

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 7.

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



Minister of the Government in Charge:  
HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:  
DR. T. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

DR. J. M. GIBSON, M.A. Superintendent  
A. MATHISON, M.A. Warden  
J. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.D. Physician  
MISS S. E. WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

DR. J. M. GIBSON, M.A. Miss J. D. TERRILL, Head Teacher  
A. MATHISON, M.A. Miss M. M. TRUMPTON, Head Teacher  
J. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.D. Miss MARY WYLLIE, Head Teacher  
MISS S. E. WALKER, Matron  
MISS M. M. TRUMPTON, Head Teacher  
MISS MARY WYLLIE, Head Teacher  
MISS M. M. TRUMPTON, Head Teacher  
MISS MARY WYLLIE, Head Teacher

MISS M. M. TRUMPTON, Head Teacher of Articulation  
MISS MARY WYLLIE, Head Teacher of Fancy Work  
MISS M. M. TRUMPTON, Head Teacher of Drawing

JOHN T. HURNS, Superintendent of Printing  
J. MIDDENMARK, Knifemaker  
JOHN THOMAS, Master Carpenter  
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Joiner  
THOMAS WILLS, Gardener  
MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer

Object of the Institution is to afford education to all the youth of the Province, male and female, either partial or total deafness, in the common

between the ages of seven and fifteen, deficient in intellect, and free from disease who are born in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted. The regular term of instruction is three years, with a vacation of nearly six weeks during the summer of each year.

Parents or friends who are able to do so, are charged the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance, and board free.

When parents, guardians or friends pay the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance, clothing must be provided by the parents or friends.

At the time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the pupils are instructed in general work, tailoring, dressmaking, and the use of the sewing machine, and ornamental and fancy work, as may be

all having charge of deaf mute pupils shall themselves of the Minister of the Government for their education.

Regular Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and continues to the end of each year. The terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent

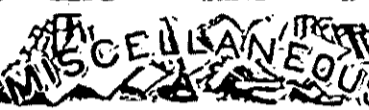
INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND SENT without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to be sent in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each day (excepted). The messenger is not to be sent for parcels or receive letters at post office for delivery, for any other reason than the same in the locked bag.



## An October Song.

There is a flush on the cheek of the poppin and  
And the first glow of gold on the brow of the  
The bloom from the stem of the rock-rose is  
And there'll soon be a war in the burr of a nut  
The crane has a gleam like the breast of a dove  
And the hawk is as red as the tips of his  
While the hue of his coat is the blue of a  
And the goldenrod glow to the class of her  
Like bubbles of amber the hours float away  
As I search in my heart for regrets for the May  
Alas! for the spring and the days that are  
The autumn has seen the autumn and love  
Clinton Scouler in "The Autumn Song"



## Annie Sims: A True Story.

(From "Our Deaf and Dumb" by J. D. Terrill)

A few years ago, toward the close of a lovely summer day in one of the small towns of Derbyshire, there might have been seen two women standing together evidently in very earnest conversation, when one said, "Why there is Mrs. Trueman coming, let us ask her if she has seen anything of them."

They soon reached the person in question, and asked almost in one breath, "Have you seen or heard any thing of old Sims and his little deaf and dumb girl?" We cannot imagine what has become of them, nor how they have been seen, yet it is closed and has been for two days now.

Mrs. Trueman's face became very sad as she listened to the tale the women told and sadly still when she remembered that the last time she had seen old Sims was very late one night, when he had staggered past her, carrying under his arm a small bundle, and hurrying on as fast as he could.

She had wondered at the time where poor Annie was, and had it not been that she herself was on her way to call in a doctor for one of her children, she would have thought more about the matter for every one in that small town knew and pitied the poor little deaf and dumb girl.

Mrs. Trueman had frequently given her a good meal, because, as she said, "The child always looked a poor starved thing."

"Surely," said one, "the old man would not be so cruel as to leave her in the house alone. We will go and see, and they hurried in the direction of the dwelling, which was a very small place, consisting of two rooms and a cellar.

When they had reached it, they tried the door and window but both were securely fastened and though they did their utmost to force open the former, it would not yield to their efforts. They then became very quiet and listened, but all within was still as the grave.

Mrs. Trueman was just saying "I'll run and fetch Jones, the locksmith, he'll get in somehow," when a policeman was seen coming toward them and they soon told him their fears about the child. He said, "I can break a pane of glass and open the window." This was very soon done, and jumping in, he was speedily followed by the women.

The room on the ground floor was soon searched, as there was very little furniture in it, the old man having sold all he could to buy drink for himself. Mrs. Trueman ran upstairs, where there was really nothing but dirt, and a few rags which had served for a bed.

No child was to be found. Before she could retrace her steps she heard a cry from one of the women below.

The policeman had opened the door

which led into the cellar, and there, on the top step, lay the poor little child, perfectly motionless.

"Poor, dear lamb!" burst from Mrs. Trueman's lips, as she took her in her arms and began rubbing the little hands, which were quite cold, though she was not dead.

Hot tears fell from the motherly eyes as they carried Annie into the nearest cottage. A doctor was called in, but before he arrived she had been placed in a warm bath, and then into a comfortable bed.

Though she remained unconscious for a long time, with very careful nursing and tender care she was (as it were) brought back to life again.

When she opened her eyes she looked around, and smiled faintly at the kind faces which were bending over her, but she was too weak to make any sign.

The doctor said she might recover, but even if she did she would never become strong. The child, who was only three years old, must have been without food or drink for three days at least.

Many of the neighbours promised the poor woman (in whose cottage she was taken all the help they could afford, though they were all very poor, most of them having large families of their own; they could not, however, see the deaf and dumb child so cruelly neglected by her father, without doing all in their power to help to nurse and restore her to health.

In a few weeks little Annie was running about, appearing quite as well as hitherto.

And now comes the question, what is to become of her?

In the meantime, the police were looking for the man who had so wickedly deserted his deaf and dumb child. They were not able to find or indeed to obtain any trace of him, and have not until this day. It is thought by some that he drowned himself, but that was never known.

After much discussion between the kind hearted man and woman who had taken Annie in, it was agreed that she would have to go into the workhouse, for they could but barely feed and clothe their own, and, as the man said, "perhaps she will get better food there than we could give her." In a few weeks she was sent thither.

Taken from the children who knew her and who understood many of her little ways and signs, she became very dull.

The matron tried to be kind, but she had never seen a deaf and dumb child before. Consequently she did not know how to treat her. She imagined that the best and kindest way was to let her do as she pleased, so Annie was allowed to sit or walk by herself, and thus she grew up in total ignorance.

Twelve long years have passed away, and poor Annie Sims is still in the workhouse, having now grown into a tall sullen looking girl.

Not being able to make others understand her wants, and for so long a time left to herself, she now became unmanageable at times, and somewhat of a terror to those around her. If anyone stood in her way at all, she flew into a fitful paroxysm of rage, which made her glad to leave her to herself.

One day a gentleman called at the workhouse, and asked if there were any deaf and dumb people amongst the inmates. He was told there was one.

The porter then took him into one of the rooms, and the gentleman asked the matron if that was a deaf and dumb girl, pointing to Annie, who was standing by one of the windows. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he went up to her, and taking her by the hand, shook it kindly, looking in her face meanwhile with an expression of kindness, which the poor girl could not resist.

He then made a few signs, and Annie soon understood them. This proved that she was not deficient in intellect.

After giving her some pictures to look at

he left promising the matron he would soon call again.

Shortly after this Annie was removed from the workhouse, and placed in a deaf and dumb institution, where she appeared very sullen and unattractive, and at times so thoroughly upset the order of the school by her violent temper, which had been so long unchecked, that it was feared she would not be able to stay.

The teachers, however, were very kind and patient with her, making many allowances, knowing, as they did, the story of her early life.

Two years passed away, and by this time Annie looked very different, and began to return the affection, which from the first her teachers had shown toward her.

She now understood that there was a Divine Being who ruled over the world, and who was grieved when she did that which was wrong. She became very anxious to learn, and from this time her teachers had very little trouble with her.

When angered by any of her school-fellows, she would often be seen to close her eyes, and when asked what she was doing, she would reply, "I am asking Jesus to keep me from getting in a passion."

She now made rapid progress, and very soon the gentleman, who had interested himself on her behalf, had the satisfaction of seeing her trying to learn and profit by all that her teachers taught her. She continued to improve, gaining by her continued good conduct the esteem of all who knew her. So greatly was she changed that her teachers called her "a miracle of Divine Grace."

Her education was now almost complete, and the friends who were interested in her, began to look out for a suitable situation, or home, where she might be placed after leaving school, when Annie appeared not quite so well as usual.

Eventually it was decided that the girl should have a change of air and scene, and she was placed under the care of a kind person who had taken an interest in her, and who hoped, along with many others, that the change would prove beneficial. In a few weeks, however, it was noticed that, notwithstanding every care and attention on the part of the doctor and friends, Annie was gradually becoming weaker. An able physician was called in to consult with the doctors, and after asking several questions about her he shook his head and declared that poor Annie would soon go into a rapid consumption.

The neglect and ill treatment which she had received in her early youth had ruined her constitution.

"Dear Annie! Just when the hopes of her friends were raised to the highest—must she die? Poor girl, how quietly she lay, though suffering acute pain; submitting without a murmur to the application of the needful remedies, and smiling her grateful thanks for all the acts of kindness done for her. There were no outbursts of impatience now, no sullen exhibitions of self will. Love was the one absorbing feeling of her heart. — "Jesus loves me," "I love Jesus," "I love all," were the utterances of this young girl, who had been led through all her difficulties of mind and heart to understand the great principle which Christ came to teach. The teaching of the Holy Spirit had come down upon her as dew upon the mown grass, causing it to bear fruit in rich abundance to the glory of the Father.

From the very first poor Annie seemed to know that her illness would be fatal, but death had no terrors for her, and as week by week she lay patiently suffering it was a beautiful sight to look upon her calm face, which seemed to be lit up with a holy joy.

Towards the close her sufferings became more intense, yet in the brief intervals of ease her face wore the same bright smile, and her heart glowed with sympathy for others.

(Concluded on last page.)