

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 2.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:
R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
A. MATHISON, Bursar.
J. E. FARKINS, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

D. B. COLEMAN, M. A. Mrs. J. O. TERNHILL
(Head Teacher) Miss M. M. TRIPLETON.
P. DENNY, Miss M. M. OSTRUM.
JAMES C. HALL, B. A. Miss MARY HULL.
D. J. McNEIL, Miss F. LOUPACK-MAYRER.
W. J. CAMPBELL, Mrs. SYLVIA J. HALL.
GEO. F. STEWART, Miss ADA JAMES.
Miss GEORGINA LEIN.

Miss CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.
Miss MARY BELL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
Mrs. J. F. WILKS, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss I. S. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

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

G. O. KEITH, J. MIDDLEMANS,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer

Miss M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWRIE,
Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

Miss N. A. HALL, D. CUNNINGHAM,
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 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 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, Fallowing, 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 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 any one, unless the same is in the locked box.



New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every morning is a world made new
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done, and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing that night has shed

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight
With glad days and sad days and bad days which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and the
blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night

Let them go, since we cannot recall them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone
God in His mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own
To-day is ours and to-day alone

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the charm of dew and the cool of dawn

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecast and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!

—Susan Coolidge.



A Quiet Examination.

I once heard of an examination given to a young man who had applied to a missionary board for a commission as missionary to the heathen. The board appointed its wisest and most original member to examine the young man on his fitness for the work. The old man said he would try his best to find out what his qualifications were. It was very cold weather, the middle of winter; the young man lived nine miles away in the country.

The examiner sent him a message to be at his house for examination at three o'clock sharp, next morning. He told his servant to kindle a good fire in the study, and notice exactly what time the young man arrived, and tell him to make himself comfortable. The young man rang the door bell as the clock struck three. The servant showed him in, and gave him the paper and a seat by the fire. And there he waited, waited, waited five long hours; the old man did not come down until eight o'clock. Then he came in and said:

"Oh, you're here, are you? all right, when did you get here?"

"Three o'clock sharp."

"All right; it's breakfast time now; come in and have some breakfast."

After breakfast, they went back to the room. "Well, sir," said the old man, "I was appointed to examine your fitness for the mission field, that is very important—can you spell, sir?"

"The young man said he thought he could. "Spell baker then."

"Ba—ha; k-e-r—ker. Baker."

"All right, that will do, now do you know anything about figures?"

"Yes, sir, something."

"How much is twice two?"

"Four."

"Three and one are how many?"

"Four."

"All right, that's splendid—you'll do first rate. I'll see the Board."

When the Board met, the old man reported. "Well, brethren, I have examined the candidate, and I recommend him for appointment. He'll make a topsy missionary."

Now, my young friend, what do you think of that examination, was it fair? Well, I'll tell you what I think. I

don't reckon you could all stand it, not all of you.

"First," said the examiner, "I examined the candidate on his self-denial. I told him to be at my house at three in the morning. He was there. That meant getting up at two in the morning, or sooner, in the dark and cold. He got up, never asked me why."

"Secondly—I examined him on promptness. I told him to be at my house at three sharp. He was there not one minute behind time."

"Thirdly—I examined him on patience. I let him wait five hours for me, when he might just as well have been in bed, and he waited, and showed no signs of impatience when I went in."

"Fourthly—I examined him on his temper. He didn't get mad; not one perfectly pleasantly; didn't ask me why I had kept him waiting from three, on a cold winter morning, till eight."

"Fifthly—I examined him on humility. I asked him to spell words a five year-old child could spell, and to do sums in arithmetic a five year old child could do, and he didn't show any indignation, didn't ask me why in creation I wanted to treat him like a child or a fool."

"Brethren, the candidate is self-denying, prompt, patient, obedient, good tempered, humble; he's just the man for a missionary, and I recommend him for your acceptance."

Now, my friends, I think that was the hardest examination I ever knew of. I have seen a great many examinations in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Calculus, Church History and Theology, and I never heard of any but that one young man who would have stood it.

Yet, my young friends, I assure you that that is the very examination the world is going to give you, all through life; that is the examination God is going to give every one of you, and your success for time and eternity will depend on how you pass it.—Southern Churchman.

Settled It on the Spot.

In one corner of a crowded Boston fair a correspondent noticed a group of small boys who appeared to be immensely interested in the contents of a showcase. Under the glazed cover of the case were combs of honey and live bees at work. By and by one little fellow leaped over too far and broke a pane of glass with his elbow.

The accident alarmed the boys, though no one but the unobserved witness knew of it beside themselves. Pretending to be quite absorbed in other objects, the man watched them and overheard all they said.

"I'm going to find the superintendent and tell him," insisted the brave little offender.

"Oh, come on! He'll make you pay. It'll take more money than you've got. Let's get out, and say nothing. You didn't mean to do it, and nobody'll know."

The culprit seemed to be in a minority of one, but he held to his resolution without flinching.

"I'm going to find him," he said, stoutly. "Will you wait for me?"

The gentleman who was noting the conduct of the boys expected a stampede as soon as the glass-breaker started on his errand; but one boy, more heroic than the rest, whispered, "Let's hold on."

A good many impatient minutes passed before the little fellow who broke the glass came back with the superintendent.

The man was kind-hearted, and when the awful question came, "What shall I have to pay?" he refused to charge anything for the damage.

"You're an honest lad, and we'll call it square. Only be more careful next time," he said.

The scared boys all had a grin on their faces now; and possibly the hero

of the incident felt an inch taller because he knew he had done an honorable act. Certainly he had made his companions feel somewhat ashamed, and they were the better for it.

Was he an "average boy"—of Boston or of any other American city? If we could be certain that each of the other little men in that group would have done as he did in the same case, it would help answer the question, and relieve the mind of an unpleasant uncertainty.

Every small boy who reads this shall have the benefit of the doubt; but remember that the courage of honor and truth is surer to become a habit if it is exercised early in life.—*Youth's Companion*.

Story of Florence Nightingale.

There is a beautiful story told of Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean war, which shows that when she was a child she had the nursing instinct developed.

Her wounded patient was a Scotch shepherd dog. Some boys had hurt, and apparently broken his leg, by throwing stones, and it had been decided to hang him to put him out of his misery.

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay, saying in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap, poor Cap!" It was enough. He looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now bloodshot and full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked with her little ungloved hand his large, intelligent head.

To the vicar he was rather less amenable, but by dint of coaxing he at last allowed him to touch and examine the wounded leg. Florence persuasively telling him that it was "all right." Indeed, she was on the floor beside him, with his head on her lap, keeping up a continuous murmur, much as a mother does over a sick child. "Well," said the vicar, rising from his examination, "so far as I can tell, there are no bones broken; the leg is badly bruised. It ought to be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down."

"But how do you foment?" asked Florence.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," answered the vicar.

"Then that is quite easy. I'll stay and do it. Now, Jimmy, get sticks and make the kettle boil." There was no hesitation in the child's manner; she was told what ought to be done, and she set about doing it as a matter of course.

"But they will be expecting you at home," said the vicar.

"Not if you tell them I'm here," answered Florence, "and my sister and one of the maids can come and take me home in time for tea, and"—she hesitated, "they had better bring some old flannel cloths; there does not seem to be much here. But you will wait and show me how to foment, won't you?"

"Well, yes," said the vicar, carried away by the quick energy of the little girl. And soon the fire was lit and the water boiling. An old smock frock of the shepherd had been discovered in a corner, which Florence had deliberately torn in pieces, and to the vicar's remark, "What will Roger say?" she answered, "We'll get him another."

And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress and spent all that bright spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd dog.—*Scot.*

"There is a chance for everybody," said the preacher to the stranger. Look up and be hopeful. Cast away your care, and you can find salvation. "No," replied the stranger, sadly, "I can't find salvation." "Everybody who seeks can find," said the preacher. "Why cannot you?" "O," cried the stranger, bursting into tears, "I can't find anything. I'm a New York detective."