

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. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:
R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
A. MATHEWSON, Director.
J. E. FAKINS, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:
D. H. COLEMAN, M. A., Mrs. J. G. FERRILL, All of Teachers.
P. DENNY, Miss N. TEMPLETON.
JAMES C. HALIS, B. A., Miss MARY HULL.
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W. A. CRAWFORD, Miss ADA JAMES.
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H. J. MADDEN, (Matron Teacher).

Teachers of Articulation:
MISS LEE M. JACK, Miss CATHERINE GIBSON.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS L. S. McCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS, Clerk and Typewriter Inspector of Printing.
WM. DODD, WM. SCURR, Storekeeper & Treasurer, Master Shoemaker.
H. H. KEITH, JOHN I. KAMP, Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer.
MISS M. DENNEY, JOHN DOWRIE, Second-Aid, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.
MISS M. McNEIGH, D. CUNNINGHAM, Principal Hospital Nurse, Master Baker.
JOHN MOORE, Painter and Gardener.

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

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty not being deficient in intellect and free from contagious 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 \$25 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will 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, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, Sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2 1/2 cts. 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 any one unless the name is in the locked bag.



How Scotland was Saved.

The Danes once attempted fair Scotland's de-
struction
They sought to destroy her and spoil her of
power
Their scheme proved but futile though wise in
construction
Their warriors were conquered and foiled by
a flower

Their plan was to fall on a carrion sleeping
And capture it ere it could flee from the foe
At night they would come all so stealthily creep-
ing
And Scotland's stout chieftains should waken to
wee

They were nearing the spot each with death
dealing intent
But cunning and caution alike were in vain
A bare-footed child stepped on a great thistle
The hurt made him utter a sharp cry of pain

Thus warning was given each woke from his
slumber
And sprang to his arms at the harkless Danes'
call
And soon the invaders fell back weak in numbers
The sharp prickly thistle had conquered them
all

Thus the thistle saved Scotland though hum-
ble, it ever
Her joy and her pride and the emblem of
power
In grateful remembrance she'll wear it forever
I engraved on her shield as the national flower
Mary Spinks Wheeler



Once Too Often.

"Jessica, will you run down and close
the drawing room window? It is begin-
ning to rain, and the damp air will spoil
the piano."

"Yes, mother, presently," replied the
girl, who was about eighteen years of
age. She did not rise, however, to do as
her mother wished, but continued chat-
ting merrily with her brother Hubert and
his friend, Ernest Holt.

A few minutes passed, and then
Jessica's mother, who was busy with
some rather difficult and complicated
needlework, looked up again to say—
"Jessica, did you hear me?"

"Oh, yes, mother, I forgot, I'll go in
a minute."

The mother was called out of the room
and Hubert Mowbray began to tell
another of his wonderful school adven-
tures. His friend, who was a few years
older than himself, looked disturbed
outside the rain began to fall heavily.
As soon as he could put in a word,
Ernest said, gently—

"Could I close that window for you,
Miss Mowbray? I will, if you will tell
where the room is."

Jessica colored, as she rose hastily.
"I'm sure I'd forgotten," she said. "I'll
return in a minute, and opening the
door of the morning room, in which they
had been sitting, she ran hastily down
stairs.

In the drawing room, a pretty, daintily
furnished apartment, Jessica found
her mother was just closing the window.

"See, Jessica, how it has rained in on
that lace curtain and this velvet chair,"
she said, reprovingly.

"I'm really sorry. I meant to go at
that moment, but I forgot," said her
daughter.

"Try and get over the habit of pro-
crastinating," said her mother, gravely.
"It will get you into trouble some day.
Believe me, you will be doing it once
too often."

"Oh, I mean to turn over a new leaf,
and never do it again," said Jessica.
"Believe me, mother, I feel my negli-
gence all the more because you do not
scold me for it."

"I only want you to try and improve,"
said her mother, "that is of more
consequence than all the velvet and
lace which has suffered by your care-
lessness."

"Mr. Holt," said Jessica, presently,

as she entered the room in which she
had left her brother and his friend,
"what is the best way of getting rid of
one's faults?"

"To cultivate the opposite virtue, I
should say," replied Ernest, gravely.

"And to begin at once," said Hubert,
with such emphasis on the words that
Ernest and Jessica both laughed.

A few days passed by during which
the sister, brother, and friend rode,
walked, sang, and played together, and
it was very evident to all that a real
attachment had sprung up between
Ernest Holt and Jessica Mowbray.

To the young man, Jessica with her
pretty, playful yet at times strangely
earnest ways, seemed almost perfect.
She had only one fault he thought, and
that was the habit of procrastination.
He tried all he could to get her to form
the opposite one of promptitude in ac-
tion but, though the girl always prom-
ised to reform the day, she constantly
put off doing so. Wishing to please
him made her determine very earnestly
that every act of procrastination should
be the last - yet she continually delayed
acting upon the determination when the
opportunity came. It was evident that
experience itself that surest, yet often
most painful, of teachers - would have
to show her the evil of that against
which she had so often been warned.

"Oh, how vexing! Mother wants me
to return home at once," said Jessica to
a friend of hers, with whom she was
chatting, as they watched a base ball
game which was being played between
the club of their native town and the
Harvard club, one bright day in the
following spring.

The Harvards seemed to be getting
the best of it, and the girls were very
anxious for the honor of their fellow
citizens. One of Jessica's little brothers
had just come to her with the message
from her mother.

"Mother wants you immediately. I
don't know what she wants, but you are
to come at once," the boy had said,
earnestly.

"Tell mother I will come," had been
Jessica's ready answer, and she really
meant to go, but her companions easily
persuaded her to stay till first one man
and then another was out.

The match was over at last, the
Harvards won, and Jessica remembered
her neglected promise. She went home
as quickly as possible then, in no little
distress that she had delayed so long.

"My child," said her father, meeting
her in the hall the moment she arrived,
"I have been very anxious that you
should come. I have had news for you.
Ernest Holt has met with a serious
accident. His mother telegraphed for
you and your mother, who you know is
her greatest friend. Ernest wanted
you. Your mother waited till the last
minute, and then hurried off by train,
leaving word you were to follow."

"Oh, father! Why was I not told,"
cried Jessica, bitterly.

"I should have come myself, but your
brother said you promised to return im-
mediately, and we expected you every
moment."

"When does the next train go to
Boston?"

"In a couple of hours. You had bet-
ter get something warm on, for it will be ten or
eleven below you arrive. The house is
close by the station, or I would write
for them to meet you. You will find
your mother there."

The enforced delay of two hours, and
then the prolonged misery of a slow
train when Jessica would like to have
gone by lightning speed to the home of
her betrothed lover, was terrible to her.
But at last she stood at the door of Mr.
Holt's residence. The bell rang violent-
ly as it slipped from her trembling
fingers. The maid who opened the door
was crying.

"Oh, Miss Mowbray," she said, pite-

ously, "why could you not come before?
Mr. Ernest wanted you so much."

"Is he—is he gone?" faltered Jessica.

"Yes, Miss, just half an hour since,
your mother was with him at the last."
Jessica wrung her hands. In a moment
the evil of her habit of procrastination
was branded indelibly into her heart of
hearts. She had lost him whom she
loved, and she had not been near him to
soothe his last moments, and to hear his
dying words.

We will not intrude upon her grief,
but will only add, that later, Jessica
learned that a serious carriage accident
had caused Ernest to be unconscious for
some time; but, as soon as he came to
himself, and was gently told that the
doctors gave no hope of his recovery, he
begged that Jessica might be sent for,
and after he lay watching the clock, and
evidently longing for her to appear. At
last, as hour after hour went by, and
she did not come, he whispered, as if
apologetically—

"Dear Jessica - her only fault."

And those were his last words.

Jessica was ever afterwards noted for
the promptness and decision of her
character, but all her life she regretted
that she had not sooner overcome the
fault which caused her such terrible
grief. —Young Folks' Magazine.

One-eared People.

A gentleman who is totally deaf in one
ear but who hears well enough with the
other to follow successfully his occu-
pation of teaching music, writes as fol-
lows:—I have been tempted several
times to comment upon articles which
have appeared in the News, but so far I
have refrained. One story, however,
was a little too strong for me. It was
the one about the old man who used to
pound the stove with poker whenever
persons came to talk to him, the theory
being that the noise assisted the sense
of hearing in some way. I do not know
what may be the facts of the case of one
whose sense of hearing is dull, but my
own experience is exactly the reverse.
You know I hear with but one ear, but in
that case the sense of hearing is normal,
or, perhaps, a little acute. When I am in
a mill, or any place where machinery is
running, I find it almost impossible to
understand what any one says, although
I may be able to hear his voice with
perfect distinctness. The reason is that
the vowel sounds being musical can be
easily heard, but the consonant sounds
blend more or less with the noises of the
machinery, though why two ears should
be able to distinguish them more easily
than one, is something for which I have
no theory.

Another peculiarity of a one-eared
man is that he is not always able to tell
the direction of a sound. I often hear
a sound very clearly, but I am not able
to determine its direction. Perhaps that
may account for my poor success as a
hunter when a boy. When I heard a
squirrel barking I generally went the
wrong way to find him until I either
passed out of hearing or he became silent
in disgust. —California News.

Great Britain's Five Flags.

In all Great Britain has five flags - the
royal standard, the union jack, the mer-
chant flag, naval ensign and the blue
ensign, the flag of the naval reserve.
The union jack is hoisted by colonial
governors and each colony shows a dif-
ferent badge. It takes long practice and
constant study to identify every British
flag that one would see in a voyage
around the world. —Chicago Tribune.

It has ever been my experience that
folks who have no vices have very few
virtues. —Lincoln.

A man who is always ready to suspect
others is generally not any too safe him-
self. —Washington Democrat.