

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 18.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge -  
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector -  
DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN

### Officers of the Institution :

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
MATHISON	Burner
E. EAKINS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Nurse

### Teachers :

MR. COLYMAN, M. A.	MRS. J. O. TYRRELL
MISS M. H. TEMPLETON	
MISS M. M. OSTRON	
MISS C. HALL, B.A.	MISS MARY HULL
MISS J. L. MATHISON	MISS J. L. MATHISON
MISS J. L. MATHISON	MISS J. L. MATHISON
MISS J. L. MATHISON	MISS J. L. MATHISON

MISS ANNIE MATHISON,  
Teacher of Attention, (temporary)

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS EDITH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BIRNA,  
Printer and Typewriter-Instructor of Printing

MR. DOUGLASS, FRANK WYNN,  
Master Carpenter

MR. G. KRITH, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
Master Baker

MR. NURAK, THOMAS WILLY,  
Tanner

MR. MIDDLEMASS, 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 afflicted with 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 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 \$50 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 and 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 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 in 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 Dumb Child.

She is my only girl  
I looked for her as some most precious thing.  
For all unfinished was Love's jeweled ring.  
Till set with this soft pearl.  
The shade that time brought forth I could not see.  
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me.

Oh, many a soft old tongue  
I used to stick unto that deafened ear  
And suffered not the slightest footstep near  
Lest she might wake too soon.  
And hushed her brother's laughter while she lay—  
His needless care I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I belated  
That this one daughter might not speak to me  
Wanted and watched, I know how patiently  
How willingly deceived  
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,  
And tended hope until it starved to death.

Oh, if she could but hear  
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach  
To call me mother, in the broken speech  
That thrills the mother's ear!  
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred  
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries  
To see her kneel with such a reverent air  
Beside her brothers, at their evening prayer  
Or lift those earnest eyes  
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew  
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up  
To the bright borders of a sunset sky,  
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,  
That I could almost hope  
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords  
And the long quest-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,  
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,  
All the grand music to which Nature moves,  
Are wasted melody  
To her, the world of sound a nameless soul,  
While even silence but its charms destroyed.

Her face is very fair,  
Her blue eyes beautiful, of finest mould  
The soft white brow, clear which in waves of gold,  
Ripples her shining hair  
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,  
For he who made it holds the master key.

She seems to have a sense  
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play  
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way  
These voiceless eloquence  
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear  
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God! it is not so,  
And when his sons are playing merrily  
She comes and lays her head upon his knee  
Oh, at such times I know  
By his full eye, and tone and smile and sigh  
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

God, in his love, doth give  
To her defect a beauty of its own,  
And we a deeper tenderness have known,  
Through that for which we grieve  
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear  
And my voice shall fill it,—but not here.

When that new sense is given,  
What rapture will its first experience be  
That never woke to meager melody  
Than the rich songs of heaven  
To hear the full toned anthem swelling round,  
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound.



### Fearless and Honest.

A Scotch lad landed at Castle Garden,  
the brightest, yet the loneliest, passenger  
of an emigrant ship. He was barely  
fourteen, and had not a friend in  
America, and only a sovereign in his  
pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow-passenger  
who had befriended him during the  
voyage from Glasgow, "don't you wish  
that you were safe with your mother in  
the old country?"

"No," said the boy, "I promised her  
when I left that I would be fearless and  
honest. I have her fortune to make as  
well as my own, and I must have good  
conscience."

"Well, laddie, what can you do?"  
asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to anybody  
who will give me something to do," was  
the quick response.

A well-known lawyer, whose experi-  
ence with applicants for clerkship in his  
office had been unfavorable, had taken a

stroll down Broadway to ascertain  
whether he could find a boy to his liking.  
A canny Scotchman himself, he had  
noticed the arrival of the Glasgow  
steamer, and had fancied that he might  
be able to get a trustworthy clerk from  
his own country.

Sandy's fearless face caught his eye.  
The honest, manly ring in Sandy's voice  
touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell me your story," he said kindly.  
It was soon told. Sandy's mother had  
been left a widow with little money and  
a child to bring up. She had worked for  
him as long as she could, but when her  
health failed she had bought his passage  
for America, and given to him what  
little money she could spare.

"Go and make your fortune," she had  
said. "Be fearless and honest, and  
don't forget your mother who cannot  
work for you any longer."

Sandy's patron engaged him as an  
office-boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to  
show what there is in you." Write to  
your mother to day that you have found  
a friend, who will stand by you as long  
as you are fearless and honest.

Sandy became a favorite at once in  
the office. Clients seldom left the office  
without pausing to have a word with  
him.

He attended night school and became  
an expert penman and accountant. He  
was rapidly promoted until he was his  
patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his  
mother, he went to Scotland and brought  
her back with him.

"You have made my fortune," he said,  
"and I cannot have luck without you."

He was right. When he had studied  
law and began to practice at the bar,  
his fearlessness commanded respect and  
his honesty inspired confidence. Jurors  
liked to hear him speak. They in-  
stinctively trusted him.

His mother had impressed her high  
courage and sincerity upon him. His  
success was mainly her work.—*The Household.*

### An Ideal Boy.

The manly, energetic boy is the one  
who asserts his right to be in the world,  
and who promises to be of still greater  
service when maturity has ripened his  
facilities to their fullness, and strength-  
ened his mental and physical powers.  
Such a boy is the hope of the future and  
he justifies that hope. He may not be  
an immature intellectual marvel, and it  
is far better that he is not, for these  
youthful phenomena are usually a dis-  
appointment as they grow older, failing  
to realize the high anticipations they  
have aroused, and often, like too early  
ripening fruit, as quickly and unreason-  
ably going to decay.

There is a place in the world for the  
good, healthy and industrious boy, who  
is fond of recreation in its season, and  
who is healthful, courteous and obedient  
at all times. Such a boy enters with as  
cheery a smile into the performances of  
the home chores as he does into the  
boyish games and pastimes; and his  
bright cheerful disposition is like a gleam  
of sunshine to all who know him. There  
is a found ring in his voice and an  
honest sincerity in face and word. He  
is a natural, healthy boy, brimful of  
youthful spirit and enthusiasm, and of  
the buoyant, sanguine temperament  
that becomes his years.

He is not a self-sufficient immature  
old man, who knows more than his  
parents. The latter is not a boy at all,  
however his years may classify him for  
he has developed into a sort of nondescript,  
neither boy nor man, and a nuisance  
generally. All honor to the bright,  
helpful, spirited boy, the joy of the  
present and the hope of the future! He  
is the one who is properly fitting him-  
self to take up the serious business of  
life when comes the time that we have  
to retire and resign it into his younger  
and more vigorous hands.

### A Cable-Car Comedy.

It was on a Broadway cable-car.

She had intercepted the car on the  
run, as if she were fleeing from some  
one, and gave the gripman such an ap-  
pealing glance that he threw his whole  
force to the brake, and in consequence  
four old gentlemen were precipitated  
into the laps of four pretty, blushing  
maidens. When at last she came into  
the car, her head was bowed and her  
blond hair was somewhat tousled,  
but that she was beautiful escaped the  
scrutiny of no one. Indeed, the old  
Wall Street banker, who usually rubs  
his nose over the columns of at least  
four evening papers on his way to his  
uptown mansion, glanced up, and seeing  
that she had no seat, bobbed up so  
suddenly that he made a two base hit  
on the lavender shirt-front of a tall  
young clubman opposite, who got ahead  
of him in his effort of gallantry.

So absorbed, in fact, was the whole  
double row of passengers, that no one  
noticed a blond young man who made  
his way to the front, took a seat by the  
side of the banker and began the most  
persistent and flirtatious entreaties by  
means of winks, shrugs and killing  
smiles, which the pretty girl only  
ignored at first and then tried to frown  
down. Suddenly a tear stole from the  
maiden's long lashes, which was too  
much for the old banker, who turned  
straight around and gave the youth a  
stare that would have put out a thou-  
sand-volt electric light.

At last the conductor came through,  
and the pretty girl, seeming glad to find  
something to hide her annoyance, made  
a dive for her purse. But the young  
man was not to be thwarted that way.  
He paid a dime and held up two fingers,  
indicating for the fair stranger and  
himself. The dear creature only re-  
sponded with another frown, and the  
company began to move about uneasily  
while the banker muttered something  
and folded up his paper as if he were  
going to take of his coat and throw the  
impudent youth out of the door. Then  
the shrugs, beckonings and mysterious  
symbols were renewed, till the old  
gentleman could bear it no longer.  
Turning to the young Lothario, he said,  
with calmness but with desperate  
earnestness:

"Young man, is it your habit to stare  
at, annoy and attempt to flirt with  
unescorted and helpless young girls in  
public courtyances?"

There was no answer, not even a  
frown of contempt. The outraged  
vindicator went over to the other side  
and said to the pretty girl:

"Miss, I see that that young scound-  
rel annoys you exceedingly. Shall I  
object him from the car?" The fair  
creature looked bewildered, and the  
young man opposite drew forth a piece  
of paper, writing hastily: "Sir, your  
conduct to that young lady is reprehens-  
ible. She evidently does not know you.  
Desist, or you must answer to me, sir!"  
This he handed across to his antagonist.  
The elder's angry face was a sight to  
behold. What he might have said or  
done no one knows, for fortunately the  
young lady arose and left the car,  
followed by the youth, and he in turn  
by the furious rescuer. On the plat-  
form he turned to the young lady and  
said, "Miss, if you wish me to escort  
you home and protect you from this  
young footpad, I will do so."

"You had better not," said the young  
girl, quietly, "for, though my brother  
there is deaf and dumb, he holds the  
light-weight championship of four  
counties, and strikes a 200-pound blow  
from the shoulder. We have had a  
little quarrel, that's all."

The very fact of seeing a predominant  
evil lays a special obligation on the one  
who observes it to see to it that he him-  
self is wholly blameless in the matter.  
This self-purification is the primary  
element in the purification of society.