

# 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.



Minister of the Government in Charge—  
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector—

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

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A. MATHISON, Librarian  
J. E. KINGS, M. D. Physician  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

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Miss M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

Miss S. McNEIGH, D. CUNNINGHAM, General Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

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 partial or total, 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 less than five miles from 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 unable to pay will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance 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 present time the trades of printing, carpentering and shoemaking are taught to 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. Information as to the terms of admission, pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent  
BELLEVILLE ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go in if put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2.45 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 unless the same is in the locked bag.



## The Shamrock.

The spreading tree is fair to view  
And rich the meadow violet a hue,  
Or queenly tulip filled with dew,  
And sweet the lily's fragrance,  
But there's a flower more dear to me  
That grows not on a branch or tree,  
But in the grass plays merrily,  
And of its leaves there are but three,  
The Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well  
For every leaf a tale can tell,  
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell  
In praise of Ireland's shamrock.  
The emblem of our faith divine,  
Which blest St. Patrick made to shine  
To teach eternal truth sublime,  
And which shall last as long as time  
As long as blooms the shamrock.

Oh! I love a wreath of shamrock leaves  
They decked the banners of our chiefs  
And calmed the Irish exile's griefs,  
Our country's cherished shamrock.  
The muse inspired with words of praise  
The poets of our early days,  
To write in many a glowing phrase  
And sing in powerful thrilling lays,  
The virtues of the shamrock.

He who has left his island home  
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,  
And in a foreign clime unknown  
How dear he loves the shamrock  
When on the feast of Patrick's Day  
He kneels within the church to pray  
For holy Ireland far away,  
He feels again youth's genial ray  
While gazing on the shamrock.

The brightest gem or rarest flower  
That ever bloomed in Easter bowers  
Possess for him not half the power  
That dwells within the shamrock  
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew  
The past with all its charms renew,  
The church, the spot where wild flowers grew  
The faithful friends, the cherished few  
He left to eulge the shamrock.

Land of the West, my native isle,  
May Heaven's love upon you smile  
And laugh for that may beguile  
The lovers of the shamrock  
May that forever cherish thee  
In peace and love and harmony  
And rank thee proud 'mid nations free  
Thus pray thy children fervently  
For Ireland and the shamrock. —Set



## Story of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick, the good old patron saint, whose marvelous miracles and heroic deeds Irishmen the world over will recall at this time—the anniversary of his death—was probably about forty years old when he landed on the inhospitable shores of Ireland, and he is said to have continued his labors unflinchingly for the space of four score years, until the day of his death, on March 17, 463 A. D., which would have made him almost a century and a quarter old.

There are many doubting Thomases who assert that the good saint was neither a Scotchman nor, as some say, a Frenchman, but was an entirely mythical personage whom the church canonized in order to constitute a patron saint of wonder-working reputation.

There is a delightful homeliness about most of the legends and traditions concerning the saint, their hero is so essentially human always, notwithstanding his transcendent gifts. All hearts were won by his kind and genial personality.

It is related that when the saint lay on his death-bed he was deeply touched at the sight of his mourning followers. He gazed on them with pitying eyes, and with his last breath it is gravely asserted that he murmured "Take a drop of something for my sake."

It is said that the art of distillation was taught to the Irish by St. Patrick, though he had no mean reputation as a temperance advocate. At all events, "poten" was named after him.

When a boy of sixteen the embryo missionary was captured by pirates and sold to slavery in Ireland for seven years. But for this lucky chance, by the way, the Emerald Isle might still be unregenerate. The youth was employed as a swineherd on the top of a lotty mound

tant. Here he was wont to meditate on the urgent necessity of a little missionary enterprise among these semi-barbarians.

One night, so the story goes, his lonely vigil was interrupted by no less a personage than the devil himself. His Satanic Majesty had adopted the effectual disguise of a huge stone and attempted to frighten the future saint by jumping on him. The lad, however, was nothing daunted, but speedily extricated himself, called out in a lusty voice "Helas! Helas!"

At the same moment the orb of day saw fit to anticipate the dawn, according to the almanac, by several hours, and rose gloriously upon the scene. This was too much for the Prince of Darkness. He fled in his natural shape, while the swineherd resumed his post and the sun discreetly sank to abide the orthodox time of rising.

On a certain cold morning St. Patrick and his followers were on the summit of a bleak mountain, with no apparent means of making a fire. To add to their discomfort snow was falling heavily, and a howling wind had arisen. Now was the opportunity for the saint. He ordered all hands to collect snow-balls together in a great heap, then he quietly breathed upon the frosty mound, and lo! flames burst forth immediately.

The following touching poem alluding to the above is of comparatively recent date

St. Patrick, as legends told,  
The morning being very cold,  
In order to assuage the weather,  
Collected bits of ice together,  
Then gently breathed upon the pile,  
Who every fragment blazed on fire.  
Ah! if the saint had been so kind  
As to have left the gift behind  
To such a loss-born wretch as we,  
Who daily struggles to be free,  
I'd be content—content with that,  
I'd only ask to thaw the heart,  
The frozen heart of Polly Lee.

A peasant family living near Belfast in the early part of this century were the much-envied possessors of St. Patrick's jawbone.

The relic was supposed to have a supernatural value in determining the guilt or innocence of a suspected criminal. The accused one had merely to place his hand on the jawbone and take a solemn oath. In case he perjured himself the most frightful punishment followed. It was also of great assistance to women in child labor, and a sovereign remedy for epileptic fits and to ward off the evil eye, witches, fairies, etc.

Everyone knows about the most stupendous miracle of all the miracles of St. Patrick, the one which of itself was enough to make the saint's name immortal, but we don't all know how the feat was accomplished. Colgan, the antiquarian, says that the snakes were banished from Ireland in the following novel and ingenious manner. St. Patrick procured an immense drum and then walked forth over hill and dale while beating a most thunderous tattoo. Light in the midst of his arduous labors a hole was knocked in the top, whereupon the snakes all stopped short on their march to the sea.

In the nick of time an angel appeared and mended the drum. After this the operation was continued to the end without further accident. Every reptile was supposed to have left the island, but the saint himself knew better. There was one snake that behaved so badly during the grand march that St. Patrick concluded to punish him. According to the legend the recalcitrant serpent was confined in the gloomy depth of Lough Dilvean, in the Galtee Mountains of Tipperary. It was understood that the prisoner should be released from duration vile on the following Monday, when he would be driven out to join his fellow-crawlers in the briny deep. Alas! St. Patrick was so busy he forgot all about it. At least they say in Tipperary that on every Monday to this day the hapless snake comes to the surface of the lake and utters this plaint in Irish "It's a long Monday, Patrick!"

The shamrock in Ireland, as is well

known, is always associated with the saint. The popular reason given for its peculiar significance is undoubtedly the true one. When St. Patrick commenced to preach the gospel to the pagan Irish he found it very difficult to make them comprehend the doctrine of the Trinity. At last a bright idea struck him. He displayed to the throng a sprig of the common trefoil (shamrock) and in a moment his auditors grasped the idea how perfectly simple it was for three to emanate from one.—Ez.

## A Boy and a Filo.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature,—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor for many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served a man who tells his story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was fourteen years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out in the world and earn my share in the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy wanted.'

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk.

"Back office," he said.

"I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open a door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in.

"It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was leaning over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk.

"I turned around quickly.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"Oh!" said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me.

"Sit down," he added, "I'm busy."

"I looked back at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, and if a little noise won't disturb you I'll fix that door while I am waiting."

"Eh?" he said quickly. "All right. Go ahead."

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short filo I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was right. When I put my filo back in my pocket and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

"At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half-interest; and I always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the filo."

Silence is sometimes the severest criticism.—Charles Ruxton.

Teacher—James, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard? James—I don't know exactly, but I guess it's a yard the Cuban children play in.