

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. V.

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NO. 2.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



of the Government in Charge
HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:
HON. M. A. Superintendent.
HON. M. D. Nurse.
HON. M. B. Physician.
HON. M. WALKER, Missionary.

Teachers:
HON. M. A. Mrs. J. G. TERRILL, Teacher.
HON. M. D. Miss M. M. OSTRON, Teacher.
HON. M. B. Miss MARY HULL, Teacher.
HON. M. W. Miss FLORENCE MATHY, Teacher.
HON. M. S. Miss SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher.
HON. M. J. Miss ADA JAMES, Teacher.
HON. M. G. Miss GEORGINA LENN, Teacher.

HON. M. G. Gibson, Teacher of Articulation.
HON. M. H. Hull, Teacher of Fancy Work.
HON. M. W. Williams, Teacher of Drawing.

HON. M. C. McCally, JOHN T. HUNNA, Treasurer, Instructor of Printing.
HON. M. A. J. MIDDLEMAN, Associate Engineer.
HON. M. J. JOHN DOWNS, Master Carpenter.
HON. M. B. D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.
HON. M. G. GARDNER, Gardener.
HON. M. O. O'BRIEN, Farmer.

of the Province in founding and the Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province of deafness, either partial or complete instruction in the common

between the ages of seven and deficient in intellect, and free from disease, who are bona fide of the Province of Ontario will be admitted. The regular term of instruction is three years, with a vacation of nearly six months during the summer of each year.

of parents or friends who are able to pay the sum of \$50 per year for books and medical attendance of free.

at the time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding, and Shoemaking are taught to the pupils are instructed in general work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, and the use of the sewing machine, and fancy work as may be

all having charge of deaf mute shall themselves of the liberal Government for their education.

Annual School Term begins on Monday 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, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

PAPERS RECEIVED AND without delay to the parties to be served. Mail matter to go to office door will be sent to the office at 2:30 p.m. of each day. The messenger is not to be given upon application to the office for delivery, for any paper in the locked bag.



House Cleaning.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors and scouring
for dust and dirt.
Heaped in the corner of the room, the ancient
dirt lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread nor at the child
ren's riot
But now the carpets are all up, and from the
staircase top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the
broom and mop

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the
house but now presented,
Wherein we dwell, nor dreamed of dirt, so cozy
and contented?
Alas! they're all turned upside down, that quiet
suite of rooms,
With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and
tubs and pails and brooms.
Chairs, tables, stands are strewn about at sixes
and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly around like me-
teors in the heavens.

And now when comes the master home, as come
he must of nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they
have "set to rights."
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, the
rooms strange echoes fill,
And the eager woman's on the stairs (that har-
binger of ill),
He looks for papers, books or bills that all were
there before,
And sighs to find them on the desks and in the
drawers no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this
fuss afoot,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky
boat.
He meets her at the parlor door with hair and
cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand,
defiance in her eye.
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's
nothing to be said,
He holds his tongue, and drinks his tea and
sneaks away to bed.



He Gave His Angels Charge.

Noel Colby and Lant Ewart were brother artists. Their studios adjoined, and their evenings were always spent together. Lant was young, painstaking and ambitious, while Noel Colby was older by twenty years, usually grave and silent, a man of acknowledged reputation. Their friendship was but a matter of months. They had met by accident, with the usual result. Each began studying the other, and they were mutually interested. So their acquaintance had continued. "Colby," said Lant with assumed carelessness, one winter night "there's a picture over in the corner that you never mentioned. Perhaps you will let me see it. Not now,—but sometime."

Noel Colby shook his head. "Perhaps? sometime? You are a poor pleader. Why not now?"

Lant's eyes brightened. "Because I do not like to presume. But there's no time like the now,—time and—"

"If I show you the picture, you must also listen to a story," interrupted Colby, gravely.

"It is just the night for one," Lant commented. "Make it as long as possible, and exaggerate as much as you please."

"But my story is a true one."

So much the better. "I hate fiction, and—"

"Before beginning you shall see the picture. I painted it in England, back in the seventies, and none have seen it save my daughter, Ellinore. She is a wife and a mother now, and lives in London."

"Colby," said Lant earnestly, "if it's a bit of family history, don't unearth it! I'll take the will for the deed, believe me!"

"It's a sad little story, but it ends happy enough, and so I don't mind telling it," said the older man with a sigh.

Then he crossed the room, and drew

aside a dusty curtain, revealing a large canvas.

"A single lamp isn't the best light in the world," he continued slowly. "But you can see in the foreground a lot of rocks, they're real English rocks, and they stand to day just as they stood then. I saw them last summer on my trip over. But look closer, Lant! Do you see anything else?"

"Yes, Colby, it is—a little child!"

"My own darling! My baby Nory, the woman of to day!" he nodded eagerly.

"But the child is just on the edge of those murderous rocks! And it is fast asleep! Colby, what inspired all this? It is frightful."

"It is a bit of God's providence," answered Noel Colby reverently. "I call it, 'He gave his angels charge.'"

"Ah," cried the young artist, "then it is sublime! Tell me the story attached, and I will gaze upon it for the while."

Mr. Colby crossed and recrossed his thin hand excitedly. "It happened the summer I lost my dear young wife. Her name was Ellinore, and I changed the baby's to Nory, after her death. The latter was then about three years old. She was never the least bit of trouble, and so I took her with me on a sketching tour along the coast. The women where we stopped were always kind to orphan Nory, and her little life was a happy one. For days and days we rambled about together, in and out among the rocks, or along the shore, and I made some good sketches. Then happened what you see on the canvas before you. Nory had gone out with me that day, as usual. I remembered she carried her doll, and she laughed and tried to sing bits of song as we went. I soon found the right spot for sketching, and began work at once. Nory played in the sand. I listened to her merry prattle for awhile and then, strangely enough, forgot all about her. So absorbed had I become that it was lunch time before I missed her. She was playing about somewhere of course.

"Nory! Nory!" I called. No answer.

"Nory!" this time loud and prolonged.

"But only the birds, with their harsh shrill cries replied. And then I became thoroughly alarmed. What if my darling was lost? Worse still, what if she had fallen in the water? Bitterly did I reproach myself for letting her go from my side. Again and again I shouted her pretty pet name, running up and down the shore. A number of fisher men soon joined me in the search. But all to no purpose. Nory was lost!

"I sat down on my camp stool, weak with terror and despair. Ellinore had died happy, feeling that our child was safe in my care. But how basely had I already betrayed her loving trust! Perhaps Nory was drowned. And the tide would carry her little body far out to sea.

"The thought maddened me; I sprang up, and renewed my search with redoubled vigor. Nory was dead and she must be found. Some villagers suggested searching the rocks above. But I laughed at the idea. My baby could not climb! Still I went up with them and together we explored each nook and crvice. A hundred times did I call her name, and yet no answer. The men toiled on without hope of reward. To them I was but a poor wandering artist. They had never heard of Noel Colby.

"It was one of those same villagers who found my darling at last, when hope had been abandoned. The good fellow's name was Jack Mort. He had kept in advance of us all the way up, and suddenly he gave a shout, while high above him he held Nory's doll. Surely its precious owner could not be very far distant. So we hurried on—to the very edge of the overhanging rock.

"And there Jack found Nory sleeping, just as I have shown her in the picture. It was an awful moment. Stealthily did he approach the child. One chubby

hand and foot were carelessly hung over the dread abyss. The slightest movement might plunge her far below. We scarcely dared breathe. And I fell on my knees with a first prayer to God.

"Spare her," I cried, "give me back my darling child! My little Nory!"

"And Jack's strong arm was stretched out in time, firmly he grasped the pretty blue dress, and slowly drew my baby back to safety. Still sleeping he laid her in my trembling arms. Yes, yes! God had given His angels charge, and she did not perish. Was it not a scene well worth my weak portrayal?"

"But how came the little one there?" asked Lant Ewart.

"When Nory woke she told me the story in her baby way. A boy from the village had taken her up on the rocks, and then forgot all about her, just as I myself had done. She wandered along the edge of the rocks, and then being tired, she lay down to sleep. But the angels had her in charge, Lant; I will never doubt that."

"It is a grand picture. Why don't you exhibit it?"

"My boy, it is far too sacred. I shall never part with it, and after I'm gone it will be Ellinore's. My daughter is the wife of Captain Mort, the same young Jack who rescued her that summer's day, so long ago. I gave him a start in life for his kindness and bravery, and that was the happy ending. But I don't often look at the picture, and so, with your permission, I will draw the curtain. Ah! Lant, Lant! He gave His angels charge!"

A Little Child Led Them.

The ventilating shaft of a Harlem flat is responsible for the publicity of a touching episode, from which the true names are purposely omitted.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had for several months been living under strained conditions that cast a cloud over their home, which threatened to break in a storm that would disrupt the little family of three members. Last week the breaking point was reached, and husband and wife agreed that a separation was the only possible course. But there was a little daughter, Eva, five years of age. Which parent was to have her? It was decided that the child should answer this question.

"Eva," said the mother, as she was seated near the ventilating shaft, holding the child's hand, while the father, with contracted brows, was standing at the other end of the room. "My dear little daughter, papa and mamma are not going to live together any longer. We are going to separate and go far, far away from each other. We can't be happy in the same house. Now, my child, we want you to say which one of us you will live with, you must choose between mamma and papa."

The eyes of the little girl filled with tears as she turned them on her father, who had averted his face and stood with bowed head. She did not speak then, but was apparently in thought, very deep for her little experience. She loosened the hand that held her and moved quickly toward her father, who turned with outstretched arms and a smile of triumph to welcome her. A deep frown settled on the mother's face.

The child did not then break her silence, but taking her father's hand in hers, led him with a tender force which he could not resist to the other end of the room.

"Papa and mamma," she said, as she held a hand of each. "I want to live with both of you. I must have you both. Now kiss, make up and be happy. Please, papa and mamma."

The appeal was irresistible. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were folded in each other's arms, and the three for a moment were in tears, which smiles of joy soon banished.