

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

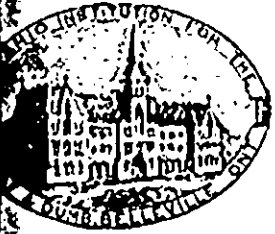
VOL. IV.,

BELLEVILLE, APRIL 15, 1896.

NO. 20.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



of the Government in Charge:

JOHN J. GIBSON Toronto

Government Inspector:

F. CHAMBERLAIN Toronto

Officers of the Institution:

JOHN J. GIBSON, Superintendent  
 JOHN J. GIBSON, Director  
 J. M. D., Physician  
 W. L. WALNER, Matron

Teachers:

JOHN J. GIBSON, Teacher of Attention  
 JOHN J. GIBSON, Teacher of Fancy Work  
 JOHN J. GIBSON, Teacher of Drawing

JOHN T. BURNS, Superintendent, Instructor of Printing  
 J. MIDDLEMAN, Engineer  
 JOHN DOWDIE, Master Carpenter  
 D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker  
 THOMAS WILLS, Gardener  
 MARY O'NEIL, Farmer

of the Province in founding and this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are deaf and dumb, either partial or total.

between the ages of seven and fifteen, and free from disease, who are born in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted. The regular term of instruction is three years, with a vacation of nearly a year during the summer of each year.

parents or friends who are able to defray the sum of \$50 per year for board, books and medical attendance are free.

whom parents, guardians or friends wish to pay the amount charged for board, books and medical attendance, clothing must be provided by parents or friends.

at time the trades of Printing and Bookmaking are taught to all pupils. In general, the work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, the use of the Sewing machine, Mental and fancy work as may be required.

all having charge of deaf mute children should avail themselves of the liberal facilities afforded by the Government for their education.

Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. As to the terms of admission, application will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,  
Superintendent

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

## POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND without delay to the parties to be addressed. Mail matter to go in office door will be sent to at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day. The messenger is not to be sent to letters or parcels, or receive post office for delivery for any name in the locked bag.



### The Railroad Hymn.

Rev. John Chamberlain's railroad hymn was composed by F. L. Chamberlain many years ago. He was at Northfield, N. H., one day and saw the noon train coming in the woods came to him and he went into the depot and wrote the lines as if by inspiration in a few minutes. He sang these words to thousands, and many have been saved by them. Many a soldier boy heard his voice and these words in war times, and though they may forget the singer they will not forget his song. Mrs. F. H. C.

The gospel train is coming,  
 I hear it just at hand,  
 I hear the car-wheels rolling  
 And rumbling through the land,  
 I hear the bell and whistle,  
 She's coming round the curve,  
 She's plying all her steam and power  
 And straining every nerve.

Chorus—Get on board! Get on board!  
 For there's room for many more.

Oh, see the gospel engine  
 She's blowing now in sight  
 Her steam valves they are groaning,  
 The pressure is so great  
 No signal for another train  
 To follow on the line  
 O sinner, you are justly lost,  
 If once you are left behind.

Oh, see the engine's banner  
 It's fluttering in the breeze  
 Its spangled with the four-lion  
 But still it floats with ease  
 This is the Christian's banner  
 The motto a new and old  
 Salvation and life in grace  
 Are lettered there with gold.

She's nearing now the station  
 O sinner, don't be vain,  
 But come and get your tickets  
 And be ready for the train  
 The fare is cheap and all can go  
 The rich and poor are there  
 No second class on board the cars  
 No difference in the fare.

I think she'll make a little halt  
 To wash up on the line  
 And give us all a chance to go  
 But yet she'll make her time  
 She's curving round the mountains  
 By rivers and by lakes  
 The Saviour, he is on board the train  
 Controlling steam and brakes.

The train has never run off the track  
 She's passed through every land  
 Millions on millions are on board  
 Oh come and join the band  
 There's Moses, Noah and Abraham  
 And all the prophets, too,  
 Our friends, with Christ and all his band  
 Oh, what a heavenly crew!

We soon shall reach the station  
 Oh, how we then shall sing  
 With all the heavenly army  
 We'll make the arches ring  
 We'll shout o'er all our sorrow  
 And sing forevermore  
 With Christ and all his lessons  
 On that immortal shore.



### Baldy, The new Boy.

Archibald Theodore Brown was the new boy at Chester's. He had come into school one morning with his books under his arm, and had taken his place half timidly next to Will Foster in a seat much too small to accommodate his long legs. When the bell tapped he sat up straight, with his big red hands folded on the seat before him. The teacher asked his name, and it came in a high, piping voice, strangely in contrast with his size, "Archibald Theodore Brown."

Will Foster, who was small and black-eyed like a fox-terrier, snickered outright, and then the whole school broke into a laugh. The new boy blushed and blinked his pale-blue eyes. And immediately the boys at Chester's began to think up schemes for teasing him.

At recess there was a great demand for Archibald Theodore. He took the drolleries of the boys good-naturedly, although, the cowlick which tossed the hair from his forehead gave him a look of constant surprise. Presently Will Foster called him "Baldy"—and from that moment forward he was "Baldy" to the whole school. In a week's time the teacher almost forgot to say Archibald,

and narrowly escaped using the new name, which, in view of his tow-y hair, seemed painfully appropriate.

Baldy entered the classes of boys and girls hardly half his size, and when he recited he twisted his legs about and blushed and made mistakes. The girls always giggled to see him, and young Foster, his seatmate, badgered him continually, just as a chipper little terrier would snap at the heels of a big Newfoundland dog. Usually Baldy paid little attention to teasing, although on several occasions, if it went too far, the tears came to his eyes and he clenched his fists and ground his teeth. But he would not fight. He once said that his mother had told him not to.

And so the months went by and Baldy ceased to be interesting except when there wasn't any thing else to do and then it was fun to tease him. He was popular with some of the smaller boys and girls, for he often helped them in their play.

After school Baldy always disappeared at once and he often came in breathless in the morning as if he had been forced to run in order to be on time.

One bright afternoon in May Baldy left the school house at Chester's by the back door, climbed the fence and wandered out through the woods. As soon as he was alone he began whistling cheerily and he seemed familiar with the squirrels and the birds and the bloodroots and the crocuses.

Back of the town ran a railroad, curving outward to cross Balsam river on a high bridge. Baldy finally reached the river and climbed on one of the bridge piers where he had some poles set for catfish. As he was pulling them in one by one he heard the voices of children and looking up he saw two little girls high on the embankment trying to reach a patch of wild violets that grew in the grass. One of them was a dainty little girl whom he knew. As soon as Nannie saw him she called:

"Oh, Baldy, come and help us get these flowers."

And the greeting was so kindly that Baldy left his lines and climbed up the embankment. Almost at the top he paused and looked above him. Between two of the bridge tiers a pair of merry little faces were peeping down at him. The children had crawled out to watch him come up.

"Be careful there," he shouted, "It's dangerous on the bridge."

At that instant there was the shrill screech of a locomotive down the track. It was the fast express for the south.

"Run, run!" called Baldy, at the top of his voice, "the train's coming."

Both of the little girls were on their feet in an instant, gazing with frightened eyes up the track.

"Run, run!" shouted Baldy again, as he scrambled on the bridge, "you'll be killed."

The girls were panic-stricken. They flew out along the bridge away from the train.

"This way, this way, come back," called Baldy.

Nannie's companion heard and turned about, but Nannie, who was ahead, only ran the faster, wild with terror, across the bridge.

Baldy looked behind him. In a moment the train would come around the curve. And once upon the bridge there would be no saving the flying child. Baldy's blue eyes blazed. He did not hesitate. With a bound he was on the bridge taking three ties at every leap. Just as he reached Nannie the train swept into sight and he could feel the bridge timbers jar.

"Nannie, Nannie, stop; I'll help you," he said, breathlessly.

The engineer had seen them—for the whistle was shrieking a shrill warning and the brakes were grinding on the wheels. Baldy saw that he could never hope to reach the further end of the bridge before the train would be upon him. Nannie clung to him, crying pite-

ously. But it was only a moment he stood wavering. Throwing himself up on the ties, just outside of the track, he clasped one arm close to the rail. Two score of feet blow him lay the river, and the train was not fifty yards away. Nannie was still clinging to him—both of her arms about his neck and her face hidden on his shoulder.

"Lie still, Nannie, lie still," he said, "and I'll hold you."

The bridge shook and trembled and the screech of the on-coming train sounded louder. Baldy grew dizzy and faint and turned away his face. Then there was a moment of terrible strain and an apparently endless object rushing above with a deafening roar. The clinging child pushed hard with her feet and Baldy felt every moment as if he could hold on no longer.

"Lie still, lie still," he pleaded.

And then it was over. Baldy never knew exactly what happened next. He felt himself picked up and carried off the bridge, and he knew that his wrist pained him. And then he came to himself in his own bed and his mother was bending over him and crying.

Next day little Will Foster knocked at Mrs. Brown's door. Behind him were George Perkins and Larry McQueen.

"How's Archibald?" inquired Will when the door was open.

"He's better to-day, but his wrist is baldy swollen. Won't you come in and see him?"

Will's hair was all brushed smooth and he looked sorry around his black eyes. The three walked in and stood awkwardly by Baldy's bed.

"Brought you some flowers," said Will, "and, say, we fellows are sorry we pestered you or called you Baldy or—"

"Or—" began George.

But Baldy interrupted.

"Never mind, fellows," he said huskily.

"It's all right. I hope you'll keep on calling me Baldy."

Just then old man Squares, Nannie's father, came in, blowing and coughing, as was his custom. With tears in his eyes he shook Baldy's hand and didn't say a word. And after that Baldy had a little reception, and a great many people of Chester's found out that the awkward boy had been helping to support his mother for many months and going to school, too.

And from that time on Archibald Theodore Brown filled a place in the community. He found plenty of work to do and his mother, who had often been very lonely, made many new friends.

But the new boy is still Baldy, and he rather likes the name.—Chicago Record.

### How the Apostles Died.

1. Peter was crucified in Rome with his head down, on a cross similar to that used in the execution of Jesus.
2. Andrew was bound to a cross and left to die from exhaustion.
3. St. James the Great was beheaded by order of Herod of Jerusalem.
4. St. James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle then stoned and finally killed with a fuller's club.
5. St. Philip was bound and hanged against a pillar.
6. St. Bartholomew was flayed to death by command of a barbarous king.
7. St. Matthew was killed with a halberd.
8. St. Thomas was shot by a shower of arrows while at prayer, and afterward run through the body with a lance.
9. St. Simon was crucified after the manner of Jesus.
10. St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria until he expired.
11. St. Luke was hanged on an olive tree in Greece.
12. St. John died a natural death.
13. Paul was beheaded by command of Nero.
14. Judas hanged himself and "fell and his bowels gushed out."
15. St. Barnabas was stoned to death by Jews.—Chicago Advance.