

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 14.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Master of the Government in Charge.
HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
E. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. W. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
L. M. THORSON, Bursar
J. E. AKINS, M. D. Physician
MISS SAHEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

JOHN M. A. MRS. J. O. TRENKILL
Head Teacher: MISS R. TEMPLER
MISS MARY HULL,
MISS FLORENCE MAYNOR,
MISS SYLVIA L. BELL,
MISS ADA JAMES,
MISS GEORGINA LIND

Teachers of Articulation:

M. JACK, MISS CAROLINE GIBSON
M. HART BULL, Teacher of Pencil Work

M. S. MATHISON, JOHN T. BURNS,
Printer and Typewriter Instructor of Printing
W. M. SCRAK, Master Shoemaker
J. MIDDLEMAN, Engineer
JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter
D. CANNINGHAM, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province, and on account of deafness, either partial or total, to receive instruction in the common branches of learning.

Deaf mutes between the ages of seven and fifteen, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide pupils 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.

Guarantors or friends who are able to pay the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance furnished free.

Deaf mutes 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 provided by parents or friends.

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

It is hoped that all hearing charges of deaf mutes will avail themselves of the liberal facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, etc. will be given upon application to the Director 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 out in box in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:30 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not to post letters or parcels, or receive matter at post office for delivery, for any address the same is in the locked bag.



Responsibility.

Who has not read the story sweet
Of the traveler long ago
Climbing the weary Alpine steep
Through summer ice and snow

Slowly and carefully he climbed
Cutting a narrow way
To greater heights new views to find
In the light of the summer day

And where uncertain ways began
At the wild mountain base
Stood, as we and glad his little son
Love written on his face

I'm coming, Papa soon he cried
To see the grander view
Of safe, good paths about this side
For I am following you

Think you that father left behind
One foot place insecure
Nay, all the hard, rough way he climbed
Each step was safe and sure

Fathers who toll through weary days
A grander height to see
Mark well how you shall leave the way
For faltering feet and weak

Do not forget, that the way
Under gray skies and blue
In every path, through every day
Your child is following you



A Woman's Mistake.

MY HUSBAND IS STRONG ENOUGH TO BE A MODERATE DRINKER

They were seated on the vine wreathed veranda. Edith Wells and Raymond Lester—when the old church bell rang out its mellow invitation. "Shall we go, Edith?" asked the young man, trying to appear wholly indifferent.

"Go where?" She looked up with well feigned surprise. "Why, to the temperance meeting. Don't you hear the bell?"

"Oh, the idea! You must be jesting. I've heard enough of temperance meetings. But perhaps you wish to go?"

"Not without you. I have been some what interested in them. The ladies are taking hold of the work as if they meant to reform us all, there's need enough."

"I think they go much too far. What is the use? Men will drink, and the women will have all their work in vain?"

"Not always. They've closed the saloons in several places."

"Oh, yes, for a time! By the way, you should have been here yesterday. Mrs. Brown was here, and we had a debate. She is in favor of no license, mamma and I for license. Didn't we have a lively time? You should have seen her look of horror when I said I did not care for moderate drinking, and as for cigars, I just doted on the perfume!"

"Of course, I object to drunkenness, but I have no friends too weak to stop drinking when they ought to."

"They say that is impossible when the appetite is once formed."

There was an undertone of earnestness in the young man's voice that a more thoughtful person would have noticed, but Edith answered lightly.

"Pshaw! I don't believe it. If a man really wants to break the habit he can, or he's no man. Do you think you could become so unmanly as to be a slave to drink?"

She looked at him half in ridicule, half in proud confidence, but he answered soberly.

"I do not know, Edith. You are too modest, but I'm willing to risk it without any total abstinence pledge."

"Are you?" "I was about to propose that we both sign one."

"Ha! ha! Raymond, that's a good joke. Sign a pledge indeed?" "Seriously, Edith, I have been think-

ing of signing a pledge. I could do it easily now, but in time I may learn to like liquor, and it would be hard. You laugh, but many a strong man has gone down. Why not I? We might be on the safe side. A pledge would keep me for I never broke a promise in my life. What do you say, shall we sign?"

"No, I shall do no such thing. Fancy our being at a party and having to refuse the least sip of wine because we'd signed a temperance pledge! Do you fear I'll ever be a drunkard?"

"No, no, Edith. I've thought only of myself."

"I'll risk you, Raymond. Don't go and make a fool of yourself. Pardon me, Ray, but it seems so weak I lose all patience. We could not make the promise now. Papa has already sent for wines for our wedding. Don't think about it, Ray. I can trust you. I haven't a fear."

Five years had passed away. A stormy night had settled down upon the city. In many a princely home the heavy curtains were closely drawn, coal heaped upon the grates, while laughter and song sought to smother the shrieks of the keen wintry wind.

In a rickety house which ill succeeded to keep out the storm, a thinly clad woman sought to warm her benumbed fingers in the flickering blaze. Presently the door swung open, letting in a gust of chilly wind, and a poor ragged sot staggered to a chair. Muttering something about the "miserable fire," he drew from his pocket a bottle of whiskey and drank deeply. This seemed to madden the woman who was watching him with contempt written on every feature.

"Raymond Lester" would you spend the last dime for whiskey when your wife and child are starving?"

"Hold your tongue! If you're hungry, go and earn something. If I earn a quarter shovelling snow and spend it for whiskey, who's business is it?"

"Oh!" moaned the woman, "was it for this that I left a happy home? Did I think you—you would ever bring me to such depths of sorrow and disgrace?"

"Stay, Edith Lester!" cried the man with a frightful look in his bleared eyes. "Stop and hear what I have to say. I am a wreck, ruined, soul and body. I have brought you to sorrow and disgrace, but, woman, it's your own work! Once I saw my danger, feared my appetite, I wanted to become a temperance man, but your hands tipped the scales on the side of drunkenness and—hell. Again you urged me to drink, you've poured the wine for me with your own hand. You kept it on our table. You have said, 'My husband is strong enough to be a moderate drinker, but I am here—a ruined man! no power on earth can save me now. Some one will care for you, but my doom is sealed. Don't madden me with reproaches, I am desperate. God knows I meant to have been a good husband. I tried, Oh, Edith, if you had but helped me, I might have been—"

The creaking door was flung wide open by a reckless hand, and the roar of the storm deafened Edith's cry of anguish as she sank down alone by the side of her sleeping child. Her work! Ah! what a revelation. All these years she had reproached him scornfully and bitterly for his lack of manhood, for sinking lower. Had she indeed tipped the scales? Had her half-serious words carried such a weight of woe? A careless girl's thoughtless words brought a future of misery. Years of suffering seemed crowded into one short hour, and then came rest in long unconsciousness. When morning dawned helpful hands were there to save.

But Raymond Lester, on that bitter night, stung by grief and remorse, wandered far out from the city, and, weary, at last sank down to perish.

Edith a lonely woman, once more in her father's house, can never forget the scenes that haunt her, the winter storm, the wild wind tossing the tangled hair, the snow and sleet beating upon the face she loved, and a once manly form cold and stiff in death. When wintry storms beat about her dwelling, she listens through the long night to the noise, and every gust of wind acutely says, "It's all your own sad and wilful work!"—*Zion's Herald.*

Character Building

How important it is that we should cultivate good habits in our school days.

A most injurious and ruinous habit is carelessness. So many of us when we get through using anything throw it down anywhere and when next we need it someone else is to blame because it is not in its proper place. How often we hear a student say, "Oh where is my lead pencil? Please lend me yours." Of course no one would refuse to lend his neighbor a lead pencil, but when he knows that neighbor will, as soon as he is through with it, throw it down and perhaps never return it, how can he help lending it unwillingly? There are some people who cannot keep a lead pencil or a tablet ten minutes, and all because of carelessness. If we would have a place to put these little things, and always put them in their places, what an untold amount of trouble we would save our friends. Suppose your neighbor is in the midst of a difficult problem, and is just on the point of finding his way clear when you disturb him for a penknife or some other trifle just because you don't know where yours is, he loses the thought he was just about to grasp, and perhaps it will be several minutes before he can again concentrate his mind, then he has to go over the whole problem again.

Just think how much trouble you have caused. But perhaps you say such little trifles do not count. Yes, but they do. Every time that you forget your lead pencil and borrow one from your neighbor, you not only disturb him but you give the habit of carelessness a firmer grasp upon you. Our habits form our characters, and by our characters we are known.—*Ex.*

A Story for Boys.

Mr. Perry was a Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite, and a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance, who called out, "Halloo Perry! I was just going to get a drink. Come in and take something. Thank you," said Perry, "I don't care for anything."

But persisted the other, come in and take something just for sociability's sake. I want to be sociable, answered Perry. I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you.

All right, growled the friend. If you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking.

The two men walked silently along for a minute or two, the sociable man in a state of great irritation, until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

I'm not feeling well to day, said he, with a pleasant smile, and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of Castor Oil. Will you join me?

What! exclaimed the other. In a dose of castor oil?

Yes, I'll pay for it. Ugh! gurgled the sociable man, with a wry face. I hate the stuff.

But I want you to take a glass of oil with me just to be sociable, you know. I won't do it.

Indeed, my friend, said Perry, gravely, your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?

The sociable man saw the point.

Don't put off or continue a job because it is hard or distasteful. Just hammer away and end it.—*Current Events.*