

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. V.

BELLEVILLE, MARCH 15, 1897.

NO. 17.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:  
THE HON. R. J. DAVIS, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:  
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

### Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Bursar
J. R. BAKINS, M. D.	Physician
MISS IKARL, WALKER	Matron

### Teachers:

D. R. COLEMAN, M. A.	Miss J. G. TERRELL
(Head Teacher)	Miss M. TEMPLETON
P. DENTS	Miss M. M. OSTRON
JAMES C. HALL, M. A.	Miss MARY HULL
D. J. MCKILLOP	Miss FLORENCE MAYNOR
W. J. CAMPBELL	Miss SYLVIA L. BALM
(Geo. F. STEWART)	Miss ADA JAMES
	Miss GEORGINA LAMB

Miss CAROLINE OSBORN, Teacher of Articulation.

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Penmanship.

Miss J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss I. N. METCALFE,	JOHN T. HUBBS,
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing	

WM. DOUGLASS,	J. NIDOLMANN,
Stitcher & Associate	Engineer
Supervisor	

G. G. KEITH,	JOHN DOWNIE,
Superintendent of Boys, etc.	Master Carpenter

Miss M. DEMPSEY,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Matron, Supervisor of Girls, etc.	Master Barber

WM. NUNAN,	JOHN MURK,
Master Shoemaker	Gardener
MICHAEL O. MARRA,	Farmer

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 bona fide residents of 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 able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$30 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 the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys; 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 closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by 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 away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 6:45 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 one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



### It Pays.

It pays to wear a smiling face  
And laugh our troubles down  
For all our little trifles sail  
Our laughter or our frown.  
Beneath the magic of a smile  
Our doubts will fade away  
As melts the frost in early spring  
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,  
By helping it, our own  
To give the current of our lives  
A true and noble tone  
It pays to reinforce heavy hearts,  
(Oppressed with dull despair,  
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives  
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand  
To eager earnest youth  
In note, with all their waywardness  
Their courage and their truth  
To strive with sympathy and love,  
Their confidence to win.  
It pays to open wide the heart  
And let their sunbeams in.



### A True Story.

It was a bitterly cold winter's day. The frost king's breath from far away Manitoba penetrated the thickest and warmest clothing and sent its chill to the bone's marrow of the few pedestrians on the street, as they hurried to and fro in the frost of the morn. Of the city's population of 12,000, it would be safe to say that not a dozen men could be seen upon the streets at any one time. The children within doors were huddled together around the fires. Dumb brutes shivered in their stalls. The beautiful snow was everywhere, but its crisp sound under the hoof of horses and feet of men, said, "God pity the poor."

Two men, poorly clad, with no overcoats and no covering for the hands and ears, with portions of their feet exposed to the bitter cold, stood across the street engaged in an animated discussion carried on by the sign language. Their motions and actions observed by the occupants of the house seemed to be very suspicious, for as these mutes talked and looked towards this special house, it was evident that it formed a part of their animated discussion in which their swift fingers and hands were eloquent. It was an hour in their life when they were desperate, and it would be difficult to surmise what the story of their life would from that time have been had their last appeal been unanswered. Each wanted the other to cross the street, but their resolutions so often formed would fall through because their courage failed them. There they stood an hour not knowing that their every action was being closely scrutinized by the members of this one particular house across the street. Occasionally one would turn his back to the other and wipe from his eyes the tears of discouragement. It was a pathetic sight. Finally, taking from his pocket a piece of yellow paper, and using the fence for a writing desk, the better educated of the two wrote in a legible hand, the words which follow, and presented it at the door of the home across the way. He would not enter, but handing the paper to Mr. he politely bowed, and went his way.

"Dear Sir - I have been out of work nearly all the summer past and this winter, and I am in want, and am broken in spirit. My family and I are suffering. All are scantily clad and have nothing to eat, and no gas or wood. We have to sleep freeze to death and one of our little children is sick, has a very bad cold, it is only two years old. I have applied for help to the Women's Association, that was two weeks ago and they have not done a thing yet for us. (This looks like a Christian city!) We will get anything before their eyes before we get anything at all. I and wife are deaf mutes, and this makes it so much harder for me to get work. I want work, not charity. A last appeal to you, and if you believe in the Lord and his works and commandments, I believe that you will help us

by your influence. But, if you cannot and will not do anything, God strike me dead before I will ever have any belief in Christianity. I live at 111 East ... street. Pray do the best you can for my family and I will thank you through the Lord for your favors.  
Yours very sincerely,

An immediate visit to the home—if home it could be called—by the one implored for help, revealed a pathetic state of affairs. On a well-traveled thoroughfare, but a few rods from a school house, two doors from a physician, surrounded by church-going people, in a one-story house owned by a well-known and highly useful member of society, whose name should it be mentioned would be known throughout this state, were father, mother, and three children. The eldest, a boy of six, the youngest, a little girl of two. A most wretched state of affairs existed there. The story told was true—no food, no fuel, little or no clothing. One thin and worn comfort for each of the two beds could not keep the chill and cold from those who sought protection under it during the nights. While there, the owner's wife came for rent, and being told by the visitor that to mention rent, under such fearful circumstances was a sin, she departed, not knowing that real want existed there. It was not long before help of that substantial sort which makes the poor to believe that the spirit of Christ lives in every community, made their hearts glad, and met ungrudgingly for a time all of their immediate needs.

The father and mother were educated deaf mutes. The wife had been born deaf and dumb the husband had become deaf when a boy by scarlet fever. It was work, not charity, which he sought, but he had sought so long for work, and had been repeatedly refused, and had asked for bread and received a stone, that the spirit of the man and his wife seemed to be crushed nearly out of them, and they began to believe that no one cared for their souls and bodies. The man was a man of principle. After his real necessities had been met, he refused the contributions of those willing ones that gladly would have made him better off than some of his neighbors. In denying these extra contributions he would say, "Thank you, I want work."

In the season, by helpful Christian influences, work was secured for him, and his self-respect and that of his family was saved. He has been promoted twice in his work, and he now receives fair wages. Since then, and it was but a few weeks after help came—the youngest slipped away from the home into glory land, leaving to the silent parents the meager clothing as a reminder of that ray of sunshine that in the midst of their poverty and sadness had for two years been almost their only joy. How sorrowful a funeral that was, when friends and neighbors gathered to this home where mother and father sat mutely, I cannot tell. But since then the light of Christian hope has rested on that home, and faith and hope dwell there, and although their lips are closed for a time, at least, they are making melody in their hearts unto the Lord. A fearful tragedy had been averted in that home, as the father told the writer. For had not help come to him that day, his intentions were to end the life of himself and family to save them from winter and hunger, and then whose would the responsibility have been?

So thoroughly acquainted ought God's people to be with regard to their neighbor's needs that cases of this sort ought never to be known in a city like the one to which reference is made, where there are at least twelve churches, two of which have a membership of from seven to nine hundred persons.—*The Kingdom.*

Every bad occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.—*Sir P. Sidney*

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, and never, as a class indolent.—*Kerestil.*

### "My Ambitions."

BY MISS MARY LANCH.

Like a great many other inhabitants of this mundane sphere, I am ambitious. I might go farther and say I am more ambitious than most people; but I will refrain. I don't want to have my versatility questioned. Ambition, to use my own definition, is an idiotic desire to do the very thing you haven't the remotest idea how to do. My ambitions seldom live long. They invariably die violent deaths in a week or so. I started a novel once, which was to revolutionize the literary world. I have a vague recollection of having left my heroine, Hilda Gardis, in a faint, and forgetting to resuscitate her. Once, I also was ambitious to be a poet. I resolved to be one, or die trying. Needless to say I did not become one, nor did I kill myself trying, but some one else nearly did. I composed a beautiful (I thought it was at any rate poem called: "The Heavens' Wail." I had a wild idea that it would immortalize me. Fate, however, in the shape of a vulgar editor, had decreed otherwise, and another fellow got the poet laureateship, vacated by Tennyson. I left that editor's office, with the fire of genius quenched for a time. That was five years ago. Ambition succeeded ambition. A short life and a very sorry one was the fate of each. I had been reading Dante's works. The old ambition again sprang into life. I would be a poet. I had tried the sublime, now I would content myself with writing caustic verses. Cynical, I called them. I accordingly invested in a stack of foolscap, ditto some pencils, and repaired to the attic to "court the muse." I gazed meditatively at a fly crawling up the wall, and sucked my pencil audibly. It did not seem to disturb the insect's serenity. For some minutes I continued to gaze at the innocent fly, when all of a sudden I had an idea. I clapped my hands to my brow in an agony of apprehension but it abated—no—the idea, not the fly—before I could commit it to paper. After much labor and sundry upittings of the ink-bottle, I finally arose dusty, but triumphant. I read the result of my labor in an ecstasy of delight. Briefly summed up, it was a sarcastic hit on a well known editor. I informed the general public (in private verse) that said editor's position towards a certain paper, put me in mind of a certain chestnut, and fished out of Esop's fables, viz., "The Bull and the Goat." Lest my courage should fall me later on, I hurriedly copied it, and put it into the hands of a printer friend of mine, who, with best intentions in the world, handed it to the editor in question, whose sacred person I had barely used in my pen cartoon. Now every time I go out I hire a small boy to walk several yards ahead, having first given him strict injunctions, should the object of my dread loom into view, to violently wave a big red handanna, which I presented him for the purpose. I have resolved, should the symptoms ever return, to immerse my cranium in water and read a few cantos of Dante's Inferno.—*Chatham Daily Planet.*

A strenuous soul hates cheap success; it is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defendant.—*Emerson.*

Those who attain to any excellence commonly spend life in some single pursuit, for excellence is not often gained on easier terms.—*Johnson.*

When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow in 1807, he was asked by the magistrates what inscription he recommended for the Nelson statue, then just erected. Sir John recommended a short one: "Glasgow to Nelson." Just so, said one of the ballies; and as the town o' Nelson's close at hand, might we not just say: "Glasgow to Nelson" six miles, an' so it might serve for a monument an' a milestone too?