

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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Mrs. M. M. THOMSON	Mrs. M. M. THOMSON

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SONG OF THE DEAF-MUTE.

WHAT HIS EYES TOLD ME, THOUGH HIS LIPS MOVED NOT.

You say I cannot sing,
You think I cannot hear
You tell me all I meet in life
Will never reach mine ear
Yet there is much of secret sin
And much of worldliness
For what I see, and what I feel
Has often told me so

You think I cannot sing,
Because I cannot hear
Because no vocal strains of mine
Have rung upon your ear
But if I cannot sing by ear
I take another part,
In rendering the Psalm of Life
And singing from the heart.

You think my song is sad,
And wherefore should it be?
The grief you think divides our lives
Is hedged by sympathy
In senses common to us both,
We each can sympathize,
And what I lack is just withheld
By One who is all-wise

You cannot hear my song,
So soft and low its chimes,
You only turn the pages o'er
And read between the lines,
But you will hear the glad refrain
And join me when I sing
The praises of my Father's love
The triumphs of my King.

H. H. CAMPBELL
Tiverton, Ont. Oct. 1902



"Greyfriars' Bobby."

I suppose most of our young readers have heard of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, it is a beautiful old city, and many travelers from all parts of the world visit it every summer. A few weeks ago I was there wandering through the streets and peering into every nook and corner, when at last I found myself at the gates of Greyfriars churchyard, where many famous people are buried. Just outside the churchyard I saw a marble fountain, on the top of which was a bronze statue of a dog, a little, shaggy, Scotch terrier, and underneath I read the name, "Greyfriars' Bobby." While I was wondering what this meant, the old sexton who has charge of the churchyard came up and said to me, "What, have you never heard of Bobby?" "No," I answered, "do tell me all about him." Then the old man told me this story:

"Some years ago a poor man named Gray died and was buried in this churchyard and among the few mourners at the grave was his dog, a little Scotch terrier. When the sexton went into the graveyard the next morning he saw the dog lying on his master's grave, but as it was against all rules to allow dogs there he was driven out. The next morning he was there again, and he was driven away. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the sexton found the faithful animal, in spite of hard words and blows, still lying slivering on the grave, he took pity on him and gave him some food. From that time forth the dog made the churchyard his home. The men employed about were kind to him they called him 'Bobby,' and he soon answered to the name, but he would never attach himself to any one person, and every night he spent lying on his master's grave. No matter how bad the weather was he could not be induced to stay indoors, but would howl most dismally until allowed to go to the beloved spot. Mr. Traill who kept a restaurant near by, kindly gave him his dinner every day, and Bobby generally trotted off punctually at one o'clock, when the signal gun from the castle is fired. Sometimes it happened, however,

that he was out of the way, and then Mr. Traill used to send a servant to find him and bring him up to receive his rations. On the ground of harboring the dog Mr. Traill was called upon to pay the dog tax, but he claimed that he was not responsible as the dog refused to attach himself to any one, and the court, considering the peculiar circumstances, dismissed the case. At the same time the lord provost of the city was so interested that he gave the dog a collar on which was a brass plate inscribed with his name, 'Greyfriars' Bobby.' Bobby henceforth led a peaceful life, he had many friends and visitors, and several people offered large sums of money for him, but he was not to be bought, he remained faithful to his master's memory and not a night passed that he did not keep his watch upon the humble grave. Twelve years and five months he lived thus in the churchyard and then died quietly of old age. I buried him myself," said the old sexton, "in a box, under the flower bed" and he led me to a plot of flowers on one side "and there," he said, "is his master's grave, and he pointed to a little mound near by, unmarked by any stone. A year or two before Bobby died the photographer came and took his likeness, and it was from that the statue was made, for when Baroness Burdett Coutts, who knew his story and felt a deep interest in him, heard of his death she ordered this fountain to be erected with a statue of the dog on top, and she gave Brodie, the sculptor, £500 for his work.

The old man then took me to his little office, and opening his desk showed me some photographs of Bobby, one of which I purchased. It represents Bobby just as he sits on the top of the fountain, where all the poor people and children in that part of the town go to get water.

As I turned away I could not help thinking over this little story. There are many great names to be found in Greyfriars churchyard and many famous monuments, but among them all there is none, perhaps, to which the stranger turns with deeper interest than to that which records the virtues of "Greyfriars' Bobby." The loving fidelity of the little dog touched my heart, and above the names of learned divines, grave writers, and stern old Covenanters, I bore away with me the memory of "Greyfriars' Bobby." *Churchman*

Deafness Cured.

One S. S. Butler, M. D., of Los Angeles, California, has this advertisement in *Printer's Ink*, a New York publication:

WANTED—1000 deaf people to cure. Deafness permanently cured with a harmless oil. Prove it on your tongue. I don't ask anything but cured then only what you can afford.

The *Berkly Weekly News* comments on the above as follows:—"What a wonderful thing under the sun it would be, and what a great man Dr. Butler would be, if 10,000 deaf people could be permanently cured, simply by filling the ears like bottles with his patented 'harmless oil.' Deafness, in most cases, is incurable as beyond human skill and is just as incurable as blindness. There is, we believe, a certain wisdom in the purpose of our affliction known only to Providence, so that through the suffering, if nobly endured, we may come out much more blessed and thus much more glorified. We are all content with our present lot and do not heed any thing from the mouths of quacks.

But those who want to try the quack's oil, may do so, but they will surely come out *foiled*, and perhaps permanently sorry instead of permanently cured.

We have no knowledge or record of a single case of deafness successfully treated by a quack. We would 'prove' on our tongue the impossibility and harm of the 'harmless oil' instead of its benefits.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AT CHICAGO

We, the undersigned, have been duly appointed a committee to make arrangements for both the national convention of the deaf and the world's congress of the deaf.

The national association will probably meet one day before the world's congress begins, and will be expected to transact only the formalities of business, to comply with the requirements of its constitution, viz. to enroll members, elect officers for another term and reorganize the executive committee, leaving off all the reading and discussion of papers to the world's congress.

All residents in the United States are eligible to membership in the national association on the payment of one dollar for gentlemen and fifty cents for ladies, and all such are respectfully requested to avail themselves of this opportunity on the day of the convention to increase the membership and future usefulness of the association. No other qualifications for membership are required. Admission to membership and participation in the world's congress will be had only by "delegato tickets," which the world's congress auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition will in due time have issued to all the persons nominated or recommended by the undersigned committee. The Auxiliary requires a certain standard of prominence and mental attainment for admission to the congress, and has instructed the undersigned to be particularly careful in selecting only the "ablest living representatives" of the deaf. This, as all will readily agree, is the greatest essential for a successful and profitable congress—one whose expressed views on matters relating to our class could command due respect all over the world.

The following gentlemen have been appointed a committee on programme for the world's congress, which committee is empowered to make assignment of various topics to proper persons for papers and discussions:

- R. P. McGregor, Chairman, Columbus, O.
- A. O. Draper, Washington, D. C.
- J. M. Kochler, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Theo. A. Froehlich, New York City.
- J. L. Smith, Fairbault, Minn.
- G. W. Veditz, Colorado Springs, Col.
- Francis Maginn, Belfast, Ireland.
- Douglas Tilden, Paris, France.
- Bernard Brill, Vienna, Austria.
- August Schenck, Berlin, Germany.

All who desire to submit papers or make suggestions in regard to the programme are requested to address, Prof. R. P. McGregor, 619 Oak street, Columbus, O.

Exact dates for the convention and the congress, reductions of railroad and steamship fares, details of proposed banquets, picnics and excursions, etc., will be announced later, when definitely known.

- GEO. T. DOUGHERTY, Chairman, 6025 Dearborn street.
- J. E. GALLAGHER, Secretary, 317 South Roboy street.
- C. H. REAGANSBURG,
- C. C. COPMAN,
- JACQUES LOEW,

Committee on National Convention and World's Congress of the Deaf.

The *Silent Hoosier* says a boy only ten years old was taken home from the Indiana School because he was not allowed to chew tobacco, a habit he had indulged in for several years, with parental approval.

A theatre will soon be opened in Paris under the title "Theatre of the Pen and the Thought" which will have the performance given in the sign language. Mr. Victor de l'Espe, who is a relative of the founder of the Paris deaf and dumb schools is the manager. The opening play, "L'Amour de la Mort" is the work of a young deaf mute writer and painter, M. Varenne.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

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