



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 typesetting, 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 also 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 cents for the school year, payable in advance. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Items 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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BELLEVILLE
ONTARIO



TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1898.

Painstaking Efforts.

The oft-quoted proverb that "genius is simply the capacity for taking infinite pains" contains but half a truth, for genius is more than this; but the half truth which it contains is just the half that may be assimilated, and worked out in practice, by every individual. Sir Frederick Leighton, the eminent British artist, possessed this indispensable quality of genius in an eminent degree, and no doubt to this capacity of taking pains, quite as much as to his inherent artistic instinct, is due the eminent success he achieved. It is related of him that when a young man, brilliant, enthusiastic and versatile, he was at work upon an Italian landscape, into which he wished to introduce an olive-tree. He remembered having seen a tree in the south of Italy which would quite suit his purpose, and he had a sufficiently vivid recollection of it to reproduce it, but he was not satisfied to trust to his memory, as no doubt many inferior painters would have done. He took the long journey to southern Italy for the express purpose of studying that tree, and spent some four or five weeks of unbroken observation and work ere he reappeared with an exact sketch of it. This patient effort, this determination to attain the nearest possible approach to perfection at whatever cost, is the great quality that lies behind all real success. Many people flippantly attribute to good luck the success attained by their fellows, but could they but see the careful attention to details, the days and nights of arduous toil, that characterized the early struggles of our successful men, they would discard their cheap and false philosophy of good luck for a truer conception of the methods by which success is achieved. Here also, as in the moral world, it is true that as a man soweth so he reapeth and no man can take out of life more than he puts into it.

In our last issue we stated that any of our contemporaries were quite at liberty to make any use they saw fit of any original matter that appeared in THE CANADIAN MUTE, whether with credit or without. We feel impelled however, to limit our permission by one important condition, and that is that the paper making use of any article shall make a reasonably serious effort not to distort it by typographical errors. Of course mistakes of this kind will be overlooked by the most careful of proof-readers and will creep into the best of papers, but really some of our contemporaries do not seem to exercise the least care in this matter, and it is exceedingly annoying to see the sense of an article, or a portion of it, quite destroyed by some easily recognizable error. There is no element in the getting up of a paper more important than a painstaking scrutiny of all proofs, and editors who err in this regard err beyond hope of forgiveness. Not long ago we counted 13 typographical errors in a reprinted article less than a column in length. Such carelessness is of course simply inexcusable.

The Iowa House of Representatives has just passed a bill which enacts that the manual alphabet shall be inserted in all Readers and Spellers in the public schools of that State. We have long advocated having this done in Ontario, and were in hopes that this Province which leads the world along so many educational lines, would be the first to introduce this beneficent innovation. But, though delayed, it will assuredly come in time, as all improvements do. It seems a pity that, after spending some fifty thousand dollars a year in educating the deaf so that they shall be qualified to mingle with the hearing in business and in industrial employments, an effort is not made to provide a common medium of communication especially when it can be done, by the method suggested above, without any expense whatever to the country.

An Italian physician has discovered that cycling has a very injurious effect on the hearing. If this be so there will be no lack of pupils for Schools for the Deaf in years to come. We hope that some of the devotees of the wheel on our staff will take alarm at this discovery—and give their wheels to those who do not at present feel able to afford this luxury. We know some of the latter who are self-sacrificing enough to be willing to risk becoming deaf in order to guard present owners of wheels from this danger.

We cannot withhold an expression of admiration for *The Lone Star Weekly* in its new dress. From the tasteful heading to the last line it is as handsome a paper as one would wish to see, and a credit to deaf-mute journalism. And its contents are quite in keeping with its general appearance, the selected articles being generally very good while the original matter is always pertinent and well written.

- The beautiful hidden virtues are the most lovely.
- Virtue is the mother of glory, because it is deserving of honor.
- Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. *Swift*
- Half the people who pretend to make love, could be arrested for counterfeiting.
- Modesty is to merit what shading is to a picture. It makes it stand out in strong relief.
- The heartfelt, "God bless you" falls sweetly upon the ears of those to whom the words are addressed.
- To master one subject thoroughly is vastly to increase your power of dealing with every subject that you touch.

Adventure of Two Deaf-Mutes.

Thursday night of last week two deaf and dumb brothers of Corbin named Goodin went to the home of Hon. J. A. Ingram and knocked Mrs. Ingram asked who was there, and after hearing the knocking and asking the question several times and receiving no answer, she ordered the parties to leave. The noise continued and Mrs. Ingram whose only companion in the house was her little niece, becoming frightened, got her husband's gun, went to another door and fired on the intruder. He fled and the next time he was heard from was at Pleasant View Friday morning with several wounds about his face, where shot had either cut him or where he had hurt himself in his hurried attempt to cross the yard fence. Of course, the man intended no harm, but Mrs. Ingram did not know his condition and, under the circumstances had good reason for being alarmed. *Williamburg Times*

Pa's Prayers.

One hard winter when sickness came to the poorly paid pastor of a certain New England church, his flock determined to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones and for material blessing upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer boy was seen.

"What do you want?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers?" Why, what do you mean?"

"Yep, brought his prayers and they are out in the wagon. Just help me and we'll get them in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that pa's prayers consisted of potatoes, flow, bacon, cornmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

Deaf and Leper.

A pathetic story comes to us from the Territories Leprans of Louisiana. In that low, malarious district through which a foul bayou creeps to the Gulf, a few lepers have found refuge. They live on rice and fish, and hide in the ferns at the approach of strangers.

One old man who had lived there, friendless, through long years of agony, was found last winter just before his death by a faithful priest. He was deaf and blind, and the horrible disease had almost destroyed the human outlines of his face—but just before he died the distorted features suddenly lightened and he cried out:

"I shall see Jeanne again!"

Jeanne, whether wife or child, was the one being dearest to him, and he carried with him his love for her through years of torture unto death.

Queen Olga of Greece, who was one of the watchers at the deathbed of the late Tsar of Russia, has written that for days he could not bear to have the Tsarina leave him for a moment. He held her close in his arms as she knelt beside him often kissing her cheek. At the last moment, when he found that he could not move his head, he sighed and said:

"I shall never kiss her again!"

They were his last words.

He sat upon the highest earthly throne of the world, ruling over millions of human beings, yet when he went out into the darkness, it was not his power or majesty that were real to him, but the love that had been true and dear.

There are but one or two facts in men's lives which are really of import, and they are the same for each man. These are his work, his relation to God, and the love of those who are dear to him.

When in health we clutch at many other things—money, fashion, position or power—but at the gate at the far end of the road they drop away and beggar and kaiser can carry nothing into the unseen world but the mercy of God, and let us hope—the human love that in its sweetness and purity is a foretaste of heaven.

"How do you happen to be called Jack?" "Oh, it's just a nickname. I don't know but that it was an abbreviation."

Silent Worship.

By the late HARRIS A. W. in *Wayide Flowers*, Deaf and Dumb, in *Ed Hamilton*.

The Sabbath eve, the hour of prayer,
A waiting congregation,
They hear no music in the air,
They wait for calm, respect,
Repressed in every smile and tear,
No words their burning prayer,
The benedict knees, the bowed heads,
They hear not speak nor pray.

From the dark chambers of the soul,
Through the bright eyes,
No sound of solemn organ,
No hallowed words from a
Solenn to beam glorious,
Kyrie Eleison, humble prayer,
To them are mystic shades,
But angels listen, God is true.

Oh, ear that boasts thy power,
Oh tongue that prides thy power,
Draw near unto this silent prayer,
Learn what these worshippers
Needs our great Teacher care,
That He may understand
He who have speechless prayer,
And makes the silent flower.

Has He not mystic telegraph,
Reaching from earth to heaven,
May not these silent children,
In His calm temple rest and pray,
And such mysterious outflow,
Like Jacob's ladder blaze and glow,
Shall with unuttered prayer,
And bring down angels of God?

Oh, blessed work of charity,
To pour into these minds,
The glory of the perfect day,
The blessing of the Holy Spirit,
Oh, sweet reward to stand and pray,
With these around, so long and true,
And hear and I the Archangel,
The Master's welcome. *Psalm*

Advice Plainly Given.

An elderly lady went into a retail shop in New York City for Christmas, and asked a young girl behind the counter:

"Have you any gold buttons?"

The girl surveyed her for a moment, and seeing an elderly dressed woman, without a hat, and down a box, shoved the door open and, after a moment's hesitation, to urge the passers by:

"These are sleeve buttons for a customer, gently. I have no buttons."

Her accent was not that of a rich man, and the girl giggled significantly at one of her buttons, took down another box and showed it over the counter.

"These are enameled imitation stones. I want the plain buttons, if you please. Buy a stranger quietly."

"The enameled are the same as you please," said the stranger.

"If you can't find what you want, we haven't got them," said the girl, tossing her head insolently. "I'm not buying buttons or gifts now. They are jeweled ones."

"The stranger rose.

"They don't suit you. I'm going to buy them from the first. See how the lid on the box and turn it over on the customer."

The lady hesitated and then, in a gentle, firm voice, she said to the employer and tell him how the interests are served by you. I'm sorry for you, and I am going to waste a little plain coin on you.

"I came from England," said the girl. "You would have waited on me there for one third of the wages you paid here. Your purpose now is to serve each customer that you think is as good as she is. That is plain cause of your rudeness just now. It may be as good or better than that, but that is not what your employer wants you to show to me. He pays you for his buttons. The more you show to me, the more you are, the more buttons you sell, and the more you will be in your one chance to better your position."

She went out. The girl looked at her, flushed and angry.

"Do you know who that was?" she asked a salesman who was passing.

"That is Lulu," said the salesman, "a well-known hothouse, who is a member of several international reform societies. What was she saying to you?"

The girl hesitated. "She told me what a fool I had been. I think she did it," she said. *Youth's Companion*

Flattery is a sort of bad flattery which our vanity gives currency to. Sunday is the golden clasp which together the volume of the world's history.