



THE CANADIAN MUTE

Four, six or eight pages.

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At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type setting, 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.

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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:

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE

ONTARIO.



FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1901.

The Queen is Dead.

With wisdom, goodness, grace, she filled
For sixty years the throne.
And whatsoever her people willed,
She made that will her own;
More long, more nobly reigned than all
The kings of days gone by;
Neaptes may fade and empires fall,
Her name shall never die!

"My beloved mother has just passed away" were the words of the fateful message that a few days ago plunged the whole world in gloom and sorrow, and in particular bowed the hearts of four hundred million loyal subjects with woe and brought the bitter tears to millions of eyes, many of which were long unused to weep. The death of no other person in all the world's history has ever elicited such an outburst of spontaneous and universal grief, or produced in so many hearts such a sense of personal loss and bereavement; and words are but weak and imperfect vehicles with which to give adequate expression to the sentiments that filled men's hearts on that sad day. Victoria, now of revered memory, occupied an unique place in the world's history, as in the hearts of men. She was the beloved and incomparable sovereign of the world's greatest empire—but she was more and better than that. She was the personal friend of her people, whose heart was ever touched with others' sorrows, whose sympathies went out to the humblest sufferer, whose heart beat responsive to every throbbing of pain, or tale of woe in all her vast domains. By virtue both of her regal grace and of her gentle womanliness, she sat enthroned in the hearts of men above any other human personage; and she elicited

from her subjects a loyalty so devoted, so universal, so almost passionate in its fervency as to transcend all previous human experience or conception. She was enveloped in the minds of her people with so august a majesty and at the same time with such an atmosphere of wifely devotion, of motherly solicitude and of womanly graciousness, that she had come to be regarded almost with adoration. Sovereign she was of one fifth of all the earth's surface, while one fourth of all the people in the world rendered her glad allegiance; on her had been conferred the highest honors that earth could bestow, with heart of gold, with will of iron, with royal temper of steel she had proved herself earth's greatest and best ruler, and for half a century she had sustained with perfect tact and unimpaired majesty the lonely grandeur of her throne; yet her queenly virtues far transcended the lustre of her sovereignty, and the devoted loyalty of her subjects was exceeded by their sincere affection. For all the splendor of her majesty and all the might of her imperial power were impotent to protect her from the personal afflictions that come to queen and peasant alike. She had run the whole gamut of human sorrow and had fathomed the bitterest depths of bereavement; and thus, while her regal presence commanded men's devoted fealty, and while her beautiful womanliness awakened their reverent chivalry, so also the pathos of her many sorrows had invested her with a purely human interest which bound all hearts to hers in deepest affection and attracted to herself all the purest and noblest sentiments of her subjects.

Nor was this reverence and affection confined to her own people, for by every nation on earth, even by Britain's bitterest foes, she was regarded with affection and esteem. Her personal influence with sovereigns and cabinets was greater than that of any other royal personage, and always that influence was exercised in the interests of peace and righteousness. Our cousins to the south of us were ready to join almost as heartily as ourselves in singing "God save the Queen"; to the nations of Europe she was the embodiment of queenly graces and womanly virtues; the Boers regarded her with love and respect; the Indians of the Northwest, the tribes of darkest Africa and the inhabitants of the Islands of the Sea had all heard of the Good Queen, the Great White Mother, who was enshrined in their hearts almost as a deity and was by them regarded with absolute confidence and adoration. Empire and fame and glory, all were hers, but above all these was the universe's love, rooted deep in the reverence that ensures remembrance of her name as long as time endures, because she has exemplified as it never was before the saving truth that the greatest greatness is to be good.

But the end has come. Death is always a solemn event, but the deathbed of a mighty sovereign is one of the saddest and most pathetic of earthly scenes. Gladly in the past

have scores of thousands of her subjects sacrificed their lives in defence of her honor and of her empire, and gladly would millions have bared their breasts to the last great adversary could they have thus spared her life. But it could not be, and she who had ruled hundreds of millions of people with unquestioned authority at whose command was the finest army and the most splendid navy in the world, and who could safely have bid defiance to the whole wide universe in arms, must yield at last to the tyrant who conquers the greatest of all. "Farewell, beloved. Here at last I will rest with you," were the pathetic words, vibrant with yearning and enduring love, which the widowed Queen inscribed on the tomb of her beloved Prince Consort. And now at last the faithful heart, so constant in its affection, is lulled, and she whose every power of mind and body was so unsparringly devoted to her queenly duties, and who in its highest and best sense "wrought her people lasting good," rests in peace, after having in her life here on earth, and we trust also in her present experience, realized the abundant fulfilment of the prayer so beautifully voiced by the poet

—May all love,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
His love, unseen but felt, shall follow thee,
Till that love set thee at thy side at last.

Victoria the Good.

We heartily appreciate the following from *The Deaf Mutes' Journal*, of New York city:—

"The civilized world hears with regret of the death of Victoria the Good. Her long reign is ended, her gentle life on earth is closed; her powerful mediation in the affairs of nations can never again be exerted, but the influence of her life work in promoting the peace and probity of mankind will continue forever. No sovereign in the history of the world has ever held the esteem and affection of the people as did Queen Victoria—not alone the peoples of the countries over which she held dominion, but also those of other nations. By her own life, as wife, as mother, as Queen and Empress, she taught that "it is greatest greatness to be good." Of the private benevolences of England's Queen, they formed such a large part of her daily existence, that but a very small portion can ever be known. She was particularly kind to the deaf and dumb. She learned to talk with them in their own silent language, and one of the most touching and most prized photographs in numberless homes of the deaf of Great Britain, is a snap shot of Her Majesty talking on her fingers to a poor deaf and dumb woman in a humble little cottage in the lowlands of Scotland."

The Pledge.

A pledge is a promise to do or to keep from doing something. People are continually making pledges with one another. Marriage rests upon a pledge, and it could not last without it. Government also rests on a pledge. Not the highest officer in the land will be trusted unless he is pledged. The people exact an oath from him. Business, too, depends on a pledge. A man in business pledges himself to fulfill a certain engagement, and if he cannot do so he is not again to be trusted. Law rests on a pledge. In all our courts, the judges, attorneys, and jurors are pledged men. And each witness has to lay his hand on the Bible, and take an oath to testify the truth.

Taking a temperance pledge is like bolting the door against a thief. We must make the door secure before the thief comes, not after he is already in the house.

The pledge helps one to be decided, and is a protection against temptation. *The Helper.*

Our Queen.

W. F. STUART, HAMILTON.

Today the nation weeps, our Queen
The captive now is taken;
While all the world looks on, and
The millions bow and tremble.

Great was her fame, which spread
Through the four years that
Swayed.

The pain of the past have not
But who can tell the grief
That

Home on with lightning speed
The news has swept along,
And loyal hearts through all
With solemn huge days struck

Her reign was long, she has
For friends of youth had
Each storm and shock to
dark.

But still she rose illustrious
She led no battling hosts, she
Peace was the motto of her
While kings and kingdoms fought
power

Her heart would bleed for
slain

She saw the rise of empires and of
She saw them fall, their
last,
While her wide realm extended
The pillars strong and firm

Her crown and sceptre now are
They are the emblems of a
that greater far to live in
That her virtues and her

Rest now, illustrious Queen, thy
Peace to thy dust, the nation
Bring wreaths and flowers in
Till round her like a pyramid

STRATFORD NOTES

Prom our own Correspondent
Mr. Arthur Fuller enjoys himself on his ice-boating.

Mrs. George Schweitzer, near Belleville, whom several deaf-mutes well know, is dead.

Mr. Robt. Stanton, Brantford, and his friends in Clinton and Stratford

It is now known by deaf-mutes that Stratford is probably the only place in Ontario that has a deaf and dumb Asyrian. He can read and write, but could not understand English language. He is a peonier.

Mr. Alex. Hoy, a brother of Mr. Woy, was married on January 1st to the daughter of W. McKillan, well known post master in Avonton.

The friends of Miss C. Moore, who thrize with her in the death of her cousin, Miss Anderson, in Stratford, which took place a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Robert Hoy was very severely ill, we are glad to learn that she is recovering nicely. Mrs. Hoy spent Christmas with her parents in Glencoe, Ont.

Mr. J. S. Bradshaw, brother of Mr. Bradshaw, was re-elected for deputy for 1901. He was third from the top of the Poll. He carries on "China House" in the Classic City.

Mr. Robert Hoy has lots of good eggs, numbering up to one hundred, and they supply between six and seven dozen of eggs a day. Mr. Hoy is a great expert, and is anxious to know if any deaf-mute can beat his record.

John Trachsel runs a chopping business at Shakespeare this winter and is doing good business.

Robert McLagan, a deaf-mute from Scotland, has been residing in Stratford for fifty-four years. He carries on a living by renting his eight houses, which watched Stratford growing from a few houses to a big city, which has a population of 11,000 at present. He is 68 years old and he has always enjoyed good health.

A Good School Honored

The Ontario school for the deaf held an exhibit at the Paris exposition and awarded a gold medal, which they notified they could have if they paid hundred and twenty dollars. That is the way some people give credit for nothing. The Canadian Mute that the school's finances will permit buying the medal and they have to be content with a bronze. Their exhibit has been shipped to Glasgow exhibition, and they look for another opportunity to buy a medal. Laying all jokes aside, we congratulate our good friend Matheson, who has one of the best schools in America and trust his Scottish cousins will be ready to recognize the merit of his work as the French were. When it is enterprising enough to get up an exhibition and ship it across the water entitled to honors. *Paris Letter Weekly.*