

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. I.,

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NO. 9.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:
DR. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATTHEWSON, Superintendent.
A. W. HERRON, Director.
J. F. RINA, M. D., Physician.
MISS DAUFEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

Head Teacher: MISS J. O. TRIBBLE.
Miss S. TRIMBLETON.
Miss M. M. OSTRUM.
Miss MARY FULL.
Miss FLORENCE MAYNOR.
Miss SYLVIA E. HALL.
Miss CARRIE COLEMAN.
Miss MARGERY TRIMBLE, Teacher of Attendants.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Needle Work.
Miss S. E. HALL, Teacher of Drawing.
JOHN T. HERRON, Instructor of Printing.
FRANK FLYNN, Master Carpenter.
W. M. NUMER, Master Shoemaker.
D. GUNNIBONAN, Master Barber.
THOMAS WILLS, 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 afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common school.
Admission between the ages of seven and fifteen, in the case of deafness, and from fifteen to twenty-one, in the case of partial deafness, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted to the Institute. The regular term of instruction is three years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.
Parents, guardians or friends who are able to defray the cost of the tuition, board and medical attendance will be admitted free.
Pupils whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to defray the cost of their education will be admitted on the basis of a weekly contribution of one dollar per month, clothing and other expenses being provided for by the Institute.
The trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the pupils. Pupils are instructed in general English, work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, the use of the Sewing Machine, and other manual and fancy work as may be required.
All having charge of deaf mute children are advised to send them to the Institute for their education and improvement.
The annual Manual Term begins on the first Monday in September, and the annual Literary Term begins on the first Monday in June of each year. Pupils will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATTHEWSON,
Superintendent.

Grand Trunk Railway.

BELLEVILLE STATION:
Trains leave Belleville for Toronto at 7:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 3:45 p.m., 7:00 p.m.
Trains leave Toronto for Belleville at 7:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 3:45 p.m., 7:00 p.m.



THE DEAF AND DUMB.

CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE BENEFITORS OF THE DEAF-MUTE.

Send to the CANADIAN MUTE:

In vain the woodland's feathered choir
In vain the zephyrus may sing
In vain the rattle of the lyre
May issue from the quivering string
In vain the cadenced notes of song
May soothe the deaf and dumb employ.
When solemn sounds the ear among
Delightful sounds it can't enjoy.

What boots musicians' cultured skill,
Or rhetoric of gifted speech,
To him whose sense cannot thrill,
Nor verbal sentences e'er reach?
The language that the dumb man talks
Expressed by gesture, looks and signs
Is understood of those who talk,
Nor ever thoroughly defines.

The wattle of his children's glee
He can but understand by sight
Upon each face he looks to see
The signal tear or smile a delight
But when the wall of anguish breaks
From infant lips, by pain impelled,
Although his heart with pity quakes,
How shall the weeping one be quieted?

Mute as a voiceless statue, he
Can utter not the burning thought,
Which, half unloosed, still struggles free
From shackled silence, but untroubled
With half the emphasis or sense
Cheerful in every spoken word,
By its magnetic eloquence,
To those by whom its sound is heard.

Deaf and dumb! Oh! how bereaved
Of nature's twin of precious gifts
Were you infinitely coveted
Which leaves but mind-betiding rife,
Whence upon your mental hours
Intelligence may filter through,
Like sunlight to a sheltered room,
My brother, we should pity you.

WILLIAM T. JAMES
In "RHYMES ABOUT AND ABOUT"

Toronto.



THE "NEW BOY."

WHY THE PROPRIETOR EXPECTED A SUCCESSFUL CAREER FOR HIM.

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?"
"Because the first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."
"Perhaps you will change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I think not."
Three days later the business man said to his wife.

"About that boy you remember I spoke of a few days ago. Well, he is the best boy that ever entered the store."
"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began work he performed every faithful and systematic the exact duties assigned, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said 'Mr. M— I have finished all that work. Now what can I do?'"

"I was surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man." Business men, heads of firms, know exactly when they see it, and they make a note of it. Willingness to do more than the assigned task is one of the chief stepping-stones to commercial success.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Word to Boys.

Boys, be kind to loved ones at home. Don't wound your parents' hearts with words of impatience and disrespect. Remember the love and care they have lavished, and will continue to lavish on you, from the cradle to the grave. Remember what your life has caused them—how many sleepless nights and dreary days have come to them because of their love for you. Don't come into their presence with an air of disrespect and self-importance, don't imagine that because you came into the world several years after them that you are therefore wiser, don't get impatient and resentful because they favor you with some of their dearly bought experience and wholesome advice, don't expect them to see things from your standpoint or sympathize with you in all your little disappointments. Remember they have fought life's fiercest battles and been sorely wounded therein, and they know you are yet only on the skirmish line.

Don't be too eager to leave the home nest. Of course it is natural and right for every boy, when the proper time comes, to think and plan for a home of his own but don't imagine the time has come when you put on your first swallowtail and cravat.

No matter how well you may promise to do, the day you leave the old homestead to start out for yourself in the world will be a day of mourning to the old folks therein. So be careful and don't try to remind them on every occasion that the time is coming and that you are anxious for it to come.

Be courteous to your sister. There is an old adage, "that as the boy treats his sister so the man will treat his wife." Show your sisters the same kindness and courtesy that you would the fairest lady in the land. Don't appropriate the easiest chair in the room and leave them to take the footstool or hunt a seat at pleasure. Don't snap them up when they ask you a question or answer them as if they were idiots, incapable of comprehending a sensible reply. Don't go into the room which their careful hands have made tidy and throw things around as to convert it into a curiosity shop, and then wonder why your "things" are not always in order. A gentle boy will make a gentleman, and there is no surer proof of a boy's character than his manliness at home.—*Baptist Standard.*

In Grippe and Deafness.

A correspondent of the *Deaf Mutes' Journal* writes:—In deafness to be more common as a result of a grippe? According to the State Homoeopathic Medical Society held in Cincinnati last week, the question seems to be decided in the affirmative. Dr. D. C. McDermott, of that city, read a paper on the subject, in which he says: "Three years ago, a grippe came among us and it has remained very continuously ever since. When it first made its appearance the disease affected the middle ear. Last year, however, there appeared new and more complicated manifestations. The nervous apparatus became involved. Many became profoundly deaf and could scarcely hear the loudest voice, and certain notes of music were entirely indistinct."
There were several notable symptoms or manifestations noted about these grippe effects. First, a tuning fork could be heard best through the forehead, second, the hearing was better in a quiet place, third, conversations were more audible than the tick of a watch, fourth, sudden noises produce painful impressions. Other doctors gave cases of like nature, and of suppurations in the ear after the disease left.

The Indiana School has made the wearing of uniforms by its boys obligatory for the next session.

WISE WORDS.

ORNS FROM THACKERY.

Nothing is secret.
A good laugh is sunshine in a house.
I would rather win honor than honors.
Life without laughing is a dreary blank.

I would rather have genius than wealth.

A hero, whether he wins or loses, is a hero.

You get the truth habitually from equals only.

I would rather be a man of genius than a peer of the realm.

A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence.

Lucky he who has been educated to bear his fate, whatever it may be, an early example of unrighteousness, and a childish training in honor.

When our pride, our avarice, our interests, our desire to dominate, are worked upon, are we not forever postponing heaven to decide in their favor?

What man's life is not overtaken by one or more of those tornadoes that send us out of the course, and fling us on rocks to shatter as best we may?

I would rather have a good word than a bad one from any person; but if a critic abuses me from a high place, and it is worth my while, I will appeal.

The world deals good-naturally with good-natured people, and I never know a misanthrope who quarrelled with it, but it was he, and not it that was in the wrong.

Many a heart would be hardened but for the memory of the past griefs, when eyes, now averted, perhaps, were full of sympathy, and hands now cold, were eager to soothe and succor.—*He.*

Lottie's Turtle.

Lottie kept a turtle in a tub of water at the foot of the yard. She enjoyed that turtle very much. Frank carried it home from the country for her. He made a little bridge of stone into the middle of the tub for the turtle to climb upon. He showed Lottie just how to feed it, and warned her not to let it get out.

Lottie had a little neighbour named Dan. Dan sat on the fence which separated his home from Lottie's, and watched the turtle every day. Lottie grew jealous.

"I just wish you'd get down and go away, Dan," said she.

"Let me have the turtle in my yard a little while to play with me?" entreated Dan.

"No, indeed! He sha'n't go anywhere, but stay in his pretty house," declared Lottie.

But Dan waited his chance. One day Lottie came out to feed the turtle, but the turtle was nowhere to be seen. Then there was a terrible outcry.

"Oh! Oh! My turtle! Has any one seen my turtle? Oh, where has he gone?"

"Have you looked all over the yard for him?" asked Frank.

"Yes—everywhere!" cried Lottie, in tears.

"Well, I'll look," said Frank. So he ran out into the yard.

On the fence sat Dan, a broad grin on his face, and a long rake in his hand.

"I just wanted to play with him a little while, he said, 'so I raked him up here. But Lottie can have him back, just as well as not. And—ah—I did put him into the tub again.'"

But Dan's repentance would not have been so sincere had not his bitten finger hurt him so.—*He.*

A runaway horse attracts more attention than ninety-nine teams doing steady work; so a sky rocket attracts more attention than ninety-nine street lamps, but the street lamps and the steady teams are more useful.—*He.*