

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

OL. IV.,

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

NO. 15.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Government in Charge:
J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.
Government Inspector:
P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.
Officers of the Institution:
GIBSON, M. A., Superintendent.
GIBSON, M. D., Nurse.
WALKER, EL, Physician.
WALKER, EL, Matron.

Teachers:
GIBSON, M. A., Miss J. G. TYRHILL, Teacher.
GIBSON, M. D., Miss S. TEMPLETON, Teacher.
WALKER, EL, Miss M. M. OUTHOM, Teacher.
WALKER, EL, Miss MARY HULL, Teacher.
WALKER, EL, Miss MARY HULL, Teacher.
WALKER, EL, Miss MARY HULL, Teacher.
WALKER, EL, Miss MARY HULL, Teacher.
WALKER, EL, Miss MARY HULL, Teacher.

WALKER, EL, Teacher of Arithmetic.
WALKER, EL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
WALKER, EL, Teacher of Drawing.

METCALFE, JOHN T. HUNNA, Typewriter Instructor of Printing.
COLLINS, J. MIDDLESMAN, Engineer.
KEITH, JOHN DOWDIE, Master Carpenter.
DUNPHY, D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.
NUNAY, THOMAS WILLS, Gardener.
MICHAEL O'SIKANA, Farmer.

Object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province on account of deafness, either partial or total, who are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

Minutes between the ages of seven and ten 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 two months during the summer of each year.

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

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the pupils. Pupils are instructed in general work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, Ornamental and fancy work, as may be required.

Persons having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal facilities afforded by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. Application as to terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND SENT WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. MAIL MATTER TO GO TO THE OFFICE DOOR WILL BE SENT TO THE OFFICE AT 11:00 AM AND 2:45 PM (of each day excepted). The messenger is not responsible for post letters or parcels, or receive at post office for delivery, for any amount of money in the locked bag.



My Ain Countrie.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary attendin' while.
For the sangd for hame-bringing, an' my Father a welcome smiles.
An' I'll ne'er be so content until my een do see
The golden gates of heav'n, an' my ain countrie.
The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony tinted,
fresh, an' gay,
The birds warble blithely for my Father made
them sae;
But these sights an' these sounds will an' nee-
thing be to me,
When I hear the angels singin' in my ain
countrie.

I've a gude word o' promise, that some glad
some day the King
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame, will
bring.
Wi' een, an' wi' heart runnin' ower we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins has been mony, an' my sorrows has
been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remem-
bered mair.
For his hand has made me white, an' his hand
shall dry my ee
When he brings me hame at last to my ain
countrie.

He is faithfu' that hath promised an' he'll
surely come again,
He'll keep his trust wi' me, at what hour I dinna
ken.
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be.
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watchin' aye, an' singin' o' my hame as
I wae.

For the soundin' o' his foot-fa' this side the
golden gate,
God gie his grace to likene wha listens noo to
me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain
countrie.



A Valentine Story.

BY ONE WHO KNEW THE FACTS.

"I do not wish to sit next to that poor little girl in the Sunday-school class," said Gladys Hudson, as she came into the parlor and threw her lesson paper on the table. Miss Rutledge always seats her between Dora Watkins and me. I think it is a shame!"

"Why, Gladys, what makes you speak so unkindly?" said her mother, in a sad tone of voice. "I should think you would be glad to sit next to a poor little girl and make her just as happy as you could. You have forgotten who has given you your nice clothes and good home, with all its comforts, I am sure, or you would not talk as you do."

"Well, mamma, Dora thinks just the same as I do about it, that girl does not belong to our class any way, she does not belong to our set. She is a girl Miss Rutledge has picked up in some tenement-house district. Whenever she speaks to her she calls her "dear," so the girls all know that she must be a pet of hers. I should think she would give her a seat next to herself."

"I hope you and Dora did not let the poor child know how you felt about sitting next to her."

Gladys did not make any reply. She went to her room and took off her nice warm coat trimmed with fur, and the handsome hat with feathers on it, and put them away in their respective places. But somehow she did not feel happy, although she had on her new cashmere dress which had been finished the day before. She knew in her heart that she had been very unkind, and had entirely forgotten the Golden Rule. If she had been in that poor girl's place, would she have liked to have had the girls who had better clothes on draw their nice dresses tightly about them, so they would not come in contact with hers? She acknowledged to herself that if she had been treated as that poor scholar had been that she would never go into Sunday-school again. She did not feel happy all that week.

The next Sunday afternoon, three blocks from where Gladys lived, the

poor little girl, who was an object of disdain to some members of the Sunday-school class, was debating in her mind whether she had better go to Sunday-school or not. She sat in a chair, with the old ulster thrown across her lap. She had turned it over and over to see if she could make it look better. She had brushed it time and time again, had sewed the torn out button-holes together so that the buttons would stay in them; she had taken a pair of scissors and cut off the frayed edges; and yet she did not think it looked presentable. But she loved that Sunday-school, and she loved Miss Rutledge, and she wanted to get her Sunday-school paper and her pretty ticket, so she put the ulster on. She had worn it three Winters, and as little girls will grow considerably in that time, it was too short by six inches, and the cuff of her dress sleeve came down below her coat sleeve.

All the other girls had such nice new coats to wear! But Annie Hanley did not allow herself to think about this at all, she knew it would take away all the pleasure of the Sunday-school. She made herself as neat as possible with the clothes she had, and went to her class. But it was too much for human nature to bear, and when she came home, she said to herself, "I won't go any more. Miss Rutledge is very sweet and good, but these girls in the class do not want me to sit with them, because I am poor and my clothes are not like theirs."

The next Sunday the new scholar was absent. Miss Rutledge divined the reason, and when she had finished the lesson, which she did not explain and talk over as much as she usually did, she said "Girls, I wonder why Annie Hanley is not here to-day? I must go and see her to-morrow. I do hope the dear child is not ill. I think if you know Annie's sad story you would all feel sorry for her. Four months ago her mother died; she had a long illness, and you know it costs a great deal for medicine and to pay doctors and get extra things for the sick. Annie's father is a hard working man, but his wages would not keep his family and pay all the bills that came in during his wife's illness, and so he has been paying them little by little, as he can spare the money each week. Annie is such a brave little girl, and is helping him do it. She is so glad that she can help pay for the comforts her dear mamma had before she went away to heaven. Annie keeps house for her father, and you know she must often be very tired with all the work and the care of her two little brothers, and now she has no mother to talk over her trials and troubles with. How she must miss her! Her mother was such a sweet, good, loving mother!"

By this time the tears were gathering in those girl's eyes as they sat in a circle around their teacher. They were wondering in their hearts how they could have been so unkind. The first bell was ringing for closing the school, and Miss Rutledge only added one more sentence to her story. "That is the reason, girls, that Annie has not better clothes to wear."

When Gladys got home, she put her head in her mother's lap and burst into tears. "I am the wickedest, meanest, horriest girl in the world!" she exclaimed, and then she told her mother the whole story.

"Cannot you do something for Annie, mamma? I would give her anything I have."

"I think from your story that you might be a help and comfort to the dear little girl. But we have to help such people in the right way and in a delicate manner. I think the first thing you girls ought to do is to go and see Annie and ask her to come to Sunday-school again. Tell her you missed her, and let her see that you are all interested in her and that you are her friends."

And thus the little girls did. But Gladys and Dora felt that they would

like to do something more than this for the poor girl whose heart they had hurt in such an unkind way.

It was Valentine week, and the shops were full of valentines. The girls and boys were looking at them and planning what ones they would buy and to whom they would send them, when a sudden thought came to Gladys. "Oh, Dora," she said, "wouldn't it be splendid if the girls would all join together and buy Annie a nice, warm coat and send it to her as a valentine? We could make an envelope out of large sheets of wrapping paper, and fold the coat up in it, and write on a pretty card, 'From your loving Valentine,' and she would never guess who it came from."

"Just splendid!" said Dora.

And so these two girls went right about getting up Annie's valentine. They had no trouble in collecting the money, and Gladys' mother had a brother who was in the wholesale department of a large dry-goods store, and she got him to let her have a coat at wholesale price, so they got a much better one than they expected to. A large envelope was made out of heavy wrapping paper and paste, so the coat would slip in easily, and a large, handsome valentine card was put in one of the pockets. A boy was sent to deliver it at Annie's door.

The girls were not there to see Annie's surprise and happiness when she received it, but the next Sunday she wore it to Sunday-school, and her whole face was beaming with joy. But she is still wondering who sent that valentine.—*The Evangelist.*

Yes and No.

Some people never say them. "They aren't built that way!" "I believe so." "I shouldn't wonder," and "perhaps" are their yes. While, "I don't know," "may be not," or "not much" are their no. We conclude they mean an affirmative or a negative, after some intuitive gymnastics of our own, but their idioms don't say so. Some people are naturally timid and nothing scares them worse than those two little words. They are so brave, so irrevocable, so easy and yet so hard to utter. I can't bear to say no to the trembling beggar at my door, who asks: "Have you anything to-day?" I falter: "I am sorry, but—" while he rings the next door bell.

Miss Golden-spoon longs to breathe one sibilant "yes" to the question beaming from the handsome eyes of young Epicure, but it is a word so stupendous, so fraught with awful possibilities in the way of parental wrath that she dares not, though she would! Mr. Hailfellow, who doesn't want to drink more than is good for him, would fain strengthen his tongue to the utterance of that pregnant No—but it is every time too much for him. One so seldom meets a square, outspoken "yes" or "no" that they come like a surprise when they do come. They are the realities of language, as pitiless as judgment day, as grand as eternity. Long ago the Lord of Truth condemned all our verbal squirming and pleaded for the simple yes or no. Looking into the hearts of us, he saw what trouble we would miss and what shame escape through clinging to these grand little words. But we were wiser, we thought of the slippery charm of "perhaps" and the squirming beauty of "probably" and the clear-cut cameo of speech were thrown aside for these bedizened and many colored provocations. I love yes and no. When I go for aid to the man who can aid me, if he will, I want him not to hesitate until his favor is an insult, or to buoy me with false hopes when he intends to refuse. Square "yes," until my heart is full of gratitude, or grave "no" that is quickly destructive and not cruelly lingering—these are the words that don't suffice for a liar; they bear in their brevity the swift, sharp touch of truth.