



THE CANADIAN MUTE

Four, six or eight pages

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

- First - That a number of our pupils may learn typewriting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.
- Second - To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.
- Third - To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless other wise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of anyone will be admitted. If we know it.

ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 25 cents a line for each insertion.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE
ONTARIO



WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1899.

Neglected Children.

One of the most interesting publications issued by the Ontario Government is the annual report of Mr. J. J. Kelso, Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children, and the sixth issue, which is just to hand, is perhaps the most interesting and valuable of all. Mr. Kelso's work has of necessity to do largely with the sorrows and tragedies of life, and much of the pathos of the incidents which he and his co-workers have witnessed, and the experiences which they have gone through, has been portrayed in vivid, burning words in the pages of his report, and he makes an eloquent plea for more active cooperation of the Children's Aid Societies, and of all lovers of childhood, in the work of rescuing these neglected boys and girls. Last year 225, and during the past five years 824 children were removed from vicious surroundings and placed in happy and comfortable homes, most of whom would doubtless have otherwise developed into irreclaimable criminals. This, however, does not represent all the work done, for, in addition, hundreds of parents, who were negligent or cruel towards their children, were persuaded or compelled to reform in this respect, and untold misery has thus been averted. The report is embellished with numerous pictures, the sight of which is sufficient to bring tears even to unwonted eyes, while the contrasted pictures of some of these neglected ones as they now appear in their new homes strikingly illustrate the beneficent nature of the work accomplished. One picture is particularly pathetic—a tiny child sitting on a chair, with the sad, dreary, abandoned look which should never be seen on an infant's face, and whose whole attitude and expression eloquently plead "I wish I had some one to love me." Sad beyond expression it is to know

that even in the favored province of ours there are thousands of little children who have never once heard the accents of love or felt a caressing touch or experienced any of those tokens of endearment which are as the very breath of life to every child. Whether viewed from this higher sentimental aspect, or from the lower ground of economy and public utility, this work is one that commends itself to every one of us, and it is to be hoped much more will be accomplished in 1899 than in any previous year. To look helplessly on while children are being trained up by hundreds to become vicious and criminal men and women, reserving all our money and energy for their apprehension and punishment when they have become full fledged, is too short-sighted and rimous a policy to be perpetuated by an intelligent community.

Helen Keller, Tommy Stringer and Mr. Geo. O. Goodhue.

In the CANADIAN MUTE of February last it is stated that Canadian Mr. Goodhue originated the movement for the education of the blind boy Tommy Stringer. No one yet has thoroughly investigated that matter since it was when it was alleged that a gentleman in Pittsburgh, Pa., was entitled to the credit of getting Tommy to the Perkins Institution and our researches show that Helen Keller was entitled to the whole credit and while we doubt not that Mr. Mize has evidence on which to base a statement we must believe that the fact remains true that Helen was the one and the only one who originated and carried through that movement. *Michigan Mirror.*

THE EVIDENCE.

EDITOR MIRROR: Replying to your mention in your number of March 2nd I would say that the article in THE CANADIAN MUTE referred to is almost strictly correct, although it may commonly be misunderstood. It is a fact that the movement which resulted in raising the money to take Tommy to the Perkins Institution was initiated by Mr. Goodhue, but the devoting the money to Tommy was Helen's own act, as Mr. Goodhue's proposal was directed towards Helen herself. The story in brief is this: I gave Helen a mastiff which was shot by a policeman near her home under one of those stupid ordinances about dogs running at large. Helen was terribly distressed when she heard of it, yet amidst her sobs and tears, her lovely disposition shone on, and she said, "They could not have known what a good dog, lioness was, or they would not have done it." In my indignation at such stupidity as the ordinance referred to I mentioned the death of the dog and Helen's forgiveness of its murderer in *Forest and Stream*, whereupon Mr. Goodhue urged that the readers of that paper should join in a fund to buy Helen another dog, and I got all kinds of offers of dogs, contributions, etc., when Helen heard of it and begged that the money should be given for Tommy's education instead of the purpose originally proposed. This took like wildfire, and I even got large contributions from England and Helen's "Tommy Fund" was the result. Therefore it is strictly correct that the large heart of my excellent friend, Mr. Goodhue, started the movement that finally developed into Helen's most beautiful charity. *Your truly, W. Wain.*
Oakmount, Pa., Feb. 28, 1899.

Some day, perhaps our neighbors north of the great lakes will join with us in fraternal celebration of Washington's birthday, as they do now in annual Thanksgiving.

We would not have the least objection to doing so, even now, if we were spending the day on the other side of the border. George Washington, though considerably overrated, was no doubt both a great and a good man and as his many fine qualities of head and heart were due entirely to the good British blood that flowed in his veins, of course we, as Britishers and as the joint heirs with him of this noble heritage of British pluck and British virtue, could have no scruples in doing him honor. It is but just to say, however, that Britain has produced a multitude of men in all respects his equal but lacking only his golden opportunity.

The Executive Committee of the National Association of the Deaf has finally decided that the sixth Convention of the Association shall be held at St. Paul, Minn., July 11-14, 1899.

Another Marriage

One of our old pupils was married in Buffalo, as will be seen from a perusal of the following:

On Monday, March 14, an extraordinary wedding ceremony took place in the Hall of the Hotel of the Buffalo, N. Y. The bride was the daughter of Mrs. M. J. Deane, of Buffalo, N. Y. The groom was Miss Catherine, of Buffalo, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Adams, of Buffalo, N. Y. The bride was Miss Catherine, of Buffalo, N. Y. The groom was Miss Catherine, of Buffalo, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Adams, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Congratulations are in order and we tender ours, hoping the happy couple will live long and prosper.

A minister, who was addicted to the habit of whistling, was one day, while whisking in a half-hearted sort of way, accosted by a small boy, who inquired if that was the best he could do. The minister said no, and the little fellow insisted that he should try again, which was done to the small boy's satisfaction, who thereupon administered his child's rebukes in the words, "Well if you can whistle good, what were you whistling that way for?" That boy had got hold of an important part of the deepest philosophy of life, and had discovered the man's-prag of human success. If every boy or girl in our classes would only act on the principle of doing every thing, no matter how unimportant, in the best possible manner, what a marvellous difference it would make in the class rooms. The experience of every teacher is that the worst trials he has to contend with is slothful work done by careless and indifferent pupils. Two-thirds of our pupils could do better work than they do if only they would take pains and do their very best at all times and under all circumstances. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, is a golden rule of action, and should be the animating principle of every act, whether in some arduous and important enterprise, or in the smallest duties of life.

The Kansas Institution has a class in cooking and sometimes the pupils entertain the officers and teachers with samples of their culinary productions. It speaks volumes for the caution constitutions of our Kansas friends that no fatal results have resulted. We do not know whether or not hockey is a favorite game in Kansas, but if so, would the salt cooking-law could furnish any number of nearly indestructible pucks. *Canadian Mute.*

No, we don't play hockey, and consequently have no use for pucks, but do know when we get something good to eat and we eat it. If we could feed our Canada friend and his entire hockey team on our industrial kitchen product, they would soon have a cast iron constitution that would withstand the club of an opponent if they happened to get it in the week, while engaged in their favorite sport. We cannot furnish you with good pucks, but we can make good "puck chasers" out of you. *Kansas Star.*

Yes, no doubt. A good athlete must eat sparingly and only of the plainest food and if the aforesaid cooking class was feeding our hockeyists, no doubt they would eat sparingly enough to satisfy the most rigid trainer.

There are 259 blind deaf mutes in the United States, according to the last census. This seems quite beyond the usual proportions. So far as we know or can ascertain Canada does not contain a single one of those doubly afflicted persons. There would seem to be great need for a special school in the States for this class.

On Sept. 15th 1830, George Stephen ran the first locomotive over the line between Liverpool and Manchester—a distance of thirty miles, so that 69 years ago this was the only railway with a locomotive in the world. The merchant of Toronto can post a letter to-day, and get a reply from London, England, in less time than he could in 1830 get an answer from Quebec.

A Song.

Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds
And gather in summer a lapful of gold
This is the song of the wind in the trees
Sown by the roadside and over the sea
Under the sunshine and under the stars
Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds
And gather in summer a lapful of gold
Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds
And gather in summer a lapful of gold
Their blossoms shall come to these eyes
Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds
And gather in summer a lapful of gold
Harper's Second.

Bottled Sunshine.

Oh mamma, our minister preached a funny sermon this morning, said Marge Hoyt to her invalid mother upon returning from church one Sunday.
"What was it about, dear?" her mother asked.
"He talked about bottled sunshine."
"He explained how the sun shone in trees and they took the sunshine into them and it made them grow, and the trees turned into coal and when a light it, it gives out a bright sunshine again, and then he said we should be bottling up God's sunshine in our hearts to make others happy. Now, mamma, tell me what he meant. And is it true that coal was once wood?"
"Yes, my child, the coal we burn, once wood white, lay buried many years stored up by our heavenly Father's use."
"But I never heard it called bottled sunshine."
"I think it a pretty thought, don't you?" But far more beautiful is my thought that we may be bottling up sunshine all the time for the comfort and happiness of others."
"How, mamma?"
"By getting into habits of kindness. When you are thoughtful of others, you store up a kind, loving disposition, and will shine out like sunshine and bless you, treasure to your friends."
"I see when you take disappointments pleasantly, you are getting a habit of cheerfulness that will sparkle and shine more than the most beautiful diamonds. Reading God's word and loving Him will help you most of all to be a blessing and substitute to others. I once knew a blind man who had bottled up a good supply of sunshine."
"Why, mamma, how could he?"
"He was so patient, kind and loving that every one who knew him felt better for being in his company, just as you and I feel better for this beautiful sunshine."
"Then he knew a great deal. He bottled up knowledge and often when we wanted to know something that we could not find in books, we went to him and he gave us the information we wanted."
"Do you know anybody else that he bottled up sunshine, mamma?"
"I do. Somebody who does not forget to say, 'Good morning, mamma' and who always smiles pleasantly when she says it. Somebody who runs to open the door for papa when he comes home tired at night from work. Somebody who walks softly when mamma's head aches."
"Oh, mamma, do you call that sunshine?"
"Yes, my dear, I do."
"Then, mamma, I'll bottle up a big jugful," said little Marge, as she tripped away. *The Child's Paper, Adapted.*

The Oak and the Vine.

Once a little vine grew close beside the sturdy oak. It was growing tall but so slender it could not stand alone. "Hold near me, O Oak!" said the Vine "that you may be a support to me!" Gladly would I give my strength to support you," said the oak, "but I am too large and solid to bend. But cling close to me, and I will hold you firm, even if you climb as high as the clouds." The Vine gratefully obeyed, and clung to the rough trunk of the Oak with its tender arms.
Each year it grew stronger, and its glossy, green leaves and scarlet berries adorned the old Oak till he stood in the forest like a warrior with all his plumes. And the Oak said, "So the Master of life will that by the aid of the strong, the weak gains strength."

WANTED

IMMEDIATELY, A GOOD MAN or STRONG BOY, to assist on farm. Apply to J. H. COYNE, Douville, C. O., Ont. March, 1899.