

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. J. DAVIS TORONTO

Government Inspector.
THE H. CHAMBERLAIN TORONTO

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A. MATHISON, B. A. Manager
J. E. CARRICK, M. D. Physician
MRS. EMMA E. WALKER, M. D. Matron

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MR. SCOTT, Master Shoemaker

G. G. McLELLAN, Master Carpenter
MISS M. McLELLAN, Master Carpenter

MISS S. V. McLELLAN, Master Tailor

JOHN MOORE,
Caretaker and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and training 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

100 KING ST. E. TORONTO

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 4 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.



Wishes.

I asked a little child one day
A child intent on joyous play
My little one, pray tell me
Your dearest wish. What may it be?
The little one thought for a while,
Then answered with a wistful smile
The thing that I wish most of all
Is to be like you and tall!

I asked a maiden sweet and fair
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair
What would you wish, pray tell me true
That kindly fate should bring to you?
With timid eyes and downcast eyes
And blushes deep and gentle sighs
Her answer came. "All else above
I'd wish some faithful heart to love."

I asked a mother, tired and blest
With babe asleep upon her breast
Oh mother fond, so proud and fair
What is thy latest, secret prayer?
She raised her calm and peaceful eyes
And looked up to the skies
My dearest wish is this, said she
That God may spare my child to me!

Again, I asked a woman old
To whom the world seemed hard and cold
Pray tell me, oh, how didst thou live,
What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?
With folded hands and head bent low
She answered in accents slow
For me remains but one request
It is that God may give me rest!

—Nathaniel Hawthorne



The School Looking-Glass.

—THE FRANCES J. DELAND.

Mary Hallam sat in her seat in the lonely little schoolroom trying in vain to eat the bread and butter and baked apples which her mother had put into her dinner pail for her. Her eyes were fastened on a pile of broken glass which lay, together with a pretty frame, on the floor close by the teacher's desk. It was Miss Maland's looking glass and Mary had broken it. She was climbing on a chair to take a look at herself when the chair tipped, and in trying to save herself she had caught hold of the glass—and there it was, broken to pieces on the floor.

"O dear! O dear!" sighed Mary, putting the food back into the pail and wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. "The teacher will punish me. Perhaps she'll stand me in the corner the way she did Tony Shields, and then all the scholars will laugh at me. Oh, I can't bear it! I wish I could run away home and stay in the fields, where there are no horrid looking glasses to break."

The more Mary thought about the punishment, sitting there alone with the empty seats and the great rusty stove staring at her, the worse it seemed, and by the time the scholars began to return from dinner Mary's eyes were red and swollen and she was feeling as if the whole world were against her.

"Why, Mary Hallam! What's the matter?" exclaimed the first girl that entered the schoolroom.

Mary pointed to the broken glass and burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"Oh, my! did you do that? How did you do it?" spoke up another girl who had come in directly behind the first.

"What will Miss Maland say?" asked a third newcomer.

A look of misery was all the answer Mary was capable of.

"Oh, well," said the first speaker, "I wouldn't feel so bad about it, you didn't mean to, of course. Tell us how you did it."

The girl's voice was very sympathetic, and Mary sat up and told her all about the accident.

"Now, look here!" exclaimed another girl, who just came in. "There's no need of your feeling so miserable about this thing. You just listen to me and

you'll be all right. Wipe your face off here take my handkerchief. Yours is so wet. There! now just come out in the yard with us and play that now game no va thought of. It's lots of fun. When teacher comes and asks about the mirror you just say you heard a dreadful crash, and then you saw the glass was broken. That'll be true. You did hear the noise, didn't you?"

Mary nodded.
"Well, very likely that string was rotten. Things often fall on account of the string giving way. So I don't see but you are all right. Come along," she cried, with the air of one accustomed to lead "Hurrah for the new game!"

Mary got up. There was something about Susan Miner, whether it was her fine clothes or her very loud voice it was hard to tell, but the girls always did as she said. So Mary followed her out into the yard and tried hard to join in the new game.

The children had been so occupied with the r questions and plans that they had not heard Miss Maland come quietly in and stand in the doorway a moment and then quietly step out again.

When the bell rang and the scholars hurried into the schoolroom, the pieces of glass were picked up and the frame put away out of sight.

The afternoon lessons went on as usual. The pupils studied and whispered, and every one, excepting Mary, seemed careless and happy. Her heart sank lower and lower as the minutes dragged along. There was no meaning to any of the words in the book which she held before her. All the afternoon the great pine tree just outside the window sighed and moaned. She thought of the fields at home where she had always been so happy. She could never wander in them any more glad and free. There was a he in her heart. She could hear the great trees in the woods whistling, their voices solemn and beautiful. But they would never whisper to her again. She was a coward and dared not tell the truth. She looked about the room at the girls. They were studying, they had forgotten all about the broken glass.

Again she gazed out of the window. The blue sky looked down upon her, but not as it used to. She shuddered and clasped her hands tight. A sickening fear came over her. Tighter and tighter she shut her two hands together and then—she stood straight up in her seat and lifted her head high. Susan Miner might hate her. The girls need never speak to her again. The teacher could whip her before all the world. Mary's eyes flashed as she raised her hand before the face of the teacher.

"What is it, Mary?" asked Miss Maland, in a voice that made all the scholars raise their heads to listen.

"I broke the glass, Miss Maland. I did it all myself."

The room was still as the deepest woods. Miss Maland, who had been watching Mary's struggle, sat for a moment and looked into the face of her scholars, then she arose and put out her hand.

"Mary," she said, "I knew that you broke the glass, and I knew that you would tell the truth."

There was that in the air of the teacher as if one princess were speaking to another. The girls looked in admiration at Mary's erect figure, each one wishing that Miss Maland would speak like that to her.

After school the girls stood about the yard talking excitedly. They had a great deal to say about Mary's courage in speaking right out in school, as they termed it.

But Mary was listening to the pine tree. All the morning had gone out of its voice, and it was breathing a low, sweet song.

The trees, too, and the flowers all along the way towards home, and glad things to each other. When she reached the fields about her father's farm she

sat down by the side of a great rock that lay warm in the afternoon sun.

"Oh, she said putting her head down lovingly upon it, 'suppose I had told that lie. I could never have been at home here any more."

A Deaf Composer.

A blind musician is no especial novelty, but how Beethoven could have composed music after he became entirely deaf is what few people can understand. But it should be remembered that Beethoven composed the greater part of his works before being overtaken by his infirmity, and that a great musician such as he did not need to rely on hearing his compositions to produce them. In other words, he was not, as he once contemptuously expressed the idea, a piano rider, and did not need the adventitious aid of a piano to bring his compositions to perfection. For a long time he strove to hide his deafness, being ashamed of the infirmity, but at last it could no longer be concealed. He was forced to confess it even to himself when in 1802, he could not hear a peasant piping a short distance away and in the open air. For a time he fell into the deepest melancholy, but soon resumed work, and produced, after this date, some of his most notable compositions. Unlike Handel, however, he could not conduct public performances, for he was unable to hear any of the instruments, even the drums being inaudible to him. Unable to hear even the shouts of those who attempted to communicate with him, he carried a block of paper and a pencil, and thus, during several of his last years did Beethoven, the greatest musical genius of his age, hold converse with his fellows. —Our Deaf and Dumb.

Two Faces.

I know a little girl who has two faces. When she is dressed up in her white dress and blue sash, and has on her blue kid shoes and around her neck a string of pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. For she expects that the ladies who call on her mother will say, "What a little darling!" or "What lovely curls!" or "What a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her, and perhaps give her some sweets.

And the ladies who praise her think she is very lady like too, for she always says, "Yes, ma'am, and "No, ma'am" when she ought, and says, "Thank you," so sweetly, when any thing is given to her.

But when she is alone with her mother, then she is sometimes very naughty. If she cannot have what she would like, or cannot do just as she wishes, then she will pout and cry and scream, and no one would think of kissing her, and no one would think her to be the same little girl who behaves so prettily in company.

So you see, this girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts on with her best dress, the other she wears when she is alone with her mother.

I know another little girl who has only one face, and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never so sweet as when alone with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The one with two faces, or the one who has but one? And which will you be? —Selected.

A bit of home surgery practised when a splinter is driven into a child's hand particularly deep is its extraction by steam. A bottle with a sufficiently wide mouth is filled two thirds with very hot water, and the mouth is placed under the injured spot. The suction draws the flesh down when a little pressure is used, and the steam, in a moment or two extracts inflammation and splinter together. This is very efficacious when the often lung substance has been in for several hours, long enough to have started up some of its evil consequences.