

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

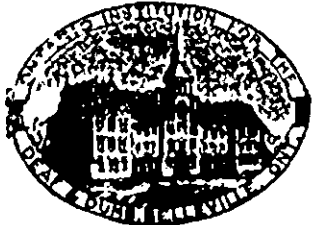
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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA



Minister of the Government in Charge
HON. J. R. STRAFFIN, TORONTO

Government Inspector.
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

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MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

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Superintendent of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter

Miss B. McNICOLL, 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 education and 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 for board 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.



The Old Home.

In the quiet shadows of twilight
I stand in the garden door
And gaze on the old, old homestead
So hushed and so full of lore
But the ivy now is winding
I uttered my window and wall
And no more the voice of the children
Is heard through the hall

Through years of pain and sorrow
Since first I had to part
The thought of my dear old homestead
Has lingered around my heart
The porch embowered with roses
The garden drooping o'er
And the song of the birds at twilight
And the rustle of the leaves

And the thought of those that loved me
In the happy childhood years
Across at the dusky window
Through vision dimmed with tears
I hear their voices calling
From the shadows far away
And I stretch my arms toward them
To the gleam of the twilight gray

But only the night winds answer
As I cry through the dismal air
And only the bat comes swooping
From the darkness of the lair
Yet still the voices of childhood
Are calling from far away
And the faces of those who loved me
Smile through the shadows gray



The Three Wishes.

Once upon a time there were two very poor and very old people, whose children had gone away and left them alone. Their hair had grown gray, their limbs were feeble, they had but little money and were not able to earn more. Yet their lives had been well spent and they were happy and contented.

"Though I am alone," said the old man, "my son is prosperous beyond the sea. Let us be grateful."

"Though I am lonely," said the old woman, "my young daughter has a nice husband and happy home far away. Let us be grateful."

But one day a brother of the old man came to see them and told them the stories of the comfort that money brought to him. Then the old man was no longer contented. One evening being alone with his wife by the quiet fire, he said, "Wife, when I was a boy, they told me of fairies that brought good things to poor people like us. I wish there were fairies to day."

Just then there appeared a ring of gold in the darkness. In it were three fairies with silver wings and stars on their brows. "Wish three times," said the first one, "and you shall have your three wishes." The fairies faded away.

The people were much surprised when their great wonder had passed away they were very happy in their dreams of what they would do. "We can wish but three times," said the old man, "we must be very wise."

They talked late by the pleasant fire, thinking about what they should wish. "I am hungry," the old woman said at last, "and it is getting late. I wish I had a pie." Immediately there appeared on the table before them a large pie.

"Now, see what you have done," said the old man in an angry tone, "you have lost one of your wishes by your foolish talking. It is too disgusting. You should suffer for this. I wish that horrid old pie was fastened to the end of your nose." Then the pie, quick as a wink, fastened itself to the end of her nose, and hung there, a terrible object to behold.

"See what you have done yourself," cried the old lady, angrily. "We have now but one wish left. We must study long before we use it."

They talked the matter over again. The old lady's nose grew longer and longer under the weight of the pie, and the pain became more than she could

bear. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I am very much distressed."

"What?"

"If that pie was only off my nose I should be happy again." The pie fell off as she spoke.

"Now, what have we gained by our three wishes?" said the old man.

"Nothing," answered the old woman. "We would know better if we could try it over," said the old man. But the fairies never came again. — School and Home.

That Sunday Ball Game.

Elmer Minson was determined to attend the ball game. He knew quite well that it was wrong to go, and as a professed Christian and as a member of the church, he was not only committing a sin himself, but his action might lead others to sin as well. He had reasoned his mother into silence, if not consent. It was time, he told her, that he had a little liberty. The church was all right; he had no fault to find with it, but there was such a thing as a fellow-giving himself an unconscious swagger—waving something besides praying and singing on Sunday. Why shouldn't he go out in the air, and have a change, and see ball games too, if he wanted to, on Sunday? What other time did he have to go? Surely he was old enough to do right, wasn't he?

Mrs. Minson answered with a sigh, that he was. Well, then he was going to see that game—and that was all there was about it. Elmer did not intend to be bluff, or cause his mother to grieve.

"But it isn't the place for a nice boy like my brother," said his sister Minnie. "They sell beer, smoke awful cigars, swear and tell stories."

"I wish you wouldn't go," continued his mother, taking heart from Minnie's boldness. "When you first joined the church, you used to go to Sunday school in the afternoon, then now you never go, unless your teacher meets you and makes you promise to come."

"Oh, mother, that was before I went to work. You ought to know that a fellow can't go to Sunday school all his life. Why, I'm seventeen, and I think it is time I graduated. Well, mother, after a pause, and with his voice more conciliatory, "Go off! Good bye and don't worry." He fondly kissed her and Minnie, and then walked rapidly on the street, trying to forget that his mother had wiped away a tear, while his sister looked quite down hearted.

He didn't like to make them worry, they were both so kind to him, but, well, a fellow can't always remain at home and be a boy.

"Hello, Minson," exclaimed a youth, one Dan Reagan, as he entered the park gate, "glad to see you out. Have a cigar—don't smoke, eh, well, you must learn. Put it in your pocket."

Elmer meekly put the cigar in his coat, while the youth rattled on in a most entertaining way.

"I didn't know you went to Sunday ball games—thought you were too good. I remember when you joined the church. At the time I said to Mike Kelly, 'There's a fellow who don't know what he's about.' Let's find a seat and keep together."

After the first inning a man scrambled in among the men and boys and began selling beer.

"Have a drink on me," said Dan, graciously.

"No, thank you, I don't drink," answered Elmer, wondering why he had ever allowed himself to attend a Sunday ball game. There was a mighty roar all about him. The people laughed and jeered, told coarse jests and freely baited each other and the players, they smoked and drank and expectorated to their hearts content, evidently quite satisfied with themselves and the way the Sabbath had degenerated.

The pleasure of the afternoon had long since passed for Elmer. He realized that he was among the ungodly,

among a class of people who were not servants of Christ, who lived for pleasure and the joys of the world. A man on a bench above him was relating an unclean narrative, several people were almost intoxicated, boys and men alike were chewing and smoking, and all talking, without regard to age or condition. And far away in the distance Elmer could see the cross on the blue vault above—a solemn warning of the all-seeing Eye that was looking down upon the children of men.

Acting on a sudden resolve, and while the players were coming in from the field, he slipped off the bench and quickly made his way out of the park. As he reached the gate, he saw his teacher passing down the opposite side of the street. He carried a Bible under his arm and had evidently just taught his class. Elmer ran in a side street, he didn't want this kind young man to know how he had spent the afternoon. When near home he saw his pastor coming out of a house. (On the door was a fluttering of white ribbon, a death—a child. While others were going about trying to do good, he, a Christian young man, one who had called upon the name of Christ, had been among the scoffers, the Sabbath breakers, endeavoring to find pleasure in their company.)

Mrs. Minson was resting in her darkened room, when Elmer entered. He walked up to her and threw his arms around her as he used to do when a school boy. "Mother, dear," he said, "I am sorry I went to the game. When I got there I could not enjoy it. I know it was not the place for me, and I'm not going any more. Did it worry you, mother? I'm so sorry."

The mother looked into her boy's eyes and saw the light of true manliness, she kissed him and was happy, knowing that her prayer had followed him as he strode away early in the afternoon. — Presbyterian.

Do Your Best.

A minister telling how, when a boy, he was a great whistler, and sometimes whistled in unusual and unseemly places. One day, not long since, says an exchange, he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said, "Is that the best you can whistle?"

"No," said the minister, "can you beat it?"

The boy said he could, and the minister said, "Well, let's hear you."

The little fellow began to whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling, and as he started away the little fellow said, "Well, if you can whistle better, what are you whistling that way for?"

Strong enough, why 'ould not any one do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let every boy and girl try to do their best, whether in whistling, singing, working, or playing, and whatever they do, let them do it heartily as unto the Lord. — National Advocate.

The Drunkard's Last Will.

An exchange says that a drunkard who recently died in New York left this as his last will and testament. I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can in their feeble state bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I can bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart—a life of shame. I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character and remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave. For drunkards to read when they have time.

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 2:45 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.