THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. V.

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 15, 1896.

NO. 7.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

RELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

CANADA.



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

Government Inspector :

On F F CRAMBERIAIN TORONTO. Officers of the Institution:

313 PH1893S M. A. VOS HILLE U IK BRIAL

SS (KAREL WALKER

Superintendent Rumar. Physician. .. Mutrou

Teachers:

France Balin, B. S. by W. Killion W : LAMPRYLL t. I HERWART

Non- Canage Ginneys Teacher of Articulation. d ... Many Butt. Twicker of Furey Work

ting A + Willia, Trucker of Drawing

JOHN T HUMNE, Miss I S METCALPE. Con and Typescriter. Indisactor of Printing

N. W. DUCKILLAND KILIPPE & ENOCHAR

J MIDDLEMASS. Engineer JOHN DOWNER,

. II heltil. . on at Hoya etc. HISWAL DEMPNET

Master Carpenter D CUNNINGHAM. Master Baker.

dimitres Superclaur WH NURAK

JOHN MOORE. Cantener

Witter Shormiker MICHAEL O'MEARA, Parmer

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this institute is to afford educational abstractages to all the youth of the Province who are in account of dealness, either partial folia, mashe to receive instruction in the common wheals.

where the function between the ages of seven and when the sold being deficient in intellect, and free from mutagious diseases, who are bone file maken of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as juigits. 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 ay will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for oar 1 Tuition, books and medical attendance till be furnished free.

Deal mutes whose parents, guardlans or friends IRE | NABLE TO PAT THE ABOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FIRE. Clothing must be furnished by ADMITTED FIRE. furnished by parents or friends.

ofurnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the tranes of Printing, adjustering and shoemaking are taught to loys the female pupils are instructed in general donesite work, Talloring, Dressmaking, ewing, butting, the use of the Sewing machine, ad as in ornamental and fancy work as may be satrante.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf inute uldren will avail themselves of the liberal was offered by the diovernment for their edu-tion and improvement

The Regular Annual School Term begins the second Wednesday in September, and we the third Wednesday in June of each year. I information as to the terms of admission Finformation as to the terms of admission Pupilis, etc., will be given upon application to puy letter or otherwise

R. MATHISON.

Superintendent

HELLPYILLY, UNT

STITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

ATTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND TITHE AND PAPERS RECREVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to me they are addressed. Mail matter to go if just in hox in office door will be sent to just office at noon and 2.5 p.m. of each Bonlays excepted.) The messenger la not sail to just letters or parcels, or receive matter at just office for delivery, for any apleas the same is in the locked bag.



What Is Death?

The following poece has been attributed to findwer hytton. It authorship togralis unknown however.

There is no death. The stays go down for ise down some fairer slowe and bright in heaven's jewelled trown They shine forevernoce.

There is no death—The dust we tread thall change beneath the summer shower forgother grant or mellowed frue.
Or enables winted flower

Tuere is it. death. The leaves may fall And flowers may falle and pass away. They only wait through wintry hours The coming of May.

There is no death? An angel form Walks o er the earth with silent tread. He learn our best loved things away and then we call them dead.

He leaves our bearts all desolate. He plucks our fairest assected flowers. Transplanted into blass they now. Adorn immortal by: ers.

Where er he sees a smile too bright Or heart too juire for taint and the lie bears it to that world of light. To dwell in Paradise

liorn unto that undying life Fo leave ne but to come again With joy we welcome them the same Except their sin and pain

And ever near as though unsecu-The dear immortal spirits tread For all the boundless universe Is life—there are no dead



Sweet Silence.

And so Peter Martin reluctantly came to the conclusion that he would have to consult a physician. He had never been to a physician in his long life, and to have to go now was bitter to him. It was a luxury He felt he couldn't afford it. A man who keeps a four pounds a week family on two pounds a week paid mouthly has a hard time of it in this world

For thirty years the roar of the city had been in his cars, and he had no holidays. So it was just his luck to stumble into the office of the most expensive doctor in the metropolis. If the servant had seen him he would not have got in the presence of the great dector, but Martin, knowing nothing of how a man who o time is worth two guineas a minute is hedged in, and happening to come when the last patient was undergoing examination. walked straight in from the street, and by good luck, to the infinite actomshnient of doctor and patient, walked into the cosulting room

"There is something wrong with me, said he, fumbling with his hat "I don " I don know just what it is, so I thought I should see a doctor. Which of you is it "

The patient waved his hand towards the great specialist, and Martin turned his pathetic, appealing glance in his direction.

See what's wrong with him," said the patient, who was ovidently impressed with the humor of the situation.

He thought it funny that so evidently poor a man should consult a physician whose feer rau into hundreds.

The doctor asked many questions and examined his new patient carefully Then he stood away and looked at him for a moment.

"There is nothing radicalld wrong with you. What you need is absolute quite. Medicine will not do you any good. Get out of the roar of the city for a couple of weeks, or a month if possible. Go into the country, to some farmhouse. That's all you need.

Peter Martin sat down with a sigh of

exhaustion.

would lose my place, and besides, I can't [afford it | I get only two pounds a week."

"All. I am sorry for you." sald the doctor We have no prescription for poverty

The wealthy patient put his hand in

the vectory patient put his hand in his pocket and drew out some money. Here," he and, "that will help you to a little holiday. Peter shook his head. He was too nervous and shaky to draw himself up indignantly as perhaps he should have

"I have never taken any money that I did not caru he said "and I am too old to begin. How much is your fee?"

he asked, looking at the specialist. I usually get one and sixpence, answered the greatman "that is, of course, when I don't give any medicine

· Of course, said Peter, simply, draw ing out his lean purse and paying over the coin "Good morning, gentlemen And with that Martin tremulously de-

You did that meely said the patient rising "I must follow him, and try to smooth over my blunder."

Are you going to experiment with hum *

"Perhapse"

Martin, as he walked slowly down the street, felt a touch on his shoulder. He turned, and saw the man who had been with the doctor.

If you come with me I think I can help you Will you step into my car

Somewhat reductantly Peter did so. He did not like the man, but there was something in his dark glance that com-pelled obelience. When the carriage stopped Martin was taken into a house that was luxuriously furnished.
Sit down, said the stranger "Now

let me understand thoroughly about your occupation Martin told him all about it, and the

stranger fistened patiently
If I understand you then, your hear ma is of no use to you in your business it depends on your sight only. If you were deaf you could still hold your place. Am I right *"

"Quito right. answered Poter
"Well, then, I want to try an experi-ment on you. I think it will help you. m any case it will do you no harm.

"If it will help me "
"I think it will, Now fix your oyes and attention on these

The machine referred to was a small buy will a thru, upright rod on which were two horizontal arms each with a small, round, shining nurror at the end. The dark man touched a spring and the mirrors rapidly revolved. Peter looked at the whitling mirrors intently for a moment, then leaned slightly forward with his eyes widely opened.

The stranger, watching him keenly

for a few moments, at last stopped the machine. Peters eyes remained gazing fixedly at nothing.

"You are asleep," said the man, quietly passing his hand over Peter's face. The cyclids closed and Peter answer-

"When you awake you will be stone deaf-you will hear absolutely nothing. You will have to be very careful of the street crossings, and wherever there is any danger. Now, wake up.

A shiver ran over Martin's body and he looked around wildly for a moment. "What have you been doing to mo?"

he inquired. "Can you hear me speak?" said the the man, loudly.

" What have you donn to me " repeated Peter. "Everything seems unnaturally quiet."

The dark man drew a writing pad towards him, and wrote on it, handing the result to Peter He read these words.--

"You are stone deaf Try the effect for two weeks, and then come back and come. If at any time you wish your "I cannot get away, he said, "I hearing restored, come to this address.

Try the effect for two weeks if you can अक्टानी सर

Here followed the man's name and address. Peter folded the paper in a dazed sort of way and put it in his pocket. He went out into the street. The traffic was as busy as ever, but an awful silence was over the city. There was compthing uncarrilly in the appearance of bustle and the absence of all sound. He was in a city of plantoms, and it frightened him at first, but finally there secured to come over him a sweet

peace, because noise did not exist.

When he went home that night his good wife received him just as she had

done these many years.

"Now, you good-for-nothing, what's kept you? Here am I toiling and moding, and getting something to eat for an old fool that doesn't know enough to come home for it before it's cold. What are you looking at me like that for? What's the matter with you? Have you been druking again?"

Now Peter neither drank nor smoked, which no one knew better than Mrs. Sally Martin He couldn't afforteither; but as he always winced when she accused him of it she accordingly flung it at

"Sally," he said, quietly, "I'm deaf-I suppose you are speaking to me, but I cannot hear a word. You'll have to write it down.

"Write it down!" exclaimed the good woman, aghast.

She had some idea that he was shamming, but as she watched hum she saw that he was serious. She broke out occasionally in wrath, but quickly sub-sided and murmured, "Oh, Lor".

And Peter Martin spent the first avening of peace at his own threside for twenty years.

In two weeks Peter Martin called on the dark man in the fine house. He was looking very much better in health than he had done when he left that place a fortnight before. The far away look of the deaf was already beginning to appear in his eyes. A sweet screnity

sat upon his countenance.
"I am pleased to see you look so..."
Then the man remembered and drew his writing pad towards him and wrote. "If you will sit down in the chair l will take away your deafness." Peter read it with a smile.

"I merely came to thank you," he said. "I will not sit down. -British Doof-Male.

The Nobility of Saving.

The rescue work carried on by the Salvation Army and other Christian organizations in the large cities is one whose value and importance cannot be excrestimated, when the worth of a single soul is fully realized and its relation to society rightly understood.

If we call him "who makes two blades

grass grow where only one has a before, a benefactor, which term shall we apply to one who helps to save a soul, thereby turning all its powers into help-ful channels? Truly ho is only second in greatness " to the God who makes!" "Make nie a man," called the king to

the artist. And he cut a superb figure from stony marble and brought it to the palace.

"It can't breathe," eried the king, " Mako mo a man." And again the artist made a figure of

ax, with rich color, and the blood scenied almost beating through the veins. "It is cold," cried the king.

uo a man." And then the artist took a poor begs

gar from the streets and cleansed him and dressed hum, and took hum by the hand and led him to the king, saving, O king. I could not make a man myself, but here is one whom God made and whom I have found.

And the king said, "The man who saves is nearly like in greatness to the

God who makes." - Kz.