

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. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector :

MR. T. W. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution :

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
A. MATHISON Huron.
W. EAKINS, M. D. Physician.
MRS. ISABEL WALKER Matron.

Teachers :

D. H. COLBERT, M. A. Miss J. O. TRIBILL
(Head Teacher.) Miss R. TRIPLETON
P. DENNY Miss M. M. OSTROM
JAMES C. HALL, B.A. Miss MARY BULL
D. J. McILLOP Miss LORENCE MAYBER
W. J. CAMPBELL Miss MELVIA J. HALL
Geo. F. STEWART Miss ADA JAMES
Monitor.

Miss ANNIE MATHISON,
Teacher of Articulation, (Temporary)

Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss EDITH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss E. N. METCALFE, Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing

Wm. DOUGLASS, Storekeeper & Associate Superintendent.

G. O. KEITH, Superintendent of Boys.

Wm. NURSE, Master Shoemaker.

J. MIDDLEBARR, Engineer.

JOHN T. HORN, Master Carpenter.

JOHN DOWNIE, Master Baker.

D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.

THOMAS WILLS, Gardener.

MICHAEL O'MEARA, 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, 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 and tuition, books and medical attendance will 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 us 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 door will be sent to city 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.



The Lost Day.

Farewell, oh day transient!
Thy fleeting hours were lent
In vain to my endeavor.
In shade and sun thy race is run
For ever! Oh, for ever!
The leaf drops from the tree,
The sand falls in the glass,
And to the dread Eternity
The dying minutes pass.

It was not till this end
I knew thou wert my friend,
Not now, 'twere worth recalling.
My grief is strong, I did thee wrong,
And scor'd thy treasures falling.
Not sorrow comes too late.
Another day is born—
Fare, minutes, pass, may better late
Attend to-morrow morn.

Oh, birth! oh, death of Time
Oh, mystery sublime!
Ever the sparkling ocean
Brings forth the wave to smile or rave,
And die of its own motion.
A little wave to strike
The sad responsive shore,
And be succeeded by its like
Ever and evermore.

Oh change from same to same!
Oh quench, yet burning flame!
Oh new birth, born of dying!
Oh transient ray of speck of day!
Approaching and yet flying—
Pass to Eternity!
Thou day, that came in vain!
A new wave surges on the sea—
The world grows young again.

Come in, To-day, come in!
I have confessed my sin
To thee, young promise-bearer!
New Lord of Earth! I hail thy birth—
The crown awaits the sweeter
Child of the ages past!
Kiss of a mightier love!
On the same deeps our lot is cast!
The world is thine—and mine! —Mackay.



The Friendly Girl.

(By Ruth Taylor, in Bradford Reporter.)

"How can I make friends?" asks some one who wishes to be popular, then she goes on to enumerate those of her acquaintances who have many friends. "They are not rich nor particularly good looking," she says, "nor are they what one would call very clever, but some way every one is glad to see them, their mere presence in a room seems like a ray of sunshine, and wherever they go they are greeted with smiles of kindest welcome. Can't you give us the secret of their popularity, that we, too, may have many friends?" So this eager correspondent writes, and she is only one of many who has asked the same question.

We all admit that it is much easier for some to make friends than others. These fortunate ones always know just the best thing to say at the right time, yet we know quite as well that all may, if they will, acquire this art of making friends, but it requires constant self-forgetfulness and an honest desire to make oneself so agreeable to others that as a consequence others cannot help loving them.

Let us follow this girl who has friends wherever she goes and see if we can discover the secret of her charm. We will go with her as she walks down the street, notice her pleasant smile and kindly greeting as she meets one and another of her acquaintances. We observe that she has the same sunny smile for every one; for the little old man who keeps a peanut and popcorn stall at the street corner where she sometimes spends five cents on the old man's wares. Her cheery "good morning" to him is worth half the day's earnings he says as she trips past. For the woman, who comes once a week to do charring at her home, her greeting is the same, and as she stops one minute to enquire how the woman's sick child is, the smile that lights up the pale, careworn face in answer to hers tells plainly that this girl has many friends. Her

greeting to each and every one is the same, who does not, as some of us may sometimes do, pass those we know with just a nod of recognition. Thus we have discovered part of her secret, she is cordial, and those of you who are seeking to have many friends will remember that cordiality is one of the first principles, not only to your companions and equals but also to those into whose lives smiles and pleasant words come all too rare.

Again we notice that this girl finds pleasant subjects to talk about. As she stays to speak to you on the street she does not grumble about the dismal day or the sloppy pavements, instead she has seen the funny side of it all, and meets you with some bright remark, which causes you to forget for the next half-hour that the clouds are heavy and the sun does not shine or that walking is anything but agreeable. Neither does she entertain you at all times with an account of some ache or pain of her own, she has discovered, this wise girl, that the world in general has too many aches of its own to care to hear each little one in detail. In other words, there is so much sorrow and suffering in the world that those who have none, or, at least, none that they cannot cover in their own hearts, we welcome gladly.

But while she has only pleasant things to say, and sees the cheerful side of every subject, she is also very sympathetic. Something in her face assures the troubled one that hers is a willing ear in which to pour her grief; that her heart is large enough to feel for another's woes, and thus the sad ones seek her as a friend and love her because she is cheerful, loving and tender.

But you say, must we always bear our own burdens in silence; must we always give and never ask sympathy? You will not need to ask, you will find some day when you need it most that those you have comforted and cheered are ready to sympathize with you in your troubles.

We said the girl who has many friends finds pleasant things to say, and she does, but these pleasant subjects include more than the weather and such trifles. She has pleasant things to say about other people, she has a delightful way of finding out the best in people and of talking about that, while, if she also has discovered the disagreeable qualities, she keeps them to her self. We are all very slow to learn that if we would have friends we must speak lightly of the faults of others. We cannot help being just a little afraid to trust the friend who is continually telling disagreeable things, even if they are true, about others.

The girl who desires to have friends must also be natural. It will not do for her to have three or four sets of manners which she exhibits before different people. It will not do for her to be all smiles and sweetness in society and the very opposite at home. By-the-way if a girl has not friends in her own family circle she need not expect to have them anywhere else, at any rate the friendship would be of short duration. We do not care to accept as our friend the girl who affects certain manners for certain people. It is so easy to tell they are just "put on." We may have two pieces of furniture in our room, one is solid walnut, the other only veneered, that is, has only a thin piece of walnut on the outside, anyone can easily tell the difference, and no one cares to have the imitation when they can get the real.

Thus you see this girl who wants friends must be cordial, sympathetic, pleasant and natural, and besides all this she must be true. Some one has said "one is not a friend who is not always a friend." What you are to your friend to-day you must be to-morrow, no matter what changes have taken place during the intervening hours. And you must remember too, that friendship is very much like a tender ivy, it clings and twines and sends out tiny tendrils which fasten themselves firmly on whatever they are near, but the cold winds

will chill your plant and the frost will nip it until it droops and dies and the clinging tendrils let go their hold; so will coldness, rebuff and jealousy kill the strongest friendship.

How the Worm Turned.

A very prompt army surgeon was sent to a recruiting depot in England to examine a number of lads who had taken the Queen's shilling. The abrupt, overbearing manner of the doctor so frightened one nervous recruit that he was unable to answer the first question as to his name and place of birth.

"Why don't you answer?" roared the doctor. "What's your name, I say?" Still the panic-stricken lad only started at the questioner.

"Why, I believe the fellow is stone deaf!" exclaimed the doctor, and taking out his watch, he held it to the left ear of the recruit, saying, "Can you hear that ticking?"

The youth shook his head. The watch was applied to the other ear with the same effect, and then the doctor began to shower his indignation on the head of the future soldier.

"What do you mean by eulogizing when you're stone deaf? Why, you can't even hear the ticking of a watch when it is held within an inch of your ear?"

Then the worm turned. "Yah; yah! She no goin!" roared the badgered boy.

When the doctor held the watch to his own ear and found that it had indeed stopped his feelings were too powerful to be expressed.—Ez.

Good Principles.

There was never a time when these words written by the late George W. Childs were more needed than at the present, when the very foundations of society seem shaken by the laxity of moral principles. He says:

I have often had occasion to observe to others that good principles are just as necessary for the artist as for the mechanic, for the literary worker as for the farmer, for the business man as for the clergyman. Whoever would mount the ladder of success, must look upward and persevere.

There are five mottoes which have been a help to me, and they are, "Be kind," "Be true," "Keep out of debt," "What cannot be helped must be endured," and "Do your very best and leave the rest."

In fact, the only really perfect man in the world is he who possesses a clear conscience, an honest purpose, a bright mind, and a healthy body. The one great and holy aim in life should be to do good, and love God, and then we shall not have lived our lives in vain.

What Makes a Boy Popular.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness, says Ezekiah Butterworth in the Ladies' Home Journal. During the war how schools and colleges followed popular boys! There young leaders were the boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and will not chafe, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. Shall I tell you how to become a popular boy? I will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish; to seek to be popular, be the soul of honor and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts and delight to make you happy. That is what makes a boy popular.