

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 20.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:  
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:  
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W. W. L. IRVINE, Librarian.  
C. E. FAKINS, M. D., Physician.  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:  
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MISS H. BAKER, H. A., Miss MARY HULL.  
MR. McHILL, Miss SYLVIA L. BAKER.  
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Teachers of Articulation:  
MISS IDA M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.  
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Bookkeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker

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Superintendent of Boys, etc. Engineer

MISS M. DEMSKY, JOHN DOWNIE,  
Matron, Superintendent of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter.

MISS K. McNICOL, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
General 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 from board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding 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 such ornamental and fancy work as may be profitable.

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. For information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent by letter or otherwise.

K. 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 post office at noon and 2 1/2 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.



### If We Know.

Could we but draw the curtains  
That surround each other's lives  
See the naked heart and spirit  
Know what spur the action gives  
Often we should find it better  
Purer than we judge we should  
We should love each other better  
If we only understood

Could we judge all deeds by motives,  
See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner,  
All the while we loathe the sin  
Could we know the powers working  
To overthrow integrity,  
We should judge each other's errors  
With more patient charity

If we knew the care and trials,  
Knew the efforts and in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment,  
Understood the loss and pain,  
Would the grim external roughness  
Seem, I wonder, just the same?  
Should we help where now we hinder?  
Should we pity where we blame?

Oh, we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source,  
Seeing not amid the evil,  
All the golden gleams of good—  
Oh, we'd love each other better,  
If we only understood.

Albert College Times.



### About an Old Horse.

"Can I put my old horse in your barn ma'am, and let him stand daytimes while I'm to work on the wall over there? You see I bring his dinner, and I can let him stand in the meeting house horse shed, but the flies plague him fearful at this time of year."

"Certainly he could come in! Whatever else we may be remiss in at our house, no one can say we ever refused shelter to a tired horse, or a bit of something to eat to any stray and hungry animal."

"Put him in every morning and take him out when you get ready."

No one to have said he was an old horse. Every square inch of his anatomy told that.

But as I gave a glance towards him each morning as he passed through the doorway, trotting cheerfully up to the stable door, I could see that he was well groomed and well fed.

None of the lagging, uncertain gait of hungry horses, looking this way and that, as if in the hope that a stray wisp of hay may be hanging in the air for them somewhere. When the noon hour came, his soft whinnying told of the approach of his master with the welcome dinner.

Going out one noon, I saw the man sitting there eating his own mid-day lunch, in full sight of the old horse. "Old Bill knows when I'm 'round," he said. "I think he relishes his dinner better if he thinks I'm close by."

When he had stood there three or four days, I heard one afternoon, the heavy tramp, tramp on the stable floor that told of a loose horse.

Thinking it was our own saddle who had untied himself, I hastily ran out the side door, to get in front of him before he would get out and go careering around the lawn.

But it was no defiant horse with mischief in his eye, bent on getting past any obstacle that stood between him and the coveted gallop up and down the road.

There in the middle of the stable floor, stood the old horse, his nose stretched out sniffing the air from the open door.

One foot was partly raised and put forward, as though he wanted to step out, but hardly dared to. At the sound of my voice, his sensitive ears were brought to a point and then he slowly raised his nostrils higher and softly

sniffed in my direction, as if to find out whether I were a friend or foe.

I saw at once that he was entirely blind.

No creature that know he was on the edge of a precipice, or in fact on any uncertain ground, could have shown in attitude or expression of face, anything more like an anxious human appeal. I saw that any movement towards him increased his distress, so I simply drew together the stable door and left him until his master came.

"Law! afraid of Old Bill! Why he's nothing but a baby, ain't you, old boy? If you'd spoke right up to him, he'd gone back into his stall. Why my wife can do anything with him, and as for the little kids they just crawl all round him. My wife says she believes he thinks he's one of 'em himself. You see I bought him right after he got blind, and so he knows us, but he ain't auro of anybody else. Now stand round old boy 'til I get your legs on, then we'll go home and get some supper and see the kids. Why we just love Old Bill down to our house."

There was nothing appealing now in the attitude of the old horse. He was all right. He was under the command of the master who had never failed him in care or kindness. He even wore the air of one who know there was a warm home welcome awaiting him.

How cheerfully he trotted out of the door yard and across the street, and so on up the hill in front of the house. No one would have thought that he was a blind horse now. But in perfect darkness himself, he trusted his steps to the guidance of one who had always chosen the safe paths for him.

"Heaven bless and prosper that man, I said! Yes, and the wife and little kids too, for their kindness to the blind old horse, and something dimmed my vision as I watched him go steadily up the hill and so on out of sight. Not in pity for him so kindly treated, but my heart went out to the numberless other old horses scattered all over our land. Patient, faithful, dumb in pain and weariness, giving their all of strength and will, and only asking in return the pittance of food and shelter, that enables them to keep on to the end.

Who shall grudge them the kindly caress—the word of approval for a task well done—the welcome that would cheer them when home from a long weary journey—the considerateness that would lighten their task when old and feeble? Let us one and all say with sincere hearts, "If I fail in kindness to such a one entrusted to my care then woe Heaven forget me in my hour of helplessness and trouble"—Grace Eliza Beth Laurence, in Our Dumb Animals.

### In the Line of Promotion.

A merchant was talking the other day on the street to a friend, about a new clerk who had come to his office, but a month before.

"He is very accurate in all his work," he said, "never misses a detail, yet is quick in dispatching it into the bargain. I never had a fellow in the office who filled the place so well. The trouble is, he overfills it. I should like to keep him just where he is, as an example to the other clerks, but I can't possibly do it, for I need a valuable man like that in the higher parts of business. When you get energy, intelligence, and thorough conscientiousness united into one individual, that man is in the line of promotion, and nothing can stop it. If I don't take the chance of using his ability in higher work, somebody else will. So by next week he will be promoted to the shipping department, and I shall be advertising for a clerk for his old place."

He that calls a man ungrateful sows up all the evil of which one can be guilty. Swift.

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.—Shakespeare.

### Start at the Bottom.

Two boys left home with just money enough to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed to graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large ship-building firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" said the man of millions.

"I would like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out, he remarked to his waiting companion: "You can go in and leave your address."

The other presented himself and papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent. "Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap iron," replied the superintendent. And the college graduate went to sorting scrap iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked:

"How is the new man getting on?"

"Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well, and never watched the clock, that I put him over the gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management, at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was maintaining his dignity as "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harness and carriages.

### How a Queen Proposed.

Queen Victoria's life has been a mingled one of joy and sorrow. The greatest event of her reign was her romantic marriage with Prince Albert, who was the man of her choice. He was worthy of her and soon won her girlish heart. Court etiquette required that she must speak first. She found out a way one evening at a gathering. Prince Albert was dressed in his green rifle-brigade uniform, which was buttoned to the chin; where could he put his flowers? He pulled out his pen-knife, slit up his jacket, just over his heart, and inserted the flowers. Then Queen Victoria asked him "how he liked England?" He answered, "Very much." Then with many blushes she said: "Would you like to stay in England?" The sequel that followed is well known. For in a letter written by Queen Victoria to King Leopold she says: "Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning! I feel certain he will make me very happy, I wish I could say I felt as certain of making him happy, but I shall do my best." The Prince tells his own story thus: The Queen sent for me, and disclosed to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me of this enchanted me, and I was quite carried away with it. One little point is worthy of note. When the Archbishop of Canterbury asked her Majesty how the service was to be read, especially with respect to the promise to obey, Queen Victoria showed her true woman's heart. Her answer came in these words: "While as a Queen, I must maintain my right, as a woman, I am ready to fulfil a wife's duty." She desired that the service should be read as customary. Their marriage was an ideal one, of perfect love and trust.