

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. V.

BELLEVILLE, JUNE 15, 1896.

NO. 4.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. J. M. O'BRYEN TORONTO

Government Inspector:

DR. F. J. CHAMBERLAIN TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON M. A.	Superintendent
MATHISON	Nurse
LAKINS M. D.	Physician
SABINE WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

COLMAN M. A.	Head Teacher	MRS. J. G. TERNILL
WENT		MRS. M. T. MURPHY
MRS. BALIN B. A.		MRS. M. M. O'BRYEN
MCKILLIP		MRS. MARY HILL
CAARPELL		MRS. LORENCE MATHY
STEWART		MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIN
		MRS. ADA JAMES
		MRS. GEORGINA LINN

CAROL GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MARY HILL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Mrs. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

L. N. METCALF, JOHN T. BURNS,
and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

J. MIDDLEBURN,
Superintendent of Associated
Engineer

D. D. KEITH, JOHN DOWNIE,
Master of Boys, etc. Master Carpenter

M. DUNPHY, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Master of Girls, etc. Master Baker

Wm. NURSE,
Shoemaker, (Shoemaker)

MICHAEL O'MKARA, Farmer

object of the Province in founding and
maintaining this Institute is to afford education
to all the youth of the Province
who are deficient in intellect, and free
from contagious diseases, who are bona fide
residents of the Province of Ontario, will be ad-
mitted as pupils. The regular term of instruc-
tion is seven years, with a vacation of nearly
two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to
pay the sum of \$50 per year for
tuition, books and medical attendance
furnished free.

Mutes whose parents, guardians or friends
are unable to pay the amount charged for
tuition, books and medical attendance, will be
admitted as pupils. Clothing must
be supplied by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of Printing,
Shoemaking and Shoemaking are taught to
the female pupils are instructed in gen-
eral domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking,
Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine,
and ornamental and fancy work as may be
required.

It is expected that all having charge of deaf mute
will avail themselves of the liberal
provision made by the Government for their edu-
cational improvement.

Regular Annual School Term begins
on Wednesday in September, and
ends on Wednesday in June of each year.
Admission as to the terms of admission,
etc., will be given upon application to
the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,

Superintendent

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND
distributed without delay to the parties to
whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go
in a box in office door will be sent to
Belleville at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each
day (excepted). The messenger is not
responsible for letters or parcels, or receive
at post office for delivery, for any
the same is in the locked bag.



If We Knew.

If we knew when walking thoughtless
Through the dusty, crowded way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
(Lost beside our pathway lay)
We should pause where now we hasten
We should oftener look around
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms are fainting
For the shade that we could bring,
If we knew what lips are parching
For the water we could bring,
We should haste with eager foot steps,
We should work with willing hands,
Bearing cooling cups of water,
Planting rows of shady palms.

If we knew what feet are weary
Climbing up the hills of pain,
By the world cast out as evil,
For repentant Magdalenes
We no more should dare to scorn them
With our Pharisaic pride
Wrapping close our robes about us,
Passing on the other side.

If we knew when friends around us
Closely press to say good bye,
Which among the lips that kiss us
First beneath the flowers would lie,
While like rain upon their faces
Fell our bitter, blinding tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We should whisper in their ears.



The Red Mantle.

A German merchant in the days of
old, used to travel with costly jewels from
city to city. His name was Berthold.
He was an earnest, warm-hearted man,
but he had a fiery temper and a sharp
tongue.

One day, toward night, he was jour-
neying through a dark forest. The
winds were sighing in the pines, there
were scudding clouds, a great shade
came down on the forest, and rain seem-
ed about to fall. Berthold saw that he
could not reach the city that evening. He
was alone in the wild forest with his
portmanteau of jewels. What was he
to do?

Night came on. The moon rose, and
was darkened. The forest roared with
the wind. Around him were beasts of
prey. What could he do? He stumbled
on! At last he saw a gleam of light.
It came from a window in the forest.
He hastened toward it, and rapped on
the door. The door slowly opened. A
grey-haired old woman with a beautiful
face stood before him.

"Who lives here?" asked Berthold.

"A poor collier and his family. Why
do you come?"

"I am a traveler, belated and lost.
Will you give me food and lodging for
the night?"

"I will give you food, but I can not
give you lodging, though loath I should
be to refuse a stranger a roof on such a
night as this."

Her husband now appeared, holding
a light over her shoulder. "It hurts
my heart to refuse a stranger," said he:
"but you would be better off in the
woods than here. How the wind roars!
There, the light has blown out! Come
in!"

The merchant entered. The great
log room, had an open fire, and around
it sat the most beautiful children he
had ever seen. The woman spread the
table. As he finished the meal he said,
"You surely would not send me out into
the forest on such a night as this?"

"Stranger," said the collier, "you
may stay, at your peril—though if you
will obey what I tell you, no harm will
come."

The table was cleared, and the good
woman brought out the musical glasses.
She turned them, and when the children
touched them the most beautiful music
arose, and the father and mother

clapped their hands, and the family sang.
"Now the woods are all reposing," but
still the wind was wild.

"Now," said the father, "we must
pray. They all knelt down, the mer-
chant with them. As the collier was
praying, the door slowly opened, and
the fresh air fanned the fire. The mer-
chant looked up—what was at the door?
What indeed! A little dwarf stood
there, in a red mantle. He seemed
withered and pinched up, and his eyes
were like coals of fire. He cast an evil
look at the merchant and slowly closed
the door. The merchant wondered.

"Now," said the collier, rising, "I will
show you to your chamber. But listen!
If anything enters your room in the
night, think holy thoughts, and no harm
utter any evil words. If you do not obey
will come. Do not be angry; do not
me, you will bring trouble upon me—"

"And we should have to live all these
years over again," said the woman, with
a look of distress. "Think holy thoughts
whatever may happen!"

The merchant went up to his chamber,
and, placing his portmanteau on his bed
laid himself down to rest. He was near-
ly asleep, when the door of his chamber
slowly opened, and the little dwarf with red
mantle and fiery eyes entered. The mer-
chant started. The dwarf approached
the bed, his eyes gleaming in the dark-
ness. He stood for a time looking at the
merchant then laid his hands on the
portmanteau. The merchant's anger
kindled, and he uttered a fearful oath.

The dwarf began to grow!
The merchant bade him go, with more
profane words.

The dwarf grew at every evil word,
taller and taller, more dreadful in form
and feature.

"Help!" shrieked the merchant. His
voice awoke the house. His wife, now
a giant, rushed down the stairs. The
collier and his wife appeared.

"What have you done to our house-
spirit?" cried the collier. "You have
not been thinking holy thoughts. You
have made him grow to the demon he
was of old! We have lived him down by
righteous lives, and he had become
smaller and smaller, and we hoped to
see him disappear."

"And now," cried the collier's wife,
braving into tears, "we shall have to
live all those years over again!"

The moon was now shining in a still
sky, and the merchant took his port-
manteau and hurried away.

Ten years passed, when night overtook
the merchant, Berthold, in the same
forest again. It was a pleasant night, and
the merchant bethought himself of the
collier. He saw a light in the same
house, and went to the door and knock-
ed.

"Come, in God's name, and welcome,"
said a voice. He entered. The family
had turned the musical glasses and were
knocking down to pray. The merchant
knelt with them. Then he listened for
the door to open. But the room was
still. And, instead of the dwarf, there
came as it were a beautiful light into
the room. The merchant looked up.

There was a glorious face forming in
the shadows, and as the collier prayed
on it grew more and more distinct, and
came and hovered over them, with a
golden circle above the head and with
glistening wings. It was the face of an
angel!

The merchant told the family who he
was. "Stay with us we pray you," said
the collier's wife. "There is nothing to
fear, we have lived him down, and now,
praised be the Lord, there is an angel in
the house. Did you know—one may
live so as to change an evil into an
angel?"—*Inland Educator.*

Habits are to the soul what the veins
and arteries are to the blood—the courses
in which it moves.—*Honore Bushnell.*

Say nothing good of yourself, you
will be distrusted; say nothing bad of
yourself, you will be taken at your
word.—*Joseph Rouz.*

Home Attractions.

Fifth Chapter in the Bradford Expositor



EVERY
pretty
defini-
tion of home
is a "golden
setting in
which the
brightest
jewel is
mother." All
mothers aim
to be that
and how hard
they toil for

their children, that they may be daintily
clothed and delicately nurtured and
that the childhood, which they know
will slip away all too quickly, may be
bright and cheery, a pleasant memory,
a bright spot over shining no matter
how far from home they may wander.

Many weary hours are spent and much
time and money expended that the little
ones may be gowned in the prevailing
mode. There are some who think the
time spent on frills and ruffles and
dainty outfits for the little ones is time
wasted. We do not agree with that
idea if other matters equally necessary
are not neglected, and with the pretty
wardrobe is inculcated a love of neatness
and order, and care of the pretty things,
and a genuine taste for the beautiful.
There must also be clothing suitable for
necessary exercises, for play, and for
the small duties so important in the eyes
of the girl or boy, and important also in
a training for future usefulness.

All this entails work varied and try-
ing, and runs away with much of the
busy mother's time; but it is only a
small part compared with what is re-
quired if she maintain the control of her
children's hearts, and in proper measure,
their lives when they have grown up.

Improvements in schools, the placing
opportunities of education in all branches
within the reach of every one, and the
advances of civilization make it neces-
sary that every mother who would have
her children look up to her, respect and
feel proud of her, should be thoroughly
conversant with events of importance,
not only in the past but in the present.

To satisfy the grown-up boys and girls
of to-day, mother must be well read in
literature of the day, up to date in cur-
rent events, must not have allowed her-
self to drop behind in fashions, customs,
amusements, or accomplishments, must
be thoroughly in touch with the world
for the interests of her children.

To be able to guide and direct them,
and yet wise enough to realize that they
must learn to think for themselves, and
will try their pretence hand at making
plans and weaving dreams of their own,
content and amply repaid for the almost
endless trouble that this entails, knowing
that they deem her their best and wisest
guide, not merely their comforter and
consoler in illness and sorrow, but their
bright, over pleasant and sympathizing
companion in happiness and pleasure
which would lose half its brightness, if
she didn't share it, or they could not be
sure of her interest in the account of
the last concert or party, or any of the
social functions that occupy so much of
the time of the young people of to-day.

To keep the boys or the girls at home,
it must be to them, the brightest and
most attractive of all places, where an
interest is shown, not merely in their
employments, aims, and hopes, but in
their pleasures, where their young com-
panions are always welcome and they
know their mother cannot possibly be
too busy, or too tired, to enter heartily
into what they enjoy. Though the
boys especially will copy father's man-
ners and opinions, if you doubt it, look
at the four year-old, with his hands
thrust in his pockets, following father,
and imitating to the best of his ability
his imposing stride, but they will look
to mother for sympathy, encouragement
and the home brightness.