

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. I.

BELLEVILLE, MAY 16, 1892.

NO. 7.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:
DR. F. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON	Superintendent
MATHISON	Warden
J. E. FARRIS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

H. COLMAN, M. A.	Head Teacher	MRS. J. O. TERRILL.	Miss H. TEMPLETON.
DR. J. W. GILES.	Physician	MRS. M. M. O'NEILL.	(on leave)
MRS. J. O. TERRILL.	Miss H. TEMPLETON.	MISS MARY HULL.	Miss FLORENCE MAYBEE.
MRS. J. O. TERRILL.	Miss H. TEMPLETON.	MRS. SYLVIA L. HALL.	Miss CARRIE COLLMAN.
MRS. J. O. TERRILL.	Miss H. TEMPLETON.	MRS. SYLVIA L. HALL.	Miss CARRIE COLLMAN.

Teacher of Articulation

Teacher of Fancy Work
Teacher of Drawing.

John T. Burns,
Instructor of Printing

Frank Flynn,
Master Carpenter

Wm. Surber,
Master Shoemaker

D. Cunningham,
Master Baker

Thomas Wills,
Caretaker

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, in order to receive instruction in the common branches of learning.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and fifteen, and 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 do so, are charged the sum of \$25 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance when furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged, or who are admitted as paupers, clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

During the time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the deaf mutes, pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, and the use of the Sewing Machine, and in agricultural and fancy work as may be required.

It is the duty of all having charge of deaf mutes to send them to the Government for their education and maintenance.

The regular annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. The terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

Grand Trunk Railway.

BELLEVILLE STATION:

8:00 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 5:00 p.m.
12:00 p.m. 12:30 p.m. 7:00 p.m.
1:00 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 8:15 a.m.



Nobody Knows But Mother.

Nobody knows of the work it takes
To keep the home together.
Nobody knows of the steps it takes.
Nobody knows—only mother.

Nobody listens to foolish words
Which blase only smother.
Nobody's pained by naughty blows
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother.
Nobody knows of the tender prayer
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another.
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years.
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift a mother's love
Nobody can—but mother. *The Paravite*



THE BURGLAR.

BY HARRIS TAYLOR.

Mrs. Crawford lived in the edge of Hampton, a small town in eastern Texas. Her oldest son, Buck, worked at a saw-mill about half mile from home. There were three younger children who helped till a little farm of seven or eight acres. The saw-mill hands were usually rough men, but Buck was a quiet young fellow. He was rarely away from home at night; he saved his money, and was never known to drink or gamble.

One day Mr. Jamison, the owner of the mill, sent Buck to Houston on business. Mrs. Crawford, thinking she and the children might be lonely that night, sent word to Mrs. Milton to come over and stay with them.

Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Milton started over to her friend's house. Before going however she called John, her son, and gave him the orders for the evening's work.

"John, get in plenty of kindling for it may rain to-night."

"Yesum," replied John.

"Carry the slop to the pigs and give them four mubbins."

"Yesum."

"Watch where that old speckled hen roosts and see if her chickens roost with her."

"Yesum."

"Turn the calves into the little pasture and don't forget to fasten the gate."

"Yesum."

"And I say, John, when you milk the cows don't let the calves suck too much, if old Beauty has been jumping again, put a yoke on her and tie her head down. Don't you and Bill try to ride the calves, they are too young and you may break their backs."

"No mum, we won't."

"It looks like rain, get the dried peaches down off the house, bring in the clothes, put out the tubs, and get in plenty of wood."

"Yesum."

Mrs. Milton went a few steps further when she stopped and called John again.

"John, John" in the morning, pick out the largest kitten and carry it to Miss Jones, take the rest of them to the creek and drown them. That's all, I believe."

John thought it was about enough and he at once forgot everything his mother told him, except about riding the calves and drowning the kittens.

When Mrs. Milton reached her friend's house she was warmly greeted by all. "We are not afraid, you know, to stay by ourselves, but it is kind of lonesome,"

said Mrs. Crawford.

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Milton replied, and I have been wanting to come over and see you for a long time, but it just seemed I couldn't. It's so hard to get off from home this time of the year, however, I am real glad you sent for me."

The children went to bed early. Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Milton sat up and talked till a late hour but at last they became sleepy and prepared to go to the bed.

Just before retiring Mrs. Crawford looked under the bed and horrors! she saw a pair of boots.

She was a woman with a good deal of presence of mind, and although she was badly scared, she did not scream or act foolishly. Calling Mrs. Milton out of the room she whispered: "There is a man under our bed. Do not get excited but appear cool, it is our only chance to escape him." Then in a loud tone she said: "Just sit down a moment, Mrs. Milton, I will go into the other room to see if the children are covered up."

She went into the children's room and waking up Sam, told him there was a man in the house, to run to Mr. Sanders for help. After telling the other children to be quiet, she returned to her room.

"Oh, Mrs. Milton, before we go to bed I want to tell you all about the new dress I am making for Emily."

"Oh, do I am so anxious to know," replied Mrs. Milton.

"It will be too lovely for anything, dream color canvas, I will trim the skirt with four ruffles edged with a galloon embroidered in colors. I am going to make a plain bodice trimmed with ribbon and collar edged to match the ruffles, and have a ribbon tied around the waist with bow in front."

"That will be lovely, what kind of a hat are you going to get?"

"I didn't know at first, but after talk with Miss Jones, I decided to get a cream colored straw hat and trim it with surah silk and a scarlet wing."

And thus they talked until they heard a noise at the door. A moment later Mr. Sanders, Mr. Irving and Sam burst into the room.

"Where is he?" they asked.

"Under the bed!" Mr. Sanders cocked his gun and said: "Come out of there, but the burglar made no movement."

"They were afraid to stoop down and look lest the burglar might shoot them. Mr. Irving thought it now best to call again, and if he did not come out, to shoot under the bed."

"If you don't come out, I'll shoot you. The burglar still made no response, and Mr. Irving fired under the bed. The noise scared the ladies very much and they ran out of the room."

After the smoke cleared away a little Mr. Sanders saw one of his boot heels, and reaching down he caught it with both hands and gave a tremendous pull. He at once fell over backwards with the boot in his hands. He now looked carefully and saw there was nothing under the bed except another boot.

He and Mr. Irving looked at the boots a moment and called Mrs. Crawford. She came in followed by Mrs. Milton and the three screaming children.

"There is your burglar!"

They looked at the boots a moment and all burst out laughing. It seems Buck had changed his clothes in his mother's room and had thrown his boots under the bed.

The ladies now remembered they were not very well dressed, and left the room. Mr. Sanders and Mr. Irving shouldered their guns and went home satisfied with their encounter with a burglar. *Jacques Rouger*

Fred Motteger, a deaf mute living in Ohio, has been asking his friends for small loans. He never pays these back. The *Chicago* exposes him and warns the deaf of the State to look out for him.

Visit to the Mackay Institution.

Mr. Epton—Having a few holidays at Easter, I concluded to utilize them in paying a visit to another Institution and some dear friends at the same time. Taking the midnight train at Belleville, Montreal was reached at about 8 A. M. where the Institution carriage and a little daughter were in waiting. After a drive of some three miles round the Mountain we found ourselves at the Mackay; not so large as some of the other Canadian schools, yet not surpassed in efficiency, beauty of buildings, or staff in fact I call it a gem of an Institution.

On entering the building, one is at once struck with the fine entrance hall and the home-like atmosphere of the place. Many of the pupils were absent at their homes for a week's holidays. Those who remained were very quiet and orderly. The boys were very busy building small wind mills, which were posted at every convenient spot, and creaked and creaked to the infinite delight of the builders and to the sorrow of the hearing part of the community. A beautiful view of the St. Lawrence and Lachine can be obtained from the upper windows. Meadows and orchards stretch out in view for a distance of nine miles.

The specialty of the Mackay Institution is articulation, so there was a constant babel of tongues. They have a "Helen Keller" there, too—a blind boy with a wonderful memory, whose business it is to attend to the telephone. He knows the numbers of all the houses with which the Institution does business, all the numbers of the managers' houses, etc. The blind being trained to memorize, it is not at all the difficult operation that it is to others.

On Saturday afternoon we viewed the monument which Mrs. Ashcroft is about having erected to the memory of her husband. It is a very handsome one of gray Scotch granite, and will cost two hundred dollars. On Monday morning I took a reluctant farewell. A week would be none too long, I would have enjoyed a peep at all the classrooms and the teachers and pupils at work, but duty called me back to Belleville Institution and my own pleasant and beautiful classroom.

The staff of the Mackay Institution consists of the Supt. Mrs. Ashcroft, three lady teachers—Miss Terrill, Miss Langeway, and Miss Macfarlane, with an old Belleville friend, Miss Bolger as Matron.—E. T.

Remember.

That the sunniest lives have seasons of shadow.

That the more you say, less people remember.

That a mother's tears are the same in all languages.

That a man cannot go where temptation cannot find him.

That good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

That good is slow; it climbs. That evil is swift; it descends.

That he who does good to another man does good also to himself.

That there is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

That the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

That the easiest way to outwit the world is to let it believe that it is smarter than you are. *Good Housekeeping.*

Dr. Gillett has introduced into the Illinois School a dish-washing machine, which washes, rinses, and dries the plates, &c. It is a great favorite with the girls.

C. Appleby, one of the pupils of the Iowa School, offers a challenge to any deaf mute in America to meet him in a 100 yards dash. Here is a chance for Mr. Waggoner.