

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:
HON. J. R. STRATTON, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
WM COCHRANE Bursar.
P. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A. Miss J. G. TERNILL
(Head Teacher.) Miss E. TEMPLETON,
P. DEWIS. Miss MARY BULL,
JAMES O. HALLIS, B.A., Miss SYLVIA L. HALLIS,
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OZO P. STEWART. Miss ADA JAMES
T. C. FORRESTER. Miss M. J. MADDER, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation

Miss IDA M. JACK. Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
T. C. FORRESTER, Teacher of Sloyd.

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

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate Master Shoemaker
Supervisor

G. O. KETTL, CHAS. J. PEPPER,
Superintendent of Boys, etc. Engineer

Miss M. DUFFERT, JOHN DOWRIS,
Sailmatron, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter.

Miss S. McNICCH, D. CONNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse. 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 partially or totally 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, 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. 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 go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 4:15 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 footed bag.



Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright:
Each noon burns up the morning chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow low, grow light,
As through the woods I roversoot creep,
Watching all things "lie down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
I raptant to smell and soft to touch.
The forest lifts and shapes and spreads.
I never knew before how much
Of human sound it is in each
Low tone as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight.
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight
I hear their chorus of "good-night."
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still.
November days are bright and good.
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill.
Life's night rests feet which long have stood.
Home warm soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."
—HELEN HUNT JACKSON



A Girl's Battle.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

Julia Vincent was employed in one of the great cotton mills of Lawrenco. She had been there since she was a wro child of a dozen years, and, at sixteen, the discouraging fact stared her in the face, even as it did hundreds of other, that it was impossible to earn more than a dollar a day in busy times, to say nothing of the weeks when the mill was practically at a standstill.

A shopmate relieved the monotony of work by reading from a novel, which she contrived to keep open before her as she worked at the spindle. The thought occurred to Julia that she could improve her mind while at work by studying from an open book. She knew it could do her no harm, and it was possible that the open book would prove the door to a more congenial and better paid position. The mill girl determined to make the effort.

She knew little or nothing of the branches taught in the grammar schools, and it was at the bottom of the ladder that she began her self-education. An arithmetic was the first book that she purchased, and immediately she began to dig out the simple problems, difficult enough for her.

The foreman smiled as he passed, seeing the open book before her. "Can't you keep track of your surplus wealth?" he asked.

"I haven't been able to discover a surplus yet," the girl replied, looking up. "I thought that perhaps the arithmetic would show me where to look for it."

"So it will," said the foreman, smiling; "stick to your books, and they will show you the way to a better position."

It was only a passing word, but some how it encouraged the girl wonderfully, and she did not forget it, though years passed.

The girls at the mill found much merriment at the expense of the girl who had made up her mind to rise above her surroundings, but she gave little thought to their taunts; her mind was in other fields.

The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the mill girl persisted in her resolve. Evenings, and holidays were the golden opportunities for study, which she most carefully improved. To arithmetic she added other branches, and results soon became apparent. Copies of the examinations held

in the public schools of the city were secured, and she found that to pass them was little more than pastime.

A ball was to be held by the employees of the mill; there were few of the girls who would not attend. Preparations had been going on for weeks; many of the girls who were working for almost starvation wages had managed to set aside a little sum with which to purchase a fancy dress, or make over an old one. For once, the girl who had denied herself almost every pleasure, that she might study, decided to have a part in the coming festivities. She contrived to lay aside ten dollars with which to make and purchase a new dress; no extravagant amount, to be sure, but sufficient for a dress that would please the quiet mill girl.

One evening it dawned upon the girl that she was in sore need of a tutor's assistance. She had come to a point where help seemed imperative; there were problems in the algebra which she was unable to solve; passages in the first year's Latin which she could not translate. It came to her with almost overwhelming force, that either the studies or the new dress must wait.

It was a girl's battle that was to be fought in the little room of one of the corporation houses, a struggle between a girl's longing for pleasure and a desire to see the ambition of her life a reality. It was a girl's battle marked by a girl's tears, but it was sound sense that won, and when at last the conflict was over, she was no longer a girl, but a woman.

The ball came off, and Julia did not attend, but the problems and Latin translations were successfully disposed of, and though some of the girls succored, she was content.

Six years passed, and the girl who had clung through thick and thin to her books, was ready to attempt the normal school examinations. Wages at the mill had not increased during that time, and the dress she wore was an old one, ill fitting and of cheap material, but that did not seriously annoy her. Several of the young ladies who were seated near her curled the lip and smiled, and the laugh went round, but that was merely a passing trifle. The mill girl's time to smile came later in the day, though she did not avail herself of it.

An hour passed, and nothing was heard save the scratching of pens. Not a few who had smiled at the first began to look worried; they looked at the examination papers and then at each other. It was apparent that they were not at ease.

Meanwhile the mill girl's pen was busily at work, page after page being filled, punctuated by very few pauses. Those years had not been spent in vain; there was a fund of knowledge at her disposal which was ample, and long before the allotted time had expired, her paper was handed in. Other examinations followed in order, and were successfully passed. No one now thought of remarking the plain dress; many would gladly have exchanged places with her, could they have felt as secure as to the future.

One morning Julia Vincent received a letter from the principal of the normal school, informing her that there was a position at her disposal—a little school among the Vermont hills. For an hour the young woman, who had denied herself almost every luxury that she might win, held the letter tightly in her trembling hands—the happiest hour of her life; it was then that she realized that the books had led her to a more desirable position.

At the mill no one was more pleased than the foreman who had encouraged her at the start; and as she parted with the mill operatives with whom she had worked, there were those who heartily wished that they had followed her example. Some called it luck; they said that Julia was always lucky. They didn't call her lucky when she had remained away from the ball four years previous; they called her wren in those

days. Well, if she was lucky, many of those who envied her lot might have been lucky, too; it was merely a question of self-denial and perseverance.

A year passed, and the young schoolmistress filled her position so satisfactorily that a better position was offered her in the same town. The knowledge of her ability as a teacher, however, was not confined to that township; her career had been watched with interest by the faculty of the normal school. A choice position was awaiting the right person in one of the large city schools; Julia Vincent's name was mentioned. The recommendation was sufficient, and the place was assured.

Such is the story of the Lawrence mill girl. Sound sense and perseverance were the factors which wrought such changes in her life, qualities which will turn failure into victory as surely as the rising sun brings daylight.—Wellspring.

Seeing the Point.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years. A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for one year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once and at the end of the year, came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Moderately," said the young man.

"Stop it! Stop it for one year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from this habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; come and see me again." The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again.

When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now that I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing that I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."—Youth's Companion.

Novel Cure for Headache.

"This most excellent and never-failing cure for nervous head," says the apostle of physical culture, "is the simple act of walking backward. Just try it some time if you have any doubt of it. I have yet to meet the person who didn't acknowledge its efficacy after a trial.

"Nobody has as yet discovered or formulated a reason why such a process should bring such a certain relief. Physicians say that it is probably because the reflex action of the body brings about a reflex action of the brain, and thus drives away the pain that, when produced by nervousness, is the result of too much going forward. As soon as you begin to walk backward, however, there comes a feeling of everything being reversed, and this is followed by relief. This relief is always certain, and generally speedy. Ten minutes is the longest I have ever found necessary.

"An entry or a long room is a good place for such a promenade, but even better than this is a long porch, or a secluded walk in the open air. You should walk very slowly, letting the ball of your foot touch the floor first, and then the heel; just the way, in fact, that one should, in theory, walk forward but which, in practice, is so rarely done.—Philadelphia Record.