



# 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 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 and dumb.

### 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.

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**THE CANADIAN MUTE,**  
BELLEVILLE  
ONTARIO



SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

We wish all our readers  
"A Happy New Year"

1898.

BY OUR NEW YEAR EDITOR

As a dream when night is done  
As a shadow ere the sun,  
As a ship whose white sails skim  
Over the horizon dim,  
As a life complete of days  
Vanished from mortal ways,  
As a hope that pales to fear  
Is the dying of the year.

It seems such a short time since we were welcoming the young New Year, 1897, with pleasant greetings and abundant good wishes, and now we have scarcely had time to become acquainted with it ere we are called upon to witness its departure and to greet its successor, which, in its turn, will pass away with like celerity. That man must surely be of a strange and reckless cast of mind who can see the old year glide away without solemn thoughts and searching introspections. What bright hopes we had twelve months ago, how many laudable resolutions we formed, how earnestly we determined that 1897 should be the best year of our lives, full of the fruit of earnest endeavors, bright with the fruition of high resolves. But what about the final issue? How many of those hopes have been realized, how many of those resolutions not broken? Had we the power, as we have the volition, to erase from the record of the twelve months past all that we know to be unworthy, all that falls short of the best that in us lies, how many sad, accusing blanks there would be! Are we better or worse than we were twelve months

ago? Have we now higher ideals, purer conceptions of duty and privilege, a keener sense of responsibility, less of selfishness and wrong desire? Or is the reverse the case with us? Of one thing we may rest assured we have not been marking time. There is no such thing as standing still in the formation of our character and the working out of our destiny. Advancement there must ever be, or retrogression there surely is. If any of us realize that we have not gone forward, then most surely have we receded.

And the time is short! Time hastes not at the call, neither does it stay at the entreaty, for any son of man. And how wittily and resistlessly it is carrying every one of us somewhat. And every year as one grows older the whirling force and rush of time seems swifter. A year now it is, now it has gone! In youth they seem sometimes to move along with laggard steps, but as we grow older they appear to speed by with even a accelerating rapidity, till at last it seems as if we can scarcely keep count of them as they rush along. Ah! these changing, unstoppage, resistless years! What thoughts should come over us, what holy resolutions, what high resolves, what noble aspirations should move us as we stand here, with the memory of the past upon us, on this threshold of the new year. That it may be a happy and prosperous year to every one of our readers is our earnest hope and sincere desire.

Although there are no midwinter holidays at this Institution except Christmas and New Year's Days, or the days observed as such, yet there is always at this time of the year somewhat of a break in the routine of duty and the work in the class rooms and shops is considerably relaxed. This time of festivity is now however ended and we enter upon the best period for work during the session. From now till Good Friday over three full months, there is no break, and in every classroom there will be steady, persistent work during that time, and if every pupil puts forth his best efforts and gives unremitting attention to his work, the sum total of progress made will be very great indeed! So far we have enjoyed a very gratifying immunity from illness and good work has been done. This, however, is but an earnest of what each teacher hopes to accomplish between now and Easter.

It is said that an apparatus has been invented which, if attached to a musical instrument, projects upon a screen variously colored rays of light corresponding to musical notes, and even indicating the harmony and rhythm of the sweetest or most majestic compositions. The effect is said to be marvelous and beautiful almost beyond expression. Here surely at last is "music for the deaf" or the nearest approach to it that it is likely to ever be attained. Of course the sweet chords of music is not for them over to enjoy on earth, but this visible substitute for harmony may be capable of furnishing them with nearly as much enjoyment as the audible vibrations do to the hearing for it is true that the eye is capable of producing quite as exquisite pleasure as is the ear.

### Mr. Coleman's Last Lecture.

On Saturday evening Dec 11th, the pupils, ever eager to learn, assembled in the chapel and were entertained by Mr. Coleman with a condensed history of the Civil War in the United States. The only thing that interfered with the success of the evening was the gas, which shed such poor light that it severely tried the sight of some of the pupils, and in consequence put the lecturer at a great disadvantage in giving the entire satisfaction he desired. To those farthest from the platform the signing was easily understood in some parts, but not so in others. However this fault is soon to be remedied as the system of electric light has been introduced into the school building, and all but completed, the main wires from the city not yet being connected.

Now, it is not proposed to give that history in full, but only what formed the most interesting part of it, that is, the early life of Mr. Coleman, into which his old pupils will no doubt be pleased to get an insight. It should be recorded in print to be remembered. He that has done so much good deserves the love and gratitude of those benefited. Before Mr. Coleman proceeded with the main subject of his lecture he referred, in an autobiographical way, to some of the incidents that happened in the earlier years of his life. His mother died when he was only a few months old, an aunt assumed the charge of bringing him up. In childhood he was extremely timid and bashful, he would run to hide himself or disappear at the mere approach of any friends or strangers that might call at his home. One day, when he was four years old a play friend was spending the afternoon there, and when supper time came he was missed from his seat at the table. The alarm was at once given and the servants sent out to hunt him up. The cry "Where is Dan?" for such is the first name of the lecturer, went up, but no trace of him could be found, even the well near by was grappled but to no purpose. They all returned disappointed and troubled, especially the father of the bashful child who fairly gave way to despair and grief. "Where do you imagine he had hidden himself?" Some time after tea he awoke from sleeping under a lounge where he had taken refuge all the time that lady was there, and wondered at his being left alone in the dark. In this condition he was discovered by his father who had been anxiously searching for him in the house. Needless to say, joy became general, the fond parent felt particularly thankful for the recovery of his timid little boy. At the age of seven years his father desired to send him to school, but he was very reluctant to go. Inducement after inducement, in the shape of two fifty cent pieces, a five-dollar gold one, and a beautiful knife was rejected, and as a last resort the vigorous but effective rod was used. The young boy went from school to college and after twelve years course of study he was apprenticed in a law office. Just then the dreadful civil war broke out, a letter came to the law student calling him to close his books and join in the cause of the South. He assisted at one time in the surgical operations at a hospital, and at another served as a picket. In the latter service his courage at times failed, but as often returned, he sticking to duty to the last. A considerable part of the time was devoted to describing the various wounds inflicted upon the poor soldiers, in such a graphic manner as to thrill the fair portion of the pupils. Amongst other battles was mentioned that of Gettysburg, after which surrender was made by the vanquished Southerners. Mr. Coleman came out alive after all, he was then completely changed in looks. He was so bronzed and ragged that his old aunt failed to recognize him when he presented himself at her house, pretending to beg bread of her. She, however, welcomed him warmly and regaled him with what she could spare in the house, after relieving several of the vanquished soldiers passing by at the same time. That night a luxurious feather mattress was furnished him, into which he sank to such a depth that he was almost suffocated. But he could not sleep in such a bed, so went down stairs and out into the garden, rolling himself in a blanket to sleep in the open air. He was unused to the change after having laid down to rest on the battle ground for four years. The next morning his

aunt, surprised at seeing him in such condition, insisted on his sleeping within home for a few days. He had once been sick during his long experience, but in obeying her he was caught and retained a few days. In closing the lecture he was as "picket," "spy," "soldier" were explained and many said concerning military matters, etc. A vote of thanks was given by Miss Edith Wylie, a pupil of the school, and passed, with a flourish of hands, by the going up of hands.

### Pensioning Teachers

The Arkansas school teacher, Miss Susan Harwood, a teacher of 40 years, she taught in the Virginia quarter of a century ago. She has taught in the school at least an equal length of time. The good she has done by her example can never be estimated. She is now in her declining days, and ought to have rest from her labors. The authorities of the Arkansas State have graciously recognized the good which she has rendered and have granted her a pension. Now come that the trustees of the New York State have retired Miss Jane Tomlinson on a salary of six hundred dollars a year, for forty six years. The good of her

That Miss Meigs felt a special distinction and favor of the institution authorities, and that deaf mutes will undoubtedly be benefited. There never was a more honest worker, a more kindly spoken, honest hearted lady than Miss Meigs. She was good to all and gave her means to every worthy cause. Her spirit that lets not the left hand know what the right hand doeth, has been from time immemorial recognized and hearty greetings from old teachers. Miss Jane Tomlinson was the wonder of these days. She was the wonder of these days. New faces and new names met their vision at Evansville. Though other teachers might go, Miss Meigs, like the brooding Tennyson wings, seemed as if she would go on teaching forever. But 40 years made the daily duties a strength, and during the past years, Principal Currier lightened her work and made her hours longer and longer until

Her teacher pulses made her leave. The tasks were welcome evening.

Several schools throughout the country have lately done the handsome thing for those who have grown old in service. Such actions are to be commended. Teachers as a rule do not receive sufficient compensation for their labors to lay up much against a rainy day, and doubtless many a one looks back with no little anxiety to the time when his hand shall have lost its cunning, and would perhaps be best for teachers to receive a salary large enough to enable them to accumulate a competence in old age, but that is not always the case at least in the west. The proper remedy is to relieve them of all anxiety in this matter by providing a pension for them when they have grown old and are themselves out in the service. This has been done regularly by several eastern states, notably the Pennsylvania school system. These are the very institutions that are the highest salaries. There can be no serious objection to pensions for teachers, and there are good arguments in their favor. In the first place, it is about their declining days is that teachers and teachers are enabled to give themselves over more fully to the high work of teaching and rearing the youth in the next place it is a simple matter of justice to provide for their old age, they have spent their lives in a cause whose income does not enable them to make the necessary provision for themselves. The national government should make its superannuated soldiers as fully as good grounds for pensioning aged teachers, to say the least. *Star Weekly*

Is this where they want a? Yes, it is, but he must be a boy, never alters an untruth and does not use slang or swear, and never speaks unless he is spoken to. Well I round and brim my brother, he is and dumb. —Church Progress.