



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 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 note, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All payments 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



TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1900.

The Closing Session.

This issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE marks the close of another session, and one about which, fortunately, there is little to record; for that session is the best that is the most uneventful. The pupils come here for a specific purpose, and unusual occurrences to some extent interfere with the regular routine of work and to that degree are detrimental to the progress of the pupils. The session, it may be truthfully said, has been a very successful and satisfactory one, equal to if not surpassing the best in the history of the Institution. The teachers and officers have all been blessed with good health and the whole staff together has not lost a week from illness. Every day, almost without a break or cessation, steady, faithful, persistent work has been done, with the inevitable result of a very satisfactory record. The pupils, also, have as a whole enjoyed a very gratifying immunity from ailment. There were a few cases of a very mild type of scarlet fever, but these were successfully isolated and a general outbreak prevented. There have been two or three cases of serious illness but all have recovered and we are very glad to say that no deaths have occurred and all the pupils are able to go home in excellent physical condition and with very marked intellectual and we hope moral improvement. We cannot refrain from a word of warm commendation for the very excellent deportment maintained by the pupils throughout the session. There has not been one case of serious breach of discipline and the minor irregularities have been few and insignificant, and many weeks at a time have passed by without a punishment having been inflicted. We are really proud of the uniform standard of good deportment, courtesy and willing

obedience that has been maintained by the pupils and we do not believe there is a public school in the province that can present a cleaner and more satisfactory record. Our boys and girls are real little ladies and gentlemen and we were gratified, though not surprised, to hear the testimony of our official examiner, who stated that in fifty-two years of continuous public school work, during 29 of which he was an Inspector with 110 schools under his charge, he had never seen better order and discipline than he had seen here, and which, we were able to assure him, was in no degree exceptional. But ere this paper reaches its readers our halls will be deserted and all the pupils, we trust, safe at home, and we hope that all of them will have a most enjoyable holiday and that all, except the graduating class, will be with us again next season.

The Volta Bureau has issued a very interesting and pleasing little volume entitled the "Helen Keller Souvenir." The book is handsomely bound in blue and gold, is illustrated with some beautiful cuts and gives an entertaining sketch of Helen's life and the methods employed in her instruction.

Put Them on a String.

"I never hear that expression 'got 'em on a string,'" said a guest of the Grunewald to a New Orleans Times Democrat reporter, "without recalling an incident that occurred a number of years ago in a town out in Kansas. I was spending a few days in the place looking after a cattle deal, and early one evening a patent medicine fakir put in an appearance on the court-house square. He was in a fine two horse rig and had a partner with a banjo, who soon drew a big crowd. Then the fakir proceeded to hawk a cure-all liniment at a dollar a bottle. The price was cheap and the stuff went slowly, and I noticed that at each sale he wrapped up the bottle in a sheet of white paper, upon which he ostentatiously penciled a large cross. When four or five were disposed of he called on the purchasers to bring up their wrappers and handed over a crisp dollar bill in exchange for each. 'I am doing this simply to introduce our wonderful pain specific' he shouted, 'who's the next lucky man to take a bottle in a marked wrapper?' At that the fakir picked up and when he had repeated the little comedy of selling the nostrum and redempting the wrappers a couple more times, the stuff was going like hot cakes. Men fairly fell over each other to get to the buggy, and every now and then the fakir would bawl out, 'Hain't time to stop; just now, gentlemen, but be sure to preserve your wrappers!' When he had sold perhaps four hundred bottles, and the crowd was about cleared out, he stopped suddenly and held up his hand for attention. 'Now, gentlemen,' he said, producing a ball of narrow pink tape, 'I want all of you who have a marked wrapper to take hold of this ribbon. Get in line, please.' The crowd obeyed with a rush, and presently four hundred men were strung out along the curb, holding to the tape and wondering what was going to happen next. The fakir drove slowly up the street, paying out the tape as he went. 'Hold on to the magic ribbon!' he yelled. 'Don't let go of the mystic band!' The tape was five blocks long, and when he paid out the last of it he whipped up his team and vanished in the gathering night, leaving 400 large, white-bodied chumps hanging patiently to his string. When the trick dawned on them he was half way to the next township. Was I in the line did you ask? Yes, I was."

One of the first things a boy should learn is self-reliance. His next lesson should be courtesy. The world has a business opening for every young man who has confidence in himself, with a disposition to work, and who is courteous to the older people. The boy who is self-reliant and respectful to others will make a man of judgment and industry—two essentials to the success of business men. It is the young man who is indolent and impudent who is out of employment, and necessarily a failure in life.

An Impressive Incident.

We are indebted to Mr. E. S. Henne for the following lines by a student of the Normal College at Ypsilanti, Mich., upon witnessing a rendition of the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee" in artificial signs by Miss Mae Cory, a former pupil of this school. The graceful motions of the fair "singer" accompanied the singing of the hymn by Miss Harlowe, and with the grand accompaniment of the great pipe organ played by Professor Pease, before an audience of more than a thousand students with their professors, rendered the occasion memorably indeed. It is needless to add that all were profoundly moved by the unusual sight. Here is the poem:—

THE DEAF MUTE'S SONG.

"Nearer, my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
Those pleading, outstretched arms are sinking
Now
The song that voiceless lips can never frame
The soul is speaking with its flesh above,
The longing heart alone can call his name,
No sound of sweet accompanying organ notes
Can pierce the stillness of those deafened ears.
Alone, yet all alone, the deaf mute stands,
Yet in that awful silence has no fears.

"Nearer, my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
O Father, listen to that mute appeal,
Have pity on that little suffering life,
Just it so 'revel of all that makes us sweet,
Bear it, as we, in this great world of strife?
She does not know that tears are falling here,
Two hearts are melting for her as she sings,
She cannot hear the loving words we breathe,
But ever to the upward gate she clings.

"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
Teaching heart reach up unto your God,
O loving Father, take your stricken child,
Those trembling lips the name of "mother" can
not frame
From all the mother talk thou art called,
The name of "sister" thou canst never hear,
Though longing fill thy sad heart to its brim,
Still in that solemn silence thou art blest
And in thy sorrow shalt be nearer Him
The New Era

LONDON NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Noves of Donfield, spent Sunday the guest of Mr. Dark.
Mr. A. Parkins has been in the city for some weeks past. On account of poor health he has been compelled to take to peddling for a living. He is a basket-maker by trade.
Messrs. Gould and Wool wheeled out to see Mr. Henderson and his sister Anne on Queen's birthday, there they met Mr. and Mrs. Smallidon, of St. Thomas. Of course it was a pleasant gathering.
Mr. P. Leathorn spent May 24th in Port Stanley and came home loaded up with the fish he had captured there. The sport was fine.
Mr. Wm. Bryce, of Poplar Hill, was a visitor to the city on May 24th.
A number of the mutes visited Mr. H. Cowan's garden and found it very nice. All wish Harper success.
Of course London the less celebrated the capture of Pretoria, and none were more loyal than the mutes here.
Mr. W. H. Gould was in Ingersoll last Sunday on a visit to relatives there.

Baby Men.

Sometimes we think that one thing which makes hard times hardest, is the number of baby men running about. You can hear them squall almost any time of day or night. By baby men, we mean those fellows who are easily knocked out. Here are a few specimens: One who quits work for a week on account of a frost-bitten finger. A man who lies a bed till nine o'clock on account of the cold. One who is jealous because his neighbour is getting to the front by hard work. A man who is afraid he will soil his hands. One who wants some one else to support him. A man who blames his wife for being poor. One who blames the government because his ancestors did not leave him any money. A strong, healthy man who cries because he is tired. A man who gets sick for want of exercise. One who will not hustle. The dudo and the dandy. The sluggard and the whiner. soft men who are afraid to run, jump or kick. Pretty men who are just too sweet to live. Tooties, sillies and foles. The world is full of baby men, and there is no use looking for the millennium, nor even for extra good times till they are grown up. —Waterloo (S. D.) Times.

Do not let any of us complain that our circumstances are making us evil, let us manfully confess, one and all, that the evil lies within us, not in them.—P. D. Maurice.

Sundown in the West.

BY KATE W. HARRIS

The smell of the water was
rain,
And the hissing pipe of
renewal again
At the foot of the stroller
and
the pool in the lane
The rosy clouds of sunset, with
blue,
Fervent for the love's
message through
of the old days gone and
of the new.
The trees in the maple blossom
leafless boughs,
The crowing of cocks in the
hissing of walking
The unknown's musical call
her level brows,
Shading her eyes, and calling
and blue,
Buttercup, bird and blue,
nature
hic-plug in rhythmic measure
unforgot
These are the wounds I bear
quiet day,
Softened and sweet in the
and far away,
Looking from my high window
Mid May
Sweet is the shadowy landscape
and sleep;
No sound of the far-off
valley and steep,
No moan of the wounded
of them that weep
But the earth lies still and
solitary trees,
Nor hears the din of fighting
alien seas,
Nor hears the roar of English
victories.
The graves are green in church
green the fleary plain,
Their graves are on the rocky
the Indian mounds,
Our soldiers of the Empire
age
Rock

OTTAWA NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Mrs. J. S. McClelland has
spend a couple of months
parental roof, near London.
Our enterprising Lutor, F. S.
the happy father of a thriving
A. Gray and D. Bayne paid
visit to Mr. Dubois, late of
and made many enquiries
friends.
We are informed that Mrs. W.
lino's father is to go to England
business trip this summer.
The Misses Borthwick, M.
and Jameson spent the 24th
Britannia Bay, with Mr. Wilson
escort. The two former with
wheeled out, and Miss Jameson
on the electric cars. They
ing a very nice time.
Jas. McClelland spent the
Montreal.
Mr. Holland is still actively
in Ottawa, and we consider his
success in such hard and stony
should be rewarded with some
of success.
We understand Mrs. Wiggat
for her father's summer residence
the Hildeau labors and may be
sometime. Frank's a
widower now.

D. Bayne's brother Robert, who
managed his father's farm for
twenty years, has sold out to his
Alex. and John, and left for the
west, where he will in future
David has quite a lot of cousins
already and they write glowing
of that country.

We understand about ten from
immediate neighborhood have
their intention of being at the
tion, and possibly this number
considerably augmented.

We are glad to be able to
that Miss Borthwick's aunt, who
seriously ill, is rapidly improving.
Since the big fire Mr. Shoulton
been working overtime to supply
fire sufferers with bread and
is seriously ill, necessitating
visits on his part, he has very
for rest.

Mr. Gray, who is an enthusiastic
rainer, was a frequent visitor
Ottawa market lately with
for which he realized top prices.

We understand Mr. Pettit is the
possessor of a \$70 bicycle. We
that the first he ordered was
in the freight shed, which was
during the big fire, and the
which he ordered sent him another.
As this will be my last letter
school reassembles next September
will wish your readers good
and teachers, officers and pupils
journey home and a happy
Trusting to meet a good number
readers at the convention, I will
for this session.