

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VIII.

BELLEVILLE, NOVEMBER 1, 1899.

NO. 1.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:
R. MATHEWSON, M.A., Superintendent.
WM. COCHRANE, Bureau.
E. FARINE, M.D., Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M.A., <i>Head Teacher.</i>	Mrs. J. O. TRERILL, <i>Head Teacher.</i>
F. DENNY, JAMES C. HALL, B.A., D. J. McNEILL, W. J. CAMPBELL, GEO. F. STEWART, T. C. FORRESTER, M. J. MALDEN, <i>(Monitor Teacher)</i>	Miss E. TRIPLETON, Miss MARY HULL, Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL, Miss GEORGINA LIND, Miss ADA JAMES

Teachers of Articulation:

Miss IDA M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE OSBORN.
Miss MARY HULL, *Teacher of Fancy Work.*

Miss L. N. McTUALLEN,
Clerk and Typewriter.

Wm. DOUGLASS,
Secretary & Associate Superintendent.

G. O. KEITH,
Superintendent of Boys, etc.

Miss M. DUMFRIES,
Secretary, Supervisor of Girls, etc.

Miss G. McNEIL,
Trained Hospital Nurse.

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who, on account of deafness, either partial or total, are able 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 born in 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 \$25 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay this amount charged from board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentery 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 such 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. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHEWSON,
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 6:45 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 one, unless the name is in the locked bag.



Lost, the Summer.

Where has the summer gone?
She was just here a minute ago,
With roses and daisies,
To whisper her wishes—
And every one loved her so!

Has anyone seen her about?
She must have gone off in the night!
And she took the best flowers
And the happiest hours,
And asked us none's leave for her flight.

Have you noticed her steps in the grass?
The garden looks red where she went,
By the side of the hedge,
There's a goldenrod stem,
And the rose-vines are withered and bent.

Don't you fear she is sorry she went?
It seems but a minute since May!
I'm sorely half through
What I wanted to do,
If she only had waited a day!

Do you think she will ever come back?
I shall watch every day at the gate
For the robins and clover,
Saying over and over,
"I know she will come, if I wait!"

—R. M. ALDEN.



Hallowe'en.

ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATION—SOME INTERESTING CUSTOMS.

As to origin; Hallowe'en is another of the dates that must be taken on trust. Originally the day was May 1. Now it is Oct. 31. Originally it was a day set aside for the celebration of the conversion of the Paganism of Rome into a Christian place of worship, an event which took place in the seventh century. The original of the term was All Hallow's evening, and was the night preceding that festival day. The word 'hallowe' is Anglo-Saxon, and its nearest Latin equivalent is 'sanctus,' from which our word saint is derived. No one may understand that Hallowe'en means the evening before a day devoted to the honor of the saints.

In other ways than the date the day has changed from its original character. It was at the beginning one of the most piously regarded of days. Now it is not aside for sport that does not much miss barbarism. That is, the evening before the day is so devoted. The day itself is quite ignored. At some time during the history of the day it must have caught a German contagion from Walpurgis Night, that grisly time when at midnight all the witches congregated on the summit of the Bracken in the Hatz Mountain, and revelled there till the first streaks of dawn sent them skurrying away to their deep and fearful resting places.

For witchcraft clings to Hallowe'en, and we are to believe that ghosts of the departed—both bad and good—walk abroad on that night. The bad ones perform all sorts of annoying tricks, though they are seldom charged with downright destruction. And if any one doubts the truth of this assertion he has only to look around him on the morning of Nov. 1 or 2, when he will find a gate here and there hanging on the treecrops, or a tombstone reposing on the front door-step of some estimable citizen.

(Sometimes doors are taken from their hinges and sobolthousness are sometimes seen in the morning with a lumber wagon riding the ridge pole. Now, nothing but bad ghosts—or boys—could do these things, but the mothers will all tell you their sons went to bed on Hallowe'en at the usual hour, and bade all their relatives an innocent good-night.)

The festival of Hallowe'en is widely observed in English-speaking countries. In Scotland and in England the time is taken advantage of for many games that would be no more fitting on other nights than a Christmas tree in Midsummer.

The customs are followed in Canada to some extent, and pretty Hallowe'en parties are often arranged. In the Old Country it was—and is—a custom to float a number of apples in a tub of water and compel the members of the party to take out the fruit with their teeth. It is not an easy task.

Another old custom is to hang up a stick horizontally by a string from the ceiling, and put a candle on the one end, and an apple on the other. The stick being made to twist rapidly, the company leap up and snatch at the apple with their teeth (no use of the hands being allowed). The bite will often be of the candle!

A somewhat similar game is to hang a number of popcorn balls, as many as there are people, and at a given signal to let each try to eat his corn without once touching his hand to it. No one can imagine how hard it is until he has made the attempt; and no one can do it with a sober face.

Having eaten some apples, save the seeds. Stick a seed on each eyelid, naming each seed after some friend. The person whose name is given to the seed that sticks the longest will stick to you through life.

'Snap dragon' is another of the games. A broad, shallow vessel is provided, in which a quantity of alcohol is poured. A handful of raisins is thrown in the liquid, and then a match is applied. As the alcohol flames up, the revellers are required to pick out the raisins without burning their hands. Those only are favored by the deities of the night who can escape burning. As the game progresses, the scene is vastly increased in dramatic interest by the addition of a handful of salt to the burning alcohol. The effect is to change the color of the flame. All other lights in the room are extinguished, and the light from the bowl lends a greenish glare to every object. Nothing nearer a Walpurgis scene could be produced in a drawingroom.

Burns, to whom the traditions of the night appealed forcefully, and to whom everything bearing on the supernatural had a peculiar fascination, gives us valuable information concerning the event in his poem entitled 'Hallowe'en.'

Upon that night when fairies light
On Casella's Downy dance,
Or o'er the keys in splendid blaze
On brightly coursers prance:
Or for Colleen the root is in use,
Beneath the moon's pale beams
There, up the cove to stray and rove
Among the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

Casella's Downy were certain little rocky greenhills in the neighborhood of the ancient castle of the Earls of Cassilis. The cove was a noted cavern in the neighborhood, famous for the visits of fairies:

The leaves fell, and cleanly bent,
Mair brow then when they're seen,
Their faces by the, fu' sweetly by the,
Hearts led on' warm as his!
The lads see brig, w' wooer-bairn
Woe knotted on their gaiters,
Some thro' blue, an' some w' gaiter
Jer lesser hearts gang stertin'
Whiles that that night.

The first ceremony of Hallowe'en was for each of the young people to pull a stock or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, from among the assembled company, their eyes closed, and pull the first stock within reach. If it should prove straight and fair, the finders had the prophesy of a well-conditioned marriage mate. If it were crooked the forecast was reversed. But if a little earth clung to the roots, then good fortune was foreshadowed. Then the stock is placed over the door, and the first person entering under it is the future husband or wife of the lassie or lad who hangs it there.

The good wife sat at the fire and laid nuts near the burning embers or peat, as the case might be. Each nut being named for a lad and a lass, and the nuts were laid in pairs as the old woman saw fit. Of course she always laid together the nuts named for a couple supposed to have mutual liking; and as the nuts took fire and burned steadily or rolled apart

with the heat of the flame, the future was outlined. If a nut popped open with a report it meant that its namesake would develop such a temper as would make things very inconvenient for his band or wife.

Girls took a cauldron and went alone to the mirror, eating an apple. Some traditions say that she must comb her hair while looking intently in the glass; but it would seem she must make selection between the fruit and the toilet attention. Anyway, as she looked there—if she had patience to look long enough—the face of her future spouse would peer over her shoulder, and she would recognize his features. But she must not turn about or the spell would be broken:

Meg fain wad to the barn he's gae
To win three wichts o' meething;
But for to meet the doll her lass,
She put but little faith in,
She gies her a pickie nite
And twa red-checkit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see "an' Kapples,
That verra night.

This refers to another most popular belief of the western-Scots. The girl must go to the barn entirely alone, open the doors and usually take off hinges, as the apparition she summoned might close them otherwise, and spoil her charm. Then standing in the middle of the threshing floor, she must hold a vessel high in the air, as if pouring oats for the wind to winnow. At the third pouring, the figure of her future husband will come in at the windward door and pass out at the opposite. He will go swiftly and silently and will be accompanied by the train which measures his station in life.

Another Hallowe'en custom was to go to a south running stream where three lochs' land met, and there dip the left sleeve of the dress or coat in the water, and then go to bed in sight of a fire, hanging the moist garment before the blaze to dry. Some time about midnight the ghostly figure of the future life partner would appear, go to the hanging garment and turn it, as if to dry the other side.

Burns tells how Lizale, a widow, went to the spring in accordance with the custom, and there, while in the act of dipping the sleeve of her 'sark,' was grasped by some unexpected being—probably human, though she believed it to be the evil one—and was so frightened that she fell into the pool, and wet not only her left sleeve but all her clothing.

And the poem tells how the night wind up in Burns's land, and Burns's day:

"W' merry sangs and friendly cracks,
I wad they didna weary;
And nee' tales and funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery:
Till buttered scones with fragrant lunt,
Set a their gabs a-steerin'
Hye, w' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted off carousin',
Fu' blithe that night."

So'm, or sowens, was a dish of oatmeal eaten with butter instead of with milk, and it was especially a Hallowe'en dish with the Scotch.

And so from distant Rome and dim seventh century, all we have saved is a night of frolic and a glimpse of fairy-land.

The Kind that Go to Heaven.

"And what is the happy land?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. The small boys on the front seat kicked each other surreptitiously and viciously, but nobody spoke until little George said, with a tone midway between a sniff and a giggle: "Heaven."

"Ah, that's it!" said the superintendent. "Little George knew it. It is heaven. And we all want to go there. And now, children, can you tell me what kind of little boys go there?"

George was emboldened by praise. His head was dizzy with success. He rose in his place: "Dead ones," he bawled.—*Short Stories.*

"The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty done."