

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 1.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Nurse
J. E. KAKINE, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

D. B. COLYMAN, M. A.	Head Teacher	MISS J. O. TERRILL	Teacher
P. DENYS	Teacher	MISS H. TEMPLETON	Teacher
JAMES C. HALL, B. A.	Teacher	MISS M. M. OSTROM	Teacher
D. J. McHILLON	Teacher	MISS MARY HULL	Teacher
W. J. CAMPBELL	Teacher	MISS LORENCE MAYHEW	Teacher
GEO. I. STEWART	Teacher	MISS SYLVIA L. HALLS	Teacher
		MISS ADA JAMES	Teacher
		MISS GEORGINA LINN	Teacher

MISS CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS L. N. MICALLEF, JOHN T. HURON, Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

Wm. DOUGLASS, J. MIDDLEMANS, Sinker & Associate Engineer.

O. G. KEITH, JOHN DOWNIE, Supervisor of Boys, etc. Master Carpenter.

MISS M. DEMPSEY, D. CUNNINGHAM, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Baker.

Wm. NURSE, JOHN MOORE, Master Shoemaker. Farmer and Gardener.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational 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 \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay this 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 \$45 p. m. 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 same is in the locked bag.



Canada.

BY DR. DEWART

The grand old woods of Canada
How cool and dim below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves
Swift-changing with the sunlight waves
Where ferns and mosses grow

The giant trees of Canada
Dark pine and birch drooped low
The stately elm, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, I love them all
And well their forms I know

The forest wealth of Canada
The chopper a blow resounding
Through the crisp air, while rooks and stail
The snow's deep cloak on our vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground

The sparkling streams of Canada
That "death" cool shade was pass
Then wind, where sleek and lullaby sleep
Through verdant meadow, sparkling
In clover-luscious and grass

The crystal streams of Canada
Deep in whose murmuring tide
From pebbly caverns dimly seen,
Neath leafy shade of living green,
Gray trout and salmon glide

The beautiful lakes of Canada
With loving eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chain,
By fair St. Lawrence to the main,
An ocean wild and free

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's wake,
Or fade with dying day
Your memories in my heart awake
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away

The prairies vast of Canada,
Where sun slugs to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good night
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth

The robust life of Canada
In cherry homes I see
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
"As Nature's self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free



A Brave Jump.

In December last the Baltimore American reported a heroic act performed by William Frasher, a brakeman on the Maryland division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad. The freight train on which he was running had slowed up before crossing the bridge over Bush River, when suddenly he caught sight of a boy and a girl struggling in the water. They were brother and sister, as afterward appeared, twelve and ten years old, and had broken through the ice while skating.

Frasher, who was on the rear of the caboose, shouted to the middle brakeman to order the train stopped. The middle brakeman notified the conductor, but before the engineer could act the train had passed over the head of drowning children.

Frasher did not wait. At the risk of his own life he leaped from the lower step of the caboose into the water, and came up through the thin ice. Being an expert swimmer, he had no trouble in the water, and soon made his way to young Lawler and his sister. With his feet clasping one of the pilings, he lifted the little girl to the bridge, and then rescued the boy.

The little girl fainted when she was placed on the bridge. Attracted by the stopping of the train, Lawler's companions skated up to the bridge and learned of his adventure. One of them quickly hurried off and brought back two sled robes, in one of which they wrapped the little girl.

Young Lawler, though chilled through, was still buoyant, and walked back over the ice, with the other robe slung carelessly over his shoulder. Then Frasher jumped on board the caboose, and the train proceeded.

In His Name.

These are a few noteworthy actions in life that are not heralded in the morning papers, and there are a good many people who do not telephone for the reporters when they do noble deeds. We give an instance.

It was a cold dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy shoppers are eating their hot dinners, when the stores are closing, and when the shop girls plod home, many too poor to ride, tired with the long day's standing and work.

One of the shop-girls we have alluded to was hurrying home through the slush after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable to keep out the winter's cold with a thin fall cloak. One person noticed her as she hurried along. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed.

A blind man was sitting in an alley by the pavement, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The wind and sleet beat upon him. He had no overcoat. His thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, sleet covered pencils. He looked as if the cold had congealed him.

The girl passed the man, as did the rest of the hurrying crowd. When she had walked half a block away she fumbled in her pocket, and turned and walked back.

For a moment she looked intently at the vendor of the pencils, when she saw that he gave no sign, she quietly dropped a ten cent piece into his fingers and walked on.

But she was evidently troubled for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned and walked rapidly back to the dark alley, and the man half hiding in it. Bending over him she said softly, "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indescribable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, humbly. "Please give me back my ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, and held out the coin.

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two silver dollars, one third of her week's hard earnings—all she had. She put one dollar of it into his hand with the words

"Take this instead, for the dear Lord's sake, and go home now. You ought not to sit here in this bitter wind and sleet." Then she turned her steps homeward, pitying the wretched man, and thinking that no one had seen her.

Thinking no one had seen her? God had seen her, and one man, who to his dying day will never forget the act.—*Youth's Companion.*

Another Office.

An apt and witty retort was that made to the colonel of a regiment on one occasion by an old Quaker aunt, to whom he was complaining.

He was an unpopular officer, filled with a sense of his own importance, and most overbearing in his manner to his inferior officers, who disliked him heartily in return, and in consequence shirked their duties whenever opportunity offered.

"I have a most unsatisfactory set of men under me," complained the young man, standing before the little old Quaker lady in a pompous attitude. "I am practically forced to do all the work which should be done by them a great part of the time. I am my own major, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant."

He stopped and frowned down upon his listener. "And there is thine own trumpeter, also, William, I fear," said the old lady, with a twinkle in her eye.

Putting Heart into It.

The customer was a prudent matron from the country, careful in her shopping.

"It is a very pretty piece of goods," she said, "and just the color I want; but I am afraid it will not wash."

One of the shop girls behind the counter bowed indifferently and turned away. The other said eagerly: "Are you going to another part of the store, madam? For it is my lunch hour, and I will take a sample to the basement, and wash and dry it for you before you come back."

The color of the fabric proved to be fast, and the customer bought it, and asked the name of the obliging girl. A year afterward she was again in the same store, and on inquiry learned that the girl was at the head of the department.

"She puts as much life in her work as ten women," said the manager.

A prominent business man once said "I have always kept a close watch on my employees, and availed myself of any hint which would show me which of them possessed the qualities requisite for success for themselves and usefulness to me. One day when I was passing the window of the counting-room, I observed that the moment the clock struck six, all the clerks, with but one exception, laid down their pens, though in the middle of a sentence, and took up their hats. One man alone continued writing. The others soon passed out of the door.

"Pettit," said one, "has waited to finish his paper, as usual."

"Yes; I called to him to come on, but he said if this was his own business he would finish the paper before he stopped work."

"The more fool he? I would not work for a company as for myself."

The men caught sight of me and stopped talking, but after that I kept my eye on Pettit, who worked after hours on my business because he would have done it on his own, and he is now my junior partner."

The success of a young man or woman, in any work or profession, depends largely on the spirit which he or she puts into it. Many good workmen, who are faithful to the letter of their contract with their employers, remain salesmen or bookkeepers until they are gray-headed, while others pass over them and become heads of establishments of their own. To the first class their employment is only so much wages; they "have no heart in it"; to the second, according to the old, significant phrase, it is an outlet for all their own energy and ambition.

An engine, perfectly finished and competent for its work, but with no fire in it, is a fit type for the first class. The same engine with its steam on rushing along the track, of the second.

Be sure that you are able to do your work and on the right track then don't spare the steam.—*Youth's Companion.*

Fainting.

Dr. Peterson says: Habitual fainting arises most frequently from excessive grief, or is a disease of the heart or great blood-vessels; it also occurs in people of nervous constitutions, and bad digestion, in families particularly. During the fit, strong stimulants should be applied to the nose, and cold water suffused on the face. If the fit should still continue the chest, temples, ears, and nostrils should be rubbed with hot brandy, and a spoonful of it forced in the mouth or nose. To prevent the recurrence, port wine taken at the intervals of four hours in the quantity of one glass each time will be found beneficial, at the same time attending to the bowels.

"My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."