

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. BRATTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

W. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

MRS. SUSAN M. A.	Superintendent
W. M. DOUGLASS	Director
J. J. KENNEDY	Physician
MISS SARAH WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

MR. J. J. KENNEDY	Miss E. G. TRIBLE
MR. J. J. KENNEDY	Miss M. TRIBLE
MR. J. J. KENNEDY	Miss MARY HILL
MR. J. J. KENNEDY	Miss MARY L. HALL
MR. J. J. KENNEDY	Miss GEORGINA LIND
MR. J. J. KENNEDY	Miss ADA JAMES
MR. J. J. KENNEDY	Monitor Teacher

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS MARY HILL	Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
MISS MARY HILL	Teacher of Fancy Work
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Miss of Superior	Master Carpenter
MISS M. M. SINGH	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Miss of Hospital Nurse	Master Baker
	JOHN MOORE,
	Printer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford education and training to all the youth of the Province, who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common school.

All distinctions between the ages of seven and twenty are to be removed in intellect and free from contagious diseases who are born in 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 which will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay this amount CHARITY PORTIONS WILL BE ADDED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

Young men and boys, the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to pupils by means of apparatus instructed in general English, writing, tailoring, dressmaking, bookbinding, the use of the sewing machine, and ornamental and fancy work as usual in the regular school.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mutes will avail themselves of the liberal facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on Monday and Wednesday in September, and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission of pupils, it will be given upon application to the Director 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 matters to go to the post office in Belleville will be sent to the post office at noon and 24 hours of each week (Sundays excepted). The money for postage will be paid by the post office for letters or parcels, or received at the post office for delivery for any amount, unless the same is in the locked box.



POETRY

New Year's Eve Song.

BY WILLIAM CLEVIN DEYANT

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay
Stay till the good old year
So long our part of it was
Shakes hands and leaves us here!

Oh, stay, oh stay
One little hour and then away!

The year whose hopes were high and strong
Has now no place to make
Yet one hour more of just old songs
For his faithful sake!

Oh, stay, oh stay
One happy hour and then away!

The kindly year his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives to others?

Oh, stay, oh stay
One grateful hour and then away!

Days bright his own and fairly went
While yet he was our guest
How heartily the work was spent
How sweet the seventh day's rest!

Oh, stay, oh stay
One golden hour and then away!

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
From all the troubles hid
We of pleasure memories we keep
Of all they said and did!

Oh, stay, oh stay
One tender hour and then away!

Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind
The good old year is with the past
Oh, to be new as kind!

Oh, parting stream and then away!

A Few Swift Years.

They are slipping away these swift swift years
Like a leaf on the current's east
With never a break in the rapid flow
We watch them as they go, they go
Into the beautiful past!

Oh, after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stair
We hear the sound of their heavy tread
In the steps of the sunset long since dead
As if, outland and fair!

There are only a few years left to live,
Shall we wax to the north the strife,
Shall we struggle under our ruthless feet,
Those beautiful things, so near and sweet
By the dusky way of life?

There are only a few swift years, oh, let
No envy be to be held
Make life a fair portion of our design
And fill up the measure with love and sweet
But never an angry word!

MISCELLANEOUS

Keeping Your Eyes Open.

RACHIE went off to school wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I'll keep my eyes open," she said to herself. She stopped a moment to watch old Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door binding shoes. She was just now trying to thread a needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes.

"Why, if there isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for Aunt Amy! Stop, Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lassie. My poor old eyes are worn out, you see. I can't get along with coarse work yet, but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman?"

Mamma would say the Lord would take care of you," said Rachie very softly, for she felt she was too little to be saying such things.

"And you say it too, dearie. Go on to school, now. You've given me your bit of help, and comfort, too. But Rachie got hold of the needle book and bending over it with busy fingers.

"See!" she presently said. "I've threaded a needle for you to go on with, and when I come back I'll thread some more."

"May the sunshine be bright to your eyes, little one," said the old woman as Rachie slipped away. "Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices as she went in to the play-ground.

Which side will you be on?"

But there was a little girl with a downcast face sitting on the porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" asked Rachie going to her.

"I can't make these add up," said Jennie, in a discouraged tone, pointing to a few summary figures on her slate.

"Let me see, I did that example at home last night. Oh, you forgot to carry 10 - see?"

"So I did." The example was finished, and Jennie was soon at play with the others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all the day, and was surprised to find how many ways there were of doing kindness, which went far toward making the day happier. Try it, girls and boys, and you will see for yourselves.

"Will you look here, Miss Rachie?"

Bridget was sitting in the back porch, looking dolefully at a bit of paper which lay on the kitchen table she had carried out there. "It's a letter I'm after writing to the mother, an' it's fearin' I am she'll never be able to rade it, because I can't rade it me-self. Can you rade it at all, Miss Rachie? It's all the ather noon I've been at it."

Rachie tried with all her might to read poor Bridget's queer scrawl, but she was obliged to give it up.

"I'll write one for you some day, Bridget," she said, "I am going over to Jennie's to play 'I spy' now."

The fresh air and the bird songs and the soft winds made it very pleasant to be out of doors after being in school all day, and her limbs fairly ached for a good run. But she turned at the gate for another look at Bridget's wee begone face.

"I'll do it for you now, Bridget," she said, going back.

It was not an easy task, for writing was slow work with her, but she formed each letter with painstaking fingers, and when she had finished, felt well repaid by Bridget's warm thanks and the satisfied feeling of duty done.

"Our Master has taken his journey To a country that's far away."

Aunt Amy heard the cheery notes flitting up the stairs, telling of the approach of the little worker.

"I've been keeping my eyes open, Aunt Amy, and there's plenty and plenty to do!"

Many a woman with a sweet face has a bitter temper.