



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 typesetting, 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, 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 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

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE
ONTARIO.



FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1901.

During the past few weeks the Ohio Institution has lost three pupils by death. The Georgia School was closed for two months because of an epidemic of scarlet fever.

We should never forget that a word is of no use until it is made necessary for the expression of a thought. An extensive vocabulary is simply so much useless mental lumber unless the words can be utilized in expressing ideas.

A new paper for the deaf, called The Recorder, has made its appearance in Syracuse, N. Y. Our good wishes for its success exceed our expectations, for New York State seems to us to be amply supplied with good papers of this class.

We desire to express our appreciation of the services rendered at the Institution by Dr. Farley, who acted as Dr. Eakins' substitute during the latter's illness. He was unflinching in his attentions, and he won, as he well merited, the regard and good-will of everyone connected with the Institution.

The Decennial census of Canada will be taken on March 31st and following days. There are 688 enquiries to be filled in so that the information obtained will be very full and complete. Some of these relate to the deaf and no doubt after the census is completed we will have accurate statistics relative thereto.

We are, of course, pleased to have other papers make use of any editorial matter which appears in the CANADIAN MUTE, but we do wish they would try to get it in correctly. We have no objection to gathering our own opinions, but we do not wish to be made responsible for mis-spelled words and glaring violations of grammatical rules.

The word "asylum" is still used to designate some of the schools for the deaf in the States, and efforts are being made in some places to eliminate this obnoxious and misleading title. "School for the deaf" is the best and the only proper name, that being the only designation which properly defines the purpose of these institutions.

During Queen Victoria's reign there were seventeen Presidents in the United States, each of whom, we presume, had different policies and ideals of government. The British system as compared with the American would seem to possess the advantage of stability and consistent purpose, while being quite as truly representative and democratic.

In this issue we give an interesting sketch of our new Queen, Alexandra. It is a most fortunate thing for the British Empire, and for the whole world, that Victoria should be succeeded by perhaps the ablest, most tactful and most popular man, and by one of the sweetest, and, next and most gracious women, in the world. Long may they reign over us.

Dr. P. G. D. Goldsmith, has been appointed in Dr. Eakins' place. Dr. Goldsmith comes well recommended, he has had a long and valuable experience and has an extensive practice in Belleville, as he formerly had in Peterborough. The impression he has already made is a favorable one and we doubt not that he will be as assiduous, conscientious and successful in the discharge of his duties as was his predecessor.

THE CANADIAN MUTE contains in each issue a Children's column which is compiled by our Mrs. Balis with great care and by much thought and labor. Some of these stories are adapted but most of them are original. This column is proving a very popular and helpful one and we are glad to see many of our exchanges making good use of it. A few of them, however, have, no doubt inadvertently, neglected to give proper credit therefor, which we suggest is hardly fair.

It is an evidence of strength rather than of weakness for a parent or teacher to acknowledge and to make due amends for his error when he has hastily or thoughtlessly said or done an unwise or unjust thing, or to admit that he does not know when asked a question that he cannot answer. The best of men make mistakes and the wisest of men are conversant with but a moiety of the sum total of human knowledge, and it is impossible to deceive children into the conviction that anyone is either omniscient or inerrant.

Some of the Institution papers give Mr. Mathison credit for the article on the life of Queen Victoria which appeared in a recent issue of the CANADIAN MUTE. Mr. Mathison would be a proud man could he rightly claim the authorship of the article in question, as it is a master piece of composition and the equal of anything which has been published on the subject in the press anywhere. The initials "G. F. S.", under the heading, indicate to whom credit is due, and they belong to Mr. Stewart, one of our teachers. Mr. Mathison is the managing editor and supplies a little copy occasionally for the MUTE, some teachers and officers contribute original and clipped matter from time to time, but a number of best and bravest articles that have been printed in the paper were from the versatile pen of "G. F. S."

The Case of Miss Rockefeller.

According to press despatches, Miss Rockefeller, a daughter of the millionaire, has through an operation performed by a German surgeon and a subsequent course of treatment, completely regained her sense of hearing. The details of her case and of the means adopted for her cure are not given with sufficient fullness for us to judge whether the same treatment is practicable with many of the deaf, but it is to be noted that the operating surgeon was no obscure graduate of a three years course in a third rate medical school, but a man of standing in the profession in a country where the requirements for the licensure of a practitioner are most strict and where quackery is rigidly discouraged. Parents of deaf children will be wise not to expend money on or expose their offspring to the possibility of injury at the hands of any man with a less well established reputation. A doctor who advertises himself as able to cure all or a majority of the deaf by any one course of treatment may at once be set down as either a quack or a visionary. The causes of deafness are so numerous that there must be wide variations in its treatment, and are usually so obscure that they can be determined only by those who have made an exhaustive study of the subject, while the apparatus of hearing is so delicate and its connection with the brain so intimate that only physicians or surgeons of acknowledged skill, judgment and discretion should be permitted to experiment with it.—*Ill. Try World.*

Power of the Fifty-first Psalm.

It is impossible to comprehend the power of the fifty first Psalm upon the race. Kings, scholars, and cottagers have read it with the same spiritual profit. It was the death song of the French Protestants in the times that for cruelty have had few equals. It was sung by George Wishart when taken prisoner before his martyrdom at St. Andrews. Its opening verse was the dying cry of the Scottish martyr, Thomas Forster whose grave was green a quarter of a century before Scotland became free from ecclesiastical tyranny. Its cry for mercy was repeated by Lady Jane Grey upon the fateful day of her own and her husband's death. Its burning words broke from the lips of John Huss at the place of his execution, near Constance. John Rogers repeated its confessions and triumphant prayers on the way to the fires at Smithfield. The words of the Hebrew Psalmist were spoken by Sir Thomas More—who was famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom—as he laid his head upon the block. Its seventeenth verse written by St. Augustine upon the wall of his sick chamber, did not make the text any more real to the great German reformer. The seventh verse of this same Psalm was found on a tablet of copper amid the eternal snows on the highest point of the earth's surface near Cape Beechey, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"—*The Presbyterian Banner.*

A Peculiar Case.

A citizen of Campbellford is, feeling highly pleased just now, and naturally so, over the restoration of the hearing of one ear, after that organ had been dead to sound for the long period of about thirty years. It occurred in this way. One day when he was a boy attending school, he fell asleep near the school house and by way of a joke to awaken him, the teacher who now resides in Seymour east, poured a little water in his ear. The lad awoke, but, feeling ashamed to get up, allowed the water to remain in his ear for some time. A few weeks afterwards his hearing became affected, and later on, dead to sound, and it remained so till about three months ago. In the meantime the ear was treated by physicians to no avail, and a specialist in Toronto who was consulted a few years ago, said the drum of the ear was destroyed. The ear discharged occasionally, and it was necessary to clean it with cotton batting. While this was being done one day lately, the little stick used for forcing in the cotton, penetrated so as to cause a rupture, which bled profusely, the flow being sufficient to nearly fill a tea cup. Very soon the hearing was restored, and it is now as sharp as when the patient was a boy.—*Peterboro, Ont., Herald.*

The Legend of the Dipper

There is a pretty story which says that the seven stars came to form Orion, in a country where the people were dying of thirst because there had been no rain for months, and springs and brooks had dried. The plants and flowers had withered and died. The birds were so parched they could not sing. The people were sad and mournful.

One night after the stars had gone out, a little girl with a tin dipper in her hand, crept quietly out of her room and went into a wood near by to get water. She found a hole in the ground and prayed that God would send her some water. She dug and dug, but it was only earth. She fell asleep. When she awoke she was overjoyed to find her dipper full of clear, cold water.

Remembering that her mother was dying of thirst, she ran home to wait to moisten her own parched lips, but taking her dipper she found it empty. In her haste she stumbled and spilled her precious cup. Just then a dog came something move in the grass. It was a little dog, who like her mother almost faint for want of water. She lifted her dipper and when she saw the dog's surprise to find that not a drop of water had spilled. Pouring out a few drops, the hand she held it out for the dog to drink. He did so and seemed much refreshed, but as she poured out the water, the dipper had changed to one of silver. Reaching home a-noon, she poured the water into a tin. She gave it to her mother.

"Oh," said her mother, "I will not live long now. I shall not live very long now. You are younger and stronger than I am." As she gave the servant the water, it turned into shining gold. The girl was just about to give each person in the house a spoonful of the precious water when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary and he held the dipper in his hand. He took a drink of water in his hand.

"Blessed is he that gives a drink of water in His name." A radiance shone all about him, and immediately the silver dipper in his hand studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst into a fountain and supplied the thirsty land with water. The seven diamonds rose higher and higher until they reached the sky, and there changed into bright stars, forming the Great Dipper and telling the tale of an unselfish act.—*New York Herald.*

Put Well for the Work

Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a London agent requesting that an expert locksmith be sent at once to his place of business in town about fifty miles from London. Upon reaching his destination, the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned one which contained the safe and the money, the concern could not be opened.

The man examined the lock, and after the key, opened his kit, took out a wire and began to pick a mass of rust and dirt out of the key. He inserted it in the lock, when the proprietor with a sickly smile looked up at him and the implement and opened the door.

"What's your charge?" asked the manufacturer.

"Five guineas," replied the locksmith.

"Does any one know you are in town?"

"No."

"Well, then, here are six guineas, remarked the manufacturer, and you a guinea extra if you'll take the tram back to London without asking me one the price I've paid to have my dust out of a key for me."

The Foot-path to Peace

To be glad of life, because of the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars, satisfied with your possessions, and contented with yourself until you have made the best of them, to desire nothing in the world except falsehood, meanness, and fear nothing except wickedness, to be governed by your duty rather than by your disgust, to covet nothing that is yours, except his kindness of heart and his goodness of manner, to think of your enemies, often of your friends every day of Christ, and to spend much time as you can, with his little spirit, in God's out-of-door little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.—*Henry Van Dyke.*