

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 3.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



of the Government in Charge:

HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

HON. M. A. Superintendent
HON. M. M. Nurse
HON. M. D. Physician
W. WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

HON. M. A. MISS J. G. TERRELL
MISS M. TEMPLETON
MISS M. M. OSTROM
MISS MARY BULL
MISS LORENCE MAYHEW
MISS SYLVIA L. HALL
MISS ADA JAMES
MISS OYOKOINA LIND

HON. M. A. GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation

W. BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

P. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing

W. BULL, JOHN T. BURN, Typewriter Instructor of Printing

W. BULL, J. MIDDELMANN, Associate Engineer

W. BULL, JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter

W. BULL, D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker

W. BULL, GARDNER, Gardener

W. BULL, MARK O'DONAMA, Turner

of the Province in founding and this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are deaf, either partially or to receive instruction in the common

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

Parents or friends who are able to pay the sum of \$20 per year for board, books and medical attendance are admitted free.

whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, books and medical attendance, the Government will pay the same.

At the time the trades of printing, bookbinding and shoemaking are taught to male pupils are instructed in general work, tailoring, dressmaking, and the use of the sewing machine, mental and fancy work, as may be required.

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

Annual School Term begins on Wednesday 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

AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go in office door will be sent to the office at 11:30 a.m. and 2:15 p.m. of each day (except on Sundays). The messenger is not to be sent for letters or parcels, or receive mail matter for delivery, or any other business in the locked bag.



The Life Beyond.

By the late Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America" Composed in 1922, during a severe illness.

To feel the mild delectable climate
Where summer never fades
To breathe the glorious atmosphere
Which sickness ne'er intrudes

To reach at last that happy land
Where tears are never known
To see the wondrous face of Him
Who sits upon the throne

All the great souls, of all the years,
In heaven's high courts to meet
All kindred spirits glorified,
To join in converse sweet

To burst the chrysalis, and soar
On love's triumphant wing
To swell the hymns of mighty praise
The ransomed armies sing

To wear the robes of saints in light
To shine as shines the sun
To hear the Saviour's welcome voice
Pronounce the glad "Well done!"

And oh, the crowning heights of bliss,
Where all the glories blend
To know the bliss, the light, the love
Shall never, never end!

Beyond the shades of sin and woe
With joyful speed to fly
And in God's loving arms to rest,
Oh, it is gain to die.



Mike.

BY H. W. FRENCH.

Away in old Ireland, where great cliffs rise high and straight out of the sea, lived my good friend Mike.

Many a time I met Mike while wandering about on the cliffs, or rowing, when the water is calm enough, down under the grim and awful ledges. He always had a bright smile and a wave of his hand, whether he was hoeing in his poor tired out potato-field or gathering dilisk, a kind of sea-weed, which formed a good part of the food upon which he and his bedridden old mother kept life in their bodies. Yet in all the time that I know him, and knew that he was my friend, I never knew more of him than that in this poor way he paid the rent of their miserable one-room hut and cared for that poor old mother.

We never exchanged a word, for Mike was deaf and dumb, but you would have known to look at him, without hearing a word about the mother, that Mike was a true lad and an open-hearted friend to every one.

A time came when the potato crop failed and the pig died. Mike sold the chickens, which were all that was left, to pay the rent, and they lived on dilisk alone. I did not know anything about it at the time. I only knew that there was the same smiling greeting from my mute friend.

The next year the failure of the crop was even worse than before, and Mike had nothing left to sell, and could not live on less than the sea-weed which he gathered himself, and water from the spring.

The poor old mother grew weaker and weaker, and when the time came when the rent was due and there was nothing to pay it with, the woman had hardly life enough left to realize it all.

The agent made Mike understand that he must either pay or be evicted, but Mike only opened his empty hands and shook his head; then he sat down by his mother's cot and gently smoothed her gray hair, and refused to try to understand anything more of the agent.

The owner of the property all along the cliffs wanted possession of the hut, as he proposed making changes there and erecting a summer house for himself

on the spot. So he was all the more pleased with an opportunity to evict the tenant who could not pay rent.

He came himself with the agent and the officers, and brought his little girl.

Most of the neighbors were as badly off as Mike, and the poor old mother was carried upon a table for more than a mile to the nearest hut that could possibly give her shelter.

Mike carried one end of the table. He would have carried it all if he could, and they said the great tears rolled down his brown cheeks all the way. Then he came back and went out to the very brink of the cliff behind the hut and sat down there all alone.

He could not have heard if any one had come to him with words of sympathy. He could not hear the waves beating on the sand below, coming nearer to the cliff. He could not hear the shrill shrieks which rose from a little sheltered cove just down below him, which was always the last point to be covered by the incoming tide, but in his Sunday clothes he sat with head between his knees, his red, wet eyes looking sadly out over the ocean.

Suddenly a boat came around the point, struggling in the waves, and Mike saw the landlord standing in the prow, making frantic gestures.

Instantly his eyes ran down the cliff, for he knew that just below him was the cove where one who did not know of it might be caught by the tide, and that to be caught there with such a sea coming in would be certain death.

To his horror then Mike saw the landlord's little daughter with the waves already reaching her. In an instant his eyes measured the distance to the boat. It could not possibly reach the cove in time, even if it was able to reach there at all, without being dashed in pieces against the rocks. Already the boatmen were holding back. They did not mean to venture there. It would have been folly.

Mike started to his feet. Did he remember that it was the landlord who, an hour before, evicted his dying mother? That it was the little daughter he had brought to watch the eviction, and see where he was to build a beautiful house for her? I do not know, but I do know that Mike, poor, dumb Mike had a real, true heart that was ready with joy or help or sympathy for those who needed it. I do know that in an instant Mike was over the brink of that sheer cliff, and that catching, clinging, clutching on the ragged edges of the rocks, he went down, down, down, till at last he could not reach another rough place, nor did he dare wait an instant to look for one, but throwing his body as far out on the ledge as possible, he let himself fall the last thirty feet.

Those in the boat saw it all, and then the waves covered him from their sight for a moment. Then next they saw him again leaping into the waves with the little girl on his back. They pulled toward him with might and main as he swam for the boat, and soon the landlord's daughter was lifted out of the water, saved!

And Mike? I believe they tried to save him. Human beings could not well have helped it after his heroic act, but he had been injured by his fall. He died before they reached the shore. Poor fellow, it was almost providential, almost fortunate, after all, for his old mother died a few minutes after he left her, and I am sure his heart would have broken had he returned to find her gone. It was better for him, I think, that he gave his life in one grand act of kindness to those who had injured him.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure." "Well, that lessens the wist, doesn't it, mamma dear?" replied the artless girl.

A Real Hero.

There was a little girl named Constance. Her father was dead, and her mother quite poor. Constance went to a school which was also attended by the children of several rich families in the neighborhood. The children used to make fun about poor Constance, because she was not so finely dressed as they were. One day they were going home from school. Constance was walking a little way before them. One of the girls pointed at her and said:

"See how many patches she has on her dress! One, two, three, four!"

Then the boys all laughed at her. Poor little Constance! She burst into tears, and tried to run home.

"Cry baby! cry baby!" shouted the boys.

"I don't want her to sit by me!" cried Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" asked proud Lily Cross.

There was only one boy in that school who was brave enough to do what was right under these circumstances. His name was Douglas Stewart. He felt sorry for poor Constance, and breaking away from the rude boys and girls, he ran up to her to try and comfort her.

"Never mind what they say. Let me carry your books. Cheer up! It's only a little way to your house, isn't it?"

"I live in the house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas, smiling.

"I dare say you are very happy there."

"Yes, but I don't want to come to the school any more," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now." And it turned out as Douglas said. There was no one in school who had more influence with the scholars than he had. And when they saw how bravely he took the part of poor Constance they all felt ashamed of themselves, and after that no one in the school ever spoke an unkind word to her. This was truly noble of that boy; he was acting like a real hero.—*The Water Lily.*

Scotch Honesty.

At one time in the highlands of Scotland to ask for a receipt or a promissory note was considered an insult, and such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely heard of so strictly did the people regard their honor. The Presbyterian Witness tells a story of a farmer who had been in the lowlands and had there acquired worldly wisdom.

After returning to his native place he needed some money and requested a loan from a gentleman in their neighborhood. The latter, Mr. Stewart, complied and counted out the gold, when the farmer immediately wrote a receipt.

"And what is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, on receiving the slip of paper.

"That is a receipt, sir, binding me to give you back your gold at the right time," replied Donald.

"Binding ye, indeed? Well, my man, if ye canna trust your-self, I'm sure I'll not trust ye. Such as ye canna hae my gold!" and gathering it up he returned it to his desk and locked it up.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the needy Scot, unwilling to surrender his hope of the loan; "and perhaps my sons might refuse it ye, but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor!" cried the enraged Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right, if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money, I tell ye; but ye'll find none about here that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than a neighbor's word of honor and his love of right.—*Exchange.*