

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. E. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Barber
J. E. JARVIS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

D. D. GIBSON, M. A.	Miss J. G. TRERILL
J. E. JARVIS, M. D.	Miss TRIMPERTON
J. E. JARVIS, M. D.	Miss M. J. OSTROM
J. E. JARVIS, M. D.	Miss MARY HULL
J. E. JARVIS, M. D.	Miss FLORENCE MATHISON
J. E. JARVIS, M. D.	Miss SYLVIA L. MATHISON
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Miss MARGARET CRETTE	Teacher of Articulation
Miss Mary Bell	Teacher of Fancy Work
Miss Sarah E. Hall	Teacher of Darning
Miss M. M. HODGINS	JOHN T. HUNNA
Miss M. M. HODGINS	Instructor of Printing
Miss M. M. HODGINS	FRANK FLYNN
Miss M. M. HODGINS	Master Carpenter
Miss M. M. HODGINS	WM. SHERK
Miss M. M. HODGINS	Master Shoemaker
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Miss M. M. HODGINS	Garlener
Miss M. M. HODGINS	MICHAEL O'MARA
Miss M. M. HODGINS	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 in need of instruction, either partial or complete, in the use of the common alphabet.

All deaf-mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, and 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 two 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 \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, which will be returned free.

Deaf-mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, will be admitted free. Clothing must be provided by parents or friends.

Deaf-mutes who are the trades of Printing, Bookbinding, and Shoemaking are taught to read and write, and are instructed in general English, and in Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, and the use of the Sewing Machine, and in all the usual and fancy work, as may be desired.

Deaf-mutes all having charge of deaf-mute institutions, and all themselves of the liberal professions, are invited to the Government for their educational improvement.

The annual school term begins on Wednesday in September, and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. The terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND SENT WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go to the office on the first floor will be sent to the office on the second floor at 2 P.M. of each day. The newspaper is not sent to the office for delivery, or receive...



A NAME IN THE SAND.

None I walked the ocean strand
A pebbly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling dark and fast,
And washed my name away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me.
A wave of Oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.



Wooded and Wed by Signs.

There was a silent wedding last night in the ladies' parlor at the Grand Pacific.

Champion Buchanan, who is employed at the post office, and Eleanor Paton, a tall and beautiful young woman, stood before Dr. Gillet, the Superintendent of the deaf and dumb asylum at Jacksonville. There were six bridesmaids, one of whom was so lovely that she riveted attention, and the bridegroom was attended by six young men in their immaculate frock coats and carnations at their buttonholes. The parlor was filled with relatives and guests. Nobody spoke a word. All were deaf and dumb. "Where-soever thou goest I will go," said Dr. Gillet, adding the words of Ruth to the marriage service. And the bride with a pretty, fond gesture touched eyes, mouth and heart and signified that she would follow her husband. "Where-soever thou abidest I will abide," continued the Doctor.

And the bridegroom, taking the bride's hand in his, promised with a sign that he would cleave to her. "The Lord do so to me and mine," said Dr. Gillet. "It ought but death part thee and me."

The vow was made with quick, loving movement of hands and eyes; the bridegroom slipped the ring on the bride's finger, and so without uttering a word, they were man and wife.

And then the congratulations began. The silent guests made a rush for the bride. They kissed her; they hugged her, and they cried over her. Their hands kept fluttering around the region of the heart as though saying that on this occasion the heart alone could speak. A pretty dumb boy of four was brought by his mother to the bride. He clenched his chubby fists and stamped his little feet and went through a pantomime expressive of unbounded love and good will. The bride did not answer him with signs. She stooped and kissed him and a tear fell upon his curls.

"It is one of the rare romances which have touched our life," said Dr. Gillet. "These young folks met at the Institution, they wooed in signs, and Mr. Buchanan only left us to make a home for the beautiful girl who is now his wife. At which the bride, following the movement of his lips, kissed his hand, and with a graceful gesture waved farewell to the company, who were indulging in abundance of silent gossip, and threw kind looks at the old colored attendant who was crying at the door.

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw," said he.—Chicago Tribune.

The Woman who did not Weep.

I saw her when the girl grew sick,
She was not weeping as the others
were. She moved in and out of the
sick chamber with a soft step, doing
many acts of kindness and love.

When the day began her watching began; when high noon came she was still at the sufferer's bed; when the evening crept on apace she was near as ever, and so on through the lone-sono watches. If you passed the house and saw the light burning in the early hours, just before the dawn, you may be sure the patient woman was keeping her lonely vigil.

I saw her when the girl died.
She was not weeping, as the others
were. She stood back in the corner
and reclined her tired head in her hands,
and for a long time looked in a strange
way at the floor. In the hurry and
bustle in and out of the sick chamber
those last few days the woman was always to be seen, but she was not weeping, nor had she much to say.

On the last day she brought some
flowers and twined them in the girl's
hair. The red roses in the yellow hair—
it was a sweet, pathetic picture. Not a
word came from her white lips, although
intense anguish was written in her face
and had set its seal upon her brow.

I saw her at the funeral.
She was not weeping, as the others
were. The preacher told of the dear
sister's death and of her grand Christian
life—her daughter's life—and in
beautiful language related the sacred
story of man's immortality and of his
home beyond the stars.

There were singing and prayer; the
sweetest singing this world has ever
heard, and the most pathetic, heartfelt
prayer that ever swept forth to the
great white throne of God. I saw her
then. But she was not weeping as the
others were.

Dust to dust—ashes to ashes.
Ah, no, she did not weep, nor had she
wept those last sorrowful days and
weeks. For the breaking of a heart
dries up the fountain of tears.—New
York Herald.

Cheers for Helpors.

In the hands of an ingenious prisoner,
anxious to get out, much can be done
with a nail, says Myron W. Reed in an
exchange.

No means have yet been found to
prevent prisoners from communicating—
good news will go through a wall. Love
laughs at locksmiths. But the people
who have no time in which to do anybody
any good are the worst Christians.

What is the use of living anyway?
Simply to take care of one's self is poor
business. There is no joy in that, no
comfort. As the life of Jesus was made
up of interruptions—women bringing
their children to him that he should bless
them, so thank God when you are interrupted
by some one's need, that shows
that God has still some use for you. That
explains why he lets us live.

Gather up the fragments. I reckon at
the end of his own main comfort will come
from the hours in which we neglected
ourselves to make some one happier,
smoothed a rough road for coming feet.

There is one officer we were specially
glad to see at the regimental reunion.
He was always packing some tired soldier's
muskot or blanket, or both, and
that is the way it will be at the great
reunion. There will be cheers for those
who have helped.

The advanced class in the North Dakota
school will be furnished with histories
and geographies.

Mr. George C. Williams has secured a
position as postman and director of pen-
manship in the Hogarth Business Uni-
versity, New Haven, Conn. Mr. Williams
graduated with the class of '91 from
the Deaf Mute College.

True Sayings.

Convince the masses that you love
them, and you've got them.

If you are afraid in the dark, do more
praying when the sun is shining.

Some people never feel religious except
when they get in a tight place.

The real prayer meeting always begins
a good while before the bell rings.

The souls of the good go to heaven,
but their influence remains behind them.

If the devil had to stay outside of the
church he would soon give up discouraging.

The devil can sometimes be very well
behaved when he is working for a big
price.

There isn't a bit of religion in going
without sleep at night to talk about
your neighbors.

The more the man who builds on the
sand invests in his house the worse it will
be for him.

When in line of battle no soldier ever
finds much fault with the bowlegs of the
man in front of him.

The Lord knows just how much you
leave in your pocket every time you put
a two cent piece in the basket.

The kind of religion that always makes
the winner feel ashamed of himself is the
kind that does its own talking.

There is no greater mistake than trying
to persuade a man to be religious by
preaching altogether to his head.

There are people who think their
neighbors' houses need painting, because
they do not wash their own windows.

For a wife to get religion so that she
never slams the door any more will hit
her husband harder than a dozen sermons.

It doesn't help a man much at home
to shout in church, if he makes his wife
get up and kindle a fire the next morning.

If people would make the sacrifices
for Christ that they will do for money,
the devil would have been on crutches
long ago.

What a difference there is between
the kind of headache people have on
rainy Sundays and the kind they have
when the circus is in town!—Itan's
Horn.

Cigarettes.

The use of cigarettes by boys and
young men is on the increase. It has
even gone so far that girls and women
old enough to know better indulge themselves
in this way.

Perhaps some may not be familiar with
materials used to make cigarettes, and
the following, from a New York paper,
will be somewhat of a revelation to them:

A little red-headed Italian boy, who
gave his name as Francis Chicabon, and
who said he was eight years old, was
brought before Justice White at the
Harlem Police Court recently, charged
with being a vagrant. He was barefooted
and had on ragged clothing. He spoke
English very imperfectly. The officer
said he found the boy gathering cigar-
stumps from the gutter and sidewalks,
and showed Justice White a basket half
filled with the butts of old cigars covered
with mud and water-soaked.

"What do you do with them?" asked
the justice.

"I sell them to a man for ten cents a
pound," replied the boy; "but I don't
know his name, and they are used in
making cigarettes, like they sell in all the
stores."

The officer corroborated the child's
statement, and said that there were
many boys and girls scouring the city in
search of stumps and half smoked cigars.
These were first dried and then sold to
various persons who used them in making
cigarettes.—Kz.

The Virginia correspondent of *The
Journal* makes mention of thirteen deaf-
mutes who upon leaving the Virginia
Institution have been connected with
the public press.