

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 11.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

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

Teachers:

D. R. CULMAN, M. A.	Head Teacher.	MISS J. G. TERRELL	Monitor.
P. DENIS		MISS M. TERRELL	
JAMES HALL, B. A.		MISS M. M. OGDON	
DR. M. KILPATRICK		MISS MARY HULL	
W. J. CAMPBELL		MISS J. J. JAKINS	
DR. J. STEWART		MISS SYLVIA E. HALL	
		MISS ADA JAMES	

MISS MARGERY CUMPTON, Teacher of Articulation

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
MISS ELLIOT M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing

MISS E. S. MICALLEF,	JOHN T. BURNS,
Chief and Typewriter Instructor of Printing	
W. M. DODD, GASS,	FRANK FLYNN,
Carriage & Cabinet	Master Carpenter
Supervisor	
G. G. KEITH,	WM. NURSE,
Inspector of Boys	Master Shoemaker
MISS A. GALLAGHER,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Instructor of Sewing	Master Baker
and Supervisor of Girls	
J. MIDDLEMAN,	THOMAS WILLS,
Engineer	Gasfitter
MICHAEL O'MRANA, 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, 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, & 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 \$20 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, Carpentery 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 all 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

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 post office at noon and 2:45 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 fee, unless the same is in the locked box.



Wearin' for You!

Is a wearin' for you
All the time a feelin' blue
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen,
Restless, don't know what to do,
Is a wearin' for you!

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fire place there
How can't stand the sight of it!
Go out of doors and rosin a bit
But the woods is lonesome too
Is a wearin' for you!

Comes the wind with soft caress
Like the rustlin' of your dress
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly, like your footsteps sound
Violets like your eyes so blue
Is a wearin' for you!

I ven't come, I miss you more
When the dark gloom's in the door
Seems like you offer to be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin', thrills me through
Sets me wearin' for you!

Is a wearin' for you
All the time a feelin' blue
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen,
Restless, don't know what to do,
Is a wearin' for you!

Break I. Stanton in Atlantic Constitution



Just Time to Think.

There was not very much time to think. He could see the muzzles of their guns sticking out of the rocks. The little puffs of smoke that they emitted seemed as innocent as stray clouds in a summer sky. Once in a moment or so he could see the red head band of an Apache as he aimed that and the smoke, the rocks and the sunlight were quite all he could see.

And he was going at a full gallop straight at them, followed by a pitiful handful of men—a handful that is called a platoon in the insignificant army of the strongest nation on earth. In a few minutes, seconds perhaps, he would cease to exist, whatever that meant. He would be simply another young army officer carried on the papers of the regiment as "died in action." The business like United States of America does not erect monuments to men who meet their death in mere Indian warfare.

He tried to calculate the number of seconds of life left to him. Two hundred yards was about the distance, and he was going at a good swinging gallop. But he could not remember the length of a charger's stride at the gallop to save him. It was evaporating. He had relied on that very subject at the Academy only a few months before without an error. So he tried to think of people.

And first of all he wondered whether any people were of value to the world at all? He had heard older officers say cynically that most men were never missed by the world, no matter who they were. But it did seem wrong that he, young, strong, ambitious, and splendidly educated, should die thus in the very budding of his manhood without an achievement accomplished and without a friend satisfied. Then his mind took a queer turn, and he began to think of perhaps the humblest of his acquaintances. He began to think of McCarthy, of his own troop, who had been left behind at the post with half a dozen others because a shiftless government had failed to supply the troop with its full quota of horses.

He had tried to teach McCarthy to read and write, even though his captain had laughed at him, and his comrades had chaffed at him for his adolescence. But he had always felt the necessity of doing something in the way of work, and so he had undertaken McCarthy, and he feared now that perhaps even McCarthy

had laughed at him, things go so strangely in this world.

Then he thought of a girl back in the East, to whom he was engaged.

His father had laughed at him when he announced the engagement, and told him that he would be engaged a dozen times in all probability before he was settled for life, and his mother had merely smiled in a knowing way, and remarked that she had heard, "That she was a very nice young lady."

But he and she knew how much they were to each other.

And he remembered, too, how many delicious day dreams he had pictured for her when he was back at the Academy in the glory of his first class year, and she was one of "the ladies who came up in June" to all but himself. And he remembered how she would smile and blush and agree with him in all his plans with the delightful confidence and trust of a young girl who is experiencing young love.

He wondered whether she would remember him always, as they had promised each other. He wondered if she would wear black for him when dead, just as she told him she prayed for him every night while living. He could see her in her white dress, slender and fair, standing in the doorway of the cloakroom, waiting for him to come and take her to the ball room. He could almost count the roses she used to hold in her hand, and he even thought he could detect their perfume.

And then he thought of his mother—and he almost wished to cry aloud to her as he used to when he was a child waking up from a bad dream, and ask her to take him in her arms. But, instead, he remembered that though barely of age he was a trained soldier. So he rose in his stirrups and waved his revolver over his head, crying very bravely, "Come on, boys, wade in!" just as a hideous Apache squinted along a gun barrel and pulled a trigger—and he thought no more forever. —Tom Hall, in Harper's Weekly.

Brief and Bright Proverbs.

Riches raise weak children.
Big words won't split rails.
Where fathers flee mothers fight.
Sweat is the champion fertilizer.
The blackguard is the thief of slaves.
Most farms pasture too many fences.
Ache corns do not grow on boot trees.
Scalding tears will sear the fairest cheek.

Bank books contain many tales of fashion.
Short sermons make wide awake Christians.

Art loses nothing by conceding modesty a fig leaf.

A man's sign may be bigger than his business.

Guns without foresight shoot wide of the mark.

A toothbrush should go with every dirty story.

It takes many a wail to make a drunkard's laugh.

Don't put your secrets in the advertising column.

Beware the strength born of carrying all the burdens.

Temptation relies more on suggestion than exposure. —Chicago Herald.

Sleep the Only Thing.

About all there is in life is a good night's sleep. Instead of worrying and fretting for fame, a man should conduct himself in such a manner during the day that he will sleep well at night. If a man will behave himself and sleep well, he need not worry about his future; he will succeed in everything that is desirable very much better than those who do not behave themselves, and consequently do not sleep well. The great secret of life is good conduct. It brings all the rewards that are worth having. —Athens Globe.

A Little Hero.

Can a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage and a good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick up for the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to take a glass of rum. But he declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the captain, "you have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and you must not refuse. I insist upon it."

But the boy stood firm and held fast to his integrity.

The captain then turned to the major and said: "Our little drummer boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the captain's orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier faithfully, but I must refuse to drink rum because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the major, in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders."

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eyes on the face of the officer, said, "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey orders, sir, but would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge."

Was not that boy a hero?

The officers approved of the conduct of the noble boy, and told him so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them reward and promotion.

A Legend of the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color, and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband and wife and four children, two of the latter being step-children of the wife. The plain petals are the two children, with only one chair; the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath-tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the step-mother. —Household Magazine.

"Silent World" Nuggets.

Every person ought to be able to do something well and that something should be worthy of being done.

A great many who claim "the world owes them a living" forget that they owe the world something in exchange.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent is needed to set up in the grumbling business, just give it a start and it carries on itself.