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CANADA.



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All Hallow's Eve.

A FANTASY, BY HENRY D. DEALE.

All Hallow's Eve the day is done
None think of sleep's entrancing chain
With light and song and prank and fun.
The old hall echoes once again,
The grey haired squire in easy chair
Beside the chimney corner sits
Looks on well pleased, and delectable
Smiles at the interchange of wits
Brought from high chambers richly stored.
Apples and nuts in baskets lie,
And brilliant leakers grace the board
With strong ale for the minstrelsy
Welcome to food and drink to all.
Both rich and poor the country side,
The stately towers of Wansley Hall
All Hallow a hero stuns open wide
From the high ceiling, central would
Descendeth for a slender string.
An even balanced staff to hold
Apples and candles menials bring.
And fastening firm to either end
They spin, while shrieks of laughter rise
As hands fast bound each guest and friend
Strive with their teeth to grasp a prize.
Their teeth in fruitless snags have met
In vain, the apple works their fate
Most of the month the candle gets
As whirled the staff in rapid flight,
At length some rustic's ponderous jaws
Beetle and hold the piquant prize,
Then roof resonant with loud applause,
And tears fill laughter lighted eyes.
Now fetch the chestnuts, in a row
The hot and luscious nuts receive.
One nut to each, their lot to show
Whether ordained to joy or grief
For if some nut with loud report
Bounced in the bowl, or on the door,
An omen with disaster fraught
Showed what their future fate in store
But if, slow smouldering, side by side
The chestnuts burnt themselves away
Into white ashes, groans and brils
Would of extreme old age they say
I wot full well some lass or lad
With a keen witte all unsexed,
Oft charmed away the oven seal,
Merceing the skin and put between
Above, in chambers lavred rose
The marks, in antique garb arrayed
Sought future wretched joys and woes.
And many an incantation made
Before a mirror, in their hand
An apple, so they might behold
Behind their chair a husband stand,
As ancient dames the legend told
Now for their homes, in converse sweet,
The elder neighbours take their way
But rings the hall with dancing feet
Till blue jays in the morning cry
Oh! vision of the dear "old time,
This eve shall hallow all you show
Here, for the present, ends my rhyme
My night lamp's waiting, and I go



Miss Chatty's Halloween

BY MARY F. Q. BRUSH

Miss Tempy looked up at the calendar
hanging above her little cheery writing-
desk.
"O hum, almost the last of October!"
she said, and then suddenly paused with
an apprehensive glance toward her sis-
ter, Miss Chatty, who sat by the window
engaged at her annual task of making
over Mrs. Deacon Rogers' winter bonnet.
The two Misses Martin were sisters,
but did not resemble one another in the
slightest degree, for Miss Temperance,
the elder, aged fifty, was thin and dark,
black eyed and solemn looking; Miss
Charity was barely forty years old and
had rosy cheeks, merry blue eyes, and
was, moreover, as plump as a partridge.
Miss Chatty's eyes everybody called
the Misses Martin Chatty and Tempy;
had a regular twinkle in them, as, look-
ing up from the rusty black velvet, she
said:
"Aha, Tempy! I know of what you
are thinking. To-morrow - yes, let me
see - to-morrow night will be Halloween
And then there are those Thurston chil-
dren!"
"Well, yes," with a sigh, "I must
confess you've read my thoughts. Those
Thurston children, indeed! You know
how they acted last year. Somehow
they seem to regard us as their special
victims. Don't you remember their
pranks? The boards I had piled up
for a new sidewalk were logged away

down to the end of our street, they hung
our millinery sign over the office door
of the horse doctor, they lifted our gate
from its hinges and carried it up on top
of the band stand in the park; they put
a red flannel jacket on little Dudo and
tied a ribbon to his tail, and the dear
dog was nearly wild trying to scramble
and chew his way out!"
"I remember they placed a long row
of cabbages on our front porch and
scared us, for when we peeped out of the
window we thought some tramps were
lying there sleeping, those cabbages did
look just like round shaggy heads. And
Miss Chatty laughed."
"Laugh if you want to, but I can't,"
Miss Tempy rejoined, grimly. "I think
it's too serious a thing being at the mercy
of half a dozen youngsters. They'll
treat us worse this year—you'll see now!
Do you know" - here Miss Tempy's
black eyes snapped angrily - "do you
know they are plotting mischief this
very minute? I saw the whole five
going out for a consultation behind our
own barn. Five? I should say six,
for that three-year old Cappo is able to
keep up the family reputation for mis-
chief, I'll warrant."
A thoughtful expression came over
Miss Chatty's face.
"True, I laugh, sister, at the funny
things they do, but at the same time I
feel sorry for the children. They're
motherless, you know, Tempy, and their
father is so absorbed in his business.
His housekeeper, old Mrs. Grindstone,
knows no more about the care of children
than - than our old Tabby cat - and not
as much, for I must say, that old Tab is
a dear, good, faithful mother to her little
kitts. But really, Tempy, I can't help
being interested in the Thurstons; they
are such bright, pretty children. I do
want to help them. Did my best to
coax them to come to my Sunday-school
class, but they sort of shy off. I suppose
they're a little afraid of us. You know
you have scolded 'em a good deal, Tempy."
"S'pose I have, but not a quarter to
what they've deserved," was the grim
rejoinder.
Miss Chatty tucked a black ostrich
feather on Mrs. Deacon Rogers' bonnet
and held it aloft on her chubby fist to
study the effect. Suddenly she pushed
her work aside and sprang up, eagerly
exclaiming:
"Oh, Tempy, Tempy, you dear old
girl! I've thought of a charming plan
It'll be such a joke, too. We'll win the
Thurstons by a master stroke! Let us
play a Halloween trick on them!"
"Chatty," severely, "are you crazy?"
Miss Chatty danced about, shaking off
little snippings of velvet and ends of
thread from her ruffled apron.
"What," she said, gaily, "do you
think that one original idea would make
me insane? No, ma'am! Let me tell
you my plan. We'll give a real nice
Halloween party for the benefit of the
Thurston children!"
"Humph! they won't come!"
"Won't, eh? Just let me drop a hint
about the delicious cocoanut cake you
make and the games we'll play after
supper. Of course they'll come!"
Miss Chatty was right. Of course the
Thurstons came. There was Bess, the
eldest, a bright-eyed hoyden, with her
man of wondrous yellow hair; sturdy
Walter in his new sailor suit. Tom, his
face a network of grins and freckles and
old grimaces, then Leona and Marie,
as merry as little grigs, and Cappo, the
youngest, with wide, wondering eyes
peeping from under his fringe of flaxen
bangs. Evidently Mrs. Grindstone had
given some attention toward drilling
them for the occasion, as, for the first
twenty minutes after their arrival at the
milliners' cottage, they sat as solemn as
a row of young owls, blinking away with
round inquiring eyes. But presently
Miss Chatty, rosy cheeked and bright-
eyed, started one merry game after
another, and it wasn't long before the
house resounded with pattering feet and

gay laughter and the passers by might
have heard even Miss Tempy singing
shrilly.
"Oh, say, do you know the Muffin man?"
Old games and new ones; Halloween
games, of course - apples floating in tubs
and chestnuts popping from their shining
brown coats by the red coals.
Last, but not least, they had the jol-
liest kind of blindman's buff. Going
into the sitting room the children found
a network of cords stretched from wall
to wall, and on these ropes were parcels
of all kinds, red toy balloons, jumping
jacks, and little Japanese parasols and
fans, to say nothing of oranges and bags
of candy, all dangling beside dollies
dressed so gaily from remnants of bright
silk ribbons from the milliners' "piece
box."
Each child was blindfolded in turn
and furnished with a wand, and while
Miss Chatty sat down to the old yellow
keyed piano and rattled off a sprightly
jig, he or she circled round and round,
striving to strike or loosen some of the
gifts overhead.
Such a happy evening as it was, and
how astonished everybody was, to be
sure, when the tall, old fashioned clock
struck ten.
"Nicest Halloween I ever had!" ex-
claimed Walter as he and Bess with
much importance marshalled the rest of
the Thurstons homeward. "It was lots
more fun than scooting around as we
all did last year, playing tricks that we
got scolded and punished for the next
day."
"Yes, indeed," said Bess, enthusias-
tically. "I think Miss Tempy and Miss
Chatty are just lovely. I'm going there
again Saturday, and they're going to
teach me how to make the dearest little
apron for Mario! And say, Walter, Miss
Chatty told me of a real nice present I
could make for you Christmas."
"Did, eh?" complacently. "She isn't
too bit like Mrs. Grindstone, is she?
Miss Chatty seems to think boys are
worth something, and - well, I say,
Bess, lowering his voice confidentially,
"I say, if she asks us again to join her
Sabbath school class, let's do it. I think
she'll be the kind of a teacher a fellow'd
like."

The Re-action.

The clash between the Hearing and
Deaf Sections at the recent Paris Con-
gress is prophetic of an exciting epoch
in the history of the education of the
deaf. The Hearing Section, comprising
head masters, teachers, and others, em-
phatically confirmed the Milan resolution
in favour of the Pure Oral method, which
decision, on coming to the knowledge of
the Deaf Section, was as emphatically
condemned. War to the knife was de-
clared by the deaf against Pure Oralism,
and it was determined to appeal to the
governments of their respective land to
oust this tyrant method in favour of the
equitable rule of the Combined System.
Thus we have Action and Re-action.
The hearing persist in forcing an uncon-
genial method upon the deaf, the deaf,
aroused at last, combine in powerful
protest. To predict the course of the
struggle is fairly easy. The deaf are
fighting against enormous odds in the
shape of vested interests and the arro-
gant assumption of the hearing that the
deaf do not know what is good for them.
The deaf must expect to be defeated
again and again, but Reason, Truth and
Humanity are with them, and will in the
end win them victory. Every year the
case of the deaf grows stronger; every
year adds to the number of those who
can swear, from bitterest experience,
that they have tested the golden prom-
ise of Pure Oralists and found them
worthless. And every year adds to the
number of those that have found their
intellectual salvation in the Combined
System, and proved it to do all that the
Pure Oral method promises but fails to
perform. -British Deaf Monthly.

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