

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. H. STRATTON, TORONTO.

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

Officers of the Institution:
L. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
WM. COCHRANE, Bursar.
E. EAKINS, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:
D. B. COLEMAN, M. A., Head Teacher
P. DAVIS, JAMES H. BALLOU, B. A., D. J. M. KILPATRICK, W. J. CAMPBELL, DR. F. STEWART, P. C. FORRESTER, M. J. MADONN, (Monitor Teacher)
MRS. J. G. TERRILL, Miss S. TEMPLETON, Miss MARY HULL, Mrs. SYLVIA L. BALLOU, Miss GEORGINA LINN, Miss ADA JAMES

Teachers of Articulation:
MISS ADA M. JACK, MISS CAROLINA GIBSON.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. HURNS, Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.
W. DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE, Stenographer & Associate Superior, Master Shoemaker
G. G. KRITH, CHAS. J. TIPPIN, Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer
Miss M. DEMSKY, JOHN DOWNIE, Stenographer, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter
Miss S. McNICCH, D. CONNINGHAM, Trained Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOURK, 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 \$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 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, Bookbinding 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, 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 post office at noon and 2 1/2 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 Burial of Moses.

MRS. FRANCES ALEXANDER

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan a wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man dug that sepulchre
And no man saw it e'er
For the angels of God upturned the soil
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trumpeting
Or saw the train go forth
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done
And the crimson streak on a man's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain-town
The great procession swept.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword
This, the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
Toe hill side for a fall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave
And fold a own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.



Helen.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

Helen loved to be hospitable. She enjoyed exceedingly the care of her father's house, which had of late devolved upon her, and delighted in making it pleasant for his friends; and so, before she had been long home from boarding-school, she had heard from more than one of her girl friends how "perfectly lovely" everybody thought Helen Ashton to be. This, of course, acted as an added incentive, and stimulated Helen to strive for even higher praise. And so she welcomed everybody who came with a warmth of manner and a pretty cordiality which was very pleasing. Now and then, at first, Tom brought home his friends, and her bright greeting and ready tact would soon set the most timid at ease. But what puzzled Tom was that she often reproved him sharply, in private, for inviting the very boys whom she had appeared so pleased to entertain; and so he finally concluded that it was wisest to leave all invitations to Helen herself.

"It's mighty queer how different she is when there's company," mused the mystified boy. "She's always as sweet as a peach to strangers."

But he soon took it, as a matter of course, that Helen's sweetest smiles were reserved for others than himself, and went on his rather lonely way without a murmur, while Helen smiled her pretty smile, bid all comers welcome, and took but little thought of her awkward, affectionate young brother, except when some action of his called forth a rebuke, which was not of infrequent occurrence.

"Can't you come into the room a little more quietly, Tom?" she would ask in a cold voice, which, involuntarily, the boy would contrast with the tones he might have been listening to ten minutes before. "Tom, how careless of you to forget to brush your shoes! I wish that you would learn to close the hall door

more carefully! It gives me a start whenever you slam it so!"

And so it went on, day after day, until, over the boy's affectionate heart a crust of reserve, almost dislike, was growing, through which it might be, all too soon, impossible to break.

Yet Helen would have been horrified had any one intimated that she was in the slightest degree hypocritical; and who did not realize for an instant how utterly different a person was the Helen Tom knew in private, and the Helen Ashton who had been pronounced by outsiders to be "perfectly lovely."

But one day a trifle tore the veil from her eyes. One of Tom's friends had called to see him one afternoon, and as Tom was not at home Helen urged him to remain till her brother returned, and entertained him in her pretty, graceful manner till Tom came in, when she left them with a few bright words.

She went up to her own room for a few moments, and when she returned to the library the boys had gone into the dining room, which opened out of it, to examine Tom's aquarium. They were standing beside it with their backs to ward her, talking, so that they neither heard nor saw her when she entered. This Helen did not realize till she heard Harry Black say suddenly; "By the way, Tom, what an awfully kind girl your sister is! I haven't any sister, you know. It must be fine to have such a one as yours always around to make things comfortable for a fellow!"

Helen's glance happened to catch the expression on Tom's face reflected in the mirror. He was standing behind Harry, or he would never have allowed that sarcastic smile to hover for even that fleeting instant about his lips before he answered.

"Almost everybody feels that way about Helen. Look at that fellow, Harry, he's going to gobble up my tadpole! Do you know he eats them about as fast as I can put them in!"

That was all; and presently the boys left the room by another door.

But Helen?
With burning cheeks and blood tingling to her finger tips she sat motionless; for she had read all too well that bitter smile, had interpreted the quiet voice in which the boy had replied that almost every one felt that way about her.

"He is so honest that he did not even say 'yes,' as it would have been so natural to do," she thought. And then, slowly in the light of Tom's sincerity, she became conscious of how really different the public and private Helen were. Poor Tom! Poor, neglected, patient Tom! Well—he should see!

They were wonderful days for Tom which followed. The day, for instance, on which on entering his room he found it fitted up, as he gratefully expressed it, "fit for a prince!" and the other day when Helen suggested kindly that it was a long time since he had invited a friend to dinner.

"I was afraid of making you trouble; it always seemed to bother you so," he replied honestly.

Helen's eyes filled up with sudden tears, but she only replied penitently: "Yes, I know, dear; I have been horrid! But I want them, Tommy, as often as you care to bring them home."

The wonderful days went on; days when Tom never had to ask for a pair of stockings, or to have a string or button replaced, so carefully was his wardrobe guarded, days when the slightest hint of a desire for a flag for his boat, or a new skate bag, or a guitar case, met with prompt and kind attention. Tom wasn't the kind of boy to be very demonstrative; in fact, as I have intimated, Helen had not acted in a manner to call up any such desire on his part; but one evening, two or three months later, when the new order of things had become a settled habit, as Helen had called him some little piece of work she had been doing for him, the boy turned suddenly and coming over to her, as she sat beside the lamp-lit table, flung one

arm about her neck, and stooping, kissed her heartily.

"I wouldn't swap you," he exclaimed, "for any other girl on earth!"

And though the words lacked in elegance, Helen thought them by far the most precious praise that she had ever received from any lips.

A Bravo Boy.

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation tramp through northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic water fall a boy named Forrest Leo Graves.

Forrest was a fine athletic fellow, who could out-walk and out-climb any amateur in the mountains; and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength.

After he had guided the young men to the water-fall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you, I have my own lunch," and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called.

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party. "No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall insist upon it."

"You can do as you please, and I shall do as I please."

The young man sprang to his feet and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of the other.

"Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule."

"You can't rule me."

Those words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream. Then a clear defiant tone rang out:

"I did it in self defence. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honorable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise!"

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I were as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and alas! how many men and women. Who dare tempt them? Let it not be you nor me.—Signal.

Just for Fun.

A Sunday School Superintendent at the close of an address on the Creation, which he was sure he had kept within the comprehension of the least intelligent of the scholars, smilingly invited questions. A tiny boy, a white eager face and large brow, at once held up his hand: "Please sir, why was Adam never a baby?" The superintendent coughed in some doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl of nine, the eldest of several brothers and sister, came promptly to his aid: "Please sir," she said smartly, "there was nobody to nuss him."

The superintendent of a city Sunday School was making an appeal for a collection for the shut-in society, and he said: "Can any boy or girl tell me of any shut-in person mentioned in the Bible? Ah, I see several hands raised. That is good. This little boy right in front of me may tell me. Speak up good and loud, so that all will hear you, Johnnie." "Jonah!" shrieked Johnnie.