

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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NO. 19.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON. J. M. GIBBON.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent  
 J. MATHISON, Bursar.  
 J. F. BAKING, M. D. Physician.  
 MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A. Head Teacher.  
 P. DENY, Miss G. HALL, B. A.  
 D. J. MCKILLOP, W. J. CAMPBELL, GEO. F. STEWART.

MISS J. G. TERRILL, Miss H. TRIMPTON, Miss M. M. OSTROM, Miss MARY HULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYBER, Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL, Miss ADA JAWA, Monitor.

MISS ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher of Articulation, (Temporary).

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS EDITH M. YARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS L. N. MURCALPK, Clerk and Typewriter.

WM. DOUGLASS, Storekeeper & Assistant Superintendent.

O. G. KRISH, Supervisor of Boys.

WM. NURSE, Master Shoemaker.

J. MIDDLEBASS, Engineer.

JOHN T. BURNE, Instructor of Printing.

Master Carpenter.

D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.

THOMAS WILLS, Olaner.

MICHAEL O'NEARA, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, 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 \$30 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, Carpentering 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 such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter 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 away if put in box in office door will be sent to city 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 mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



### What is Noble?

What is noble?—to liberate  
 Wealth, estate, and proud degree?  
 There must be some other merit  
 Higher yet than these for me!  
 Something greater far must enter  
 Into life's majestic span  
 Fitted to create and center  
 True nobility in man.

What is noble? 'tis the finer  
 Portion of our mind and heart,  
 Linked to something still diviner  
 Than mere language can impart,  
 Ever prompting—ever seeing  
 Some improvement yet to plan,  
 To uplift our fellow being,  
 And, like man, feel for man!

What is noble?—is the subtle  
 Nobler than the humble spade?  
 There's a dignity in labor  
 Truer than e'er poetry arrayed!  
 He who seeks the mind's improvement  
 Aids the world, in aking small  
 Every great commanding movement  
 Serves not one, but all mankind!

O'er the forge's heat and anvil—  
 O'er the engine's iron head—  
 Where the rapid shuttle flashes,  
 And the spindle whirls its thread  
 There is labor, lowly tending  
 Each requirement of the hour—  
 There is genius, still extending  
 Science, and its world of power!

Mild the dust, and speed, and clamor,  
 Of the loom-shed and the mill,  
 'Mid the clink of wheel and hammer,  
 Great results are growing still!  
 Though too oft, by fashion's creators,  
 Work and workers may be blamed,  
 Commerce need not hide its features—  
 Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places  
 Truth in its enfranchised will,  
 Leaving steps like angel-traces,  
 That mankind may follow still!  
 E'en though scorn's malignant glance  
 Trove him poorest of his clan,  
 He is the Noble—who advances  
 Freedom, and the Cause of Man! —SUNN



### Deaf and Dumb: an Inoffensive Wanderer.

From The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

It was in the bitter winter of 18—, which fortunately none of you can remember, when poor Timothy Scott sat before the remains of a fire which he had made from sticks gathered in the woods, near Maclested. His head was buried in his hands, and large tears were dropping through his fingers. He looked most abjectly miserable; for his coat was one of his dead father's, and was mended with patches of various fabrics, his shirt was in holes, and he had no boots or stockings. He had walked ten miles through roads covered with snow, and his feet were raw and bleeding, but he was quite unconscious of any physical suffering, for his heart was breaking. During the night Tim's mother had been taken ill, and Tim had gone into the room where she was lying to see if he could do anything for her, and then had run off to a village five miles away for a doctor. The doctor had just come, and poor Tim was waiting miserably; he knew his mother was very ill, and wanted very much to know if she would live; but he could not think of any way of asking the doctor, for poor Tim was deaf and dumb, he could not read or write, and the way of talking on fingers was not then in use; the only person who understood him at all was his mother, and all good mothers understand even a baby's wants. Dr. James came down to the room where the poor lad was sitting, and laid his hand softly upon the boy's shoulder. Tim sprang up and gazed into the doctor's eyes to see if he could get any information as to his mother's condition, he caught hold of Dr. James' hand, and then fell back into his chair convulsed with sobs; he could not hear anything or ask questions but he saw that his mother was dead

from the doctor's eyes. The doctor was a kind man, and very anxious to befriend the poor lad, whom he had known from his birth; but he found it impossible to make Tim understand what he wanted to do for him, so he called at the cottage next door, and saw the wife of a laborer living there, and asked her if she would go to the funeral of Tim's mother, and afterwards take care of Tim. Dr. James told the woman that he would pay her for looking after the lad, and that she was to come to him for what she wanted. The woman was an old friend of Tim's mother and gladly undertook to do all she could. Tim sat thinking for ten minutes after the doctor had left, and then got up and went to his mother's room, looked for a moment at his mother's pinched, worn, weary face and then throwing himself half frantically on the floor, hoped that death would soon come to him, and that he might go to his mother. Worn out he fell asleep, and was aroused by some one coming into the room; he could not hear, but he could feel the vibrations of the floor. Poor Tim had always felt horribly afraid of strangers, as no one but his mother could understand him, so he got up at once, and ran out of the room without waiting even to get his cap, and went out into the cold winter night. Little caring whether he lived or died, he walked on to Prestbury; feeling faint and weary, he called at cottage after cottage, but could not make himself understood, and so at last went into a barn to sleep. You are aroused easily by the ringing of a bell, but no bell could wake poor Tim—he could not have heard a cannon; but an Angel came that night to the poor deaf lad, and whispered ever so softly, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and poor Tim opened his eyes, smiled, and thought he had seen his mother; he heard the soft whisper, although he had never heard anything before, and then he fell asleep and dreamt—but only God knew Tim's dream, as He hold out His arms and welcomed Tim, and the lad found at last that he could speak and could hear, and one of the first things he heard was the glad strains of angel voices singing, "Welcome Home." In the afternoon the farmer was passing who owned the barn where Tim had been sleeping, and looking in, said, "Hallo, that little chap looks ill," he put his hand on Tim's forehead, and knew he was icy cold. The farmer sent for a doctor, and asked everybody in Prestbury if they knew anything of the lad. The doctor came and saw that the lad had been dead for hours; and all the villagers could say was, that a deaf and dumb lad had called at their houses, but they could not understand him or what he wanted. Next day the lad was buried, but no one knew anything of him, and all the clergymen could put on his grave was "Deaf and Dumb, an inoffensive wanderer."

It appears that animated talking machines are not the results of modern conditions. Even as far back as the time of Bacon, that eminent writer noted the following truism: "Some talkers are like large rivers: weak at the head and ever pouring forth much from the mouth."

Boys, the world is wide. If you wish to be somebody, "pitch in." The brave always have friends. Where others have gone, you can go. If the old tracks don't suit, make new ones. Success is never obtained without effort. If you fall once, try it again. If you fall down, get up again. If it's dark, strike a light. Are you in the shade? move around: for if there's shadow on one side, there is sunshine on the other. Take time, boys, don't hurry too fast. Go slow, especially till you know the road or become acquainted with your team. Mind your own business. Don't stop to retail gossip—but go right on, straight ahead, and—you'll get there.—Exchange.

### A Faithful Shepherd Boy.

Gerhardt, a German shepherd, was one day watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked: "How far is it to the nearest village?" "Six miles, sir," answered the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed." The hunter looked at the crooked track and said: "My lad, I am hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road; I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, "they will stray into the woods, and may be eaten by the wolves or stolen by robbers." "Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year." "I cannot go, sir," replied Gerhardt very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food, drink and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice and—!" He stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said, "I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his satchel to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country around. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but remained honest and true to his dying day.—Sel.

### Lucy.

"I love you, Lucy; but I cannot eat these biscuits."

So said a young married man to his wife in the early days of their married life. Lucy was a fine pianist; she understood the art of embroidery and crochet and knitting; she was quite skillful in water colors, and she took high honors when she could not cook. That part of her education had been neglected. When she married because she loved him, a young physician, just getting into practice, and undertook to do her own work, how she regretted that some of the hours she had spent over the embroidery frame or at the easel had not been given to a more thorough acquaintance with culinary art. All day long, after those words of her husband were spoken, she seemed to hear: "I love you, Lucy; but I cannot eat these biscuits."

So Lucy set herself diligently to work to "conquer biscuit," and then bread and meats. After many failures, she was happy in seeing the relish with which her husband ate the food she set before him, and resolved inwardly that no daughter of hers should ever undergo the pain of hearing her husband say: "I love you, my dear; but I cannot eat these biscuits."