



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 1.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

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| R. MATHISON, M. A. | Superintendent. |
| A. MATHISON | Bursar. |
| J. E. EAKINS, M. D. | Physician. |
| MISS ISABEL WALKER | Matron. |

Teachers:

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| D. B. COLEMAN, M. A. | Head Teacher. | MISS J. O. TERRILL |
| P. DENNY | | MISS S. TEMPLETON |
| JAMES C. BALDWIN, B.A. | | MISS MARY BULL |
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| Geo. F. STEWART | | MISS GEORGINA LINN |
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| M. J. MANNING | | |

Teachers of Articulation:

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| MISS IDA M. JACK | MISS CAROLINE GIBSON |
| MISS MARY BULL | Teacher of Fancy Work. |

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| MISS L. S. METCALF | JOHN T. BURNS |
| Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing | |

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| WM. D'VOLANS | WM. NURSE |
| Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor | Master Shoemaker |

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| G. G. NATHAN | Engineer |
| Superintendent of Hays, etc. | |

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| MISS M. DEMPSEY | JOHN DOWRIE |
| Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc. | Master Carpenter |

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|------------------------|---------------|
| MISS K. McVINCHE | D. CUNNINGHAM |
| Trained Hospital Nurse | Master Baker. |

JOHN MOORE,
Former and 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, 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 such 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 box in office, above will be sent to city post office at noon and 2 1/2 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is 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.



The Idlers.

BY BERTHA MAY DENNIS.

A little green worm and a little black bug
Set down to have a nice chat.
It was early yet, and they'd work to do,
But they said no heed to that.

And soon came a chicken with eyes so sharp,
Hunting for something to eat.
He picked them both up, and ate them, too,
In a way both calm and neat.

There's a moral attached to this story short
When there's something to do, don't shirk,
But, whatever the task at hand may be,
Begin at once, and work!

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of sing-song,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing
If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and strength,
To help my tolling brother.



Dickie's Stick Men.

HOW AN UNEDUCATED DEAF AND DUMB BOY WROTE A LETTER.

You never would have dreamed that anyone lived inside of it, would you? But, bless you, someone did, two, three, someone. This was the old lighthouse. Just across that little ravine, beyond the point, there stood the new lighthouse.

Dickie's father tended it. Mr. Troil's father, and grand, and great grandfather had lived in the old lighthouse. It was the ancestral home, you see. So, altho' Mr. Magnus Troil agreed to tend the brand new revolving lamp, he refused to move his family over to the freshly painted rooms.

The family was not so very large. 1, 2, 3. That's the way Davie counted them up. He and Dickie were 2, Dad was 1. Together they made a big 3.

Davie, nine, was as bright a lad as you might find along the coast. His small face made one think of a round red apple. He was always "to pieces." He didn't care for that, though. As long as his trousers held to the solitary button, he never bothered his head. When the button was lost a pin or string did duty.

Dickie, seven, was not at all like Davie. He was as careful as his brother was careless. Most of the village boys called him a "mollie coddle," but he didn't know that. How could he? Dickie was deaf and dumb. Such a pity? such a pity!

Mr. Troil was not exactly unkind to his motherless mute, but he never showed the same rough affection toward Dickie that he showed toward the well-stout Davie. Nobody knew, except Miss Milton, the village primary teacher, how much the unfortunate boy missed his dead mother. He had been in Miss Milton's room for two years. He and Davie, who had gone into the next higher grade, rowed across from the island pleasant days. Rainy weather kept them at home.

One day Mr. Troil was taken ill. He had been feeling queer for a week, and the outcome was a hard chill. Dickie had to bear a good many sour looks and unkind words those days. Once in a while he had to dodge a cruel blow. Dickie was an eyesore to the man.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Troil dragged himself to the window. The air was very close. Gnats and mosquitoes buzzed outside at a great rate. There was hardly a ripple on the

water that lazily crawled up the sands. Away in the west a bank of angry clouds lay piled above the tops of the trees. Mr. Troil watched the gathering storm listlessly. Davie was whittling a toy; Dickie, busy with a pencil, sat near. Pretty soon the elder boy gave a rude laugh. He held a paper in his hand. A cruel smile was on his face. Dickie's head hung low. A crimson flush spread from his cheeks to his neck.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Troil, crossly. Triles vexed him to-day. He wasn't used to pain, and his head was nearly splitting with its ache.

"Hi, dad, see what the brat's bin a doin'!" said Davie, running over with the paper.

"Is that all he learns at school?" asked the father, angrily. "What be them scrawls meant for Davie, lad?"

"The brat's draw 'em in the baby room," replied the boy, contemptuously. "Dickie's at it all the time. See here, dad, and here." He held up a sheet of paper, covered with pictures made by the deaf and dumb child.

The father couldn't see any sense in the pictures, but to Dickie they meant a man bowing, a man kneeling to the king, and a man on the seashore. Mr. Troil snatched the beloved sketches, tore them into tiny bits, and scattered them upon the rising breeze. Dickie sprang to his feet. His face was pale now, and his big blue eyes were full of tears. For a moment he shook with anger. Then he ran down stairs and out to the end of the breakwater, where was his favorite seat. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

Meanwhile the tempest swooped down toward the lighthouse. The waves began to pull backward and forward with greater force. Dickie lifted his head. He forgot his trouble and clapped his hands. The waves kissed his bare brown toes. The sky was getting black, oh, how black!

He saw the lightnings flash. That made his eyes shine, as the flames leaped from sky to earth. By and by the rain began to come in torrents. The tide crept to his knees. Then he arose and ran toward the house.

Zzz-zzz-zzz bang! He was knocked flat. He picked himself up, wondering what had happened. He hurried into the house. Mr. Troil lay on the floor, so did Davie. There was a black, zigzag line from ceiling to floor; a little round hole, black and smoking, led through the door.

Dickie took the whole in, in a twinkling. He shook his brother again and again. He did Mr. Troil too. Neither paid the least attention to him.

Dickie was young, but he could reason. His father and Davie were dead, just like the dear mother. It was nearly time to light the lamp in the outer lighthouse. Who could light it? He was too little. What could he do? Just what he would do he knew all in a minute.

The boat was moored to the jetty. Across the waters lay the village. How could he tell the villagers? Dad and Davie and Miss Milton understood his signs. No one else did. He seized his pencil and paper, quickly made a few marks, tucked the paper into his jacket pocket and was off.

The distance lessens. The village draws near, upon the beach drives the boat. The boy is ashore and running toward Lawyer Marion's cottage.

"Hello, there!" It was the lawyer's own voice, it was the lawyer's face that peered from beneath the umbrella at the breathless lad. Dickie hauled out the paper, and pointed to the island. Lawyer Marion read the picture in a jiffy. Dickie's motions and pale face told what the picture did, too.

In twenty minutes a boatload of strong men was speeding over the great waves. Dickie sat in the bow. The lamp was soon lighted, and well, by and by Mr. Troil and Davie came around all right. When Mr. Troil heard the account of the little deaf and dumb boy's bravery, and

saw how the rude picture had been made to speak, he looked very sober, and from that hour became more interested in stick men. So did Dickie, and so did Davie.

The probabilities are that some time Dickie will be a skillful staff artist, and the best of it is he has plenty of love nowadays. — *Adelaide Hatori Penner, in Our Deaf and Dumb.*

The Teeth and the Health.

Dr. R. R. Andrews, of Chicago, in a paper which he read recently before a convention of medical brethren considered the care of the teeth of school children. The point brought out by Dr. Andrews was the danger children run of contracting tuberculosis through decayed and neglected teeth. He did not exaggerate when he said: "The connection between bacterial growth in the oral cavity and severe disturbance of the general health is to day well known. There are those who carry more filth in their mouths than they would tolerate on their skins, and this is the condition of the mouths of many school children."

Dr. Andrews brought out one of those conditions so common in ordinary child life, but which go so far to determine the health and usefulness of the individual in later years. Parents who often wonder why their children are unhealthy never imagine it their duty to examine their teeth. The farmer who would buy a horse without looking carefully into the condition of its teeth would be considered carelessly throwing away his money. And yet the fathers who condemn such a transaction will permit their children to sit in hot close school rooms with decaying teeth which, as Dr. Andrews claims, offer one of the best mediums for the growth and multiplication of bacteria. The only reasonable conclusion to be drawn is that the farmer cares more to have a healthy horse than a health child. There is no light, however, in which Dr. Andrews did not consider the results of decayed teeth. That is their effect on the sense of hearing. The most advanced aurists contend that many cases of defective hearing can be traced directly to the presence of decayed teeth in the mouth and especially what is known as wisdom teeth. The late Dr. Samuel Saxton, of New York city, who gained an enviable reputation as an aural surgeon, made it his duty to examine the hearing and teeth of a large number of school children in that city and in nearly every case he found defective hearing accompanying badly decayed teeth. In one school there were seventy-six cases of defective hearing, all the marked cases having bad teeth. Physicians in other cities who have made similar examinations have been struck with a like coincidence. It is probable that some of this bad hearing came from the same neglect of the ear which has left the teeth to decay, but the frequency with which the two go together and the intimacy of the nerve of hearing and the nerves supplying the teeth leave no doubt why the harmful effects go together.

The suggestion of Dr. Andrews is that boards of education appoint examining dentists to each school and he urges dental societies to take steps to this end. A thorough examination of all school children would doubtless result in saving the health and a full use of the faculties of many. The neglect or ignorance of parents has resulted in burdening a considerable percentage of men with poor health and impaired senses. When parents fail to perform their duty it is the right and duty of the State to step in and supply the neglect. There is no higher duty to perform than to preserve the health and faculties in full working order. Dr. Andrews' suggestion is one aid in this direction, and merits the sympathetic consideration of the medical fraternity, and of the school authorities. — *Sci.*