

# 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.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHEWSON, M. A. Superintendent  
A. MATHEWSON, Nurse.  
J. E. BAKINS, M. D. Physician.  
MISS IRABH WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

DR. H. COLEMAN, M. A. Miss J. O. TERRILL  
(Head Teacher) Miss M. T. MEEFON.  
P. DENYS, Miss M. M. OSTRON.  
JAMES G. WALSH, B. A. Miss MARY BULL.  
D. J. McKILLOP, Miss ELOISE MAYNOR.  
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss MELVIA L. BALLE.  
Geo. F. STEWART, Miss ADA JAMES.  
Miss ANNIE MATHEWSON, Monitor.  
Teacher of Articulation (Temporary)

Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

Miss EDITH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing

Miss L. N. MITCHELL, JOHN T. BURNA,  
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

Wm. DOUGLASS, J. MITCHELL,  
Storekeeper & Associate Engineer  
Superintendent

O. G. KRITH, JOHN DOWNIE,  
Superintendent of Boys, etc. Master Carpenter

Miss M. DEMMEY, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
Seweress, Superintendent of Girls, etc. Master Baker.

Wm. NURSE, THOMAS WILKINSON,  
Master Shoemaker Gardener  
MICHAEL O'SHEA, 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 \$30 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, \$30 per year, will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry 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 bonus 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. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHEWSON,  
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 city 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 one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



### The Winner of the Race.

BY SUSAN MAJOR SPALDING

I saw them start, all eager to begin,  
All young and strong and full of life,  
For lighted up their eyes and faces,  
Hope sped their flying feet,  
And on and on they sped so well,  
In courage, strength and grace,  
That all in amazement and delight,  
"The winner of the race!"

The way was long the way was hard,  
The path was plain and far,  
Above the steep and distant hill,  
A shining path was there,  
On, on they sped, but while some fell,  
Some faltered in their race,  
He upon whom all eyes were fixed,  
Still proudly kept the lead.

But ah, what folly! See he stops  
To raise a fallen child,  
To place it out of danger's way,  
With kiss and a strong arm,  
Fainting courage claims his care,  
Once more he turns aside,  
Then stops his strong young steps to aid  
A feeble woman's gait.

And so, wherever duty calls,  
Or sorrow or distress,  
He leaves his chosen path to aid  
To comfort, and to bless,  
Though men may pity, blame or scorn,  
No envious path may swell  
The soul who yields for love the place  
It might have held so well.

The race is over, all shouts and cheer,  
I saw the victor crowned,  
Some wore laurel wreaths, some love-flowers,  
Some brows with gold were bound,  
But all unknown, unheeded, stood,  
Heaven's light upon his face,  
With empty hands and upturned head,  
The winner of the race.  
Belleville, Ont.



### Patching.

"Ah!" said the neighbor girl who had just run in to call on Mrs. Pierson, "I do wish I could learn something now in fancy work."

"I never have time for fancy work, except of one kind," replied Mrs. Pierson. "And what kind may that be?" "Perhaps I haven't learned it yet."

Mrs. Pierson smiled. "It is patching," she replied.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if that would be a good kind for one to learn," said the young girl, thoughtfully. "How do you patch—stockings, for instance?"

"I never patch them, I darn them," "Oh!" somewhat disconcertedly, "but people do patch stockings?"

"Yes, but it is a lazy trick. Darning, nice true, even darning, is quite as much of an art as embroidery and quite a few women are adepts at it as the latter."

"That is the reason so many unsightly and uncomfortable patches are put on stockings. A stocking that is past darning should be 'set down' or 'refooted.'"

"These processes require experience or patterns and in these days of cheap hosiery should be but seldom resorted to. There—on that chair is some of my handwork, if you want to examine it. I am really proud of it. Oh, that is only a working shirt that you have in your hands now."

"Yes; but where are the patches?" "Oh, I see, you used old stuff for them; how does that come?"

"Well, I didn't care to have the patch wear any longer than the rest and I think nothing more ugly than a new patch on an old faded garment. Then, too, you see there were three of those shirts alike and I had no pieces, so I took the most worn of the three, and, using the strongest parts, faced and mended the other two. If you notice the 'patch' in the other reaches from arm-hole to arm-hole and lines the whole back like a yoke. Many new shirts are made that way, so it looks less like a patch."

"The girl had already laid down the

shirts and was looking over a child's flannel dress.

"There are no patches on that," said Mrs. Pierson, "but there was a worn place which I darned with raveling of the goods. I don't think you can find it."

"Daisy's dress—the blue one—had a hole in it. I had to set a piece under it, but I did not turn the edges under and hem it around, as many do. I pulled ravelings and darned the edges down smooth. It looks pretty good, doesn't it?"

"Great care must be taken in setting a piece under to have it the right way of the goods and the weave of the cloth nicely matched. Also the plaids or stripes, if there be any."

"It looks as though you were no amateur at the art. It must require lots of patience to darn with a fiber of the goods. Doesn't it break often?"

"One raveling will hardly ever last for more than two stitches. The rest are underwear. I always save pieces from old knit underwear to mend with, and sometimes, as with the gingham shirts, I take one garment to mend others."

"Those are the children's waists; they needed buttons, only. See, I set a good strong piece under the button so the cloth cannot tear out. Do you like my fancy work?"

"Not very well, but I am glad to learn how, as it is a kind at which nearly every woman must work, sometimes."

—Western Rural.

### Methods and Systems.

There is a great deal in "methods," and in "systems" doubtless, but, after all, the most must depend upon the teacher. A dull, lifeless teacher may be depended upon to have a class that is very like its instructor. On the other hand, a brisk, alert teacher, one who seems anxious to do all he can to advance his pupils, will have pupils that resemble him very much in the brisk, alert way in which they take hold of things and in their manifest desire for advancement.

These observations apply equally to all schools whether they be for the deaf, for the blind, or for the hearing and seeing. The teacher, to be successful, must inspire his pupils. He must interest them in the work that is in hand. He must show himself to be alive if he wishes or expects his pupils to appear alive to what is going on in their classroom. The deal ought not to be so hard to teach. The great majority of them try harder to learn than their hearing brethren do. The reason of this is plain. They can learn only (or rather, mainly) from their teacher, while those who hear can learn from every body. Knowledge of one sort or another is pouring into their ears pretty much all the time, while the deaf have to depend upon a very few sources for what knowledge they acquire. They want to learn, we say, and their attention is always ready to be given to whoever requires it. The task of the teacher is to turn this easily attracted attention into the best channel for the speedy and sure advancement of the pupil. It is not an easy task nor one that can be successfully performed without much study and much devotion upon the part of the teacher.—Goodson Gazette.

Speech and lip-reading do not "restore the deaf to society." To be an acceptable member of society, one must possess more than the mere ability to talk, to chatter; one must know something worth talking about. Education is the true passport to the best society. A well-educated deaf person with a pencil and tablet, and the ability to use them in a manner to impart entertainment to others, would be a more acceptable member of society than one able to speak and read the lips, but lacking in the knowledge that makes speech agreeable to others. Companion.

### In Demand.

One day Tommy had been asked to do several "chores" about the house. He was wanted to bring in wood, hunt eggs, run errands, etc. He grew tired of it at last, and upon some new request he said, half impatiently, half jokingly: "Well, I think there's a boy that's in pretty good demand to day."

"Good articles are always in demand," replied one who heard him.

"Oh, yes, I s'pose so!" said Tommy, as he marched off to do this favor also, evidently thinking it was a little tiresome. The demand seemed to press a little hard upon the supply.

"Yes, Tommy, good articles are always in demand." This is true the world over. People like to choose the best they can find, not only the best thing, but the best men. Good lawyers, good doctors, good teachers, good merchants, good mechanics, good farmers, good editors, good preachers, will all find that the great world has plenty for them to do. They are in demand. But worthless things have poor sale. They may go a begging. Men don't want them. The lazy, the disobliging, and the careless are not often asked to do much when better hands may be had. —Sel.

Praise the Bridge that Carries You Over.

True, my son, I do not like to drive a man into heaven by terror of hell fire. It is not a manly nor a dignified way to come into heaven on a run and a jump, with a face distorted by fright, like a man banging into his house just ahead of a sudden thunder storm. But still, isn't it better to scare him into heaven on the run, like a scared dog, rather than leave him out altogether? If a man can't be got to turn his face heavenward any other way, I say shake him over the pit till he smells brimstone.

I am not so good a man, my boy, that I am liable to be translated. My goodness is not so excessively great that it hurts me to carry it round. But I want to be better every day. I want to go to heaven some day. I hope I will. And if some good, big souled, strong-lunged, loud singing old Baptist revivalist, like Elder Swan, God bless him, or Knapp or Raymond, should get after me and chase me into heaven with a firebrand, after I got in I would turn around and thank him and bless him for a thousand years. Ah! my son, after we get to heaven, thousands and millions of us will show each other our backs to show how we were scourged into Paradise.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

### Grateful.

In Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's volume, "Our Home Pets," is told a story of a dear collie dog and his gratitude. The dog, it appears, was a great pet in the family of a colonial soldier, and was particularly noted for his antipathy to Indians, whom he delighted to track. On one campaign against the French, the dog insisted on accompanying his master, although his feet were in a terrible condition from having been frozen the previous winter. During the fight, which ended in the famous Braddock defeat, the dog was over beside his master, but when it was over they became separated, and the soldier, concluding that his pet had been killed, went home without him. Some weeks later, however, the dog appeared in his old home, separated from the battle field by many miles of track forest. He was tired and worn, but over his sore feet were fastened neat moccasins, showing that he had been among Indians, who had been kind to him. Moreover, he soon proved that he had changed his mind about his former foe, for neither bribes nor threats could ever again induce him to track an Indian. —Youth's Companion.