

# 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:  
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

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

### Officers of the Institution:

|                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
| A. MATHISON, M. A.   | Superintendent |
| A. MATHISON          | Bursar.        |
| J. E. FARRIS, M. D.  | Physician.     |
| MISS ISABELL WALAUGH | Matron         |

### Teachers:

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| MUR COLEMAN, M. A.  | Mrs. J. G. TERRILL  |
| (Head Teacher.)     | Miss M. TEMPLETON.  |
| T. DENNY            | Miss M. M. OSTROM   |
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Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Mrs. I. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing

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Sweeper & Carver, Supervisor, Engineer

G. O. KRITH, JOHN DOWITT,  
Carpenter of Boys etc., Master Carpenter

Miss M. DENNETT, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
Matron, Supervisor of Girls etc., Master Baker.

WM. NERSE, THOMAS WILLS,  
Master Shoemaker, Gardener

MICHAEL O'SHEARA, Farmer

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.

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 six months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance to 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, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, 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 terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission, and the amount to be given upon application to the Institute, or otherwise.

H. MATHISON,

Superintendent.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

### INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go by post office to office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 2:30 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 reason, unless the same is in the locked bag.



### JANUARY.

I'm little January  
Perhaps you do not know  
How far I've come to greet you  
Across the fields of snow

Perhaps you weren't expecting  
I'd be so very small,  
Perhaps you're almost wishing  
I had not come at all

I've several little brothers,  
And little sisters, too,  
And every one is coming  
To make a call on you

But I've got ready quickly,  
And come right straight off here,  
To be the first to greet you  
This happy glad New Year.

— Jessie Thorne, in Child Garden



### The New Year's Message

All the year round the three great bells of the village spoke to each other, back and forth from belfry to belfry, nodding and swinging. Each had but one word to say and he said it over and over, asking and answering in the very same tone.

One would throw himself up into the air and hang there trembling all over—his great tongue quivering—waiting for the answer from his neighbor, with the shining brass sides, that hung in the tower across the little stream. And then from far down the valley would peel forth the ring of the third great bell. All this while the first one was waiting for his turn to speak again.

Those bells hung and swung far above the heads of everybody in the village. They had but one thing to say and one way to say it, but since the people did not understand, it did very well and everyone loved these three brothers and never questioned what they meant. Though they did not speak in the same

tone, they were of one mind, and even when they spoke together they did not jangle in the least, but sounded so sweetly—especially in the ears of the children—who always stopped and looked up. Whenever they spoke together thus they told that a little child was born—somewhere in the village some one had a little new brother and sister, and so the children smiled. And when the year was born perhaps that was why the ringing brought them such joy.

"Hark hark, the bells.

Everyone in the village awoke at twelve o'clock on New Year's eve, except the children for out on to the night there peared the rich clanging of the bells.

All the grown people got up, peered out of the window, saw the clear sky and the ocean of stars, then they wished each other a very sleepy "Happy New Year," saying that they hoped it would bring some good with it, and back they went to sleep again.

But the children did not wake up—they dreamed on and on under their coverlets, perhaps some of them turned over or stretched themselves, but not a single one opened an eye. Wasn't it strange?

But when the frosty light of the morning poured over the houses from out the sky, every single child in the village started out of dreamland, and such dreams as they did tell! From one end of the village to the other every household where there were any children heard wonder tales that could scarcely be believed. They told of having seen flower-beds right out in the snow, and of music and of lights all over everything. They told of children with the happiest faces, laughing and playing and dancing and singing, and one little girl awoke in her cradle and found some beautiful flowers had blossomed right out of the dream and were still in her hand. And every one came and marvelled over it, and smelled the flowers and knew they were real. This little one had listened perhaps the best of all to what the dream had said, and so the dream came true.

What had come to all the little ones? The wise people of the village were all

puzzled, for no one, not even the old sextons who pulled the ropes, had noticed anything strange in the ringing.

There were many old men and women in the village who had heard the bells for years and years, and they did not know as much about their meaning as the little folks, and how they all wondered at the dreams that came to the children on that New Year's night.

This must have been the way it all came about. A beautiful friend who had told the children stories and taught them wonderful things, had asked each to watch for the message of the New Year which comes after the Christ Child's birth.

Every child that was loving and helpful and trusting would hear on the eve of the New Year a wonder tale, and don't you see each child went to sleep that night waiting and watching for it, and it had come. If the grown people had done the same it would probably have come to them too—but they were often too busy to hear and see even the most beautiful things. We are glad that children are not.

The bells have really a deep story to tell that very few have ever guessed, and what they tell seems easier for the children to understand than for grown folks; it is about the childhood of the year.

The song that the New Year sings through the lips of a bell is something like this, if we put it into words:

"Good people, awake,  
And list to the bell—  
Begin with the year  
To know that all's well."

Listen! and perhaps on New Year's Eve each one of us may hear the happiest greeting, so that the next day when we call out a "glad New Year" to every friend we meet, there will be so much joy in it that they will be much gladder than they ever were before.—ANDREA HORN IN Child's Christ Tales.

We are all apt to forget that happiness grows at our own fire-side, and is not to be picked up in strangers' houses.

A New York physician says it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal. And we presume if he did go in after one he wouldn't find it.