

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VII.

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

NO. 2.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:

R. HATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
A. MATHISON, Registrar.
J. E. BAKES, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A. Head Teacher.
J. DENNY, Head Teacher.
JAMES C. HALL, B. A. Head Teacher.
D. J. McNEILL, Head Teacher.
W. J. CAMPBELL, Head Teacher.
GEO. F. HERBERT, Head Teacher.
L. C. FORKSTEN, Head Teacher.
M. J. MATHISON, Head Teacher.
MISS J. O. TYRRELL, Head Teacher.
MISS B. TEMPLETON, Head Teacher.
MISS MARY HULL, Head Teacher.
MISS SYLVIA L. HALL, Head Teacher.
MISS ADA JAMES, Head Teacher.
MISS SYBILINA LYNN, Head Teacher.
MISS NINA BROWN, Head Teacher.

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS L. M. JACK, Teacher of Articulation.
MISS CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS L. S. MITCHELL, Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

W. M. DUNLAP, Streetkeeper & Associate Superintendent.

W. M. NUTTS, Master Shoemaker.

O. O. KRITH, Superintendent of Boys etc.

JOHN F. BASK, Engineer.

MISS M. DUNN, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls etc.

JOHN DOWRIE, Master Carpenter.

MISS H. MCNICH, Trained Hospital Nurse.

D. CONNORHAM, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener.

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 \$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, Carpentering 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 for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. HATHISON,
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 noon will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:45 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 for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.



Bulwer's Last Poem.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise up in some fairer shore
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no sin! The dust we tread
In all things beneath the summer shower
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feel the hugging winds they bear
The forest trees letak daily life
From out the steely air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away
They only wait through wintry hours
For coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks over the earth with silent tread
He bears our best loved things away
And then— we call them dead.

No leaves our hearts all desolate,
No slouch our faintest sweetest flowers
Transported into bliss they now
Adean immortal bowers.

And ever hear us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread
For all the boundless universe
Is life— there are no dead!



A Plucky Boy.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man, said the merchant complacently he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner!

"What will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parely with such small gentleman, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that.

There were a few wisps of hair along the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face the man pulled at them. When he had done twearing them he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands travelled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter?"

"Oh, yes, I can, I'm growing, please, growing fast, there, see if I can't look over the counter?"

"Yes, by standing on your toes are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," said the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him, he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way around.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I in big sir, was the next rejoinder. "Folks say I am very small of my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet men. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket book, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and I have not had any breakfast, sir. The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes."

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling into his vest-pocket. "There,

will that quarter do?" The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir."

"Humph! Where is your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of Boston."

"Ah! that's bad. But you are a plucky fellow, anyhow. Let me see," and he puckered up his mouth, and looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight to him.

"Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 1 still sick?"

"Dead, sir, died last night," was the low reply.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr Saunders looked up slowly, then he put his pen behind his ear, then his glance travelled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down for four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run and tell your mother you have got a place at \$4 a week. Come back on Monday and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance, I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir, work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement-house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it, mother! I'm took. I'm a cash boy! Don't you know when they take parcels the clerk calls 'Cash!'—well, I'm that. Four dollars a week! and the man said I had real pluck, courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast, and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now."

The house was only a little 10x16 room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded, then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look as she took him in her arms and hugged him, kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness. —English Journal.

Waiting for Her Boy.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the sorrow of a father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation and exposed to many temptations which endanger the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility, and many a time did she look upward toward the Heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grow older this became a severe tax both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music, and became a skillful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of the day.

Upon one occasion it was nearly seven o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting room, he saw a sight never to be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking chair sat his aged mother fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as snow covered her gray hair, the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candle stick and down her dress.

Going up to her the young man exclaimed "Why, mother! What are you doing here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise and piteously, but oh so tenderly looking up into his face, said: "I am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those words so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, he said: "Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me."

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.

A Pointed Rebuke.

The principal of a girls' school once administered an effective rebuke to a pupil who was always complaining of her ailments. The student came to school one morning whining about a "dreadful cold."

The teacher said, cheerfully, "Oh, I'm so glad you have one!"

Naturally the girl was astonished, but the wise woman continued, "Why shouldn't I be glad? You are always doing something to make yourself ill, so of course you must enjoy it, and I am happy to have you pleased."

This stinging sarcasm opened the girl's eyes to the knowledge that she herself was responsible, to a large extent, for her own bodily conditions, and that it was a reflection upon her intelligence, as well as her conscience, to ignore the laws of her physical being. No sane person over points with pride to the existence in himself of mental defects arising from neglect of brain culture, yet it is nothing uncommon for one to pose as an object of sympathy when ill from failure of exercising common sense in the matters of simple hygiene.

Moreover, it is an offence to good breeding to parade one's distemper. Emerson says on this point "If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you, by all the angels, to hold your peace."

A Whimsical Experiment.

Akbar, one of the Great Moguls who ruled India, has been named the Asiatic Charlemagne. He was a statesman and an educator, and built a palace for the reception of men who loved learning and sought after wisdom. The Great Mogul's passion for knowledge is said to have been shown by a whimsical experiment he once made to determine if it was true, as he had heard, that Hebrew was the natural language of all who had never been taught any other tongue.

To test this assertion Akbar caused a dozen nursing children to be shut up in a castle six leagues from Agra, his capital city. Each child was reared by a dumb nurse, the porter was also a mute, and he was forbidden, upon pain of death, to open the gates of the castle.

When the children were twelve years old Akbar ordered them to be brought before him.

Men learned in Sanscrit, in Arabic, in Persian, and in Hebrew were assembled at the royal palace to tell what language the children spoke. Akbar, seated on his throne, and surrounded by these linguists, ordered the children to be brought in. Each child was addressed, and, to the surprise of the assembly, each one answered by a sign. Not a child could speak a word. They had all learned from their nurses to express themselves by gestures!