

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. I.

BELLEVILLE, JUNE 1, 1892.

NO. 8.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

MR. MATHISON, Superintendent.
MR. LAKES, M. D., Physician.
MR. ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

MR. J. G. TEMPLETON, Head Teacher.
MISS M. M. OSTROM, (on leave).
MISS MARY HULL, Miss FLORENCE KAY, Miss SYLVIA E. HALL, Miss CAMERON COLLEMAN, (Monitor).

MR. MARGARET CUNNINGHAM, Teacher of articulation.

MR. M. H. HALL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MR. C. L. HALL, Teacher of Drawing.

MR. JOHN T. BURNA, Instructor of Printing.

MR. FRANK FLYNN, Master Carpenter.

MR. WM. NURSE, Master Shoemaker.

MR. D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Tailor.

MR. THOMAS WILLS, Gardener.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this institution is to afford educational and moral training to all the youth of the Province who are deaf and dumb, either partial or total, and to give them instruction in the common branches of knowledge.

Children between the ages of seven and fifteen who are deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born deaf and dumb in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is one year, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay the sum of \$30 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be admitted free.

Those whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition and books, clothing must be provided by the parents or friends.

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R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

Grand Trunk Railway.

Belleville Station:
Trains leave for Toronto at 11:30 a.m. and 5:15 p.m.
Trains leave for Ottawa at 12:30 p.m. and 7:40 p.m.
Trains leave for Montreal at 6:45 a.m.



BE BRAVE, MY BOY.

Whatever you do,
(Do the best you can,
Be thorough and true,
And a gentleman.)
Have you burdens to bear
That are heavy and hard,
And sorrow and care
You cannot discard?
Stand up and be brave,
Don't bow to the dust
The promise you have
Of the cup and the crust.
The shadows that frown
From clouds overhead
Ere the sun goes down
Will have softly fled.
'Tis better to be
In service that's small,
Than idle and free,
A "do-nothing-at-all."
Life is not a blank
Filled with a round nothing,
Be honest and frank
And willingly taught.
From drink turn away,
And utter no lies,
Observe the good day,
And go with the wise.
Give honour that's due:
Be your parents' joy:
Be just and be true,
Be brave, my dear boy.
—Temperance Banner.



A HERO OF OUR DAY.

A LITTLE CHICAGO BOY WHO WAS FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

Many years ago there was a great fire, that burned down a large part of the city of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were swept away, and many strange events occurred while the flames were raging. A rich lady was hurrying through the crowd of frightened people, and trying to save a few of her household goods. She saw a small boy, and called him to her, saying: "Take this box, my boy, and do not part with it for one instant until I see you again. Take care of it, and I will reward you well."

The boy took the box, and the lady turned back to save some more of her goods, if possible. Soon the crowd came rushing between them and they were separated. All that night and the next day passed. The lady took refuge with friends outside the city, and heard nothing more of the boy or box.

Her diamonds, a large amount of choice jewelry and all her valuable papers were in the box, and of course she was in great distress at losing them.

But on Tuesday night a watchman found the boy, sitting on the box, and almost buried in the sand and dirt that had fallen about him. He had been there all through the long hours, without food or shelter. At times he had covered himself with the sand to escape the terrible flames.

The poor child was almost dead with fright and fatigue, but had never once thought of deserting the precious box that had been trusted to his care.

Of course he was amply rewarded by the grateful lady, but the boy who could be so faithful to a trust would be rich and noble without any gift.—Our Little Ones.

It is stated that Miss G. E. Maxwell will soon leave Detroit with her parents, but the place of their future home has not yet been determined on.

A lady teacher in the Minnesota School for the Deaf can spell 148 words in one minute, using the finger alphabet. Who can equal it? The lady is not deaf.

The Teacher Crowned.

JUPITER PLACES HIM AT HIS RIGHT HAND.

There is a beautiful legend that when Jupiter offered the crown of immortality to him that should prove most useful to mankind, the court of Olympus was crowded with competitors. The warrior boasted of his valor and patriotism, of Marathon, Thermopylae, and of little Plataea, and pointed to the monuments a grateful country had raised in memory of its defenders. But Jupiter only thundered. The rich man boasted of his gifts to the State, of the magnificent temples and beautiful parks the result of his munificence, but Jupiter showed him the widow's mite. The orator's theme was his power to sway nations, a power such that even his enemies were constrained to applaud his matchless eloquence, but Jupiter marshalled all the hosts of heaven with a nod. The Pontiff held up the keys of heaven, saying that he only could unlock the doors of hereafter, but Jupiter pushed them wide open. The painter boasted of his power to animate his lifeless canvas, poorer to deceive the birds with painted fruits, but Jupiter breathed upon hill and valley and every leaf and flower became a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The poet showed his power to move even the gods with his praise, and Jupiter blushed. The musician claimed to practice the only human art that had been transmitted to heaven, an art that could tame the wildest beast, or soothe the breast of savage man. Jupiter hesitated, then seeing a venerable man looking on the scene with intense interest, but making no claim for himself, he cried, "Who art thou, my aged sire?" "Only a spectator," replied the gray-haired sage. "All these were once my pupils." "Crown him! Crown him!" said Jupiter. Crown him as man's most useful minister. Crown the faithful teacher with immortality, and make room for him at my right hand.

A Deaf-Mute Executed by Mistake.

An awful mistake was recently committed in a town of La Mancha, Spain. A criminal was being conducted to the place of execution, when he escaped and took refuge in a hospital. An admission could only be enforced in presence of the civil authorities, the building was surrounded until the magistrate could arrive. When that functionary came, an entrance was obtained, and a person wearing a dressing-gown and a night-cap was seen walking in the yard; an officer thought he recognized him as the fugitive and at once arrested him. The man, on being questioned, did not reply, but gasped with great animation; he was, nevertheless, hurried away, and the sentence of execution carried out without his having uttered a word. It turned out afterward that he was a deaf and dumb inmate of the hospital, and the brother of the real culprit, which last circumstance accounts for the resemblance. N. J. Ledger

Poor Recommendation.

I was sitting in the office of a prominent manufacturer of Richmond not long since, when a boy about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said he would like to get a situation to learn a trade. "I might give you a place," was the answer, "but you carry a very bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman. "I don't think it any harm to smoke, nearly everybody smokes now." "I am sorry to say, my young friend, that I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice." —Br.

A Brave Boy.

Some years ago, says the author of "Big Game of North America," three children who lived near Olympia, Washington, were returning from school, when Walter, the oldest, a boy of twelve, noticed what he thought to be a large yellow dog trotting in the road behind them. They paid no attention to it, as large mongrel dogs of this color abound everywhere in the vicinity of Indian camps, but went playing leisurely along. Suddenly the youngest, a chubby chap of six, who was behind his brothers, came running to the front, and a moment later the animal, seen now to be a cougar, sprang over the heads of the two astonished boys, seized the little fellow in his mouth, and with a spring vanished in the bushes.

The elder brother did not stop to deliberate. He had for a weapon only an empty bottle, in which he had carried milk for his dinner, and with this he rushed into the bushes. His little brother was lying prostrate grasping a small tree with both hands, and holding on with the strength of despair, while the cougar, his fangs luckily imbedded only in the child's clothing was trying to break this death-like grip.

With a scream, Walter threw himself on the animal beat it over the head with the bottle until the glass was shattered in fragments, and then, with the ragged edges of the bottle's neck, he endeavored to cut out the cougar's eyes.

At last the cougar, with a yell of rage, dropped his hold on the child, and ran up a tree near at hand, while the heroic boy, lifting his brother in his arms, carried him into the road, and fell fainting upon him.

Meanwhile the other brother had fled screaming up the road, and fortunately not two men who had been chopping near by. As soon as he had told the cause of his fright, they rushed on, to find the little hero senseless, still tightly grasping the neck of the broken bottle.

The cougar's victim was too much horrified to speak, but pointed to the savage beast, lying on a limb in full view. One of the men had a pistol, and with a few shots the animal was killed.

Mary and Boso.

Mary was a little girl. She was deaf. She lost her hearing from scarlet fever. She had a big dog. The dog was a Newfoundland. Its name was Boso. Mary and Boso loved each other. Boso followed Mary wherever she went. He knew she was deaf. He never barked when he was playing with her.

Mary's father worked in a mill. He was an iron moulder. Mary and Boso always took his dinner to him. Sometimes Boso carried the basket in his mouth.

One day Mary and Boso were going to the mill. Boso was carrying the basket. They came to a railroad. Mary started across the track. A train was coming. The engine whistled. Mary could not hear the whistle, but Boso heard it. He dropped the basket. He seized Mary's dress in his teeth. He pulled her from the track. The train rushed past, but Mary was safe. The men cheered. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs. Boso could not cheer and he had no handkerchief; so he barked, and wagged his tail. Mary loved Boso more than ever after that. She told her father and mother what Boso had done. They praised the faithful dog very much.

Almost every trade is represented by the deaf residents of Cincinnati, and most of them are doing well.

The Maryland School lost a pupil last month, from quick consumption, which developed from a severe cold.

The editor of the Nebraska Journal solicits donations from brother quill-drivers to enable him to attend the Colorado convention.