

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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**INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB**  
 BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,  
 CANADA.



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**"The Battle of Life,"**  
 BY MISS JENNIE WILLING.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,  
 Go while it is called to-day.  
 For the years go out and the years come in,  
 Regardless of those we may lose or win,  
 Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,  
 To the army gone before,  
 You may hear the sound of their falling feet,  
 Going down to the river where two worlds meet.  
 They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,  
 And a duty, too, assigned,  
 Step into the front with a cheerful face,  
 Be quick or another may take your place,  
 And you may be left behind.

There's a work to be done by the way, my boy,  
 That you never can tread again,  
 Work for the loaves, for the bread, for the meat,  
 Work for the plough, the plane, the spindle and pen,  
 Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,  
 To lay for your feet a snare,  
 And please sit in her fairy bowers,  
 With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers,  
 In a meadow in her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,  
 Temptations without and within,  
 And spirits of evil, with robes as fair,  
 As those which the angels in heaven might wear,  
 Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,  
 In the beautiful days of youth,  
 Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,  
 And the sword, which the feeblest arm may wield,  
 In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,  
 With the peace of the gospel about,  
 And before high heaven do the best you can  
 For the great reward and the goal of man  
 For the kingdom and crown of God.



**Story of Two Heroes**

Perhaps there never was a more famous nation than the old Romans. They were famous for their courage, their hardihood, and their perseverance, and by the exercise of these heroic qualities they became at last the conquerors of the world. But before this happened they met with many reverses, and many times they were put to it to hold their own against their numerous enemies.

It always happened, however, that at such times, when ruin stared them in the face, some Roman, bolder and stancher than the rest, would come forward and save the State. In reading Roman history, you will find the deeds of some one of these heroes on almost every page. In fact the story of Rome from first to last is a story of heroism.

Doubtless the names of some of these Roman heroes are familiar to you, like that of Horatius, who kept the bridge; of Curtius, who leaped into the gulf; and of Regulus, who fought the Carthaginians so nobly. But there is one other who I think was greater than they all, indeed, the very bravest of Roman heroes.

His name was Publius Decius. Old Romans, a couple of thousand years ago, used to tell their children, in the long winter evenings of how the brave Decius once saved their nation by giving up his own life, and I think you will be as interested to hear the story as they were. He was a sturdy old plebeian, that is, he belonged to the lower order of people, but he was a hero for all that.

During the war between the Romans and the Samnites he was one of the consuls, and showed himself an able general. In one of the campaigns the Samnites entered the Romans into a defile in the mountains, in which they were in great danger of being exterminated. But brave Decius planned a night attack, and so skillfully was it done that the Romans gained a great victory, leaving thirty thousand dead Samnites on the field.

For his services on this occasion the

Romans voted him a hundred oxen, a white bull with gilded horns, and three crowns, one of gold, for courage; one of oak, for having saved the lives of his fellow citizens, and one of grass, for having taken the enemy's camp—enough glory, it would seem, for one day. Decius offered up the white bull as a sacrifice to Mars, and gave the oxen to his companions in danger.

Not long afterwards there was another battle being fought, this time between the Romans and the Latins, and the battle was going against the Romans. The two consuls were there in person, one of whom was Decius.

Seeing how the battle stood, Decius cried, "The gods must help us now. Call the high priest hither."

So when that personage had come, Decius told him that the Romans were defeated unless the gods interfered in their behalf. The high priest then told him that victory could be gained but one way, and that was that one of the consuls must give up his life for his country.

"Be it so," answered the brave Roman, "I am ready."

And the hero took off his armor, put on his purple toga, covered his head with a veil, and standing on a spear, consecrated himself to death, after the old Roman fashion. Then he replaced his armor, mounted his war horse and rode in among the Latins. He killed many of the enemy, but at last was struck down and slain amid a circle of foemen that had fallen by his sword.

But his life was not thrown away. When the sun went down behind the vine clad slope of Vesuvius, which no body at that time dreamed of being a volcano, the Latins had broken and fled, and the Romans had won a great victory.

So Decius gave his life for his country, and Rome was not forgetful. They built a statue to him in the forum twice as large as life, and when they spoke of heroism they always told of Decius.

This is the story of one hero.

The other lived in more modern times, and he was sixteen years in living his martyrdom, facing death in its most loathsome form to bring a few sorrowful souls to Christ. There is a pathos in his heroism that affects one more than even the bravado of the Roman hero. After you have heard his story I am quite sure that you, too, will think Damien's heroism was grander than that of Decius.

Far out in the wide Pacific lie a group of beautiful islands. They are populous and rich, and the landscapes have the picturesqueness of an Eden. All the fruits of the tropics grow there in profusion, and the skies are soft and warm, and the shining waves lap the gentle isles in eternal slumber. But among these charming islands of the sea lurks a demon; amid its thickets of palm and bread fruit leprosy stalks, and with its hand smites the people with death.

Do you know what leprosy is?

It is a terrible disease, loathsome and fearful to behold. The victim never recovers from the disease, and gradually rots away, dying at last in agony. Leprosy is common in warm climates, and is contagious.

You will remember that Naaman, the Syrian, came to the prophet Elisha to be cured, and that Gehazi, the prophet's wicked servant, was stricken with the disease.

Christ cured many of the leprosy, and His blessed touch must have been a solace to many a suffering household.

But in the Sandwich Islands there are no means of cure, and one with leprosy is sent away by himself. So many have the disease that an island is set apart and inhabited only by lepers. The smallest island of the group is devoted to this settlement. Its name is Molokai. Nobody else lives there but the lepers.

There are churches and schools, and festivals, and the worshippers, and pupils and patrons are all lepers. Before Damien went there, there was neither church nor school on the island, and they were abominably wicked.

There was no law nor decency. The work of this one man changed it all.

Joseph Damien was a pious young Roman Catholic from Belgium, who went to the islands to teach. Hearing the condition of affairs at Molokai, he resolved to go there as a missionary. He knew that if he went there he could never return, and he knew, moreover, that most likely the disease would fasten upon him, and sooner or later he would die of leprosy. But nothing could deter him.

Voluntarily he took upon himself the sacrifice. For sixteen years he labored there. It was like light dawning upon darkness. He was the schoolmaster, physician, and minister all in one. He ministered to their wants in every way, made a moral community of what had been a sty of abomination. He could not cure their leprosy, but he did make of them a happy and religious people. Was not that better than killing a thousand Latins and winning a battle-field for Rome?

At last as he had expected, the disease seized upon him, but he showed no alarm or agitation. He continued at his post, laboring cheerfully to the last. "It is well," he said; "I am willing to die for those I came to save." Glorious Joseph Damien.

He died, not a short, quick death like that of Decius, but by inches, a long, lingering, painful, loathsome death. Piece by piece his body decayed; his toes dropping off one by one, and then his fingers. His body was one sickening, fetid mass of corruption. It was worse than burning at the stake. And he underwent this not for love of country or for love of glory, but because the love of Christ constrained him.

All honor to Decius, the Roman hero. Well it is for Rome to embalm his deeds in their roll of glory, and erect a statue to his fame. But still greater honor belongs to Damien, the self-sacrificing young Christian, who lived and died for the sake of the poor lepers of Molokai.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

**Scarlet Fever and Deafness.**

Ear disease occurs more frequently after scarlet fever than any other known complaint. Aural Surgeons have written various treatises on the subject, and seem to generally agree that sore throat causes the ear trouble that is so frequent. Far and away the large majority of ear diseases comes from the throat, being catarrhal in their origin.

The ears are affected in two ways: either there is an acute inflammation of the middle ear, the drum membrane is perforated, and this is allowed to continue, the type of many a long-standing case of otorrhea. The other is the chronic dry catarrh that comes on comparatively slowly. Both of these affect the ear by extension of the catarrhal disease of the throat through the Eustachian tube, therefore the practical means is to treat the throat during the fever.

The first means is to remove the accumulations from the nose and throat by a solution of borax, bicarbonate soda, and common salt. This is done frequently, followed by a spray or gargle of chlorate of potash. There is no local remedy equal to chlorate of potash to prevent ear complication during acute throat disease.

In case suppuration of the middle ear has already taken place, with perforation of the drum, the ear should immediately be treated, not allowing the inflammation to become chronic—filling the canal three times daily with peroxide of hydrogen, followed by syringing with warm water. When the active inflammatory symptoms have subsided, some astringent ear drops—such as sulphate of zinc, five grains to the ounce of water—should be used in connection.

If this treatment is carried out from the outset, in almost every case the drum membrane will re-form and hearing be good.—*Our Deaf and Dumb.*

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, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents 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.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

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

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter 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 away if put in the office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:30 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messengers are not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.