

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:
H. H. STRATTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
H. C. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

W. J. HENSON, S. A. Superintendent
J. W. HURNE, Bursar
W. CRINK, M. D. Physician
MRS. SARAH WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

W. J. HENSON, M. A. Head Teacher
MRS. J. O. TRENKILL, Head Teacher
MISS S. TEMPLETON, Head Teacher
MISS MARY HULL, Head Teacher
MISS SYLVIA L. HALL, Head Teacher
MISS GEORGINA LIEM, Head Teacher
MISS ADA JANKE, Head Teacher
M. J. MADDOX, Monitor Teacher

Teachers of Articulation:

M. J. MADDOX, Miss CECILIA GIBSON
M. J. MADDOX, Teacher of Fancy Work

W. J. HENSON, JOHN T. BURNS,
Head Typewriter Instructor of Printing

W. J. HENSON, Wm. NURSE,
Head of Sewing Supervisor, Master Shoemaker

W. J. HENSON, CHAS. J. PIPPIN,
Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer

MISS M. DEMERSKY, JOHN DOWDIE,
Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

MISS S. MCNICH, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Head of 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.

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 \$30 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance as furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board and 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 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 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, etc., will be given upon application to the Matron 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 for in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 3:15 p. m. of each Sunday 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 New Year's Gift.

The table was spread with New Year's gifts.
We counted them one by one
And said to each other "This New Year's Day
We have forgotten none."

But that night in my dreams I heard a voice
That seemed to speak from heaven
"My child, hast thou forgotten none,
When no gift to Me is given?"

"I am thy King, and yet my crown
Unheeded is by thee
How canst thou, on this New Year's Day
Thou hast no gift for Me?"

"Lord, just because Thou art a King,
I answered, tremblingly,
To whom belongs the whole wide world,
And heaven and earth and sea

"I never thought that Thou wouldst care
For New Year's gifts from me
There's nothing in my little store
Costly enough for Thee."

My child, replied the loving Voice,
"I seek not thine, but thine
Thou canst to-day My heart rejoice
Giving thyself to Me."

"That I might have thee for Mine own
I shed on Calvary
It was for this I left My throne,
Child, give thyself to Me."

I woke, and all around was still,
But on that New Year's Day
My heart made answer "Lord, I will,
And I gave myself away"

—Alice Jane Nutbrown

A Sure Cure.

It is told of Hannah More that she had a good way of managing talebearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory to another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable, off she took the scandal monger to the scandalized to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever ventured to repeat a gossip story to Hannah More. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal. —Harper's Bazar.



The Fairy's New Year Gift



TWO little boys were at play one day when a fairy suddenly appeared to them and said: "I have been sent to give you a New Year's present." She handed to each a package, and at the same instant was gone. Carl and Philip opened the packages and found the same thing in each—a beautiful book with white pages, as pure, white and beautiful as snow when it first falls. After a long time the fairy came again to the boys. "I have brought you each a book," she said, "and will take back the others to Father Time who sent them."

"May I not keep mine a little longer," said Philip "I have hardly thought about it lately. I'd like to paint something on that last page."

"No," said the fairy. "I must take it just as it is."

"I wish I could look through mine just once," said Carl, "I have only seen one page at a time, for when a leaf turns over it sticks fast, and I never can open the book at more than one place."

"You shall look over your books," said the fairy. And she lit for each of them a little silver lamp. The boys looked in wonder. Could it be that this was the same fair book she had given them a year ago? Where were the pure white pages? Here was a page with ugly black blotches and scratching upon it; while the very next page had a lovely picture. Some pages were decorated with gold and silver and gorgeous colors, others with beautiful flowers, and others still with a rainbow of most delicate brightness. Yet even on the most beautiful pages were those ugly blotches and scratches.

Carl and Philip looked up at the fairy at last. "Who did this?" they asked. "Every page was white and fair as we

opened to it, yet now there is not a single blank place in it?"

"Shall I explain some of the pictures to you?" said the fairy smiling at the two little boys. "See, Philip, the spray of roses blossomed on this page when you let the baby have your playthings; and this pretty bird would never have been on this page if you had not tried to be kind and pleasant the other day."

"But what makes this blot?" asked Philip.

"That," said the fairy sadly, "came when you told an untruth one day; and this when you did not mind mamma. All these blots and scratches on the books were made when you were naughty and did not obey papa, mamma or teacher. Each pretty thing came when you were good, and each blot when naughty."

"Oh if we could only have the books again," said Carl and Philip.

"That cannot be," said the fairy. "See they are marked '1899,' and they must now go back into Father Time's lookcase, but I have brought you each a new one. Perhaps you can make these more beautiful than the others."

So saying she vanished, but each held in his hand a new book open at the first page. And on the back of this book was "1900."—IN THE CHILD'S WORLD.

I heard a funny little story the other day. Johnnie had been very disobedient, and finally mamma decided to whip him. She turned to get the switch, but Johnnie not only refused to come for her, but ran away, hiding himself under the great mahogany four poster in the spare bedroom. Mamma could not move the bed, and the little culprit refused to come from under its cover. When papa came home, a little later, his wife said, "Dear, I want you to whip Johnnie. He ran from me, and is in the spare room under the bed. He has been a very naughty little boy, and must be well chastised." "All right, my love," said papa, "I'll settle the young man," and so without further dinner he rushed upstairs and threw open the locked door. A little voice piped up from the darkness under the bed. "Oh, papa, is she after you, too? Come right in here by me." Johnnie was not whipped that night.