

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 18.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,  
CANADA.



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

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

Officers of the Institution:  
R. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent.  
A. MATHISON, Director.  
J. J. HAINES, M. D., Physician.  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:  
D. B. VOLKMAN, M. A., (Head Teacher).  
J. HENRY.  
JAMES HALL, B.A.  
D. J. McNEILLOP.  
W. J. CAMERON.  
H. F. DEWART.  
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Miss H. TRIPLETON.  
Miss MARY BULL.  
Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALLIE.  
Miss ADA JAMES.  
Miss GEORGINA LARK.  
Miss NINA BROWN.

Teachers of Articulation:  
Miss M. M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.  
Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss L. V. MITCHELL, John T. BURKE, (Book and Typewriter), Instructor of Printing.  
Wm. DOUGLASS, Wm. NUNN, (Shoemaker & Associate), Master Shoemaker.  
H. G. KEITH, CHAS. J. PEPPIN, (Supervisor of Boys, etc.), Engineer.  
Miss M. DAMPNEY, JOHN DOWNIE, (Washwoman, Supervisor of Girls, etc.), Master Carpenter.  
Miss S. McNICOLL, D. CUNNINGHAM, (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.

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 \$80 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, which will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount named for board and tuition 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 the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and in 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 course offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission to pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by 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 away if put in box in office door will be sent to the 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 bag.

## THE DORCAS SOCIETY, TORONTO,



MR. A. W. MASON, MISS PATTERSON, MISS J. L. SMITH, MISS FRAGER.  
MR. H. MASON, MR. HUCHANAN, MISS MORRISON, MRS. SLATER.  
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MISS R. BRIDGEN, MRS. HUGHTON, MRS. NABMITH.



### Canada.

The grand old woods of Canada!  
How cool and dim below  
Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves  
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves!  
Where ferns and mosses grow

The giant trees of Canada!  
Dark pine and birch drooped low.  
The stately elm, the maple tall,  
The sturdy beech, I love them all  
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada!  
The choicest blows resound  
Thro' the crisp air, while cold and still,  
The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill  
Lies white upon the ground!

The sparkling streams of Canada!  
That wash cold shadows past,  
The wool, where sleek fat cattle sleep,  
Through verdant meadows, ankle deep  
In clever blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada,  
Whisper in whose murmuring tide,  
From pebbly caverns, dimly seen,  
North leafy shades of living green  
Creep trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada,  
With loveliness I see  
Their waters, stretched in endless chain  
By fair St. Lawrence to the main,  
As ocean wild, and free

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's wake,  
Or fade with dying day,  
Fond memories in my heart awake,  
Of home dear dwelling by the lake,  
Take sunshine passed away

The prairie vast of Canada,  
Where sun sinks in the east,  
In setting, whispering warm good night  
To myriads of flowers, whose bright  
Will tell the morrow's birth.

The prairie wealth of Canada,  
Whose-lark, abundant soil,  
Unfurrowed yet, awaits the plough  
Who sows shall have sure promise now  
Of rich reward for toil.

What tho' the winter winds blow keen  
When daylight darkly wanes,  
A strong, true heart is hard to chill  
When, new afire, the home-light still  
Shines bright across the plains.

The robust life of Canada  
In cheery houses I see,  
The good-bye howls fill the land,  
The Nature's self has blessed the land,  
Abundant, fair, and free.

-H. A. Dr. in Belfast (Irish) Weekly News.



### About Kissing Mother.

It was Eli Perkins who put the following reproof of a careless daughter into a father's mouth: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you noticed a car-worn look upon her face. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up in the morning and get breakfast. When your mother comes and begins to express surprise go right up and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face, you were not so attractive then as you are now. Through years of childish sunshine and sorrow she was always ready to care, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty chubby hands whenever they were injured in the first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she soothed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have been on interest those long years.

Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of the work during the past ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours.

And yet, if you're sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and everyone of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, which have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, which gave you your first

baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

### Misfortune.

Sometime during our lives the happy and prosperous course of events is likely to be disturbed by misfortune entering and turning all our pleasure to despair. It is a fact, too, worthy of our notice, that the idea so admirably expressed by Shakespeare in the words: "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions," is no myth, but the sternest reality. No one can understand fully, the meaning of misfortune until he has experienced it.

If we accept our misfortunes in the right spirit they are teachers guiding and directing us to a higher, nobler, manhood and womanhood.

They broaden our sympathies and it is only when we have ourselves known sorrow that our hearts go out in the fullest sympathy to those in distress.

When fortune smiles on us and our skies are all blue and the sunshine golden there is nothing to test the strength of our natures. It is when the dark day comes and the skies are overcast with clouds that the real issue is at hand.

Will we then weakly surrender to the gathering misfortunes or will we rise superior to them and fight bravely on, hoping and believing that no matter how dark the day there is a blue sky somewhere. Misfortunes are often God's re-tributing fire, burning out the dross and impurities and leaving the pure gold of a noble character.

As a closing thought there recurs to me the exquisite lines from Margaret Sangster's "Old Sampler,"

For love is of the immortal,  
And patience is sublime,  
And sorrow a thing of every day,  
And touching every time,  
And childhood sweet and sunny,  
And womanly truth and grace,  
Ever may cheer life's darkness,  
And light earth's lowliest place.  
Dated by DANK.

If you cannot speak well of your friends, don't speak of them at all. Never say anything but kind and true things of any one.