

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

HON. J. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
A. MATHISON Nurse.
J. J. KANE, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. GILMAN, M. A. Mrs. J. G. TERRILL
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Book and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

Wm. DOUGLASS, J. MIDDLEMAN,
Stenographer & Bookbinder, Engineer.

W. H. KATH, JOHN DOWD,
Superintendent of Boys, etc. Master Carpenter.

Miss M. BEMSEY, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Sewing Machine Superintendent, Master Baker.

Wm. CURR, THOMAS WILLS,
Master Shoemaker, Gunlayer.

MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer.



Semi-Mutes.

The cadences of long ago
Are silent erections,
But, like an echo, they return
In whispers that we need to learn,
And float from Memory's door,
Down the wide corridors of the soul,
And musically sweet they roll
Until they reach the ethereal lute,
Then we forget that all is mute.

In rhythmic lilts and grate and key,
Long treasured in "sweet long ago,"
Swing down the voices from the day
We faded up and laid away
And we forget we used to know,
In visions that come back again
With each familiar echo-strain,
And forward bent, we hear the lute
Refrain and forget all is mute.

The key board that our fingers sweep
In days so long ago,
No longer sends forth cadences
To greet the busy little ears
Now closed to outward sound,
But, bending low and listening,
We hear the notes we can not sing,
As they float from that unseen lute,
And we forget that all is mute.

The tones of our dear mother's voice
Have silent been so long,
The childish laugh that used to ring,
The tender words our fathers bring,
Not now float out in song,
But sometimes as we wander far
Into the past, "neath memory's star
We find them treasured in the lute,
And we forget that all is mute.

Oh, child, do not! We can not be
As practical as those
Who hear the echoes of a song,
And do not feel those echoes long,
But turn again to prose.
The sweetest notes on earth are ours,
Because they linger with the flowers,
Because the music that they bring
Includes the songs the angels sing.
—Wm. TRACY.

—Those who have lost their hearing, but still retain memories of speech and sound
—Some have called the heart a lute whose low, soft music echoes and re-echoes through the chambers of the soul.—CHASE



The Empty Sleeve.

While engaged with a commercial house in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, my business frequently called me to many of the important cities and towns of the State. During one of my regular visits to a town in the southern part of the State, which was noted far and wide for the bad character of its saloons and their proprietors, the following incident occurred.

The train was late when I arrived at L—. After a hasty supper I was invited by the hotel proprietor and his wife to accompany them to a temperance meeting. The lecturer, they said, "was stirring up the whole town." The meeting had commenced before we arrived, and I noted from the crowded condition of the church, the stirring songs, and the pointed remarks of the speaker that a deep interest was prevailing in the temperance movement in this community.

When the speaker concluded his address, and invitation was extended to all of those who desired not only to sign the pledge, but also a petition to the council to suppress by a local option ordinance, all of the saloons of the place. Quite a number went forward and signed both papers, among whom were a few of the most intemperate people of the town.

Just previous to the closing of the meeting there arose in the central aisle, a tall, dignified gentleman, elegant in appearance, with a pleasing, cultured face, who walked slowly to the speaker's desk, and asked permission of the chairman to occupy a few minutes before closing. His request was cheerfully granted.

He said: "I did not come here to night to speak; only to listen. But as I always take a deep interest in the temperance

work, I could not be quiet until I added a few words to encourage some of those who signed the pledge to-night. My personal experience may help some one to be firm, and sustain them in their efforts to reform.

"I was born in the town of W—, and received a careful college education. My father started me in business, which proved a success from the start. I gathered around me many warm friends. I married a cultured and refined young lady of a neighboring town, whose parents were highly respected. We had two children, a son and a daughter. I was popular, and presided at nearly all of the social and political meetings of the place, and on my way home I was frequently induced to partake a glass of wine or beer. The habit became fixed, and I found that much of my time was taken up at the club and social meetings, and that my hours for going home were late.

"My wife spoke kindly to me about drinking. I replied, "Never fear, I will never become a drunkard."

"But as time went on I became more and more a slave to drink, until my friends kindly admonished me. I then noticed that my business was being neglected. It was not long before a receiver was appointed to wind up my business affairs. My store, good, beautiful home, and all went to liquidate my debts, and I was obliged to move into a very poor house on the side street. Now, nearly all of my former friends deserted me, and I could secure no work, for I could not be trusted.

"At this point I lost my pride and went about the town and through the streets half drunk, slovenly and shabby, being a complete slave to the drink habit. Then I sold all of the few things which we had been able to keep, to procure whisky and food.

"When my cash was gone I joined a gang of sewer and street workers, and shovelled the gravel. Each day my dinner-pail went to the saloon, and at night we went there in company, and often stayed late, going home hungry, tired and cross until I made my house almost a hell.

"One night I had been drinking more than usual and when I arrived at home I was angry. I saw a light through the window but the door was locked. I tried to get in, but could not. I pounded at the door in rage. The only response I could get was from my boy who appealingly said, "Go away, papa; you won't hurt mamma, will you?" I said, "I will if this door is not opened soon."

"Groping behind the door, my hand fell upon a hatchet which had been used for cutting kindling wood that day. With this I broke the lower panel of the door. From within I saw a small arm extended through the opening, and heard a small voice crying, "Papa, go away."

"In my anger and desperation I caught that arm, and with one blow of the hatchet I cut it off and throw it on the ground."

The frantic screams of my wife and children brought a number of the neighbors and also a policeman. After a severe struggle, with blood dripping from my face, I was taken to prison. My boy was conveyed to a hospital, and my wife and daughter were cared for by loving friends. When morning came I was sober, and then I fully realized what I had done. Oh, what would I have given to have replaced that arm and recalled the horrid deed of that night!

"Court was in session and I was taken before the judge for trial. I asked no lawyer to defend me. I told the judge I was guilty. My wife was not to blame and no sentence was too severe to impose upon me. I was responsible for the crime which whisky, beer and the saloon-keeper assisted me to accomplish. But with the help of a higher Power I never drank a drop again. I was placed in prison and had ample time to reflect. I exclaimed, "Oh what

a wretch I have made of myself!" and I determined to make a man of myself among my own friends at home.

"I was released in time through the influence of my friends. I came to my own town, sought for my wife and asked her forgiveness. I once more commenced business in a small way, and have succeeded from that day until this. I now have the happiest, pleasantest home in America.

"I desire to introduce my son. Fred, will you please come forward. Immediately a fine looking young man arose from his seat and stepped forward to the platform, and as the interested eyes of the audience rested upon the youth, they knew the story to be too true, for at his side hung an empty sleeve. His father placed his hand upon the boy's shoulder, and said, "This is the best boy living;" and Fred added, "My mother, sister and myself all say that father is the best man on earth."

Looking around I could not see a dry eye in the audience. Then there were hundreds anxious to reach the desk to sign the papers, and later on every saloon in the place was wiped out.—*New York Witness.*

Sam Jones on the Home.

Among the good things from the pen of Sam Jones the following is worthy of careful consideration:

I am not an alarmist. If every bank was to break I would not lose a cent and I could walk home. I have got two shoulders of meat in the smoke house, and clothes to last me six months.

We've got to get back to headquarters—home—to find out the trouble. Home ought to be the brightest, happiest and cheeriest place under the sun, on the face of the earth.

Every man shows what he thinks of his family by the appearance of the home he puts them in. A man whose home is all out of whack, the blinds down and the doors off the hinges, the steps rotten—that shows his character. The husband shows his character by the exterior of his home, and the wife by the interior. I don't see how some men can keep pious on what they get three times a day. Spurgeon includes all human miseries under "dirt, devil, debt." I have been in houses where they had twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of silver ware and fifteen cents' worth of grub. I would like to be able to digest silver but can't. I like girls who can play on the stove as well as on the piano. Many a man has been sent to a drunkard's grave by what he has been given to eat by his wife. You give a man a biscuit that will knock down a yearling, and he's got to have a drink or something else before night.

If you've got a good home and a good cow you're elected, as Presbyterians say.

Keep a Clean Mouth, Boys.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked;" but it is a habit which leads to profanity and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—*The Christian.*

The 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.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

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

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and in ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is desired that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

As the Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and the third Wednesday in June of each year, any application as to the terms of admission or particulars, will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND FORWARDED without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go by post office in box in office door will be sent by post office at noon and 2.45 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive all matter at post office for delivery, for any fee, unless the same is in the locked bag.