

# 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. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector :

DR. J. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution :

A. GIBSON, M. A., Superintendent.  
J. GIBSON, Librarian.  
J. J. WALKER, M. D., Physician.  
MISS SAUNDY WALKER, Matron.

Teachers :

MR. J. G. THOMAS, Head Teacher.  
MISS M. M. OSTRON, Teacher.  
MISS MARY BELL, Teacher.  
MISS FLORENCE MAYROR, Teacher.  
MISS SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher.  
MISS ADA JAMES, Teacher.  
MISS GEORGINA LYN, Teacher.

MISS GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.  
MISS MARY BELL, Teacher of Fancy Work.  
MISS J. W. WILLA, Teacher of Drawing.

JOHN T. HURNA, Inspector, Instructor of Printing.  
J. MINDERMAR, Engineer.  
JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter.  
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.  
THOMAS WILKS, Gardener.  
MICHAEL O'NEARA, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and training to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or complete, and to receive instruction in the common branches of learning.

It admits children between the ages of seven and fourteen who are deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted on the regular term of instruction, seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

The guardians or friends who are able to pay the amount of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be admitted free.

For those whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition and books, clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the male pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and ornamental and fancy work as may be required.

It is the duty of all having charge of deaf mute children to send them to this Institution for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission, the regulations will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

**R. MATHISON,**  
Superintendent.  
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

## INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND SENT WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. MAIL MATTER TO BE PUT IN BOX IN OFFICE DOOR WILL BE SENT TO THE POST OFFICE AT NOON AND 3:45 P.M. OF EACH DAY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED). THE MESSAGE IS NOT TO BE IN POST LETTERS OR PARCELS, OR RECEIVE MATTER AT POST OFFICE FOR DELIVERY, FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSES THAN IN THE LOCKED BAG.



### How he Wakened his Grand-mother.

Mamma said: "Little one, go and see if grandmother's ready to come to tea. I knew I must disturb her, so I stepped as lightly as I could. And stood a moment to take a peep. And there was grandmother, fast asleep."

I knew it was time for her to wake I thought I'd give her a little shake. Or tap at her door, or softly call. But I hadn't the heart for that at all—she looked so sweet and so quiet there lying back in her high arm-chair. With her dear white hair and a little smile. That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a squeak of noise. I knew she was dreaming of little boys and girls who lived with her long ago. And then went to heaven—she had told me so. I went up close and I didn't speak one word. I gave her on her cheek the softest bit of a little kiss. Just in a whisper, and then said this—"Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes, and looked at me. And said, "Why, pet, I have just now dreamed of a little angel who came and seemed to kiss me lovingly on my face."—She pointed right at the very place. I never told her 'twas only me. I took her hand, and we went to tea.—*Sydney Dwyer.*



### A Good Turn.

A poor boy was returning from the charity hospital with his mother, who had been there to obtain medicine from the public dispensary. She was very weak, and finding that she would never be able to walk the long distance to their poor home, he determined to get on a street car, and trust to the charity of the conductor to let them ride.

Accordingly he hailed the electric car, and when it stopped, he assisted his mother to a seat. The conductor at once came forward to collect their fares, and the boy said: "We have no money, but my mother is so very weak, that I thought you would be kind enough to let her ride."

"No; I can't. You must get off."

"Oh! please, sir my mother can't walk home. She is very ill, and we have just come from the charity hospital. We are very poor. Won't you let us ride?"

"Oh! that's an old story!" exclaimed the conductor. "No money, you must get off at the next corner."

"Please let my mother ride," persisted the boy, "and I will come around to your house and black your boots, or do some other work to pay for it."

"Can't do it! Have to put you off," said the hard-hearted man.

"Please have pity on my poor mother. She may die, if she has to walk, and I don't want my mother to die in the street!" pleaded the boy, with the tears running down his face.

"No! Come, now. Get off, and be lively about it. I can't fool with you all day!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Here is your fare for them," remarked a kind-hearted old gentleman. "I see, conductor, that you have no mercy, and I will take care that you are discharged at the end of your run."

The boy thanked the kind gentleman, and said:

"Some day I shall be able to repay you, if you will kindly tell me who you are."

The gentleman liked the manly bearing of the boy and asked him what was his name and where he lived.

"My name is Albert Watkins," said the boy, "and I am 10 years old."

"And how do you and your mother live?"

"I get money for her, when I can."

"How?"

"By running errands, selling papers,

when I can get them, and doing odd jobs, like putting wood and coal for people but my mother has been sick for a long time, and unless I can get somebody to stay with her I cannot leave her to go out to get money."

"Well, my boy, give me the number of your house, and I will see if I can help you."

"Please, sir there is no number on it. We live in the back yard of a house on Great Jones street. Anybody around there can tell you where we live. Just ask for 'Little Watkins.' All the boys know me. So does the policeman on our beat. Sometimes they save their lunch for me and mother."

Here the car stopped for the boy and his mother to get off, and the old gentleman, assisting the sick woman to alight, put a bill into the little boy's hand, and told him to call a carriage to take his mother home.

The next day a porter brought a great basket of clothing and food to the house on Great Jones street, and told Albert that Mr. Dier had sent them, and wanted him to come to his office the next morning.

Albert, you may be sure, did not fail to go, and Mr. Dier, after asking for his mother's health, and learning that she was better, said: "Now, I want to help you to make a living. What can I do for you?"

Albert said that if he had a news stand, he thought that he was big enough to manage it, and that it would enable him to make a comfortable living for his mother, which was all that he desired.

The old gentleman was pleased with his choice, and before long Albert was installed as the proprietor of a news stand, situated in a good place, and well stocked with papers, magazines, and such things, and a few books.

At this business Albert did very well. He soon built up quite a trade, and before long began to attend a night school, to get some education for himself, but there was scarce an evening that he did not stop at his benefactor's house to see whether he could not do something in the way of chores and errands to repay him for his kindness.

One night, as he was on his way home from his stand, the fire bell rung. Albert stopped to count the strokes, to tell where the fire was, and was amazed to find that it was on the corner where Mr. Dier's house stood. Immediately he ran thither as fast as he could, and when he came in sight, he saw that it was his friend's mansion all in flames. He hastily made his way through the crowd, and as he came near the house, he heard voices crying, "Will nobody save those children!" Albert looked up, and saw at the third story window a fireman with two children in his arms. The firemen on the ground below put up a ladder to the window, but before they had accomplished it, the man above, with the children, disappeared, while great volumes of smoke began to pour from the window. "They are gone!" the people said. "They must have perished!" Suddenly a small boy was seen running up the ladder with the quickness of a cat. The people below watched him spell-bound. It was but a moment till he reached the top, and disappeared into the house. "He will be burnt up!" cried some. "Why did the firemen let him ascend the ladder? What a terrible fate for a boy?"

Presently, when all hope of his safety had been abandoned, the boy reappeared at the window with a bundle in his arms. He carefully climbed out upon the ladder, just as a great gust of flame swept out of the window behind him. Slowly he descended amidst the encouraging cries of the people, while a couple of stout firemen climbed up the ladder to assist him, and relieve him of his precious burden, which was seen to be the two children. As he reached the foot of the ladder, the boy fell in a fainting condition, and a fireman quickly

conveyed him to a neighboring drug store where everything possible was done for him, while the crowd gathered at the door was praising his bravery, and asking for the name of the noble boy, who had saved those children's lives at the risk of his own. Presently Mr. Dier himself, whose grandchildren they were that had been saved, came into the drug store to see the brave boy, and find out who he was. He found the boy lying on a couch, his hair burnt off, his face and hands terribly blistered, and himself just returning to consciousness. As soon as his eyes fell on him, he knew him. "It is Albert!" he said, "the little newsboy—my little boy, whom I met on the cars." The old gentleman sat down beside him, and when Albert opened his eyes they met the sight of his benefactor, Mr. Dier, the banker.

When Albert was able to speak, his old friend said, "My boy, how can I find words to express my gratitude? How can I ever repay you? You have saved the lives of my dear grandchildren."

"And you, Mr. Dier, helped my mother and me, when we were poor and sick and hungry."

"One good turn deserves another."—*N. O. Picayune.*

### The Dumb Man's Experience.

One afternoon during a camp meeting at the close of the sermon a man who had been deaf and dumb from his birth was invited upon the preacher's stand to relate his experience.

And this address might well be called a *silent sermon*, but it was one of the most eloquent and affecting discourses upon the atonement ever heard.

First, the dumb man described his condition before he found a Saviour. He pointed to the ground, and represented himself as lying upon it and covered with dust.

He had been an intemperate man, and he showed us, more significantly than if he had spoken, into how sad a condition this habit had brought him. Where could a Saviour for such a helpless sinner be found?

He turned his eyes to heaven; he pictured the Son of God among the angels, receiving their adoration and worship. He represented His coming down to earth, His birth as a little baby, His growing to manhood, His going about healing the lame, the blind, the deaf. The audience under the trees were hushed into unthoughtful silence. Only the rustling of the summer wind through the leaves could be heard. Now he painted Gethsemane and Calvary; the prayers, the tears, the agony of Jesus. He touched the places of the nails in His blessed hands and feet, of the spear in his side. He showed how His sacred head was crowned with thorns, while the blood trickled down His hallowed face; then he stood still before the silent multitude with his hands outstretched like one nailed to a cross. It was the cross itself preaching. Not an eye wandered in that immense company, and not a heart was unmoved.

Now he went back to the poor sinner in the dust. He pointed his finger to where he was lying in all his helpless misery; then he pointed to himself, as if he would say, "I was that poor sinner." He then turned his eyes as if looking intently upon the one hanging upon the cross. He lifted towards the cross his right hand, and then brought it down upon his heart with an indescribable look of loving trust. It was as if he had said aloud, but how much more impressively, "He died for me!"

There was more than one present in that company that saw how much more powerful in their impression, acts are than words. It is not necessary for us to tell others that we are kind, and generous, or truthful. Our lives bear witness even if our lips are silent.—*Sunday School Times.*