

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:

THE HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

MR. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent.
MR. MATHISON, Bureau.
MR. J. J. FINN, M. D., Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

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MR. CAMPBELL,
MR. STEWART,
MRS. J. G. TYNNILL,
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MISS MARY HULL,
MISS FLORENCE MAYRFP,
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MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

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Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

WM. DOUGLASS, J. MIDDLEMASS,
Bookkeeper & Associate, Supervisor, Engineer.

H. G. KRITZ, JOHN DOWNIE,
Instructor of Boys, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS M. DUNSMY, D. CONNINGHAM,
Seminarian, Supervisor, etc., Master Baker.

WM. NURSA, THOMAS WILLS,
Liner Shoemaker, Gunlayer.

MICHAEL O'MAHAN, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and training to all the youth of the Province who are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

Routes between the ages of seven and ten, 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 the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance, will be admitted free.

Students whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance, will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Millinery, the use of the Sewing Machine, and Ornamental and fancy work as may be required.

It is expected that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on Monday, September 1st, and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. The conditions as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent 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 to the office at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not to be sent to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any unless the same is in the locked bag.



"Good-Bye--God Bless You."

This seems to me a sacred phrase,
With reverence impassioned,
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned,
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful,
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful
Into the porch of the ears
It steals with subtleunction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you.
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-bye--God bless you!"
To work its gracious function.

I love the words,—perhaps because,
When I was leaving Mother
Standing at last in solemn awe
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in Mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me,
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving,
She let no tear befall her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good-bye,
And asked our God to bless me.

—The above poem was one of the last written by Eugene Field before his death.



The Deaf Wives.

A LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE.

Nathaniel Ela, or "Uncle Nat," as he was generally called, was the corpulent, rubicund, and jolly old landlord of the best hotel in the flourishing village of Dover, at the head of the Piscataque, and was exceedingly fond of a bit of fun. He was also the owner of a large farm in New Durham, about twenty miles distant, the overseer of which was Caleb Ricker, or "Boss Cale," as he was called by the numerous hands under his control, and sufficiently waggish for all practical purposes on fun and frolic. Caleb, like a wise man, had a wife, and so had "Uncle Nat," who was accustomed to visit his farm every month or two, to see how matters went on. On the occasion of one of these visits, the following dialogue occurred between "Uncle Nat" and Mistress Ricker.

"Mr. Ela," said the good lady, "Why have you never brought Mrs. Ela out to see the farm and pay us a visit? I dare say, she would be pleased to spend a day or two with us, and I would endeavor to make her stay as pleasant and comfortable as possible."

"Why, to tell the truth, Mrs. Ricker," said Uncle Nat, "I have been thinking about it for some time, but then, she is so deaf as to render conversation with her extremely difficult—in fact, it requires the greatest effort to make her understand anything that is said to her and she is consequently very reluctant to mingle in the society of strangers."

"Never mind that," replied the importunate Mrs. Ricker, "I have a good strong voice, and if anybody can make her hear, I can."

"If you think so and will risk it," replied Uncle Nat, "She shall accompany me on my next visit to the farm;" and this having been agreed upon, Uncle Nat left for the field to acquaint Boss Cale with had passed, and with the plan of future operations during the promised visit of his wife.

It was finally settled between the wicked wags that the fact that their wives could both hear as well as anybody, should be kept a profound secret until disclosed by a personal interview of the ladies themselves.

The next time that Uncle Nat was about to visit the farm, he suggested to his wife that a ride to the country would do her good; that Mrs. Ricker,

who had never seen her, was very anxious to receive a visit from her, and proposed that she should accompany him on that occasion. She readily consented, and they were soon on their way. They had not, however, proceeded far, when Uncle Nat observed to her that he was sorry to inform her that Mrs. Ricker was extremely deaf, and she would be under the necessity of elevating her voice to its highest pitch in order to converse with her. Mrs. Ela, regretted the misfortune, but thought, as she had a pretty strong voice she would be able to make her friend hear her. In a few hours after this, Uncle Nat and his lady drove to his country mansion, and Boss Cale, who had been previously informed of the time of Uncle Nat's intended arrival, was already in waiting to help enjoy the fun that was to come of a meeting of the deaf wives! Mrs. Ricker, not expecting them at the time, happened to be engaged in her domestic duties in the kitchen, but, observing her visitors through the windows, she flew to the glass to adjust her cap and put herself in the best trim to receive them that the moment would allow.

In the meantime, Boss Cale had shown Uncle Nat and his lady into the parlor, by way of the front door; soon after which Mrs. Ricker made her appearance in the presence of the guests.

"Mrs. Ricker, I will make you acquainted with Mrs. Ela," roared Uncle Nat, in a voice of thunder.

"How do you do, Madam?" screamed Mrs. Ricker to Mrs. Ela, with her mouth close to the ear of the latter.

"Very well, I thank you," replied Mrs. Ela, in a tone of corresponding elevation.

"How did you leave your family?" continued Mrs. Ricker, in a voice quite equal to her first effort.

"All very well, I thank you; how is your family?" returned Mrs. Ela, in a tone as loud as possible.

During the conversation, Uncle Nat and Boss Cale, who were convulsed beyond the power of endurance, had quietly stolen out at the door, and now remained under the window, listening to the boisterous conversation of their deaf (?) wives, which was continued in the same elevated tones for some time, when Mrs. Ricker, in the same loud voice she had used from the first, thus addressed her lady guest:

"What in life are you hallooing at me for? I am not deaf."

"Ain't you, indeed," said Mrs. Ela, "but pray, what are you hallooing at me for? I'm sure, I'm not deaf."

Each, then, came down to her ordinary voice. When a burst of laughter from Uncle Nat and Boss Cale at the window, revealed the whole truth, and even the ladies themselves were compelled to join in the merriment which they had afforded the outsiders by the character of their interview.—*The Deaf-Mute's Friend.*

Vicious Company.

Sophronious, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the violative Lucinda—"dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold, her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in holding coals," said Eulalia in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."—*Sel.*

Eli Perkins's Advice to Young Ladies.

"Young Ladies," said Eli Perkins to the Nashville Seminary girls, "I want to talk seriously to you about your mothers: 'It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any acts of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face."

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little bit of a girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not so attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, your dirty little chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world."

"And then the midnight kiss with which she roused so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years."

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked."

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face."

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. These rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast."

"Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

All Smiths There.

They tell a story in Dalton of a recent revival meeting in one of the rural districts of Whitfield county. In the middle of the services the preacher said:

"Will Brother Smith please lead in prayer?"

Seven men arose and began praying at once.

This embarrassed the preacher, and he said hurriedly:

"I mean Brother John Smith!"

At this announcement one sat down, and five more got up and began praying. The preacher saw his mistake, said nothing and let the 11 pray it out among themselves.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A City Built in a Cherry Seed.

At the time of the French Crystal Palace exposition a Nuremberg toymaker exhibited a cherry stone within the cavity of which he had built a perfect plan of the city of Sevastopol, streets, railway approaches, bridges, etc. A powerful microscope was used in exhibiting this wonderful miniature city, and it is estimated that not less than 500,000 people had a peep at the results of the toymaker's toil. Each of these 500,000 sightseers deposited a franc piece in the hands of the ingenious workman, the total of the cash thus taken in netting him a snug little fortune.—*St. Louis Republic.*