

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IX.

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 15, 1901.

NO. 17.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. H. HATHTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
WM. COCHRANE	Barber
C. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

D. H. COLLMAN, M. A.	Mrs. J. O. TERRILL
(Head Teacher)	Miss R. TEMPLETON
F. DRYES	Miss MARY HULL
JAMES C. BALIS, B. A.	Mrs. SYLVIA L. BALIS
W. J. CAMPBELL	Miss GREGOIRIA LINN
GEO. F. STEWART	Miss ADA JAMES
T. C. FORRESTER	M. J. MADDEN (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of articulation:

Miss L. M. JAY	Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work	
F. C. BURNESTER, Teacher of Sign	

Miss L. N. MENDOZA	JOHN T. BURNS
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing	

WM. DOUGLASS	WM. NURSE
Shoemaker & Associate	Master Shoemaker

O. O. KRITH	CHAS. J. PEPPIE
Superintendent of Boys, etc.	Engineer

Miss M. DEMPSEY	JOHN DOWNIN
Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc.	Master Carpenter

Miss S. McNICHE	D. CUNNINGHAM
Principal Hospital Nurse	Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this institution is to afford education and 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 \$40 per year for board. Text-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, 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. An 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 is put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2.45 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.



"Hushhush."

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Wild tempest whirled on Moscow's castled height,
Wild steel shot slanting down the wind of night,
Quick snarling mouths from out the darkness
sprang

To strike you in the face with tooth and fang,
An old dear sorrow rushed upon his heart,
The thought of his dead father, bent and old,
Lying senseless in the ground so cold,
Then Ivan stood a watchman on his hour,
Guarding the Kremlin by the northern tower
When 'ol' a half bare beggar tottered past,
Shrunk up and stiffened in the bitter blast
A heap of misery he drifted by,
And from the heap came out a broken cry

At this the watchman straightened with a start
An old dear sorrow rushed upon his heart,
The thought of his dead father, bent and old,
Lying senseless in the ground so cold,
Then quick the watchman cried out at his post,
"Little father, this is yours, you need it most."
And tearing off his hairy coat, he ran
And wrapt it warmly round the better man

That night the piling snows began to fall,
And the good watchman died beside the wall,
But waking, the better and that lie
Under the greater stars which are God's eyes,
Behold, the Lord came out to greet him home,
Wearing the coat he gave by Moscow's dome—
Wearing his coat, the very coat he gave
By Moscow's tower before he left the grave

And Ivan, by the old earth-masonry stirred,
Cried softly with a wonder in his word,
"And where, dear Lord, found you this coat of mine?"
A thing such for glory such as Thine?"
Then the Lord answered with a look of light
This coat, my son you gave to me last night."
— From The Jewish Times.



A Prisoner of War.

No rent again this month? This is the third time it has happened within the half year. I'll go there myself and get the money, or I'll know the reason why!

Mr. Matthew Deane was in particularly bad humor this raw December morning. Everything had gone wrong. Stocks had fallen when they ought to have risen—his clerk had tipped over the inkstand on his special and peculiar heap of paper—the fire obstinately refused to burn in the grate—in short, nothing went right, and Mr. Deane was consequently and correspondingly cross.

"Jenkins
"Yes, sir."
"Go to the Widow Clarkson's and tell her I shall be there in half an hour, and expect confidently—mind, Jenkins—confidently to receive that rent money. Or else I shall feel myself obliged to resort to extreme measures. You understand, Jenkins?"

"Certainly, sir
"Then don't stand there staring like an idiot," snarled Mr. Deane, in a sudden burst of irritation, and Jenkins disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterwards, Mr. Matthew Deane brushed the brown hair just sprinkled with gray away from his square yet not unkindly brow, putting on his fur-lined overcoat he walked forth into the chilly winter air fully determined, figuratively, annihilate to the defaulting Widow Clarkson.

It was a dwarfish little red brick house which appeared originally to have aspired to two-story hood, but cramped by circumstances had settled down into a story and a half, but the windows shone like Brazilian pebbles, and the doorsteps were worn by much scouring. Neither

of these circumstances, however, did Mr. Deane remark as he pulled the glittering brass door knob, and strode into Mrs. Clarkson's neat parlor.

There was a small fire very small, as if every lump of anthracite was hoarded in the stove, and at a table with writing implements before her, sat a young lady whom Mr. Deane at once recognized as Mrs. Clarkson's niece, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not disagreeable to look upon, though you would never have thought of classing her among the beauties, with shining black hair, blue, long-lashed eyes, and a very pretty mouth, hiding teeth like rice kernels, so white were they.

"Miss Mellen rose with a polite nod, which was grimly reciprocated by Mr. Deane.

"I have called to see your aunt, Miss Mellen."

"I know it, sir, but as I am aware of her timid temperament, I sent her away. I prefer to deal with you myself."

Mr. Deane started—the cool audacity of this damsel in gray, with scarlet ribbons in her hair, rather astonished him.

"I suppose the money is ready?"

"No, sir, it is not."

"Then, Miss Olive, pardon me. I must speak plainly. I shall send an officer here this afternoon to put a valuation on the furniture, and—"

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir."

Olive's cheek had reddened and her eyes flashed portentously. Mr. Deane turned toward the door, but ere he knew what she was doing, Olive had walked quietly across the room, locked the door, and taken out the key—then she resumed her seat.

"What does this mean?" ejaculated the astonished "prisoner of war."

"It means, sir, that you will now be obliged to reconsider the question," said Olive.

"Obliged?"

"Yes—you will hardly jump out of the window, and there is no other method of egress unless you choose to go up the chimney. Now, then, Mr. Deane, will you tell me if you a Christian man in the twentieth century—intend to sell a poor widow's furniture, because she is not able to pay your rent. Listen, sir!" Mr. Deane had opened his mouth to remonstrate, but Olive enforced her words with a very emphatic little stamp of the foot, and he was, as it were, stricken dumb.

"You are what the world calls a rich man, Mr. Deane. You own rows of houses, piles of bank stock, railroad shares, bonds and mortgages—who knows what? My aunt has nothing. I support her by copying. Now, if this case be carried into a court of law, my poor ailing aunt will be a sufferer—you would emerge unscathed and profiting. You are not a bad man, Mr. Deane! You have a great many noble qualities and I like you for them. She paused an instant and looked intently and gravely at Mr. Deane. The color rose to his cheek—it was not disagreeable to be told by a pretty young girl that she liked him, on any terms, yet she had indulged in pretty plain speaking. "I have heard,"

she went on, "of your doing kind actions when you were in the humor for it. You can do them, and you shall in this instance. You are cross this morning, and you know you are! Hush, no excuse! You are selfish and irritable and overbearing! If I were your mother, and you a little boy, I should certainly put you in a corner until you promised to be good."

Mr. Deane smiled, although he was getting angry. Olive went on with the utmost composure.

"But as it is, I shall only keep you here a prisoner until you have behaved, and given me your word not to annoy my aunt again for rent, until she is able to pay. Then, and not until then, will you receive your money. Do you promise?"

"I certainly shall agree to no such terms," said Mr. Deane, tartly.

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

Miss Mellen deposited the key in the pocket of her gray dress, and sat down to her copying. Had she been a man, Mr. Deane would probably have knocked her down—as it was, she wore an invisible armor of power in the very fact that she was a fragile, slight woman, and she knew it.

"Miss Olive," he said, sternly, "let us terminate this mummery. Unlock that door!"

"Mr. Deane, I will not."

"I shall shout and alarm the neighborhood, then, or call a policeman."

"Very well, Mr. Deane, do so, if you please." She slipped her pen in the ink and began on a fresh page. Matthew sat down puzzled and discomfited, and watched the long lashed eyes and faintly tinted cheek of his keeper. She was very pretty—what a pity she was so obstinate.

"Miss Olive!"

"Sir?"

"The clock has just struck twelve."

"I heard it."

"I should like to go out and get some lunch."

"I am sorry that luxury is out of your power."

"But I'm confounded hungry."

"Are you?"

"And I'm not going to stand this sort of thing any longer."

How provokingly nonchalant she was. Mr. Deane eyed the pocket of the gray dress greedily, and walked up and down the room pettishly.

"I have an appointment at one."

"Indeed! What a pity you will be unable to keep it."

He took another turn across the room. Olive looked up with a smile.

"Well, are you ready to promise?"

"Hang it, yes? What else can I do?"

"You promise?"

"I do, because I can't help myself."

Olive drew the key from her pocket with softened eyes.

"You have made me very happy, Mr. Deane. I dare say you think me unwomanly and unfeminine, but indeed you do not know to what extremities we are driven by poverty. Good morning, sir."

Mr. Deane sallied forth with a curious complication of thoughts and emotions struggling in his brain, in which gray dresses, long-lashed blue eyes and scarlet ribbons played a prominent part.

(Continued on last page.)