

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IV.,

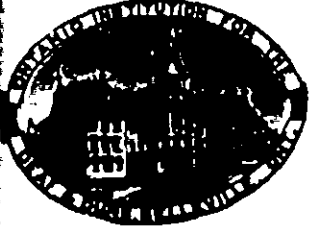
BELLEVILLE, CHRISTMAS, 1895.

NO. 12.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

DR T. J. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
MATHISON, M. A.	Bursar.
BAKIN, M. D.	Physician.
IRAHILL, WALKER.	Matron.

Teachers:

COLMAN, M. A.	Head Teacher.	Mrs. J. O. TERRILL.
MRS. C. BALLE, H.A.		Miss M. TEMPLETON.
McNILLIP.		Miss M. M. OGDON.
CAMPBELL.		Miss MARY HULL.
F. BERWANT.		Miss FLORENCE MATHEW.
		Mrs. SYLVIA L. BALLE.
		Miss ADA JAMES.
		Miss GEORGINA LIND.

Mrs. CARRIE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

Mrs. MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Mrs. J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

Mr. L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. HURKS, Book and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

Mr. Wm. DICKSON, J. MIDDLEMASS, Bookkeeper & Associate, Supervisor, Engineer.

Mr. G. O. KEITH, JOHN DOWELL, Director of Boys, etc., Master Carpenter.

Mr. M. DEMSEY, D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Baker.

Mr. Wm. NUNN, THOMAS WILLS, Master Shoemaker, Gardener.

Mr. MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer.

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 two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance. All other expenses will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, shall be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to 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 suitable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal aid 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. For information as to the terms of admission of pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the 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 out is put in boxes in office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 2.45 p.m. in each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive any matter at post office for delivery, for any fee, unless the same is in the locked bag.



Father's Christmas Presents.

THAT WERE USEFUL TO THE FAMILY, AND HE SAW LITTLE OF THEM.

We were talking about Christmas presents, the girls and mother and I, when father came in. Then we changed the subject just a little bit, because it was father's presents we were discussing. Father sat down by the stove and rubbed his hands—he had just been out to the barn—and a queer expression slowly settled upon his features.

"Say, mother, Ned and the girls," he said, "I don't want you to get me any presents. 'Tain't no use, you know."

"Why, father," said Lena in an aggrieved voice, "we always get you useful presents, don't we? I don't myself believe in things that are not useful."

Father's eyes twinkled. "Yes," he said, "but I think that they are sometimes a little too useful, you know."

Nell shirked her shoulders impatiently, but mother said: "Let father have his joke. What is it this time, father?"

The old gentleman having warmed his hands, settled himself back comfortably in his big chair, and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Well, let's see," he went on in a ruminating manner. "Do you remember the dozen hemstitched handkerchiefs that you gave me last Christmas, Leny?"

I guess I used one of them just once. Some way or other," with a genial, impartial glance at the company, "Leny and Nell have been using of them, and I've been using of Leny and Nell's old torn ones. He, he! I don't know just how 'twas, but it's a fact. Then Ned do you remember the compass you got me for a birthday present last June? It was a nice little compass, and I guess a feller about your size thought so, too, for he's been using of it ever since.

Then, let's see, there was the silk handkerchief that mother gave me at birthday, and I put it away choice-like, and the first thing I know Leny was wearing it inside her jacket. Yes, my presents are all useful, a loote but too useful, mebber. See the point, don't you?"

Father's next presents had his name written on each of them, and now of us over again thoughtlessly used the dear old man's things.

Not What It Used to Be.

Two small boys were standing in a door-way with their hands in their pockets as the reporter waited for a cat and overheard them talking as follows:—

"Say, Jimmy, I got trun down pretty hard—nothink but a little red box of bum candy and a piteer book as ain't fit fur no little sator to cut dolls out er."

Dat's all I got fur six weeks' a-hustlin' tru me brekfus every Sunday mornin' and walkin' six blocks to dat Sunday skule at Forty-seventh street and den hurryin' tru me dinner to get to t'other one up by Sixtieth. Tings ain't wot dey wuz. I used ter get?—

"Is dat all yer got?" broke in the other, with a chuckle. "I went to t'ree and ivry one uv 'em gimme a big box o' good gundrops and sich things and a book. Dat's t'ree books and t'ree boxes, and only been to one o' them skules four weeks, and dat skule dun the best—gimme a book all about fightin' wid red covers."

"Jis' my luck. Where did you get om?" "Over to dat place nex' Brady's ou' Leventh avenoo in de mornin' and clear down ter Thirty-fif' street in de afternoon, and I had ter hunt, I kin tell yer, fur one as was open evenin's, but a feller in skule tole o' one where they does think slied up in de Seventies, and I tride it fur four weeks, and deyes de ones gimme de book about fightin'."

"Let's you and me work pard's nex' year, eh? We kin work t'ree or four each and divvy."

"I guess if de ting's worked right dere's a good deal in it. I"—

But here came the car along.



Christmas.

Breaking on the twilight stillness—
Listen to the Christmas chiming—
They have brought the same glad tidings—
More than eighteen hundred times—
Peace on earth.

Let the bells ring out the joy of the nations
Jesus, the babe of the manger, is King
He is the highest who once was the lowest,
Let all the children be joyful and sing—
Peace and good will, strife shall be still,
The babe of the manger is King.

Ring, ye bells! 'tis sweet to listen
Ring, ye friends outside the door
Echoes of that wondrous music
That was heard in days of yore
Dress the house with holly
Let the bright red berries shine
While we celebrate the birth-night
Of our gracious Lord divine.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep—
"God is not dead! nor doth he sleep!"
The Wrong shall fall, the Right prevail!
With peace on earth, good will to men!
Longfellow



A Merry Christmas---to Rich and Poor.

A Merry Christmas, one and all
Rich and poor, large and small,
To north, to south, to east, to west
In every land where Christ is great
A Merry, Merry Christmas!

Christmas is the world's holiday. Other holidays are local, and are mostly memorials in the history of the country where they are observed, but Christmas is more ancient and honorable, it belongs to no one nationality, but its fame and observance are as extended as Christ's anity, the birthday of which it celebrates. All through the ages, since angelic song-storms announced to the wondering shepherds, watching their flock by night on the plains of Judea, the advent of a Saviour, this festival, the birthday of a world redeemed, has been commemorated with mirth and song. The day has been considered in the double light of a

holy commemoration and a cheerful festival.

It appears to us of the northern temperate zone that Christmas comes at an ideal season of the year. How much of custom there is in this fancy, we cannot tell; but how superlatively fitting it is that Christmas is ushered in with the jingle of sleighbells and the merry ring of the skates. Winter has only just come, and the holidays give us space to bid him welcome. The day might have fallen later when the hoary old fellow has worn out his welcome and we are beginning to think eagerly of the milder air and crinkled buds of spring, but the Yule tide is not so badly timed. The tree lighted up by the household fires, the roasting of nuts the round games, the trying of home oracles, would be tame if placed at the wrong season; but they come at the very nick of time. Our fellow colonists in Australia must eat their Christmas pudding with their frock greens, and they are to be profoundly pitied. They lose all the radiant literature of Europe, full of Christmas frolics by fireside, over snow fields and on the glittering bosom of sealed streams, they lose all the memories of the past Christmas that live again under the merriment of the new, they are indeed to be pitied.

Kris Kringle in Germany.

Throughout the German fatherland prevails the belief in the Krist Kindloin, or Christ Child, who rewards with gifts the faithful children who love their parents and believe in God. On Christmas eve each household assembles at dinner, and when the candles are lit the father of the family watches the shadows on the wall, for if any one should have his or her shadow obscured by that of another object, that is to be unlucky. If the children sit down in odd numbers, that is also unlucky, and it will not do to fill up the number with strangers or near relatives. Dinner being over, the children retire into a dark room and guess at the presents they are to receive. Soon the parents open the door and say, "The Christ child has visited you," upon which the children come forth to gaze upon their gift-decked Christmas tree. —New York World.