

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:
HON J. R. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

W. T. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
AM COCHANE, Surgeon.
E. LAKINS, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

H. H. GLENNAN, M. A. Head Teacher.
MRS. J. U. TERRILL
MISS E. TEMPLETON,
MISS MARY BULL,
MRS. SYLVIA L. HALIS,
MISS GEORGINA LINN,
MISS ADA JAMES.
M. J. MADDER, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS IDA M. JACK, (Miss CAROLINE GIBSON,
MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
I. C. FORRESTER, Teacher of Blot.

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

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NUBAK,
Bookkeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker,
Supervisor.

H. G. KIRBY, CHAS. J. PEPPIN,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWDIN,
Sewing, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

MISS B. MCNICHOL, 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, on account of deafness, either partial or total, are 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 \$80 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance which is furnished free.

Those pupils 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, 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 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 facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent 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 be put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 5 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 unless the same is in the locked bag.



Father O'Leary.

Brave Father O'Leary so bold an' so tender,
We welcome you Hogarth wid laughter and
leers
Safe back to your country, an' proudly we tender
To you a full share iv the honors an' cheers.

On the voyage or march no voice was so cheery,
In camp your warm heart made you Tommy's
best friend,
Sure the wit an' the wisdom iv Father O'Leary
Was the theme iv all tongues from beginning to
end.

When Lord Roberts gives praise to the light
forces
We sint out to help him, he reckons not least
In our gallant contingent iv men, runs an' horses,
The power we supplied in out true-hearted
pious.

No hero this war to our history has given—
Tho' many a name it has written in light—
Surpasses yourself, humble servant iv heaven,
In the deeds that make hero names glorious
an' bright.

'Twas there to storm kopjes, or hold out in
sieges,
An' prove British val'or the thing we all knew,
But 'twas the loving emotions iv liese,
Dear Father O'Leary, Canadians greet you.

'Twas yours not to fight, tho' in many a battle
Your hand-clad form wid the fighters was seen;
No weapons you bore 'told the muskets' wild
rattle,
Tho' no soldier more nobly served country an'
Queen.

'Twas yours to kneel down by the poor fellows
dyin'—
A father and mother in one, so you were—
An' wid lips that wud tremble because you war
cryin'—
Say o'er thim the words iv the Catholic prayer.

But your heart was too big in its pity an' kindness
To know in such moments the limits iv creed.
You were equally ready, in charity's blindness,
The Protestant prayer o'er an Orangeman to
read.

An' 'twas yours by the hospital cots to stand daily
An' cheer the pale lads that were wounded an'
sick;
This you did wid your humor, so wisely and gaily,
That your face (there was better nor sunshine,
atrick!

Then welcome, your rivrinee, safe back from
your labors,
God grant you a long life iv comfort and peace
May your name unite Catholic and Protestant
neighbors
In a mutual respect that will never more cease.
—J. W. BENOISTON in the Globe.



What Two Boys Learned in the Woods.

It was a beautiful day in June when they went down to the country for a day's outing. It was before the summer vacation, but Mrs. Collie had to attend to some repairs on their summer house, and she took the two boys with her.

'What a lark we'll have in the woods!' Wilson said.

'The birds will be building their nests, and maybe we can find a young squirrel or rabbit. Hurrah! we'll bring back one pet at least.'

When they arrived at the house, there was a little fellow dressed in overalls and a slouch hat ready to greet them.

'Hello, Jimmie! We've got a day off, and we're going to explore the woods. Know any birds' nests or squirrels' holes round here?'

Jimmie nodded his head. He was their country playmate every summer, and the boy was glad to see the two visitors as they were to get out into the country.

'All right, then. Come ahead! We want to tramp all day in the woods. Which way first?'

'Up by the cedars, and then round by the lake,' replied Jimmie.

In a few minutes the three boys were plunging deep in the woods, and, under the leadership of their little country friend, they headed straight for the cedars. When they arrived there, Jimmie explained:

'There's a squirrel's nest up that tree,

with three little ones in it. If you want to see 'em, climb up.'

'Indeed we do!' shouted both city boys.

In a few minutes they were gazing at the tiny little squirrels, which were almost too young to resent their handling.

Near by stood the parent squirrels, chattering vigorously at the intruders.

'Lend us your hat, Jimmie, so we can bring them down,' called Wilson.

'What are you going to do with them?' asked the country lad.

'Take them home with us, of course. We want to raise them as pets.'

'They wouldn't live. I tried some one year, and they all died, and—and it's cruel to take them away from their mother.'

The two boys up the tree hesitated, and Stanton, the youngest, said, in a disappointed voice:

'I don't see why they wouldn't live. I know dealer in the city who have them to sell.'

'But they know more 'bout bringing 'em up than we do,' answered little Jimmie. 'I know they'll die if you take 'em, and it's cruel to do it. Leave the poor things in their nest, and they will grow up all right, and you'll be glad of it next year.'

Reluctantly the two boys returned to the earth, but they soon lost their disappointment in new discoveries.

'See here!' cried Jimmie. 'Here's a toad and its whole family under this rock.'

He moved aside the rock, and out hopped a dozen toads no larger than big bugs, while the mother toad looked silently and solemnly at the intruders.

'I hate toads,' said Wilson. 'They make you stub your toe, you know, and they give you warts.'

He gave the old toad a contemptuous push with his foot as he spoke, whereupon Jimmie remonstrated:

'They don't give you warts, and they don't make you stub your toe, but they do eat up the bugs and worms that come on our crops of cabbages and turnips. Don't hurt them. I wouldn't have shown you their den if I'd thought you would.'

'First time I ever knew toads were any good in the world,' said the boys skeptically.

'Well, they are, and we won't hurt them. I expect they'll eat up hundreds of worms and bugs before summer is over.'

'I believe you will be telling me, pretty soon, that snakes are good for something,' said Stanton.

'Some snakes are good snakes, and some ain't,' replied Jimmie, slowly. 'There ain't no poisonous snakes round here, and so we don't have to kill any. There are only black snakes and ground snakes, and they don't do any hurt, except frighten little boys and girls sometimes.'

'Then you wouldn't kill one if you saw it?' exclaimed Wilson in surprise.

'No, I wouldn't—unless it hurt me.'

They tramped through the woods from the cedars down to the lake. In this long walk Jimmie showed them innumerable nests of birds and animals, pointing them out with a familiarity that indicated close intimacy with every nook and corner of the woods. He knew the names of all the birds, could describe their plumage with his eyes shut, and tell the city boys the color of the eggs they would find in the nest. He let the boys climb up to the nests and look in at the eggs, and then, when they came down again, he would tell them all he knew about the birds and their queer ways.

'But you mustn't touch the eggs,' he always cautioned. 'Some birds are so particular that they will have a nest after somebody has touched the eggs. They seem to think that their home will be robbed, and that it's no use to sit on the eggs any more. Then they go away and build a new nest. I never touch them, and I don't think the birds mind my coming and looking in at their home.'

Indeed, the birds seemed to resent the

appearance of the three boys in the woods far less than either Wilson or Stanton expected. Once or twice they remarked on this, and Jimmie finally said:

'There are no boys round here that ever rob their nests, and they don't know what fear is. I guess they all think those woods are made for them, and they broul here every summer. Last June I found two hundred different nests, and they all had young ones in. Sometimes, after heavy storms, the birds are knocked out of their nests and killed, but that's the only danger they have here. I suppose that's why they are so tame.'

It was late in the afternoon when the trio of hunters reached the house, and as they prepared to separate for the night, Wilson said heartily:

'I say, Jimmie, I'm glad we came down to-day and found you. I never knew so much about birds and animals before in all my life. I think I'll remember what you've told me, and I won't be so hard on the little creatures hereafter. I guess I won't even stone toads and kill snakes if they don't hurt me.'—Our Dumb Animals.

A Rich Boy.

'Oh, my,' said Ben, 'I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school.'

'I say, Ben,' said his father, turning around quickly. 'How much will you take for your legs?'

'For my legs?' said Ben in surprise.

'Yes! what do you use them for?'

'Why, I run and jump and play ball, and, oh, everything.'

'That's so,' said his father. 'You would not take \$10,000 for them, would you?'

'No indeed,' answered Ben, smiling.

'At 3 your arms, I guess you wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?'

'No, sir.'

'And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for \$10,000 would you?'

'No, Sir.'

'Nor your good health?'

'No, Sir.'

'Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than \$5,000 apiece at the very least, don't you think so?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Your eyes now. How would you like to have \$50,000 and be blind the rest of your life?'

'I wouldn't like it at all.'

'Think a moment, Ben: \$50,000 is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then they are worth that much at least. Let's see, now,' his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—'legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten and eyes fifty—that makes a hundred. You are worth \$100,000 at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your play mates laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you and come home with your usual appetite for dinner and think now and then how rich you really are.'

It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and from that day every time he sees a cripple or blind man he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.—Selected.

A Christian making money fast is just a man in a cloud of dust, it will fill his eyes if he be not careful.—Spurgeon.

I never know a child of God being bankrupted by his benevolence. What we keep we may lose, but what we give to Christ we are sure to keep.—T. L. Cuyler.