

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. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

W. T. E. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

M. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Nursar
E. J. KINGS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

M. J. SIMON, M. A.	Miss J. G. TYPHILL
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Miss M. DUMPHY, D. CONNINGHAM,
Inspector Superior Master Baker

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MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer

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 schools.

At the intervals between the ages of seven and twelve, and being deficient in intellect, and free from any dangerous 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 with the necessary fees.

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, Dressmaking and Shoemaking are taught to boys, and the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and Ornamental and fancy work as may be desired.

It is desired that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the 1st of September, and continues until the 31st of August, and the term of each year is divided into three terms, the first term commencing on the 1st of September, the second on the 1st of December, and the third on the 1st of February. The terms of admission are as follows:—(1) For the first term, on the 1st of September; (2) For the second term, on the 1st of December; (3) For the third term, on the 1st of February. Applications will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go by the afternoon train will be sent to the office at noon and 2 1/2 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The message is not sent to post letters or parcels, or receive letters at post office for delivery, for any amount the same is in the locked bag.



The Two Words.

One day a harsh word, rashly said
Upon an evil journey led
And like a sharp and cruel dart
It pierced a fond and loving heart
It turned a friend into a foe
And every where brought pain and woe

And a word followed it one day
How swift and sure one word can go
It healed the wound it soothed the pain
It tore a scar that long remained
It made the hate and anger cease
And every where brought joy and peace

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface
And though the heart its love regained
It bore a scar that long remained
Friends could forgive, but not forget
Of how the sense of keen regret

Oh, if we could but learn to know
How swift and sure one word can go
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air
And only speak the words that move
Like white winged messengers of love
Sunday School Times



His Life for Thine.

M. A. W. ROBINSON.

Many years ago on a cold, wintry day, a sleigh drawn by four horses was seen hastening over the snowy wastes of northern Russia.

Slowly the red sun is sinking below the horizon and the sleighbells tinkle merrily as Eric, the coachman, cracks his whip and cheerily speeds his gallant steeds.

Inside the sleigh sit Baron Polesky, his wife and child. The posthouse, or inn, is still twenty versts (about fifteen miles) distant. Few words are spoken as the baron and his wife, with anxious faces, watched the gathering clouds of twilight. Each knows the dread that is in the other's heart, it is of the hungry packs of howling wolves which infest this region in winter. Well they know that the traveller's fate is sealed whom night overtakes on these desolate, barren steppes.

Eric's low, sing-song jangle, with which Russian drivers are wont to beguile the journoys, has ceased. The whip no longer cracks from habit, but each swish is a lash, as he urges his horses forward. The echo of a low, subdued growl is heard across the plain. A faint black spot appears upon the horizon—it grows large and appears to be many in spots, the low growl is changed to a fierce howl.

"Mamma, what do I hear?" whispered Anita in terror-stricken tones, as she nestled closer to her mother. "Oh, my child," says the mother, trying to speak lightly, "you hear the wind blowing through the forests."

"The wolves are upon us, Eric!" cries the baron, with haggard face, as he leans out of the open window. "Have your pistols ready, and drive faster—faster!"

"My darlings," he whispers to his wife and child, "be brave, the great God will protect us. I must sit by Eric to be ready to shoot." With a last embrace and carefully placing his pistols in the pocket of his fur overcoat, he opens the door and swings himself out and up to the seat beside the coachman.

"How many versts yet, Eric?" he eagerly asks. "About ten, your excellency." "Can we make it?" "God and his saints alone know," was the low reply, scarcely heard through the fierce baying of the rapidly approaching pack.

It is as though the gates of Inferno had been opened, for the hoarse, angry

roaring of some two hundred blood-thirsty wolves is truly demoniacal. "Drive faster, drive faster!" cries the baron, as, leaning from his seat, he fires at the leader of the pack, which, with open jaws and red protruding tongue, is a few yards in advance of the rest. For a moment the onward surge of the fiendish band is stayed as they crowd around and rend the body of their writhing leader.

"Unfasten one of your foremost span!" cries the baron. It is but the work of a second for Eric to leap from his seat and obey the command. The poor horse, wild with terror, rushes off across the plain, the wolves turn aside to follow. Small need to urge forward the foaming, terrorized horses; they know that a hideous foe is upon their track, and are straining every nerve and muscle. But hark! again the fierce howling grows louder. Again comes the order "Unfasten the other leader!"

Again the baron, leaning forward, takes steady aim and leaves two of the gray monsters bleeding on the frozen snow. Wildly the frenzied horse dashes off on the race for life, but the swift-limbed wolves have tasted blood and long for more. One, two, three—twenty leap upon him, and in ten minutes blood stains, a few hairs, and bones are all that remain of the gallant horse.

The black sleigh seemed winged as it leaped along toward the post-house, whose lights are even now twinkling on the far horizon. Inside the conveyance, the fair-haired baroness has sunk upon her knees. She clasps closely to her bosom her weeping little daughter, soothing her with words of comfort and hope, then prays in broken accents.

The little flock of fair, white doves at home, how can they spare both father and mother, how can she see her handsome, brown-eyed Michel and her baby Anita torn in pieces by the hideous wolves? "See, darling," she cries, "the lights of the post-house! We shall be saved. But ah, the wolves are even now upon us! Oh, Eric, drive faster, faster or we are lost! God and the saints deliver us!"

Again the baying pack is hearing its prey. "Eric," says the baron, "can we spare another horse?" "No, your excellency." "Then have your pistols ready, we will die fighting." "My master," begins Eric, in a quivering voice, which gradually grows firmer. "The post-house is yet two versts away. If we give another horse we cannot reach the inn with one, and all must die. I love you and yours, my master. I will give myself to the wolves, it will give you time to reach the post-house."

"Nay, my faithful Eric, I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself." "My master," speaks Eric in the same low, firm voice, "my master, my father loved and served your father. You will give my love to my wife and children and take care of them—promise me?" "Aye, truly I promise, my brave Eric, but you must not do this." "My master, there is no time, I must perish or all. Tell my wife I love her and died bravely. God and his saints protect you!" Then he leaps down, to face death in its most horrible form. "Farewell, my noble Eric!" cries the baron, as he brushes back the blinding tears, and takes one look at his faithful servant holding at bay for a moment that would tear him in pieces the next.

"My noble Eric! oh, my brave Eric!" moans the baron, as he lashes to fury the panting, quivering horses.

The post-house lights are bright. "Five minutes more and we shall be within its walls. But hark! the fearful foe is gaining. Now, God and his saints lend us speed! Nearer, yet nearer and louder the baying of the wolves.

With a clang the iron gates swing to as the panting horses stagger inside. Not a moment too soon. Hungrier, fiercer, more terrible than ever are the

howling wolves as they rush around the stone walls and heavy iron portal, seeking entrance.

The good baron and his wife slept not that night as they listened to the dread baying of the wolves outside and thought of the self-sacrifice of their noble Eric.

Peace reigned when the morning sun dawned. Could it be possible that the night before had been so full of terror and peril? Ah the absence of their faithful Eric told too true a tale!

In the sunlight sallied a group of searchers for the remains of the noble Eric. They found on the white, glittering snow only a skull and bones. Today, the traveller sees on the wide Russian plain an iron cross, on which is written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Last Dollar.

A prosperous New Yorker, who in the course of twenty-five years has attained high distinction in his profession, attributes his success in large measure to his father's good sense in appealing to his manliness and pride.

He had been an indolent student at college, and had made a poor use of his advantages, and as soon as he was graduated he had asked his father to allow him to go to New York and to study law. The father's reply was brusque and forcible.

"So far as I can make it out, you have wasted your time at college," he said, "and there is no ground for faith in your success at the bar. Still you may do as you like. I shall give you one hundred dollars; but remember that when you have spent your last dollar, it will be useless to ask me for money."

This reads like an unkind, unsympathetic speech, but the son treasures it to this day as a rich legacy from a wise father. It helped to develop in him a spirit of manly independence. It made him set his teeth together, and resolve that under no circumstances would he ask his father for another dollar.

A strange glow of excitement brightens the veteran's face whenever he tells the story of his last dollar.

When he reached New York the letters of introduction upon which he had depended, failed to secure an opening for him, and he found himself without a friend in the great city. Week after week he walked the streets in search of employment in stores, factories and offices, and he received no encouragement. His lodgings became poorer and poorer, his luncheon was dropped, and at last he had only one meal a day.

There came a day when he had only one dollar left in his pocket. It was late in the afternoon, and he had eaten nothing since the previous night. With this last dollar unbroken he secured a clerkship in a dry goods store, and the crisis of his fortunes was passed. Six months afterward there was an opening for him in a law office, and eventually he became a successful lawyer.

A metropolitan banker recently remarked that his bank was an asylum for millionaires' grandsons. "I have six of them in training as clerks," he said, "and not one of them has the energy required for earning his living unaided. If they were poor men, without having the prospect of inheriting great wealth, they would find it for their benefit to learn something in my bank, and to fit themselves for useful careers."

That was a cynical remark at the expense of rich men's sons; but it is true that hard and painful experiences, like the young collegian's search for employment with his last dollar in his pocket, toughen the fibre of one's manhood and develop force of character, and with the possession of good mental qualities, contribute to success in life.—*Youth's Companion.*