

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 M GIBSON.

Government Inspector :
DR T F CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution :

H MATHISON, M A	Superintendent.
A MATHISON	Director.
J F EAKINS, M D	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers :

D H COLEMAN, M A	Head Teacher.	MISS J G TYRRELL	Superintendent.
F DENNY	Teacher.	MISS N TWELTON	Director.
JAMES C HALL, B A	Teacher.	MISS M M OSTROM	Physician.
D J McHILLIP	Teacher.	MISS MARY HULL	Matron
W J CAMPBELL	Teacher.	MISS FLORENCE MATHISON	Teacher.
GEORGE STEWART	Teacher.	MISS SYLVIA L HALLIS	Teacher.
		MISS ADA JAMES	Monitor.

MISS ANNIE MATHISON,
Teacher of Articulation temporarily.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS EMILY M YARWOOD, Teacher of Domestic.

MISS L N MITCHELL, JOHN T HUNTS,
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

WM DOUGLASS, FRANK FLYNN
Storekeeper & Associate Master Carpenter
Superintendent

G G KEITH, WM. NUNN,
Supervisor of Boys Master Shoemaker

MISS A GALLAGHER, D. CONNINGHAM,
Instructor of Sewing Master Baker
and Supervisor of Girls.

J MIDDLEMASS, THOMAS WILLS,
Engineer, Gunlayer

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 matters to go away if put in box in office, floor will be sent to city post office at noon and 2 1/2 in. 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.



Foot Steps of Angels.

When the hours of the departed
And the voices of the night
Wake the holy soul that slumbers
To a better, calm delight
To the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantom grin and tall,
Shadows from the fatal firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved ones, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more!
He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife—
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore
Folded their pale hands so tremble
And were seen on earth no more!
And with them the being beautiful
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me
And is now a saint in Heaven

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine
And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like those stars so still and saint like
Looking downward from the skies

Utters not, yet comprehends,
In this silent, voiceless prayer—
Soft sobbing, in flowing tears,
Breathing from her lips of air
Oft though oft depressed and lonely
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

Longfellow



Boys Who Became Famous.

"Well, I used to think no one could do two things well at once, but that boy seems to have managed it, and no mistake."

So spoke an English traveler who was inspecting one of the great cotton-mills in the west of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well he might say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a "piercer"—had fixed a small book to the framework of the spinning jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work.

"Aye, ho is jist a wonder, yon laddie," answered the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. "We ca' him 'Bussy Davie' here, for he's aye readin' like ooy minister; but he does his wark weel for a' that."

"And does he really understand what he reads?" asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than himself.

"I's warrant he does that," replied the Scot, with an emphatic nod. "There's no a quicker chiel than Davie i' the hail mill."

And the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about "Bussy Davie" for the time being. But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands "knocked off" for dinner. Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveler caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself, which he thought he recognized.

A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat "Bussy Davie," holding in one hand the big oat meal "kannock" that represented his dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched. The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and glancing over his

shoulder at the book, saw that it was one written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild regions beyond the Orange River in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up, the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the more exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger:

"The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the wagon often sank up to the very axle in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass actually crumbled to dust in our fingers. More than once our supply of water ran out altogether, and men and beasts staggered onward over the hot, dusty, never ending plain, with parched tongues and 'shot' eyes, silent and despairing."

At the thought of these difficulties which he himself was one day to meet and overcome a few men have ever done before or after him, the boy's thin face hardened into the look of indomitable firmness which was its habitual expression in after life. But it softened into a smile the next moment, as he read as follows:

"In several of the places where we camped, our chief food was a species of large frog, called by the natives 'mat tlemetto,' which was kind enough to assist us in our hunts for it by setting up such a tremendous croaking that we could easily find it, even in the dark."

Here the boy turned over a leaf, and came suddenly upon a startling picture of a man lying prostrate on the ground with a lion's fore-paw planted on his chest, and its teeth fastened in his shoulder, while several negroes, with terrified faces, were seen making off as fast as possible in the background.

"How would you like to travel through a country like that, 'ay lad?" asked the explorer. "It would be rough work, wouldn't it?"

"I wad like weel to gang there, for a' that," answered the boy, "for there's muckle to be done there yet."

"There is indeed, and it is just fellows of your sort we need to do it," said the traveler, clapping him on the shoulder. "If you ever go to Africa, I'll be bound it will take more than a lion in your way to stop you."

The whole world now knows how strangely those lightly spoken words were fulfilled twenty-eight years later when that boy did actually come alive out of the jaws of the hungry African lion, which had broken his arm with its teeth, to finish those wonderful explorations that filled the civilized world with the fame of Dr. D. Livingstone.—*Harper's Young People.*

How to Master Your Temper.

Starve it; give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself, to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled.

Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as to self. The pain too often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler, it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—*United Presbyterian.*

The poorest education that teaches self control is better than the best that neglects it.

Born Deaf.

EVERY ONE IS BORN DEAF, BUT ONLY FEW STAY THAT WAY.

All infants are deaf at birth, because the outer ear is as yet closed and there is no air in the middle ear. A response to a strong sound is observed at the earliest in six hours, often not for a day, sometimes not for two or three days. The awakening of the sense may be recognized by means of the drawing up of the arms and the whole body and the rapid blinking which a loud noise provokes; and it is a sign of deafness if the child, after its ears have had time to come into a suitable condition for hearing, fails to respond thus to a strong sound.

No other organ of sense contributes so much to the early physical development of the child as that of hearing after it has become fully developed. The superiority of the ear over the eye in regard to this point, is shown by the intellectual backwardness of persons who are born deaf, as compared with those who are born blind. At the beginning of life as a rule, the voice of the mother and the nearest relatives afford the first impressions of sound. Very soon these voices are distinguished, and differently responded to. It is particularly interesting to compare the soothing operation of singing of the cradle melodies with the extraordinary vivacity exhibited on the hearing of dance music, in the second month. Certain sounds, as those of the male voice are effective at a very early period in quieting the crying of a child; while other strong and strange ones, will cause it to cry. Observations on these points, which are easily multiplied show that in spite of its original deafness the child learns very soon to discriminate between the impressions of sound.—*Phrenological Journal and Science of Health.*

Only Diamonds.

BY MRS. BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

A ship-wrecked mariner who had been washed upon the rocky coast of an island which seemed to be uninhabited, lamented that he had only been snatched from the sea to die a lingering death from starvation.

One day, while wandering round in search of food, he chanced upon a tiny package done up in paper. Hoping to find something therein to satisfy his hunger, he picked it up and hastily tore it open, but instead of the morsel of bread he craved, his eyes rested upon diamonds that glowed and sparkled in the sunlight. Throwing them from him, he cried out in despair: "Only diamonds, and I am perishing for bread!"

So to the starving soul in the hour of death everything, except Jesus, is "Only Diamonds."

I once knew a man, a prince among his fellows, who possessed houses, and lands and gold in great abundance; every comfort that earth could bestow belonged to him, but in the enjoyment of the gift he forgot the Giver, until through his lofty portals, the unbidden guest came creeping stealthily in. Then it was, he realized the treachery of the sandy foundations upon which he had been building. In his agony, he begged his friends to snatch him from the jaws of death, and to his physicians he offered millions of dollars if they would only prolong his time a single hour; but the irrevocable summons had gone forth, and poor human skill stood utterly helpless in the presence of the King of Terrors. The passing soul was Christless, and everything else was "only diamonds."

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*The Christian Observer.*