

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 8.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:

DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution

H. MATHISON, M. A. *Superintendent*
A. MATHISON *Barber*
J. F. RAKIN, M. D. *Physician*
MISS ISABEL WALKER *Nurse*

Teachers

D. H. COLLINGS, M. A. *Miss M. J. BULL*
Class Teacher *Miss S. J. GIBSON*
P. DAVIS *Miss M. M. GIBSON*
JAMES C. BROWN, D. A. *Miss MARY BULL*
D. J. MATHISON *Miss LOUISE MATHISON*
W. J. COLLINGS *MRS. SYLVIA E. BULL*
Geo. F. BROWN *Miss ADA TAMPA*
Monitor
Miss GEORGINA LINS

Miss CAROL GIBSON *Teacher of Attention*

Miss MARY BULL *Teacher of Sewing Work*

Mrs. J. J. WILLS *Teacher of Drawing*

Miss I. MATHISON *JOHN F. BURNS*
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W. J. COLLINGS *J. MIDDLEMAR*
Storekeeper *Assistant*

O. G. KRITH *JOHN DOWD*
Supervisor of Boys, etc. *Master Carpenter*

Miss M. DEMPSEY *D. A. GIBSON*
Seamstress *Supervisor of Girls, etc.* *Master Baker*

W. J. COLLINGS *THOMAS WILLS*
Master Shoemaker *Teacher*

MICHAEL O'MEARA *Farmer*

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 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, book and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition, book and medical attendance will be admitted free. Clothing must be provided by parents or friends.

All present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys, the female pupil are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, bookbinding, the use of the sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

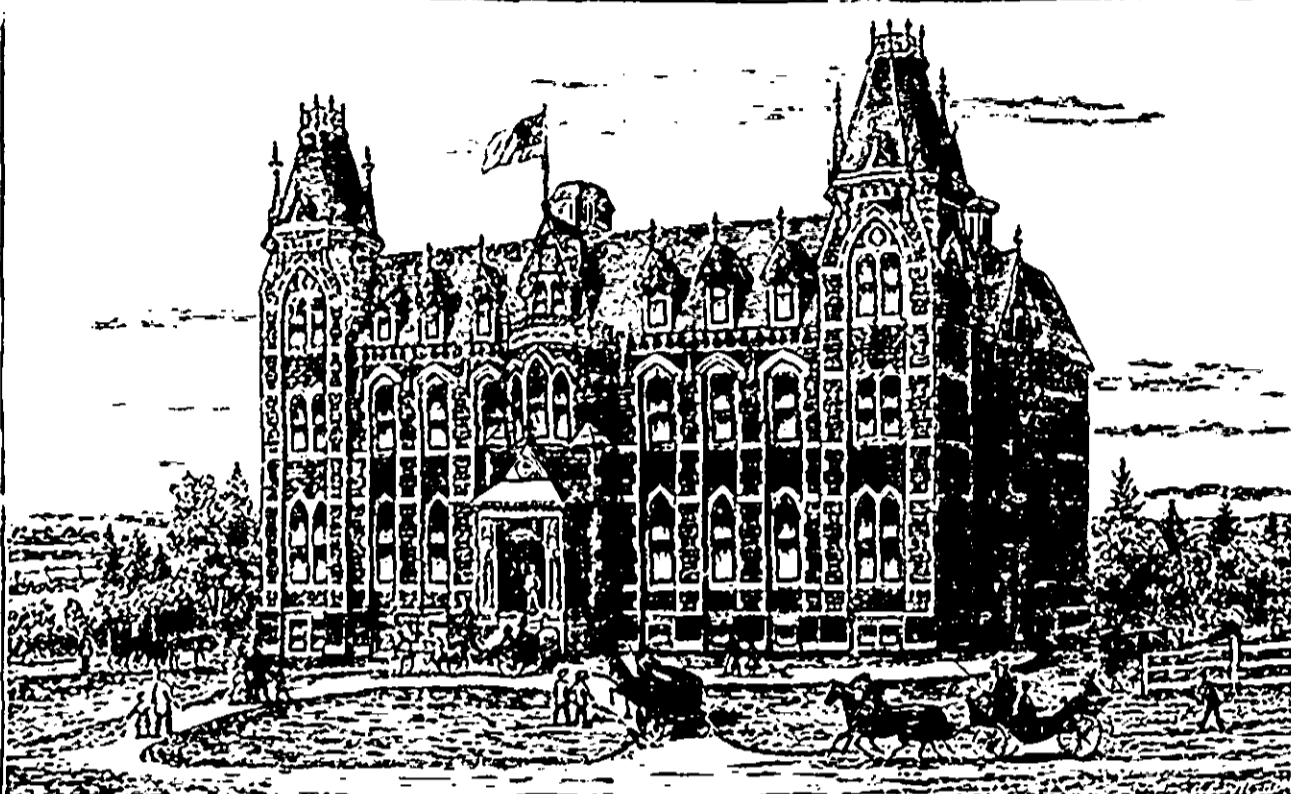
It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes on 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

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, day will be sent to city post office at noon and 2 1/2 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messages 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.



THE MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF MUTES AND THE BLIND, MONTREAL.
Mrs. Harriet E. Ashcroft, Superintendent.

POETRY

Nobility.

True worth is being, not seeming.
In doing each day that keeps by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by
For whatever men say in bladders
And spite of the fumes of youth
There's nothing so knotty as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our me as we treasure
We cannot do wrong and feel right
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure
For Justice avenges each slight
The air for the wings of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is true
And straight for the children of men.

Is not in the pages of story
The heart of the ill to beguile,
Though he may make courtship to glory
Thives all that he hath for his while
For when from her heights he has won her
Wife, it is only to prove
There's nothing so sweet as honor
And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make diamonds for the rich,
Nor catch the fish like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the thing, out of the miss,
Helps more than the man, who has gets
For gold is not in parts, but
Nor getting of great nor of small
But just in the doing, and doing,
(We would be done by is all)

Through envy, through malice, through hate
The world is full of the world early set
The part is to work and to wait
And slight is the ring of the truth
Whose whinnies are less than his worth
For he who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortunes of life

Extempore preachers should keep their sentences well in hand, and always be ready to pull up if it was Bishop Wilberforce saying at any word. The curate of Wycliff was addressing his congregation on New Year's Eve. He turned to different classes of his hearers. "And you old men with your hoary heads, etc., etc. Then addressing the young men, "And you young men with your blooming cheeks, etc." "I mean with the bloom still upon your cheeks. But it was too late. The 'blooming cheeks' of the young men of Wycliff have become a standing joke. *Church Times*

Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

MISCELLANEOUS

Chinese Jugglers.

Chinese jugglers and Indian fakirs have pretty much the same "stock in trade." Here is an account of some tricks performed by a Chinese.

When the conjurer asked the spectators what they wanted to see, some one called for a pumpkin.

"A pumpkin," answered the conjurer "that is impossible. Pumpkins are out of season."

However, he was only talking for presently he took a pumpkin seed and planted it in the earth. Then, having made his little son, 4 or 5 years old, he down he thrust a knife into his throat. The blood poured out into a vessel, and with it the man moistened the spot where the seed had been planted.

Next he covered the corpse with a cloth and placed a wooden bell over the seed. In a few minutes, a sprout was seen rising from the soil. It grew and grew, and burst into a flower. The flower fell the pumpkin showed itself and increased in size with extraordinary rapidity.

As soon as it was ripe, the man picked it from the stalk, showed it to the public and took up a collection after which, of course, he lifted the cloth and found the boy perfectly unharmed.

The second feat, by a different performer was even more startling. A peach was called for by one of the spectators.

"It is March," said the magician. "The land is still unbound. Peaches are not to be obtained now except in Paradise."

"Oh well," answered the spectators, "you are a sorcerer and ought to be able to bring a peach down from heaven."

The conjurer grumbled, but finally consented to see what he could do. He began by weaving a roll of ribbon, which he cast into the air. It took at once the shape of a ladder, which went up to a tremendous height. On it he placed a child, and the little fellow ran up the rungs like a monkey. Up, up he went till he vanished in the clouds.

Some moments passed, then a peach

dropped from the sky. The magician picked it up, cut it into slices and offered it to the bystanders. It was a real peach.

Then a horrible thing happened. The head of the child dropped out of the sky and was followed by the trunk and then the legs. With tears in his eyes the man picked them up and placed them in a box. But after much show of grief and after the sympathetic spectators had taken up a collection for his benefit he opened the box and said, "Come forth, my child, and thank these kind gentlemen." At the word, out leaped the child, alive and well. *Philadelphia Times*.

It Makes a Difference.

Johnson owned a dog. Thompson lived next door to Johnson. The dog howled all night, seven nights a week.

Thompson said to Johnson: "Look here, we have always been good friends, though neighbors, and I thought I would tell you that the howling of that dog of yours is driving me and my family mad for want of sleep. My wife has lost nearly five pounds in weight."

"That's queer," said Johnson: "I haven't noticed him making any noise."

One evening Thompson came into the house leading the obnoxious dog by a string. "Now," said he, to the astonished Mrs. Thompson, "we will soon settle the dog nuisance. I didn't like to kill the dog while he belonged to Johnson, so I bought the beast. There is nothing unneighborly in killing our own dog. I'll get some chloroform to morrow."

Johnson said to Thompson one day a month later. "Well you haven't chloroformed the dog yet?"

"No," said Thompson, "the truth is, we have become rather fond of the little fellow. He is so lively and playful."

"But doesn't his barking at night annoy you?"

"Haven't noticed it at all."

"Hm!" said Johnson. "The brute keeps me awake for hours with his yelling."

Which fable has been written to show how easy it is to put up with the noise made by our own dog, and how difficult to endure the noise of our next-door neighbor's dog. *Tit-Bits*.