

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:
HON J. H. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
DR T. P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
COCHRANE, J. W. Barrister
GOLDSMITH, M. D. Physician
BRADSHAW, WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

C. COLMAN, M. A. Miss J. G. TERRILL
Head Teacher Miss K. TEMPLYTON
DENT, Miss MARY HULL,
JAMES C. BALIS, B. A. Miss SYLVIA L. BALIS,
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss GEORGINA LIND,
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss ADA JAMES
J. L. STEWART, Miss ADA JAMES
VORSHATER, Miss ADA JAMES
M. J. MADDOX, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation

Miss IDA M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

T. C. FORREVER, Teacher of Sloyd

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

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. SNAPE,
Bookkeeper & Associate Master Shoemaker
Superintendent

G. G. KEITH, CHAS. J. PEPPER,
Inspector of Boys, etc. Engineer

Miss M. HEMPEY, JOHN DOWDLE,
Mistress, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter

Miss M. McNICCH, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution 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 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 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, Signwriting 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 such 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 of pupils, etc., will be given upon application to us by letter or otherwise.

M. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

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 my post office at noon and \$45 per 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.



A Woman's Conclusions.

BY PHYLLIS CARB.

I said if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth.

Put perfect sunshine into my sky
Banish the shadows of sorrow and doubt
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out.

If I could have known in the years now gone
The best that woman comes to know
Could have had what ever will make her best
Or whatever she thinks will make her so.

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring enclose
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose.

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children lying asleep in their beds
And could count to my prayers for a rosy
The shining row of their golden heads.

Yes, I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And let my future come as it will.

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even more straight or wide
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair
This way or that way to either side.

My past is mine and I take it all,
Its weakness, its folly if you please
Nay, even my sins if you come to that
May have been helps not hindrances.

If I veered my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less, you will understand.

It was better I suffered a little pain
Better I sinned for a little time
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength by trial will know
What strength must be set against a sin
And how temptation is overcome
He learns who has felt its power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show
Why, look at the moon from where we stand,
Opaque, unsees you say, yet it shines
In luminous sphere, complete and grand.

So let my past stand just as it stands
And let me now, as I may grow old,
Learn what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.



Story of Florence Nightingale.

When the celebrated philanthropist, Florence Nightingale, was a very little girl and living in Derbyshire, England, everybody was struck with her thoughtfulness for people and animals. She even made friends with the shy squirrels. When persons were ill she would help nurse them, saving nice things from her own meals for them.

There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep dog called Cap. This dog was the old man's only companion, and helped in looking after the flock by day and kept him company at night. Cap was a very sensible dog, and kept the sheep in such good order that he saved his master a deal of trouble.

One day Florence was riding out with a friend, and saw the shepherd giving the sheep their night feed, but Cap was not there, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask Roger why he was so sad, and what had become of his dog.

"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me, I have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to night."

"Hang him?" said Florence "Oh, Roger! how wicked of you. What has poor old Cap done?"

"He has done nothing," replied Roger, "but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him. One of the mischievous school boys threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one

of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

"But are you sure his leg is broken?" asked Florence.

"Oh! yes, miss, it is broken sure enough, he has not put his foot to the ground since."

Then Florence and her friend rode on.

"We will go and see Cap," said the gentleman. "I don't believe the leg is really broken. It would take a big stone and a hard blow to break the leg of a great dog like Cap."

"Oh, if you could only cure him, how glad Roger would be!" exclaimed Florence.

When they got in the cottage the poor dog lay there on the bare brick floor, his hair discoloured and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when the little girl caught him "poor Cap," he grew pacified, and began to wag his tail, then he crept from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while the gentleman examined the injured leg. It was badly swollen, and hurt him very much to have it examined; but the dog knew that it was meant kindly, and though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"It's only a bad bruise, no bones broken," said the gentleman, "rest is all Cap needs, he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Florence. "But can we do nothing for him? He seems in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to foment the part would both ease and help to cure him."

"Well, then," said the girl, "I will foment poor Cap's leg."

Florence lighted the fire, tore up an old flannel petticoat into strips, which she wrung out in hot water and laid on the poor dog's bruise. It was not long before he began to feel the benefit of the application, and to show his gratitude by his looks and by wagging his tail. On their way home they met the old shepherd coming slowly along with a piece of rope in his hands.

"Oh, Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to hang poor old Cap. We have found that his leg is not broken after all."

"No, he will serve you yet," said the gentleman.

"Well, I am most glad to hear it," said the old man, "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap. On visiting the dog she found the swelling much gone down. She bathed it again, and Cap was as grateful as before.

Two or three days later when Florence and her friend were riding together they came up to Roger and his sheep. Cap was there, too, watching the sheep. When he heard the voice of the little girl his tail wagged and his eyes sparkled.

"Do look at the dog, miss," said the shepherd, "he's so pleased to hear your voice. But for you I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life."

This is quite a true story. It happened many years ago, and is now told with pleasure of that lady who, in later years, grew up to be the kind woman who nursed so many soldiers through the Crimean war, and has done so many other things for the poor and suffering wherever she could.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

Every day of our life is a page in our book. How are you writing?

Fine coal ashes sprinkled about the burrows of ants will cause them to leave. Ashes may be used on the lawn without injury to the grass. Sifted ashes are best, but those frosh from the stove, shaken from the fire-shovel, will answer the purpose very well.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

The Test.

The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship, entitling a boy to a four year's course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher, thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils, Charles Hart and Henry Stroug, will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not wear scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me, and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed; and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known to them all as being of unsettled mind, and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence, she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect, and dismissed with kindly premises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortnately, the chair she selected was broken, and had been set aside as useless. The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control.

Henry Stroug sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door, and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys; and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Stroug, with the remark, "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and lowliest."—The Christian Work.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance.—Emerson.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessary.—St. Augustine.

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs.—Beecher

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman.—repose in energy.—Emerson.

