



# THE CANADIAN MUTE

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,  
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

### OUR MISSION.

**First**—That a number of our pupils may learn typesetting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

**Second**—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute school writers.

**Third**—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

### SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty cents for the school year, payable in advance. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postage stamps, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted, if we know it.

### ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 25 cents a line for each insertion.

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,  
BELLEVILLE,  
ONTARIO.



MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1896.

### The Manual Alphabet.

Some English educationists are recommending that the manual alphabet be taught in the public schools there, or at least recommended by the Education Department as a subject for instruction. The day is doubtless not far distant when the knowledge of dactylology will be a nearly universal accomplishment. Nor will it be by any means a useless one, for there are few people who would not find it very frequently of very considerable practical benefit to them. A case in point was the experience of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, who, when illness had deprived him temporarily of the use of his voice, used to dictate his stories to an amanuensis by means of the manual alphabet.

### Pastoral Supervision.

The pupils this session are receiving better pastoral supervision and instruction than ever before. Rev. Canon Burke, of course, is in attendance regularly as in the past, but the other denominations have now arranged for regular visitation. Revs. McIntyre and Roberts will address the Methodist pupils alternately every fortnight. Rev. Mr. Thompson will continue his visits to the Presbyterians every fortnight, and Rev. Mr. Cowart will do the same for the Baptists. The Catholic pupils of course, have their Catechism class twice a week, conducted by Prof. Denys, and in addition attend church every Sunday morning when the weather will permit. We expect the Right Reverend Monsignor Farrelly and Reverend Father Connelly will also come to see us oftener during the session. All are welcome and the pupils belonging to the various denominations are delighted when their spiritual advisers visit and address them.

### The 20th Anniversary.

The 20th of October was the 20th anniversary of the opening of this Institution, and we feel as vigorous as hopeful and as ambitious as any person or Institution should feel at that age. The chief trouble is that we have outgrown our accommodations and are much in need of enlarged quarters in which to give full vent to our now somewhat repressed activities.

### The Bicycle.

An Ohio editor, who accepted a bicycle in lieu of cash in payment for an advertisement, gives the following estimate of the disposition and characteristics of the machine: "These bladder-wheeled bicycles are diabolical devices of the demon of darkness. They are contrivances to trap the unwary and slay in the nose of the innocent. They are full of guile and deceit. When you think you have broken one to ride and have subdued it, wild and satanic nature, behold, it bucketh you off the road and tearth a great hole in your pants! Look not upon the bicycle when it bloweth upon its wheels, for at the last it bucketh like a broncho and hurteth you like thunder. Probably some devotees of the wheel among our officers and teachers can fully sympathize with the aggrieved Ohio editor. The older time malediction, 'O, that mine enemy would write a book' has been modernized into 'O, that mine enemy would buy a bicycle.'

In a recent sermon on newspapers, Dr. Talnage paid a high tribute to the power and potency of the press. Among other things he said that "if a man should from childhood to old age see only his Bible, Webster's Dictionary, and his newspaper, he could be prepared for all the duties of this life and all the happiness of the next. This is warm eulogy to be sure, yet none too much so, for the daily papers of the day are cyclopedias, summarizing the whole field of human knowledge and interest, while the journals devoted to special interests constitute elaborate and authentic manuals relative to the subjects with which they deal.

Sincere regret at the sad and untimely fate of Mr. L. W. Yeomans, and heartfelt sympathy for his bereaved friends, was felt by all connected with the Institution. Mr. Balis told the pupils in chapel about the awful tragedy and all the boys and girls old enough to understand manifested their surprise and horror, as well as their sorrow. Mr. Yeomans was a citizen that Belleville was justly proud of and possessed many of the noblest attributes of a christian gentleman, and he leaves a vacancy in the social, religious, business and public life of the city that it will be very difficult to fill.

O, would that some other prodigy would appear upon the scene so that we might have at least a brief respite from the constant and excessive laudation we had almost such dedication of Helen Keller. She is of course a marvellous girl even if no more than the truth be told, but we do get awfully weary of having the wonderful achievements of even such a phenomenon as she is harped upon with endless iteration every secular day in the year with an extra write-up in all the Sunday editions.

Thanksgiving Day this year will be Thursday, the 28th inst. one week later than usual, and the same day as is observed in the States. Already the boys and girls here are indulging in pleasant anticipations of the party always held on Thanksgiving morning.

### Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.

At the banquet of the National Association of the Deaf, held at Philadelphia, Mrs. Balis was asked to respond to the toast: "Woman's Ideal." This ideal she declared to be Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. Her address was as follows:

No woman of this century enjoys more liberty than is the birthright of the women of America and none make better use of the manifold advantages and opportunities this freedom, in a free country, presents. She has found her pathway by no means rose strewn, but in spite of briars and thambles she has forced her way forward, until now the paths once painfully trodden by the pioneers of woman's liberty and rights are smooth, broad and well beaten road ways, where feebler sisters may walk in safety. The days of the woman with but one aim in life, marriage, are nearly past and it is fast becoming so secondary a consideration as hardly to enter into the calculations of a large number of them. The results are already evident in the fewer marriages, the happier unions and fewer divorces, for no sensible woman will forfeit a five hundred dollar position for a five dollar man. The avenues to a livelihood that women here find have placed them in positions to learn much more of the serious and business side of life, it has taught them the value of time and of money, the need of concentration of thought and aim, the necessity of good health and a broader view of life in every relation. Sentiment has less sway over her actions than formerly, the head is more likely to rule than the heart. Her aims are high, higher than at any time in ages past. Pure herself, she demands that others rise to her standard, giving the best that is in her, she requires the best of others, with the natural consequence that in order to reach her ideal man must aim as high or higher than herself to be worthy of her companionship or friendship.

America leads the world in fraternality of mankind. Common sense was at the foundation of this superstructure of fraternity, and in this spirit of universal union and brotherhood women take a prominent part. No society which excludes from its deliberations the presence of woman can be said to be founded upon rock for women's swift instinct is an electric spark that lights otherwise darkened passages through which men grope blindly and reason round and round. Long ago she proved her equality to man in the realms of literature, science, art and education, law, medicine and oratory, and she is swiftly forcing her way in the business walks of life and crowding out the inefficient of her brothers. Let them not complain, none but themselves are to blame. For while women have regenerated the men have rapidly degenerated as a result of indulgence in vices no woman would lower herself to follow. Women's ideals are, liberty, fraternity, equality, justice, purity, truth and love. Where is your vaunted strength, men of to-day? You have your will, but women have their way.

### For Chapped Hands and Faces.

These are the days when chapped hands, rough faces and cracked lips continually cry out for treatment such as will protect them from the eagerness of the nipping winds and the blasts of driving sleet and storm which winter is sure to bring. The basis of "cold cream" is mutton tallow always. You can obtain this at the butchers, and if you tell him what it is for he will select some very fine white tallow which will be exactly what you want. Cut the tallow into bits and put it into a saucepan without any water. Then set the saucepan in a jar of boiling water and let all remain until the fat is thoroughly melted out of the tallow. Strain through a fine sieve and while still warm stir in a teaspoonful of the essence of camphor in the proportion of one teaspoonful of camphor to every cup of the tallow. Next a tablespoonful of your favorite perfume at 30¢ until all is a sweet smelling liquid. Before it has had time to cool pour into a little tin jar and set upon the ice overnight. It will keep indefinitely and will be found one of the best remedies in the world for the skin that gets rough and winter sore. *New York Telegram.*

Even the invention of the looking glass has not eradicated human vanity.

### Helen Keller's Address.

At one of the sessions of the meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, at Philadelphia, Helen Keller delivered a touching address. The development of this young girl, who in early childhood became blind, deaf and dumb through severe illness, is one of the marvels of the century, as was the development of Laura Bridgman under the benign teaching of the late Dr. Howe.

While giving this address a few of Miss Keller's words were indistinct, but the majority were clearly heard. She spoke as follows:

"If you knew all the joy I feel in being able to speak to you to-day I think you would have some idea of the value of speech to the deaf, and you would understand why I want every little deaf child in all this great world to have an opportunity to learn to speak. I know that much has been said and written on this subject, and that there is wide difference of opinion among teachers of the deaf in regard to oral instruction. It seems very strange to me that there should be this difference of opinion. I cannot understand how any one interested in our education can fail to appreciate the satisfaction we feel in being able to express our thoughts in living words. Why, I use speech constantly, and I cannot begin to tell you how much pleasure it gives me to do so.

Of course, I know that it is not always easy for strangers to understand me, but it will be by and by, and in the meantime I have the unspeakable happiness of knowing that my family and friends rejoice in my ability to speak. My little sister and baby brother love to have me tell them stories in the long summer evenings when I am at home, and my mother and teacher often ask me to read to them from my favorite books. I also discuss the political situation with my dear father, and we do not have most perplexing questions quite as satisfactorily to ourselves as if I could see and hear. So you see what a blessing speech is to me. It brings me into a closer and tenderer relationship with those I love, and makes it possible for me to enjoy the sweet companionship of a great many persons from whom I should be entirely cut off if I could not talk.

"I can remember the time before I learned to speak, and how I used to struggle to express my thoughts by means of the manual alphabet, how my thoughts used to beat against my fingers tips, like little birds striving to gain their freedom, until one day Miss Fuller opened wide the prison door and let them escape. I wonder if she remembers how eagerly and gladly they spread their wings and flew away. Of course it was not easy at first to fly. The speech wings were weak and broken, and had lost all the grace and beauty that had once been theirs, in need nothing was left save the impulse to fly, but that was something. One can never consent to creep when one feels an impulse to soar. But, nevertheless, it seemed to me sometimes that I could never use my speech wings as God intended I should use them, there were so many difficulties in the way, so many discouragements, but I kept on trying, knowing that patience and perseverance would win in the end. And while I worked I built the most beautiful air castles, and dreamed dreams, the pleasantest of which was of the time when I should talk like other people, and the thought of the pleasure it would give my mother to hear my voice once more sweetened every effort and made every failure an incentive to try harder next time.

"So I want to say to those who are trying to learn to speak, and those who are teaching them, be of good cheer. Do not think of today's failures, but of the success that may come to-morrow. You have set yourselves a difficult task, but you will find a joy in overcoming obstacles, a delight in climbing rugged paths, which you would perhaps never know if you did not sometimes slip backwards, if the road was always smooth and pleasant. Remember, no effort that we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost. Sometime, somewhere, somehow, we shall find that which we seek. We shall speak, yes, and sing too, as God intended we should speak and sing.

Nevertheless, no dungeon speaks to the murderer like the voice of solitude.