

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 J. B. STRATTON, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
WM. COCHRANE, Bursar
J. E. FAKINS, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

D. H. HOLMES, M. A., Miss J. G. TERRILL, Head Teacher
Miss S. TEMPLETON,
P. DENNY, Miss MAINT HULL,
JAMES C. BAKER, H. A. Miss SYLVIA L. BAKER,
D. J. McKEE, Miss GEORGINA LYNN,
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss ADA JAMES,
Geo. F. SIKKENS, Miss M. I. MADDEN, Monitor Teacher
T. C. FURBER, M. I. MADDEN, Monitor Teacher

Teachers of Articulation

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

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

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE, Stenographer & Interpreter, Master Shoemaker

H. G. KEITH, CHAS. J. DEYAN, Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer

MISS M. DEMSEY, JOHN DOWD, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

MISS S. McNICOLL, D. CONNINGHAM, Training Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOON, Currier 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 required for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Stationery 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 is put in box in office. Post will be sent to city post office at noon and 4 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.



Imperial Anthem.

BY H. H. DEARD

The small old power of England tread-
Far over the rolling waves
And rising not as rear their heads
Our children not our slaves
If we led fast for what we are
When battle standards fly
Through all the earth where dwells the foe
That darts our right reply

O'er all the seas the morning breeze
Thinks out that eagle's cry,
Where far Newfoundland's whaler sees
The angry surges rise
To where, all peaceful and serene
Australia's water glides
Where her gigantic coral screen
The ocean wave divides

No pause or rest our empire knows,
Borne on with strength and skill
A thousand years of warfare shows
Our banners forward still
High o'er Egyptian sands they float
Tyrant forts and towers
Now hear the British bugle note
That tells the land is ours

Then let us stand and hand in hand
Swear still the sword to draw
If England's right our aid demands
For Empire, Home and Law
Hurrah! Hurrah! the cheering ring-
High o'er the rolling wave
Our strength is in the King of Kings
Almighty strong to save

British Deaf Monthly



The Colonel's Hero.

BY MARTHA DEAN

It was the most delightful place to spend the summer, just on the shore of one of Muskoka's prettiest lakes. Tim Hartwell and Frank Martin were having a glorious time. There was sailing and canoeing and swimming and fishing and picnics—and the Colonel. The boys thought he was the best of all. He boarded in the same house as they did—a big, cool, summer house, with deep verandas facing the lake and with rocks behind—and he was always helping the boys with their sports. He taught them to dive off the wharf, where the water was so deep, and even dropped an occasional ten-cent bit in just to see them all disappear with a splash after it, and come up again spluttering and gasping. In such cases Tim was generally the winner, for Tim could beat any boy on the lake shore in aquatic sports. Then the Colonel would take them fishing or sailing in his big yacht with its great bulging white sails. And on rainy days? Why, he would sit on the veranda by the hour, and tell the most wonderful stories, all about his life in India, and such delightful tales of British soldiers, until every boy wanted to do some brave deed right then and there.

"How a dandy, ain't he now?" asked Tim, rolling over on the grass one hot afternoon, as the Colonel's straight, stalwart figure appeared upon the veranda. "Don't you remember that story he told us fellows last night about the boy who saved the flag? My! I'd like to do some brave thing like that!"

"That's what Phil Hamilton said answered Frank," and the Colonel said that if a fellow was really brave he'd be sure certain to find a chance to show it.

"Did he? Well, I wish I had a chance. I often wish when we're diving off the wharf, or swimming round the canoe, that some fellow would go down, not enough to hurt him, you know, but just enough to scare the folks on shore a little, and I'd pop in and save him!"

"Yes," sighed Frank, "it would be jolly to save somebody's life or some thing like that. My! wouldn't the Colonel be proud if you did that?"

"Well," exclaimed Tim, sitting up resolutely, "I'm going to watch for a chance to do something, and may be it

will come. The Colonel said I was the best swimmer of the whole crowd, and I'd just love to show him what I could do. I'll watch for a chance."

"Me, too," responded his friend. "May be we'll both be heroes, Tim, before we leave Muskoka."

So the boys planned to do some great deed, and the golden opportunity came at last in a most unexpected manner.

One morning the Colonel was stretched upon the grass near the water with his morning paper. He was hidden from sight by a clump of trees, and could not see the water, but he heard "his boys," as he called them, splashing round like so many ducks. Two or three of them waded near the shore and the Colonel could hear their voices distinctly though they spoke low.

"It would be the biggest lark out," one of them was saying. "There's just eight of us, that's plenty to look after an old boat like that. We could sneak it off before daylight."

"Hurrah, this is the best fun we've had yet," I say, Martin and Hartwell, come here, you fellows!" cried another.

"What is it?" cried Tim, coming up out of the water with a splash. "We're going to get up early in the morning and make off with old Peter Cull's fishing boat. We can take it up the creek and hide it in the reeds and then watch him hunt for it! Imagine him going round growling and saying, 'Now, what in the land o' creation is the crater, then?'"

The boys burst into a roar of laughter over this perfect imitation of old Peter's manner.

"Goody!" cried Tim. "We'll have to sit up all night, for the old chap gets up at all hours. You'll come, Frank?"

"I—well, it seems kind of mean, don't you think?" asked Frank hesitatingly.

"Pshaw, such a booby!" cried one big boy. "You ain't afraid, I hope, Martin?"

"Afraid?" cried Frank, angrily. "Well, I guess hardly. I can go any where you can, All Peters, so I'll be with you!"

If Frank and Tim could have seen the Colonel's face just then they would have been sorry.

"Well, that's settled," continued Alf. "There's eight of us, and—"

"No, there's not eight, either," said Jack Maybrook, who was sunning himself on a rock near by. "Don't count me please."

"Why? What's the matter with you? You scarey, too?" came from several voices.

"No, I'm not scarey," replied Jack quietly, and the boys knew that Jack was not easily frightened, but I think it would be mean, and I won't do a mean trick, so now!"

"Bah, Boo Hoo!" "Poor titty sing!" cried several.

"Are you scared you'll get caught?" asked Alf.

We promise not to tell on you if we're found out," sneered another.

Oh, come on, Jack. It's only a little fun! cried Frank in a half-hearted way.

Jack kept his temper admirably. He dived off the rock, swam under water, and came up with a splash.

"No, I'm not going. I like fun just as much as anybody," he said as soon as he got his breath. "But old Peter earns his living by getting fish, and I'd just as soon steal his money as take his boat away."

The Colonel rose and stole away on tip toe through the trees. He had no right to listen, he knew, but he had forgotten that for a few moments in his interest. "That boy's made of the stuff they manufacture heroes from," he said to himself, as he walked up the veranda steps.

Frank and Tim were almost late for tea that evening. They were fortunate enough to sit at the Colonel's table, and they slipped into their places hurriedly for fear they might miss one of his stories.

The conversation turned upon the sub-

ject nearest the boys' hearts. The gentlemen were talking about brave deeds. Mr Reynolds, a young man down at the other end of the table, told a story of a boy of twelve who saved his sister from drowning at the risk of his life.

The boys looked at each other. If they only had such a chance! "Well," said the Colonel in his deep voice, "I saw a very brave deed done by a boy to day." Every eye was turned upon the speaker, and Tim and Frank stopped eating. Had someone got ahead of them?

"It was a case of moral courage," went on the Colonel, "which always needs more pluck than mere physical bravery. This little chap stood out against even of his companions and positively refused to join them in playing a prank upon an old man because he felt it was mean. I was an eavesdropper during the whole conversation, I must confess, but I was so interested that I quite forgot my position until too late. That little fellow is the making of a real hero!"

You should have seen the faces of the two would be heroes! They sat and ate their supper without being able to tell the difference between salt and lemonade! There were several remarks made upon the Colonel's story, and then a lady next Frank launched into a long tale of her brother's heroism in the Northwest Mounted Police. But the boys did not hear one word. They dared not look at the Colonel and the only thing they wanted to do was to get under the table, which, of course, was impossible. They slipped away after the meal to meet the other five at the wharf, where they were to make the final arrangements about old Peter's boat. As they left the house Jack came bounding across the lawn and the Colonel called to him. There was a crowd of men on the veranda, and they could hear them laughing and talking with Jack, while the Colonel had his hand on the boy's shoulder. Frank and Tim looked at each other as much as to say, "It might have been us," and ran as fast as they could to the wharf.

It was quite evident that the meeting did not accomplish its object, for when the Colonel retired to his room that evening he found a rather badly written note on his dresser. It read as follows: "Dear Colonel Harding: We, the undersigned, want to tell you that we were in that crowd this morning, but I guess you know that, and we don't intend to have anything to do with old Peter's boat, nor none of the fellows don't, and they want you to know, and we are sorry that we ain't heroes. Signed for the crowd, TIMOTHY HARTWELL, FRANKLIN MARTIN."

Well, the Colonel was just as kind as he could be about it, and treated them all the same as usual. But the boys never forgot their mistake. Frank and Tim are still striving to be heroes, so you may hear of them again some day. — The Westminster.

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Ruskin and many other great souls made it a rule never to allow an opportunity for seeing anything really beautiful, inspiring or uplifting to pass without improving it. Almost everyone, even the man whose daily routine is filled in with drudgery and the most prosy details, can manage to see something beautiful every day, something that will bring a gleam of light and sunshine, an uplifting influence into his dull life. One should never go past any beautiful object, whether a park, a tree, or the flowers in the show window of a florist, without pausing to enjoy a glimpse of the loveliness and harmony which nature is constantly holding out to us.

Thought means life, since those who do not think do not live in any high or real sense. Thinking makes the man. — Hcott.