

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

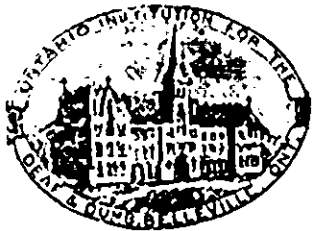
Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. IX.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1901.

NO. 6.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge.
HON. J. L. STRATTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
MR. F. E. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M.A. Superintendent.
W. M. COCHRAN, Bursar.
J. J. EAKINS, M.D. Physician.
MISS ISABELL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. E. COLEMAN, M.A. Head Teacher.
P. DENNIS, Miss MARY HULL.
JAMES HALLIS, B.A. Miss SYLVIA L. HALLIS.
D. W. McKILLOP, Miss GEORGINA LINS.
W. CAMPBELL, Miss ADA JAMES.
G. E. SENWALT, Miss ADA JAMES.
T. J. TORRENTIA, Miss ADA JAMES.
M. J. MADDEN, Monitor Teacher.

Teachers of Braille:

MISS L. M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE O'BRIEN.

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
T. J. TORRENTIA, Teacher of Sloyd.

Miss L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS,
Chief Instructor of Printing.

W. M. DOUGLASS, Wm. NURSE,
Sweeping & Associate Master Shoemaker
Superintendent.

G. U. KEITH, CHAR. J. PEPIN,
Superintendent of Boys, etc. Engineer.

Miss M. DENNEY, JOHN DOWRIE,
Sewing, Superintendent of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter.

Miss S. MUNNIE, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Chief 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 \$20 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.

Some previous to 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 on 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 the Superintendent 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 box.



The Maple Leaf Forever.

BY ALEXANDER MUIR

In days of yore from Britain's shore
Wells the dauntless hero came
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain
Here on my way, our host, our guide,
And joined in love together
The Thistle, the Shamrock, Rose and Wine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, honour and loved ones dear
Firmly stood, and nobly died,
And those dear toasts which they maintained
We swear to hold them never
Our watchword evermore shall be
The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear
The Maple Leaf forever
God save our Queen, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

Our fair Dominion now extends,
From Cape Race to Nova Scotia Sound
May peace forever be our lot
And pleasure store abound,
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever
And flourish green o'er freedom's home
The Maple Leaf forever.

Oh merry England, far famed land
May kind heaven sweetly smile
God bless the peaceful evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our Queen, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear
The Maple Leaf forever
And flourish green o'er freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.



"Tatters."

To the grown-up dwellers in the Orchard Street tenement he was known only as the newsboy, but to the children of the locality he was Tatters. The name was applied in ridicule, because his clothing was well worn and his reefer a thing of rags and patches, but it stuck to him long after the neighborhood came to know him as a boy of family who worked early and late to support a mother and some younger brothers and sisters.

The lad had a "stand" on the street corner, not a table or shelf with a canvas or board shelter as most local news-dealers, but a stand in the literal sense, and there he could be found with the earliest editions of the morning papers and again through the afternoons when "extras" followed each other at short intervals. When business fell off between the morning sales and the coming of the wagon with the 9 o'clock editions of the afternoon papers, Tatters would run errands or deliver parcels for the butcher. He was not a good boy. He had never been to church or Sunday school in his life and could swear like a pirate whenever circumstances seemed to justify strong language, but he was honest and manly. Tatters had incurred the enmity of the less industrious newsboys of the neighborhood by muddling his own business and refusing to shoot craps with them. He did not regard gambling as a vice, but it would interfere with his business, so he thrashed a few of the urchins who called him names and held his "stand" on the corner by standing on it during business hours. His one diversion was going to fires. If there was a fire in the neighborhood Tatters was always one of the first spectators on hand, and he maintained a speaking acquaintance with the members of the engine company situated in the block, and to them con-

fided his secret ambition to become a "hooker" when he grew up. A hooker in the dialect of the East Side meaning a member of a hook and ladder company of the Fire Department.

There came a time one day, when Tatters leaving his papers with the butcher and running to a tenement house fire at the first alarm, got a chance to show that he had in him the stuff of which heroes of the hook and ladder are made. When the reporters from Police Headquarters arrived at the scene of this particular fire they found a tenement in ruins, a block filled with crying and chattering women and children, the firemen dragging out their hose, a squad of police struggling with the pushing throng at the fire lines, and all the other incidents of commonplace confusion peculiar to the locality. The reporters made their way to the police roundmen and the battalion chief, who were comparing notes for their respective report. "Any one burned or hurt?" they asked of the roundman.

"Now, the whole bunch got out," the roundman replied.

"Any rescues, Chief?" they asked the commander of the firemen.

"None that you want, I guess. I believe they dropped some kids out of a window before the truck got here, but that didn't amount to anything," said the Chief of the Battalion as he signalled his men to return to quarters.

The reporters had passed out of the fire lines and were forcing their way through the dense crowd when a bare-headed girl of ten pulled the sleeve of the man in front and said—

"Say is youse gonn' to put somethin' in de paper about Tatters and what he done?"

"Who is Tatters, and what did he do?" the reporters asked, seeking material for a descriptive or special story.

"Why, he saved Mrs. Frank's two kids outen de fust floor back fore de hookies got here."

"Where is he?"

"Back at his starr' sell'n' papers jes' like he aint done nothin'."

By this time the reporters had cleared the worst of the crowd, and they were quickly surrounded by eye witnesses of the heroism of Tatters, all eager to tell the story in the hope of getting their own names in the newspapers. The story they told, stripped of unnecessary details, was that Mrs. Frank, who lived in the burned tenement, fourth floor back, had gone out, leaving her two small children locked in a room. She returned to find flames bursting from the third-floor windows, and the stair way black with smoke. Between five piercing screams and a struggle to rush into the burning building she managed to make known the fact that her children were locked in, and then she fell in a faint just as Tatters broke from the crowd and dashed up the smoke enveloped stairs. The women in the streets ran through the adjoining houses and gathered, white faced and breathless, in the yard back of the burning tenement. A moment later they saw Tatters at the window on the fourth floor. He looked down the encumbered fire escape and saw tongues of flames darting out of all the windows below him and twining about the frail iron ladder.

Then he disappeared for an instant and the shrieking crowd in the yard below saw a mattress hurled from the window where he had stood. It was followed by a feather bed, then two pillows and some quilts came down in a bunch.

"Pile on in a heap," the boy shouted to the women below, and without divining his purpose, they obeyed.

The flames were creeping up, and the fall of the fourth floor window was smoking when Tatters reappeared with a bundle in his arms.

"Look out, it's de youngest kid!" he shouted as the bundle flashed through the smoke and landed in the middle of the pile of bedding. A lusty howl from the bundle announced that the child

was not even stunned by the fall, and half a dozen women rushed forward to remove it quickly as they realized the heroic plan of rescue adopted by Tatters. A moment later a second bundle landed safely on the improvised life cushion, and then a cloud of black smoke rolled up from below and hid the fourth floor window. For an instant the excited spectators held their breath, and some turned their heads away. They heard a choking and muffled warning to look out, and Tatters, turning a complete somersault through the smoke, landed on his feet on the pile of bedding, unhurt.

When the firemen arrived, Mrs. Frank had recovered from her swoon and was clasping her children in her arms. Tatters had disappeared in the crowd.

The reporters realized that they had material for a good story, with pictures, and, followed by a great crowd of children, they hurried down to the corner to get an interview with the boy hero.

Finding himself surrounded by such a crowd, with men wearing fire badges asking him questions, Tatters became so confused and disconcerted that he denied having been at the fire.

"Oh, what a lie!" cried the girl who had first told the newspaper men of his heroism.

"Aw, g'wan, I aint done nothin'," said Tatters, glaring at the girl and trying to back away from the reporters.

Then a woman with tears running down her cheeks forced her way through the admiring throng, and dropping on her knees in front of the now thoroughly frightened newsboy, she threw her arms about his neck and began to kiss his dirty hands and smoke-stained face.

"You saved my babes! You saved my babes! God bless you!" the woman said, and then she cried and laughed by turns, and stroked his arms with trembling hands.

Tatters glanced furtively at the faces of the men and women who were now closing in around him, and seeing no encouragement hogrew desperate. Dropping his papers, he wrenched himself free from the embrace of Mrs. Frank.

"Aw, g'wan!" he cried, as the woman began to call down the blessings of heaven upon him, and making a wild dash through the crowd, he disappeared around the corner, running as fast as his short legs could carry him.—Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A Boy Inventor.

How important to the world may be the turning of boys' thoughts into the right channel is indicated by the fact that the telephone was originated by Prof. A. G. Bell when he was a boy. His father, the venerable Prof. A. M. Bell, gives an account of the matter in a letter published in Mr. George Hies's new work, "Flame, Electricity and the Camera."

"In the boyhood of my three sons I took them to see the speaking-machine constructed by Herr Faber and we were all greatly interested in it professionally. To test their theoretical knowledge and their mechanical ingenuity, I offered a prize to the one who should produce the best results in imitation of speech by mechanical means.

"All of course, set to work, but nothing of startling novelty was devised. The scheme of my second son, A. G. Bell, was, however, the best. This contest—as well as the whole course of the boys' education—directed their minds to the subject, until the sole survivor of the lad's came to the conclusion that imitative mechanism might be dispensed with, and merely the vibrations of speech be transmitted to an electric wire.

"This was entirely his own idea. He illustrated it to me by diagrams, and sketched out the whole plan of central office communication long before anything had been done for the practical realization of the idea. I can claim nothing in the telephone but the impulse which led to the invention.—Youth's Companion."