

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VIII.

BELLEVILLE, NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

NO. 2.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

Government Inspector:

H. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent.
W. M. COCHRANE, Hearer.
E. E. EAKINS, M. D., Physician.
MRS. ISABELL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

H. H. COLMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.
J. HENKE, Teacher.
JAMES O. HALL, B. A., Teacher.
D. J. McNICOLL, Teacher.
W. J. CAMPBELL, Teacher.
J. E. STUART, Teacher.
J. J. FORKSTADT, Teacher.
M. J. MADDER, Monitor Teacher.
MRS. J. O. TRIMMILL, Teacher.
MISS B. TRIMMILL, Teacher.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher.
MRS. SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher.
MISS GOROBINA LINN, Teacher.
MISS ADA JAMES, Teacher.

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS IDA M. JACK, Teacher.
MISS CAMOLINE GIBSON, Teacher.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss L. N. MITCHELL, Clerk and Typewriter.
JOHN T. BURKS, Instructor of Printing.

Wm. DOUGLASS, Storekeeper & Insulator.
Wm. NUNAN, Master Shoemaker.

G. G. KRITH, Supervisor of Boys, etc.
CHAS. J. PERRIN, Engineer.

Miss M. DEMPSEY, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc.
JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter.

Miss R. McNICCK, Principal Hospital Nurse.
D. CUNNINGHAM, 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.

All 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 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 will be furnished free.

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

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys; 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 terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me 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 away if put in box in office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 4:45 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



The Day is Done.

The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist—

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And remembers sorely only
As the mist resembles rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple heartfelt lay
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thought of day.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulses of care,
And seem like a benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
—Longfellow.



An Old Man's Story.

A half-dozen boys were gathered about an old barn under which a defenceless dog had taken refuge from their tormenting attentions.

Some were lying flat on the ground, peering under; some were hushing missiles as far as they could reach; while two others, more enterprising still, were trying to pull up a board in the floor.

Amid their excited shouts of "There he is! I see him!" "Hold on, there; I'll fix him!" and kindred exclamations, they did not hear carriage-wheels in the soft, dusty road, or see the occupant, until a quaint voice said:

"What is it, boys?"

One or two slunk away in a shamefaced manner, but two or three others began all together to tell him what their victim was.

"Ho hair! nobody's dog," said one.

"'Nd we think he's got hydrophobia," said another, while a third added: "He's no 'count dog, anyhow, 'nd if we get him out we're goin' to tie a stone to his neck 'nd drown him over in Simmond's pond."

"Has he bitter any of you?" the quiet voice inquired again.

"Ho sort o' snapped at Wallie's hand, 'nd he'd a bit mo' if I hadn't been too smart for him," said the largest boy, while Wallie examined his dirty fingers with a martyr-like air.

"I suppose you boys were quietly playing somewhere and the dog pitched into you?"

There was a profound silence for a few moments, when one bright-eyed little fellow said wistfully:

"No, mister, he didn't. He was lyin' down by the brow'ry with a bone—just gnawing it, you know—'nd we sort o' got to pleggin' and pesterin' him, 'nd 'twas when Wallie snatched the bone that he snapped."

"Have you time to listen to a old man's story?"

Instantly sticks and stones were dropped, though two of the lads tried to put on an indifferent front.

Driving his horse into the shade of a building, the stranger began:

"You boys do not realize it, any more than I did when I was a boy, but nevertheless, it is true that every day of our lives we write out a page in the Book of Life; and when one is old he has a great deal of time in which he must look back and read over those pages; and when I

saw you tormenting that helpless dog, it seemed as if some unseen finger swiftly turned the leaves of my life back at a page—a page which I wish to God could be blotted out forever, but it never can! No, boys, we may be sorry for things, may get forgiveness for them, may even forget them for a time; but if we do a wrong it is somehow bound to rise up before us when we least expect it. I hold that in this world we never get entirely away from our wrongdoing. But I do not intend to preach a sermon, but to tell you a story:

"As a boy I was naturally cruel; I delighted to rob birds' nests, torment cats and dogs and smaller children. As I grew older and helped my father on the farm, I was rebuked for my abuse of the animals, and my mother used to say that, if she had her way, I would never get a horse to go anywhere.

"As I grew older I became fond of hunting and spent many days with my noble dog Stanley in the woods. I professed to be very good to him, but of a truth 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,' and when I think of the whippings and kicks the noble fellow received from me while, as I called it, I was training him, I am amazed to think of the affection he gave me in turn; but the worst is yet to come.

"He had never been a good retriever. You know what that is, of course—a dog which will go anywhere, after you have shot your game and bring it to you without muzzing or tearing it in the least. I had repeatedly beaten Stanley for his failure for this line, though I knew it came from the fact that his former master had whipped him for carrying home dead chickens, or anything like that, which he found in the neighborhood during his puppy days, true to his retrieving instinct.

"One day, while shooting ducks, I said to him: 'Now, sir, you'll bring me that bird out there on that island, or I'll kill you, do you understand it?' I shall always think he did, from the troubled look he gave me and the pleading way in which he crept to my side and attempted to caress my hand. Roughly I shook him off and bade him go fetch the bird. Obediently he plunged into the ice-cold water, swam to the island, and then stood in an irresolute, troubled manner beside the duck. Angriely I shouted my orders, but he only put his nose to it, then swam back toward me. I sent him back three times when he attempted to land.

"I knew that he was too chilled to make it possible for him to return to the island, but my passion mastered me and again and again I struck him back into the water with my gun butt, fiercely declaring that he would bring me that bird or never land alive. Oh, the look in those brown eyes as he turned them upon me at each new effort to land! Boys, I'll never, no, never, forget it; and I expect to meet it when I stand before God's bar of justice."

The stranger paused here for a little ere he found voice to go on.

"Presently he grew so helpless from cold, struggles and blows, that he let himself drift beyond my reach; but, frenzied with rage, I dropped my gun and, snatching up a long pole, I leaped over the water's edge to strike him. As the pole came down some sod or root under my foot gave way and I found myself struggling in the coldest water I was ever in, but it was only for a few brief moments, for with the icy hands of death already tightening about his faithful heart that noble dog roused himself at sight of my peril, worked toward me as best he could, and with a last desperate effort, born of love and fidelity, he dragged me to the shore, sank down and, with a few short gasps, was dead.

"Chilled and stupefied, yet perfectly conscious of the enormity of my sin, I watched by his side, gazing into the still open eyes and alternately cursing myself and calling him names of exorcism which he never heard in his life. "How long it was before another

hunter's voice recalled me to myself and my condition, I do not know; but I know that during that time the suffering of my mind made me unconscious of bodily suffering. I was helped home but for many weeks I lay between life and death, and they said all my unconscious ravings were of Stanley and that awful transaction by the lakeside. I have been a different person ever since; but I can never in my life get away from that page in the book.

"You understand what I mean now, and all I have to say further is, boys, be kind to every living creature; and if you can do any good by repeating an old man's story, tell it again and again."

There was a silence in the little group as once more the carriage wheels rolled noiselessly away; but presently the largest boy took some pennies from his pocket and bade two of the smaller ones run to the market and get a good meaty bone. On their return, it was laid where the stray dog could smell it, and then the company quietly dispersed, each one to tell some one else the old man's story, and put in practice, we trust, his admonition, "Be kind to every living creature."—*Practical Farmer.*

Exciting Adventure in India.

Dinner was just finished, and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The Major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of 55, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling. The Major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with a sudden alertness and in a quiet, steady voice, he said:

"Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least idea of moving I assure you! What's the game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lastly expectant way.

"Don't you think," continued the Major—and his voice trembled just a little—"that you can keep absolutely still, for, say, two minutes—to save your life?"

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!"

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table and set it on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor and glided toward the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the Major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor.

"Thank you, Major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly; "you have saved my life!"

"You're welcome, my boy," replied the Major, "but you did your share."—*K.K.*

Rain has never been known to fall in that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile.

Tipp.—"The bicycle school started with a good attendance." Topp.—"But I suppose the attendance fell off."