

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 14.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,  
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:  
DR. F. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

### Officers of the Institution:

|                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| MATHISON, M. A.     | Superintendent |
| MATHISON, M. A.     | Director       |
| ELKINS, M. D.       | Physician      |
| SNYDER, W. A. L. H. | Matron         |

### Teachers:

|                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| M. A. MATHISON       | Miss J. G. TERRILL     |
| Head Teacher         | Miss S. TOMPLETON      |
| Miss M. M. OSTROM    | Miss MARY HULL         |
| Miss FLORENCE MAYBEE | Miss MARY L. HALL      |
| Miss ADA JAMES       | Monitor                |
| Miss MARY C. CHERRY  | Teacher of Attention   |
| Miss MARY HULL       | Teacher of Fancy Work  |
| Teacher of Dressing  |                        |
| JOHN T. HURKS        | Instructor of Printing |
| FRANK PLINN          | Master Carpenter       |
| WM. NURSE            | Master Shoemaker       |
| D. CANNINGHAM        | Master Baker           |
| THOMAS WILLS         | Gardener               |
| MICHAEL O'MEARA      | Driver                 |

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 afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All children between the ages of seven and twenty not being deficient in intellect, and free from infectious 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 all to 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, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to deaf-mute pupils. In general, the instruction is in domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and other mental and fancy work, as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf-mute children will avail themselves of the liberal aid afforded by the Government 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. Information as to the terms of admission of pupils will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,  
Superintendent

### INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT DELAY to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to be put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 4:30 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not permitted to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for pupils.



### THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oh! for an hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,  
Than reign a grey-haired king!

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!  
Away with festalug's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page  
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's font of flame!  
Give me one jolly, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer  
And, calmly smiling, said  
If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy heart wish hath sped!

But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay  
While swift the seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?

Oh! truest soul of woman-kind!  
Without thee what were life?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind  
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew  
The man would be a boy again  
And be a husband, too!

And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With life's one dissolving year!

Why, yes, for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joy  
I could not bear to leave them all  
I'll take—my—wife and boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen  
"Why, this will never do  
This man would be a boy again  
And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke  
The household with the noise  
And wrote my dream when morning broke  
To please the grey-haired boys.



### A Dog that Could Count.

Old Fetch was a shepherd dog and lived in the highlands on the Hudson. When the sun was low in the west his master would say to the dog, "Bring the cows home," and it was because the dog did his task so well that he was called Fetch. One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered, shady and grassy nooks, he at last gathered them into the mountain road leading to the distant barn-yard. A part of the road ran through a low moist spot bordered by a thicket of black alder and into this one of the cows pushed her way, and stood quietly. The others passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch. As the cows filed through the gate, he whined a little and growled a little, attracting his master's attention.

Then he went to the high fence surrounding the yard, and standing on his hind feet, peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time he started off down the road again on a full run. Before very long he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and soon Fetch appeared bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace, hastening her on by frequently leaping up and catching her ear in his teeth. The gate was again thrown open, and the cow shaking her head from the pain of the dog's rough reminders, was led through it in a way that she did not forget. Fetch then lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper.

Scales are now so delicately constructed that a signature written on a scrap of paper with a soft lead pencil can be weighed. General Spinner used to weigh his on the town hay-scales. But it twisted the lover like a corkscrew.

### He Dared to Tell the Truth.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys—they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard, opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been here but three days before in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him.

"Why, of course, I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daresn't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him."

And he soon turned on his heel leaving poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the workhouse, walked out in the garden, and went to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept downstairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then, stretching out his hand, he said heartily

"Sam, give me your hand, shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear, I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.

The capital letter "Q" will be found but twice in the Old Testament and three times in the New.

### The Maid of the Inn.

An inn is a house, where travellers stop to get their meals and sometimes stay over night. Many years ago there were many inns in England and many travellers stopped at them to drink and eat. At one of these inns, there was a young girl named Mary. She waited on the guests and brought them whatever they wanted. She was beautiful and good. She was always cheerful and tried to please everybody. She often prayed to God and she knew He would take care of her. So she was never afraid in the dark. Everybody liked Mary and many praised her. They knew that she was a true, good girl. By and by Mary had a lover. His name was Richard. Now they were to be married. Now Mary's friends did not like Richard because he was always idle and did not like to work. They thought Mary would be very unhappy if she married him.

Well, one night it was very stormy. The wind blew hard and made the trees creak and groan.

There were two guests at the inn. They were sitting by a table, smoking and talking about the weather. They thought it was a terrible night.

A short distance from the inn there was an old ruined abbey. There were many dark, empty rooms and dark corners about the ruins. One of the men said he knew no one would dare to go to the old abbey during such a stormy night. The other man said he knew Mary, the maid of the inn, would not be afraid. The first man laughed and said he knew Mary would be frightened by a white cow if she saw one.

Then they called Mary and asked her if she would go alone to the old abbey. She said she would go and that she was not afraid. So it was agreed that Mary should bring a bunch of elder, which grew in the middle of the ruins to prove that she had been there. Then Mary put on her hood and shawl and started out. The wind blew furiously and soon she shivered with the cold. Pretty soon she reached the ruins and made her way over the piles of stones and through the dark rooms. The wind roared through the ruins but Mary was not afraid. At last she reached the clump of elders and quickly plucked a bunch to take back with her. Just then she was startled by hearing voices near by. Now she began to be frightened. In a little while the wind ceased to blow hard and she heard foot-steps approaching. She trembled with fear but she quickly hid behind a broken column. She peeped from behind her hiding place and saw two men carrying a corpse between them. All at once the wind blew hard again and the hat of one of the men was blown from his head and rolled close to Mary's feet. Mary thought she would surely be discovered and her heart beat fast. The men, however, were very anxious to conceal the dead body which they bore, so they passed on.

When the men had gone Mary seized the hat and ran very fast out of the ruins. She rushed breathless into the inn and fell exhausted on the floor. She could not speak because she was so frightened. Presently she noticed the hat which she had brought with her. Then she screamed and fainted away for she recognized her lover, Richard's hat. She knew, then, that he was a murderer.

Richard was caught, tried in court before a judge and sentenced to be hanged. Poor Mary! Her mind became weak and she soon lost her reason. She wandered about the village and never smiled again. Her clothes became ragged and torn but she did not notice them. Everybody felt sorry for her. They could not restore her mind again. *The Western Pennsylvanian.*

Teacher "He walked with a lumbering gait. What does that mean?"  
Bright Boy "That means he walked as if I was carryin' a plank."