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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



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PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'n't any use o' fretting,
An' I told Othallah so,
For ef we couln't hold on to things,
We'd just got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a drestle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was most empty
An' corn an' potatoes scarce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap,
But water, an' apples, an'
But then—as I told Othallah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couln't stan it an' ho
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, lawd! ef you'd o'ly heard him
At any hour of the night,
A prayin' out of that closet there,
I wou'd have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God,
Down on his knees in the closet,
The most of his time was passed
For Othallah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I said that way contrary
That ef things don't go just right
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I ain't going to talk about
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a catbird's beak
I drew the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death,
Or be lay because we were poor.
An' Othallah, he was dere,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held on
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whistlers,
"God knows where His gift descends,
An' His'n's always that faith gits down
As far as the finger-ends."
An' I wou'dn't have no one reckon
My Othallah a shirk.
For some, you know, have the gift to pray
An' others thog it to work.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD



What Our Women Need.

A good rule to live by in these days when there is such a mental strain upon women, as well as upon men, is to go out in the evening as often as you stay at home, and stay at home as often as you go out, writes Edward W. Bok in "At Home With the Editor," in the May *Ladies' Home Journal*. We want to alternate things a little in this world. Variety is not only the spice, but the medicine and tonic of life. A change is good for us all. Live in a rut and you will think in a rut. Going out evenings does not necessarily imply the expenditure of money if the domestic purse will not bear it. We need not go to the theatre, to a concert, to a lecture each time that we venture out. The best society in this world is that of our friends—those whom we know to be our friends, to be sympathetic with our beliefs, to be in touch with our surroundings. An evening at the house of friends, or they at our house, is relaxation and diversion from the day's thoughts. Unfortunately in our larger cities we know so little of this neighborly feeling, so little of that community of intercourse that makes life in smaller places so much the better worth the living. In the greater cities it is the exception, rather than the rule, that we know those who live next door to us. The people living in the same house with us are often as far removed from us as if they lived in Honolulu. But friends we all have, some near, some less, and the very fact of seeing other faces takes us out of ourselves, lifts us into new spheres of thought, gives us new ideas, and takes us away from what we have to face on the morrow.

"Harold."

Sweet the sound of anthems rolls upon the hallowed stillness of the Sabbath morning, but he hears it not.

Joyously the robin, swinging on the bending branches of the apple-tree, calls to his mate and they twitter and tell one to the other their happy greeting, but he knows it not. The smallest bird that flutters in the sunlight can hear the voice of nature in all its changeable tunes and cadences chirp forth his greeting to the rosy morning, but this blue-eyed boy is denied the blessing that is vouchsafed God's meanest creatures.

The loving voice in which his mother speaks to him awakes no answering feeling in his bosom, for he hears it not. A silence of ten thousand graves surrounds him and the sweetest note to him is as the howling of Charybdis, he knows not one, nor does he hear the other.

Picture to yourself a cavern vast wherein no living thing makes motion and the very rustling of the wind is hushed. A cavern girl about with rocks so huge and dead, that not the faintest echo of an echo finds its way beneath them and within whose walls such solemn stillness reigns as rules the mid night hour when, starting from his broken slumbers the prisoner in his bolted dungeon strains his frightened ear to catch the faintest palpitation of the stagnant air.

Such gloomy dearth of pleasant sounds enshrouds the child whose ears are closed, not by the final dissolution of the body but by the fell and curbed fangs of dire disease which, when it left him, enshrouded in a living tomb of silence.

The voice of love falls dead upon his ear. The playful shout of children is meaningless as is the voice of supplication to the heathen idol.

But amid the solemn stillness that surrounds him comes the voice of conscience, clear from contamination with the baser things of life.

No obscene words shall ever thrust their slimy presence on these closed and silent ears. No senseless oaths nor wicked imprecations bellowed forth by beings whom 'twould honor much to call them beasts, shall shock the gentle heart of one whose ears are sealed to earthly jangles and discords, and often 'mid the rude and boisterous torrent of the stream of life, when surges and sand-bars shall obstruct the smooth and gentle ripple of the current, shall we praise the Lord that these same seals are placed upon his ears that they may save the purer part of him from listening to the foul and most blasphemous discords that are made by these same surges and sand-bars. And so perchance the freedom from the discords in the rhythm of this life will compensate one for losing many of its sweeter cadences, for the stream not fouled with washings from the gutters is purer far to drink from.

The Uselessness of Worry.

Worry is the one thing not needed. It beattles a man and makes him petty, it writes its mark in furrows and wrinkles, and fishes away his strength and fortitude, it is a nuisance to himself and makes him a nuisance to all that are about him. Let your trouble tarry till its own time, climb one star at a time, that is the best way to get to the top. We do not know what will happen, we are so ignorant of what is coming that it is said, "The unforeseen always happens." And that is true, because we cannot take every factor and influence into our reckoning. Is the writer not right in saying that the troubles we most feared passed over like swift clouds, while the things that really trouble us were not what we expected to happen. Do not cross the bridge until you come to it, it will be in sound enough condition, for God does not give men tasks to which they are unequal. Everything will fall into its proper place as you go along, if you will but go along.

The King and the Miller.

Near Sans Souci, the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill, which much interfered with the view from the palace. One day the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill, and the unexpected reply came that the miller would not sell it for any money. The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but folding his arms, quietly remarked,

"The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia."

And he took the legal proceedings, the results of which was that the king had to rebuild the mill and pay a good sum of money besides in compensation.

Although his Majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and turning to his courtiers, he remarked

"I am glad to see there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller of whom we have just been talking had come into possession of the mill.

After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on his business, he wrote to the King of Prussia, reminding him of the incident of his Majesty felt so disposed, he should be very thankful, in his present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply with his own hand.

"My dear Neighbor I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith a sum of money, in the hope that it may be of some service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me always your affectionate neighbor, FRANKFRED WILLIAM." Selected.

A Noble Boy.

Well! I saw a little boy do something the other day that made me feel good for a week. As I was walking along the street, I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along without any one to lead him. He went very slowly, feeling with his cane.

"How walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself, "and it's very high, too. I wonder if some one won't start him in the right direction?" Just then a boy about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner, left his play mates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the old man's arm and said, "let me lead you across the street."

By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play. Now this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I knew he had made three other persons feel happy, and better, and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving toward every one for many days.

During the siege of Paris 150,000 official dispatches were carried into the city by means of the pigeon post.

Papa—"Mercy! What an interrogation point you are! I'm sure I didn't ask strings of questions when I was a boy." Little son—"Don't you think if you had, you'd be able to answer more of mine?"

object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who, on account of deafness, either partial or total, are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

deaf mutes between the ages of seven and fifteen being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance furnished free.

deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition will be admitted pupils. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of Printing, Writing and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils, and instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, millinery, the use of the sewing machine, and ornamental and fancy work, as may be desired.

Those who have charge of deaf mutes will avail themselves of the liberal facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins second Wednesday in September, and the third Wednesday in June of each year. Regulations as to the terms of admission and other matters will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,

Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go out in boxes to office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2.45 p.m. of each day excepted. The messenger is not to send letters or parcels, or receive them at post office for delivery, for pupils.