

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

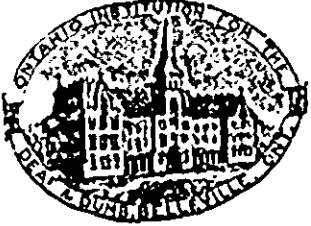
VOL. II.

BELLEVILLE, MAY 15, 1893.

NO. 6.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. M. GIBB S.

Government Inspector:
DR. F. J. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

M. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
M. MATHISON, M. A. Hurmer
E. L. BAKER, M. D. Physician
MRS. S. WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

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M. MATHISON, M. A. Mrs. N. TEMPLETON, Hurmer
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M. MATHISON, D. CONNINGHAM, Master Baker
M. MATHISON, THOMAS WILLS, Garbener
M. MATHISON, MICHAEL O'BRIEN, 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 deaf and dumb, either partially or completely, in order to receive instruction in the common branches of learning.

At all times between the ages of seven and twenty, and before the onset of any chronic or contagious disease, who are born deaf and dumb in 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 sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

For those whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition and medical care, clothing must be provided by parents or friends.

At the same time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the deaf and dumb pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine and ornamental and fancy work as may be required.

It is the duty of all having charge of deaf and dumb pupils to avail themselves of the liberal provisions of the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the first Monday in September, and continues until the first Wednesday in June of each year. The regulations as to the terms of admission and other matters will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

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 out of the office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day, excepted. The messenger is not allowed to take post letters or parcels, or receive money at post office for delivery, for pupils.



IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears
She would freshen the faded gown
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town
And it shouldn't be all for the children
The fun and the cheer and the play,
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day."

True, mother has had her day, dears
When you were her babies three,
And she stumped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee,
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears
And sent you off to school,
And wore herself out and did without
And lived by the golden rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And here you are gaining the far away look
That peers beyond the night
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here
She will fade away into silence
The mother so true and dear.

Then what will you do in the day light
And what in the gleaming day
And father, tired lone some then
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears
She'd buy her a gown of silk
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk
And she'd let you do the trotting
While she sat still in her chair
That mother should have it hard all through
It strikes us in a fair.



Tim's Kit.

Warm hearts are sometimes found under ragged jackets, as shown by the following incident. A kit is a box of tools or whatever outfit is needed in a particular branch of business.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office, the other day, to see "Lumpy Tim" coming among them in a quiet way, and hear him say "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.
"Not ractly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."
"Goin' on skurion?" asked another.
"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change, and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting room of a daily paper, put down his money and said "I guess I kin write if you give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Latal Ted of scarlet fever aged three yere. Funeral to-morrow, gone up to Heaven, left won brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier. Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered and he pointed to the counter and gasped "I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b— but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but high-hearted boys. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?

The gas used for lighting the Ohio Institution is penitentiary-manufactured and of such a poor quality that frequently study has to be suspended.

WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS.

SENSIBLE HINTS FROM A CHICAGO WOMAN WHICH SHOULD BE REMEMBERED.

Mrs. Emory A. Smith of Chicago sends the following common sense hints to people who are contemplating a visit to the World's Fair. It is so full of good points that we would suggest to our friends that they read it carefully. Mrs. Smith writes:

To whom it concerns, our friends in particular—The World's Fair opens May 1st and closes October, 1893.

It will be the grandest affair ever seen by mortal man except the star decked canopy over head at night. One will be able to see at this great gathering the handwork, etc., of all the principal nations of the earth. In one week we can see what would cost thousands of dollars and take years of travelling to otherwise see. He who misses the golden opportunity misses the finest object lesson school ever presented to man. Such a show may never be presented again. At least such come only in a life time.

All who can afford to, and those who can by any sacrifice that will not cripple them financially, such as selling a horse or a cow which can be replaced in a year's time, should by all means do so and come right along, and stay from one to four weeks.

Having made up your mind to come, providence permitting, then the first thing to do is to shape or arrange your affairs to that end.

Do not come loaded down with luggage; at least with no trunk, unless you are a woman and going to stay a whole month or longer. Depot rules require 25c after twenty-four hours arrival and 25c a day thereafter on all baggage checked. Hence, call for your baggage as soon after arriving as you can.

Direct all your enquiries to Conductors, Depot Marshals and Policemen, and not to Tom, Dick and Harry. On the street car tell conductor what number and street you want to reach, and he will let you off at the right place. If baggage is heavy leave it checked uncalled for till you can find a place. When you ask for a street or number ask also how far it is. Ten blocks is about one mile. We go by blocks not miles.

Keep out of saloons, and away from crowds where there is an accident or something attracting a crowd, if you do not want your pocket picked, or other wise robbed. Look to your pocket when jostled or crowded. Don't show the bulk of your money anywhere.

Am to land in Chicago in the forenoon so as to have time to find a safe place before night, and thus be less annoyed, fooled and imposed upon by "runners" and rascals whose best opportunities are at night when everybody is in a hurry and strangers bawled and tinned more easily misled, fooled, etc.

If you aim to stay only a week, then get here Monday morning, so as to start back home Saturday night and save the expense of laying over on Sunday.

On arriving at the depot keep cool and speak and act as though you were not in a strange place. Above all avoid getting excited and thus keep your head, sense, judgment and wit.

If you happen to arrive late at night, and do not care to go to a hotel, nor to your friend's house at an unreasonable hour then stay in the depot sitting room till morning. If you feel sleepy, then put your watch in your pants pocket and doze with your hands in your pockets on your watch and money and your satchel between your feet, then no one can get your watch or money without waking you. See?

Before you arrive in the city study out a good plan of action and follow it if you can. Don't be a hog in pushing and crowding others aside in getting in and out of the cars, it does you no good and is apt to cause you to lose your wits. Pay no attention to the yelling of hackmen, hotel runners, and above all allow

no one to take your satchel from you on any pretense. Hold on to it with an iron grip.

If you find you must take a hack or cab, then be sure to ask driver for, and insist on his card of rates, and when he starts look at your watch, and be sure to note the time he starts, and the time he gets to your destination and then note his rates per hour. This is the law of the city!

If you land at the fair grounds, and do not see just which way to go then go to the "Bureau of Information" or to the Woman's Headquarters and then you will be told free of charge all you want to know.

Indians Outwitted.

In the early part of the revolutionary war a sergeant and twelve armed men were crossing New Hampshire through the wilderness. Their route led them away from any settlement, and they camped at night in the woods. On the second afternoon of their journey they were met by a party of Indians, who made friendly overtures, and seemed to be much pleased at meeting the sergeant and his men, whom they obsequiously declared to be their protectors. But, as often happens when persons are practicing deception, the Indians overdid the matter, and suspicions of their sincerity were aroused in the sergeant's mind.

After leaving the Indians and proceeding a mile or more the sergeant stopped his comrades and said:

"Those redskins mean mischief. I haven't lived among the Indians twenty years for nothing. I know them and their headish tricks. And unless we are prepared for them to-night there won't be a man of us alive to tell the story when the morning comes."

The soldiers were surprised. Not one of them had distrusted the Indians. Feeling confidence in the sergeant, however, they agreed to follow instructions, and the following plan was adopted and executed.

The spot chosen for the night's encampment was near a stream of water which served as a protection in the rear. A large oak tree was felled, and each man cut a log from this about the size of himself. The logs of wood were wrapped in blankets, men's hats were put on the extremities and they were laid before the camp fire so artfully arranged that anyone would have taken them for outstretched sleeping soldiers.

The sergeant and his men concealed themselves behind a pile of brush to await any movement on the part of their enemies. The fire, which had been kept bright during the evening, was suffered to die down, and an air of quietness reigned about the camp.

Two hours passed and the men began to grow impatient, and hints were thrown out that the sergeant had been more scared than hurt.

At length a tall Indian was discovered, by the glimmer of the firelight, cautiously moving toward them. Very stealthily he drew near enough to see the figures of the supposed men. Then he withdrew and another Indian appeared, who seemed carefully to count the sleeping figures.

Soon the whole party of redskins, sixteen in number, was discovered cautiously advancing. The witnesses of the preparation for a massacre were now so excited that they could hardly be restrained. The sergeant's plan was for his men to remain quiet until the muskets of the savages were discharged.

They had not long to wait. The Indians advanced within a few feet, then took good aim, discharged their pieces, gave their characteristic war whoop and rushed forward to complete their dastardly work by scalping their helpless victims.

Now was the sergeant's time, and at a given signal a deadly fire was poured upon the treacherous savages. Not one of them escaped.