

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.



Master of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

MR. T. J. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

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MR. HATHISON, Director
MR. S. KINGS, M. D. Physician
MISS SARAH WALKER, Matron

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Miss M. TEMPLETON
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Miss LORENCE MAYRER
Miss RYAN, G. HALL
Miss ADA JAMES
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J. H. AYTH, J. MIDDLEBURN,
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MISS M. DENNEY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Sewerage Supervisor, Master Carpenter

MISS S. A. HALE, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Teacher of Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and advantages to all the youth of the Province who are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

That 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 two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance when furnished free.

That mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged, but who will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding, and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and in 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 facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. The regulations as to the terms of admission, tuition, etc., will be given upon application to the Director or otherwise.

R. HATHISON,

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 by mail put in boxes in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2 1/2 p. m. of each Sunday excepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive any matter at post office for delivery, for any reason unless the same is in the locked bag.



Recessional.

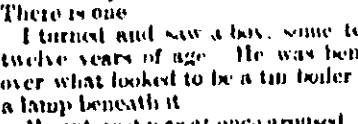
God of our Fathers known of old
Lord of our far-flung battle line
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over pain and pine
Lo! God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

I've called our heroes men of war,
On duty and in the field,
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre:
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with a power we know not,
We are tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For leather boots that out her trust
In seeking tube and iron shield,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!



How he Worked his Way Up.

It was a frosty night in November. I was waiting for a car. My friend said, "Have you noticed the 'wish boy'?" There is one.

I turned and saw a boy, some ten or twelve years of age. He was bending over what looked to be a tin boiler with a lamp beneath it.

My interest was at once aroused. My friend and I went towards him, and before he observed me, I was standing close beside the lad.

He doffed his battered, but still jaunty, polo cap and said, with rising color, "Do you wish?" and then he stopped.

While I was looking in puzzled wonder at his evident confusion, and then down at the boiler before him, my friend said, "He is wondering if you can be a possible customer. Yet he sees you don't belong to the class who usually patronize him."

"What have you to sell?" I asked. "Wishes, ma'am."

The lad's face was bright and handsome, and his apparel, though poor, was neat.

"And what are your wishes?" "Show her your outfit, Jack," said my friend.

The boy threw up the cover of the boiler, and revealed two compartments. One was filled with boiling water and the other with small sausages. He uncovered a basket by his side. It contained slices of white dainty-looking bread.

"A wish, ma'am," he said politely, "is a slice of bread and mustard and a sausage."

He took two half slices of bread, spread a small bit of mustard upon each, and dropped a sausage into the boiling water. After waiting a moment, he fished it out and laid it between the slices of bread.

"That, ma'am, is a wish," he said. The next moment he had slipped the bread and sausage into the hand of a ragged and forlorn-looking little girl, who, unnoticed by me, had passed at my side. She took it in grateful surprise, and murmured a word of thanks as she passed on.

by the river, and that her father is a drunkard. She does not get much to eat. One day came just then and we had the little wish-boy good night.

A week later I was again waiting for a car on the same corner. Jack was just setting his outfit upon the pavement. Another boy a year or two his senior, with a similar outfit was disputing with him.

"You got no business keepin' ther best corner," the burly fellow said, and there was an ugly scowl on his brow.

No one had this corner when I first took it. And it's been mine ever since. Jack's voice was not rough, but positive.

"Then it's time yer gin'd away come move on," I'm gom' ter sell yero ter night.

"Then we'll both sell on the same corner," said Jack, coolly. "I'm not going away, cause this is my stand. He busied himself with his lamp. The older boy assumed a pugilistic attitude.

"I tell yer ter move on," he commanded.

A policeman turning the corner at that instant, laid a heavy hand on the belligerent lad's shoulder, as he said, "Suppose you move on yourself, Jack, and fare partners, and this is his stand."

Jack flashed the man a grateful glance. The other boy moved his belongings to the other side of the street.

Among his possessions was a basket of fine, red apples. While he busied himself with his lamps, and just as he seemed to have arranged things to his satisfaction, I heard Jack call out to him, "There goes your apples!"

I did not see who had taken them, as a crowd of men and boys had just passed. The boy darted up the street to catch the thief. A moment later two men in workman's blouses passed before the vacant stand.

I saw Jack hesitate. Then he gave a glance at his possessions, and another up and down the pavement, and ran nimbly across the street.

He will profit by the other boy's absence, was the thought in my mind. But I was mistaken. He opened his enemy's little store of provisions and deftly fixed two sandwiches.

I saw the men drop some money into his hand as they turned away. Jack looked up the street. The boy was coming with his basket of rescued apples upon his arm. Jack ran to meet him, slipped the coins into his hand and said something in a cheery voice, which I did not hear. I repeated under my breath,

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him. Jack has surely caught the spirit of these words."

After that evening I missed Jack. Again and again I looked for him. Only the burly boy with the ugly scowl upon his forehead was to be seen. I felt troubled and spoke of his absence to my friend.

"I didn't know you remembered Jack. He is all right. He has been promoted. Has he? How did it happen?"

A friend of mine who owns one of the largest establishments in the city has had his eye on Jack and has been testing him. Once he bought two sandwiches and handed him a silver dollar saying, "Quick! change this fifty cents. There comes my car!" Jack made the change, and in his haste did not observe that the man had given him a dollar until just as my friend boarded the car. He then ran up and pushed the money into Mr. Thompson's hand, who stood on the platform and said, "You made a mistake, sir. This is one dollar. You can make it right some other time."

Of course Jack is honest, I said. Any one could see that by the frank and manly way he looks in one's face.

About two weeks ago Mr. Thompson tested him again. He bought some apples this time, all that Jack had. Basket and all amounted to exactly one dollar. He slipped a five dollar bill into the boy's hand, calling it a dollar, and stepped immediately upon a passing car. The next day Jack presented

himself at the store with the bill in his hand.

"This is the second big one take you have made, Mr. Thompson," said Jack. "If I was working for you and should make such mistakes, what would you say?"

"Come and try me, Jack. I need just such a boy as you to look after me," was what Mr. Thompson told me yester day. There is no doubt he will yet be come head clerk, if he is attentive, polite, careful and honest. Thompson dotes on him.

A few days later I sauntered into Mr. Thompson's store. It is one of the handsomest and most popular in the city. I know by his smile that Jack at once recognized me. I was surprised to see what a handsome, gentlemanly lad he really was. With his hair neatly cut and brushed, and in his fresh new suit, he looked every inch a gentle man.

His quiet eye seemed to take in everything. I dropped my handkerchief, Jack was across the room from me. He instantly came, before I had missed it, and placed it in my hand. He was back at his post before I could thank him. "What is the secret of Jack's life?" I found myself asking this question as I studied his face. I found where his grandmother lived and visited her. She was a gentle-faced old lady, and her rooms were as neat as pins. I spoke of my interest in Jack and she said with beaming eyes, "He is a good boy, and will make a good man. He has started out right. He goes to night school since he got into the store, and he is learning fast."

"Do you think he is a Christian?" I asked. The old lady smiled. "Of course he is?"

This was eight years ago. Yesterday I was again in this city of the south. I visited Mr. Thompson's store.

The head clerk I found to be Jack. "He will be partner soon," said my friend, —Matt M. Anderson, in *Christian World*.

Why "He's a Brick."

When a boy does something that is particularly good or noble his comrades say, "He's a brick" for to call a fellow "a brick" is as high a compliment as one boy can pay another. If we stop to think about it, though, it seems rather strange that a brick should be chosen as a standard for measuring the worth of a boy. There is surely nothing very wonderful or fine about a brick. But, like a great many other sayings that do not appear to have much sense, we shall find, by looking up the origin of this expression, that it started out with a very sensible meaning. In order to get at its beginning, we have to go back into ancient history for a distance of nine hundred years before Christ— all the way back to the time of Lycurgus, the Spartan ruler. Plutarch tells us that Lycurgus had a great many wise and curious notions as to how people should live and how the affairs of the country should be managed. One of his ideas was that there was no necessity for building a wall about a town if the soldiers were properly trained to protect the place. On one occasion an ambassador from a neighboring country came to see Lycurgus, and he asked how it was that he had no walls around the town. "But we have walls," replied Lycurgus, "and if you will come with me I will show them to you." Thereupon he took his guest out upon the plains where the army was drawn up in battle array, and, pointing to the ranks of soldiers, he said, "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick." So you see when the expression was first used it had a great deal more sense than it has now.

The ratio of deaf-mutes in the world is 1 to 1,000 of the population. There are also about 400 who are deaf, dumb, and blind.