

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

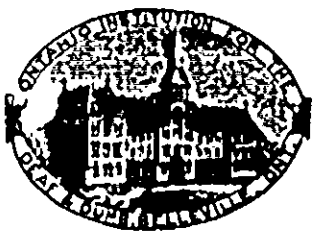
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## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,  
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:  
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

J. MATHISON	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Director
E. F. FAKINS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

### Teachers:

J. MATHISON	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Director
E. F. FAKINS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron
MISS MARGERY CURLEIGH	Teacher of Articulation
MISS MARY HULL	Teacher of Fancy Work
MISS SYLVIA L. BALIS	Teacher of Drawing



## THE SWEETEST LIVES.

BY MISS BROWNING.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed  
Whose deeds, both great and small  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread  
Where love ennobles all  
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells  
The book of life the shining record tells

Thy love shall plant its own benedictions  
After its own life-working. A child's kiss  
Left on thy smiling lips shall make thee glad  
A poor man served by thee shall in the thro' rich  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest

Young Men's Era

## A STORY

### Of a Russian Deaf and Dumb Girl.

In a Russian village the wife of Joseph Emmanuel lay dying. Perched on her, her husband, holding in his arms their only child, little Belle. This little child, now eight years of age, has been a deaf mute for five years. For a few months after being deprived of her hearing she had talked in her broken, baby way, but now but two words linger in her memory, papa and mamma. These she continued to use, and they were the sweetest music to her father and mother. Now the little girl was leaning towards her dying mother, and young as she was, she tried with all her strength to restrain the heart-breaking sobs and keep back the blinding tears, until she could gather her mother's last message as she feebly and at intervals, spelled the words with her thin, white hands. These were the words—the last words—formed by the faltering hands:

"Love your father and comfort him my darling, when I am gone. Never never leave him alone. Always stay with him. Fill mother's place, dear little one, and God in heaven bless you. She wished to say more, but her hand fell lifeless upon her breast. In a few moments the father and child were alone with their dead.

In the five years since little Belle had lost her hearing, her father, a thorough scholar, had devoted every leisure moment to the education of his beautiful little daughter. A bright active mind, and an eager desire to acquire knowledge, made his task an exceedingly interesting one. From her earliest babyhood she had manifested a most affectionate and lovable disposition. During the terrible illness, which had claimed her for life, she had retained the patience and sweetness of her nature.

As she lay apparently dying, her parents, with the agonizing longing for still another word by all who watched the death bed of their loved ones, repeatedly called her back before utter insensibility could seal her lips. At last her father, in despair, with almost cruel persistence gently shook her and said, "Do you love me, darling? For the first time a word entered the gradually closing chamber, and in a clear, earnest voice she answered, "Yes, papa, I love everybody." Her father felt that her answer had awakened the music of all the spheres. After she arose from days of insensibility she was perfectly dead.

Now the father and child were left alone, with a gradually darkening atmosphere about them. Day by day the injustice and oppression of Russia towards her Jewish subjects increased. Joseph Emmanuel was being gradually stripped of the comfortable competence he and his father had acquired. He had often pondered upon the desirability, perhaps even necessity, for emigrating to a country where freedom and equal rights existed, but he was living in the home of his fathers and near the graves of his kindred. His was a patient, affectionate, unworldly nature, deeply immersed in the love of his people, and he waited with

half-closed eyes for better days.

Now, however, he began to realize, when too late, the enormity of the persecution to which his people were being subjected. His property, by one mode of extortion and another was gradually being taken from him. At last the day came when he was obliged to leave his home, the roof to which he had brought his beautiful bride, Maria. His books and pictures went with the house. He took little Belle and the necessaries with him and moved to a poor cottage. Here he hoped to hide in peace, and for a time his tormentors seemed to be satisfied with the spoils they had secured.

A small income still remained, and it afforded the father and daughter a supply equal to their moderate demands. Luxuries were a thing of the past, but it took little to satisfy the contented child, and Joseph Emmanuel, as he sat with a book in his hand, his beloved pipe in his mouth and watched the busy, happy little girl as she went about her duties, did not too severely miss the things of the past. He sometimes felt that smoking was a selfish indulgence and he firmly took himself to task for the small sum he expended in this way. He counted the little luxuries he could buy for Belle by saving this sum, and at last determined to deny himself the indulgence. The first time he attempted to sit down after his evening meal without his customary smoke, little Belle was filled with consternation. It had been her greatest pleasure almost from her babyhood to fill her father's pipe and take it to him. Her mother had taught her this and when the father, for the first time she could remember, since a spell of illness had stopped him for a few days, refused to take his pipe, no explanation or excuse would suffice. She knew he must be sick, and that he would die like her mother. At last she burst into tears, and then her father gladly took the peace offering from her dear little hands and allowed himself to be forested into the solace more dearly prized than ever.

In the two years since the mother's death the circumstances of the family changed rapidly, but the little girl's education had gone on, and she became a neat little housekeeper. She and her father lived alone now and she took the greatest pleasure in keeping the house quite clean and preparing her father's meals with the greatest care. She had also learned to sew and proudly kept the linen in order.

Another year passed in peace, and Mr Emmanuel began to think the great troubles of life were over. Many of his neighbours were suffering from religious persecutions, but for the sake of his little girl, he had attended no religious gatherings and in no way called attention to the fact that he still existed.

But like all Russian Jews, he had been standing upon the crust that covered an active volcano. Suddenly there came an officer to his door with an order that he should immediately join a party en route to ... to undergo an examination for admission into the army. He appealed to the officer in every moving term he could call to his mind, he showed his little deaf and dumb girl, he implored, he reminded the man, whom he knew to be a father, of his own children.

Words were useless and time pressing. He snatched poor little Belle frantically to his heart, and was torn away without even time to explain to the frightened child the cause of his departure. Belle picked up her hat and followed. When the officer saw her, he ordered the soldier who accompanied him to drive her back. Her father watched her and found she was begging to know where he was going. He stopped, but was forced along. "One word, dear father, she spelled.

He was handcuffed and could not answer. For an instant Belle hesitated, and then ran wildly back to her deserted home. She looked hurriedly about, quickly found her father's pipe and to-

bacco, and then again followed the receding figures.

As she approached, breathless, she called "Papa." The officer made threatening gestures. Suddenly by a violent wrench the father freed himself from the hold of the two men and ran toward his child. He was instantly recaptured and brutally beaten. Bello caught the arm of one of the men and was knocked down in the struggle. She was stunned for a moment, but recovering she picked up the pipe and tobacco and followed, though this time without trying to approach her father.

She saw the officer take him to a large party of men and women already under way. They were ordered to halt, and her father was chained to a great, burly, wicked-looking convict. Even this man seemed to dislike the contact with the Jews, and kicked his helpless companion viciously. The party started and Bello followed, but always at a sufficient distance to escape notice.

All the forenoon she patiently trudged along. At intervals she managed to catch a glimpse of her father. With that stimulus hunger, thirst, weariness were unfeeling.

At 12 o'clock the company had reached their first halting place. Now if she could only look in her dear father's face and give him his pipe. Maybe, oh, happy thought, they would allow her to walk by his side. She circled around until she could see her father's white agonized face. Nothing could keep her from him now. She flew toward him. She had nearly reached him when the officer who had arrested her father caught her by the arm. "What, if this Jewish brat hasn't followed us. Get home again, quick or I'll—" and he again threatened her. Bello ran until she fell exhausted behind some shrubs growing by the road.

From this time she did not try to approach her father. She seemed to have settled it in her mind that he would some time reach his destination, and then she might go to him.

After their wretched noonday meal the party again resumed their march. Poor as the meal had been, the weary little girl following them had less. Once during the day a peasant gave her a piece of bread, and the following morning a woman gave her a drink of milk.

As the evening of the third day drew near, she could scarcely drag one foot after another. Incredible as it may seem, she had kept up with the party, and at night laid down as she dared to.

Now she determined to try once more to see her father. She was utterly worn out, and maybe a premonition that her end was near had deprived her of fear. She had stopped by the wayside and bathed her face and taken a drink of water. That day nothing had been given her and she was very weak. As she came slowly up, her white, lovely, little face attracted the attention of a young officer, who had a little sister at home, about her age. He spoke to her kindly and asked her for whom she was looking.

Seeing that he had spoken to her, she raised her hand to her face and made the touching sign of the deaf mute.

Then she looked at him eagerly and said "Papa."

"Where is your papa, my child?" Again she repeated the sign, but finding that he did not understand, yet looked at her with kindly eyes, she began to search about for her father. In a moment she found him lying flat upon the ground. What unheard-of cruelty could have in these days reduced him to the wreck he now appeared to be?

With a glad cry the child ran and fell into his arms. After the first frantic embrace she sat up, and taking the pipe and tobacco from her pocket, filled the bowl and placed it in her father's hands. Then, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction, she leaned her head upon her father's shoulder and faintly.

In the night little Belle died in her father's arms.—Selected.

Object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common language.

At least twelve months between the ages of seven and twenty, and being deficient in intellect and free from contagious diseases, who are born deaf or become deaf in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is three years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Persons, guardians or friends who are able to pay the charges the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance are admitted as pupils.

Persons whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance, may be admitted as pupils. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

Persons who learn the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to read and write. Pupils are instructed in general English, Bookbinding, Dressmaking, Tailoring, Sewing, and the use of the sewing machine, and in domestic and fancy work as may be desired.

Persons having charge of deaf mutes are invited to send them to the Institution for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School term begins on the first Wednesday in September and continues to the end of June of each year. Admissions to the terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,  
Superintendent

## Grand Trunk Railway.

STATION BELLEVILLE STATION  
 7:00 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 3:45 p.m.  
 7:00 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 3:45 p.m.  
 7:00 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 3:45 p.m.