

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. R. J. DAVIS, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

M. MATHEWSON, M. A. Superintendent.
A. MATHEWSON, B.A. Registrar.
J. E. BAKING, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.
F. DENNY, JAMES C. BAILLIE, B.A.,
D. J. McMILLON, W. J. CAMPBELL,
GEO. F. STEWART, T. C. FORBES,
M. J. MADRIN, Monitor Teacher.
MRS. J. G. TRIMBLE, Miss N. TRIMBLE,
Miss MARY HULL, Miss SYLVIA L. BAILLIE,
Miss ADA JAMES, Miss GREGORINA JAMES,
Miss NINA BROWN.

Teachers of Articulation:

Miss IMA M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss L. N. METCALFE, Clerk and Typewriter; Instructor of Printing.
JOHN T. BURKE, Master Shoemaker.

Wm. DOUGLASS, Supervisor.
Wm. NUBAR, Master Shoemaker.

G. G. KRITZ, Supervisor of Boys, etc.
CHAR. J. PEPPIE, Engineer.

Miss M. DENNEY, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc.
JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter.

Miss N. McNICOLL, Central Hospital Nurse.
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener.

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 \$80 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, Carpentering 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. 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
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away (put in box in office door) will be sent to city post office at noon and 3:30 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.



Canada Forever.

MISS A. M. MACHAR

Our Canada, strong, fair and free,
Whose scepter stretches far,
Whose hills look down on either sea,
And front the polar star
Not for thy greatness hardly known—
Wide plains, or mountain grand
But as we claim thee for our own,
We love our native land.

God bless our mighty forest land
Of mountain, lake and river—
Thy loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing "Canada Forever."

Wrapped in thy dazzling robe of snow,
We proudly call thee ours,
We crown thee, when the south winds blow,
"Our Lady of the Flowers."
We love thy rainbow-tinted skies—
The glamour of thy Spring—
For us, thy autumn's gorgeous dyes,
For us, thy songbirds sing.

God bless our fair Canadian land,
Of mountain, lake and river—
Thy loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing "Canada Forever."

For us thy brooding summer wakes
The cornfields waving gold,
The quiet pastures, azure lakes,
For us, their treasures hold,
To us each hill and dale is dear,
Each rock and stream and glen,
Thy scattered homes of kindly cheer
Thy busy haunts of men.

God bless our own Canadian land,
Of mountain, lake and river—
Thy loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing "Canada Forever."

Our sires their old traditions brought,
Their lives of faithful toil,
For home and liberty they fought,
On our Canadian soil,
Quebec to us is sacred still,
Nor less is Lady's lane—
Long may a loyal people fill
The land they fought to gain.

God bless our own Canadian land,
Of mountain, lake and river—
Thy loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing "Canada Forever."

Maxon and Celt and Norman we,
Each race its memory keep,
Yet o'er us all, from sea to sea,
One rarer banner sweep,
Long may o'er "Greater Britain" stand
The falch of the free,
But Canada, our own dear land,
Our first love is for thee.

God bless our own Canadian land,
Of mountain, lake and river—
The chorus ring from strand to strand,
Of "Canada Forever."



James Could Not Imagine.

Here is a good story which a club-woman tells about herself:

"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler who staid with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H. was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional and otherwise. Of course I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the family and not bestow them all on the doctor. So one morning, when Dr. H. had just left the breakfast table and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:

"Dr. H. is a handsome man, isn't he?"

"Yew, ma'am. 'Deed an he is, wa'au!"

with gratifying enthusiasm.

"Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I asked with an absent-minded air, as if I scarcely knew what I said, but was just uttering my inmost thoughts:

"How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. H. ever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?"

"Well, James just stopped short and rolled his eyes and shook his head as if he gave it up. Then he ejaculated:

"Heaven knows, ma'am!"—*See York Sun.*

Hannah's Weather Songs.

'Raining again! It rained all night, I do believe.'

Ruth was looking out of the window. To say that her face was as cloudy as the sky does not tell half, writes Sydney Dayre, in 'Sunday School Times.' For there is good in a cloudy sky, as we all know. But who ever heard of any good in a cloudy face.

'Yes, the ground's soaking, and puddles everywhere; and it looks as if it would rain all day. I don't believe mamma will let me go to school.'

'No, dear you can't go,' said mamma, half an hour later.

If Ruth had cared to notice, she would have seen that it was said with a troubled look; and she would have guessed that the trouble came of mamma's dread of the outcry the little girl would make because of...

The outcry came—a confusion of pouts, and frowns, and scowls, and fretful words. Oh, dear; if little girls (and boys) would only stop to think what clouds they can make in their homes—and what sunshine!

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret—

What's that Hannah's singing? I don't see how she can sing such a day as this.

Ruth went to the kitchen. Hannah sang most of the time, and she liked to hear her. She believed that Hannah knew all the songs which had ever been sung, which was a good way from the truth, although she knew a good many.

By the time Ruth was in the kitchen, Hannah had switched off onto 'Old Dog Tray.' But with a sight of the little girl's face began again:

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret.

There is not much to it, as you see in the two lines, but if you could have heard Hannah sing it:—

When the weather-ether-ether is wet-wet-wet,
We must not, we must not, we must—not—fret—

and the way she ran it up and down, with jumps, and twists, and quavers, you would have thought it a good deal of a song.

'I'd like to know,' said Ruth, when Hannah came to a pause, and had struck 'Do they miss me at home,' when a person is to fret if it isn't on such a day as this.

'Oh, this is the very kind of a day when they mustn't,' said Hannah, 'cause, don't you see, the weather is doin' all the frettin'? Don't you see all the clouds, and all the weepin'? Why, it seems to me the thing to do is to shine, and laugh, and sing all the more; just to set an example to the weather. And I've always noticed,' Hannah shook her head with a wise air, 'that when I keep it right up, and don't give in a bit, it gets ashamed of itself after a while, and clears up.'

Ruth laughed.

'You needn't laugh,' said Hannah; 'it's always so. You watch to day, and see if it doesn't or, if not to day, then to-morrow.'

And, sure enough, it was exactly as Hannah had said. It might have been partly owing to the fact that Ruth thought it a good plan to assist Hannah in making the weather feel ashamed of itself; but, however that was, the sun shone out late in the afternoon, as if revolving that Hannah and Ruth should not do all the smiling.

And mamma smiled, too, in remembering that she had scarcely heard a whine from the little girl all day.

The whines came, however, a few days later.

'I don't want to wear my big hat.'

'The sun is hot, my dear, and you must,' said mamma.

'I hate that big hat; it's so shabby.'

'You need it's shade to-day.'

'I believe it's going to cloud over. I wish it would. I hate such hot days.'

Oh, such a face! Such a twisting out of shape of brow and eyes and mouth

that were made for smiles and sweet words! And the grumbling!

When the weather is dry,
We must not cry—

Hannah's voice came through the open kitchen window. Ruth stopped to listen, but did not like the song.

'I'd rather hear, "A frog he would a-wooling go,"' she said with a scowl.

When the we-we-weather is dry-yl-yl,
We must not cry—not cry-yl-yl.

'Hannah,' said Ruth, 'if you'll stop that, and sing, "I feel so peculiar and so funny," I'll stop fretting.'

The merry, happy summer days, full of sunshine, and bird songs, and laugh, and play, ran away so fast that it seemed only a little while before Ruth was complaining about it.

'I don't want to wear my scarf.'

'It is cold outside,' said mamma.

'There was frost last night.'

'I hate cold weather. It is such a bother to have to bundle up so.'

Hannah was clearing the dishes from the table. She never sang in the dining room, but it was noticed that she always began as soon as she was safely through the kitchen door.

When the weather is cold,
We must not scold.

'Weather-ether-ether,' and 'soo ho o,' came dimly through the rattle of the dishes. Ruth laughed, and opened the kitchen door.

'Hannah, have you a song for every kind of weather?'

When the weather is warm,
We must not storm,

went on Hannah. Ruth waited until she had heard all the variations on 'ho-ho-horn,' and then asked:

'But, Hannah, when are we to make a fuss, I'd like to know? Can't we ever fret about the weather, no matter how mean and bad it is?'

Be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

And the way Hannah's voice ran up and down, and tripped and trilled, and the words ran over themselves and tangled up in each other, was something wonderful to hear. Half way to school Ruth still fancied she could hear the 'thank-hank hank' and 'ever-ever-ever.'

I do believe it would be a good plan, the small girl mused to herself. 'When I go home, I'll make her sing all her weather songs to me.'—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

Sudden Deaths.

Dr. Periform says that sudden deaths do not come from heart disease one case in twenty, but from congestion of the lungs or brain, or from apoplexy. More die from congestion of the lungs than of the brain, and more of congestion of the brain than from apoplexy.

Sudden death from heart disease is usually caused by rupture of some large artery near the heart; from congestion of the lungs, by instantly stopping the breath; from congestion of the brain, by causing pressure on the brain, which paralyzes and instantly destroys life; and also from apoplexy, which is hemorrhage in the brain.

Heart disease most frequently results from neglected or improperly treated rheumatism. It more often follows mild rheumatism than the severe kind, because severe rheumatism receives prompt treatment, while the mild form is often neglected and left to work its way to the heart.

Persons who suppose themselves suffering from 'heart disease,' because they have pain in the region of the heart, or palpitation, seldom have any disease of that organ. In nine cases out of ten they are only sufferers from dyspepsia—nothing more.

Pride never listens to the voice of reason, nature, or religion.

There is glory and true greatness in raising one's self by the heart.