

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. III.,

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NO. 4.

**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:

ATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.  
ATHISON, J. W. Director.  
EAKINS, M. D. Physician.  
ISAAC, WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

CHRYMAN, M. A. Miss J. O. TERRILL, Head Teacher.  
MILLER, D. A. Miss S. T. MURPHY, Miss M. M. GIBSON, Miss MARY HULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYER, Miss N. L. HALL, Miss ADA JAMES, Miss MARGARET CURRY, Teacher of Articulation.

MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

J. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS, and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

I. O. SMITH, FRANK PLYNN, Keeper and Clerk, Master Carpenter.

W. H. HALL, WM. NUNN, Supervisor of Boys, Master Shoemaker.

A. GALLAGHER, D. CUNNINGHAM, Mistress of Sewing, Master Baker.

MIDDLEMAN, THOMAS WILLS, Engineer, Gardener.

MICHAEL O'NEARA, Farmer.

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 complete, are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

Deaf mutes between the ages of seven and fifteen, 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 a month during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to will be charged the sum of \$20 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged on them will be admitted free. (Nothing must be promised 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, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine and ornamental and fancy work, as may be desired.

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

The regular Annual School Term begins on the first Wednesday in September, and the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application to the Institute 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 to the office in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2 1/2 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not to post letters or parcels, or receive matter at post office for delivery, for pupils.



## TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—  
Your tired knee that has so much to bear,  
A child's clear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight  
You do not prize the blessings overmuch  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day.  
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow  
To catch the sunshine until it slips away  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me  
That while I wore the badge of motherhood  
I did not kiss more, and tenderly  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest  
You raise the elbow on your tired knee  
This restless, curly head from off your breast,  
This hissing tongue that chatters constantly  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped  
And never would nestle in your palm again  
If the white feet into the grave had tripped  
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret  
At precious darlings clinging to their gown  
Or that the footprints when the days are wet  
Are ever black enough to make them frown  
If I could find a little muddy boot  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear it patter in my house once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I  
That all the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumpled by a shining head,  
My slinging darling from its nest lies down  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.



## The Value of Time

One morning when Benjamin Franklin was busy in the press room on his newspaper, a lounger stepped into the book-store and spent an hour or more looking over the books. Finally he seemed to settle upon one, and asked the clerk the price.

"One dollar," the clerk replied.  
"One dollar," echoed the lounger.  
"Can't you take less than that?"  
"One dollar is the price," the clerk answered.

The would-be purchaser looked over the books a while and inquired,

"Is Mr. Franklin in?"

"Yes; he's busy in the printing office," the clerk replied.

"Well, I want to see him," said the man.

The clerk told Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin soon appeared, and the stranger said,

"What is the lowest, Mr. Franklin, that you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt and decisive answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk only asked me a dollar just now."

"True," replied Mr. Franklin, and I could have better afforded to take a dollar for the book than to leave my work."

The man seemed surprised, and, wishing to end a parley of his own seeking, said,

"Well, come now, tell your lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Mr. Franklin, coolly, and I had better have taken that price then, than to take even a dollar and a half now."

This was a way of trade which took this man quite by a surprise. Without another word he laid the money on the counter, took the book and left the store.

—Selected.

## The Boys and the Birds.

Spring time is coming boys, and I want to tell you about birds, and frogs, and lizards.

They are our best friends. Don't shoot the robins, and the wrens, and the bluebirds just for fun.

And don't kill the frogs and lizards just for spite, because God put them there to help the Georgia farmer make his crop. Yes, he did. They are the farmer's watch-dogs—watch-dogs, working from morning till night to keep away insects, which, but for these little watch-dogs, would multiply so fast that it would be impossible for us to raise cotton, corn, or anything else. Of course boys must have guns, and must go hunting, and must have some sort of fun. But I don't believe there is a boy anywhere who would kill his father's best friend, if he stopped a minute to think about it. No, I like boys too well to believe it of them.

Cat birds, red birds, woodpeckers, mocking birds, and even the despised jay birds, are some of your father's best friends. Each one of these little watch-dogs is worth as much to the farmer as a grown man to whom he pays fifty cents a day and his food. So are lizards and frogs. A lizard is just as useful in the fields as a cat in the pantry. And these very same little frogs that you boys like to torment and kill, are sent to Australia from Europe by the carload, and sold to keep down insects that are injurious to their fruit and vegetables. So now, boys, don't kill your father's friends.

The jay bird has a very bad name. I know. He pulls up the farmer's corn, and steals his fruit. But never mind about that; in the long run he does more good than harm. I used to hate him myself. He is a noisy, quarrelsome fellow, and steals my strawberries; but after talking to him about it, and scolding him, he told me he was only taking a few to pay for the work he was doing for me. And sure enough I watched and saw he was catching all those horrid "pumpkin bugs" and "lady bugs" that are so destructive to fruit and flowers. After this I let Mr. Jaybird have all the strawberries he wanted. He also catches the cabbage-worm moth, and makes himself generally useful in the vegetable garden. So now, boys, if Mr. Jaybird is not your father's friend, he is your mother's, and don't kill your mother's friend.

Some people say the woodpecker is a bad bird, and accuse him of killing trees. Now that is a cruel slander. The truth is, he is only hunting for insects that have already killed the tree, and but for him would kill hundreds of others in the neighborhood. There is nothing wrong about Mr. Woodpecker; he is a good friend of the family. Don't kill him.

But of all the friends we have in field, forest, garden, orchard, the mocking bird is the best. I never heard anything mean about him in my life. He is a real old-fashioned gentleman, and the South is his home. This is the only country in the world where the mocking bird lives. He is famous the world over. None of the great singers on the stage can compare with him. But as boys do not care much about music and singing, I will tell you what else he does. He catches the boll worm moth, which is the farmer's worst enemy. Haven't you seen a greyish white butterfly with brown spots on his wings, fluttering about in the corn and cotton fields? Well, that is the boll worm moth. One of these moths will lay 750 eggs, and these eggs will hatch out 750 little striped worms that will bore into the cotton bolls and into the silk end of the corn ears, destroying hundreds and thousands of dollars' worth every year. In fact, there is no telling where it would end, but for the mocking bird and some of his helpers.

Suppose a mocking bird has a nest full of young ones to feed, and suppose

who catches ten of these moths a day—there are 7500 bollworms gone. But there is a father bird at work also, and between them they catch many times ten moths a day, besides other insects injurious to our crops. Now, don't you think he is a very particular friend of the farmer? Don't kill him.

But I know something that is a great deal worse than shooting birds and killing frogs. It is so bad that I am almost ashamed to tell it; then too, I'm afraid somebody's feelings will get hurt if I say just exactly what I think about a boy who would do such a thing. So I will not say what I think about such a boy, but I will just beg you all, if any of you have ever robbed a poor little bird's nest, please don't do it again. God gave them the right to make their homes in the forest, but he did not give you the right to go there and break up their poor little nests and destroy their children.

When you see a hawk swoop down and pick up a little chicken, and the old hen run screaming after it, trying to save her baby, don't you feel sorry for her, and don't you run for the gun and shoot the hawk? Well, that hawk is not half as mean as the boy who robs a bird's nest. The hawk is only trying to make an honest living, while the boy is doing something he will be sorry for to the end of his days.

The following story I read in a book at the Mary Willis Library, and I give it here from memory:

Dr. Townsend Glover, a great agriculturist, says: "I never allow a bird to be shot on my place. I came to this conclusion by a circumstance that occurred. I noticed a grayish-looking bird very busy around my bee hives. He was apparently picking up every straggling bee he could find. I was very much enraged at his conduct, and went for my gun. When I came back he was sitting on the top of an enormous bush, and I lost no time in bringing him down. Out of malice and curiosity, I determined to cut him open, to see how many of my bees he had destroyed. To my utter astonishment, I found not a single bee, but instead a great many moths and striped cucumber bugs. Here I had killed the very bird that had been working for me all summer! After committing this foul murder, I determined that another bird should never be killed on my place."—Washington (Ga) Chronicle.

## Take Care of Your Health.

Every one does not know and realize, especially the young, what a priceless boon is good health. They should, however, be taught to know this value for upon having and keeping it depend all their happiness. They should not only be taught that it is something to be desired, therefore worth the trouble of trying to obtain and keep, but that it is absolutely wrong to disregard the laws of nature and possibly incur the penalty of suffering by so doing. Once having lost it, by any means, it is very easy then to realize how precious it was and to earnestly desire its return. Every one knows how incapable one is for enjoyment or business when sick, and at what a disadvantage one is placed. Then, knowing this, let the care of your health be your first earthly consideration and do not allow anything that can be avoided to cause you to neglect or injure it.—Missouri Record

The discouragements and disappointments which fall to our lot should not cause us to lose hope and give up in despair, but they ought to be the means of stimulating us in our work and of causing us to make greater efforts in order that we may not again meet with the same or similar disappointments. If some undertaking on which we have been building our hopes, proves to be a failure, the best thing for us is to determine to do better next time and faithfully pursuing this course we shall surely succeed at last.—Missouri Record.