

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IV.,

BELLEVILLE, MARCH 16, 1896.

NO. 18.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

H. E. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
J. MATHISON, M. A. Director
J. J. KINGS, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

MISS MARY GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS J. Y. WELLS, Teacher of Drawing.
MISS J. N. MITCHELL, JOHN T. HURNA, Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.
MISS J. M. GLASS, J. MIDDLEMAR, School of the Deaf, Superintendent, Engineer.
MISS J. M. KATH, JOHN DOWDIE, School of Boys, etc., Master Carpenter.
MISS M. DEMPSEY, D. CUNNINGHAM, School of Superficial, etc., Master Baker.
MISS J. M. WELLS, THOMAS WELLS, School of Superficial, etc., Carpenter.
MISS J. M. WELLS, MICHAEL O'MARA, Farmer.

MISS MARY GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS J. Y. WELLS, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS J. N. MITCHELL, JOHN T. HURNA, Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

MISS J. M. GLASS, J. MIDDLEMAR, School of the Deaf, Superintendent, Engineer.

MISS J. M. KATH, JOHN DOWDIE, School of Boys, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS M. DEMPSEY, D. CUNNINGHAM, School of Superficial, etc., Master Baker.

MISS J. M. WELLS, THOMAS WELLS, School of Superficial, etc., Carpenter.

MISS J. M. WELLS, MICHAEL O'MARA, Farmer.

The most of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and training to all the youth of the Province who are deaf and dumb, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common school.

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 \$20 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance, which will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition and medical attendance, will be admitted as pupils free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of Printing, Tailoring 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 ornamental and fancy work, as may be desirable.

It is desired 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 third Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Admission is free to the terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,

Superintendent

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND RETURNED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to be sent 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 person unless the same is in the locked bag.



How to be Good.

BY RALPH MOORE.

Fair little maidens all in a row,
Learning the things that big folks know
Learning to read and write and spell,
Finding out how to do all things well,
But learning most surely, as children should,
That first great lesson—how to be good.

Little boys standing up staidy and straight,
Learning the things that big folks know
Learning to read and write and spell,
Finding out how to do all things well,
But learning most surely, as all boys can,
The way of becoming a true, good man.

A good teacher walking among them all
Among the brave boys and the maidens small
Teaching the lessons the school books show—
The wonderful things that the wise men know,
But teaching more sweetly than I can tell,
That great, great lesson—how to live well.

And this the sum of the day in school
Little folks learning the golden rule,
Learning to live and learning to die,
Learning of earth and the beautiful sky,
And learning that if we will do our best,
We never need trouble—God guide the rest.



Tip and Tric.

BY JULIA MACNAIR WRIGHT.

When Jonas and Ellen Martin married they bought two hundred acres of land, twenty-five miles from the railroad. A log house and some barns and stables were built, land cleared, fences made, stock and crops were raised, and, as the Bible tells us, the hand of the diligent maketh rich, the honest young people prospered. Jonas could read and could write a little; Ellen could read, but could not write her name.

When first they bought their farm, there was no church service in that region, but the country soon filled up, and there was preaching once a month at a school house.

Jonas and Ellen were very happy when a pair of twin children, a boy and a girl, came to them. They called the boy Tip and the girl Tric. And then came slowly darkening upon them a great sorrow. Neither Tip nor Tric could hear and speak. When Jonas and Ellen realized this, it seemed as if their hearts would break. They did not know that there are schools for the deaf mutes and that they can be taught, it seemed to them that these children were forever shut out from happiness and usefulness, and condemned to the life of little brutes.

These parents were themselves so little educated that they could think of no way to enter into communication with their deaf children. They loved them; fondled them, fed and clothed them, and let them run and play like the colts and the calves. A few signs of beckoning or warning or reproof they managed to make, and that was all. No other children came, and Jonas and Ellen looked at Tip and Tric and felt very miserable.

Everything prospered but this affair of the children. The house was enlarged, and when the twins were seven years old, crops were so good that Jonas and Ellen set a day to go in the big wagon to the town at the railroad, and buy a stove, a table, a rocking chair and perhaps even a bureau! Tip and Tric were to go; they had never been away from the farm before. Ellen had been but once to the town, Jonas went only once each year. This was a great outing.

While they were buying the stove, the hardware dealer asked, "Are those children mutes? You must send

them to the great State school for mutes, fifty miles from here."

"A school? I didn't know mutes could learn anything!" cried Jonas.

"Of course they can. They teach them to read and write and draw, and to do all kinds of work—tailoring, printing, shoemaking. They learn as well as any one."

At the furniture store the dealer was much interested in the twins. "Mutes? Oh, send them to the Institution."

"We never heard of it till to day," said Ellen. "Would they be good to the poor little things? Could they really learn?"

"Good! Learn! I should say so!" The dealer held up his arm, making queer signs, and a young man in a blue suit came up.

"Here is my brother-in-law, he is a mute. He has just graduated at the Institution. Do you see those clothes and shoes? The pupils made those. Do you see those two suits of furniture? They were made at the Institution. Tom, here, learned cabinet work, and he is now working with me. He is a good hand. You shall go back in the shop and see some of his work."

Then he made more queer signs, and Tom took out a tablet and wrote rapidly upon it, "Be sure and send your children to the school. They will learn all that other people do."

"Laud!" said Jonas, "I never could write as handsome as that."

Then the dealer looked Tom in the face and said: "These people want to know if the teachers will be good to their children."

Jonas and Ellen were amazed to hear Tom speak out clearly, "Yes, they will be very good indeed."

"Do they teach them to speak? Can he say 'mother'?" cried poor Ellen.

"I can say 'mother,'" said Tom.

"I'll send Tip and Tric, if I have to sell the farm to do it!" cried Jonas.

"It will cost very little," said the dealer; and he addressed an envelope to the Superintendent of the school, stamped it and put in it a sheet of paper. "Now you must write to that man all about your children, and he will tell you what to do."

This was the way it came to pass that the next summer, when the twins were eight years old, they were taken to the station and handed over to a teacher who was gathering up the mutes to take them to school. They found themselves at evening at a large, handsome building, standing on beautiful grounds. There were seats under the trees, and swings, and places for playing games, and there were hundreds of children nicely dressed in uniforms of blue and gray. Tip and Tric had never seen folks in such nice clothes, except that one day when they went to town.

They were washed and dressed like the rest, and taken to supper. There were long tables covered with white cloths, and each child had a white napkin and a big glass tumbler. Tip and Tric had never seen such splendor before. At each table some one arose, looked upwards and made some signs, while each child watched the signs and at the end bowed its head.

At bed time a matron took Tric to a long ward full of little beds, where twenty little girls were put each into a white gown. Then all the twenty knelt down, and the matron with lifted eyes made some signs. The children who had been there before, repeated these signs. After this each child was tucked into bed.

Two hours after, Tric woke up and saw the matron in a long gown, with a lamp in her hand, come from her room at the end of the ward and take a look at the child in each little bed. Tip had similar experiences.

Between the children and the teachers Tip and Tric learned very fast. All mutes show great aptitude for writing. Soon Tip and Tric could write many words. They were a bright little pair, and before long could make their play-

mates understand them in the sign language, and could understand their mates. They learned that there is a God, and that the signs before meals were to thank him for their food, and the bedtime signs were a prayer for his care over them during the night. By degrees they learned much more about God, and about right and wrong. So went by a happy year, and Tip and Tric went home for vacation.

When they reached home all was so very different from the school! Tip and Tric wanted to bring in school ways. Tric was bound to set the table with a cloth, and as she could not find a cloth, she took a sheet. She put on the table her mother's four cherished tumblers, which had ornamented the best room shelf, and in place of napkins she found her mother's few treasured handkerchiefs. Then about the blessing. What, no blessing! Well, Tip managed that. At bedtime the twins made their parents kneel down, and they made their sign-prayer.

"Jonas," said Ellen with tears, "I do believe they're going through the Lord's Prayer my mother taught me long ago. Oh, Jonas, what heathens we be! The blessed children are teaching us, and we never taught them more than if they were little dogs or calves."

Soon Tip and Tric became very homesick for their playmates and their lessons. At home no one could communicate with them, or teach them, and their hungry little minds longed for school. No one could tell them how far it was to the railroad, or that steam cars did not run abroad over the country roads, or how long it would be before they were sent back to school. After a week of longing, they ran each day to climb two tall gato-posts and there they sat, perched like little eagles, looking with eager eyes for the cars to come and take them to their dear school! When the cars did not appear the children cried, and poor Ellen sat down on the doorstep and cried too. She bought table cloths and napkins, and pink dishes and new spoons, and white curtains and still the children pined for school.

One Saturday the preacher came to stay over Sunday and preach at the school-house. Happily he understood the sign language, as he had once taught in a school for mutes. He explained to the twins all about vacation, and when they could be taken back to school.

Then next day at the preaching, they found slates and pencils at the school-house, the school-teacher loaned them each one. Then they were happy. They wrote "father," and "mother," on the slates, and "God loves me," and "I love God." At this wonderful exhibition Jonas and Ellen were so overjoyed that they cried and said, "Those dear little ones will soon be like other folks. They will know as much as the preacher!"

When school began Ellen accompanied the children and remained a week, trying to learn something of the sign-language, and the teacher gave her a little book about it.

That winter Ellen boarded the school-teacher, and she and Jonas studied every night to keep up with their mute children! Each year Ellen visited her twins at school, and the home far up in the country received the benefit of all she saw and heard.

At the end of ten years Jonas and Ellen saw their mute children graduate. Tip was now as fine and sensible a lad as the Tom who had so much surprised his parents, and Tric was a very pretty-mannered young woman and was an excellent dress maker, who could get from her neighbors all the work she could do. It was a very pretty, comfortable, happy, Christian home they came to. Jonas did not need now to be told to ask a blessing or have family prayers; the parents and the home had been made over by means of a pair of deaf mutes, and what Christian philanthropy had done for them.—The Young People's Weekly.