

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. I.,

BELLEVILLE, SEPTEMBER 16, 1892.

NO. 10.



## A SONG OF CHEER.

The world's a wilderness of woes,  
 If you're pleased to find it,  
 You'll find it so, if you choose to conquer fate,  
 With a laugh, and never mind it.

The stormy tempests come, my dear,  
 They're here, you know,  
 When through the thunders riven night,  
 The lightning flash and glow

Since the morning came,  
 In joyous song together,  
 The night has ushered in the dawn,  
 And a sun, sunny weather

There never yet, was less so long,  
 In some where had a turning,  
 As if it were a flame so hot,  
 And yet in the burning

So, though the world look dark and drear,  
 In life scarce worth the living,  
 To murder a man shall brighter shine  
 In joy and gladness giving.

So never how to advance fate,  
 If ever strong you find it,  
 Unquered when you smile and say,  
 "I will not mind it."

— Catherine Jewell.



## Little Evelyn's Funny Dream.

"What a funny dream I've had," said little Evelyn, coming into the breakfast room. All eyes turned at once to her happy, glowing face. Whoever she talked, something mysterious was likely to be the subject.

"Well," said her mamma, "and what was the dream about?" "Something nice, as you'd be by your looks."

"It was nothing but a soul, but that soul was the prettiest thing in the world and was alive. Some one came and carried it off. It trembled and wondered where it was going to be taken. At last it came to a garden and it was set on the ground. A man dug a hole in the earth and took up the lovely soul to put it in a box. But the soul cried pitiously. The hole was dark and I don't want to be left there alone. No, no! Don't be afraid and be softly 'some day you will be glad.'

"Then the little story-teller paused and sighed, shaking back her curls, she went on. "It was a sad time, very sad for the poor soul. But there it lay a long time under the soil and snow and slant. When spring came the soil was warm. It was not hurt a bit and right over it, was sprouted a green thing. It got up higher and higher all fresh and beautiful. And what do you think, mamma? The little soul came out here and lots of new souls were like the one buried? The little soul was delighted and said, 'How silly I was to be afraid of such a nice resting place. I hadn't been put in the ground I should never have enjoyed this light and these pleasant mates.'

"Now, mamma, I guess the reason I dreamed such a funny dream is what you told me of a dear little brother's story. You remember how loud I cried and wailed everybody? But you comforted me mamma by whispering very softly, 'Don't cry dear, you're going to see your brother again on resurrection day.'"

— St. Louis Republic.

## Good Advice

Be like  
 the humble  
 man. Few promises  
 are kept. Speak the truth  
 when a fool talks  
 his own company or does  
 not understand things.  
 Be true to your engagements.  
 Speak lightly of religion  
 and of the father of security.

## A REMARKABLE PARROT.

IT TAKES AN INTEREST IN ABOUT EVERY THING THAT GOES ON NEAR BY.

Charles F. Knapp owns a parrot which, he says, is the most intelligent biped in the city. The bird is a magnificent specimen of the South American parrot, with a fine yellow head, rich green plumage, with red tipped wings and gray bill. He answers to the name of Charley. A reporter who called on Mr. Knapp was greeted with "Hello, stranger look-a-boo; I see you. Have you wiped your feet?" spoken in tones almost indistinguishable from the human voice and delivered by the parrot with a knowing wink and cock of the head. "Take a seat, gentleman. Charley's glad to see you," continued the bird, and the wonderful specimen of the feathered world continued with a running fire of comment during the whole of the reporter's visit.

Charley is quite a young bird being only about two years old. Mr. Knapp bought him for a trifle eighteen months ago from a steward of a Panama steamer. Since then Mr. Knapp and his wife have reared and trained him and taught him all he knows. Some time ago Mr. Knapp was offered \$200 for the bird, and knowing that his wife wanted a new piano he told her she might sell the parrot and get the piano, but she said she would not part with her feathered pet for two pianos.

When Mr. and Mrs. Knapp sit down to breakfast in the morning, if Charley has not been attended to, he will shout "Ah, Charley wants a cup of coffee," "Charley wants a cracker," "Charley wants his cage cleaned." After partaking of his breakfast, coffee and crackers as ordered, he is generally hung out in the morning sun in front of the house, and there he commences his daily exercises by calling all the neighbors by name, and then many of the school children who pass by and whose names he has learned, until he has got quite a little crowd around him.

Then Charley starts in to amuse them by singing all the popular songs of the day, such as "Oh, what a Difference in the Morning," "Little Annie Rooney," "Razzle Dazzle," etc.

The next subjects he works upon in his daily performances are the itinerant peddlers, and his imitations of the various shouts, such as "Rags, rags and bottles!" "Glass put in!" and "Strawberries! strawberries!" must be heard to be believed. So must his almost perfect imitations of chickens, cats and dogs, and he calls all three and whistles, moves, barks and talks to them. He will also greet strangers passing by with "Hello, there! how do you do?" "I see you, you are just my size." "I'll steal you if you don't mind," and "I'm going away now good-by, by by." Charley, however, never uses bad language, and if any of the procoecious youths who listen to his entertainments make any profane remark he will never repeat it, but retort "Rats, you're a bad boy." "Go on, away, you naughty boy."

The parrot once nearly got Mr. Knapp into hot water. He was taking Charley down town on a freight street car, which stopped to admit a stylishly dressed young lady, who was about to take her seat in the crowded car, when Charley opened her and immediately sang out, "Chippie, got your hair cut, hair cut, hair cut Chippie, got your hair cut, hair cut short." The girl flushed with anger and the passengers roared with laughter, but the young lady's brother, who was standing outside on the rear platform, came inside and was about to take summary vengeance on Mr. Knapp, from whom he thought the remarks had come. His anger, however, changed to laughter when he discovered that the offender was only a bird. The big brother returned to the rear platform, Charley shouting "Rats" after him as he disappeared through the door. — San Francisco Chronicle.

## THE OLD DECANTER

There was an old decanter  
 And its mouth was gajing wide,  
 The rosy wine had ebbed away and left its crystal side,  
 And the wind went humming,  
 Humming, up and down the sides it flew,  
 And through its real like hollow neck,  
 The wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window where the blast was blowing free,  
 And fanned that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me.

"They tell me—pussy conquerors! the Magne has slain his tea, and War has hunted thousand of the very best of men, but I—'twas thus the bottle spoke—'but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirit up, that puts to shame your conquerors that stay their scores below, for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of war. 'Tis in the path of battle darkness waves of blood may roll; yet while I've killed the body, I have damned the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword, such ruin never wrought as I, in thirst or malice, on the innocents have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrivel before my breath, and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road of DEATH!"

## Sound Logic.

One of the greatest hindrances of our pupils in learning arithmetic is the lack of knowledge of the value of articles. The hearing child is constantly hearing business affairs, cost price of this and that, discussed in the family circle and on the street, and is frequently called upon to go to market for the family, so he early picks up a lot of information that serves as a good basis for a foundation in arithmetic later on. But the deaf child misses all of this, and it is a genuine task to develop in him an understanding of gain or loss as involved in any transaction. As a rule the deaf child handles no money, all of his purchases being made for him by other members of the family. This is a great mistake. The deaf child should be taught the proper use of money, what is a reasonable price to pay for an article, and in short given some of that training that his hearing brothers and sisters receive. We urge the parents of pupils who read this will take their children to market with them occasionally and let them do some of the purchasing under proper supervision. If this should be done we feel sure that the work of the pupils in the arithmetic classes would show marked improvement. — Kentucky Deaf-Mute.

## Going to Work.

Every year boys are leaving school and going to work. Nine times out of ten they think it will be great fun to leave exacting school duties behind, and enter upon a business life.

I sometimes wonder if they realize just how unequal the exchange has been. They leave behind comparative freedom for an occupation that will demand constant energy and application. The great inventor, Edison, once said to a boy just beginning his business life: "Never look at the clock."

Just think what that means. Ninety out of every one hundred men fail once during their business career. If you would be among the few that do not fail, you will be obliged to put forth every effort.

The old Romans had a common saying that a man was able because he seemed to be able, which is to say that there is no known rule by which a man can win success. It is that happy combination of qualities, chief among which come honesty and fair dealing, which makes men a power among their fellow-men.

The need to-day is for boys who are willing and not afraid of hard work; boys who feel enough interest in their work to improve in it and advance their own interests by pushing the business of their employer. A boy of this kind can soon find a good position. — Selected.

## OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY.

AND LOYAL CANADIAN PEOPLE.

In the Silent World of July 7th there was an interesting contribution from "S. C. B.," who wrote from Belleville under date of June 27th. We quote therefrom as follows:—

"There can scarcely be a lovelier little city within Canada than Belleville, where our lot has been cast. The streets are broad, level, well paved and delightfully shaded by grand old trees, whose branches reach far out on all sides and in many places interlock above the roadways, so we drive under arches of green, triumphal arches far lovelier than any erected by man to conquering heroes, and they are continual also, and our music is furnished by the birds, music unrivaled by any orchestra for harmony or beauty. Out in the residence park of the city, more excellent roads it would be hard to find, for they have the advantage of a natural rock foundation, and they are kept in such excellent repair they are as smooth as any racetrack. Mud, as we know the article in Pennsylvania, is unheard of here, instead we have dust, for the soil dries very quickly, we had dust in March, when you were waiting about in mud above your ankles.

"A huge field a short distance beyond us is covered with row upon row of white tents, for the soldiers are with us; they came last Monday, nine hundred strong, for their annual two weeks' encampment. It is said that by next Saturday, which is "Dominion Day," we will have about two thousand red coats in town, to participate in the general celebration that will mark the day. It will be very much the same as our American "Fourth of July."

"Besides the nine hundred men, there are some hundred or more horses, and it is an interesting and gay sight when all are together. When upon dress parade the horses shine like satin, indeed we entertain suspicion of a liberal supply of varnish in the camp, and the men look as if they had just been taken from a band-box, stiff and straight and immaculate. Their brilliant scarlet coats, flashing swords, and the officers' gold lace trimmed uniforms make a beautiful picture as they move here and there over the green sward when drilling.

"The troops of cavalry dash over the fields a solid body of men and horses, and as they pace down our broad roadways under the arching trees, it is a grand and inspiring spectacle.

"If the loyalty of the Queen's subjects can be measured by the times they play or sing "God Save the Queen," these Canadians are the most loyal subjects upon the face of the earth. A dozen times a day do the familiar strains reach us from the camp. In church, in concert, in school, you never fail to hear the familiar tune. It is their manner of signifying the close of every exercise, as with Americans "Home, Sweet Home" is used. But the latter is as familiar as the former.

"There are loyal Americans under our roof who invariably sing "America" when the band strikes up "God Save the Queen." And there are others whose musical powers having long since failed, but whose loyalty is just as great, have purchased the largest American flags to be found in town (8x12 inches) and will decorate the house with them on July 1st, and try to make up by number what is lacking in size when placed beside the royal standard and England's ensign. Long may they wave side by side, flags of our native land and flags of the land of our adoption!

"God Save the Queen."

The new buildings for the North Carolina school are being pushed forward very rapidly. They will be thoroughly equipped.