

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IX.

BELLEVILLE, APRIL 15, 1901.

NO. 11.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:
DR T. F. O'HANRILAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:
H. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent
W. M. COCHRANE, Nurse
D. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D., Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:
H. B. COLEMAN, M. A., (Head Teacher)
MISS J. G. TERRILL
MISS S. TEMPLETON
MISS MARY HULL
MISS SYLVIA J. BALIS
MISS GEORGINA LINN
MISS ADA JAMES
MISS J. MADSEN, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:
MISS IDA M. JACK, MISS CAROLINE GIBSON
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
T. C. FORRESTER, Teacher of Steno

MISS I. N. MICALFE, JOHN T. BURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing
W. M. DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker
Superintendent

U. O. KNITH, CHAS. J. PEPIN,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer
MISS M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Sewing, Supervisor, Master Carpenter
of Girls, etc.
MISS S. MCNICOLL, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Lunatic 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 \$30 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.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Compositing and Bookbinding 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 matters to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:30 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 bag.



Recompense.

These little women trudging along
Patiently, day by day,
Weaving a garment of shining light
Out of the clouds of gray
Bearing the burdens and sorrows—
Like one of the saints of old
Making the best of a dull, hard life
With its wisdom all untold!

Long had I watched her with wondering eyes
Faithful and sweet and strong
Doing the work that the Master sends
Making of sorrow, song
Questioning never the wisdom that asks
Self-abnegation complete,
Willingly treading the pathway of thorns
That leads to the Master's feet

I see not the dull gray, cotton gown
That is faded and worn and old,
But the shining gleam of a garment white
That glitters in every fold
See not the brow that is worn and lined
From the anxious, toiling years,
But the halo divine that glories
Giving beauty for ashes and tears

Somewhere is waiting a fair, dear day
Meet for such radiant grace
Somewhere, O somewhere, fruition shall be
When the angel shall find her place
Close to the Father, and hear him say
As he tenderly bids her come
"Out of the valley of darkness and toil,
My child, thou art welcome home"



Cornio Baker's New Dress.

"Are you going to have two puffs on your skirt, or only one?" This question Mrs. Baker called out from the sewing room, as her young daughter flitted by.

"Why, two, of course."

"It is a good deal of work," Mrs. Baker said, and she sighed.

"I know that, but when one has a nice dress, one wants it made nicely."

"From the sewing room came the sound of Miss Wheeler's voice singing softly,

"Heavenly Father, I would wear
Angel garments, white and fair"

"Miss Wheeler," called Cornio, "you think it ought to be made with two puffs, don't you?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought about it. Do you want me to think?"

Cornio came and stood in the door and looked at her in a surprised sort of way. "Don't you think about your sewing when you are doing it?" She asked.

"Well, not more than I have to in order to do it well. It would be hard work to think about clothes all the time, you know. But about the puffs, that is the way most people think they must have them."

They went into the front room. Mrs. Baker and Cornio talked it over, and all the time came that humming voice from the other room.

"Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rage would bide"

"She has a rather sweet voice," Cornio said. "Mother, I believe I'll have to get some more silk for this cash, it isn't going to be heavy enough. I want it to wear over my white dress, you know, and it ought to be rich for that. Susie Graham thinks she has the very grandest suit in town, but I suppose there can be things made to look as well as hers." And Miss Wheeler sang

"Let me wear the white robes here,
Even on earth, my Father dear
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go"

Cornio shivered a little. "How she does harp on that hymn," she said nervously. "I wish she wouldn't. I'm tired of it."

"Can't you let the poor thing sing?" her mother said. "It's all the comfort she has."

"She might sing something besides that old hymn," Cornio said. But she didn't; she seemed to delight in that,

and she sang it over and over again, especially these two lines.

Let me wear the white robes here,
Even on earth, my Father dear

At last Cornio went and stood in the door again. "Do you like that hymn better than any other in the world?" she asked, "that you sing it so much?"

Miss Wheeler looked up brightly. She had an old, rather faded face, but a wonderfully pleasant mouth and smiling eyes. "Oh," she said, "I didn't realize that I was singing loud enough to be heard. Yes, I do like the hymn wonderfully well. I sing it a great deal. It is natural that I should, you know, as it is all about dress, and I have so much to do with dresses."

Cornio laughed a little. "Not much to do with that kind of dress, I should say. The sort that you have to sew on is mostly the 'worthless' rags, I should think. You see, you have sung it so much that I have caught some of the words."

"It was this white dress of yours that made me think of it to day," the little seamstress said. "It is so pretty, and I was thinking how much I liked white, and then, that made me think of my own white dress, I began singing about it before I thought."

"It is not much like mine," Cornio said with a little sigh. "Mine is all spotted up with the world, even before it is made. I wish the world wasn't so full of dress, Miss Wheeler. Sometimes I am tired of it, and I should think you would hate it."

"I like dress over so much," Miss Wheeler said softly. "I am never tired thinking about it. Clean linen pure and white. I always did like white linen."

Cornio stood looking at her in silent wonder for a few moments, then she went away out of the dress-maker's room, down stairs to the parlor, and turning over the leaves of the hymn-book on the piano, she found the words:

Heavenly Father, I would wear
Angel garments, white and fair"

and read them carefully through. Upstairs, in the sewing-room, Miss Wheeler stopped her singing, and sewed away steadily, with a little shadow on her face. "That's just like me," she murmured at last. "I am always singing, but I never seem ready to speak a word for Jesus. Why couldn't I have asked her how she was getting along with her other white dress that the hymn tells about? The poor lamb may need a word of comfort that even I could speak."

"Cornio Baker," some of the girls said to her, mouths afterward, "how came you to take such a sudden and decided stand—be so different, you know, from what you were before? You have been a Christian for a long time, but not such a one as you are now."

Cornio was still for a minute, then she looked up with eager, smiling eyes. "I found my help in the sewing room among my new dresses," she said brightly. "What a queer place to find help in!" one of them said. Cornio told them the story of the little seamstress, and her hymn about dress, that she sang over and over, speaking her name with a tender voice and a tear in her eye. But the little seamstress knew nothing about it.

Masked Ball for Deaf and Dumb.

An unique masked ball was held lately in Berlin, where the guests were exclusively deaf and dumb. Five hundred couples danced, not to music but in time to a baton wielded by a deaf-mute. It was surprising to see how the dancers observed the rhythm of even the complicated dances. These fantastically garbed figures going through all the evolutions of well-known dances without music in dead silence had a weird and ghostly effect beyond expression. Their keen enjoyment was evident, but no sound was uttered, while the signals interchanged added to the uncanny appearance of the festivity.

How he Worked Up.

This brief but interesting story of a now famous American astronomer is told by the Chicago Record and should be read by all boys.

One day many years ago a bright boy found employment in a photograph gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him with a long face, and asked for a loan of money offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request.

"Here is the money; keep your book and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in such haste that he left the book behind. The kind youth examined the volume with curiosity. It was a work on astronomy, by Lick, and so fascinated him that he sat up all night studying it. He had never read anything which so filled him with delight. He determined to learn all that he could about the wonders of the heavens, and began thenceforth to read everything he could obtain relating to astronomy.

The next step was to buy a small spy-glass, and night after night he spent most of the hours on the roof of his house studying the stars. He secured, second hand, the tube of a large spy-glass, into which he fitted an eye-piece, and sent to Philadelphia for an object glass. By and by he obtained a five-inch glass which, as you know, is an instrument of considerable size. Meanwhile he worked faithfully in the shop of the photographer, but the nights brought him rare delight for he never wearied in tracing out the wonders and marvels of the world around us. With the aid of his large spy-glass he discovered two comets before they were seen by any of the professional astronomers, whose superior instruments were continually scanning the heavens in search of the celestial wanderers. This exploit, you may well suppose, made the boy famous.

He was invited by the professors in Vanderbilt University to go thither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the course of the following four years he discovered six comets. He was next engaged by the Lick Observatory.

With the aid of its magnificent instruments he discovered eight comets, and later astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a new method of photographing the nebulae in the milky way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in star photography.

Perhaps you have already guessed the name of this famous astronomer, which is Prof. E. E. Barnard, now in charge of the York's Observatory of Chicago University, and this is the story of how he worked up.

Hunt for Errors in Magazines.

Editorial vigilance is the only safeguard against errors in magazine-making. Every article that is published in The Ladies' Home Journal, for instance, is read at least four times in manuscript form, and all statements of fact verified before it goes to the printer. Then it is read and revised by the proof-readers, goes back to the author for his revision, is re-read by the editors three or more times, at different stages; and again by the proof readers possibly half a dozen times additional. Thus each article is read at least fifteen and often twenty times after leaving the author's hands until it reaches the public eye. But with all this unrelenting vigilance errors of the most obvious kind occasionally escape observation until perhaps the final reading, but it is rare, indeed, that an inaccuracy hides itself in the pages securely enough to go through a magazine's edition.