

# 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:

MR. HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

MR. F. E. HENDERMAN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Bursar
J. J. LAKINS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

D. GILFILLAN, M. A.	Head teacher	MISS J. O. TERNILL
F. GIBSON		MISS M. TEMPLETON
JAMES HALIBURTON, B.A.		MISS M. M. OSTROM
D. M. HILLTOP		MISS MARY HULL
W. CAMPBELL		MISS LORENCE MATHIEFF
G. STEWART		MISS SYLVIA I. HALL
		MISS ADA JAMES
		MISS GEORGINA LINN

MISS CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS N. MURPHY, JOHN T. BURNS,

Com. and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

W. M. JACOBSON, J. MIDDLEMASS,

Stenographer & Associate Engineer.

H. H. KRITH, JOHN DOWNIE,

Superintendent of Boys, etc. Master Carpenter.

MISS M. DENNETT, D. CUNNINGHAM,

Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Baker.

W. M. SUREK, JOHN MOONEY,

Master Shoemaker, Carriage.

MICHAEL O'MEARA, 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 will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board and tuition 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 the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing machine, and all 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. For information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

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 2:45 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 fee, unless the same is in the locked bag.



When I Go Home.

It goes to me often in silence  
When the first light patters low  
When the dark uncertain shadows  
See wreaths of the long ago  
Always with a throbbing headache  
That thrills each pulsing vein  
Takes the life and hope from me  
For the price of home again

I'm sick of the roar of cities  
And of faces cold and strange  
I know there's a warmth of welcome  
And my yearning fancies range  
Back to the dear old homestead  
With an aching sense of pain  
But there'll be joy in the coming  
When I go home again

When I go home again! There a must  
That may never die away  
And it seems that the band of angels  
On mystic harp at play  
Have touched with a yearning sadness  
On a beautiful broken strain  
To which is my fond heart working  
When I go home again

Outside of my darkening window  
Is the great world - a crash and din  
And slowly the autumn shadows  
Come drifting, drifting in  
Nodding the light with autumn  
To the splash of the autumn rain  
But I dream of the glorious greeting  
When I go home again

ETIENNE FIELD



Norman's Joke.

BY MARY F. IRELAND

"Ho, Fred, wait for me, I have some thing to tell you"

"Well, hurry, the first bell at the academy has rung"

"I heard it, but must tell you of a good joke we are planning to play upon Merton"

"Who is Merton?" enquired Fred, changing his strap of books from one shoulder to the other as they walked briskly along.

"Oh, I forgot that you were away on your vacation when he came and haven't seen him. He is a country cousin of mine good as gold, but very verdant. We boys have played over so many tricks upon him, yet he falls into the next trap we set, and holds no spite against us."

"Did he come to the city to go to school?"

"No, he has a good education, is far ahead of us. He came to try for a situation. He is anxious to earn his living, and to educate his little sisters. His mother is a widow, and poor."

"He won't have any chance here. Father said at breakfast that one of his friends, a rich man, has been trying for months to get positions for his sons with good business firms, and hasn't succeeded."

"Yes, father thinks his chance is poor, but will do all he can for his only sister's son."

"You say he is verdant, of course he is well bred and awkward." No, mother says that he is one of nature's noblemen. His manners are not put on for the occasion, he is handsome and real religious, and that brings me to the joke. This evening there is to be an entertainment in the lecture room of the church for the benefit of the Sunday school library. Each young lady is to take a lunch box containing two sand wiches and two apples, and her card. The price of each box is ten cents, and each gentleman is expected to buy one, and must wait upon the lady whose card is within the refreshment table where coffee is served, and then see her home.

"Well, that won't be hard upon Merton."

"No, but listen. You know Miss Peters, that old young lady of fifty or

thereabouts, with cork screw curls, and so deaf that one's voice is strained to make her hear. She will be there with her lunch box, for she never misses a chance to contribute to the church or Sunday school. Frank Lucas and I are to receive and sell the boxes, and will see that Merton gets that of Miss Peters. Won't it be jolly fun to see him waiting upon her, when all the other fellows have pretty girls?"

"Yes," laughed Fred, "and you may count on my being on hand to see it, if you will promise to give me a box belonging to a pretty girl."

"No I won't do that. The box that Miss Peters brings is the only one we will mark, but come, Fred, do, and see the fun."

"You will see me there," replied Fred, and having reached the academy they passed to their seats.

Evening came, the lecture room was filled, and dialogues, declamations and music made the time pass charmingly. Then came refreshment time, the boxes were sold, and Merton took his to his seat. Norman, said he, returning to his cousin, "I will ask you to present me to the young lady whose card was in my box."

"All right, come along," and to the suppressed amusement of those in the joke, Merton was piloted to Miss Peters and introduced.

Without a sign of surprise, hesitation or dissatisfaction, Merton took a seat beside her, and waited for her to commence a conversation.

"The young people appear to enjoy the novelty of the lunch-boxes," said she.

"Yes, Miss Peters, it is something new to me also," replied Merton.

Strange to say, his well modulated voice was distinctly heard by his partner, who was cheered to see that it was no effort for him to make himself heard, and they had a pleasant conversation. When the summons came for refreshment, he offered his arm to Miss Peters with the courtesy he would have shown the handsomest young lady there, provided her with a pleasant seat, opened the lunch-box and gave her choice of the contents, and as she preferred a glass of water, declined the fragrant cup of coffee offered him. He caught a wirthful glance from Norman during the lunch time, and would not allow himself to look in that direction again.

When they returned to their seats, Miss Peters drew him again into conversation and showed interest in hearing of his home, his mother and sisters, and encouraged him in his hopes, and both were pleased with their evening.

Merton was surprised when they reached the handsome dwelling where Miss Peters resided, he had judged by her dress that she was in moderate circumstances, and he was right.

"This is my brother's house, Merton," said she. "I make my home with him. You have been very kind to me, and I thank you for it. Good-Night!"

Next morning Merton received a letter which caused him and his uncle's family surprise. It was from a banker, the brother of Miss Peters, asking him to call at his office that day. He went at the hour specified and a very good position at a fair salary was offered him by Mr. Peters, which was accepted gratefully.

"My sister is a good judge of people, my boy," remarked the banker at the close of the interview. "I am quite sure she did not place too high and estimate upon you. I do not believe that we will be disappointed in you."

"So much for my joke," commented Norman, when Merton came home and told them of his success.

"So much for Merton's good sense, genuine politeness, amiability and Christian observance of the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," said his mother.—The Lutheran Observer.

In the Railway Accident.

A lady who was wounded in the Chatsworth disaster was in the rear car with her husband when the accident occurred. A short time after they left Persia a party of six young people entered, and in order that they might have seats together, the lady and her husband removed to the far end of the car. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young man and his bride, who took the places so kindly given up, were both instantly killed a few hours later. The lady says that she thinks the young people belong to a choir of concert singers, and were now off for recreation and rest. They were all very merry, and sang and laughed and told stories—anticipating the pleasures of the journey—until late in the night. Nearly every one in the car except the joyful party was quiet, when some one requested the young bride to sing "Sweet hour of prayer." At first there was a tremor in the sweet voice, but it grew stronger as she proceeded. When

"In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief."

rang out clear and firm, other voices instinctively joined in the old familiar song. People wakened out of their sleep, sat upright or leaned forward to catch the plaintive words that trembled upon the pure, young lips.

As the train sped on in the darkness, far down the track the gleam of the death dealing fire appeared, but the voices that swelled forth in a glad burst of song—

"Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee."

faltered not at the danger into which the train, laden with precious human souls, was unconsciously plunging.

Faster sped the chariot of death down the grade, and sweeter, more triumphant, swelled the song.

"There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven."

Ah! if the singers had only known it, the way was already in sight, and perhaps,

"All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given."

would have been more of a sigh than a song.

Then, with only an inch of time between them and the life beyond—even when brave McClutock, steady at his post, was giving his last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine that had never failed him before, the sweet singers sang their farewell earth-song, sang to their God, who, even in this dark hour, still kept the everlasting arms around about and underneath them.

"Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to thee."

As if in answer to the prayer they breathed, with the glad refrain still echoing through the air, the crash came, the life-work of each was finished.

"So by my woes to be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee."

was not ended on earth, for right into the very jaws of death rushed the screaming engines, and then, like a bolt of Jove, the cars crashed through each other, killing and crushing as the foot grinds the worm. It took but a moment to pile that heap of splintered timbers, and broken bones and bleeding flesh, but death was there, just as certainly, surrounded by all that tends to make it terrible, and among the mangled corpses lay the six singers, not in their dreams, but in reality, nearer their God than ever before.

Inquiry elicited the fact that these merry young people had a right to be joyful, for they were all servants of the blessed Master, and could have completed the song as they went down into the valley of death.

"Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee."

—BELLEVILLE CHURCHMAN