

# 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. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.  
A. MATHISON, Inspector.  
J. E. BAKINS, M. D. Physician.  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

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JAMES C. HALLIS, B. A., (Miss MARY BULL) Assistant Head Teacher.  
W. J. CAMPBELL, (Miss SYLVIA L. HALLIS) Assistant Head Teacher.  
GEO. J. STEWART, (Miss ADA JAMES) Assistant Head Teacher.  
T. I. FORBES, (Miss GORODINA LYNN) Assistant Head Teacher.  
M. J. MADSEN, (Miss NINA BROWN) Assistant Head Teacher.

Teachers of Attention:

MISS LINDA M. JACK, (Miss CAROLINE GIBSON) Teacher of Attention.  
MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS L. N. McLAGAN, (JOHN T. HURNS) Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

W. M. DODD, (W. M. STARR) Stenographer & Lancet Supervisor. Master Shoemaker.

D. G. KRITH, (JOHN F. KANE) Supervisor of Boys, etc. Engineer.

MISS M. DANNISY, (JOHN DOWNIE) Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter.

MISS R. McNECH, (D. CUNNINGHAM) Friend Hospital Nurse. Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Distiller.

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 \$20 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 supplied with a 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, dress-making, 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 us 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 this 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.



FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE

## Longing for Boyhood Days.

I know not why it should be  
But still it is there I know  
That ardent desire to visit  
The scenes of long ago.

It comes in the rush of business  
In the quiet of evening rest,  
I long for the home of my childhood,  
Like a tired bird for its nest.

I am weary of life's burdens,  
Its care its sorrow its agh  
I would fain lie down for a moment,  
And close my eyes to its din.

The world is a noble workshop,  
Where the gold is refined from the dross,  
But the struggle is long and arduous,  
And I'd rest for a time from its cross.

How swiftly rolls the stream of time,  
To those that backward look,  
The far off days to them appear  
Like a tale from some old book.

As retrospect I take to-night  
Far up on the stream of time  
The echoes that faintly reach the ear  
Are like those of a distant chime.

But all the echoes are those of love,  
And harmony and peace,  
For long since all the ardent notes  
Have been made by love to cease.

But should I see to-night  
The spot to memory dear,  
Would not Time's brush have blurred,  
The scenes I see so clear?

And should I tread the olden paths,  
And all by the old hearthstone,  
No familiar face would greet me there  
I would walk or sit alone.

How few of all my playmates then  
Are left in business now,  
How deeply Time hath set his seal  
Upon the furrowed brow.

Gods care of old Woodhouse guards  
The ashes of my dead,  
Their grass grows green above their graves,  
Their souls to bliss have sped.

The Lyra flows gently as of yore  
Through forest and through field,  
The maples at the frost king's touch  
Their rainbow colors yield.

But vanished is the racecourse where  
Like unshod colts we played,  
And Walsh's wood is but a myth,  
Where often we have strayed.

Where stood the school house rude and bare,  
A splere rears the head,  
The master whom we all revered,  
Is numbered with the dead.

As water spilled upon the ground,  
Are childhood's smiles and tears,  
No magic wand can conjure back  
Its wealth of hopes and fears.

No many memories mingle  
Their sweet and sad refrain,  
Ere both to make the journey  
To my boyhood's home again.

Perhaps it were as well to keep,  
Unblurred within my heart  
The bright illusions of my youth  
Till memory depart.

Not on this earth in space and time  
Can we youth's Eden find  
Transported to an inner realm,  
It lives but in the mind.

There let it live serenely fair  
Forever and a day,  
Till we too from this sphere depart  
To dwell in it always.

ROBERT MATHISON

Chicago Ill Oct 15 1898



## Dorothy's Outing.

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL.

Dorothy Bradford knelt beside her own little trunk carefully laying in the last articles. It was a great pleasure to her, being allowed to pack her own trunk for a journey, and she had learned to do it neatly. She was arranging the ribbons and gloves and handkerchiefs in a scientific way about her hat in the hatbox. Her mother's door stood open a few inches and her mother and father were talking in low tones. Dorothy was so busy she did not notice at first what they were saying until the

sound of her own name called her attention.

"Yes, I would certainly feel that I ought to do it if it were not for Dorothy," her mother was saying in a troubled voice. "She has counted so much on this trip, and I know it would almost break her heart to give it up. If it could be put off a few weeks, it would be all right, but Dorothy has planned to be at the shore with her friend, Ada Whitton, and the Whittons have already gone, so there is no use in talking of that. Ada and she have spent hours planning what they would do."

"Yes, I suppose it would be a great disappointment," said her father, "but it seems to me she is brave enough to be willing to do it if she under stood all about it. However, we have promised her all winter, and I suppose it would be expecting too much of a child to ask her to sacrifice herself to such an extent. You say they can get any one else to take the baby? How very extraordinary! It seems as if Mrs. Barrows ought to have enough Christian friends to offer to do that for a few weeks while she goes to a hospital to take the necessary treatment to save her life for her husband and children. What is the reason Mrs. Brown doesn't take the baby did you say?"

Oh, her husband objects. She is willing enough but she says he can't bear a light in the room at night, and she is afraid it would keep him awake. Mrs. Stout would take it if she were well but she is really quite miserable. They say poor Mrs. Barrows is feeling very bad about it. She says religion isn't worth much if in the whole church there isn't one person that loves Christ enough to take a poor baby for a little while till its mother can get well enough to live—and it is hard. I must go over there to call this afternoon sometime, and explain to her just how it is about my going away. I cannot bear to have her think that I am like the rest, and won't help to save her life."

A gust of wind closed the door between the two rooms and Dorothy heard no more, but a dark cloud seemed to have settled down over her joy. Tears of rebellion filled her eyes and one or two brimmed over and fell on her pretty new brown gloves. Some duty was always coming up to spoil everything—it was very mean. Anyway, she would not let it ruin everything this time. This was her right, this playtime by the shore. She had earned it by hard study and her father had promised her if she stood well in her classes during the past term she should have this as her reward. She brushed the tears angrily away and went about picking up more of her things to put in the trunk. That horrid little baby! Was it through chance that she raised her tear wet eyes just then to the wall roll over her little brass bedstead and read the words, "Even Christ pleased not himself." That text followed her about the room and seemed to get between her eyes and everything she tried to do, and she was glad when she heard her mother calling her to get her hat and come out to walk with her. She ran downstairs hurriedly, glad to escape from her uncomfortable conscience. As they passed down the street she saw little Jack and Bennie Barrows standing idly and sadly by a neighbor's fence. They did not look bright and gay as usual, and she remembered, with a thrill of pain, that the doctors had said Mrs. Barrows might never recover, and that she would surely die soon if she did not go immediately away and have an operation performed at a hospital. While she was thinking this, her mother turned into the Barrows gate, and there was nothing for her to do but to follow, much as she disliked it. Mrs. Barrows herself was in the sitting room, looking wan and sick, with a heavy baby on her lap, laughing and crowing. Dorothy listened almost painfully as Mrs. Bar-

rows described how she had been all ready to go away, expecting Mrs. Brown to take the baby, when she had sent word that it would be impossible. "And now," said Mrs. Barrows, "there is no thing left for me to do but to stay here and die, for I won't leave my little baby with no one to care for it. His father is away at the store all day, and Mary is only six years old."

Dorothy's mamma explained how glad she would be to take the baby if she were to be at home, but somehow it seemed to Dorothy now, looking at the sad mother's face, as though their excuse was a very poor one, and that text, "Even Christ pleased not himself," kept repeating itself over and over in her ear.

Suddenly she broke in upon her mother's words.

"Mamma, we can stay at home. Let us take the baby. I will help you."

Her mother looked at her, a pleased light in her face.

"Are you willing to give up all your plans, little daughter, and do this? Are you sure you realize what it will mean to you?"

"Yes, mamma," said Dorothy, bravely holding the tears back that Mrs. Barrows might not see how hard it was; "I want to do it. He is a dear little baby, and I should love to help take care of him."

And so it was decided, and Dorothy went home and unpacked her trunk very fast not to think much about the nice times she had planned as she packed it, and then went down stairs to help make a bed for the baby visitor. Mrs. Barrows had eagerly accepted the proffered kindness and went to the hospital that evening, and baby Jamie arrived to occupy Dorothy's mind and time so that she scarcely had opportunity to remember that she was to have been far away on the cars by this time. The days went by happily enough, though Dorothy did shed some tears by herself at the thought of what she had given up, and had a good long cry when a letter came from Ada, telling of all the delights of the seashore.

But there came a glad day when news reached them that little Jamie's mamma had passed successfully through the operation at the hospital, and would be at home in another week and able with the help of a nurse to take the baby again.

"Get your trunk ready, Dorothy," said her papa, "you shall have your trip yet. You were a good girl and deserve a reward. Mr. Whitton has written me that Ada can stay at the seashore as long as you do, and at the end of the three weeks I am going to take you up the river and among the mountains."

Dorothy was glad indeed over the surprise her father was giving her, but when as she went with her mother to take little Jamie back, and Mrs. Barrows kissed her and said, "I owe my life to you, dear little Dorothy," her heart was so full of joy it seemed as though it would burst, and she said to herself, "I would have been glad I had done it even if papa had not given me this trip afterwards, for it makes one so happy to please Jesus."

As the train sped along, bearing her to the seashore the wheels seemed to be chanting the words, "Even Christ pleased not himself; even Christ pleased not himself."—Our Boys and Girls.

A Detroit man the other day received a sudden invitation from a Kentucky friend of his to come down and join a hunting party about to start out for the mountains. The Detroit man wanted to go, but he didn't know what kind of game was to be the object, so he sent this telegram for instructions. "All right. What shall I bring?" A few hours later he received this reply: "Corkscrews; we have the rest."