

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 8.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. H. STRATTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
H. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
McKENNAN, H. R.	Barber
CHAKINS, M. D.	Physician
ESS, ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

COLEMAN, M. A.	Mrs. J. O. TERNILL
Head Teacher	Mrs. H. TEMPLETON
MISS BALDWIN, B. A.	Mrs. MARY HULL
MISS McNEILLOP	Mrs. SYLVIA L. BALDWIN
MISS CAMPBELL	Mrs. GEORGINA LINN
MISS STEWART	Miss ADA JAMES
MISS MORRIS	Miss ADA JAMES
M. J. MADDEN (Monitor Teacher)	

Teachers of Articulation:

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

MISS N. MITCHELL	JOHN T. HURNE,
Printer and Typewriter	Instructor of Printing

W. M. DOUGLASS,	W. M. SORRE,
Printer & Associate	Master Shoemaker

W. G. KEITH,	CHAS. J. PEPPIN,
Chair of Boys, etc.	Engineer

MISS M. DEMPSEY	JOHN DOWNIE,
Matron	Master Carpenter

MISS S. MCNINCH,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Head Hospital Nurse	Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and 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 do so, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance and be furnished free.

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

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the male pupils and 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.

Boys that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go out if put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2.45 p.m. of each Sunday excepted. The messenger is not sent to post letters or parcels, or receive any matter at post office for delivery, for any day, unless the same is in the locked bag.



"Does God Live Here?"

BY MRS. EVA W. MALONE

Friendless at night the street she trod
A little maid forlorn
Nor reckoned of her shoeless feet
Nor of her garments torn
But eager searching on the street
With look of deep intent
As one with spirit all enrapt
On earnest mission bent

At last she paused, her weary face
Took on a look of light
A stately church with beauty rare
Burst full upon her sight
She heard the organ peal the notes
Of glad triumphant song
Then whispered low "Ah, this the place
And joined the waiting throng

Before the surpliced priest she paused
Nor marked his gaze austere
But, undisturbed, preferred her plea
"Please sir, does God live here?"
They say that he is kind and good
If children to him come
And when I saw this lovely place
I knew it was his home

O men O brothers in pride
We rear the stately dome
But let us ask with grief of heart
Is it in truth God's home?
Do little and passion find no place
In lofty "Malice" near?
Amen with shame our heads we bow
And cry "Does God live here?"



Saint Valentine

BY HARRIET S. HAYWARD

Old Santa Claus has come and gone again. Some of you saw his jolly face as he popped down the chimney, and dreamed of his tiny sleigh with its silver bells and prancing reindeer. What beautiful things he brought you in his pack, everyone of you. We all love him, don't we? I am sure I like him quite as much as you do. And when I was a little girl no stories made me so happy as those about good Saint Nicholas.

But to day I want you to forget him for a little while, to hear of another dear old saint you do not know so well. Let us put on our thinking caps and our fairy wings, for we must fly far away across the deep ocean to another land and back through the years into the long ago time.

It was many years after that first Christmas when the little Christ Child lay in his mother's arms, while angels sang, and shepherds and wise men knelt to worship him. Christ had gone back again to heaven. But the good people who loved him thought of him every day. They remembered how good and true and pure he was, and they tried to speak the truth, to be kind and helpful, and to love one another. They tried to grow to be like Christ. These good people called themselves Christians, that means "followers of Christ."

Yes, I think you have heard that name before. We are Christians—followers of Christ—too, and that is why every year we sing the glad Christmas songs and think lovingly of the dear Christ Child lying in the manger.

But all the men and women then were not good and kind. In the city of Rome—of which you will learn, O, so many things when you are older,—there was a very bad man. He was ruler in the city. He did not love the Christ Child, and he hated all the people who did love him. This wicked ruler said to himself, "I hate these followers of Christ. I will take their houses and their fields away from them, and I will put all I can find in prison. So he did every thing he could think of to hurt the Christians. Some of them had to hide from him; he put some in prison, and some he even killed, but I am not going to tell you about that. I do not like to think of such a bad man, do you?

There was another man in the city

who loved the Christians very much. He was a Christian himself. His name was Valentine. The wise men that write books do not tell us how he looked. But sometimes when I shut my eyes I can see a face that I am sure must be his. See if you can see it, too! A face that shines with love, long white hair and beard, the kindest of eyes, and a smile that says, "Come, little children, I love you. Have you a picture of good Valentine now? I hope so."

You can't think how kind he was to the poor Christians! He gave them food when they were hungry, he took them to his own house, he helped them to hide, so that the wicked ruler could not hurt them, and he went to see those who were in prison. That made the bad ruler angry. He hated Valentine because he was so good, so Christ-like. What do you think he did? He put Valentine in prison, too. That was a shame!

But it happened that the keeper of the prison had a little daughter who was blind. She never had seen the blue sky, the green grass, and the beautiful flowers. Day and night were just alike to her,—all dark. Aren't you sorry for this little blind girl?

Good Valentine was sorry for her. I like to think that sometimes he took her up on his knee, and talked to her, perhaps smoothed her shining hair and kissed her. Anyway, he helped her poor blind eyes, so that one happy morning when she opened them she could see as well as you or I can.

You can't think how happy she was and her father and mother, too. They loved kind Valentine. They said to one another,— "What a good man he is! we were keeping him in prison and we were not kind to him. But just see this beautiful thing he has done for us, he has made our little child's eyes well!"

And so this father and mother listened lovingly to all that Valentine told them about the Christ, they tried to grow true and loving, and they became Christians, too. Aren't you glad? I am.

By and by Valentine died, and because he had been so good and kind people remembered him and called him Saint Valentine. They do to-day.

The day is here that is named from our saint—St. Valentine's day. Shall we not try to do the very kindest things to one another—in memory of this dear old man and of the little blind child who saw because of the kindness of St. Valentine.

A Kind Prince.

Among the many anecdotes of the Kaiser's boyhood comes one that shows a manly side of his character. Like all healthy German boys, the German Emperor, when only Prince Wilhelm, and his brother Heinrich dearly loved to play soldier. One day in 1867, as they were joining with the boys of the neighborhood in this sport, the eight-year old Wilhelm, in uniform, of course being the captain, a small boy, armed like the rest, with a wooden sword, came up and watched the play. The little fellow was wistful, but he dared not fall in, barefoot as he was. "Come and play with us!" shouted Wilhelm and so far overcame the boy's timidity as to get him to join the group. The other boys did not like it, made fun of the bare feet and wouldn't stand beside the new comer, so that soon he wanted to go home. Prince Wilhelm, noting the unkindness, called the lad out and had a council of war with Prince Heinrich. Returning to his company he commanded "Attention!" and addressed his subordinates. "If it does not suit you to play with this boy here, it suits me still less to play with you!" He thereupon marched away with his brother and the new recruit to play by themselves.

Most men give up what they like to do in order to get what they like to have.

The Discovery of Ether.

On October sixteenth, 1846, Dr. William T. O. Morton demonstrated before the renowned physicians at the Massachusetts General Hospital that he had found "an annihilator of pain." The night previous to the experiment at the hospital, says Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, he worked till four o'clock in the morning, to make sure that all was in readiness. His young wife of nineteen, who had watched every step in the progress of the discovery, was unable to sleep from her anxiety, and she met him as he came home, and implored him for the sake of herself and her little son, to give up the engagement. "You will ruin yourself," she said. "You will be the subject of universal ridicule." He playfully rallied her failing courage, and then, with solemnity and in tones of assurance said, "I will not fail. To-morrow the world will greet my success."

With a reassured heart, but sleepless, she waited, while he, saying he had but two hours to sleep, almost immediately fell into profound slumber. At six he arose, and, without breakfast, hastened to the instrument-maker's, and thence to the hospital. The large amphitheatre was filled with distinguished surgeons, physicians, students and others, invited to witness a difficult surgical operation to be undergone without pain. The patient, a young man of twenty-five, suffering with a tumor on the mouth, was brought in.

"Are you afraid?" said Morton to him. "No, I feel confident, and will do precisely as you tell me," was the reply.

Grave, but with perfect self-possession, the young student began his work. In four or five minutes the patient was soundly asleep, and then, in a silence like the tomb, with surprise and amazement growing on every face, Dr. Warren cut out the tumor, saying slowly and emphatically, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug!"

When consciousness returned, the patient said, "I have experienced no pain, only a sensation like that of scraping the part with a blunt instrument."

At once doubt among the spectators gave place to joy and congratulations. The student had become in one brief hour, not only sure of fame and honor, but also the benefactor of every race, through unending ages, and those learned men recognized those facts. Meanwhile, the young wife was waiting at home in suspense almost unimaginable. About one o'clock he came, his bright, enthusiastic face tinged with sadness, as though he saw in the distance the hard fate and the long struggle to come. He seemed lost in thought, as in a dream, and embracing her tenderly, he simply said, "I have succeeded."—Sel.

Words and Sentences.

It is a lamentable fact that many of our pupils try to read words, when they should read sentences. Some one is ready to exclaim, "Sentences are made up of words, and one must understand the meaning of each separate word before he can grasp the thought expressed by the sentence." This is not wholly true. Our pupils do know the meaning of a great many words, but they do not understand that words assume a peculiar relation when incorporated into sentences. Unless the child conceives this relation, the sentence to him can be nothing more than a conglomeration of words. There are words, the full significance of which can be determined only in the sentence. These words, isolated, are hard to understand, even approximately, but when taken in connection with other words in the sentence, give a peculiar flavour—of which we may use the word—which is fully appreciated but hard to explain. Perhaps the child may never be able to define the meaning of the word, but he understands its use and uses it understandingly. What more can we ask?—Lone Star Weekly.