

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,  
CANADA.



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## THE LITTLE WEAVER.

Once in an eastern palace wide  
A little child sat weaving,  
So patiently her task she piled,  
The men and women at her side  
Blocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,  
"You work so well and cheerily?  
You never seem to break your thread,  
Or snarl, or tangle it, instead  
Of working smooth and clearly."

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,  
Our silk so frayed and broken,  
For all we've fretted, wept, and toiled,  
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled,  
They sighed as words were spoken.

The little child looked in their eyes,  
So full of care and trouble,  
And pity chased the sweet surprise  
That filled her own, as sometimes flies  
The rainbow in the bubble."

"I only go and tell the king,"  
She said, "abashed and meekly."  
"You know, he said in 'everything'  
"Why, so do we!" they cried, "we bring  
Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside,  
A moment let them wrangle,  
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,  
"I go and get the knot untied  
At the first little tangle."

O little children, weavers all!  
Our brooklets we struggle  
With many a tear that need not fall  
If on our King we would but call  
At the first little tangle!"



## A BRAVE MAN.

HOW HE SAVED THE CHILD.

On a certain summer day, a young woman, half-crazed by terror, rushed along the lower street of Chippewa, screaming: "Oh, help! help! My little Jimmy's away out on the big river, and he'll go over the falls!"

Instead of jumping at once for boats, a number of men as if doubting Mrs. Armstrong's word, ran down to where a view of the Niagara could be obtained, and there, stoop on its surface in an old boat, saw Jimmy, apparently enjoying his ride, but being gradually carried outward and down stream.

It seems that the little five-year old fellow had been playing in a small scow, the bow of which rested lightly on the beach, and had rocked it free of its hold, to his great delight, and floated serenely away.

On the west bank of Welland river, about two hundred and fifty yards above its junction with the Niagara, stood the house and shop of Joel Lyons, a stout, muscular shoemaker and a practical oarsman. On hearing the alarm given, this man wasted no time in idle exclamations, but ran at once to where several boats were moored further up stream. Selecting one already provided with sculls, he sprang into it and was away at full speed before most of the onlookers had collected their senses.

Now there are two entrances and exits to and from the Welland, one, known as "The Cut," being on the upper or west side of an isolated bluff, called Hog Island, and the other—the original channel—on the lower or east side.

It was from out this last named passage that the child had floated, and, consequently, he was much nearer the falls than if he had emerged into the Niagara from the Cut.

Lyons, of course, took the east channel, but he had quite four hundred yards of slack water to row over before striking the larger river, and when he reached it the little scow with its precious freight was at least that distance from shore and much closer to the rapids than even the boldest oarsman would ordinarily dare to go.

More and more earnestly, without a

break or a skip, and with never-relaxing strength, the experienced sculler bent to his work, glancing now and again over his shoulder at the precious prize he had determined to win—or die in losing.

To us, who, hardly daring to speak or breathe, watched the fearful venture, its success appeared well-nigh impossible. The child could, perhaps, be snatched from the boat before reaching the rapids. But what then? Neither he or his rescuer, we felt convinced, could ever regain the shore.

The poor women, Lyons's wife and Jimmy's mother, sobbed pitifully as we all hurried down the edge of the river so as to keep abreast of the skill. None of us dared to encourage them by a hopeful word, for not one of us believed that either would ever again be clasped in the arms of husband or son.

The tiny scow was now quite six hundred yards from shore, and with gradually accelerated motion, was drawing frightfully near the rapids. But the pursuing boat went four feet to its one and was swiftly closing the gap between them. The innocent babe had at last become alarmed, and as Lyons drew near he stretched his little arms imploringly toward him, a sight which drove the women nearly frantic and caused tears to roll down more than one manly cheek.

"Oh, hush! hush! not a word nor cheer yet," some one said, in a choking whisper, as the two boats came together. "The fight is still to win!"

As he ranged alongside Lyons pulled in one oar, leaned over the gunwale, caught up the child and lifted him into his own boat. "Too late! Oh, too late!" shrieked his agonized wife. And, indeed, it so seemed to each of us. But then the noble fellow, cool as if there was no danger within a thousand miles, reshaped his oar and did the only thing which could offer a possible chance for life. He did not vainly attempt to stem the current by rowing up-stream, nor even directly toward the shore, but turned his bow quartering down, and, pulling with nerves of steel and giant strength, shot with arrowy speed diagonally athwart the river's course, and in less than five minutes, landed safely at the head of the channel running between Street's Island and the mainland!

Then—but why go on? No language, much less my poor pen, can adequately describe the scene which followed.

This incident is a matter of history, I presume, but I may inform those who now read of it for the first time, that the Royal Humane Society of England soon after sent to Mr. Lyons its gold medal, in recognition of his daring deed—how daring no one unacquainted with its scene can realize.—*Romance.*

## Kind Deeds.

There is a story told of a little beggar boy who was found one morning lying asleep upon a pile of lumber, where he had passed the night. A laboring man, passing by on his way to work, touched with a spirit of kindness stopped and opened his dinner pail, laid beside the sleeping boy a portion of good things in it and then went away. A man standing not far away saw the kindly act, and crossing over to where the boy lay dropped a silver half dollar near the sandwich which the laborer had left. Soon a man came running over with a pair of shoes, and thus the good work went on, one bringing some clothing, and another something else. By and by the boy woke, and when he saw the gifts spread around him, he broke down, and burying his face in his hands, wept tears of thankfulness. Thus did one kind deed inspire others to acts of kindness, and sow the seeds of much happiness.—*Selected.*

You make a great mistake in thinking that the world will break in pieces when you leave it. It is barely possible on the other hand, that you are persistently standing in the way of a better man.

## Plain Words Well Handled.

Nothing is more astonishing in literature than the meager variety of words to be found in the productions of great writers. The same words recur time and again in Shakespeare. His noblest flights of fancy and his finest outbreaks of passion are expressed in simple terms that are daily in use in every intelligent American household. Addison, a prince of writers of graceful prose English, employs few words that the average school child does not understand and cannot define. The simplicity of language in "Pilgrim's Progress" is proverbial, yet it is sufficient to portray emotions ranging from the agonies of remorse to the raptures of the redeemed. The phraseology of Swift and Goldsmith, except when technical subjects are under discussion, is almost as limited. The Bible is largely a repetition of a few simple words.

Mastery of language consists in the proper arrangement of words rather than in a multiplicity of words. The use of simple terms is evidence of the highest art. It is the sole way, indeed, as a rule, in which the firmest and widest impressions can be made. To attain such a command of speech depends in large measure upon the possession of imaginative faculties. Metaphor is frequently for many words. It suggests rather than depicts, and from its peculiar measure makes necessary the employment of terms that are readily understood. It should not be forgotten also that there are few pursuits that demand a varied vocabulary. Many of the technical terms used by a lawyer are of little practical worth to a physician, or a merchant, and vice versa. It is questionable also if the English language is not worse for the multitude of unnecessary adjectives that have crept into it from one source or another. "Junius" looked upon adjectives as if they were personal enemies. Macaulay used them under protest. There is a peculiar observation of Thomas Hobbes: "Words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools."—*N. Y. Press.*

## Hero.

Mr. Jones was an old man. He lived in Cleveland. He had a large dog. The dog's name was Hero, and he was a very useful dog to watch at night, but Mr. Jones thought that he was getting too old; and he did not want to keep Hero any more. So he decided to take him to the lake and drown him. He went to the barn and hitched his horse to the buggy. Then he jumped into the buggy and called Hero. He was glad to follow the buggy and he barked and wagged his tail and jumped up at the horse. Then Mr. Jones said, "Get up," and drove away and Hero ran along in front of the horse.

Mr. Jones drove to a boat-house near Lake Erie and jumped out of his buggy and tied the horse to a post. Then he went to the boat-house and hired a boat. He got into the boat and called Hero. Hero jumped into the boat and lay down at his master's feet. Mr. Jones took the oars and rowed far out into the lake. Then he threw Hero into the water. He thought that Hero would drown right away, but Hero knew how to swim and he was swimming away to the shore again.

Mr. Jones was angry. He rowed the boat after Hero and took his oar to push Hero under the water but the boat tipped over, and he fell into the water. He almost drowned but Hero grabbed him by the collar and swam to the shore with him. Hero saved his master's life and Mr. Jones was ashamed of himself, because he tried to drown his good dog. He went to the boat house and paid for the boat because it was lost. Then he went and got into his buggy and drove home. He was always kind to Hero and he kept him till he died.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who, on account of deafness, either partial or total, are unable to receive instruction in the common school.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born deaf mutes of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, all to 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 375 of the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, millinery, knitting, the use of the sewing machine and in ornamental and fancy work, as may be desired.

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 closes on the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission or for particulars, will be given upon application to the Institute 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 matter to go away is put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at noon and \$4.50 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 pupils.