

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. III.,

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 15, 1894.

NO. 9.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

M. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
M. MATHISON, Nurse.
E. EAKINS, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

MR. COLFMAN, M. A. (Head Teacher).
MR. J. O. TERRILL, Miss J. O. TERRILL.
MR. DUNN, Miss M. M. TEMPLETON.
MR. J. H. HULL, B. A., Miss M. M. O'CONNOR.
MR. J. M. HILLIOP, Miss MARY HULL.
MR. J. CAMPBELL, Miss FLORENCE MAYNOR.
MR. F. STEWART, Miss MELVIA L. HALL.
Miss ADA JAMES, Monthy.

Miss MARGERY GURLEY, Teacher of Articulation.

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
Miss EDITH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss I. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS,
Book and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

I. O. SMITH, FRANK FLYNN,
Bookkeeper and Clerk, Master Carpenter.

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. SURAK,
Superintendent of Boys, Master Shoemaker.

Miss A. GALE, B. S., D. CENNISHAM,
Instructor of Sewing, Master Baker.

J. MIDDLEMAN, THOMAS WILLS,
Engineer, Gardener.

MICHAEL O'NEARA, Farmer.

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 partially or totally, 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 students 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, which 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, Bookbinding 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 ends the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission, the number of pupils, etc., will be given upon application to be by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

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 does not go to the post office at noon and 4:30 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 fee, unless the same is in the locked box.



What Rules the World.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers than he,
But a mightier power struggles
Man from his throne has hurled—
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

In deep, mysterious conclave,
And philosophic minds,
Unravelling knotty problems,
His native sphere man finds
Yet all his "fear" and "fame"
To Heaven's four winds are hurled—
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Behold the brave commander
Stanch 'mid the carnage stand
Behold the custom doing
With the colours in his hand
Brave men they be—yet craven
When his banner is unfurled
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
Thine's giants regulate,
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is peared—
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.



How to Get On in the World.

Most of our successful men began life without a dollar. They have won success by hard work and strict honesty. You can do the same. Here are a dozen rules for getting on in the world.

1. Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does, riches is a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success.
2. Work. The world is not going to pay you for nothing. Ninety per cent of what men call genius is only talent for hard work.
3. Enter into that business or trade which you like best, and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable.
4. Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer your difficulties.
5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No boy can rise who slights his work.
6. Don't try to begin at the top. Begin at the bottom and you will have a chance to rise, and will be sure of reaching the top sometime.
7. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribe on your banner, "luck is a fool; pluck is a hero."
8. Be punctual. Keep your appointments. Be there a minute before time if you have to lose dinner to do it.
9. Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow is money in your pocket.
10. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.
11. Spend less than you earn. Do not run in debt. Watch the little leaks and you can live on your salary.
12. Make all the money you can honestly, do all the good you can with it, while you live and, be your own executor.

It is natural to seek companionship. The link is a mysterious one which binds human hearts together, but just in proportion to its strength will be the influence which friend will exercise over friend for good or evil. No conscious influence may be exerted, but the feelings, tastes, and principles become closely blended. As wax retains the figure of the seal, so the mind retains the impressions made by intercourse and association.—Mrs. E. G. White.

A Plucky Boy.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man, said the merchant (he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner). "What will you have to-day?"

"O, please sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter."

"O yes, I can, and I'm growing, please, growing fast, there, see if I can't look over the counter?"

"Yes; by standing on your toes; are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," said the voice hesitatingly.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him, he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way around.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said very gravely; "but I reckon if I get close enough, I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the next rejoinder. "Folks say I am very small for my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket book, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and I—have—not—had—any breakfast, sir." The voice again hesitated and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?" The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't allow me to beg, sir," was the simple answer.

"Hoop! Where is your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer 'City of Boston.'"

"Ah, that's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see," and he puckered up his mouth, and looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking into his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir, died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, then put his pen behind his ear, then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"O I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small, indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you have got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir, work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps as might be better stated, laughed and

chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, these in that cement house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I'm got it; mother? I'm took. I'm a cash boy! Don't you know when they take parcels, the clerks call 'Cash?'—well, I'm that. Four dollars a week and the man says I have real pluck, courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast;—and don't you cry over again, for I'm the man of the house now."—*English Journal.*

When You Have Visitors.

A writer in the *Virginia School Journal* offers the following suggestions as to the treatment of visitors to the school-room:

- Don't make excuses.
- Don't ask visitors if they wish any certain subject taught.
- Don't change regular order work unless requested.
- Teach as if no stranger were in the room.

Don't leave your pupils and pay too much attention to the visitors. There is sure to be disorder if you do.

Always be ready for visitors. Never allow your pupils to get into such conditions or positions, as you would not care to have visitors to see.

Don't try to cover mistakes of pupils. Mistakes are only natural. Visitors enjoy them and delight to see children correct themselves and each other.

Be natural. Don't put a "visitors" manner or voice; the children will notice it, and, being unused to the sudden change, will not respond promptly. They will, too, set you down as a hypocrite.

Why People Become Deaf.

It has taken the medical world a great many years to discover that loss of hearing is almost invariably caused by some disease of the throat or nose or both. But very recent researches in these fields have demonstrated the fact beyond question, and it is now admitted by the more advanced medical men, that, aside from rupture of the eardrum, there is scarcely a symptom of defective hearing which is not traceable directly to the condition of the nose and throat. In view of the new discoveries, ear specialists are finding their occupation gone, save as they make their particular branch an assistant in further investigation. It is said that use of the smelling-salts is one of the most prolific causes of deafness, operating by weakening the olfactory nerves, and through them the auditory system. All strong or pungent odors should be avoided as far as possible, especially those which act upon the secreting processes, and as the popular expression goes "make the nose run."—*Science Signings.*

Drawing for Deaf-Mutes.

Drawing is almost as important for the deaf-mutes as writing. Outside of the fact that it will furnish many hours of amusement, the power of expressing their thought by the delineation of objects will be an immense help to them in every day life. Drawing cannot fail also to be of help to them in their different trades. There is no reason either why a deaf-mute gifted with sufficient talent should not become a sculptor or artist of reputation. They are not handicapped here, as in work where they need the power of learning. The training at first must of course be much longer, but there is no reason why they should not ultimately succeed. Artists and sculptors of note have already risen from the ranks of the deaf; why should the numbers not increase? In applied design and illustration the difficulties to be overcome are far greater, yet even in these lines by long and continued effort some of our pupils may succeed. Let us at least hope so.—*Ez.*