

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 12.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:
DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.
M. MATHISON, Director.
E. LAKINS, M. D., Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

H. COLEMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.
MRS. J. O. TRARILL, Miss R. TRAMPTON, Miss M. M. OSTROM, Miss MARY HULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYBURN, Miss HYLVA L. HALLIS, Miss ADA JAMES, (Monitor).

MISS MARGARET CURLETT, Teacher of Articulation.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS SYLVIA L. HALLIS, Teacher of Drawing.

J. D. SMITH, Book and Stationery.
W. M. DUNBAR, Supervisor of Boys.
W. A. HALLAHER, Supervisor of Girls.
J. MIDDLEMAR, Engineer.
MICHAEL O'NEARA, Farmer.
JOHN T. HURNA, Instructor of Printing.
FRANK FLYNN, Master Carpenter.
WM. NORR, Master Shoemaker.
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.
THOMAS WILLS, 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 afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

Deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born 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, will be charged the sum of \$30 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance when required.

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

During the term the trades of printing, bookbinding and shoemaking are taught to the deaf mutes. Pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and other household and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the first Wednesday in September, and closes on the third Wednesday in June of each year. An information as to the terms of admission for pupils will be given upon application to the Superintendent or elsewhere.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND FORWARDED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to be sent to the office does not need to be paid for. Letters at noon and 2 1/2 p.m. of each day, excepted. The messenger (if not absent) will deliver or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for pupils.



AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my house of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay
O love thyself, O help me, ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else from me is drifting
Karl's sky, home's picture, days of shade and
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love that answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

But see it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my sitting place—

Home humble door among Thy many mansions
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
And flows forever through heaven's green ex-
pansions,
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I faint would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy tree of healing,
The life for which I long.

—WHITTIER.



THE STORY OF THE MILL.

BY MARGARET W. SNODGRASS.

It was a quaint old scene—the ruined mill; and the artist sat long with his pencil in his hand and his sketch-book open before him, as he looked over the narrow stream to the spot where it stood.

"It's a deserted place now," said a voice from behind him, as a man halted in the narrow footpath through the woods, "it's deserted enough now, but I remember when it was full of bustle and life, and that not so many years ago as you might think, either, sir."

"Not many years," repeated the artist, looking up. "It does indeed look very desolate."

"Well, not many years as I look at it," answered the man, "but it might seem long enough time to you. Eighteen years off your head would leave you quite a stripling, I take it."

"So it is eighteen years since the mill was inhabited?" asked the artist again, anxious to hear particulars.

"Nigh about eighteen years," replied the man. "If you ain't too busy, with a glance at the sketch book, 'I wouldn't mind telling you about it. Every one knows the story in these parts, and they do say, as how the mill is haunted, but I never believed in that. I know how such things got started, the water running under that wheel, on a dark night, and the wind whistling among those boards, sounds dismal enough for anyone going along this lonely path or the road over the other side, and then, when you remember what happened it does seem kind of awesoome."

"I see," answered the young man, moving along the log to make room for his companion. "It's dreary enough in daytime, and it would be unbearable at night. But you were going to tell me what happened."

"Well, then, to begin at the beginning," said the man, laying down his axe and taking the offered seat, "I must tell you that little house over yonder, behind that clump of underbrush, at the other side of the mill—you can't see it from here, but you must have passed it this morning—that little house was where they lived, the miller and his wife. He bought it when they were married,

for he had some money on hand which had been left him by his father.

And then, when they got married, they put their earnings together, for she was a thrifty girl and had a store of her own, and they furnished it just as nice as could be. There was nothing great or grand in it, of course, but everything was so cosy and homelike; and there was never a king more proud of his palace than poor Dave was of his snug, little cottage.

When he went home at night, there was Rosy always ready to meet him at the gate and then they would look over the box of posies together, and see how fast they were growing, for Dave took great stock in his posy-beds, and often worked at them evenings, wooing and fixing them up. Why, sir, they were as happy as two children, was Rosy and Dave.

Well, things went on this way for over a year, and everyone was setting store by Dave—but all at once his old habits began to crop out again.

He had been a trifle wild before he got to keeping company with Rosy; but every one thought she would make a new man of him, and for a while she did. But just about this time some of his old companions came back to the village. They had always had a great influence over him, and it soon began to show itself again. They would go down to the mill to meet him late in the afternoon, and sometimes he would stop running a little earlier than usual, to have a talk with them. He was a jolly, kind hearted fellow, and did not realize the danger he was in, when they brought their bottles, he had not strength to resist the temptation or bear their ridicule. Then it began to be a common thing for Rosy to wait at the gate a long time, with her pretty blue eyes fixed on the road where he would come in sight. Sometimes a neighbor would happen along instead, and she would turn at the first glimpse and run into the house—it hurt her so to let any one see her Dave was not doing right, or that she was uneasy about him.

By and by the roses began to fade from her cheeks, and she was more like a lily than the Rosy we used to know, but she never complained, and when anyone would try to put in a word of sympathy, she would actually try to make out she didn't know what they meant. She couldn't bear to own that her husband did anything wrong.

Well, time went on and things went from bad to worse. Dave was losing his trade, for he was getting to be so unsteady that no one would depend upon him. When the farmers took in their grain to be ground, they never know when it would be ready for them to bring home again. Dave was careless and he was surly, too. So there came long afternoons when the mill stood idle, and the miller lay down in some quiet corner more than half stupefied with drink. Poor Rosy used to come after him sometimes and try to bring him home, but it wasn't much use; she often got nothing but harsh words, and orders to leave him alone. She was a broken hearted woman and that was plain to everybody.

At last there came a spring morning something like this. I remember it well. The trees were just budding out, and the little twigs down by the water's edge were a-putting out their leaves. I had just come down the road past the cottage, and I noticed that nothing had been done to the posy beds this year; I didn't suppose either of them had the courage. Then I walked slowly down this way to the mill. I wondered when I heard the heavy wheels going, for Dave hadn't worked much of late. Then I stepped in, but there was no grist being ground, and I knew something must be wrong. My legs shook under me as I walked round the outside, toward the big wheel, and then I can hardly think of it yet, sir, it was so dreadful—right on the ground

by the big wheel lay poor Dave, with his head crushed and bleeding, and when I touched him I found he was dead. I don't know how I gave the alarm, but I did somehow; and we fixed him up as well as we could before we carried him home to poor Rosy.

She didn't scream or moan but sank in a dead faint, and lay like marble till we thought she would never come to; and when at last she did we saw it was all over with her—poor thing!—and she never would be well again.

She lingered on a while, so kind and gentle to everyone, never complaining of her lot; but everyone knew that the end was coming and it came very soon. Before the leaves fell over Dave's grave, we laid her beside him, and the little cottage was desolate. The mill has never been used since that awful day, and the wind and storms have done their work with it. It isn't much wonder that folks shun it, knowing its story."

"And isn't it a wonder that they don't shun the evil that caused it all?" asked the artist, looking sadly over the water at the old mill as he spoke.

"Aye," said the old man thoughtfully, "you are right there, sir; that is the wonder."

A Venerable Mute.

The Richmond State is responsible for the following item:—"One of the strange things in Paris is a club composed entirely of deaf and dumb men. The servants, too, can neither hear nor speak. When they are wanted they are notified by means of a little electrical apparatus, invented by a member of the club, which gives them a slight shock. The clubhouse is in one of the short streets near the Montparnasse railway station. The president of the club is an old man who fought in the Indian wars in America, and whose tongue was cut off by an Indian who once took him captive. The members of this curious club converse entirely by signs and seem to find life well worth living." All of which is very interesting, especially that sentence referring to the president of the club. If he fought in the Indian wars in America, as stated, he must be bordering on the century. The Indians of this continent have a preference for the scalp of a prisoner rather than for the tongue.

An Impressive Audience.

Rev. Dr. Talmage recently spoke as follows, when delivering one of his sermons in Brooklyn Tabernacle.—"One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the far west two or three years ago—an audience of about 600 persons, who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had over the most of us—the one that they occupied hearing a great many disagreeable things, and the other fact that they occupied saying what they were sorry for after wards. Yet after all the alleviations, a shackled tongue is an appalling limitation."

If I Were You, My Boy.

I would learn to be polite to everybody.
I wouldn't go in the company of boys who use bad language.
I wouldn't let any other boy get ahead of me in my studies.
I would never make fun of children because they were not dressed nicely.
I wouldn't abuse a little boy who had no big brother for me to be afraid of.
I would not do any thing that I would not be willing for everybody to know.

Kindness is the music of good will to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.