

# 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. B. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent  
A. MATHESON, Furnace  
J. E. LAKINS, M. D., Physician  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

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J. DENNY, Miss MARY HULL  
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(Blind Teacher)

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Miss S. A. HALL, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
Principal 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 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.

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 2:15 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). This 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.



## His Care Is Over All.

The lark pours forth its joyous song  
Amid the ethereal blue,  
And upward soars on fluttering wing  
Fill almost hid from view  
The humble sparrow, lowlier bred,  
Attains no dizzy height,  
Content near earth its life to pass,  
And chirp out its delight  
Yet each, its own appointed part  
In God's creation plays  
One mid the busy haunts of men  
One 'most beyond their gaze  
But He, who rears less Nature's ways  
To love the sparrow's view,  
Nor does He to these creatures small  
His watchful thoughts refuse  
Nor when its little life is spent  
Does He His care recall  
Even as the feathered body drops,  
His eye doth mark its fall.

The child, whose merry prattle rings  
In all his child-like glee  
Whose hopeful voice tells all around  
His greatness yet to be  
Who bends each eye at mother's knee  
His infant prayer to raise  
Whose happy voice each Sabbath sings  
Hymns to his Maker's praise  
In bliss indeed and happy he  
He doth but play his part  
Still let his laugh and song tell out  
The joy that swells his heart.

The child to life long silent born  
Whose soul no sound can reach  
Whose infant tongue, to those around  
His joys can never reach  
Whose mother's voice never penetrate  
The silence long and drear  
Who though he climb on father's knee  
Speaks no word in his ear  
Is much dejected but Christ on earth  
Did bless the deaf and dumb  
He opened their ears, unloosed their tongues  
And still to them doth come.

The Lord delights in each dear child  
Of praise each gives his part  
The hearing—music of the lips  
The deaf—one of the heart  
—A. J. S. in the Deaf and Dumb.



## Towse's Victory.

Where was Tommy? Something must be the matter with the boy for whenever before had he neglected to come to his favorite dinner! Mother Prentice's clear voice rang out over field and wood "Tommy, Tommy" but no Tommy appeared.

Instead, a fine colt, Tommy's special friend and playfellow, arose from his nap, shook himself and gazed inquiringly out over the broad expanse of meadow, expecting to hear the well-known voice of his young master but there was no response; and he hardly received the gentle command "Go find him, Towse" before he was off at a bound, searching all over the favorite nooks and corners in which Tommy usually delighted.

After a time he finally discovered at the foot of a Long Meadow a little figure, stretched at full length and completely hidden in the tall grass. Towse pricked up his ears, and giving one great leap landed on top of the prostrate form, showing his delight in a series of joyful barks.

"Hello! what are you about there?" was Tommy's startled exclamation.

Then, recognizing his faithful playmate, the boy jumped up and gave him an angry push, saying, "What do you come bothering around me for, just like you. Don't you know any better than always to go where you are not wanted? Home with you now, I don't want you!"

The dog was so amazed at this unusual outburst that he remained stationary, gazing at his master with astonishment.

"What was the matter with Tommy? Was that his loving friend who had spoken so sharply to him? There must be some mistake; he would try again."

Then Towse playfully took hold of a little bare foot which peeped out of the grass before him; and gave a gentle push, which said: "Time to go home. Mother is waiting dinner for you."

This time Tommy, who had fallen

back in the grass and covered his face, once more arose and gave the dog a vigorous kick which ended him some distance away.

"Now, then, Towse, p'raps you think I don't mean what I say, but I tell you I do, and I don't want you here."

It did hurt Tommy a bit to be so rude to his playmate, but the truth is he was under the influence of a wicked spirit just then, and was hardly responsible for his actions.

Instead of obeying and trotting off home, the dog, now thoroughly convinced that something was decidedly wrong, crept slowly back to his master, and sat looking at him with great, mournful eyes. The boy, peeping through his fingers, met the tender, reproachful look, and quickly covered his eyes again. Then another glance, with the same result. Finally he could endure it no longer and burst forth, indignantly "I don't see what I have done. You can't give a feller a minute's peace, sitting there looking at me solemn as an owl." A gentle wag of the tail and a sympathetic nod from Towse.

"S'pose you think I'm awful bad"; after a pause, "the worst boy in the place."

Another silence, in the heart of the little boy, while Towse heaved a sigh. Then Tommy sat up and faced the dog boldly, holding up a large jack-knife. "Now, you, Towse, look at this knife. Isn't it fine?"

Towse looked at the knife and then at the boy, but did not appear very enthusiastic in his appreciation. He gave, however, two short barks, which might have meant anything, and resumed his steady gaze.

"I don't see what you look at me so for, Towse, p'raps you think I stole that knife" with a defiant air—"if you do, I'll"—and a little hand was held up threateningly, but the dog continued to gaze mournfully and loyally at the boy until it was quite unbearable.

"There, cried Tommy, throwing down the knife at the feet of the dog—"if you must know—I found that knife in the road this morning. It's Joe Thompson's knife—he must have lost it out of his pocket. It is a fine knife, and I wanted to keep it myself, but I won't, I will carry it straight to Joe."

The struggle over, he throw his arms around the dog's neck and sobbed, while his faithful friend tenderly licked him in his face and tried to comfort him in his own way.

It was but a short step to Joe's home to return the knife, while Towse led the way barking and frolicking in an ecstasy of delight. In the midst of Tommy's confession a soft step upon the grass behind them had not been noticed by the two excited friends, and it presently departed as silently as it came. So it was that when a hungry but happy little boy ran home for his late dinner he was met by a wise and tender mother, who was prepared, without asking questions, to welcome her child lovingly.

"Give Towse a grand dinner to day, mother dear," said Tommy, "for he deserves it." Mother smiled as she heaped the plate with good things, to which both Tommy and Towse did full justice.

That night, as Tommy knelt by his mother's side, he added to his usual prayer: "Dear Lord, Towse helped me to be good to-day, bless Towse, and find a nice place for him in heaven when he dies, and, dear Lord, bless Tommy, and make him a good boy—good as Towse—Amen."—Selected

A prisoner was in the dock on a serious charge of stealing, and the case having been presented to the Court by the prosecuting solicitor, he was ordered to stand up. "Have you a lawyer?" asked the Court. "No, sir." "Do you want a lawyer to defend the case?" "No, sir." "Well, what do you propose to do about the case?" "Well, I," with a yawn, as if wearied, "I'm willin' to drop the case, far's I'm concerned."

## The Sweet Girl

Every girl can be a sweet girl if she wants to. It is certainly better to be loved than admired. I would much rather people should mourn for me when I die, than to say, "Well, she was beautiful and brilliant, but nobody liked her." It is beautiful to be the one that mother "rests her heart upon;" to know that father thinks of the dear daughter amid all stress and exertion of the day and looks forward with longing to the pleasure of coming home to her in the evening; to be the one that the brothers and sisters naturally confide in with all that interests them. To be this sweet girl it is necessary for more girls to "Watch and fight and pray," as the old hymn teaches. You cannot indulge in sharpness or satiro; if you feel impatient it is best not to speak at all. An unexplained silence is better than an unpleasant remark. Washington Irving says: "A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only tool that grows keener and sharper with constant use."

Another thing to guard against is the tendency to criticize. It is very easy to fall into that habit, and it soon becomes almost a vice. It grows into a censoriousness that destroys all the sweetness of life. I have seen some children sitting in judgment upon parents, teachers, or ministers, and even holding them up to ridicule, in a way that not only made them appear extremely silly, but had a very bad effect on their own minds, says Mrs. H. Brearley, in *Our Boys and Girls*. Such a critic needs no training, but opportunity, and of course his opinion is valueless. As some one has said: "It takes skill and labor to hold a house, but any idle tramp can burn it down." So, girls, check the tendency to be critical of others. It is better to have a constructive mind than a destructive one. We really have no right to judge of others very assuredly, for as Burns says:

What's done, we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

And it may have cost your neighbor a very severe struggle with her besetments to be as good as she is, even when she isn't as good as you are naturally. If so, she will deserve more credit than you do. Judge not, that ye be not judged."

## The Most Beautiful Hands.

There is an old legend, says the *Sunday Magazine*, concerning three young women who disputed as to who had the most beautiful hands. One dipped her hand into the pure running stream, another picked the berries until her fingers were pink, a third gathered roses until her hands were sweet by their fragrance. An aged woman, carowm and decrepit, leaning upon her staff, came asking a gift, but all alike refused her. A fourth young woman making no claims to beauty, ministered unto her needs. The aged woman then said, "It is not the hand that is dipped in the brook, nor the hand made red with berries, nor the hand garlanded or perfumed with roses, that is most beautiful, but the hand that giveth to the poor." As she thus spoke her mask fell off, her staff was cast aside, her wrinkles vanished, and she stood before them an angel of God.

Between Philadelphia and Washington is a ghuo factory which "smells to heaven." A lady was obliged to take a ride between these two points and so she took with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat directly behind her. As the train neared the factory the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole car was filled with the horrible odor of the ghuo. The old farmer stood it as long as he could, then leaning forward he shouted: "Madam, would you mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"