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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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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, M A Superintendent
A MATHESON, M A Director
J E EAKINS, M D Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron

Teachers:
D H COLFMAN, M A, Miss J O TERRILL (Head Teacher)
P DENNY, Miss B TEMPLETON
JAMES C HALL, B A, Miss M M OSTRON
D J McKILLIP, Miss MARY HULL
W J CAMPBELL, Miss LONNIE McRAY
Geo F STEWART, Mrs SYLVIA L HALL, Miss ADA JAMES Monitor

Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher of Articulation (temporary)

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
Miss EDITH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing

Miss L N HETCALP, JOHN T. HURNA, Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.
WM. DUBOIS, JOHN DOWRIE, Storekeeper & Associate, Master Carpenter
G. G. KRIST, D CONNINGHAM, Supervisor of Boys, Master Baker
WM. NURSE, THOMAS WILLS, Master Shoemaker, Gardener
J. MIDDLEMAN, MICHAEL O'NEARA, Engineer, 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 \$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 will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering 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 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 door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:15 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 local box.



Climbing up the Hill.

Never look behind, boys,
Up and on to go,
Till 's enough for 'at, boys,
On some future day,
Though the way be long, boys,
Fight it with a will,
Never stop to look behind
When climbing up the hill.

First be sure you're right, boys,
Then with courage strong
Strap your pack upon your back
And tug, tug along
Better let the lag out
Fill the lower bill,
And strike the farther stake pole
Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys,
Made to pull a load,
But in the end we'll give the dust
To racers in the road.
When you're near the top, boys,
Of the rugged way,
Do not stop to blow your horn,
But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys,
Brace yourselves and go!
Let the plodding land pad
Have the easy row.
Success is at the top, boys,
Waiting there until
Brains and pluck and self respect
Have mounted up the hill.



The Boy who Dared to be a Daniel.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

Sunday-school was dismissed and the children were going, some in one direction, some in another, to their homes. The majority of them were chatting merrily of the proposed strawberry festival, but one little fellow seemed to be engrossed with more serious thoughts. He was alone and apparently unconscious of the nearness of his companions until a lad about his own age joined him and inquired, "Say, Ralph, what are you thinking of? You look as wise as an owl."

"I should hope I was a little bit wiser than a bird," answered Ralph with a smile. "But I was just wondering. Ned, if I could be brave enough to go into the lion's den like Daniel did, I wouldn't like to stop praying to God, but it would be pretty hard to make up your mind to face a lot of lions."

"Yes, indeed, but then father says that we don't need grace to do those hard things until we are called upon to do them, and then if we ask God, He will give us the strength we require. All we've got to do is to attend to the duty nearest us, and seek for strength for that."

Ned was the minister's son and had enjoyed many an instructive talk with his kind father.

"He says, too, that we are often called upon to face other kinds of lions in this life, if we persist as we ought in doing right. But here we part, Ralph, good-by," and the boy turned off into a side road, leaving Ralph again alone.

Ralph's way led through a quiet country lane, for his home was beyond the village where nearly all of his companions lived.

"Well, I won't have to go into the lion's den to day," he said to himself, as he sauntered along, "and when I do I guess God will give me the strength," and with this thought a gayer frame of mind came to him. "But it must be grand to be a Daniel."

Just then two large boys crept stealthily from the bushes that lined one side of the road and looked anxiously around. "Say, John, there's Ralph," one of them muttered. "He'll tell we didn't go to Sunday-school. Let's frighten him into promising not to."

"Hallo!" cried John, in a loud voice.

Ralph turned and was surprised to see his brothers approaching him.

"Going home?" one of them asked. "Why, yes, Tom, ain't you?" "No, not yet; and if any one inquires where we are, just mention that we've been to Sunday School and will be home soon."

Ralph's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "But you didn't go to Sunday-School," he replied, "because your teacher came and asked me where you were, and I told her I did not know; I thought you were coming."

"Well, it isn't any of your business whether we went or not," growled John. "All you've got to do is to say we were there if you're asked."

"I can't tell a lie about it, can I?" "Yes, you can, if you just make up your mind to do it."

"But I won't tell a lie about it," said Ralph, sturdily.

"No, I suppose you'd rather get your brothers in a scrape, you know what will happen if we're found out."

Ralph hesitated. He was an affectionate child and disliked to see any body in trouble, especially his own brothers, but he had a very decided opinion that he was in the right, and therefore concluded to speak the truth at all hazards.

"I'm just as sorry as I can be," he returned, sadly, "and I'll beg papa to forgive you and say I know you won't ever do it again, but if they ask me I can't tell a lie about it."

"You won't, eh, little saint?" cried John, angrily, grabbing his brother's arm; "Now promise to do as we say or we'll pitch you into that deep pond over there."

Ralph was too young to realize that this was only an idle threat, and he was very much frightened, yet in that moment of terror, the thought of Daniel in the lion's den flashed through his mind and gave him the strength that he had not dared to hope for. He saw in an instant that he had come to his temptation and his den of lions, and he felt that as God had protected Daniel in that faraway time, he would now protect him. Ralph had never learned to swim, and he was in fear of the big frogs and other creatures that inhabit ponds, but he did not flinch; with a boldness that surprised even himself, he looked steadily at his brother and replied, "You cannot frighten me into doing that wrong thing. I will not pray to the image of falsehood that you have set up."

It was now his brothers' turn to be astonished. They have never thought of Ralph as anything but a timid, little boy who could be overcome by the slightest threat, and for a moment they were at a loss what to say. Of course, Ralph was merely repeating some of his teacher's words, but they were not aware of that fact, and consequently wondered at his remarks. Finally John managed to utter, "Do—do you want to go in that pond?"

"No manner of hurt was found upon him because he believed in his God," continued Ralph, with his mind still on his Sunday-School; "God delivers His faithful ones in time of trouble."

Turning away, John was about to walk off, but Tom detained him. "Wait a moment, John," he said, and then the others noticed that there were tears in his eyes. "I want to tell my brave little brother that I honor him for sticking to the truth. As for me, I shall confess to father, and promise not to repeat the offense."

"I am with you," John replied. "Come, Ralph, we'll go together now and hereafter. We need never be afraid to go where Daniel leads."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Reading is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed.—*Addison.*

And Now He Is Happy.

Adrian, Mich.—Wilbur L. Wood, of Palmyra, is deaf and dumb. Until recently he has worked his 15 acres of land near the village, living alone; and everybody know him as a staid young bachelor.

Wilbur's fancy has more recently turned to other subjects than that of soil-tilling, and they have borne more romantic fruit. He began to think about taking a wife. But when he looked around the village for some fond, fair love, none materialized.

One day, while "chattering" with Miss Gritzmaker, a deaf and dumb girl acquaintance, he was told about a young lady friend of hers who lived in Dushville, Isabella county, and was also a deaf mute. It was a glowing account that she motioned out with her fingers for Wilbur.

Little did the girl think she was making a matrimonial agency of herself, yet from that moment Dushville became the center of the universe to bachelor Wilbur. He made up his mind that a clergyman should make the Isabella girl and him one. He wrote her. He had his picture taken and sent it forward post haste. She answered, but, alas, had no picture of herself to return. Wilbur didn't care. He would marry her "unsight and unseen."

He would fain have gone to Isabella county, but as he had never been away from home, his relatives feared some harm would come to him if he undertook the trip. So he asked her to "set the day," and come to Palmyra.

Now Wilbur is a good looking farmer, and, although she, too, was unused to travelling alone, yet, with Wilbur as the magnet, she named an early date, and at the appointed time showed up in Palmyra.

After the supper now, while Wilbur is sitting by the fire smoking in the twilight, what bliss to know that the dishes are being rattled by a now-found companion!

He does not say so in "so many words," for he cannot see to talk in the twilight. Nevertheless they are as happy as any pair in this or any other land, not excepting the Count and Countess de Castellano.

Advice to a Young Man.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of dishes, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p.m., and don't get home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "Old So-and-so's boys." Nobody cares for them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Bob Burdette.*

Give the right hand to the unfortunate. Help yourself, and Heaven will help you.

The first ingredient in good conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.