

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, C. B. M.

Government Inspector

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A. MATHISON, M. D. Physician
J. E. MAKIN, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, M. A. Missionary

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A. A. McLEOD, Miss G. ROYCE
(Hospital Teacher) Miss G. ROYCE

Teachers of Articulation

MISS IDA M. JACK, Miss L. A. LINDBERG
MISS MARY HILL, Teacher & Camp Work

MISS L. N. METCALFE, Miss E. BURNS
Miss L. N. METCALFE, Miss E. BURNS
Miss L. N. METCALFE, Miss E. BURNS

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W. M. DOUGLASS, Miss E. BURNS
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MISS M. DEMPSEY, Miss E. BURNS

MISS S. A. HALL, Miss E. BURNS
MISS S. A. HALL, Miss E. BURNS
MISS S. A. HALL, Miss E. BURNS

JOHN MOORE
Farmer and stables

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and 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 \$20 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay, will be admitted free. Nothing 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, Calicoing, Dress-making, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all hearing, but deaf of late children will avail themselves of the benefits here offered by the Government in their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School will be held on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June. For further information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without charge to the persons to whom they are addressed. Money orders to be sent away if put in box in office. Box will be sent to city post office at noon and 4 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The message 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.



The Little Arm Chair

Nobody sits in the little arm chair
It stands in a corner dim
But a white haired mother gazes there
And yearningly thinking of him
Beneath the dust of long ago
The libson of a long sweet face
Who rocks merrily to and fro
With a laugh that cheers the place
Now comes he holds a book in hand
Sometimes his little school slate
And the lesson is hard to understand
And the figures hard to mate
But she sees the nod of a father's head
So proud of his little son
And she hears the words so often said
So dear to our little one

The wonderful days the dear sweet days
When a child with sunny hair
Was new to a old, to kiss and to praise
At her knee in the little chair
But he has hied back in the busy year
When the world caught the man
And he straddles away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battles van

I can see and then in a woful dream
Like a picture out of date
I see a head with a golden gleam
But it's over a petal and slate
And he lives again the happy day
The day of her young life a spring
When the small arm chair stood just in the way
The center of everything



A Brave Battle.

I say Bess, I wish you wouldn't cry
So hard, said Tom Sherwood tenderly
To his invalid sister, on whose account
He had just spent two long hours alone
In the old attic fighting the hardest
Battle of his life a battle with self.
More than once he had been tempted to
Give up fighting, but the thought of a
Little sister's sufferings had prevented
And he did not leave the place till he
Had ceased to blame his older brother
For leaving him to settle the matter
After the battle he settled to himself no
Longer a boy in thought and feeling and
It was with unusual tenderness that he
Spoke to his sister, fully determining
That she should never know how bitter
His struggle had been.

It was scarcely a week since the three
Children had been left alone in the
World and the father's property was in
Such a condition that it was doubtful if
What came to them would more than
Provide the barest necessities of life.
From an uncle the two boys had each
Inherited one thousand dollars, which
Had been set aside for educational
Purposes, and Mr. Sherwood had been
Saving up a like amount to be used on
His little daughter who was a terrible
Sufferer from a trouble that would
Follow her through life unless soon
Relieved.

"Tom," said Bessie, sobbing between
Her words, "I didn't mean to let you
know, but when John told me before he
Went back to college to-day that I
Must go and live with old Miss Foley, I
Just couldn't help it. O Tom! what
shall I do when you go too?"

"See here Bess," said Tom putting
his arms around her lovingly. "There's
no use worrying over that any more.
In the first place, I am not going away
to study and the second place you must
never live with Miss Foley if I can help
it, so there."

"Not going to college Tom, what do
you mean? Why I believe ever since
you were born you've wanted to be a
doctor. Tom we've so often talked of
your curing people like me, that I
thought you would rather do that than
anything else in the world, and there
was a disappointed tone in her voice as
she spoke.

"There is one thing I would rather
do after all
What Tom?"
"I'd rather cure my sister than a

thousand others. Bess dear, don't you
see the money that would teach me to
cure others would cure you?"

Tom, said the child slowly and
earnestly then stopped and looked at
him at moment, as fresh tears gathered
in her eyes. "do you really love me
enough for all that, better than all the
years of your life that are to come?"

Yes, dear," said Tom thinking of the
battle in the attic and of the terrible
struggle there had been to give up
that future. He wondered now that it
had been so hard.

"I can't let you do that Tom," she
said, "but it will make everything easier
now just to think you were willing to do
it."

"You can't help it Bess, I've made
up my mind fully on that point.
Then what will you do Tom, if you
don't become a doctor?"

"Ah! There was where the worst of
Tom's struggle had been, but he did not
mean to have Bessie know it, so he said
as lightly as he could. "Mr. Sterns
offered me a place in his store to-day
and I shall take it."

"But Tom you hate business so
I can get used to that better than
you to suffering all your life Bess, don't
you understand that I am so glad that
I have the money for you?"

Bessie did not understand, and wind-
ing her arms lovingly around his neck,
she told him what she had never meant
to have him know, that when John told
her the money was gone that was to
have been used to give her health and
strength, she had lain awake all night,
wondering if God would not let her die.

"You see Tom," she said sadly, "I
could not want to live and suffer for my-
self and I thought you would not miss
me because you would be at college
and now O Tom would you be sorry
you used the money if after all, I did
not get well, she asked anxiously.

"Never Bess, I would still thank
God I had the money to try with."

"Oh Tom Tom I never thought
you cared as much for me as that," but
you know I can't let you do it."

"You can't help it Bess, I must cure
my little sister before I think about any
one else."

Then Tom, said the child earnestly,
"I do hope that some day you may be
very glad. I shall ask God every day to
make you so."

They were only a boy and a girl, but
that day each learned to look on life
more earnestly than before. Bessie
allowed Tom to consult their guardian
and to persuade him to see the great
physician who thought he could do so
much for her, but her little brain was
busy for months after that with thoughts
she kept to herself.

When she was almost entirely cured,
her good physician found her one day in
tears, and on questioning her learned
something of her hopes for the future.
She told him of Tom, how he had
given up the ambitions of his whole life
to make her well, and of how she had
planned to work for him so he could
study as he would like, but it would be
so long to wait till she was big enough.

"We won't wait for that," said Dr.
Taylor pleasantly. "The next time he
comes we'll talk to him about it."

"Not now please, I don't know yet,
you know." But I do," said the doctor,
and when Tom came he questioned him
and found that the ambition and aim
he resigned had been as strong as any
he ever had himself.

"Did you ever think," he said of
borrowing the money with which to
study?"

"It would be useless to think of that,
said Tom. "I am so young, no one
would trust me so long a time."

"Suppose I were willing to trust you?"
"You sir," said Tom surprised.

"Yes, I found it necessary to borrow
money myself when I was studying and
I am willing to help you now. I may
be glad to accept your assistance from
time to time in part payment of your

debt. Your manner of curing your
patient here convinces me you will some
day be an honor to your profession."

Tom's eyes opened wide for a moment
and then he looked troubled, and Dr.
Taylor questioned him again.

"It's about Bess," he said. "You see
while I am studying I can't do much to
support her, and she may need more
than she has."

"That you have already provided for,
A week ago your guardian handed me a
check for one thousand dollars, which I
invested in a somewhat risky venture.
Later I discovered where the money
came from and immediately went to look
for it, and found to my surprise that it
had doubled itself. I could not think
of using a cent of that for myself, Tom,
after what you had done, so I invested
the whole amount in your sister's name.
If she does not have enough to live on
from other sources while you are study-
ing, she can draw on that; but I promise
you that whatever happens she shall
not suffer."

Tom tried to speak, but something
choked him and looking round he found
that Bessie was crying softly. Kneeling
beside her, he let her tell him how happy
she was.

"I just know you would be glad some
time," she said, "but I didn't think of it
so soon. Tom, if I thought I was not
going to get well now, I shouldn't mind
half so much. I couldn't mind any
how you know, Tom," and she tried
to smile behind the tears. "because
I am sure you love me so well. Some
day when you are a big doctor and have
patients like me, I am going to help you
take care of them, and I'll tell some of
them how you cured your little sister,
before you would learn to cure any one
else, and it will make them love you so
much more, but no one can ever love
you as much as I do. O Tom—Tom—I
am so proud of you!"—Christina In-
quirer

Personality of the Teacher.

It is encouraging to note the stress
which is being laid in these days upon
the personality of the teacher as a
factor in the education of the child.
It would be well if much that is written
and spoken on this phase of the
teacher's qualifications could be brought
to the notice of boards of education and
of others having to do with the selection
of the teachers. There are many
boards of education who are actuated
by a sincere desire to secure none but
the best teaching ability for the schools
under their control, but who fail to
appreciate the importance of those
elements of character which exert so
powerful an influence on the pupil in
shaping his ideals of thought and
conduct. If school committees and
superintendents had a more vivid real-
ization of Emerson's declaration that it
makes very little difference what you
study, but that it is in the highest degree
important with whom you study, our
class-rooms would all soon become
centers of inspiration and power. The
fruitful contact of soul with soul, not
the results that are tested by examina-
tions is the all important thing, though
there are hundreds, we feel justified in
saying thousands, of schools in which
the success of the teacher is judged
entirely by the number of pupils who
pass the prescribed examinations for
promotion from one grade to another.
"There flows from the living teacher,"
says Mr. Mabie, "a power which no
text book can compass or contain—the
power of liberating the imagination and
setting the students free to become an
original investigator. Text books sup-
ply methods, information, and disci-
pline, teachers impart the breath of life
by giving its inspirations and impulse.
How to get the public to appreciate
these vital truths is not easy, and before
we shall have a more enlightened public
sentiment much missionary work must
be done."—Journal of Pedagogy.