

# 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. 17.

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:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
MATHESON	Bursar.
E. TAKINS, M. D.	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Mistress

Teachers:

H. GOLDMAN, M. A.	Miss J. O. FRERILL
(Head Teacher)	Miss M. TEMPLETON
I. DENNIS	Miss M. M. OSBORN
JAMES HALL, B. A.	Miss MARY BULL
D. J. MILLER	Miss FLORENCE MATHER
W. J. CAMPBELL	Miss SYLVIA L. HALL
W. F. MEYER	Miss ADA JAMES
	Mistress

Miss ANNIE MATHISON,  
Teacher of Articulation, temporary.

Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

Miss E. BETH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing

Miss L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS,  
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

WM DOUGLASS, FRANK ELYN,  
Surgeon & Associate Master Carpenter

G. O. KEITH, WM. NURSE,  
Superintendent of Hoys, Master Shoemaker

Miss A. GALLAGHER, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
Instructor of Sewing, Master Baker

J. MIDDERSHAP, THOMAS WILLS,  
Engineer, Carpenter.

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 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 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 case unless the same is in the locked bag.



## The Old Farm-House.

Far away from noise and bustle,  
And the greedy strife for gold,  
There stands a little cottage  
That is low and brown and old.

The dooryard a full of poises,  
Of the dear, old fashioned kind,  
The "lay-lacks" and the roses,  
'Tis there you'll surely find

Birds from the sunny south-land  
No place e'er reach so soon,  
And the apple trees in spring time  
Are a wilderness of bloom.

Though there are many children,  
Within that cottage small,  
A mother's love finds always  
A welcome place for all.

Not some amid that household band  
Were tempted far to roam,  
Not found no place in any land  
Like that dear cottage home.

Stern-browed and energetic men  
And the wide world a nois,  
Within that sheltering fold again  
Are only just "the boys."

Content in homely joy to share  
While in that dear retreat  
They drop the load of toil and care  
And find a rest most sweet.

They tread the same old paths again,  
They climb the fragrant moss,  
They watch the sunset from the lawn  
As homeward come the cows.

Their love a ruling power displays  
Pate all their fears to rout,  
Their hearts are filled with simple faith  
That leaves no room for doubt.

When looking on their father's face,  
The deep trust pictured there  
Will lead them in the way of grace  
Better than a call to prayer.

God bless the sturdy, happy band,  
While there and as they roam—  
The love and sines of our land  
Spring from the farm-house home.

Ellis J. Carr, in Western Rural



## Little Corners.

HOW WE, UNCONSCIOUSLY OR OTHERWISE,  
INFLUENCE OTHERS.

Georgia Wills, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed and sang softly a little song:

"In the world is darkness,  
So we must shine,  
You in your little corner,  
And I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives forever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "You in your little corner, you know, and I in mine, I'll do the best I can; that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again. "You in your little corner, and I in mine."

"This is my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I suppose I must. If he knows about knives, it is likely he does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles, she was tired and warm.

"Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she said, "I'll hurry over them," but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

answered. "That is owing to Georgia," then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to a friend who urged. "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer meeting, my corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me perhaps I will with you," and they went to the prayer meeting.

"You helped us over so much with the singing this evening." That was what the pastor said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen; "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives!" Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can."

In the house a sick man was lying. Again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn't listen to him; "but to-night" he said, "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Wills, about her knives and her little corner, and her "doing what she could," and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes, and said:

"I'll find my corner, too, I'll try to shine for him."

And the sick man was Georgia's father, Jesus, looking down on her, said: "She hath done what she could," and gave the blessing.

"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitatingly. "I'll finish that dress of mother's; I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said. "I thought you had gone to walk?"

"No, ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, and so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner!" her mother repeated, in surprise; and then Helen told about the knives.

The door bell rang and the mother went thoughtfully to receive a pastor.

"I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the \$10 that she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I will make it twenty-five." And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel: "Georgia Wills gave \$25 to our dear people in India to-day."

"Twenty five dollars?" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor?"

"Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her father in heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could, and he did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

In the world is darkness,  
So we must shine,  
You in your little corner,  
And I in mine.

## No More Trouble.

Almost anything is better than a quarrel. Even if your neighbor's hens forgo in your garden, it is best to control your temper. Try a little innocent strategy, like this reported by the New York Weekly. The trick is not patented:

"Are you still troubled by your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit, was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs on the grass under the grape-vine, and every morning, when my neighbor was looking, I went out and brought them in."—*Youth's Companion.*

Life is but a short day, but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil, but inactivity cannot lead to good.

## Really Useful Speech.

The combined system schools do not waste so much time in trying to teach the congenitally and totally deaf as do the pure oral schools. They teach speech to only the very brightest of that class and with them they are quite as successful as the pure oral schools in giving them really useful speech—that is, speech that they can use after leaving school anywhere and wherever they go—and the success in both cases amounts to nothing of practical value.

\* \* \* But what is really useful to them in school may prove of but little use to them out of school, and that proves nothing. In proof of this we will cite a case that has recently come to our notice. It is that of a young man, a recent graduate. He was for eight of the nine years he was in school in the pure oral department. He was given to understand that he was the happy possessor of really useful speech, in fact he was one of the best, if not the best in his class in that respect. He was proud of it and resolved when he left his teacher's hands to make practical use of his hardly acquired speech. But when he came to put his speech to practical use in every day intercourse with people who did not know him he was so often greeted with "Hey! What did you say? What do you mean? quizzical looks and puzzled expressions, that he gradually gave up speech and substituted writing. And to-day his speech is almost entirely gone! To crown all, in his isolated and lonely condition he sought out and made the acquaintance of the sign-taught deaf and from them learned the sign language. Then he made the discovery that he was far below these sign-taught fellows in general information and not up on current topics. He is rapidly picking up now and thanks God for the sign language.

Now \* \* \* was not the time and money spent in giving this pupil speech entirely thrown away?

This is not the only case that we know of. \* \* \*

But it is just such cases that make us skeptical of the claims of the oralists to give really useful speech, to the congenitally and totally deaf, and we have the practical observations and the experience of many such to back us. The combined systems can give quite as good speech to the congenitally deaf (such as it is) as the oral method and it gives a better education to boot, because it does not waste so much time on speech. With the semi-mute and semi-deaf the oral and combined schools are on a par, the advantage if any, being with the combined school that uses signs in the chapel and for imparting information to its pupils collectively.—*The Exponent.*

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing-water. The twenty-pound steel shells have been burst asunder as though made of pottery.

Since happiness is necessarily the supreme object of our desires, and duty the supreme rule of our actions, there can be no harmony in our being except when our happiness coincides with our duty.

In order to influence character forming, there must be love and sympathy for the pupil by the teacher. It must be genuine, real, and I want to say natural. Without these there seems to be something lacking. With them abounding in the heart and soul, and by wisdom and a high sense of justice, the influence of the teacher in moulding the life and character is unlimited. After love and sympathy I would place a high sense of justice in all our dealings with the children. We must at least prove to them by our actions that we are striving to mete out to them even-handed justice.—*The Educator.*