

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. III.

BELLEVILLE, APRIL 16, 1894.

NO. 2.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge :
THE HON J M GIBSON

Government Inspector :
DR T F CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution :

MATHISON M A	Superintendent
MATHISON	Bursar.
E LAKINS M D	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers :

R COLEMAN M A	Head Teacher	MISS J O TERRILL	
A DUNN		MISS S TRIMPTON	
B SMILEY		MISS M M OSTRUM	
MRS C HALLIDAY		MISS MARY BULL	
J M KILLOP		MISS FLORENCE MAYBORN	
W J CAMPBELL		MISS SYLVIA L HALLIDAY	
E R McALONEY		MISS ADA JAMES	Monitor.
MISS MARGERY CURLETT	Teacher of Articulation		

MISS MARY HILL Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS E N McIVERALD JOHN T BURNA
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

I H SMITH FRANK FLYNN
Bookkeeper and Clerk Master Carpenter

W M DOUGLASS WM NURSE
Supervisor of Boys Master Shoemaker

MISS A HALLAHEREN D CUNNINGHAM
Instructor of Sewing Master Baker

I MIDDLEMASS THOMAS WILLS
Engineer Gardener

MICHAEL O'MEARA, 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 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 \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will 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 boys. The female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine and such 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 closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

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 1/2 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 pupils.



OLD FOLKS.

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful pray,
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Thine waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are all old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
And taking the year together, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.



Making Both Ends Meet.

When young people find themselves for the first time earning their own living, with no father to fall back upon, they are apt to be astonished at the way their money goes. It never seems enough. Everything costs a great deal more than they thought it would, and when they have to buy a three dollar garment out of an eight-dollar weekly salary, it comes home to them with new force that three from eight leaves only five.

They had often done such sums at school on their slates, and it seemed quite natural; but now, when their board and washing cost five dollars and a half, it is something awful to find that their wages for a week will not quite pay for board and trousers too.

Then for the first time black care steals down upon the young soul, and he wonders that, out of all the instructors of his childhood and youth, no one ever took the trouble to explain to him this fearful difficulty of making both ends meet. Perhaps he now remembers the clouds that hung over his father's brow, and the anxious look upon his mother's face, when business was dull, or work slack, or unexpected expenses had to be borne.

He discovers gradually, if he has a fair share of sense and is destined to do well in life, that there is partial cure for this malady. Economy is the cure; not wasting anything, taking good care of changes, and saving the surplus of one week to make good the deficiency of another. This is a great discovery, provided we have the resolution to act accordingly.

Upon further observation of life, he perceives that this kind of fear, which tormented him so, is what keeps the honest part of mankind busy, attentive and careful. It sends the sailor out to the end of the yardarm on a stormy night in January, and makes him willing to go there. It keeps the farmer's plow moving, the inventor's head cogitating, and the merchant's ship sailing. The wonder is that it does not only keep us all at work, even though the work be in itself repulsive, because that corroding fear is greater evil than the most disagreeable kind of work can be.

And so scarcely any living creature—bird, animal, fish, reptile, or man—is quite free from this dread of coming short. It is to the movement of the world what the mainspring is to the watch, it keeps it going.—*Youth's Companion.*

Teachers of the Deaf.

"We who do hear acquire knowledge through the medium of language—through the sounds we hear and the words we read—every hour. But, as regards the deaf and dumb, speech tells them nothing, because they cannot hear, and books teach them nothing, because they cannot read, so that their original condition is far worse than that of persons who can neither read nor write (one of our most common expressions for extreme ignorance); it is that of a person who can neither read nor write nor hear nor speak—who cannot ask you for information when they want it and could not understand you if you wish to give it to them. Your difficulty is to understand their difficulty; and the difficulty which first meets the teacher is how to simplify and dilute his instructions down to their capacity for receiving them. I do not hesitate to say that no man fully conversant with the difficulties of instructing deaf children, can form a proper idea of the labor involved, nor of the time necessary to complete their education. Hence too much must not be expected of deaf children, too rapid improvement must not be looked for; we must learn to be content with small gains and strive, step by step, and year by year, to build up a mental fabric that will enable them to meet with intelligence the demands of every relation in life, and to discharge the duties of whatever position they may be called upon to fill with credit and honor."—*Chambers' Cyclopaedia.*

Sit Up Straight.

Your backbone was not made for a barrel hoop, so do not curve it around, but rather straighten it out. God made man upright, not round shouldered, or lending over.

If you bend over too much in your studies, get a low seat. Saw the legs off from an old chair, and then sit down so low that your chin will come just above the table, make the hind legs a little shorter than the fore legs, and then read and write with your arms on the table, and it will take out some of the crook from your back.

One mother whose daughter was getting the habit of stooping used to have her lie flat on her back, without a pillow, for an hour each day, while she read to her out of some interesting book. In a little while she was as straight as need be, and a picture of health and strength.

In some countries the women carry pails, tubs, and heavy loads on their heads—this keeps them erect. Throwing back the arms is another means of keeping straight. Remember you may add years to your life by standing up straight; and you may not only have a longer life, but a stronger, broader, deeper, happier, and more useful life, if you go about with head erect, chest expanded, and lungs well developed, with rosy cheeks and fresh complexion, than if you go about bent over, cramped up, stooping, flat chested, nervous, and miserable. Remember: "God made man upright."—*Exchange.*

Forget Me Not.

The Germans account for the name of forget-me-not by a pathetic little romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the bank of the Danube, when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight overbalancing, fell into the river, and owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armour was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!" ("Forget me not.") And ever since the flower has been looked upon as the emblem of fidelity.—*The Sign.*

Where Tom Found His Manners.

Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude and was cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser, but the dog growled and Tom was afraid to kick him again. One day, when Tom was playing in the yard he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said Tom running to the gate. "We are rich, and we do not want any ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some berries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it easily. He gave a run, and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened and began to scream for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate a short time before.

"Please help me out," said Tom crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want a dollar," said the other boy. Lying down flat on the grass, he held out both of his hands to Tom and drew him out of the ditch. Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy. "I am," said poor Tom. "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire, and I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners."

"I think so, too," said Tom.

The next day, when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves and ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have better manners now," said the boy.

"Yes," said Tom. "I found them in the ditch."—*Sunday School Visitor.*

A Fair Test.

If the controversy between the eclectic and pure oral methods was to be submitted to an impartial board of arbitration, the first thing necessary in order to secure an honest judgement would be to rule out of evidence all "semi-mutes." If testimony were restricted to cases of congenital deafness, so much the better. Upon the ability of any method to take a deaf child with no previous knowledge of spoken or written language,—to all practical purposes a child born deaf,—and to educate that child to useful citizenship, should the excellence of that method rest. And the method that could point to the best results in the persons of its subjects, should be awarded the palm.—*Companion.*