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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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Bobs.

RUDYARD KIPLING ON LORD ROBERTS

There's a little red faced man,
Which is Bobs,
Hides the tallest one o' can—
Our Bobs,
If it bucks or hicks or tears,
E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears—
Can't yer, 'Bobs?

If a lumber's slipped a trace
Ook on Bobs,
If a masher's lost 'is place,
Dress by Bobs,
For 'is eyes all up 'is coat,
An' 'is bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs,
But it keeps in outer drink—
Don't it Bobs?
No we will not complain
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e looks us straight again—
Blue-light Bobs.

If you stand 'in on 'is head,
Father Bobs,
You could sell a quart o' lead
Outer Bobs,
'E's been at it thirty years,
An' 'is amulet's souvenirs
In the way o' slugs an' spears—
Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know o' war,
General Bobs,
You can see the shop next door—
Can't they, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An' 'e'll—no—not—advertisise—
Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a blooming lord
Outer Bobs,
Which was but 'is fair reward—
Weren't it, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet
Where 'is helmet used to set
But we know you won't forget—
Will yer, Bobs?



Politeness Pays.

BY ARTHUR GRAY.

To act politely, and to show a regard for the comfort or convenience of other people, always marks the true lady or gentleman. It does not cost anything to act in this way, and any one who shows himself ill-bred and boorish may do it at the wrong time, and find out afterward to his cost that politeness pays.

One day a young man who, from his style of dress and actions, seemed to be impressed with the idea of his own importance, boarded a street-car in a certain city. The car was crowded, so he stepped to the front platform, stood there, and lit a very badly smelling cigarette, the smoke from which was blown into the car, annoying the passengers. An old gentleman, plainly dressed and looking like a farmer, complained to the conductor, and the young man was ordered to stop smoking, an order which he obeyed with much grumbling.

When the car reached a railroad station a number of the passengers alighted, among them the young man and the old farmer, who may be called. The latter, after getting his ticket, went to the refreshment counter in the restaurant to get a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

The young man was there, too, picking up sandwich after sandwich from a plate on the counter, examining them and throwing them down again, and making himself generally disagreeable to everybody near him.

When the old farmer found his way to the train, in the car which he entered was the young man. All the seats were occupied. The young man had put his overcoat and grip-sack beside him, thus

taking up the whole seat, and he was busy reading a newspaper.

"Is this seat taken?" asked the old farmer, quietly.

"It is," was the curt reply, from the young man, who never took his eyes from his newspaper.

The old farmer said nothing, but went to look for a seat in another car. When the State capital was reached, both of those passengers left the train and went off in different directions.

In the afternoon of the same day, the young man made his way to the State House to call upon the governor. He was an applicant for office, and felt sure that, with all his recommendations, he would be successful.

He asked to see the governor, and was shown to his room. The governor was the plain old farmer, and he at once recognized the young man, although the recognition was not mutual.

The latter would never have thought of wasting his time in looking at old farmers who rode with him in street or railroad cars. He made his application, presented his endorsements, and took a seat while the governor glanced over them.

"Oh, I see," said the State executive. "You want me to appoint you to so-and-so," naming the position. "Well, now, I'm afraid that would be a risky thing to do."

"Why so?" asked the young man. "Could there be stronger recommendations than mine?"

"Oh, they are all right," replied the governor; "but if I were to give you that appointment, I might as well tender my resignation."

"Wh-what do you mean?" stammered the young man.

"Well," said the governor, "to day I saw you pay a nickel for a ride on a street car, and you made yourself so objectionable that you would soon have had the car to yourself. At the railroad station you bought a sandwich and missed up a whole plateful. On the train you took not only your own seat, but one that I had paid for, and I have no guarantee that if I gave you this place you would not take the whole State government."

A very subdued-looking young man left the State capital on a train that evening. It might have been noticed that he did not, as in the morning, occupy two seats, and he really seemed small and insignificant.

"Pass It Along."

Standing, not long ago, in the waiting-room of a great railway station, just as the out-ward bound train was about to start, I watched a lady walking anxiously up and down, with her eyes turned constantly toward the door, as if in expectation of some one. At length, just as the voice of the trainman rang out the last call, a boy rushed in, quite out of breath, carrying a parcel in his hand. The lady hastily came forward, and, taking it from him, offered him a shining coin.

"No, ma'am, thank you," said he. "But you have done me such a kindness. How can I repay you?"

A smile flashed from the frank, young eyes.

"You might pass it along, ma'am," said he; and, touching his cap, he was swept away in the hurrying crowd.

I walked away, pondering what this world would become if everybody were, all at once, to begin acting on the boy's suggestion. If every smile multiplied itself from lip to lip, how long before the whole earth would bask in the sunshine of good-will? If each pleasant word were repeated, would not all discords gradually pass into universal harmony? Would there be less than a heaven below, if every act of kindness, every unselfish service, were but a single link in an endless chain of loving ministry?

Individual debt and credit may be the law of earthly markets, but in the king-

dom of God every soul has a claim upon every other. We receive in order that we may give. One's hand is strengthened that he may be able to lift another. The help given to one's own good is to be extended to whomsoever he finds in greatest extremity.

Nor does the giver himself remain unrequited. The circle must at length return into itself. The "bread cast upon the waters" is found "after many days." The "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over," shall be given into one's own bosom.

There is yet a deeper and more tender thought. Our heavenly Father has lavished his goodness upon us ever since we began to live. How can we make return to Him who "cannot be worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anybody, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things?" There is but one way—to share of his bounty with his other needy children. There are no errors in the heavenly remembrance book. The poor man's "cup of cold water" is entered as carefully as the millionaire's golden eagles. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Whatever, then, we have received, of earthly treasure, of strength, or courage, or love, let us "pass it along."—*Ex.*

How Patti Identified Herself.

On her recent marriage to Baron de Cederstrom, Patti left orders at her home that her mail should all be forwarded to the Cannes post office. On her arrival there, she went to the post-office and asked if there were any letters for the Baroness Adolina de Cederstrom Patti.

"Lots of them."
"Then give them to me."
"Have you any old letters by which I can identify you?"

"No, I have nothing but my visiting card. Here it is."

"O, that's not enough, madam; any one can get visiting cards of other people. If you want your mail, you will have to give me a better proof of your identity than that."

A brilliant idea then struck Madame Patti. She began to sing. A touching song she chose, the one beginning, "A voice loving and tender," and never did she put more heart in the melody. And marvellous was the change as the brilliant music broke through the intense silence. In a few minutes the quiet post-office was filled with people, and hardly had the singer concluded the first few lines of the ballad when an old clerk came forward and said, trembling with excitement: "It's Patti, Patti! There's no one but Adolina Patti who could sing like that."

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the singer of the official who had doubted her identity. The only reply which he made was to go to the drawer and hand her the pile of letters.

The fact that one school has a smaller per capita than another does not prove real economy or entitle it to boast. As a general rule the best teaching talent is to be found where remuneration is greatest, and likewise the best appliances and facilities for literary and industrial training are expected where cash is the most abundant. It is true there is a great deal in economical management but it is only when a small per capita school can compare its all-around results with those more favored with the wherewithal that it has any real cause to boast. A school's location has something to do with its yearly cost. One superintendent has more business sagacity and judgment than another and will often make seventy five cents bridge the space where another requires one hundred. Our school's per capita is one of the smallest, yet its work speaks favorably for itself.—*Palmetto Leaf.*

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 2.45 p.m. of each day, Sundays excepted. The inclosure 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.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.