

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 8.

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:

MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
MATHISON, M. A. Warden
LEAKINS, M. D. Physician
ISRAEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

M. COLLINS, M. A. Miss J. O. TERRILL
Miss H. TEMPLETON
Miss M. M. OSTROM
Miss MARY HULL
Miss FLORENCE MAYHEW
Miss SYLVIA D. HALL
Miss ADA JAMES
Miss GEORGINA LANN

Teachers of Articulation:

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

JOHN F. BURNS, Printer and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

WM. DOUGLASS, Wm. SUMAK, Foreman & Associate Master Shoemaker

G. H. KRITH, J. MIDDLEMAN, Instructor of Boys, etc. Engineer

Miss M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWRIE, Matron Supervisor Master Carpenter

Miss S. A. HALL, D. CONNINGHAM, Head Hospital Nurse Master Baker

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 are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

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 two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance. All be furnished free.

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

At the present time the trades of Printing, Spentiring 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 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 rates offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent by letter or otherwise.

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 by post office in other cases will be sent to the post office at noon and 4.30 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not bound to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any unless the same is in the locked bag.



A Thanksgiving Offering.

Lord with grateful hearts we seek thee
Bless us with thy smile to-day
Thou hast led us smoothly safely
Through this dark and rugged way
No to-day receive our offering
As we thankfully do pray

Another year has passed forever
Boundless was Thy scattered love
Bright Thy smile and brighter ever
When we raise our voice above
To thank Thee for Thy kind protection
Accept our praise, celestial Dove

We know we're weak and so unworthy
Of the blessings we receive
From Thy everlasting bounty,
Which so freely we believe
Thou wilt bless us with forever
And our every want relieve

Hear with us the poor and friendless
Wandering o'er this mighty main,
May they find the rest that's endless
O relieve them of their pain
Hear our broken hearted neighbor
Let his cry be not in vain

The darkest days were followed closely
By Thy dear reassuring love
Days whose dawning brought us joy
Closest with sunshine from above
So once more, our best Redeemer,
We thank Thee for Thy matchless love

We thank Thee for that look so holy
Thou hast shined to us for aye
And rest of all, for Jesus' love
Who died for us, yet lives to-day
Now guide us, keep us, ever bless us,
May we never from Thee stray



Thanksgiving Day With Grandmother Henshaw.

We children always spent Thanksgiving Day with our Grandmother Henshaw. There were nine cousins in all—Aunt Janet's boys, Uncle Joe's girls, and my brother and I. Then there were Robert and Hotty, who lived with Uncle Jonas and grandmother on the farm. This was in Old Town, in Maine. Thus, by our Thanksgiving reunions, we nine cousins, though we lived far apart the rest of the year, kept in touch with our grandparents and with one another.

Our Thanksgiving of a few years ago was particularly delightful. Grandmother had just recovered from a long illness and was able to be about again. This made us all glad, for we loved her dearly. Then the weather was glorious. A stinging night had furnished us skating, and at noon we gathered about the groaning table with appetites such as only savages and children who have been on the ice in a tingling Maine morning ever know. And such a dinner! The kitchen of no metropolitan hotel or royal palace ever produced its like. But best of all, perhaps, was the romp through the house when the early twilight came on. This was a great, low, old-fashioned structure, with a huge chimney in the center, around which the house was built. By opening the doors of various rooms, we made a complete circuit, which we could use either as a race course or as a passage for the triumphal procession in honor of the fairy queen. Our elders gathered in the kitchen, which ran the whole length of the house, where they talked of the days when they were young, and when grandmother would have smiled at the idea of grandchildren. At last we children too, ceased our play and gathered, with the others, before the huge fire of white oak and maple logs. Then Cousin Ned said:

"Grandma, do tell us all a story."
"Yes, do, grandmother," chimed in Nellie, "and have it about Thanksgiving, please."
"You really must tell us one," added Alice, gravely. "Grandma's in books

are always telling stories, and I'm sure you are better than they are.

"Very well, my dears," said grandmother, laughing in her own pleasant way. "I will tell you about the first Thanksgiving that your grandfather and I ever celebrated in Maine—I mean the first at which we had guests and a fine dinner and all that. Of course, we always made it a day of gratitude to our Heavenly Father, but when we came here the nearest neighbor was miles away, and it was ten years before the country opened up enough to make it possible for friends from a distance to visit us. Even then we lived in a log house. But it was warm and cozy. All our crops had done finely, and we felt very comfortable and prosperous. So I determined that my brother Henry's people should come up from Boston to spend Thanksgiving with us and see the children. There were three then, Robert—his your father now—Alice—my little girl Jennie—everybody looked at round and rosy Aunt Janet and smiled—and a little baby in arms. I called him Teddie. Everybody looked at stalwart Uncle Ned and laughed. "The nearest railroad station was ten miles from our farm, and your grandfather was to meet our friends there and bring them over the night before. He set out directly after dinner.

"It had been pleasant in the morning, but clouds gathered toward noon, and the air was biting cold.

"I'm afraid it's going to snow, John," I said, anxiously, as he climbed into the wagon, after kissing the children and me.

"I guess not," he replied, but it won't matter much if it does. I shall be back by four o'clock. But if for any reason I am delayed and not here by five, be sure to feed the cattle, Robbie, and see that everything is right about the barn." Then he drove off.

"There was a great deal to be done, and I soon lost myself in my work. We had plenty of everything that could be raised on a farm. The cellar was full of all sorts of fruit and vegetables, and there were geese and ducks and turkeys and chickens and roasting pigs. What with getting these ready for the next day's dinner and looking after my butter and baby, I forgot all about the weather, until I suddenly felt that it was growing dark. Looking out, I noticed, for the first time, that it had begun to snow. It was coming down so fast and thick we never seem to have such snowstorms now. As you may suppose, I wished your grandfather safe at home, but it was already past three o'clock, and he would soon come. I even thought that it was he when I heard a tramping on the door step. I hurried to open the door. To my surprise and terror, a huge Indian stalked into the kitchen and sat down by the fire. I had double cause for fear, for not only was I alone and help less with three children, but your grandfather, although one of the kindest men that ever lived, bitterly disliked the Indians, and always treated those who came to the house occasionally very harshly, sometimes even driving them from the premises. For this reason I knew that the Indians hated him. But there were only a few of them, and we saw them but little, so that I had never had any particular dread on their account.

"The Indian looked eagerly about the kitchen and then at me. Robbie stood his ground bravely, but Jennie was clinging to my skirts and the baby cried lustily. In the effort to calm the children, I got over my dread somehow, and asked the man what he wanted. In response, he pointed to his mouth and grunted something that I thought meant 'hungry'. A closer look at the gaunt face of my guest showed that he was evidently weak and in need of food. Pity got the better of my fear, and I hurriedly put on the table what was left of the dinner. We had had a roast chicken with vegetables, and these I warmed for the brave. There was a

whole loaf of bread on the table, but he ate up everything, and finished with a mince pie and a great draught of milk. He seemed very grateful and thanked me in broken English. It was so bitterly cold and the storm so bad that I couldn't help inviting him to remain by the fire. But he shook his head in grave denial, gathered an old blanket about him and with his gun, solemnly marched from the house and made straight for the forest. This was but a few rods behind the house.

"It was already dark, though barely four o'clock, but the fire burned as brightly as it does to-night; everybody was snug and cozy about the house, and we didn't mind the bleakness outside at all. My only anxiety was for your grandfather. It was snowing furiously, and when the clock struck five and he didn't come, I felt worried enough.

"It's five o'clock, mother," said Robbie, at last, "and I must go to the barn, as father told me."

"I don't like to have you go out in the storm," I answered. "Look, you can't see the barn, nor even the well-sweep."

"But I must go, mother," my little boy urged. "Father said so, and we can't let the cows and old Joe and the little calves go without anything to eat. You'll let me go, won't you?"

"Of course there was nothing else to do, though, for some reason, I dreaded it very much. He drew on his high boots, of which he was very proud, and tied them tight at the tops to keep out the snow. Then a warm fur coat I had made for him, with a muffler around his neck and ears, and knit woolen mittens, and my little man opened the kitchen door and was off on a run, his happy laugh sounding cheerily enough on the bleak November air.

"I stood at the door a moment, and had just turned to close it, when a loud, drawn, snarling cry came from the woods close at hand. It was something like a scream and something like a wail, and yet not either. It made me fairly shake with fright, for it was the cry of a wolf, and it was soon plain that there were more than one. I then remembered that I had heard the same cry far away early in the afternoon, but had thought nothing of it.

"Robbie! Robbie!" I shouted. "Come back! The wolves! Don't you hear them?"

"But the barn was some distance from the house, and he did not hear me. Would he get back before the animals approached the house? This was my only thought. I shut the door and watched to see the little form come trudging through the snow. Just then Jennie who was at the other window, gave a frightened cry.

"What is it, dear?" I asked, in alarm.

"The wolf, mother! Don't you see it? There?"

"I looked in the direction in which the child pointed. One after another, six gaunt gray wolves came leaping over the stone wall about the garden, and began to prowl around the corner and the house. Robbie must be warned, or what would happen! With Jennie and the baby I hurried to the loft and opened the window nearest the barn. The noise attracted the attention of the animals, and they gathered below, leaping furiously against the house, snarling fiercely all the time.

"I cried at the top of my voice: 'Don't come! Don't come! Stay in the barn where you are! The wolves!'

"But the child either did not hear or understand, for suddenly the animals stood still, listening with ears erect. Then they leaped away in the direction of the barn. They must have caught sight or scent of my little boy.

"They were barely out of sight in the snow when I heard a sharp cry. That was from Robbie, I know. Then the mad yelping of the wolves redoubled. They had overtaken the child. Sick at heart, I managed to descend the ladder