

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:
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

W. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent.
A. MATHISON, Inspector.
E. F. KINGS, M. D., Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

H. H. COLMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.
J. HENRY, Teacher.
JAMES C. BALIN, B.A., Teacher.
W. J. MILLER, Teacher.
W. J. CAMPBELL, Teacher.
J. H. HENRY, Teacher.
J. H. HENRY, Teacher.
M. J. MADDOX, Monitor Teacher.
MRS. J. G. TERNILL, Teacher.
MISS S. TEMPLETON, Teacher.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher.
MRS. SYLVIA J. HALL, Teacher.
MISS ADA JAMES, Teacher.
MISS GEORGINA LANN, Teacher.
MISS SYVA BROWN, Teacher.

Teachers of Articulation:

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

MISS L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. HURNA,
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE,
Sweeper & Associate Supervisor, Master Shoemaker.

J. O. KEITH, CHAS. J. PERRY,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Seamstress Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS N. MCNINCH, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital 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 \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance and be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board and tuition 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. For information as to the terms of admission, the pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

E. 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 the 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 use unless the same is in the locked bag.



One of God's Little Heroes

The patter of feet was on the stair
As the collar turned in his sanctum chair
And said: "for weary the day had been
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words before
A face peeped in at the open door,
And a child sobbed out: "Oh, mother, said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead."

"And who is Dan?" The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up with strange surprise
"Not know him?" Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold."

"The newsboys say that they cannot tell
The reason his stock went off so well
I knew, with his voice so sweet and low
Could any one bear to say to him: "No?"

"And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried home to mother and me
No matter about his rage, he said,
It only he kept us clothed and fed."

"And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and
cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets were sold
But his dead—his dead, and we miss him so
And mother—she thought you might like to
know."

In the paper next morning, as "leader" ran
A paragraph thus: "The newsboy Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
did nobly the duty he had to do—
For mother and sister earning bread
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."

—MARGARET F. PATERSON



Clean Hands.

"See what I've got!" cried Rob,
exultingly, holding high in the air a
large and handsome pocket-knife.
"That Ned Howie is a perfect ninny!
It was his own doings; we swapped at
school to day. He took a fancy to my
tablet and asked me to change. It was
a perfectly fair bargain."

"Are your hands clean, Rob?" asked
Mrs. Smith, with seeming irrelevance.
"Tolerably so, mother," Rob replied,
"but I'll give 'em a rinse, and be ready
for dinner in a jiffy."

"So you think your hands are clean,
Rob?" asked Mrs. Smith again as Rob
returned from the rinsing process.

"Dear me, mother!" said Rob, hold-
ing up his hands for a critical survey,
"don't they look all right?"

"Very tidy-looking hands, Rob, and
yet again I must ask, 'Are your hands
clean?'" said Mrs. Smith with a sig-
nificant glance.

"Oh, you mean about the knife,"
said Rob, coloring. "I don't see how I
soiled my hands there. Ned proposed
the swap, and I simply agreed to it."

"Yet you called him a ninny for mak-
ing the proposition. He's younger than
you, and he's apt to yield foolishly to
a passing fancy. Ought you to have
let him take the tablet? He'll repent
of it by to-morrow."

"Shouldn't wonder if he did—the
great goose! But a bargain's a bargain,
all the same."

"You know the Bible says so much
about clean hands, hands clean from
dishonest gains and from tampering in
any way with unclean things. He who
ascends unto the hill of the Lord must
have clean hands and a pure heart,
and another verse says 'He that hath
clean hands shall be stronger and
stronger.' Soiled hands mean a soiled
character. It's the clean hands which
receive the blessing."

"Well, mother, I'll give back the
knife. I'm afraid my hands are not
quite clean. I did jump at the bargain.
I suppose I ought to have reasoned with
Ned, indeed, I suppose I oughtn't to
have swapped, anyway."

"Here's your knife, Ned," said Rob
next morning, "and you may give me
my tablet. It wasn't a fair exchange."

"Father said that I was a fool, and
that you were a sharper; but whatever

I am, you are all right," said Ned
cordially.

"You see I want clean hands," said
Rob eagerly, "more than I want a knife.
Mother has such a fashion of harping
on 'clean hands' that I have to look
pretty sharp to my ways; and I know
she's right, too."

Rob needed to have a strong desire for
"clean hands" to be proof against the
temptation which assailed him.

"Come, let's have a game of warbles,"
said Sam Hooper one night after school;
"a real old rousing game, such as we
used to play before we took hold of
baseball!"

"If you mean to play in earnest,"
said Rob, "you'll have to count me out
for mother doesn't approve of it."

"Play in earnest!" cried Sam mock-
ingly. "Why, man alive, how else
would you have a feller play? We
don't want any babyish, milk-and-water
game! Come along!"

"No, thank you," persisted Rob,
"I'm going home."

"Before I'd be such a prig!" cried
Sam scornfully. "Go home then, and
let your mother tie you to her apron-
strings."

It was a very angry Rob who rushed
home with Sam's jeers ringing in his
ears.

"It costs something to keep your
hands clean," said his mother when she
heard his story, "and it ought to. Are
you going to give up an honest conviction
for the sake of a few jibes and jeers?"

"Not I," said Rob. "I'll fight it out
on this line if it takes all summer!"

And fight it out on this line Rob did.
Standing on Clifton Bridge the following
Saturday with a group of comrades, Rob
watched the boat-race with boyish en-
thusiasm. Bet as to the probable result
of the race were being exchanged by
their elders, and the betting spirit soon
extended to the little group of school-
mates.

"I'll have nothing to do with any-
thing of the kind," said Rob promptly.
"Mother says it's but another form of
gambling."

"Some mighty good people indulge
in it, nevertheless," said Sam Hooper,
"and what do you care if you are in
good company? You are as full as you
can stick of narrow notions?"

"Well, I'm content to be narrow,"
said Rob bravely. "The right or the
wrong of a thing is the point in which
I am interested. Perhaps some of the
good people you brag about will skip
out soon, that's what that kind of good-
ness leads to, father says."

"Three cheers for Rob! Give me
your hand, Rob," cried Dick Harlow, a
leader among the boys. "I admire
your grit; and just stop your bulldozing,
Sam Hooper! Boys, don't let's bet; let's
follow Rob's example. My father talks
about the courage of one's convictions;
that's what Rob has, and a capital thing
it is, too. Let's have convictions, boys,
and stick to them. Now, three rousing
cheers for Rob!"

Dick's words had reached other ears
than those for which they were intend-
ed, and some stranger voices joined in
the cheering.

"I like that kind of cheers," said a
gentleman who stood near by. "Too
many boys cheer on the other side."

Rob went home elated, and yet bow-
led by his sudden popularity.

"It always pays to do right," said his
mother, "although sometimes it may
seem otherwise. In the end, character
must command respect. I hope my
boy will always be one of those 'to dare
nobly, to will strongly, and never to
faller in the path of duty.'"—*The Con-
gregationalist.*

A little 4 year old occupied an upper
berth in the sleeping car of the express
train. Awakening once in the middle of
the night his mother asked him if he
knew where he was. "Touso I do,"
he replied, "I'm in the top drawer."—
Household Words.

Gladstone's Private Kindness.

Really great men are apt to like quiet
ways in their benevolence. They

do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
There lives a humble but thrifty shoe
maker in Berlin, Prussia, who remembers
one instance of this with perennial grati-
tude.

When he was a young man, he went
to London and opened a little workshop,
but his gains were so small that he made
nothing beyond his present needs, and
his hope to earn a home of his own
seemed doomed to disappointment. A
worthy German girl at service in the
city had become engaged to him, and
his pride at first would not suffer him
to tell her the whole truth; but when,
one day, a customer came with a gener-
ous order, and he found himself too poor
to buy the leather to make the shoes,
he felt that he must share his trouble
with his only friend.

In the brief hours of a half-holiday
they took a stroll together, and among
other places visited St. Paul's Cathedral.
By the time they entered the famous
whispering gallery he found courage to
reveal the whole story of his circum-
stances. Their presence in the church
suggested the one theme nearest their
hearts, and in talking of it, he forced
himself to tell his betrothed wife that
their marriage was almost beyond hope.

The brave girl encouraged him, and
insisted on giving him her own little
savings, so that he might purchase the
leather and fill his customer's order.
Business would improve and their pros-
pects brighten by and by, she said.

Probably both were too much preoccu-
pied to realize that they stood where
'walls have ears' and ceilings are tell-
tales—and that there are Englishmen to
whom German is no unknown tongue.

Unbeknown to the young shoemaker,
when next day, he went to buy the
leather, he was shadowed. The person
who followed him was not a detective,
but a gentleman who had been commis-
sioned to enquire about him, and had
done so with satisfactory results. The
shoemaker was about to pay for his pur-
chase, when the leather merchant astou-
nished him by offering to give him credit.
The unseen 'shadow' had contrived to
say a good word for him in the ear of
the merchant.

That open account was the beginning
of better days for the poor young man.
Prosperity followed, and surprising or-
ders from the wealthiest families poured
in. He married and established a com-
fortable home, and for years was known
in London as the 'Parliament shoe-
maker.'

Had he stayed in London, he might
never have known who his secret friend
was, but the longing of his wife for her
native country finally decided him to
return to Berlin. When he paid his last
bill, his dealer told him that the man
to whom he owed the credit that put
him on his feet was Mr. Gladstone. The
great minister happened to be in the
whispering gallery at the opportune
moment, and had overheard the tale of
the young workman's poverty.

When Mr. Gladstone died, a plain oak-
leaf chaplet came from Berlin, through
the hands of the British consul in that
city, to be placed with the funeral offer-
ings around the statesman's casket. It
was the German shoemaker's gift of re-
membrance—after twenty years—and
its simplicity would have delighted the
heart of the illustrious Englishman, who
was as modest in his private kindness
as he was grand in public command.—
Youth's Companion.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but
hard words bruise the heart of a child.
—*Longfellow.*

Let every father ask himself, "Do I
wish my son to walk in my footsteps?"
and let every boy ask his father, "Do
you wish me to walk exactly in your foot-
steps, father?"—*The American Friend.*