

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. R. STRATTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
DR T. P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
WM COCHRANE, Bursar.
P. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A., Mrs. J. O. TERRILL (Head Teacher)
P. DENIS, Miss S. TEMPLETON
JAMES C. HALL, B. A., Miss MARY HULL
D. J. McKILLOP, Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALLIS
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss OKOROINA JINN
H. F. STEWART, Miss ADA JAMES
T. C. FORRESTER, Miss J. MADDEN (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:

Miss IDA M. JAY, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
T. C. FORRESTER, Teacher of Sloyd.

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

WM DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE, Storekeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker

G. O. KEITH, CHAS. J. PEPIN, Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer

Miss M. DEMSKY, JOHN DOWNIE, Assistant, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

Miss S. McNICHI, 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 the amount charged, may board with the admitted pupils. 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 2:45 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.



The Queen's Last Ride.

BY ELIA WHEELER WILSON

The Queen is taking a drive to-day
On her last appearance to mortal eye
They have hung with purple the carriage way
With heads uncovered let all men wait
Where the Queen goes forth and never returns
Lack

Let no man labor as she goes by
On her last appearance to mortal eye
With heads uncovered let all men wait
For the Queen to pass in her regal state

Army and navy shall lead the way
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day
Kings and Princes and lords of the land
Shall ride behind her a humble band
And over the city and over the world
Shall pass of all nations be half must hurried.
For the silent lady of royal birth
Who is riding away from the courts of earth
Riding away from the world's unrest
To a mystical goal on a secret quest

Though in regal splendor she drives through
town.

Her robes are simple she wears no crown
And yet she wears one for widowed or more
She is crowned with the love that has gone
before.

And crowned with the love she has left behind
In the hidden depths of each thinking mind

Uncover your heads, lift your hearts on high
The Queen in silence is driving by



American Tribute to the Queen.

BY DR. GUNSAULUS

Are you not afraid of the charge you assume," said her mother fifty years earlier. And the young Queen answered: "No, because I am sure of the uprightness of my intentions and I know that I love truth and justice." On this basis Victoria and Gladstone could always work and hope. This and this alone kept her sovereign as she saw the clear-brained and lofty-souled statesman grow old in urging upon England courses of procedure which alarmed her conservative spirit. But magnanimity was the gift of God to both. Each revered the gift of the other. Each wrought from the other's store some precious thing into England's mighty future. Others might have missed obtaining them, but in spite of his Irish policy and ponderous opposition to too useless and reactionary methods, Victoria had so broadly and deeply conceived and earned forward the execution of her task, that every note of his industry, every influence of his lofty life, for patriotism, progress and peace, were proudly accepted and gratefully acknowledged as no small portion of the true glory of her reign.

Not only with statesmen, but with all her subjects the atmosphere she created drew forth great manifestations of duty-doing humanity, as the sun extracts the rose of June from the thorny stem of May. In it her Lord Lawrence in India, let there be written on his tomb, "He feared man so little because he feared God so much." Or is it Charles George Gordon, the White Pasha, who,

"Gentlest warrior without stain
Dented the happy garland of success,
Felled by dark fate, but glorious none the less,
(Greatest of losses, on the lone peak slain
Of Alipike virtue."

then let there be remembered his own words "I am the chisel. He is the mighty Carpenter who uses me." This is the sort of manhood which her reign inspired. These choice spirits return from the land beyond to which they have fared only to salute their Queen again and to vanish away. Yet neither they nor she may ever be less influential among men. Her career is filled with that which assures earthly immortality of beneficent rulership, the fundamental realities which are the ground and inspiration of hope in the mind of the statesman were not only discerned

In their true and proportionate importance by her, they were actually illustrated and culminated before all the world in her life. Write on her tomb the truth to which fallen empires and imperishable nationalities bear testimony. "Goodness is greater than greatness." Is simple truthfulness of character the most needed item in the long list of wants whose abundant supply alone guarantees the safety of a throne or the life of a republic? Her answer is not an abstract proposition, but a statement in flesh and blood. Said Marcus Aurelius, "Whatever any one does or says, I must be good, just as if the emerald were always saying this: 'Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald, and keep my colour.'" Her goodness was the fragrance of the flower, the utterance of herself. Fortunate England, that at the hour immediately preceding an era, dazzled, if not debauched, by wealth, God should give to the coming Queen such a mother as the Duchess of Kent, whose vision of the throne of God kept her steady and true as she trained Victoria for the throne of England. Her queenliness rose out of and with the circumstances of the people. When ministers attended at her birth there was no money wherewith to pay for the services of a nurse; but she had the great mother.

Let her name be revered. When they brought the gold font from the Tower and the covering of velvet from the Chapel Royal, the angry uncle was not willing to call the child by the name selected, but he suggested "Elizabeth." Her mother's names Victoria and Alexan-drina, were at last offered, and they conquered the wrathful potentate who would have preferred her to be known as some one else than Alexandria Victoria. This was her true sovereignty to make these names dear to the most democratic of Americans, to transform English opinion itself into loyalty for the throne and to make the heaviest duty and common task of her subjects sublime.

When once the Queen's train was un-tracked at Pontrose, the chief men stood on each side and the people who had bought seats in the name of a great local charity crowded up when seats were supposed to be worthless. Their comments were eloquent eulogy. "What a tiny bit of a Queen!" said one. "She's a good mother," said the next. "Oh, how pure and true she must be to take her children along with her," said the third. And so her true sovereignty increased. Like a great poem or a noble picture, her life was all of a piece from youth to age. Her poverty in youth gave the people a delightful consciousness that, when in Windsor Castle she knit stockings for the poor and laboured for bazars, in a hundred other ways proving her love and industry, that she was truly in earnest and would gladly forego the pleasure of hoarding her pocket-money, much she do so for the greater happiness of drawing the design of a screen or producing a water colour for the decoration or enrichment of a hospital or an infant school. "Gave her love first, and you may say anything to her," said the Duchess of Northumberland. She gained the love of her kind, and like a star will reign by her light long after she has left the sky. She has demonstrated it, and we will believe from her queenly lips that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood"

It has been the ago in which woman has come to her opportunity. Let the era of woman's achievements crown her Queen. It has required a solar and un-dramatic heroism, but a heroism none the less, for such a life to be lived, serene and well high omnipotent over all the faintly and pretence of an uncertain time. We forget not other great names in his-tory. Let Joan of Arc blaze like a planet in the gloom about her King Charles as she creates the possibility of redeemed France, hurrying from the gates of Orleans the hosts of the foe, Victoria will take the home and re-endow it with the old resplendent queenly virtues, and the

home loving sovereign will save her throne by saving her brood. Let Isabella of Castile foresee the now day and sending terror into the midst of every Moorish garrison, let her enter Granada in triumph, listening to the last sigh of the Moor as Columbus finds a new world; Victoria will repress the far more perilous foes which beset the state and make virtue and honour and peace the shield of every angel of Christian civilization. The era and land of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Eliot, of Caroline Herschell and Harriett Martineau, of Elizabeth Frye and Florence Nightingale, will all give her perpetual coronation.

We have heard much of the alliance of England and America against the world. England and America are allied not against the world, but for the world. We need no compact on parchment, nor shall one be written or approved. We are one for progress, for peace, for righteousness, and a better day, and we pledge our troth to that alliance whose aims for liberty and justice here and now we honour, at the grave of England's illustrious Queen. "I will be good," said the young Princess, "I will be good." She kept her word until the last cry of her soul was heard. "Oh, that peace may come!"

And so with the clearly uttered faith that Anglo Saxon principles and ideals are to receive their purest, completest, and, therefore, highest realization in American citizenship, we exclaim, as the beloved figure of the Queen of England and Empress of India vanishes from our sight: Hail, Victoria. Sovereign lady, Righteous and Wise Monarch, tender and stainless wife, affectionate and true mother magnanimous and faithful woman. Victoria, the Noble, Hail! and Farewell!

Greatness of Britain's Power.

The greatness of England's power appears strikingly in its omnipotence. If a revolt breaks out in Rhodesia, British soldiers are at hand, if heathen kings on the Upper Niger make raids, an armed English expedition is on their track within twenty-four hours; if King Mwaanga conspires against English interests in Uganda he soon finds himself a fugitive before an English army; if an Arab Prince aspires to the Sultanate in Zanzibar, a British gunboat cuts short his dream; if the Afriidi rebel on the north-west borders of India, British troops are there to beat them into submission. There is no government like the English Government in its round the world alertness.—The Independent.

The Ideal Teacher.

We quote the following extract from an unsigned paper in the "American Annals of the Deaf."

We hear a great deal in these days about the "ideal teacher." According to the general conception the ideal teacher is a harmonious and beautiful being whose sweet mission it is to make learning easy, pleasant and amusing. The ideal pupil is less clearly defined. All pupils are supposed to be ideal. In general, I should say the composite ideal pupil's mind might be fitly compared to a pinewood tub into which the agreeable teacher, at intervals between games, gently pours knowledge of milk and water value and consistency. The true ideal teacher, however, is not a sentimentalist. He does not talk much of the "Divinity within every child." He arouses that Divinity, often through pain. He is sometimes strict to the point of severity. He loves his pupils, not gushingly but savely. They very soon understand and love him. Over the door of his schoolroom, on its wall and indelible, in his pupils' hearts, the ideal teacher writes learning's great, first, and last commandment. "Thou shalt work."