

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,  
CANADA.



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## Selections.

"Let there be many windows in your soul,  
That all the glory of the universe  
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane  
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays  
That shine from countless sources. Tear away  
The blinds of superstition: let the light  
Pour through fair windows, broad as truth itself  
And high as heaven. Tune your ear  
To all the worldless music of the stars  
And to the voice of nature, and your heart  
Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant  
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands  
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned  
heights,  
And all the forces of the firmament  
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid  
To thrust aside half truths and grasp the whole.

"Truth is within ourselves: it takes no rise  
From outward things, whatever you may believe.  
There is an inner centre in us all,  
Where truth abides in falshood."

"Know, then, whatever cheerful and serene  
Supports the mind, supports the body, too.  
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel  
Is hope; the belief and life-blood of the soul."

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it:  
Mightness has genius, power, and magic in it.  
Only engage and then the spirit grows heated,  
Begin and then the work will be completed."

"Every day is a fresh beginning.  
Every morn is the world made new;  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you,  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

"All the best things are past and over,  
The tasks are done, and the tears are shed.  
Yesterday's errors let yesterday correct;  
Yesterday's wounds, which scarred and bled,  
Are healed with the healing which tonight has  
shed.

"Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,  
Cannot undo and cannot atone;  
God in His mercy receive, forgive them!  
Only the new day are our own  
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

"Here are the skies all burnished brightly;  
Here is the spent earth all reborn;  
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly  
To face the sun and to share with the morn  
In the chime of dawn and the cool of dawn.

"Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Lifted, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day and begin again."

-Copied from "In Tune with the Infinite"  
By KALPH WALDO TRINE



## Why the Express was Late.

No. 16 that was to pull out the noon express, was only waiting for orders. Sam Plaisted was engineer, a quiet man, never showing; at once his great strength of character any more than he showed his muscles, which were like iron in the moment of tension.

No. 16 was fairly but hoarsely breathing, and seemingly was only a pretentious mass of iron, steel and brass. And yet a second glance made you think of a dragon whose polished limbs any moment might be uncoiled, and then away would go No. 16, fuming, coughing, barking, shaking, rattling, driving, thundering; springing on and on, soon coming up to Mount Abraham as if it would smash and crash hopelessly through that patriarch of the hills. Beyond Mount Abraham was a plain, and No. 16 would then spring out upon it and go shrieking away, tearing and roaring, throwing out jets of steam and smoke as if a volcano had taken to itself wheels.

Not yet, though, was No. 16, the locomotive of the noon express, off on its mad journey. It was still asleep on the track in the station, nothing about it apparently alive save its breath; only enjoying a nap before its toilsome journey. Two men came up, two travelers bound to the big east town far ahead. As for Smith, the tall one of the two, he was only a frothy boaster, a slenderly-built man, a kind of travelling pipe-stem.

Kimball was a heavy, stout man, being built up like a tower.

The two expected to take the noon express, but were talking beside the locomotive, now and then laying a hand on it as if patronizingly to pat this detained dragon.

"Who is the engineer of the express train?" asked Kimball.

"Sam Plaisted, and that big boy by the locomotive ciling up is his son Bob. He is acting fireman. Plaisted's one of your good kind of men, great on going to church and so on. I never did take much to such people."

"Nor I. They sort of pick their way along like a man walking in mud. They don't like to take risks, can't drink, not even a swaller, and so on. Tires me! Always lookin' round the corner to see what is going to happen. Afraid of their example and so on."

"See here! Do you know that Bob Plaisted?"

"Pretty well."

"Ask him a question; why religion makes men cowards."

"Would you?"

"I would if I know him. Go ahead!"

"Well!"

Bob Plaisted, the young fireman, was dipping his oil can amid the polished limbs of No. 16, when he heard footsteps, and turned to meet the person coming toward him.

"Say, Plaisted?"

"What is it?" replied Bob.

"Here is a man over here who wants to know why religion makes men cowardly?"

"Why should he or why should you ask me?"

"Oh, I don't know, unless it is because we think those in the locomotive can tell us everything."

"What kind of religion do you mean? There are various kinds. Do you mean your kind?"

"Oh, I don't have any."

"You said religion makes men cowardly, and you don't have any religion. Then you blame that you are always brave? If the religious are not brave, then those who are not religious must be brave. I can say this: My father is not a coward. I suppose you would call him religious. And then I can say this, too: If a man have what I consider to be religion, then he will be a coward before everything wrong and run from it. When he faces his duty, he will do the right thing and stick to it though the heavens tumble."

Here came a stroke from a signal-bell that rang sharp and imperative through the station, and Bob Plaisted turned quickly toward the cab and climbed into it. His father turned toward the levers, with their polished, shining handles.

Kimball and Smith took their seats in the train and began to talk.

"Well, what did the engineer's boy say?" inquired Kimball.

"Oh, it was the old story. He thinks a man that has religion will stick to his post. Well, I must say I like the boy. He had an honest, stardy look, and he stood by his colors. I am rather glad he and his father have the running of this train."

His companion laughed, and then the two men took up their newspapers.

No. 16 was off on its noon run. Sam Plaisted was at his post, and his vigilant eye glanced down the long level rails, while there settled upon him that keen sense of responsibility which every engineer feels at the post of duty.

How No. 16 shook and threw out ring after ring of smoke and drove around every wheel and threw itself ahead, as if waking up from a drowsy mood back in the station and now aiming to do its very best!

road was patrolled, but a boulder might get upon the rails in spite of this inspection, and so the trains went cautiously.

The noon express had almost passed the mountain when, looking up, Sam Plaisted saw several rocks leaping down the side of the mountain. He knew what it meant,—that those rocks were not the only ones making that column of ascent. Not only the engineer, but the fireman, saw it all. Two men looking out of a window, Kimball and Smith, saw it. What was to be done?

Sam Plaisted was obliged to make a quick calculation. The rocks would plunge upon the track in what length, or shortness rather, of time? If he whistled "Down brakes!" just where would his train be when coming to a halt? If this were not a safe experiment and he crowded on all steam, where would No. 16 be when the avalanche struck the track? He reached his decision, and, throwing the throttle valve open, shouted to his fireman at his side, "Jump, my boy Bob, quick! No use in two dying here!"

"I'll stay where I am," said Bob quietly. "You may need me, father."

How No. 16 aroused itself to its work! How the big driving-wheels flew round and the burnished pistons worked like the arms of Titans!

Down the track flew No. 16 as if invisible wings had been lent to it. It crashed and thundered along, almost jumping from the rails in the intensity of its gigantic effort, while at the cab-window was the pale face of the engineer, his hand still pressing hard and the throttle valve still thrown wide open. And over against the train was the awful rock-demon making for it! No. 16 sped on. Faster! Faster! A moment longer!

"Now," thought the engineer, "we will begin to slow up."

The throttle valve was closed. The whistle "Down brakes!" cut the air as if with a knife newly whetted. No. 16, trembling, quivering in every part, came to a halt on the iron way. "I think the rear car was struck," said the engineer, "but it was just about empty when we started. We will go back, Bob, and take a look."

While No. 16, was panting and coughing and seeking to catch its breath, the two men went back. The rear car had been struck, but the blows had been received in the empty section.

People came flocking out of the car. They hurried from the front door. They rushed out of the rear door.

There too were Smith and Kimball. They looked up at the big mountain and then at the shattered roof of the rear section of the last car. Then they asked for the engineer and fireman.

There they were, Bob and his father coming along the railroad embankment. "We must go and tell them what we owe them," said one of the passengers. "Somebody is ahead of us," said another.

Yes, Kimball and Smith were ahead. They had gripped the hands of the engineer and fireman, and were working them as if pulling on a bell-rope on the Fourth of July.

"You have saved our lives," said Kimball.

"We have only done our duty," was the quiet reply; and the engineer and his boy walked away as though anxious to avoid notoriety. But it was to be noted that the father walked as a king might, as though fearing nothing. It is the way we all may walk when we know we have done right.—Young People's Weekly.

Wonderful as is the phenomenon of the x ray, this latest discovery surpasses that. The Roentgen ray directed to the human body reveals the bones; but it is now found that minute globules of electricity can be swallowed with the effect of making the entire body transparent. If there is an opaque spot, it is known that it locates some disease or defect.

## INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to be sent in boxes in office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 4:00 p. m. of each day. Letters accepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any use unless the same is in the locked bag.

H. MATHEWSON,  
Superintendent.  
BELLEVILLE, ONT.