

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. STREATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
HON. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
W. M. O'BRIEN, Brevet. Director.
C. J. KINGS, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

H. C. KEMAN, M. A. Head Teacher.
Miss J. G. TENNILL, Head Teacher.
Miss S. TRENKLETON, Head Teacher.
Miss MARY HULL, Head Teacher.
Mrs. SYLVIA L. BALIA, Head Teacher.
Miss GREGOINA LINK, Head Teacher.
Miss ADA JAMES, Head Teacher.
Miss M. J. MADDEN, Head Teacher.

Teachers of Articulations:

Miss CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulations.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

JOHN T. HURNS, Instructor of Printing.
W. M. DOUGLASS, Supervisor of Associate.
W. M. NURSE, Master Shoemaker.
CHAS. J. PEPPIN, Engineer.
JOHN DOWRIE, Master Carpenter.
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener.

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 which 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, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to 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 aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and on the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission of pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.



Smile Whenever You Can

When things don't go to suit you
And the world seems upside down
Don't waste your time in fretting.
But drive away that frown
Since life is oft perplexing.
The much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whenever you can.

Why should you dread the morrow
And thus bestir to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind—
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your career
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse
(And earth has many trials,
Which I consider worse).
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whenever you can.

Selected.



Taking the Good out of Favors.

The kindness that we show to another is robbed of half its beauty if we do it in a grudging and ungracious way. There is something for us all to think over in the account by a recent writer of an incident that occurred during her visit to her sister's home.

Mary, the older of her two nieces, had announced at the breakfast table that she would have to go down town that day, as she had several errands to do. She was almost ready to start, when her brother Tom came to her with a short penciled list.

"Would you mind getting these for me, Mary?" he asked. "These are two books that I can't get at the school store, and there's a piece of music that my teacher wants me to have for my violin. If you get them for me I won't have to go down myself."

Mary's face clouded over. "Why, yes, I suppose I can get them," she said, ungraciously. "I wasn't going anywhere near that store, though, and I have lots of errands to do for myself."

"Well, then, don't get them," said Tom hastily. "I don't want to make you a lot of trouble. I can get down myself in a day or two, and perhaps I can borrow somebody's book till then."

"Oh, I'll go," Mary said, taking the list from his hand. "Only it isn't very convenient."

Tom turned away with an indignant look upon his face, and Mary put on her wraps and started for the city. A moment or two later the second niece, Margaret, came into the room with a sweeping cap upon her head and a broom and dustpan in her hands. She set to work at once, and I was preparing to leave the room when Tom came in again. "There was a cruel look on his face."

"So what I've done, Margaret?" he said, pointing to a great three-cornered tear in his coat. "I caught it on a nail in the entry just now. What will I do? It's the only school coat I have, and I'll have to be off before long."

"I'll darn it for you, Tom," Margaret said, standing her broom in a corner and getting out her work-box. "It won't take me long."

"But you're busy, Tom said hesitatingly, remembering his previous experience. "I don't want to bother you now."

"As though I wasn't always glad to help you when I can! Give me your

coat and we'll have that tear mended in a jiffy." Margaret rejoined, with a laugh. "You're the right sort, Meg!" said Tom, gratefully, as he put on his coat again, a few minutes later. "You never seem to think it's a bother to do a fellow a kindness."

The love that binds together the members of a family circle should make it sweet to do these small acts of kindness. There should be none of the grudging, ungracious spirit and the counting of cost in the shape of trouble that we so often see.—Selected.

His Shield and Buckler.

Many a rough looking man carries in his pocket safe from all eyes but his own some memento or relic that is to him as a shield and buckler against the powers of evil.

A story is told of a big, burly miner who steadily refused to join his comrades in their drinking bouts, or in any of their revels in which evil was done. He was not airy and morose, but steadfastly declined all invitations to take part in his companions' carousals. He was jeered at and subjected to all sorts of annoyances, but yield he would not. One night, when the revelry ran high, and many of the men were half drunk, they declared that "Big Joe" as he was called, "had to drink with them."

"I will not, boys," he said firmly. They declared that if he did not they would force liquor down his throat, and then run him out of the camp.

"You ain't no better than the rest of us!" said one man angrily.

"I have not said that I was." "Well, why can't you join us and be friendly and sociable like, when we're trying to have a good time? Ain't signed the pledge, have you?" with a sneer.

"No, I have not signed the pledge, boys."

"Well, then, what is it that makes you hang back this way?"

"Well, boys, I'll tell you," he said. "It is something I don't like to talk about, but I'll tell you, and perhaps you'll not expect nor want me to drink with you when I've told you the truth."

He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket in his gray flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old silk handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a wrapping of tissue paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair. Big Joe held the curl up between his thumb and finger, and said: "Boys, I've got a little motherless girl nearly two thousand miles from here, and that curl came from her head. I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dying I promised her that I'd never drink another drop, and that for our little girl's sake I'd be a better man, and when I left my little one with her grandmother, I promised them both what I'd promised my wife, and my little girl cut this curl from her head and gave it to me to 'remember her by,' and she said: 'Maybe it will help you to keep your promise, papa.' It has helped me. I've worn it next my heart night and day, and I'll never, never drink a drop, nor do anything she would be sorry to have me do while it is there. Now do you want me to drink with you, boys?"

The man who had threatened to have whisky poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say "No," and from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise. His little girl's curl of shining yellow hair was his shield and buckler, and, with God's help, it was to him a sure defense.—Young Reeper.

The Drummer Boy.

In a book entitled 'Our Army Nurses,' the following story is told by one of the noble women who cared for the suffering soldiers in the civil war:

On entering the hospital ward one morning she was attracted by one of the new faces who saw there. It was a child's face, and it wore a smile.

"His name is Henry —, not yet twelve, but he has been in the army over two years," the attendant said.

The nurse went to the cot where he lay.

"Good-morning, mother," he said, cheerfully, holding out a thin hand.

"You dear little fellow, how came you here? You are so young?"

"My father was drafted, and I got them to take me with him for a drummer boy. I've got no mother, no brothers, no sisters."

"Ah, so you called me mother. You do need some one to take a mother's place, I'm sure."

"Yes'm. The boys told me you would take care of me."

"And where is your father?"

"He was killed three months ago at Antietam. I was wounded then in my hip—same ball that killed my father. The surgeon says I shall be a cripple always."

The eyes of the nurse were growing moist. "My little boy looks very happy, after all. What makes you so?" she asked.

The child pulled a little Bible from under his pillow, and replied, "In the Bible it says, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' If I get well, and try to be good, I guess I shall have a home somewhere. If I don't get well, I'm sure I shall."

There was more than one deeply interested listener now; and each had some new question to ask the lad. Childlike faith-like his was rare, even in the hospital, where it was common for men to feel that they could not die unless they were listening to a hymn or a prayer.

"My lad," some one asked, "who taught you to trust in God?"

"My mamma, until she died then my papa."

When he got better he was heard one Sunday morning plaintively to say "I wish I could go to Sunday-school." Then there followed a pleasant night. Two of the ward attendants said, "Get the child ready. We'll look after him." They crossed their hands and carried the cripple to Sunday-school every Sunday morning while he was in camp. But they did not go alone. By ones, and twos, and threes the big soldiers followed the little fellow, and stole into church. They all loved him, and some one looking on said, "A little child shall lead them."

One day a surgeon came to the nurse and said, "Here is a man looking for a soldier orphan boy to adopt. Tell him all you know of Henry."

The nurse told him of the lad's brief life, his beautiful spirit, and his longing for an education and a home.

"You have interested me greatly," said the man, with moistened eyes.

"My wife and I had planned to go to Camp Denison, but we both dreamed on the same night that we should come to Camp Chase. I think God has led us. I am sure she will wish to take the boy."

In a few minutes the lad's feeble arms were twined about the man's neck. He was crying for joy. To those who clustered around to bid the little fellow good-bye, the child said, "I was sure God had a home for me."—Youth's Companion.

Of all feathered songsters the lay of the hen is the most popular.

Keep your eye on the individual who does you an unexpected favor.

The man who tells all he knows never gets credit for possessing much wisdom.

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 the post office at noon and 4:45 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, or any other business excepted in the locked bag.