

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 2.

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:

DR. H. COLKMAN, M. A. Superintendent
A. MATHESON, M. A. Director
J. H. MAKINE, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron

Teachers:

DR. H. COLKMAN, M. A. Mrs. J. G. TYRRELL
(Head Teacher.) Miss K. TRIMBLE
P. DENY. Miss M. M. OGDON
JAMES C. HALL, P. A. Miss MARY HULL
D. J. McKILLIP. Miss FLORENCE BISHOP
W. J. CAMPBELL. Miss SYLVIA L. HALL
GEO. P. STEWART. 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 E. N. MATHISON, JOHN T. HURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

WM. DOUGLASS, J. MIDDLEMANS,
Storekeeper & Assistant, Supervisor, Engineer.

U. O. KNITH, JOHN DOWNIE,
Superintendent of Boys, etc. Master Carpenter

Miss M. DEMPSEY, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Seminarian, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Baker.

WM. NURSE, THOMAS WILLS,
Master Shoemaker, Gardener.

MICHAEL O'MARA, Furner.

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 2:45 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 box.



Learn to Walk Alone.

This world's a riddle hard to solve,
A puzzle hard to read,
And they who find life's path all bright
Are precious few indeed.
Yet don't despair, though Fortune frown,
Nor mourn at your fate;
Your aim in life by earnest toil
You'll surely win soon or late.
But walk upon your own feet, friend,
Nor trust to others' strength
To carry or to pull you up,
Life's bill of weary length.
If ever you hope to "make your mark,"
Or let your worth be known,
Take all the props from under you,
And learn to walk alone.

Men who depend on borrowed gold
To brighten up your name,
And plead you must make much display
Your future wealth to gain
Beware! "Lay as you go" is best.
Debt is an evil foe;
You cannot tell what hour the fiend
Will strike a fatal blow,
Lend stand without your father's aid,
Upon yourselves rely,
Rich youths in the future lie,
You'll win it if you try,
Know that the "gold man" is he
In high or humble home
Who has no props to lean upon,
But walks along alone.



A Good Story.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

From the Congregationalist

"Hurrah for grandfather!" shouted Oscar Ferris, holding up a bright, shining gold piece. "Twenty dollars—just think of it! What did you get, Ned?"

"I didn't get but ten."

"That's because you are younger than I am; but did he say anything about it when he gave it to you?"

"He said he should want to know, next year, how we had invested it."

"Just what he said to me. It sort o' cramps a fellow a little. I wonder if Nan—oh, there she is! Say, Nan, did you get anything?"

"Yes, five gold dollars."

"Something like the talents," said Ned, laughing.

"I should say so. Of course, grandfather can't expect you to do much with five dollars. With ten or twenty it's different. I tell you what I'd do—punch holes through them and wear them for bangles—all the girls do," Oscar said, a little loftily.

"Yes, I suppose I can," Nan mused, turning over the pieces. "It is so small. It is a little like the talents, isn't it?"

The year came around, and with it came Grandfather Ferris with his cane and spectacles and sharp, kindly eyes back of them.

"Children," said he, "I expect you are ready to give an account of the presents I gave you last year; so each may write out a statement of what was done with the money, and hand it to me."

The next morning three neatly-folded papers were laid by his plate, and that same evening he came to the family sitting-room with them.

"Well, Oscar, I see you have here," as he read:

Purchased a second hand bicycle	\$2.00
Sold	\$2.00
Purchased new	\$2.00
Won race with new	\$5.00
On hand, new bicycle and	\$5.00

"Yes, sir," said Oscar, promptly. "I have made twenty-five dollars on the twenty."

"You bought Ed. Hardy's, at first I hear."

"Yes, sir—just as good as new; but his father failed, and Ed. had to dispose of it. I snapped it up the first thing.

Ed. Hall would have paid more for it, but I held Ed. to the bargain."

"To whom did you sell it?"

"To Bob Trapp. He broke something in his day before the first race, and mine was the only one he could get hold of. 'Twas a capital chance. I was shrewd enough to refuse to lend or hire it out, so he had to pay my price for it."

"I see. Shrewd, very shrewd! Won a race, too, with the new one!"

"Took the first prize over Billy Kemp. He tried hard to get it. You see, he rode Trapp's, and was to have half the prize if he won—wanted to set up some sort of street stand, I believe; but I spun right away from them all."

"Aha!" said Grandfather Ferris, simply, as he turned to Ned's paper. "So you've tried printing, eh?" as he read:

For One second hand press	\$5.00
Type	1.00
Paper and cards	3.00
Ink and sundries	1.00
<hr/>	\$10.00
By first gift of cash	10.00
By 300 cards printed	5.00
By programmes printed	5.00
<hr/>	\$20.00
Balance on hand, press and	10.00

"Well, you've done a little better in making out your statement. Mr. May says you do very good work, too—keep things clean, print straight, and spell all right."

"I tried to, sir; because I wanted to build up a paying business in future for myself," Ned replied.

"Just so. An eye to self-interest, I see; but it's right to do any work well that you undertake."

He turned to Nan's paper as he spoke, looked closely at it, and read:

For Apples and peanuts	\$1.00
Car fare	1.00
Wasted	1.00
Grapes, oranges, etc	1.00
Something to drink	1.00

"Well! well! Quite a little gourmand!" he exclaimed.

Nan's face flushed, but she kept silent.

"I intended to test your capabilities for using money, children," said their grandfather, "and a gold watch was to belong to the one that made the most of it."

The boys' eyes sparkled, and Nan's lip quivered.

"Most what?" asked Uncle Forth, suddenly laying down his paper.

"Most in every way—money and good to every one concerned."

"Well, as I happen to know something about Nan's profligacy, I suppose I'd better explain."

"O, Uncle Forth, please don't!" burst forth from Nan.

But he only smiled and laid his hands over her lips.

"Grandfather has not been treated fairly. Billy Kemp's street stand was supplied with apples and peanuts with that first dollar, and he has made twenty-five out of it. If he'd won that prize, Oscar, he'd have a splendid start now."

Oscar colored, but Uncle Forth went on:

"An old lady told me that a certain little girl gave her one dollar's worth of car fare tickets, so that her consumptive daughter would not have to walk to her work in bad weather; and so she has not missed a day, or been sick, this winter, when she used to have a doctor's bill to pay, every spring, and be in danger of going into quick consumption by exposure. Then that worsted, Mrs. Bandy, who knits lace to sell, could tell you something about it. She started out with fifty cents' worth of material, and now she makes a decent little living off her sales, she tells me."

"Well, there's grapes and oranges," growled grandfather, blinking rapidly.

"Yes, one dollar's worth for Granny Watts' sick niece, who, when the delicacies tempted her appetite so that she gained strength, said that the first dollar she earned when she got well should help some one else who was in

need; and that dollar has paid for a few tools for a poor lame Swedish boy, who carved some lovely toys for a fair and every buyer was pledged to pass the money on to some one else in need who would do the same. And I suspect it's going yet. Such things never stop."

But he stopped long enough to pat the head which had dropped upon his knee.

"Well, Granny Watts didn't drink, did she?" And grandfather picked up the paper again as Uncle Forth paused.

"I don't know about the last item," replied Uncle Forth.

"No, but drunken Ben Poko did," said Aunt Sue, dropping her crochet work hastily. "I know. Mrs. Poko told me at the temperance meetings, last winter, that if she could only afford to keep strong coffee on hand, she believed she could keep her husband from the saloon, and conquer his taste for liquor. Yesterday, I met her again, and she stopped me, the tears running down her cheeks. 'O, Mis' Forth,' she said, 'I must tell you how Ben has stopped his drinking, and we're pickin' up now with his wages, and it's all owing to your Nan with her money she gave me for coffee, and we both fought the liquor with it, and I believe Ben's saved.' That is where it went to."

Aunt Sue finished by clasping Nan in her arms.

"Hum!" Grandfather Ferris finally managed to say, after blowing his nose, and wiping his spectacles, and clearing his throat. "A queer investment! Got any receipts for your loans?"

"O, Grandpa, I didn't lend it!" Nan exclaimed.

"Well, if that isn't lending, I haven't understood my Bible," he muttered. "Why didn't you tell where it went to at first?"

"I didn't see where I could make any money with it, and it seemed wrong to let it lie in my purse; but I didn't want any one talking of such things," she answered, with a bright blush.

"Well, who has made the most?" asked Grandfather Ferris. "Oscar has the most in trade, money and shrewdness; Ned has the most useful and profitable knowledge with his press; but Nan has a mortgage on two business stands, has saved one life, perhaps, and a man's manhood, and has contributed to a good many people's business."

"Hurrah for Nan!" cried Ned, "who would have thought her talent would have turned out so?" he remarked, the next day, as they were critically examining the lovely watch on its satin bed.

"Business, boys," said Grandfather Ferris, "is a good thing; but one must have a care in all transactions for profit, because selfishness begets greed, and greed cunning, and cunning dishonesty, in many cases. There is no investment that pays so well, after all, as lending to the Lord, and Nan has proven that, even with one talent, no one need be an unprofitable servant."

There is a Boy I can Trust.

Wo once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me." Wo followed him with our eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. Wo thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. Wo wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every body in the neighborhood is known, and opinions formed of him; he has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment.