

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA



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THOMAS WILK, Director

POETRY

MANNERS.

By Henry B. Healy, Chafford, England for
merely of Toronto Ont.

Good manners make a man old Whiskam
saith
Sweet true a-sigher of from human breath
letter is it than gentle heavenly flame
To reach success it is far more than fame
For graceful manners make each man a friend
easily to aid, and earnest to defend
It is not easy to define them well,
Therefore an anecdote is best to tell
To illustrate my meaning. On a time
A certain traveller in the torrid time
Of Central Africa was wandering dressed
In a small swallow tailed, and flowered coat
And met a chieftain and in but a plume
Of ostrich feathers and thought else, in whom
He offered friendly greetings, by a sign
Well known to those who dwell within that line
Of hemisphere. Both the men stared
At such a garb, upon each other gazed,
Each felt strong inclination for a snuff-
but, the good manners of the land of Nile
Forbade the chieftain to insult the man
Whose dress to him seemed on so strange a plan
Though he had never in that latitude
Seen such a figure on his sight, intrude
He gravely offered hospitable fare
Within his native hut and led him there
You see without the least etiquette
This naked man had true politeness yet
For that consists in never giving pain
Without necessity, or cast a stain
On any person's character because
Appearance seems to be against the laws
That they are used to and if they shall see
A needy stranger offer charity

There are some men and women who appear
to think they live within an atmosphere
far above that in which the common herd
of men reside and if these drop a word
Not quite so worshipful as they suppose
is due to their high mightiness, they raise
With most malignant virtue all the while
They tread on others' corns, 'till they make on-
sults

To see how tears flow down if winter time
should be deserted or if others slun
Their company, each person seems to want
Inquisition, and are therefore acant
Of manner just because they fail to plea-
Themselves a moment in the sufferer's case

Good manners and high breeding seem to be
A substitute for Christianity
If we could live with peace and calm around
We might ourselves avoid to hurt or wound
It is quite true that many act so well
It is impossible for man to tell
If they are genuine Christians, or not seem.
And for their purposes, as would have Jesus
Yet, still the mask will sometimes fall aside
And sudden shame attack the wearer's pride
For, who can always act the gentleman
It then disclosed to be a charlatan
Another man, perhaps, may quite confuse
More etiquette and manners and pursue
A false ideal for etiquette is like
Prothipion wine, and merely seeks to strike
Attention on betrakers at the door
Entreats that someone else may walk before
He is too humble, etiquette may be
Excellent in its place, but charity
Involves good manners always, and is real
Pressing that we need no false ideal
Some people put on manners when they choose
As they might clothing, to suit business views
Broad both one day, and superior (cravat
To meet his lordship this and lady that
While an old coat and any sabbie tie
Are good enough next day for Pittsburg
Enter their house and hear the humbug talk
My dear and darling Jane they try to talk
Their conscience with the notion company
Concludes all aims of civility
Men of good manner, always are the same
Courteous to countess or in village dame
Not condescending in the air of some
Fondling their friendships upon worth alike
Evil communications always tempt
To ruin gentle manners in the end,
And any special honour they bestow
On others, is not that they wish to show
Respect to place or power, but to try
To reverence greatness in humanity

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An Unfortunate Mute.

The Chicago correspondent of the
Advance reports as follows:—An un-
educated Canadian mute named Roden
has for many years been employed in
the shoe factory of John Mullin & Son.
In years past he was the only support
of his widowed mother, towards whose
comfort and happiness all his earnings
went. Naturally the mother decided to
will her property to him, which then
did not amount to much. But the
mute's brothers took advantage of his
ignorance by making away with the will
and changing it to suit themselves.
The property is now worth a consider-
able sum being located on Lyndale
avenue. Meanwhile the mute now fifty
one years of age plods wearily along in
life on a shoe-maker's bench.

There are 77 schools for the deaf and
680 teachers engaged for instruction

MISCELLANEOUS

Cure of the Ear.

There is something disconcerting in
the progress of science in the treatment
of deafness. Where twenty cases of
trouble with the ears are cured, probably
not more than one of deafness is helped
at all. This is accounted for by the
greater need of oversight than of hearing
in the work of life, and of the consequent
inducements which have been presented
to the investigation of diseases of the
ears. But every one numbers among
his acquaintances scores of people many
of them young or middle-aged who suf-
fer cruelly from their infirmity. The les-
son is strongly thrust upon us to take
the most stringent care of our hearing
and of that of our families.

Never allow your children's ears to be
boxed. In washing them handle
them with the greatest care. While not
unduly muffled the ears in winter see
that during long rides, and in all other
cases of protracted exposure, these deli-
cate organs are well protected. After
scarlet fever and during the progress of
hay fever and other disorders which are
likely to affect the ears see that the best
possible care is taken of them.

Teachers should explain the structure
of this wonderful organ, and the laws
which govern it to their pupils. An
elderly man, one of the humblest and
most devout of Christians who had been
deaf for many years, one day was gazing
longingly up at the leaves of a great tree
above him which were waving in the
June breeze. What are you looking at,
father? asked his daughter. His reply
brought tears to the eyes of all who
heard it. Oh, nothing nothing my
dear. With an attempt to be cheerful
which was habitual with him, "I was
only thinking how many years it had
been since I had heard the pleasant rust-
ling which the leaves make when there
is a little wind like this, and how nice it
would be to hear the birds sing again.
That is one of the happy things that I
am looking forward to up there," and
he pointed reverently to the sky.

The Nervous Teacher.

One of the characteristic traits of a
successful teacher is a nervous tempera-
ment. It is quick to see and the roguery
of a class would not be able to get up
much of a carnival with a teacher of this
temperament at the desk. It is not slow
to apprehend and so inspires confidence
and gives to the children a feeling that
the teacher is to be respected and obeyed.
But it has its danger. Such a tem-
perament unless balanced by a pretty
large fund of good sense is very apt to
lead to a critical even scolding habit.
The teacher complains of the children
who are promoted to her from the class
below. They have been poorly prepared
in this part of the other study they are
dull and indolent to their work all be-
cause of the imperfections of the teacher
from whom they came. Rules and regu-
lations fret her. She magnifies the
faults and weaknesses of the little ones
before her in school although she governs
and controls, she makes herself uncon-
fortable and also those with whom she
comes in contact. There are too many
teachers in our schoolrooms with such
temperaments leading them astray. The
most wholesome advice that can be given
to them is to accept without trepidation the
conditions as she finds them to remem-
ber too that her duty simply is to do the
best she can under these conditions leav-
ing responsibility and the result with
those in whose hand legislation has
placed it. *Logans Education*

The deaf ladies of Philadelphia have
formed a circle of the King's Daughters
under the name of the "Silent Circle"

The History of a Lie.

Bessie was a little girl, not very old
One morning as she stood before the
glass pinning a large rose upon her bosom,
her mother called her to take care of the
baby a few minutes. Now Bessie want-
ed just then to go out into the garden to
play so she went very unwillingly.

Her mother had her sit down in her
little chair placed the baby carefully in
her lap and left the room. The red
rose instantly attracted the little one's
attention and quick as thought the
chubby little fingers grasped it and be-
fore Bessie could say "What are you
about?" the rose was crushed and scat-
tered to the air as so angry that she
struck the baby a hard blow. The baby
like all other babies screamed right
lustily. The mother hearing the up-
roar ran to see what was the matter.
Bessie to save herself from punishment,
told her mother that her little brother
Ben who was playing in the room, had
struck the baby as hard as he could.

Ben although he declared his in-
nocence received the punishment which
Bessie so richly deserved.

Bessie went to school soon after but
she did not feel happy.

That night, as she lay in her little
bed she could not go to sleep for thinking
of the dreadful wrong she had committed
against her brother and against God,
and she resolved to tell her mother
all next morning. When the morning
came, however she felt as if there was
something in her throat she could not
make up her mind to confess the sin. It
did not seem so great as the night before.
It was not much after all her silly
heart said. As day after day passed,
Bessie felt the burden less and less and
she might have fallen into the same sin
again had a temptation presented itself,
but for a sudden. One morning when
she came home from school she found
Ben sick with a frightful throat dis-
temper. He continued to grow worse,
and the next evening he died.

Poor Bessie it seemed as if her heart
would break kind friends tried to
comfort her. They told her that he
was happy that he had gone to live
with the Saviour who loved little child-
ren and if she was good she would go
to see him, though he could not come
again to her.

"O" said the child, "I am not crying
because he has gone to heaven but be-
cause I told that lie about him, because
he got the punishment which belonged
to me."

Several years have passed. Bessie is
now of woman's size, but the remem-
brance of the lie yet stings her soul to
the quick. It took less than one minute
to utter it, but many years have not
effaced the sorrow and shame which
followed it.

Bravo's Example.

Bravo was a great Newfoundland dog,
so an exchange says, and it touches for
the truth of this story. He had a fight
one day with a wretched little cur who
lived neighbor to him, and who had been
the worry of his life for some months.
Bravo seemed to consider that the time
had come to teach the cur a lesson, so he
pitched in. They were on a bridge and
presently in their zeal and just as the
cur was getting the worst of it they both
tumbled into the water. This was hard
on the cur, but it calmed Bravo who at
once struck out boldly for the shore and
after a short swim found a place where
he could land. Then he shook himself
and looked around for his enemy. The
poor little wretch who could not swim an
inch was evidently drowning. Bravo
took in the situation at an instant, plunged
again into the water, and seizing the
cur gently by the collar and taking care
to keep his nose above water swam with
him to shore. Three cheers for Bravo!
Who ever took a lesson from him, though
he was a dog? *The Parry.*

Grand Trunk Railway.

DEPARTURE FROM BELLEVILLE STATION
To Toronto 11:30 a.m. 3:45 p.m.
To Ottawa 12:30 p.m. 7:00 p.m.
To Montreal 1:30 p.m. 8:00 p.m.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent