

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:

R. MATHISON, J. A. Superintendent.
J. MATHISON, Bursar.
W. E. FAKINS, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. J. O'BRIEN, M. A. Miss J. O. TEBBELL
Head Teacher. Miss S. TEMPLETON
T. DENNY, Miss M. M. OSTRON.
JAMES HALL, B. A. Miss MARY HULL,
D. J. M. KILGORE, Miss FLORENCE MAYBEE,
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss STEVENS L. HALL,
GEO. F. STEWART, Miss ADA JAMES,
Monitor.

MISS MARGERY CURRIE, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS EDITH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Dramatics.

MISS S. MURRAY, JOHN T. BURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

W. M. DUNLOP, FRANK FLYNN,
Clerk and Instructor of Bookbinding. Master Carpenter.

G. G. KEITH, WM. SHERK,
Supervisor of Shop. Master Shoemaker.

MISS C. GALLAGHER, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Caretaker of Sewing and Supervisor of Girls. Master Baker.

J. MIDDELMAN, THOMAS WELLS,
Engineer. Washman.
MICHAEL O'MARA, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education 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 \$20 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 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, Gunsmithing 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 all 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. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application 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 matters to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city 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 call matter at post office for delivery, for any fee, unless the same is in the locked box.



Recompense.

BY J. A. GOLDSMITH, M. D.

For every flower that fades to-day
To-morrow a bud will blow
For every chance that is thrown away
Late has not more to bestow.

Never a star that falls at night
But another will show its face
Never a soldier loses the fight
But another will win in his place.

For every hope that we put away
For every dream that we lose,
There are many to come as bright as they,
We have only to wait and choose.

Never a love that we mould a-lose
But another will dawn some day
Never a wish that by chance is crossed
But a letter will come out way.

God is not cruel, the web of fate
Is shaped by His cunning hand
We have only to listen to watch and wait
And then we shall understand.



After Many Days.

As told from the Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Whitney was a very poor woman. Her husband was sick with consumption. Every one knew he could never be well again. They had one child, a boy named Jack. Mrs. Whitney worked very hard in a shirt factory. They had to live very poorly. They seldom ate meat, because they could not afford it.

One Saturday evening Mrs. Whitney came home from her work. She counted her money. It seemed very little. She had not tasted meat that week. She felt tired, hungry and worn out. She stopped at the butcher shop. She looked at the nice meat hanging there. She longed for a large piece. After a while she bought a small steak. It looked very small for two people. She carried it home. She began to cook it. The pleasant smell filled the house. She was so hungry she could hardly wait for the meat to get done.

As she was cooking it she heard a sound at the kitchen door. She looked up. A boy about sixteen years old stood in the door. His clothes were worn out, ragged and his feet were bare. Something in his pale face made Mrs. Whitney feel very sorry for him.

"You look faint and hungry," she said. He tried to laugh. "I never was so hungry before," he said. "I have walked twenty miles since morning."

"Why have you had nothing to eat?" She pushed a chair toward him. "I sold my shoes yesterday for my dinner. I had nothing to sell to-day, and I could not bring myself to beg—till now, but you looked so kind, and the meat smelled so good."

"It is good meat." Mrs. Whitney turned it in the pan. It was so small. It was hardly enough for one. Her sick husband needed his part. She was hungry for her share. How could she give any to this beggar? "Who are you? Tell me who you are?" she said with sudden crossness.

He did not answer. She looked at him. "Why don't you speak?" she said.

"I'll tell you the whole truth. My name is John Dall. I was discharged from the House of Refuge two days ago. You needn't look scared. I'm no thief. I was put in there for stealing a horse and buggy. I was with the boys that had it. I thought it was Ben Pratt's father's buggy. I couldn't prove that at the trial, and I can't prove it now, but it's true. I'm telling you the truth as I'd do it to my own mother."

His honest blue eyes looked straight into hers as he spoke. "I believe you," she said, after a

moment's silence. "But why don't you go home?"

"My father has died since I went in there, and I have no other folks. The people in the village wouldn't be very friendly to me. I wasn't a good boy ma'am. I ran with a bad lot. But I want to go somewhere and start fresh. I'm going to make for the West, where I only know me."

John Whitney looked at him keenly. Doubt, suspicion, belief and pity chased each other through her face. But her eyes were honest and she trusted him.

"Sit down, John," she said heartily. "The first thing for you to do is to eat your supper."

She poured him out a cup of tea, gave him some bread and butter, and then, with a steady hand, cut the meat in two, and gave him half. "The rest is for my husband," she explained.

John ate like a starved boy. When he had finished he stood up. "Some day," he said gravely, "I will pay you for this." Mrs. Whitney gave him an old pair of shoes and an old coat. As he was going off she handed him a pocket testament, saying "Here is a book I have had since I was a child. Read a little in it every day. Good by, and may God bless you and keep you, so that you will become a good man."

Fifteen years passed. Mrs. Whitney was left a widow. She struggled bravely to support herself and her little boy. Her house was sold. She went to work for a farmer. The work was hard and the pay was poor. She was almost an old woman, and was broken down both in health and courage.

One day, as she came from milking, she saw a man leaning on the fence. He was roughly dressed and looked like a farmer, but he looked kind and had a laughing face.

"Good evening Mrs. Whitney," he said taking off his hat.

"I don't think I remember you, sir," she said.

"No, I am a stranger here. I came from Missouri. I'll tell you my business in five minutes, Mrs. Whitney. My wife wants to come and board with you every summer."

Mrs. Whitney stared at him in amazement.

"I don't understand you, sir," she said.

"No, of course not. I explain myself badly. But this is what I did. When your house was sold I bought it in your name. It is settled on you. It is yours, land, house, furniture and all. Now I want you to go and live in it, and take me and my wife to board every summer. We will pay you enough to live comfortably all the year. That is all of it."

All? What do you mean? Who are you? Why should you do this for me?"

"Why? Because you saved my life for me. You were a mother to me at the turning point of my life. You took the food from your own mouth to give to me. You cared for me, you blessed woman, and gave me courage and hope. All I am and all I have I owe to you, under God. Don't you remember John Dall?"

He drew out an old pocket testament, and gave it to her. "There is your own name in it. You cast your bread upon the waters that day, and if God gives me strength, it shall come to you a hundred fold!"

And he fulfilled his promise.

A Word to the Boys.

My boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage, for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text-books? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. — Dr. J. G. Holland.

A Little Deaf and Dumb Boy.

Once, long ago, a poor French family had a little boy, who was born deaf and dumb. He was christened Massieu. They thought that he could never be taught anything except what he could learn by looking about him. But his father used to make him kneel beside him when he prayed, and somehow the idea of prayer got into the child's heart, but not the idea of God. He thought that his father prayed to the stars; and once, when his mother was very sick, he went out into the night, and fixing his eyes on the brightest star in the heavens, he breathed a wordless prayer for the recovery of his mother.

His mother was worse next day, and poor deaf and dumb little Massieu, who had prayed to the star, waited until night, and then went out and threw stones at the star, uttering queer moans and growls that he could not himself hear but which frightened those who heard him.

He was angry at the star for not answering his prayer and curing his mother at once, though at the time no one knew what he thought, and some believed him crazy.

But little Massieu knew some things. He saw his brothers going to school, and tried to go with them. He used to get books of any sort, stick them under his arms, and run to the school-house, whence he was brought back home, greatly grieved and angered.

As he grew older, he learned to watch sheep, and it was while he was thus employed that a gentleman met him who was interested in the deaf and dumb. He saw that the boy was intelligent, and he was placed under the instruction of the Abbe Sicare, who devoted himself to teaching deaf mutes.

There it was discovered that the boy had taught himself to count, without words, for he knew no name for any numbers. And he was actually full of thoughts which he could not express to anyone. As soon as he could read and write he gave a description of his former state, became a great scholar and philosopher, and a very brilliant and intellectual man. Amongst the things he wrote were these sayings: "Desire is a tree in leaf; hope, a tree in blossom; enjoyment, a tree in fruit."

"Time is a line that has two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb. Eternity is a line that has no end—a day without yesterday or to-morrow."

In these days people all know that the deaf and dumb may be educated; but how sad it is to remember that many, both men and women, before the present methods of instruction were discovered, must have gone down to the grave without being able to interchange ideas with their fellow-beings, or even to know anything of God and Heaven. — M. K. D. in New York Ledger.

How to be Happy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

The wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has that eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man. "Build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt then have peace and happiness."

The will of N. V. Lavagn provides for the erection of a hospital for the deaf, dumb and blind, to be located at Santa Cruz, to cost almost a million dollars. — New York Post.