



# 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 (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postage stamps, 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 otherwise 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 any one 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 to  
**THE CANADIAN MUTE,**  
BELLEVILLE,  
ONTARIO



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.

We wish all our readers  
"A Happy New Year."

A Happy New Year to All.

It is very difficult indeed to realize that another year has passed and gone. It seems such a brief space of time since we last wished our readers a "happy new year," and we have scarce become accustomed to write "1895," ere we must begin with "1896;" and each year as we grow older seems to slip away with ever accelerating speed. Time is but as a thin strip of land between two illimitable oceans covered with an impenetrable fog. We emerge from the mist of eternity past at the one side, pass swiftly across the narrow intervening space, and thence into the dark shroud that covers the great ocean of eternity beyond. And yet we puny creatures of the day live as though we expected to dwell here forever, and plan as if for eternity. How pitifully feeble and futile do all our hopes and aspirations, our rivalries and contests, our joys and our triumphs, seem when their momentary duration is contrasted with eternity. Well has the poet admonished us:

"Make haste, O man, to live,  
For thou so soon must die,  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze  
How swift its trophies fly!"

What a mockery of a life would life be if death ended all! But our whole existence here becomes transfigured when fate gives place to providence and our earthly dwelling becomes but the vestibule to heaven. Then do we realize that in very truth

"It is not all of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

and our every act and thought becomes of supreme importance as being that which, with all other acts and thoughts, fixes our eternal destiny.

Well, 1895 is gone forever. What has

it left to us? Only one permanent possession—the impress it has made on our characters. On last new year's day there was spread before us the clean unsullied pages of a book. Day by day we have written thereon—what? Are the pages beautiful with the resplendent colors reflected from kind thoughts, kind words, kind acts? Or are the leaves blurred and blotted with the dark impress of revengeful deeds, bitter words, unkind thoughts? Each one knows for himself or herself. But whatever the record, there it is and there it will remain forever. Nothing can erase it, nothing alter, and these pages, just as they are, have now become part of the great book of God's remembrance.

And what of the coming year? We cannot recall or alter the past, but we can utilize it in the future for admonition, for counsel, for guidance. We may, if we will correct our course during 1896 by noting our mistakes in the past and steering clear of the blunders we then made. In wishing our readers a happy new year we would impress upon them that happiness consists not only or chiefly in "having lots of fun," but in doing as nearly as we can our whole duty, in engaging earnestly in the work that lies before us, in striving to bring joy to other hearts.

It is customary to make good resolutions on New Year's Day, and we fear in many instances it is quite customary to break them. But this is because the resolutions are made as a solatium to accusing conscience rather than as the expression of an honest desire for improvement. We hope all our readers, and especially all the boys and girls here, will honestly resolve to make this year the best one in their lives. If they will but do so, if they will sincerely endeavor to study more diligently, to live more uprightly, to treat all others with more kindly consideration than this will in all truth be to them a happy new year.

To one and all we give our warmest wishes for happiness, prosperity and all other blessings during 1896.

Into the voiceless past the years slip  
As pearls from a strand  
Into the forgotten river no ear shall dip  
That is led by human hand.

Low to slink in the waves dark depths  
Or light on its created foam  
A record each of our faltering steps  
Toward our last—sweet home.

The years with good deeds bright,  
Nafely shall ride the storm.  
While wasted years in the darkness of night  
Shall lie, to judgment morn.

Then, shall we not guard well our pearls,  
Each till the latest one?  
That together, at last, they may form the crown  
Of the Master's dear—Well done.

### The Industrial Departments.

There are seven boys who put the entire day in the industrial departments at the Ontario Institution. There are also five girls who do the same in the sewing department. This departure was inaugurated a year or so ago, and is designed to give the pupils a more efficient training in handicraft. *Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Record.*

A good idea and one we hope to adopt some time. *Deseret Eagle.*

Will the CANADIAN MUTE kindly tell us why those seven boys are in the industrial classes all day? The above states that the object is to give more efficient training in handicraft, but what we should like to know is whether they are pupils who have completed the course of study in the school or are pupils whose progress is such that there is but little hope of much mental growth and if they were put in the industrial classes simply to see if they would make more satisfactory progress there, and be able to become sufficiently proficient in manual work to be self-supporting. *North Dakota Advocate.*

This and all other needed information is or will be cheerfully supplied. Our aim is to give each boy and girl the very best possible equipment for life. No boy or girl is well equipped who has not a good general education, and our first care is to give this in all possible cases. Nearly all the boys and girls alluded to by our contemporaries have completed their school education so far as our facilities permit. But we also recognize that it is quite impossible for a boy or girl to attend school during the day and get an "efficient training in handicraft" during an hour or two each morning and

evening. Therefore, so far as we have opportunity, we urge any boy or girl who desires to become proficient in any trade taught here to spend a year or two, or such length of time as may be necessary, exclusively in our industrial departments. There are no boys or girls putting in their entire time in our industrial departments, whose capacity for mental growth is inferior. On the contrary these in the past have nearly all been among our brightest pupils. It is a rule with but few exceptions that a boy who is stupid in the school room will be just as stupid and will make equally unsatisfactory progress in the shoe or carpenter shop or the printing office. This departure has been in operation here for twelve years past and has been productive of good results.

### "Loved and Lost Avhillo."

This is the title of a new song, composed and published by Mr G. W. Johnson, of Upper Canada College, Toronto, a copy of which has graciously been forwarded to our Principal by the author for "old acquaintance's sake." This token of kindly remembrance and regard is fully appreciated, for, despite the fact that ours is a great silent family, we are not unmoved by the "concord of sweet sounds" nor indifferent to the strains of pleasing melody. This song, both as to words and music, is simple yet sweetly pathetic and harmonious. It recalls memories of childhood and "the dear old home," and like its predecessor, "When you and I were young, Maggie," will no doubt find its way into many a family circle. Thanks are herewith tendered, and we hope would exclaim "Friend of my life which did not you prolong. The world had waned but such a loved song." For sale in Belleville by Prof W. B. Ruggs, the well-known music man.

In the event of our government's being unable to settle by diplomacy some questions in which Great Britain is involved, may not be long ere the number of schools for the deaf in the United States is increased by seven. That is the number of schools in what is now known as Canada. We wonder how our friends McDonald and Mathison would feel to see the north line of the United States jump over them in making a bee line for the north pole. *Indiana Silent Worker.*

"The King of France with banners flying and amid the blare of trumpets, accompanied by a hundred thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again." Do our American cousins wish to imitate this brilliant exploit? If so, then "lay on, Macduff." If the Yanks come up to Canada as beligerents they will do so of their own free will but we on our part promise to supply plenty of incentives for them to march back home again—all that will be left of them—in very hot haste. In 1812 our cousins across the line in goodly numbers undertook to woo Canada with by no means gentle persuasion but in a few days they found that the irresistible compulsion of circumstances quite beyond their control necessitated their hurried return home. So urgent was their haste that many did not even wait for the boats to take them across but plunged headlong into the river and swam over. If they come again, however, there will be bridges for them to run back upon which will be much more pleasant and expeditious.

The teachers and officers have organized a reading club and for the small consideration of \$1.00 per annum enjoy the privilege of keeping abreast with current literature as it appears in the various magazines and periodicals. If these were put about by the individual teacher they would cost about \$400. We can commend the plan as being an admirable one and would like to know that the teachers of other schools were forming similar clubs. *Colum Index.*

Of course this is a very good plan, but we have one that beats this all hollow. The leading papers and magazines are supplied to our reading room out of our library fund, and the teachers have the use of them without any cost whatever to themselves. "We can commend this plan as an admirable one and would like to know that the teachers of other schools" had like advantages.

### From the Silent Worker, Indianapolis. Rumors of War

BROTHERS MAC AND MATHISON

(To the tune of any Patriotic Song)  
We are coming, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
We are coming, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
We'll cross the line, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Through Belleville, Winnipeg, and London.

We are coming, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Going till we reach the Polar Sea,  
And when we pass, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Come join us, we beg, right cheerily.

We are coming, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
We are going to the land of snow,  
Let us whisper, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Tis the Polar Sea to Gulf of Mexico.

We are coming, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
No please have friend Chamberlain,  
And Sifton, too, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
And all welcome us with song and cheer.

We are coming, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Sound your Canadian bells and horns,  
Laugh, sing, shout, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Tis freedom of Venezuela born.

We are coming, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Of different methods we are tired,  
Join us, saying, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Tis the Combined System that we desire.

But if you won't join,—then

Here's a health to Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
For right true and royal friends are they,  
Whatever befalls, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
Here's a health to you and proceed.

And if we must take you  
Then in future, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
When we by war shall divided be,  
Nevertheless, Brothers Mac and Mathison,  
We shall always drink a health to thee.

### Reply by one of the Poets on the staff of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Air: The British Grenadier

Come on, our brother Johnston with me  
Hundred thousand men  
We'll meet them front to front and send them  
Spinning tops again  
They said in eighteen twelve that they  
Lick us in a day,  
But their sport was turned to grief at Quebec  
Helig's and Chateaugay—  
We were wide and boundless prairie  
And as well they know,  
And I will give them for a welcome here  
Below.

Their fancy that on joining you our numbers  
Hearts are bent,  
You that are on-out, and breathe there fast  
"Far out worth a cent."  
The things that all the earth beside can see  
To your big nation,  
It that vain thought will never reach  
The goal of our nation.  
No, no, our brother Johnston, let's put our  
Talk aside,  
And strive to solve the problem now in  
We may abide  
And the solving will be easy when our own  
Thoughts abide.  
And when the Anglo-Saxon race in bond  
Is tied,  
Then here's our hand, our brother  
Shake and make friends,  
Or, if you like tip-toeing best, let's know  
For goodness sake don't say a word  
It to your patriotic American  
They'll take our scalp and be good friends.

The *Western Pennsylvanian*, of Highwood Park, issued a very handsome and interesting Christmas Number. The *Pennsylvanian* is interesting at all times.

The *Deaf-mute Voice*, published at the Jackson, Miss., Institution, contained in its last issue the portrait of Mr D. J. McKillop, of this Institution accompanied by a short biographical sketch and an appreciative estimate of his work here as a teacher of the deaf.

### Bravo Words.

As we write, it looks very much as if this country is in danger of a war with Britain, the only other great country of the world that has a free government.

Such a war would be the greatest possible curse to this country. We do not mean in the loss of life and destruction of property chiefly, dread as that would be, but in the blighting effect on the national character. It would thrust us back a long way toward barbarism, cultivating hatred, male braggadocio and the other traits of savagery. It would repress all true patriotism, and would substitute that patriotism which Dr. Johnson defined "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

The male of any animal, down to grasshopper, will fight it is only the civilized man who thinks of and works for better roads, better schools, wise and purer government—all these we need, Heaven knows how kindly! At we must turn our young men away from such objects and we must accept as our typical patriot the drunken, blasphemous, licentious ruffian who is the type-product of the camp!

On the whole, we think there will be no war. We Yankees are not such fools as you'd think, to hear us talk.—*Trent N. J. Silent Worker.*