

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:
HON J H STANTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
DR T F CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:
R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
WM. COCHRANE Bursar.
P. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron.

Teachers:
D H COLEMAN, M. A. Mrs J O TERRILL
(Head Teacher) Miss B TEMPLETON.
P DENYS Miss MARY BULL.
JAMES O DALIS, B. A. Mrs SYLVIA L. DALIS.
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss GEORGINA LINN
Geo. P. STEWART, Miss ADA JAMES
T. O. FORRESTER, M. J. MADDEN, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation
Miss IDA M JACK, Miss CAROLINA GIBSON.
Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
T. C. FORRESTER, Teacher of Sloyd

Miss L. N. METCALVE, JOHN T. BURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing
WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NUNN,
Storekeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker.
Supervisor.
O. G. KEITH, CHAS. J. PEPPIN,
Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer
Miss M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIN,
Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter
Miss S. McNICOL, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse, 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, Carpentering 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 city 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 one, unless the same is in the locked tag.



At Thanksgiving Time.

Hail to the happy festival
That crowns the lingering fall,
And brings Thanksgiving Day within
The dearest month of all
And though the earth is chill and bare,
Its glory swept away,
Its garnered harvests helped to make
A glad Thanksgiving Day

We grieved to see the dear birds go,
The flowers droop and die,
And when the foliage fell to earth,
We could not help but sigh,
And yet—and yet our hearts can sing,
And many pleasures know,
And brave chrysanthemums will bloom
Amid the frost and snow

Perhaps some hopes have faded like
The early fragile flowers,
And joy, that passed forever by,
With summer's vanished hours,
Perhaps some cherished plans have failed,
And we have missed of good,
And many things have come to us,
That were not understood.

Yet still the balance weigheth down,
With blessings great and small,
And the good Giver tenderly
Is watching o'er us all,
Then let us put our troubles by,
Forget our loss and care,
Our mercies count, and crown the day,
With grateful praise and prayer

—LILLIAN GREY



Night Before Thanksgiving.

There was a sad heart in the low-storied, dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms. Small as her house was, old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone; she only needed the kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bedroom, with the low garret overhead.

There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She kept a cow, and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house but almost a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground. At last sickness and age had come hand in hand, those two relentless enemies of the poor, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame-handed, with a debt to carry and her bare land, and the house ill-provisioned to stand the siege of time.

For awhile she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for anyone to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than a few neighbors, and Mrs. Robb had better go to the poorhouse before winter, and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still.

The people whom she cared for most happened to be poor, and she could no longer go into their households to make herself of use. The very elms overhead seemed to say "No," as they groaned in the late autumn winds, and there was something appealing even to the strange passer-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, worried face at the window.

Some one has said that anniver-

saries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes, when they come they seem to be full of shadows, and the power of giving joy to others, that inalienable right which ought to lighten the saddest heart, the most indifferent sympathy, sometimes even this seems to be withdrawn.

So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself poor and sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of cold meadow land, brown and windswept and crossed by icy ditches. It seemed to her as if in all the troubles that she had known and carried before this, there had always been some hope to hold, as if she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless look before. She looked anxiously down the road, with a horrible shrinking and dread at the thought of being asked, out of pity, to join in some Thanksgiving feast, but there was nobody coming with gifts in hand. Once she had been full of love for such days, whether at home or aboard, but something had chilled her very heart now, poor old woman.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town farm, he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting impatiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands; he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt, after he had cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He would plow over the graves in the field corner and fell the great elms, and waited like a spider for his poor prey. He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in her own house and not suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond, the clouds opened in the west and let the sunshine through. One lovely gleam shot swift as an arrow and brightened a far cold hillside where it fell and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

"There was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann, softly. "He was a soldier's son, left an orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded but I couldn't see the poor boy want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite o' what anybody said, an' he helped me what little he could. He said I was the only mother he'd ever had. 'I'm going out West, Mother Robb,' says he. 'I shan't come back till I get rich,' an' then he'd look at me an' laugh, so pleasant and boyish. He wa'n't one that liked to write. I don't think he was doin' very well when I heard—there, it's years ago now. I always thought if he got sick or anything, I should have a good home for him. There's poor Ezra Blake, the deaf one too—he won't have any place to come to—"

The light faded out of the doors, and again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before her. Yet it was not so dark as it had been in her sad heart. She still sat by the window, hoping now, in spite of herself instead of fearing; and a curious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-headed.

"I feel just as if somethin' was goin' to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' o' me, if he's alive."

It was dark now out of doors, and there were tiny clicks against the window. It was beginning to snow, and the great elms creaked in the rising wind overhead.

A dead limb of one of the old trees had fallen that autumn, and poor fire-wood as it had been, it was Mrs. Robb's own, and she had burnt it most thankfully. There was only a small armful left, but at least she could have the luxury of a fire. She had a feeling that it was her last night at home, and with strange recklessness she began to fill the stove as she used to do in better days.

"It'll get me good an' warm," she said, still talking to herself, as lonely people do, "an' I'll go to bed early. It's comin' on to storm."

The snow clicked faster and faster against the window and she sat alone thinking in the dark.

"There's lots o' folks I love," she said once, "They'd be sorry I ain't got nobody to come, an' no supper the night afore Thanksgivin'. I'm dreadful glad they don't know." And she drew a little nearer to the fire, and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking chair.

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the old stove and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered.

"Who's there?" she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was conscious of only her one great fear. "They've come to take me to the poorhouse!" she said, and burst into tears.

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway.

"Come, let me in," he said gayly. "It's a cold night. You didn't expect me, did you, Mother Robb?"

"Dear me! What is it?" she faltered, stepping back as he came in and dropping her crutch. "Be I dreamin'?" "I was a dreamin' about—Oh, there! What was I a-sayin'?" "Tain't true! No! I've made some kind of a mistake."

Yes, and this was the man who kept the poor house, and she would go without complaint; they might have given her notice, but she must not fret.

"Sit down, sir," she said, turning toward him with touching patience. "You'll have to give me a little time. If I'd been notified I wouldn't have kept you waiting a minute this cold night."

It was not the keeper. The man by the door took one step forward and put his arm around her and kissed her.

(Continued on last page.)