

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. II.

BELLEVILLE, APRIL 1, 1893.

NO. 3.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Director of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:
MR. F. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| THE HON. J. M. GIBSON | Superintendent |
| MR. F. CHAMBERLAIN | Physician |
| MR. J. M. GIBSON | Matron |

Teachers:

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| GEORGE M. A. | Mrs. J. G. FERRELL |
| Miss M. M. TRIMPTON | Miss M. M. OSTROM |
| Miss MARY HULL | Miss THOMAS CHAMBERLAIN |
| Miss MARY HULL | Mrs. SYLVIA J. HALL |
| Miss ADA JAMES | Monitor |

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Vocal Instruction

MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

MARY HULL, Teacher of Drawing

J. M. HOBBS, JOHN T. BURNS, Instructor of Printing

FRANK FLYNN, Master Carpenter

Wm. NIXON, Master Shoemaker

D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker

THOMAS WILLS, Gunlayer

MR. ROBERT O. MEARA, Farmer



A WORD TO BOYS.

Of all the needless, useless things
That man presumes to do
I think, indeed, the ugliest one
Is to tobacco chew.

It may be that he was made a mill
But this continual aching
Was scarcely nature's grand intent
In fashioning mankind.

If it had been, then, like the kine,
Some self sufficient end
Had been provided for the want,
Both innocent and good.

But as it is we all discern
A most perverted plan,
The grinding of the wheel alone
Degenerates the man.

I do abhor it, to be plain,
And, speaking through the pen
I wish to say to every boy,
It don't make gentlemen.

Oh, that the weed would cease to grow,
That some cyclone or blight
Would wither up its noxious leaves,
And stop the trade outright.

There's one thing, boys, that you can do
Set no new mills to work;
I bid you labor heart and hand,
But this bad grinding stick.



A Bear Story.

Few of the workmen engaged in the construction of the Great Northern railroad in Montana but know Jim Robinson, or, as he was more popularly known, "Dynamite Jim."

He gained the sobriquet by a report, becoming current that he was in the habit of carrying dynamite cartridges in his clothing, which made several of the more timorous of his fellow workmen refuse to sleep in the same tent with him at night.

An explosion which luckily caused no loss of life, but which damaged considerable trestle work, was attributed to Robinson's carelessness in handling dynamite, which made the contractor discharge him.

Finding it impossible to get any more work on the railroad, Robinson started for Choteau, a town about eight miles distant.

He took an old trail which skirted the left bank of the Good Medicine creek and toward evening he had reached a place much frequented by hunters during the summer season, as bears are said to be very plentiful in that region, but Robinson was not aware of that fact.

Feeling tired he camped for the night beneath the shade of a large cottonwood tree, about one hundred yards from the east bank of the river, and within full view of the snow-capped summit of the Rockies.

Leaving his blankets on the ground he collected "deadwood" with which to make a fire, for the nights in that region are cool even in summer.

When the fire was built and lighted Robinson sat down and began to eat canned meat and crackers.

The second mouthful he swallowed he was startled by hearing a growl just behind him, which made him drop the food on the ground and brought him to his feet at a jump.

Looking, he saw coming toward him at a rapid gait with mouth wide open a huge cinnamon bear.

He gave a bound for the cottonwood tree, which he climbed with a rapidity which afterwards astonished himself. As luck would have it, the tree was a large one and had a convenient fork about twenty feet from the ground. Before the bear reached the tree Robinson had climbed into the fork, and, throwing his arms about the limb, clung to it with grim determination while the

bear put his huge fore-paws against the trunk and shook the tree like an aspen.

Failing to shake Robinson out of the tree, the bear uttered several deep growls and then went smiling toward the fire and began to eat Robinson's little store of provisions.

Robinson took advantage of the bear's absence, and getting a rope out of his pocket tied himself firmly to the tree.

After devouring Robinson's supper the bear began to tear the blanket, in which he found a hard sinny substance, which he tried to eat, but finding it too hard he dropped it between his forepaws and then brought it down with a snarl on a rock beside the fire.

A terrific explosion rent the air, while bear, tons of earth and pieces of rock went skyward like a flash.

A short while afterward a party of hunters who were camped in the vicinity were attracted to the scene by the noise of the explosion. They found Robinson in a dead faint in the tree.

One of the party climbed up to him, and, cutting the rope, lowered him to the ground, where he soon recovered. Strange as it may seem, he sustained no injury, but his clothing was literally stripped from his body by the force of the explosion.

A few pieces of flesh almost the width of a man's palm were all that could be found of the bear.

The cause of the explosion was a large cartridge of dynamite which Robinson carried in his blanket and which the bear exploded by concussion.

Robinson received a suit of clothes from one of the hunters and afterward resumed his journey.—*San Francisco Call.*

Mr. Lincoln and the Dying Soldier Boy.

One day in May, 1863, while the great war was raging between the North and South, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals, says an exchange. He had spoken many cheering words of sympathy to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was at the bedside of a Vermont boy of about sixteen years of age, who lay there mortally wounded.

"Taking the dying boy's thin white hand in his own, the President said in a tender tone—

"Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?"

The young fellow looked up into the President's kindly face, and asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln; and calling for a pen, ink, and paper, he seated himself by the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the President betrayed no signs of weariness. When it was finished, he rose, saying—

"I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

The boy looked up appealingly to the President.

"Won't you stay with me?" he asked, "I do so want to hold on to your hand."

Mr. Lincoln at once perceived the lad's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist; so he sat down by his side, and took hold of his hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently, as though he had been the boy's father.

When the end came, he bent over and folded the thin hand over his breast. As he did so he burst into tears, and when, soon afterwards, he left the hospital, they were still streaming down his cheeks.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

The boys in the cabinet shop are making a pulpit for the new M. E. church. When finished it will be a beauty. With their new scroll-saw, turning lathes, with steam attached to them, and under the instruction of Mr. Harrison, the boys are turning out some fine work.—*Kansas Star.*

A Faithful Dog.

This incident, which occurred in a Maine village, is given by an exchange. A working man had a handsome Newfoundland dog, to which he was much attached.

The dog returned his master's affection, and was extremely fond of following him to his day's work. The master did not encourage this, but sometimes the Newfoundland would creep along stealthily in the rear until he was too far from home to be sent back, and then would come to the front with every sign of delight in his own cleverness.

One morning he had followed in this way to a house where his master was at work on a roof. To keep the dog from straying away, the man put down his coat and his dinner-pail and said:

"There, old fellow, you followed me without leave, and now you may stay and watch my things."

The dog lay down as he was directed. In the course of the forenoon the man fell from a scaffold and was killed. His body was carried to his home, where his wife was lying ill, but no one could induce the dog to leave his post beside the coat and dinner-pail. For two days he remained, refusing to eat, and showing his teeth whenever any attempt was made to remove the things of which he had been left in charge.

At the end of that time the wife suggested that the dog would, perhaps, obey her little son, a boy of two years and a half, just old enough to talk plainly.

The boy was taken to the place, and, moved by loss of his father and the excitement of the moment, ran to the dog, put his arms about his shaggy neck, and burst into tears.

The dog seemed to understand that this was no ordinary fit of weeping. He licked the child's hands soothingly, and when the boy took up his father's coat and pail, the faithful creature followed submissively at his heels, as if he recognized the little one now as his master.

To be Successful.

George W. Childs, editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, a journalist who does not print a Sunday edition of his paper, says: "Would you learn the lesson of success? Here it is in three words. It has just three rounds. Industry, temperance, frugality. Besides these, I have had during my business career the following mottoes: 'Be true,' 'Be kind,' 'Keep out of debt,' 'Do the best and leave the rest,' 'What can't be cured must be endured.' The perfect man is one who has a clear commission, an honest purpose, a bright mind, and a healthy body. I can't bring too great stress on the matter of strict temperance. Drinking wine, beer or spirits is a useless and dangerous habit. It does no good, and if it is persisted in it is almost sure to lead to destruction and death. You should have courage enough to say no if you are asked to drink. There is no safety in moderate drinking. The man who touches alcoholic drink at all is in danger. As to sociability, you should try to make companions of the best people that you can become acquainted with. In order to do this you must have something in yourself that may be a return to them for what they give you. A man is known by the company he keeps. I can not sum up my advice to young people better than to say the greatest pleasure in life comes from doing good to others. Do good constantly, patiently and wisely, and you will never have cause to say that life was not worth living."

The North Dakota school for the deaf has a bill in its legislature asking for \$33,345 for maintenance for the next two years, and \$15,000 to complete its new building. The *Banner* says that every dollar asked is needed to keep the standard of the school up to the expectation of the taxpayers.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. All matters to be sent to the office door will be sent to the office at noon and \$1.50 per month (excepted). The messenger is not responsible for letters or parcels, or receive them at post office for delivery, for pupils.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent