

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:
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:

MR. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent,
MR. MATHISON, Inspector,
MR. E. KIRK, M. D., Physician,
MISS EMMA WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

MR. H. COLMAN, M. A., Miss J. O. TENNILL, Miss S. TEMPLETON.	Miss J. O. TENNILL, Miss S. TEMPLETON.
MR. DENNY, Miss MARY HULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYRE.	Miss MARY HULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYRE.
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MR. J. CAMPBELL, Miss GEORGINA LANN.	Miss GEORGINA LANN.

Teachers of Articulation

MISS EVA M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
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Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NURK,
Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor, Master Shoemaker

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Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer

MISS M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWDLE,
Sewmistress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

MISS S. A. HALE, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trained 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 \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay this amount charged per year will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time 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 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 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 box.



The Silent March.

When the march begins in the morning,
And the heart and the foot are light
When the flags are all a flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward march!
Ahl! let them lag who can!

For it is easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't feel tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening,
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That played so late in the dawn,
When you miss your dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it is stubborn and sturdy, forward march!
Though the ragged lines are few—

Then it's hard to march in silence
And the road has become a grove,
And life is a bitter cup to drink,
But the soldiers must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shrink,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work,
We must march when the music cheers us
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward march!
And smile whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.

Margaret E. Zanster



Pluck and Honesty.

BY FRANK A. MEYERS.

A boy of fourteen, dressed in poor clothes, walked into the large dry goods store of R. Mansard & Co., in one of the largest cities of the United States. His hat was slouchy, his pants poor and patched but clean, the worn elbows of his coat were covered with material of different colors, and his well worn shoes gave evidence of speedy decay. But the clear eye, frank look and pleasing expressions were garments of nobleness that the clothes of poverty and hard times could not hide.

Walking boldly down the crowded aisle, he asked of the first idle clerk where he could find Mr. Mansard.

"Mr. Mansard?" asked the clerk, wondering what such a sorry looking boy as that could wish to see Mr. Mansard for. "He's at the end of this aisle at his desk."

With manly, business-step he moved quickly and quietly along till he reached the inclosed space where Mr. Mansard and others were seated. "I wish to see Mr. Mansard," said the lad in a firm tone, as he walked up to the railing and looked over upon the quiet, busy scene.

At the mention of his name a gentle man, with his elbows on the newspaper spread almost all over his desk, looked up. A quick, experienced glance revealed the inquirer to him. "No business, likely a beggar," he thought. "But what does he want?"

"I'm Mr. Mansard."
"Well, to be quick about it, and not waste words or time, I want to borrow five dollars of you."

Mr. Mansard's face showed his surprise. He was used to beggars and their gauzy stories, but something in the boy's request touched him.

"What do you want it for?" he asked, with a kindly smile. "Going into business? What kind?"

"Selling newspapers. If I can get five dollars, I have it so arranged that I can make some money."

The native shrewdness, the clearness of his gaze and the evidence of having

a digested plan, struck Mr. Mansard favorably.

"It is pretty bold to ask me for five dollars when I do not know you, my lad, not even your name—have never seen you before."

"All very true, sir. It is bold, and not the way business is generally carried on, but I do not know how else to get the money and I will pay it back again." "There was an honest, manly look in his countenance as he said this, and Mr. Mansard became interested.

"But I do not know even your name."
"My name is Robert Simmons."
"Robert Simmons. Well, Robert can you give me good security?"

"None but my own name, sir. It is all I have in the world. I know you, Mr. Mansard, have often seen you, though you do not know me."

"The whole style of the boy interested him.
"When can you return it?"

"Well, say," looking up toward the farther corner of the well stocked building and studying a second, "say—say six months. I can pay it back in that time. I might pay it back in four, but if it makes no difference to you, say six months. It will not crowd me so to get it."

The accustomed business man's doubt lingered in Mr. Mansard's mind. He had arisen now. He viewed Robert from head to foot. Clean, ragged, but honest looking.

"It is not business like to take you alone on a note without security, especially as you are an entire stranger, but I will do it this time. You look like an honest lad, Robert, and I will trust you."

"Oh I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the favor of the money and for your confidence. I am sure I will succeed now in my venture."

Visions of wealth and happiness danced before Robert's mental eyes, while they, in a formal and business like manner, drew up the note. Seated in Mr. Mansard's padded, leather lined chair, Robert wrote very gracefully his name to the note. It was a very serious bit of work for him. But as he wrote it he thought he never before saw so much importance and honor and power in his name. It was the first time it ever was on a legal, business document. "Robert Simmons," it looked well. He must never dishonor that good name. It was his dead father's name, and was, therefore, a grand name.

"Now, Mr. Mansard," said Robert, as Mr. Mansard handed him a crisp five dollar bill, "in six months I will lift that note."

"There is a real business air about that boy," said Mr. Mansard as he walked out. "I wonder if I'll ever see him again. At any rate, I hope the money will do him some good."

Time rolled on, and Mr. Mansard, in the press of business, forgot all about Robert and the money he had loaned him.

Six months had passed, when a well-dressed young lad walked into the store and straight to Mr. Mansard's desk. He glanced around with a familiar look. Judging from his business air, as he moved forward, he had a perfect right there. Pausing at the spot where Robert Simmons stood at the railing and asked the loan of five dollars, he looked over at Mr. Mansard and said

"Mr. Mansard, excuse me, but have you a little time?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," looking up at the neat, manly well dressed young man. "What is it?"

"You seem to have forgotten me."

"I sure's have."

"Robert Simmons," said the boy, with a pleased look suffusing his face.

"Robert Simmons? Lot me see. Singular I should forget you so completely."

"It is singular that you should forget your debtors."

"What! Oh, I recollect you. But

you are not the boy that borrowed five dollars of me?"

"I am the boy."
"Well, you must be making money, Robert?"

"I am."

"You are well dressed."

"Yes."

"How are you getting along in business?" looking among a great bundle of filed papers for Robert's note.

"Very well, thank you. I have other boys at work for me, and do quite a business."

"Where do you live?"
"With my mother. We have moved into better quarters than we had when I was here before. That five dollars you loaned me was a great thing for me."

Mr. Mansard paused and listened in blank surprise. At last he said: "I'm really glad to hear of your prosperity, my dear boy."

"I'm sure mother and I never forgot your kindness. We pray for you every night together, and I want to pay my note."

Robert never was quite sure whether it was a tear he saw in Mr. Mansard's eye or not.

"You are an honest boy. I did not quite expect to see you again. Let me see. Is it six months since you got the money?"

"Yes, sir. This is the last day. At eight per cent, I owe you now \$5.20."

Mr. Mansard handed him the note and took the money. He wished he could really give it to him, but thought best not to do so.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which ripened into firm friendship and business relations, and now, after years, Robert Simmons is the junior member of the firm of Mansard & Co. Pluck and honesty made his life a success.

Praise to the Face.

I once saw a father walk up to a map his little boy had made and pined on the wall. He stood before it a long time in silence, and in silence walked away. The little fellow was sitting in the room, and his father knew he was there. He was watching with eager child's eyes, waiting anxiously for a word of approval. As none came, his poor little face fell unhappily. Straight into the next room walked the father, and said, carelessly: "Robert has drawn a very clever little map in there. Look at it when you go in."

"Did you tell him it was clever?" asked a judicial listener, following from the room where little Robert sat.

"Why, no. I ought to have done so. I never thought to mention it."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the deserved reply. "Go back now and tell him."

We ought all of us to be ashamed of ourselves a dozen times a day for like sins of omission. It costs so little to say nice things, and the result in another's pleasure is out of all proportion to our trouble. "Praise to the face, open disgrace." No such thing. The proverb is wrong. Praise to the face is one of the sweetest things on earth and there is no disgrace in it, unless untruth enters, or unless the praise is undeserved. It is the more grateful because no one may ask for open praise and receive it by asking; its true flavor is quite gone, and is but flattery.—Harper's Bazar.

If the inhabitants of the fixed stars had powerful enough telescopes to see us, they would not see us as we are to-day, but as we were 60, 100 years, or even longer ago, for it would take light that long to travel to them.

Mathematical calculations show that an iron ship weighs 27 per cent, less than a wooden one, and will carry 116 tons of cargo for every 100 tons carried by a wooden ship of the same dimensions, and both loaded to the same draught of water.