

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IV.,

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 15, 1896.

NO. 16.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of Government in Charge:

THE HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. V. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
MATHESON, Bureau.
E. KINGS, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

MR. FOLLMAN, M. A. Head Teacher.
MR. DAVIS.
MR. HULLIN, B. A.
MR. McILLOP.
MR. CAMPBELL.
MR. STEWART.
MISS J. G. T. KRILL.
MISS K. TEMPLETON.
MISS M. M. OSTRON.
MISS MARY HULL.
MISS FLORENCE MATHER.
MISS SYLVIA L. HALLIN.
MISS ADA JAMES.
MISS GEORGINA LIND.

MR. FARRIS GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MR. J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS L. N. METCALFE, Book and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

MR. HULLIN, B. A., Bookkeeper & Taxpayer's Secretary.

MR. G. KEITH, Superintendent of Boys, etc.

MISS M. DEMPSEY, Matron, Superintendent of Girls, etc.

MR. NURAK, Master Shoemaker.
MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer.
JOHN T. HURNA, Instructor of Printing.
J. MIDDLEMAN, Engineer.
JOHN DONNIX, Master Carpenter.
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.
THOMAS WILLS, 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, on account of deafness, either partial or total, are 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 born in 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 \$30 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, which 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 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 all ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

The regular Annual School Term begins on the first Wednesday in September, and ends the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission and other particulars will be given upon application to the principal 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 in the office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not to be sent to post letters or parcels, or receive matter at post office for delivery, for any other purpose than to deliver the same in the locked bag.



Nobody's Child.

Alone, in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare, cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go,
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill street beating upon my bare head,
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?
Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright,
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there,
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?
Oh, what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavement alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mamma has tucked them snugly in bed,
No dear mother ever upon me smiled,
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child?
No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me, 'neath the little dogs run
When I wander too near them, 'tis wondrous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream, but sometimes when I lie,
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,
And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Coins rattling o'er me in gilded wings,
A hand that is strangely soft and fair,
Careses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird,
The sweetest voice that ever was heard,
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame,
And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night
I'm going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild,
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child!
—PAUL H. CHASE



Jerry's Object Lesson.

BY LEANDER S. KLEBER.

It was Friday evening after school hours, and Saturday promised to be a pleasant day, with just enough of a breeze for flying kites. For some reason a fever got into Jerry Holding's veins, as often happens with boys, for that kind of sport, and so he went to work and made a large, handsome kite that he knew would sail like a bird into the blue sky. It was dusk before the kite was finished.

At about eight o'clock the next morning he went out to the common where his set of boys—there were six of them, all warm friends—had gathered to decide on the manner of spending the day. As Jerry approached the group, holding his large kite in his hand, he exclaimed:—

"Boys, let's fly kites to-day, will you?"

There was a moment of silence among the fellows, then Howard Oswald replied:

"Well, I'm sorry, Jerry, but the boys seem to prefer to play ball."

"But don't you see I've just made a new kite?" said Jerry, unable to keep a note of disappointment out of his voice.

"It would be a pity to let the day go by without trying it."

"That's so," admitted Howard. "It's a splendid kite. Made it yourself, did you not? Well, you're quite a genius. But you see, Jerry, at least three of the fellows have no kites, and that would throw them out of the day's fun altogether if we should."

"Well, suppose you fellows play ball and let me fly my kite," interrupted Jerry, his face brightening at the idea.

"Oh, no, Jerry!" cried Felix Bascom.

"That would leave an uneven number—five—you see. Besides, we want you to play with us, Jerry. We hate to be selfish, but you are the best ball player in the crowd, and we can't spare you."

Jerry's face fell. He had set his heart on flying his kite. He had hardly been able to go to sleep night before for

thinking about it, now his companions were asking him to give up his cherished plans. Presently the scowl smoothed out of his forehead and he said, smilingly: "Well, fellows, I won't be stubborn, I'll leave it to the majority. As many as want to play ball raise their hands."

Five hands went up.

"All right," Jerry yielded, gracefully.

"Five against one is a pretty good majority. So I'll take my kite back to the carriage house while you fellows get everything ready for the ball game."

"How a splendid fellow—Jerry is— isn't he?" remarked one of the boys when Jerry was beyond earshot.

"Isn't he, though! Nothing mean or stubborn about him. It was fine, fellows, for him to give up his own plan to please us. We ought to do something fine for him before the day's over."

"Yes, we'll give him a chance by and by to fly his kite," and they did.

When Jerry returned, the ball game began. He felt very glad, as a boy always does when he yields his own pleasures to others. The game became so absorbing that he soon forgot all about the handsome kite stowed away in the carriage house.

Thus Jerry proved that he was not stubborn, for stubbornness consists in being determined to have your own way merely because you want to, or because it gives you pleasure. The question now was, Could he be firm in a real crisis? Let us see.

A few days later, Jerry was on his way home from an errand in the country. It was just getting dusk. In a little hollow, through which the road wound, he met several boys from the village, whom he knew, all of them somewhat older than himself. Among them was Harry Batesley, one of the five boys with whom he had played ball on the previous Saturday.

"Which way, Jerry?" cried Harry.

"I'm on my way home," replied Jerry.

"Better go with us; we're going to have a great time," put in one of the larger boys, whose face showed that he was rather a rough character. "See what we've got," and he drew a large flask from his pocket. "Will you have a drink?"

"No, sir," said Jerry, in decisive tone.

"It's the sweetest wine you ever tasted—just melts in your mouth," the tempter declared, laughing at his poor joke. "Just take a sip to see how good it is."

"Not a drop," said Jerry.

"Oh! you're a temperance crank," sneered the other.

"Of course I am," answered Jerry, stoutly, "and you can't turn me either."

"Why, Jerry, I didn't think you'd be so stubborn," spoke up Harry Batesley. "You weren't so—so pig-headed last Saturday, you gave up flying your kite to accommodate the rest of us when we wanted to play ball. What's the use of being so set now?"

"Oh, but that was different, entirely different," declared Jerry. "Then you asked me only to give up my own fun, now you ask me to do wrong. I could give up that without taking any risks, but this would be dangerous, and I won't do it."

The boys looked at each other in a puzzled way for some moments, not knowing what reply to make.

"So you won't go with us?" said one.

"Indeed I won't," announced Jerry, firmly. "Harry, you'd better come with me," he added "you've got into the wrong crowd this evening. You're too well bred a boy to take the risk of becoming a tippler. Come Harry."

"Believe I will," assented Harry, after a moment's hesitation, and then the two boys locked arms and walked rapidly away through the gathering darkness, followed by the half-hearted boys of the other boys, who, if the truth be told, felt ashamed of themselves.

You see how my brave young hero, Jerry Holding, illustrated the difference between firmness and stubbornness?

Touched a Tender Chord.

Few persons are entirely lost to honor. There is always a spark of manliness left which, when touched in the right manner, will nobly respond.

Some years ago in the town of L—, lived an easy going, unobtrusive person by the name of Tom Lawton. Like that far famed individual, Rip Van Winkle, he had a great aversion to anything like profitable labor. He took the world easily, spending most of his time at the saloon. Remonstrances were of little avail. He would promise to reform, but would soon return to his evil ways. One hot day in summer Tom fell asleep at the saloon. While in this state of unconsciousness, his only child, a boy of four summers, and the image of his father as far as a general state of untidiness went, came swaggering into the saloon.

"There, that's Tom's boy!" exclaimed one of the bystanders. "A chip of the old block!"

A great laughter followed this remark. "I declare he is!" exclaimed another.

"Tom will never be missed—the boy will fill his place!"

The sport, at the expense of father and son continued until someone proposed to set up the drinks for the boy.

The sleeper moved. He pushed back his hat, stretched out his legs, and strode leisurely into the middle of the floor.

"I've not been asleep all this time," he began. "And it's about time this thing stopped. The man who offers that boy a drop of liquor, I'll knock down. He's my child, and if I can help it he's not going to make a fool of himself as I've done. And what's more, this is the last time he'll have to come to a saloon to find me."

And then taking his boy by the hand, Tom strode out of the saloon.

For a few minutes silence reigned supreme. Someone said Tom would be back in less than a week. But he was mistaken. Tom had left the saloon for good.—Sel.

Enemies in the Rear.

Boys, I want to ask how you think a conqueror would make out who went through a country he was trying to subdue, and whenever he found a fort that was hard to take, left it alone? Don't you think that the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of the country, don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly? Just so, I want you to remember how it will be with you if you slip over the hard places in your lesson, and leave them unlearned; you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just three or four examples I had passed over, and one of those I was asked to do on the blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at ease; he cannot forget the skipped problems; and consciousness of his deficiencies make him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned.

It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve when you take up a new study that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the inaccurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life, it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heels all the rest of his life.

Whatever he does will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is at hand, and the habit will grow with years.—Ex.