

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 16.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
MR. J. E. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
A. MATHISON, M. A. Musician
J. L. EAKINS, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

MR. J. O. TERRILL, Head Teacher
MRS. J. O. TERRILL, Miss S. TRIMPINGTON, Miss M. M. OSTROM, Miss MARY HULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYNOR, Miss SYLVIA L. DALY, Miss ADA JAMES, Miss GEORGINA LIND

MISS CAROLINE HIBSON, Teacher of Attention
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
MISS J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing

MISS L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS, Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

WM. DODDGE, J. MIDDLEMAN, Foreman & Associate Supervisor

W. G. FRYER, JOHN DOWDY, Supervisor of Boys etc. Master Carpenter

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

WM. SCHUB, JOHN MOORE, Master Shoemaker, Gardener
MICHAEL O'NEARA, Farmer

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 \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance. All 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, bookbinding 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 in ornamental and fancy work, as may be required.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the 1st and Wednesday in September, and ends on the 31st and Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission and other particulars will be given upon application to the Superintendent 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 by post office at noon and 2 1/2 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 any other than the same in the locked bag.



A Hundred Years From Now.

The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls
Hearing to the eternal shore each day its freight
of souls.
But though our bark sails bravely on pale death
straits at the prow
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred
years from now.

O, mighty human brotherhood, why fiercely
war and strive,
While God's great world has ample room for
every thing alive?
Broad fields uncultured and unplanted are
waiting for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a
hundred years from now.

Why should we toil so earnestly in life's short
narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our
brother man?
Why blindly on an earthly shrine our souls in
obscure bow?
Our gods will rust, our souls be dust a hundred
years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause?
Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of
praise.
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that
dies with shame the brow
Will be a long forgotten dream a hundred years
from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time like
breakers on the shore,
They rush upon the rocks of doom, are seen and
seen no more.
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's
radiant brow,
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred
years from now.

O Thou before whose sleepless eyes the past and
future stand
An open page, like babes we cling to Thy
protecting hand
Cruel, sorrow, death are naught to us if we
may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred
years from now.



Just Time To Think.

There was not very much time to think. He could see the muzzles of their guns sticking out of the rocks. The little puffs of smoke that they emitted seemed as innocent as stray clouds in a summer sky. Once in a moment or so he could see the red head-band of an Apache as he aimed—that, the smoke, the rocks and the sunlight were quite all he could see.

And he was going at a full gallop straight at them, followed by a pitiful handful of men—a handful that called a platoon in the insignificant army of the strongest nation on the earth. In a few minutes, seconds perhaps, he would cease to exist, whatever that meant. He would be simply another young army officer carried on the papers of the regiment as "died in action." The business-like United States of America does not erect monuments to men who meet their death in mere Indian warfare.

He tried to calculate the number of seconds of life left to him. Two hundred yards was about the distance, and he was going at a good swinging gallop. But he could not remember the length of a charger's stride at the gallop to save him. It was exasperating. He recited on that subject at the Academy a few months before without an error. So he tried to think of people.

And first of all he wondered whether any people were of value to the world at all? He had heard older officers say cynically that most men were never missed by the world, no matter who they were. But it did seem wrong that he, young, strong, ambitious, and splendidly educated, should die thus in the very budding of his manhood without an achievement accomplished and without a friend satisfied. Then his mind took a queer turn, and he began to think of perhaps the humblest of his acquaintances. He began to think of McCarthy, of his own troop, who had

been left behind at the post with half a dozen others because a shiftless government had failed to supply the troop with its full quota of horses.

He had tried to teach McCarthy to read and write, even though his captain had laughed at him, for his adolescence. But he had always felt the necessity of doing something in the way of work, and so he had undertaken McCarthy, and he feared now that perhaps even McCarthy had laughed at him, things go so strangely in this world.

Then he thought of a girl back in the East, to whom he was engaged.

His father had laughed at him, when he announced the engagement and told him that he would be engaged a dozen times in all probability before he was settled for life, and his mother had merely smiled in a knowing way, and remarked that she had heard, "That she was a very nice young lady."

But he and she knew how much they were to each other.

And he remembered too, how many delicious day dreams he had pictured for her when he was back at the Academy in the glory of his first class year, and she was one of "the ladies who came up in June" to all but him self. And he remembered how she would smile and blush and agree with him in all his plans with the delightful confidence and trust of a young girl who is experiencing young love.

He wondered whether she would remember him—always, as they had promised each other. He wondered if she would wear black for him, dead, just as she told him she prayed for him every night while living. He could see her in her white dress, slender and fair, standing in the door way of the cloak-room, waiting for him to come and take her to the ball room. He could almost count the roses she used to hold in her hand, and he even thought he could detect their perfume.

And then he thought of his mother—and he almost wished to cry aloud to her as he used to when he was a child waking up from a bad dream, and ask her to take him in her arms. But, instead, he remembered that though barely of age he was a trained soldier. So he rose in his stirrups and waved his revolver, crying very bravely, "Come on, boys, wade in!" just as a hideous Apache snatched along a gun barrel and pulled a trigger—and he thought no more forever. —Tom Hall, in Harper's Weekly.

Saved by a Prayer.

"Good bye, Harry, remember mamma will always pray for your safety."

These were the last words Harry heard as he went out of the gate toward the railroad station to take the next train for the city of New York. Harry has always been on the small farm near his home in Joyville since he was born about 17 years ago. His uncle who lived in the large city of New York had lately written that he had work for one of the boys in the new establishment on Broad way. As there were six boys in the family, Harry's father thought it would be well for one of them to go and take charge of the work uncle George had written about, and Harry was now leaving his home to take charge of the new position which he believed God had assigned him. Little did Harry realize the dangers that would beset him in the city to which he was going. His mother, however, had lived in the city for many years, and thinking of the dangers her boy would now have to encounter gave him the assurance that she would never forget to offer a prayer for her absent boy.

"Mamma will always pray for your safety." These words kept ringing in Harry's ears as the train passed rapidly out of the small village and new scenes came to his view. At the station in New York city his uncle was waiting for him. Harry was soon in his uncle's handsome home. Handsome indeed,

was the present home, but Harry longed for the simple furniture, the old fence, the cat and kittens and old Bruno, the house dog. The artificial life of the city did not well commend itself to his free nature.

In a few days Harry was at work in the new, grand store of his uncle. There he soon became acquainted with many men of his own age; they all seemed very friendly, and invited him to join them in their excursion parties in the evening, and visit them at their homes. Before the first week was ended Harry had visited three boys and taken a trip over to Jersey City, where several other boys took a trip on their bicycles; Harry had brought his wheel with him and enjoyed the trip over the new country very much. One thing, however, happened on this trip which did not make Harry feel at peace with the new companions. After they had gone a distance into the country they rested from their long ride. One of the young men suggested that they go into a store near by for refreshments.

All seemed agreed, and Harry following his new friends, soon found himself standing at a bar in a saloon. "What will you have, Harry?" he heard one of his new friends inquiring. "I'll take a glass of lemonade, if you please," answered Harry. "Pretty good joke, Harry, but you don't get such stuff here; we all are going to have a glass of lager beer, I'll order one for you, too."

And before Harry could think of an answer, the bar-tender had poured a glassful and placed it before him.

Harry felt that to refuse to drink it would be to invite the smiles and scornful remarks of his friends upon him.

He had been taught at home that the drunkard could not enter the kingdom of heaven, and that the first step towards a drunkard's life was drinking the first glass of intoxicating liquor. His mother had warned him against the drunk habit the last evening he was at home, and he had promised to refuse the tempter's glass if it should ever be set before him. Harry felt that he ought to refuse, but he also felt that he lacked courage, he thought "I shall drink this time, but never after this," and was about to take hold of the glass before him when he heard, it seemed to him, his mother's voice at his side saying "Harry, remember that mamma will always pray for your safety." Harry relaxed his hold on the glass and a determined look was in his eyes as he turned away from the bar. The other young men had half emptied their glasses and were setting them down when they noticed that Harry had not touched his.

"Drink, Harry," said one of the young men, the one who worked next to Harry at store, "I treat next."

Harry felt a lump in his throat, but with a fixed determination answered:

"No, I do not drink."

"Pshaw," said one of the young men, "you are not temperance, are you?"

"A glass of beer cannot hurt you; it is beautiful," said another.

"I promised mother," replied Harry, "that I would not drink anything that might make a drunkard of me and if I never begin I shall never have to stop; no one has ever become a drunkard who refused the first glass, but many are drunkards who meant to stop after they had tasted beer or liquor, 'just once'; no, I shall not drink."

It was a long speech for Harry to make, but he thought of his mother's prayer and resolved that she should not pray in vain. He expected the boys to ridicule him for his remarks. When Tom Atkins, the young man, who worked next to him took him by the hand and with emotion said "Thank you, Harry, mother used to tell me the same thing, she thinks her boy has never brought the intoxicating cup to his lips. I promise you that from to night on I shall try to keep my promise to her never to touch it," it surprised Harry greatly. —Arthur E. Granger in Observer.