



# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. I.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 15, 1892.

NO. 1.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,  
CANADA.



of the Government in Charge:

MR. HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:

DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

MR. J. M. GIBSON, Superintendent  
DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN, Physician  
MR. W. D. WALKER, Matron

### Teachers:

MR. M. A. ...  
MISS J. O. TERRILL, ...  
MISS M. TEMPLETON, ...  
MISS M. M. O'BROW, ...  
MISS MARY HILL, ...  
MISS FLORENCE MAYNOR, ...  
MISS SYLVIA L. HALL, ...  
MISS CARRIE COLMAN, ...  
MR. H. C. MACDIARMID, ...  
FRANK FLYNN, ...  
WM. NURSE, ...  
MICHAEL O'SHEARA, ...  
THOMAS WILKINSON, ...

Object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are deaf, either partial or total, to receive instruction in the common branches of the liberal and useful arts, and to be enabled to support themselves by their own industry. The regular term of instruction is one year, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year. Guardians or friends who are able to defray the cost of tuition, books and medical attendance are preferred. Pupils whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance are admitted free. Clothing must be provided by parents or friends. Present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general bookwork, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and ornamental and fancy work as may be required. All having charge of deaf mutes will avail themselves of the liberal facilities provided by the Government for their education and improvement. Regular Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,  
Superintendent.

### Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAVERSE BELLEVILLE STATION -  
7:55 a.m. 7:00 a.m. 11:55 a.m. 5:45 p.m.  
11:55 a.m. 6:25 a.m. 12:30 p.m. 7:00 p.m.  
AND PETERBORO BRANCH - 5:45 a.m.  
11:40 a.m. 4:50 p.m.



### Solitude

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,  
Weep, and you weep alone,  
For the sad earth must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer,  
But the hills are lost to the air,  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from your sad and rare.  
Rejoice, and men will seek you,  
Grieve, and they turn and go,  
They want full measure of all your treasure,  
But they don't need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many,  
Be sad, and you lose them all,  
There are none to decline your sweet wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.  
Feast, and your halls are crowded,  
Fast, and the world goes by,  
Succeed and give and it helps you to live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train,  
But only one we must file on,  
Through the narrow lanes of pain.  
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



### A Deaf-mute Hero.

By HARRIS TAYLOR.

Tom Bennant was born deaf. He had two brothers and three sisters. His father was a poor farmer and a renter at that. His mother was always sick. Both father and mother were ashamed of Tom. They had never seen a mute before, and they thought he was an idiot. Mr Bennant never spoke of Tom to any one. When company came Tom was taken off till the visitors left. The children did not want to play with him and their parents did not want to see him about.

Little Tom was very lonely but he could not tell any one his feelings. Often he would try to climb upon the bed to pat his mother's face but she would motion him to get down. He would try to follow his father to the field, but he was never allowed to go. He would sometimes pick up one of the children's picture books. The book was always instantly taken from him because he would tear it. His only companion was a cur dog. He and the dog seemed to understand each other. The neighbors, seeing boy and dog together, would often say "That dog has ten times more sense than that crazy Bennant boy."

When Tom was five years old the dog was killed for sucking eggs. Tom was very sad but no one noticed his grief. A few days later, Mary coming home from school saw her picture-book torn up and the pieces scattered over the floor. She knew Tom was the culprit. She was very angry. She at once began to search for him. He was nowhere in sight. The other children joined in the search but they did not find him. Just before sun-down their father came home from town. The children told him of the torn book and of Tom's disappearance. He picked up a long stick and said, "I'll soon find him." Tom was found sitting down by the dead dog. His father came up behind and stood still to watch him. He had torn a picture of a dog out of the book. He was holding the picture in one hand and patting the dog's head with the other. He would look at the picture awhile and then at the dog. He would make gestures to the silent brute, then burst out crying. The dog stunk so badly one could hardly endure it, but Tom did not notice this. He had father and mother, sisters and brothers, but his only friend was the dog. Now the dog was dead.

Mr Bennant had intended to whip Tom for tearing the book. But he threw away the stick. Tom saw the stick fall and jumped up. He saw his father and hiding the picture under his shirt, ran to the house. Mr Bennant sympathized with the boy in his grief, but he could not see why a boy should cry over a mean, thieving, egg-sucking dog. How-

ever, Tom was allowed to keep the picture. Never a day passed but he took out the picture and looked at it. He went out in the yard and picked up the dog's old bones and piled them in his trunk. They were always thrown out. Finally, he was allowed to put them in a box out of the house. Here no one molested them.

When Tom was six years old his father heard of a school for deaf children. Here he was informed that his boy could be educated and that without money. Mr Bennant had no idea Tom could learn anything, but he wanted the boy taken out of his hands. In a few weeks Tom was sent to the school.

Of course everything was very queer to him when he first got there. What seemed to be the queerest was that here were so many other children like himself. After a few days however he became acquainted and was delighted with his surroundings. He showed his teacher the picture of the dog and managed to make his story understood. Mr. Wells, his teacher, was interested, and Tom found another friend. Indeed, he found friends all around him. He soon learned to write on his slate. Before the end of the year he could write many sentences and knew the names of his family and many things around him. Not only this but he learned how to work and draw pictures.

When he went home in June he showed what he could do. He took his slate and wrote the name of his father, his mother and his brothers and sisters, and many other things he had learned at school. He taught the children to spell on the fingers and to make signs. Tom was no longer the idiot of the family.

All were astonished. Mr Bennant was not ashamed of Tom now. The neighbors would come in. They would see Tom writing and could hardly believe he was really the same boy. They soon began to say, "Tom is the smartest child Bennant has got."

Tom was in school twelve years. He could have been graduated two years earlier but he was thought to be too young. The day after he was graduated he was offered a position as book-keeper in a large grocery house but declined it.

He decided to help his father on the farm. Mr Bennant had bought a farm and needed his help. Tom staid on the farm and worked for two years, during which time he kept his father's accounts. All his spare time he would get a book and stay by his sick mother's bedside and wait on her.

One day his youngest sister Kate came running into the house crying and said a rattlesnake had bitten her on the ankle. She was badly scared but finally told Tom what was the matter. He had read in the newspapers how to treat a snake bite. He hunted for some whiskey but none was on hand. He picked up a bottle of camphor and made his sister drink a quantity of it. He then took out his knife and lacerated the place where the snake had bitten her. Then placing his mouth on the wound he sucked out the poison. Thus he spit out of his mouth. But he had recently had a tooth pulled and his gum was still sore. After a while his sister was safe but Tom began to feel dizzy. He now realized he himself was poisoned. He rushed to the camphor bottle, but the camphor was nearly all gone. He drank what was left but it had no effect.

When Mr Bennant arrived Tom was nearly gone. His mind was wandering. He had gone back to his childhood days and was thinking of his old-time friend, the cur dog. He signalled for the picture of his old comrade. It was found in his trunk for he had always kept it. The picture was put in his hand. He clutched it instantly. For a moment he came to himself. He reached out his left hand and grasped his sister Kate's. Thus with one hand holding the picture of his old friend and the other holding the sister he had saved, he died. Tom was a hero. Even when un-

educated and thought to be an idiot he was a hero at heart. The spirit that caused him to sit by the dead dog and mourn in his ignorant childhood, was the same that in after years made him give his life to save his sister.

### His Views of Deaf-Mutes.

I meet on the street all kinds and descriptions of people, and hear spoken all kinds of languages and lingoes, but of all the people I meet none are so interesting and curious as the deaf-mutes when two or more of them are walking or standing and talking on the sidewalk.

I met two of them yesterday afternoon - two young ladies, with faces as cheerful as cherubs, eyes as bright as diamonds neatly and stylishly dressed, who were as vivacious as any two girls I have ever seen together anywhere.

As all educated mutes do, they conversed with their heads and fingers by gesticulations, by expressions, nods and winks, and such like devices.

I walked near them for a block or two, merely to watch them in the happy time they were having together, all by themselves, along the thorough street, for they seemed utterly oblivious of other people, and apparently didn't care for anybody or anything except their own interchanges of thought and emotion. And yet they were beautifully modest in it all, keeping their hands and fingers going as lively as other ladies keep their tongues and lips going, not obtrusively so as to attract attention, but in a quiet, subdued sort of manner, as much as to say, "We are having a nice little chat between us, and 't's nobody's business, so long as it is all our own fun."

They smiled and laughed, often looked into each other's faces intently, exchanging looks as well as signs, and went tripping along merrily as children at play.

Verily, I thought, to be deprived of the uses of the ear and the tongue is not, after all, so serious a matter, if these hearless and speechless creatures can entertain each other thus cheerily by means of their own sign-language.

I have noticed that nearly all deaf-mutes are of a nervous temperament and excessively sensitive, but of a very social turn of mind when they have a fair chance to gratify this propensity.

One of the most intelligent and sunny souled men I ever met is a deaf-mute - a gentleman of education and many accomplishments. He and I talk together by means of paper and pencil, and many a good time we have had together.

I once told him I had great sympathy for him in his deprivation. "No need of sympathy," he wrote; "I am spared the hearing of many bad noises and even sayings, and am happier in not hearing them." That man is a philosopher. - *The Stroller, in Chicago Journal.*

### A Miser Baffled.

A miser having lost a hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it to him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman demanding the ten pounds.

But the miser, to baffle him, alleged that there was a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man was advised to sue for the money; and when the case came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal on the bag had not been broken or the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel: "That bag you lost had one hundred and ten pounds in it, you say?" "Yes, my lord," he replied.

"Then," said the judge, "according to evidence given in court, this bag of money cannot be your property, for inside there were but a hundred pounds. Therefore, the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears and proves his claims."