

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:
DR. F. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

LATHSON, M. A. Superintendent
LATHSON, M. A. Director
FARMAN, M. D. Physician
MORSE, WALKER. Matron.

Teachers:

WILLIAMS, M. A. Miss J. O. TERRILL
Head of Teachers Miss K. TEMPLETON
Miss M. M. OSTRUM
Miss MARY HULL
Miss FLORENCE MAYOR
Miss SYLVIA L. BALIS
Miss ADA JAMES
Monitor
Miss MARGARET CULBERTY
Teacher of Articulation

MARY HULL. Teacher of Fancy Work

JOHN T. BERNK
Superintendent of Printing

FRANK FLYNN
Master Carpenter

WM. NURSE
Master Shoemaker

D. CUNNINGHAM
Master Baker

THOMAS WILLS
Carpenter

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 afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common schools.

The best mutes between the ages of seven and fifteen 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 ten years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends, who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$25 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance and be furnished free.

For those whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board and tuition, the sum will be advanced by the Government, to be repaid by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the male pupils and are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Bookbinding, the use of the Sewing Machine and in 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 assistance offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins the second Wednesday in September, and ends the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, and the regulations will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go out is put in boxes in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2:15 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive any matter at post office for delivery, for pupils.



The Blacksmith's Daughter.

"I have brought your dinner father
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her apron a kettle
And lifted its shining lid
There's not a pie or pudding
No will give you this
And upon his son's worn forehead
She left a childish kiss

The blacksmith tore off his apron
And dined in a happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Of his humble food,
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss
But he never thought of the image
In his daughter's kiss

When she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily tripped away
Stopped at the sight of a squirrel
Catching some wild bird's prey
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would trace
If all our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss

Waterloo Times



BRAVE NERO.

THE TRUE STORY OF A DOG

In the year 1871 the steamship Sallow left the Cape of Good Hope, bound for England—"for home" the passengers, all English, called it. Among them was a child of two years and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge, handsome Newfoundland dog.

The voyage had lasted about six days. No land was visible, and the island of St. Helena would be the nearest point. The day was beautiful one, with a soft breeze blowing, and the sun shining down brightly on the sparkling water. A large and gay company of the passengers were assembled on the deck, merry groups of young men and girls had clustered together; now and then a laugh rang out, or some one sang a gay little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by the loud and piercing scream of a woman.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the leaping, restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea—into the great Atlantic Ocean. The poor woman, in her despair, would have flung herself after her charge had not strong arms held her back. But sooner than it can be written down, something rushed swiftly past her: there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the waters, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves, holding the child in his mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in his wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, and the ship's surgeon, taking his place in it ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the leaping, dancing waves the dog's black head, holding some thing scarlet in his mouth. The child had on a little jacket cloth, and it gleamed like a spark of fire on the dark blue waves.

The mother of the child stands on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the tiny scarlet point. How long the time seems! The boat seems fairly to creep, though it speeds over the waves as it never sped before.

Sometimes a billow higher than its fellows hides for a moment dog and child from the anxious, straining eyes. One can almost hear the watcher's heart then throb with fear, lest the waters may have swallowed them up. But the boat comes nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow of the surgeon's

reaching over and lifting the child out of the dog's mouth. Then a sailor's stout arms pull Nero into the boat, and the men row swiftly back to the ship.

"Alive!" is shouted from every lip, as the boat comes within hail of the steamer, and as the answer comes back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!" breaks from every heart.

Then the boat comes up to the ship's side. A hundred hands are stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and "Good Nero! Brave dog!" "Good fellow, reward on every side!" But Nero ignores the praise showered so profusely on him, he trots solemnly up to the child's mother, and with a wag of his dripping tail, looks up into her face with his big, faithful brown eyes. It was as if he said, "It is all right, I have brought her back quite well."

The mother drops on her knees on the deck and taking his shaggy head in both hands, kisses his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in streams. There is, indeed, not a dry eye on board.

One old soldier stands near with the tears running down his weather-beaten brown face, all the while unconscious that he is weeping.

Well, as you can imagine, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and hero of the whole ship. He bore his honors with quiet, modest dignity. It was curious, however, to see how from that time on he made himself the sentinel and body guard of the child he had saved. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose army she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of the bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the skirt of her frock, promptly drew her back. It was as though he thought, "I have been lucky enough. I shall take care you don't run any unnecessary risks in the future."

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, "Three cheers for Nero!" and they were given with a will. And "Good bye, Nero!" "Good bye, good dog," resounded on every side. Everyone crowded around to give him a pat on the head, as he trotted down the gang plank. To all these demonstrations he could, of course only reply with a wag of his plump tail and a twinkle of his faithful brown eyes. He kept close to the nurse's side, and watched anxiously his little charge's arrival on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived, loved and honored, until he died of old age, with his shaggy gray head resting on the knee of the child (a woman now) that he had saved. His grave is in an English church yard, in consecrated ground. He lies in the burial plot of the family to which he belonged. His grave is marked by a fair white stone, on which is engraved:

"Scared to the Memory of Nero, Faithful of Dog."

His portrait hangs over the chimney piece of an English drawing-room beneath which sits, in a low arm chair, a fair haired girl, who often looks up at Nero's portrait as she tells the tale of how he sprang into the waters of the Atlantic Ocean after her, and held her up until help came. *Harper's Young People.*

The printing office boys at the Minnesota School are issuing a small paper called *The North Star*.

The richest principal in the United States is said to be Superintendent James Simpson, of South Dakota, who owns a fine stock farm. Mr. Simpson is a semi-mute.

More deaf-mutes have moved away from New York City during the past year than ever before. This is on account of the depression in business, and as rent is high in New York City.

How a Poor Boy Succeeded.

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. A story is told of a boy of the right stamp, and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago, a large drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif the advertiser said "Can't take him places all full, besides he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But, after consultation, the boy was set to work.

A few days later, a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night, the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this youthful protégé busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing," said he. "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something. In the morning, the cashier got orders to double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk afore said, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied:

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more. "Double that boy's wages, he is willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is a member of the firm. —*Presbyterian Banner.*

Helen Keller's Story.

Concerning Helen Keller's story, which appears in the *Youth's Companion* of January 4th, the editor says:

"There is no need of our calling attention to the remarkably interesting and admirably written article by Helen Keller, on the third page of this issue. But our readers will be glad to know that, with the exception of the paragraphing and the insertion of Tommy Stringer's surname, the article is exactly as she wrote it, and that there was not a word misspelled nor a mistake of any sort on the manuscript.

We have reproduced the ending of the article, with Helen's signature, which, we may add, is the first she ever wrote with ink. The pencil is the ordinary writing implement of the blind. In order that the page might be photographed, Helen kindly attempted the use of the pen, with excellent results.

Which of our twelve-year-old readers, who has the full use of both eyes and ears, could have composed and written, without the least assistance, such an article as this?"

The article is illustrated with two excellent cuts; one showing Helen Keller sitting at her typewriter and the other, her home.

A bust of Laura Bridgeman has been placed in the girls' studyroom of the Wisconsin School.