

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

J. R. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

F. P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. W. HUNSON, M. A., Superintendent.
W. A. WILKINSON, B. A., Director.
E. J. KINGS, M. D., Physician.
MISS SARAH WALLEN, Matron.

Teachers:

H. J. ALPHEA, M. A., Head Teacher.
MISS H. HALL, B. A.,
W. M. HILLOP,
W. J. HARRIS,
H. J. HIRWAST,
L. J. HIRWAST,
M. J. MADDEN, (Monitor Teacher.)

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS L. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS,
Printer and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

W. DOUGLASS, WM. NUNAN,
Printer & Associate, Master Shoemaker.

H. KRITH, CHAS. J. PATTIN,
Instructor of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DENPHY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Seweress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS S. MCNICH, D. CONNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener.

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.

Children between the ages of seven and ten, 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 \$40 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils and instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing machine, and other 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. The regulations as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Director or otherwise.

R. HATHISON,

Superintendent.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail notices to go to the office in box 10, door will be sent to the 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 name is in the locked bag.



A Thanksgiving Song.

BY MARGARET L. SANSTEIN.

For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat,
For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea,
Oh Father in heaven, our songs rise to Thee.

For parents who care for us day by day,
For sisters and brothers, for work and for play,
For dear little babies, so helpless and fair,
Oh Father, we send Thee our praise and our prayer.

For teachers who guide us so patiently on,
For frolics with mates when our lessons are done,
For shelter and clothing, for every day's food,
We bless Thee, our Father, the giver of good.

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
For joy in the land from east to the west,
For the dear Union Jack with its red, white, and blue,
We thank Thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For waking and sleeping, for blessings to be,
For God is our Father, and sends from above
To keep the round world in the smile of His love.



Dorothy's Prayer.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL'S TRUST IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE WAS REWARDED ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY KARNEST OILMORE.



IN the vicinity of Dorothy Lawrence's home (so called) no one had ever given much consideration to the needs and comforts of the poor. The house in which Dorothy lived made a home for many people. They were not all respectable—in fact the majority were just the contrary. Some heads of families carried long at the wine, and the fumes of the vile liquors they drank contaminated the whole house.

Dorothy and her widowed mother lived in two small rooms on the fifth floor back, a dreary place poorly lighted with small windows. Inside the rooms, were a few pieces of battered furniture. The view from the small windows was exceedingly limited. When Dorothy leaned out of the window and looked upward, she could see a strip of blue sky—only a little strip. When she merely looked out, and did not lean upon the sill, her view was confined to the backs of some wholesale houses, the bricks of which were dark with age.

Dorothy's mother had served in a "sweatshop," but that was over now. Nearly all day long she was obliged to lie on her cot in the little stuffy room. Dorothy was the wage-earner. All day long from Monday morning until Saturday night she was trotting about in Munroe Brothers' big store, as busy a little cash girl as you could find anywhere. Every one liked her because she was so ready and willing, and because she was so sunny-natured. And yet her heart was often sad thinking of the dear mother lying so lonely and sick and sorrowful in the dreary little room.

Dorothy was a dutiful child and a generous one. Occasionally some kind person remembered her in a small way, perhaps with a little gift—an orange, a bunch of violets, a "red, red rose." When this occurred Dorothy was joyful for two reasons—one because she was fond of fruit and flowers, and the other because dear mamma was.

The fruit or flowers invariably found their way into the hands of the sick woman. "Mamma first," was Dorothy's loving thought. At the close of the hot

summer Dorothy began to droop. She would not give up her place—she "could not"—she told herself bravely. But a day came when she was compelled to.

It was a very dreary October in the barren little rooms. Before the month closed the wolf of starvation was staring in at the door.

Occasionally a neighbor would step in to do some friendly service, but the neighbors were very poor, too, and bread, if it were to come at all, would not come from that source.

Mrs. Lawrence was almost in despair. "The Lord has forsaken us," she sobbed aloud. "The Lord has forsaken us."

Dorothy's heart ached. She wanted to sob, too, she was so weak and faint from hunger. It would be dreadful if the Lord had forsaken them, but had he?

As with many another little child her faith was strong. Through a mist of tears she looked up to a faded little motto over the door. She had embroidered it herself, and her father had framed it proudly because she had worked it. She reached out her hand and stroked her mother's pretty hair.

"Mamma, dear," she said "look up over the door. Don't you remember what papa said when I worked that motto?"

No reply. The child went on. "He said, 'Dinna ye ever forget, lassie, that the Lord will provide.'"

"But," sobbed the stricken woman, "do you not see that he doesn't provide? We're starving, Dorothy. Don't you know we're starving?"

She covered her pale face with her hands, and sobs shook her frame. Dorothy crept out of bed and knelt down beside it.

"Dear father in heaven," she prayed, "I know it's just so—as dear papa said—you will provide. We're so hungry, dear father, mamma and I—and—and we're so lonely. Please send us some thing to eat, and—and—a friend, and dear Father please make us well so that I can go to work again. I ask it all for Jesus' sake. Amen."

There was light on her face before she arose and crept into bed.

"My little Dorothy! My blessed little comforter," exclaimed her mother, drawing her close in her arms, "after all, I believe the Lord will provide—I will trust him."

I wish you could have seen the two faces after that. You would have remembered them always. They were just as pale as they had been, but were trustful.

A few hours after the prayer there came a gentle rap on the door.

"Come in, please," called Dorothy, her thin white face lighted up expectantly.

A plain white woman entered the room.

"Oh, Miss Glim!" cried Dorothy, "I'm so glad you've come. This is mamma dear. Mamma dear, this is Miss Glim."

Miss Glim's eyes seemed to trouble her, but a smile spread over her kind face making it really beautiful.

"I'm so glad I found you, Dorothy, dear," she said in a cheery little voice. "I just heard to day when I got back to Munroe Brothers, that you were very sick, and nobody had inquired. A shame, too, I think, but never mind, I am here now. What can I do for you, dear? And for you, dear Mrs. Lawrence?"

She took off her hat and wrap as if she had come to stay, and bustled about the little room, making good cheer with every move.

"See what I've brought," she said, uncovering a basket, "here's sugar and spice and everything."

Dorothy actually laughed. "Oh, Miss Glim!" she said, and then she cried.

"Here, none of that!" commanded Miss Glim, pretending to be stern. "I'm crying for joy," said Dorothy.

"Oh, Miss Glim, how good you are."

Oh, the wonderful things that came

out of that basket. It was a picture to see Miss Glim making toast and tea and poaching eggs over the tiny stove. And it was another picture to see the famished mother and daughter partake of the delicious food and tea with cream and sugar.

Miss Glim called after that. "The Lord sent her," said Dorothy gratefully. "Dear Lord! Dear Miss Glim!"

In a couple of weeks the child was up and about the room, but the mother continued weak and pale.

"I wish she could get away," said Miss Glim one day. "Get away!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Where to?" "Oh, somewhere away from this miserable tenement."

"There isn't any place, is there?" questioned the child excitedly.

"There are places enough," said Miss Glim, "yes, there are places enough."

"Oh, where?" asked Dorothy, her face radiant at the thought, "if mamma could go, I think—I think at least I'd try to stay here contentedly alone."

That troublesome mist came over Miss Glim's kind eyes again.

"If there should be a heart big enough to take your mother in, it would take you, too, Dorothy," she said, with a little quiver of her mouth.

In Dorothy's prayer she asked the Lord to "find a place and a big heart somewhere so that dear mamma will get well."

And the Lord found the place and the big heart very soon.

Just the day before Thanksgiving the landlord gave Mrs. Lawrence notice to move out; he had waited for his rent too long. As he was sputtering away, Miss Glim appeared, followed by a jolly-looking farmer with an exceedingly kind face.

"Mrs. Lawrence," she said, "this is Deacon Redpath; one of the best men that ever lived. He has come for you and Dorothy."

"Has he come to take mamma and me to the country?" cried Dorothy, her sweet face growing radiant. "Oh, have you, Deacon Redpath?"

"The deacon was strangely stirred. Those pleading eyes started the tears down his own.

"Yes," he said heartily, "that's what I'm here for—to take you home with me for a long, long visit. Perhaps I'll never bring you back again," and then he laughed.

Thanksgiving day—at Deacon Redpath's was a day never to be forgotten. Mother Redpath was a motherly woman—everybody's friend—and welcomed the guests as if they were old friends.

"Oh, oh!" said Dorothy. "I never thought there could be such a good, good dinner in the whole big world."

It was indeed good—the steaming brown turkey and chicken-pie, the hot vegetables, the pumpkin and mince pie, the red apples, the crimson jelly, and all the other good things.

"Mamma," said Dorothy that night just as she was falling asleep in a soft warm bed, "the Lord did provide for us, didn't he? Oh, how good he is!"

Five years have passed since that happy day. It is Thanksgiving again. Dorothy is "sweet sixteen" to-day. We find her and her mother still at Deacon Redpath's both healthy, happy, helpful and thankful.—American Messenger.

Thanksgiving.

Let us be thankful:

1. That we live in a beautiful world.
 2. That the harvest has been bountiful.
 3. That we are to have a Thanksgiving dinner.
 4. That we have kind parents.
 5. That we have work to do.
 6. That the Father cares for us.
- For home, friends and native land, dear Father, we thank thee.