forget if I sit still. I'll go down and feed kitty."

So she folded her sewing, and went down stairs, where the kitten and puppy were evidently waiting for her. She fed both, but try as she would she still felt thoughtful of the eggs.

"This will never do," she said, at last, impatiently. "I can't go. I'm awfully afraid of that turkey and when I tell mother so she only laughs."

Leaving the house, Peggy wandered through the orchard. In the next field was the chicken house, towards which she slowly walked; she looked around as she went, but the gobbler was nowhere in sight.

"Well," said the little girl, "it seems as if I can't forget things when I want to. I don't see why, for I'm sure I forget lots and lots of things when I don't want to. The gobbler doesn't seem to be around, so I'll go and get the eggs."

She took the egg basket from the nail where it hung, and bravely began her task.

But alas for Peggy! she had only five eggs in the basket when—"Gobble—gobble—gobble gobble!" and the turkey appeared, running straight for the chicken house.

Peggy screamed and rushed from the door, the gobbler now caught sight of her and changed his course to give chase.

Peggy ran as if pursued by Indians, she reached the friendly shelter of the barn, and quickly ascended the ladder to the loft. The turkey, after an attempt to fly up after her, subsided at the foot

of the ladder, where he expressed his feelings in a series of gobbles.

She was safe, but how long would she have to wait for the turkey to go away? A bright idea struck her—there was still one egg left in her basket, all the others had fallen out during her flight; she took careful aim at the gobbler, and threw it with all her might, but her hand shook, and the egg only hit the floor about a foot from the turkey. She next threw the basket, but with no better success. She would have to wait until her mother came home.

Just as she reached this conclusion, she caught sight of a board in the floor, which seemed to be loose. She took hold of this, intending to wrench it up and throw it at her captor; it came up very easily. Peggy glanced at the cavity thus exposed and saw—what do you think?—a heap of gold coins!

She pinched herself to see if she were awake—she touched the gold. Yes, there was no doubt; it was real, real! Peggy's first thought was, "I must tell mother." She put the board back, and, as she raised her eyes, she saw in a corner of the loft a large pole, which she had not noticed before. She took this and started down the ladder.

The turkey showed fight when he saw her, but several blows with the pole convinced him that "discretion was the better part of valor," and he retired from the field of battle. When the enemy had retreated, Peggy started from the barn almost as fast as she had entered it.

The sun was setting, and Mrs. Hunt was just turning in at the gate. Peggy rushed to her side and told her adventures, which her mother could not believe until convinced by her own eyes. Under the board, with the gold, they found the will of Mr. Hunt, leaving his money to his wife and child.

"Just think, mother," said Peggy, when she was getting ready for bed, "if I hadn't gone for the eggs we might never have found the money."

"And Peggy, dear," said her mother, as she kissed her, "I, too, have found a treasure to-day—in my obedient little daughter."

Cheerfulness is health; its opposite, melancholy, is disease.—Haliburton.