

# 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. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:  
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

### Officers of the Institution:

J. MATHISON, M. A. *Superintendent.*  
A. MATHISON *Organist.*  
J. J. FAKINS, M. D. *Physician.*  
MISS ISABEL WALKER *Matron.*

### Teachers:

ED. H. COLLEMAN, M. A. *Head Teacher.*  
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MISS MARY HULL.  
MISS FLORENCE MAYRRE.  
MISS SYLVIA L. HALL.  
MISS ADA JAMES *Monitor.*

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MISS EDITH M. YARWOOD, *Teacher of Drawing.*

MISS I. N. MITCHELL. JOHN T. BURNS,  
*Chief and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.*

WM. DOUGLASS, FRANK FLYNN  
*Shoemaker & Sewing Supervisor Master Carpenter*

G. O. KEITH, WM. NURSE,  
*Superintendent of Boys Master Shoemaker*

MISS A. GALLAGHER, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
*Instructor of Sewing Master Baker*

J. MIDDLEMAAS, THOMAS WILLS,  
*Engineer Carpenter*  
MICHAEL O. SPANA, *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 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, Carpentry 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 all ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

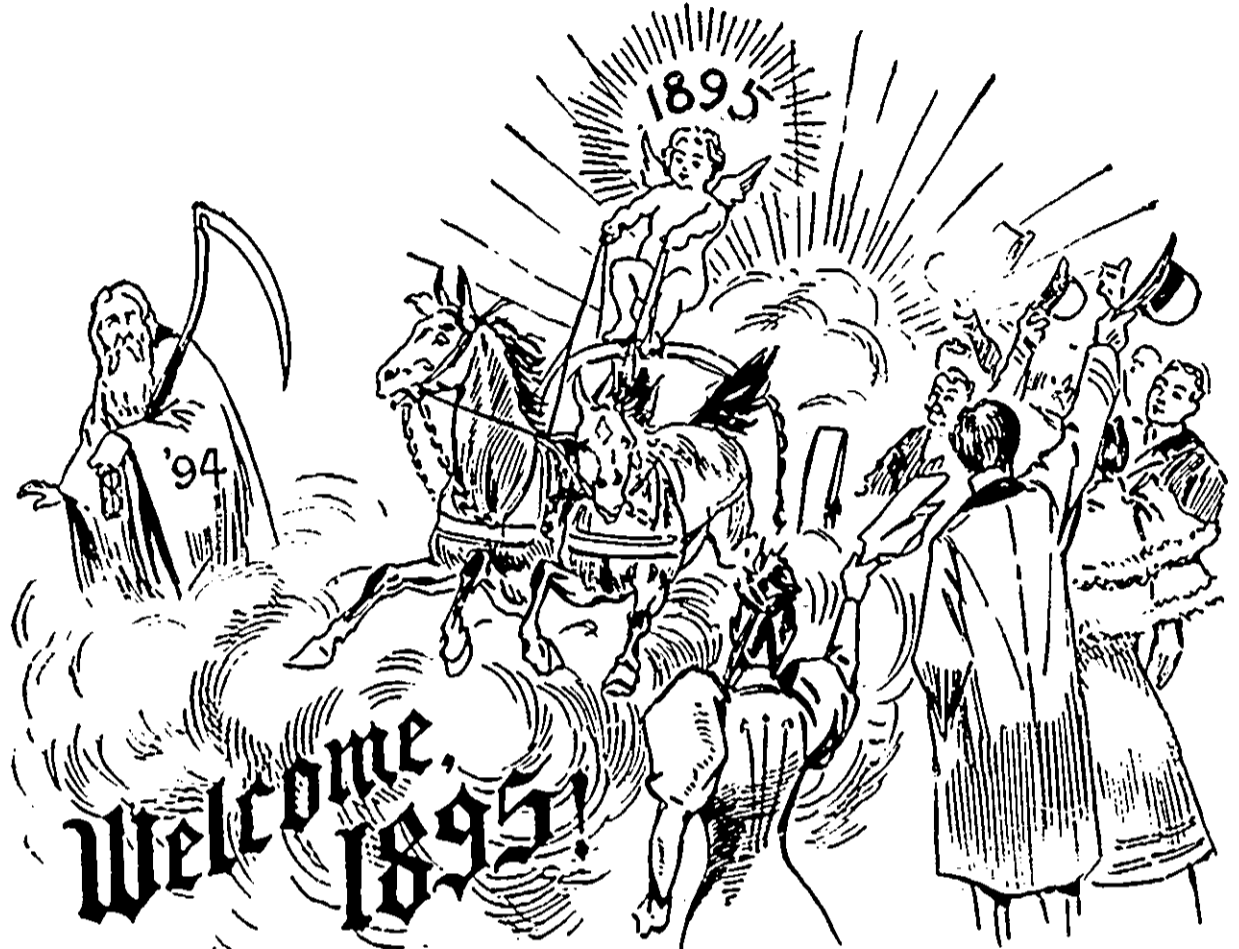
It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

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*

### 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 bag.



### The News-Boy's Dream of the New Year.

BY RAYD RYMOUR MULLAN

Under the bare brown rafters,  
In his garret bed he lay,  
And dreamed of the bright hereafter,  
And the merry morn of May

The snow flakes slowly sifted  
In through each crack and seam,  
But only the sunshine drifted  
Into the news-boy's dream.

For he dreamed of the brave to-morrow,  
His eager eyes should see,  
When battling with wants and sorrows  
He felt himself a man.

He felt his heart grow colder  
For the struggle and the strife,  
When should he joined to shoulder  
In the battle-field of life.

And instead of the bare brown rafters,  
And the snow flakes sifting in,  
He saw in the glad hereafter  
The home his hands should win.

The flowers that grew in its shadow,  
And the trees that drooped above,  
The low line in the meadow  
And the coo of the morning dove.

And dearer and more tender  
He saw his mother there,  
As she knelt in the sunset splendour  
To say the evening prayer.

His face the sun had burned it,  
And his hands were rough and hard,  
But home, he had fairly earned it,  
And this was his reward!

The morning stars faint glimmer  
Stole into the garret forlorn,  
And touched the face of the dreamer  
With the light of a hope new-born.

Oh, ring harmonious voices,  
Of New Year's welcoming bells!  
For the very air rejoices  
Through all its sounding cells!

I greet ye! oh friends and neighbors  
The smith and the artisan  
I share in your honest labors  
A Canadian working man.

To wield the axe or the hammer,  
To till the yielding soil  
Enroll me under your banner,  
Oh! brotherhood of soil!

Ring, bells of the brave to-morrow!  
And bring the time more near  
Bring out the wants and the sorrows,  
Ring in the glad New Year!

Rockwood Asylum, Kingston, Ont.



### His Dead Child.

In five cities of California and in three on the Atlantic seaboard homes have been established for abandoned women, where they are protected until an honest means of earning their livelihood is provided for them, and where every effort is made to bring them back to a good, womanly life. Each of these homes is called by the same name.

It is the name of a child who died many years ago. She was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant—a little girl four years old. Her mother was dead. She was the hope and pleasure of the lonely man's life.

When, one day, after a few hours' illness, the physician told him that she was dying, he was stunned.

In his agony he faced God,—as Job did,—asking the reason or justice of this thing. If there was a merciful Father in heaven, why should he take his child from him? She was so good, so loving! She could not fail to be a noble woman,—if she could live,—helpful and dear to many a soul.

Why should she be taken now to be laid away in the grave? Of what use could she be to the world or to God there?

He stood looking down at her, as some of us have looked at our dearest when they were approaching death, thinking that the blow was merciless and unjust.

The child smiled. "Sing for me, papa," she said feebly.

He took her in his arms, as he had done so many nights, and rocked her, trying to sing an old hymn she loved about a beautiful shore where they should meet by and by.

She did not speak when he stopped. She would never speak to him again unless he found her on that shore. Was there any such place?

He did not know.  
He went to his work after that, a silent, almost hopeless man, doing what good he could, because, if she had lived, she

would have done it; she would have been generous and kind.

One night, on the street of a great city, he met a wretched, drunken young girl, and always thinking of that other girl, how sincere and pure her life would have been, he stopped to reason with this one, to urge her to reform. She jeered at him. At last he turned away with the words of Christ, "Go and sin no more."

"Go!" she cried, with a sudden change in her tone. "Go? Where can I go?"

The words followed him for days. Where could she go? Who would take her in, or have pity on her?

There was no refuge or pity for her or her kind in all the homes of that city.

He founded a home for these women in that town, then in another, and in another, urged by the tender memories of his little daughter. Thinking that could she know, on that shore of a happier world, what he had done, she would rejoice in his work, he called them by her name.

"If she had lived," he said, "I should have been so happy in her that I never should have thought of these poor women"—the wrecks of society whom no one heeds.

In an old graveyard on Cape Cod is a stone with this inscription:

"Here lies Mary H., who having finished the work God gave her to do in this world, died, aged one year."

No life in God's just universe is in vain. No sharp thrust of the great surgeon's knife reaches our hearts that is not meant to bring healing and health.—*Youth's Companion.*

It does not cost half as much to clean a street as to keep it dirty.

Women will take advantage of an opportunity, a man will take the opportunity.

Man is not the creature, but the architect of circumstances. It is a character that builds an existence out of circumstances. From the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels. Bricks and mortar are bricks and mortar until the builder makes them something else.