

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 16.

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



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

Government Inspector:
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
ATHSON, M.	Harper.
EAKINS, M. D.	Physician.
ISAAC, W. WALKER	Matron.

Teachers:

COLEMAN, M. A.	Miss J. G. FRIBBLE
(Head Teacher)	Miss M. TEMPLETON
EVANS	Miss M. M. OBYROM
FRANKS	Miss MARY HULL
C. HALLIS, H. A.	Miss FLORENCE MAYNOR
McKILLOP	Miss MELBA L. HALLIS
CAMPBELL	Miss ADA JAMES
McALPIN, H. A.	Matron
Miss MARGERY CURRIE	Teacher of Articulation

MARY HULL Teacher of Fancy Work

L. S. METCALFE JOHN T. BURNS
and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

E. G. SMITH FRANK FITZK
Printer and Clerk Master Carpenter

W. M. JOHNSON WM. NURSE
Director of Boys Master Shoemaker

A. HALLAHER D. CUNNINGHAM
Director of Sewing Master Baker

J. MIDDLEMAN THOMAS WILLS
Engineer Gunlayer

McHAFF OF STRANA, Farmer

The object of the Province in founding and sustaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are 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 six months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to will be charged the sum of \$30 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance (if furnished) 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 furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of printing, penmanship and shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, bookbinding, the use of the sewing machine as an 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 on the second Wednesday in September, and on 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

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT DELAY to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go by mail in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not sent to post letters or parcels, or receive matter at post office for delivery, for pupils



MOTHER'S ROOM.

In the cheerful room in the household
With window seat latticed and brushed,
Where the carpet, the chairs, and the table
Are never too good to be used.

Here little ones come with their sorrows
Or bubble with laughter and noise
Bring sweets and caresses and kisses
And scatter their books and their toys.

There's an increasing litter of small feet,
And opening and shutting of doors,
And the room that was sweet and garnished
Is covered with spoils and stores.

In the dawn of a summer morning
There's a scampering down the stairs,
And everyone knows they are coming,
They whisper so loud their affairs.

And when the day's lessons are over,
They come with their chatter and song,
To the sunniest room where dear mother
And all that is lovely belong.

If the threads of their life get tangled,
O' honored and beautiful queen,
She quietly straightens them out,
And gathers them, sweetly united,
Her little, low rocker about.

Dear mother, o'er all presiding,
You gather your loving subjects
With a grace that is rarely seen.

Then, who, to keep joyous and tidy
The carpets, and shutters, and floors,
Would lose the sweet laughter of childhood,
And love from such beautiful stores.



An Adventure With Wolves.

We were camped on the north shore of Red Lake, way up in northern Minnesota. There were but two of us, my companion being an old guide and hunter named Jim Bascome. On an October afternoon, while I was following the trail of a wounded deer and was about three miles away from camp, I got my foot caught in a mass of roots and was thrown violently to the ground. I was running at the time, and the fall not only stunned me for several minutes, but I had no sooner recovered consciousness than I realized that I was helpless. My right leg was not broken, but I had given it such a twist that it throbbled and ached from ankle to hip. I got up after a bit, but only to fall down again. I couldn't bear an ounce of weight on that leg without screaming with pain. I dragged myself a few feet backward to a big tree, and when I had secured a rest for my back, I began to wonder what I should do.

Jim had gone off before noon by himself, and even if in camp at that moment he could not hear the report of my rifle. I had a hunting rifle, muzzle-loading, and when I overhauled my ammunition I found just six bullets. I also had a hunting knife, but no revolver. It was just 4 o'clock when I fired my first shot. It was a cool fall day, with the sky overcast, and I was right in the woods where it would be dark at 5 o'clock. There were plenty of wolves about, with an occasional bear and panther, and if Jim failed to hear my signals and come to me, I would be in a bad fix. I fired the rifle six times as fast as I could load, and fifteen minutes after the last discharge I heard Jim shouting. Luckily for me he had also wounded a deer and been following it over the ground I had traversed. By the time he came up it had grown dark in the woods. The idea was to get me to camp as soon as possible, and he undertook to carry me on his back. He hadn't gone a quarter of a mile when we heard the soft foot-steps of some wild animal on the dead leaves, and two or three minutes later a wolf uttered a long-drawn howl.

"That's what I feared," said the old man, as he came to a halt. "In ten minutes we'll have a whole pack around

us. We've got to tree, and that mighty quick!"

He was almost as badly off for ammunition as I was, having only two charges, but in place of a hunting knife he had a tomahawk in his belt. His idea was to "boost" me up a tree and then follow, but it so happened that no tree with low branches was at hand, and as we kept on we heard the wolves howling and closing in from every direction. I could see their eyes shining to the right and left and behind us, and had advised him to stop before we were attacked, when he suddenly swerved to the left and uttered a grunt of satisfaction. A gale of wind had uprooted a tall tree, but in falling its top had lodged in another, so that the trunk remained at an angle of forty five degrees and was entirely clear of the ground. Jim walked right up this trunk to the first limbs, bearing me on his broad back, and I was no sooner unloaded than he made me fast to a limb with my own belt. At this point the trunk was fifteen feet above the earth, and looking down I saw at least twenty wolves gathered below us. They were very quiet until they seemed to realize that we had outwitted them, and then they broke loose with noise enough to deafen us. This racket attracted others, and when night had fairly set in we felt sure the pack numbered at least fifty.

About fifteen minutes after we ascended the trunk the wolves discovered the route. Jim seated himself a few feet below me, tomahawk in hand. There must have been five or six of the beasts coming up in line, but the first one hesitated as he drew near, and the old man leaped forward and split his head open. Down he fell, and down leaped all the others, and the pack were not over a minute picking his bones. Gnashing their teeth and growling in a way to curl your hair, they made another rush for the roots of the tree, and again a line of them came boldly up the log; but old Jim held the key to the position. His tomahawk reached out again, and down went the line to feast on more wolf meat. The pack must have been ravenously hungry and freely determined, for they tried this dodge nine times running before they quit. One blow of the tomahawk was sufficient in each case. On the ground the head wolf would have made a leap as he drew near, but the height seemed to frighten him as he got within reaching distance.

For about half an hour after giving up the route by way of the trunk, they remained directly below us, leaping up or circling around, but they finally concluded that it was no use and suddenly rushed off through the forest in a body.

We remained huddled up in the tree until daybreak, when Jim again took me on his back and descending to the ground headed for camp. We reached it after a deal of hard work, on Jim's part and considerable suffering on mine, and it was full two weeks before I could move outside the shanty.

We had both counted nine wolves that he had killed on the log, and yet the only relic or reminder that Jim could find next morning was a few shining white bones picked bare and clean. Had the pack closed in before we reached the fallen tree—I would not have written this story.—Selected

Don't Whip the Children.

The old iron clad methods of punishment are happily fast passing away. There has been a vast change in public sentiment during the last century. The "rod is spared" these days by humane parents; so are the dark closets and other horrors. But, it may be asked, do the gentle reproofs, the chilling looks, the deprivation of the treats, accomplish the much to be desired results? Are the children better behaved than of yore?

There may not be so much outward fear of their elders. There may be less awe and reverence, fewer outward and

visible signs of an inward respect for authority, but surely there is less inward, corroding rebellion. While children may not love their parents any more, they are on better terms with them than formerly. The father who is chummy with his boy, who gets down to that eager, inquiring, restless little soul and explains visits and encourages, does not need to cut a birch gad or buy a horsewhip in order to maintain discipline. And the mother who sympathizes, cuddles and plays with her children can keep her slippers on her feet and hair brush on the dressing table. The holding off of children is a fruitful source of disobedience. They need love, tenderness and sympathy as much as flowers need air and sunshine.

The Grateful Dog.

There was a little girl whose home was in Rome, Italy. She was about ten years old. She was a kind hearted girl and always treated dumb animals kindly. Near her home she often met a poor half starved dog. This dog was not beautiful, nor was he clean, but she pitied him because he had been treated unkindly and could not get enough to eat. She often fed him with crumbs from her lunch and caressed him. The dog seemed to appreciate her kindness.

One day the little girl was playing on a bridge which crossed the Tiber river. She was careless and fell from the bridge into the water. Many people saw her fall, but they could not help her. They ran about on the bridge. The policemen who saw her, were afraid to go into the water to save the girl, and she was drowning.

Suddenly a lean, yellow dog came barking to the river. He sprang into the water and out to the girl. He seized her dress and drew her to the shore. When he saw that she was safe he jumped about and barked loudly. He licked the girl's face and hands and showed that he was very glad. It was the dog which the little girl had fed and treated kindly. He remembered her and saved her life. He was a grateful dog.

It always pays to treat animals kindly.

The Railroad and Steamboat.

How many of our boys and girls take time to think of how much use to the world and to themselves the Railroad and the Steamboat are? I shall, in a few words as possible, tell you something about the first Passenger Railroad and the first Steamboat of which we have any authentic account.—The First Railroad in the world was completed in England in the latter part of September, 1825. It had been intended that horses should draw the cars; but George Stephenson had been at work for years building a steam locomotive, on account of which the people thought he was crazy, and he now sought to have it tested on the new railroad. A great many people gathered to see the strange sight, and to make sport of it, for they believed it would be a failure. However, the engine, No. 1, driven by George Stephenson, drew the long train of coaches, which were filled with the directors of the railroad and their friends. A man on horseback rode before the locomotive and warned people of the approaching train.

It is said that the first steamboat that proved its powers of using steam power on the water was named the "Clermont," and was launched in 1807 by Robert Fulton of New York. She sailed from New York to Albany and was described by one who saw her pass as "a monster moving on the water, defying the wind and tide and breathing flames and smoke." Her speed on this trip was about 4 1/2 miles an hour. Fulton, on that occasion said, "The power of propelling boats by steam is fully proved, and it is my belief that the ocean will yet be crossed by a steam-propelled vessel."