

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. II.

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NO. 1.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge

THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.  
R. MATHISON, Burns.  
E. KINGS, M. D., Physician.  
S. ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

R. COLEMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.  
D. J. DUNN, Assistant.  
J. S. ASHLEY, Assistant.  
J. S. HALL, H. A., Assistant.  
J. M. HILLTOP, Assistant.  
M. HAYTON, Assistant.  
Miss MARGERY CURRIE, Teacher of Articulation.  
Miss J. G. TRIMMELL, Miss R. TEMPLETON, Miss M. M. OSTRON, Miss MARY HULL, Miss LORENCE MAYNOR, Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL, Miss ADA JAMES, (Monitor).

Mrs. MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.  
Miss SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss L. M. HODGINS, JOHN T. BURNS, Clerk (Acting), Instructor of Printing.

Wm. DOUGLASS, FRANK FLYNN, Carpenter (Boys and Bookkeeper (Acting)), Master Carpenter.

ROBERT O'NEARA, Wm. NURSE, Assistant Supervisor (Temporary), Master Shoemaker.

Miss A. GALLAGHER, D. CUNNINGHAM, Instructor of Sewing, Master Baker.

J. MIDDELMANN, THOMAS WILLS, Engineer, Gas Fitter.

Mr. MARK O'NEARA, Farmer.

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 afflicted with deafness, 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 \$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 and tuition, will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys. The female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, fanning, dressmaking, sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine and in 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 provisions of the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the first Wednesday in September, and closes on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Applications as to the terms of admission for pupils will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

### INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND SENT should be addressed to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away from the office door will be sent to the 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 pupils.



## THIS CANADA OF OURS.

BY GEO. W. JOHNSON.

We have made us a Dominion  
In this region of the west.  
And this Canada of ours  
Is the land we love the best.  
For our homes are halls of plenty,  
We have peace on every hand,  
And our people are as noble  
As the land of any land.

We have many little Edens  
Scattered up and down our dales.  
We've a hundred pretty hamlets  
Nestling in our peaceful vales.  
Here the sunlight loves to linger,  
And the summer winds to blow  
Here the rosy spring in April  
Leapseth laughing from the snow.

We have lakes as broad as oceans  
To transport our surplus grain;  
And, we've mighty, rolling rivers,  
To convey it to the main.  
We have oaks to build us navies  
That have stood since Noah a flood,  
And we've men to build and steer them—  
Men of skill and dauntless blood.

We have springs of healing waters,  
We have everdaring hills,  
That encircle in their journey  
Half a thousand happy hills.  
Tell the oppressed of every nation—  
Him that dies and him that delivers—  
If they'll cast their lot among us,  
We will make them like ourselves.

For the west shall be a garden,  
And its glories be unfurled,  
Till its beauty is a by-word  
With the people of the world,  
And the east shall build us shipping  
That shall whiten every sea,  
And the coast of this Dominion  
Shall be British liberty.

And if foes too strong oppress us,  
On a little island shore  
Dwells a lion that can shield us  
By the terror of his roar.  
For its flag that rules the ocean  
Is the monarch of the shore—  
It has braved a thousand battles,  
And can brave a thousand more.

Seath its folds, in silent sorrow,  
We will wrap our fallen brave,  
But we'll wave it high in triumph  
Over every traitor's grave.  
Till in spite of foe and traitor  
By the world it shall be seen  
That we pride in our Dominion,  
Love old England and her Queen.

And our fathers up in heaven,  
In the land far away,  
Looking down with pride upon us  
To each other they shall say—  
"These our children emulate us,  
Tread the righteous path we trod,  
Live in peace and honest plenty,  
Love their country and their God."

Upper Canada College,  
Toronto, February 11th, 1893.



## Enthusiasm.

It has been asserted that enthusiasm is fanaticism. If it be true, it is equally true that the world needs more fanatics.

The man who throws himself, body and soul, into the world's work is far preferable to his *vice versa*, the indifferent man.

Of all the flaws which a character may possess, that of indifference is the worst.

Show us a boy enthusiastic in his work and we can show you one who will make his way in the world; show us one who is indifferent and it is easy to pick one who in after life will never be heard from.

All this is aimed at the heads of our boys to show them the blackness of I don't-careness. Boys, be enthusiastic. Move. Let every effort count. If you undertake a thing, stick at it—succeed in it. If you undertake to learn a trade show enthusiasm enough in it to master it in every detail.

If you enter college and a professional life, be crank enough to stand at the head of your class and your chosen profession.

Remember nothing succeeds like success and the "don't-care" never achieves it.—*Wis. Times.*

## A Woman In The Far North.

Mrs. Peary, the young wife of Lieutenant Peary, who accompanied her husband on his recent expedition to North Greenland, has much to relate that is of interest concerning her sojourn in the Arctic regions.

Her experiences were varied, and many of them were such as to most women would have seemed dreary and depressing, if not terrible, but she appears to have been of sufficiently sound constitution and sunny temper to extract happiness from unpleasant surroundings.

Her Arctic housekeeping opened inauspiciously with a violent storm, which she and her husband, at that time helpless with a broken leg, had to endure in a little tent that threatened to blow away at each new gust.

Afterwards, in her snug quarters in the permanent house built by the men, she was much more comfortable. She slept on a bed which should have been soft, certainly, since its foundation was an enormous pile of knitted woolen stockings, mittens and mufflers sent for the use of the party, and on top of these were laid five great bags or pillows filled with eider down collected by herself—forty-three pounds of it, gathered in five hours from among the nests of the ducks.

Flags and warm blankets draped the walls, and the place had quite the appearance of a home.

She was, as might have been expected, an object of great interest to the Eskimos. When she came out with her husband to meet the first Eskimo family to arrive, the natives, who had heard of her coming, scanned them both with the greatest curiosity, inquiring, "Soonah! koonah?" (Which is the woman?)

Her dress especially pleased and puzzled them, particularly the whalebone in the waist. The women she allowed to see her take it off and put it on, but when one of the men, in trying to save her from a blow from a slamming door, accidentally had his hand forced against her back and felt the bones, he was overcome with astonishment believing them to be a part of herself.

He asked in awe-struck tones if all American women had so many bones in them, all running up and down in the same direction.

With the two Eskimo women who were her neighbors Mrs. Peary was on excellent terms, won their hearts by presenting them with needles, which in that far region are rare and precious implements, and also by two cunning little girls named Anuandore and Now-yahlich.

To the little Anuandore she gave a mirror, and this wonderful object proved an inexhaustible source of delight. She was probably the first little lady of that region who ever enjoyed the satisfaction of looking faces of herself in the glass.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Peter was the Cat.

A small boy had been taken out by his uncle for his first dinner in a hotel dining room. The little chap was enjoying himself hugely, but the dinner was far beyond his capacity, although to his growing amazement his young uncle was able to get it all. Ice cream was reached. The little man, having eaten much more heartily than he was allowed to do at home, found his regret, that this—the best feature of the dinner to his youthful palate—could not be crowded into his limited stomach, though the uncle was equal to mastering his portion. When the waiter came the child looked up sadly to him and said, "Will you save this for me until I come again? I could not eat it all, but my uncle ate all his up as clean as Peter." The speech was delivered with a childish treble plainly audible to a wide circumference, and the hearers were doubly amused when the interested waiter asked, "Who is Peter?" and the boy answered, "Oh, Peter is our cat."—*Boston Home Journal.*

## A Naughty Pot.

Did you ever see a Persian cat? A big, fluffy, yellow and white fellow, that looks much more like his big brother, the man-eating tiger, than our common, every day cats do.

My friend, Miss Prudence, has one. It was a present to her from her brother. It is a very great pot, and Miss Prudence often says money could not buy her Jim.

All the same he is very troublesome. Miss Prudence is sometimes so angry with him who is quite ready to give him away. But when Jim comes to her, jumps on her lap, arches his back to have it stroked, and purrs and rubs his nose on her face, Miss Prue forgives him just as your mamma forgives you when you have been naughty. You see, Miss Prue has no one else to love but Jim, and so she loves him very dearly.

There is a bell in the dining-room, just inside the door, that is rung by a wire from the front entrance—an old-fashioned door-bell.

Miss Prue dearly loves an afternoon nap. Just as she got into a comfortable doze the other day, ding-a-ling rang the bell. So poor Miss Prue got up, fixed her hair, and went to the door. No one was there.

As she is a little deaf, the good lady lay down again, thinking she had been mistaken.

But, no, there it was again! Miss Prue ran quickly this time, but no one was there. Then she sat down by the door and waited. Only a minute, when jingle went the bell. Before it stopped Miss Prue had the door open, but no naughty boy was caught.

"Well, I give up!" exclaimed the lady. "Miaow! Miaow!" came from the dining-room.

"What is it, Jim?" asked Miss Prue, walking out to see.

There was Jim standing on top of the half-open door. Miss Prue sat down, and Jim showed her how he reached out and rang the bell.

Jim does not like company. He does not like to have the ladies lay their hats and wraps on the spare bed, as he can't sleep on it; and then he always does something naughty.

Last week there was company. Jim went about with arched back and fur standing out, scolding at every one who chanced to brush against him or tried to pet him.

After the ladies had gone, he came to Miss Prue and tried to make up.

"What have you done that is naughty to-day, Jim?" asked Miss Prue.

Jim mowed, and led the way up stairs. He went to a closet, the door of which stood open, Miss Prue following.

What do you think she saw? Jim had torn her best bonnet! That was the way he punished her for having company.

Last Christmas Miss Prue received a large, handsome vase. She admired it so much that she spent a good deal of time in the parlor looking at it. When over she did so, Jim would go in and rub against her dress, as much as to say, "Don't look at that thing! Look at me!"

When Sunday came, Miss Prue went to church. As she opened the door upon her return, Jim ran up to her and began to cry.

"What have you been doing, Jim?" she asked.

Jim mowed, and ran before her into the parlor.

Miss Prue sat down and cried, Jim had knocked the beautiful vase down and broken it all to pieces—*Our Little Ones.*

The corner stones of two deaf-mute schools were laid in England lately. The first ceremony took place the 1st of October at Preston; the institution is to be known as the "Cross Deaf and Dumb School." The second occurred on the 3rd of November, at Derby, where the Midland Institution is to be. The stone was laid by the Duchess of Devonshire.