

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 20.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:  
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:  
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

### Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.  
A. MATHISON, Director.  
J. F. FAKINS, M.D., Physician.  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

### Teachers:

D. H. GILMAN, M.A., Head Teacher.  
P. DAVIS, J. H. SMITH, JAMES H. HALL, B.A., D. M. HILLOP, D. M. HAZTON, Miss MARY BULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYBURN, Miss SYLVIA L. HALL, Miss ADA JAMES, (Monitor).

Miss MARGARET CUMMINGS, Teacher of Articulation.

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.  
Miss SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss L. M. HODGINS, JOHN T. BURKE, (Printing), Instructor of Printing.

Miss M. J. O'LEARY, FRANK FLYNN, (Shoe-making, Tailoring), Master Carpenter.

Miss M. J. O'LEARY, Wm. NURSE, (Shoe-making, Tailoring), Master Shoemaker.

Miss V. HALLGREN, D. CUNNINGHAM, (Sewing, Tailoring), Master Baker.

Miss M. J. O'LEARY, THOMAS WILLS, (Sewing, Tailoring), Gardener.

Miss M. J. O'LEARY, MI. HALL 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 in want of deafness, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and ten, and being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born in 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 ornamental and fancy work as may be desired.

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 on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission to pupils will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

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 by post in other than the regular mail will be sent to the office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The message is not allowed to pass letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery for pupils.



### REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,  
My soul is oppressed—  
And I desire what I have long desired—  
Rest, only rest.

'Tis hard to toll—when toll is almost vain  
In barren ways  
'Tis hard to sow—and never garner grain  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
But God knows a rest;  
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap;  
The autumn yield  
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep  
O'er barren field.

And so I cry a weak human cry  
So heart-oppressed,  
And so I sigh a weak human sigh,  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And care is left  
My path, through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine—for rest.

'Twas always so: when but a child I laid  
On my mother's breast  
My wearied little head, 'ere then I prayed  
As now—for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,  
Far down the west  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

—PATRICK A. J. RYAN



### Now Neighbours.

No one in Crayville seemed to know anything about the family that had just moved into the brick house. Whence came they? What was their business, their name? Nobody knew. It was known only that the strange family consisted of a man and his wife, both of whom stayed quietly at home and did not speak to the neighbours. Mr. Diko, on passing the house and seeing the man at work in the garden, said "Good morning, neighbour!"

The man smiled, bowed, but said nothing.

"My wife," continued Mr. Diko, "will soon call on your wife."

The man shook his head, then resumed his work without a word.

"Low o' manners you've got, haime you! shouted Mr. Diko, and he walked off with a scowl. By night all the neighbours know that callers were not wanted at the brick house. But why this fear of callers?

The neighbours watched the house. The man, while in the garden, called his dog, but did not say "Come Fido," nor did he whistle. He called with low, discreet sounds, evidently in a voice disguised. Soon he looked toward the house, making with his hands queer gestures.

His wife ran out at once and fed the chickens. And she, too, in calling the chickens, said not a word. She just stood there, her blue dress bathed in sunshine, and threw from her white apron the handfuls of corn silently.

"They are afraid their voices may be recognized," whispered a neighbour; and Mr. Diko hastened down town to investigate further. He saw in the railway station a printed notice offering five hundred dollars for information that would lead to the arrest of a band of counterfeiters, one woman and two men.

"The other man is perhaps dead, or concealed in the house," said Mr. Diko. And he hurried home with a smile.

"Ah! of course they want no callers," thought he. "Of course they dare not allow their true voices to be heard in speaking even to a dog or a chick." It's a wonder they don't wear masks.

That night ten men and fifteen women

went in silent procession to the brick house, and Mr. Diko knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again, loud and long. No answer. Then he shouted: "Open the door! You can no longer deceive!"

A fearful barking was then heard within, as if the dog were running from room to room to give the alarm. A light soon gleamed through the windows, the door opened, and the procession marched in. The man and woman bowed politely, but did not betray themselves by speaking. No a single word did they say.

"Who on earth are you?" demanded Mr. Diko.

The woman smiled, bowed, seemed alarmed, but said nothing. The man, as silent as she and blushing deeply, went quickly into the next room, but ten men followed him. He went to a table and wrote on a slate which he then handed to Mr. Diko, who read:

"My poor little wife and I are deaf and dumb."

When the twenty-five callers left the house the moon, shining on the grass, seemed to tinge them all with green.—*Youth's Companion.*

### The Teacher's Vocation.

When we leave our child in the hands of the teacher we feel that all which it is possible for the school to accomplish for it depends on the last analysis of his personality, on the purity of his character; on the power of his insight; on the extent and ability of his preparation for his calling and interest in it; on his perfect mastery over what he is and what he knows; on the depth and power of his human sympathy; in a word, on his fitness to be a teacher. We ought to be able to take for granted that he does not pursue his calling as a mere vulgar handicraft; as a means to some end entirely foreign to it, as the stopping stone to something else, or as a convenient substitute for something else. The school is not a charitable foundation for the assistance of indigent talent that is preparing for other fields of usefulness; it is not a matrimonial bazar for marriageable young ladies, nor yet an almshouse for the poor or an infirmary for the imbecile. If there ever is "a divine call" to do anything, there should be one to teach.

Viewed in this light there is no vocation that is more elevating, more exalting than that of a teacher. It offers as grand a field for the highest endeavor as any occupation on earth. It is by its very nature removed from all low modes of thought, all vulgar temptations and all sordid and unworthy aims. Of all public vocations none offers greater or purer rewards (provided they be not estimated in money or money's worth) and none that is possessed of so large an influence over the future. Theodore Parker once said to a young man who was taking council of him: "In the future of America I think the teacher will have quite as large an opportunity for moulding the people to noble ends as the preacher." And in fact there is no estimating the power placed in the hands of the teacher. The very greatness and nobility of his office ought to fill him with inspiration.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### Advance Slowly.

No teacher should fall into the error of considering that, when using a text-book, he must cover a certain amount of ground in a given time. Especially should this be avoided by a teacher of deaf children. It is of prime importance that what knowledge we can give our pupils should be thorough. Hurrying through a text book, in order to reach a given point before examination, is not conducive to thoroughness. Go slowly and carefully, reviewing often, and if the pupils do not go through the book, there is much more probability that the book will go through them, which is the more desirable result.—*Companion.*

### Had No Ear Drums.

LET THE YOUNG LADY COULD HEAR VERY WELL.

"Don't speak so loud," said a pretty young woman, adding by explanation, "I have no drums, you know."

"No ear drums."

"No; I lost them several years ago."

"From a shock or concussion?"

"Not at all; I was troubled with a catarrhal affection, a consequence of which was the formation of abscess that destroyed the drums of my ears."

"But I did not know that a person could hear without ear drums."

"On the contrary, I can hear considerably better than other people, because I hear with the exposed auditory nerve instead of through the medium of the drum. For instance, it often occurs that I will hear a band of music coming up the street several minutes before anybody else does."

"And you can hear voices better also?"

"Decidedly. If you were to stand over at the other end of this room and whisper articulately I could hear what you said without any difficulty. It is not an advantage but rather distressing on occasions. When a number of people are talking together in my presence I cannot help hearing what every one of them says, whereas you would be able to confine your attention to the remarks of one individual. When a person speaks at all loudly it hurts me. As a rule I avoid riding on horse cars, because the rumble makes tears run down my cheeks. In one respect I think my misfortune is an advantage, for I believe that I enjoy music more than others do."

"So the loss of the ear drums actually renders the sense of hearing more acute?"

"Undoubtedly it does, so long as the other parts are uninjured, but their destruction exposes the delicate mechanism of the ear, which it is their chief purpose to protect. Accordingly, my auditory apparatus is constantly in danger of trouble, which might at any time render me totally deaf. Besides, any internal ulceration in the passage would be very apt to pierce the delicate wall of bone which separates them from the brain, and that would cause death. That is how Roscoe Conklin died, though very few people know it, the cold that brought on the trouble having been caught in the great blizzard."—*Washington Star.*

### A Good Beginning But--

An Ohio Schoolmistress vouches for the following as a faithful copy of a boy's composition on Columbus. Some of the writer's historical statements are a little "mixed," but our readers will not need to have the errors pointed out:—

"Columbus a great patriot he was born in Genoa, Italy. It is undoubtedly known what year, but I think it was Friday, October 12, 1435.

"Columbus was the youngest of his five brothers and so he concluded that he would go out and see if he couldn't do something for his country.

"He went to Brooklyn, New York, and walked the streets until he was tired and hungry. He then went to a baker shop and bought him two 8 cent loafs of bread, he ate one going along the street, and the other he put in a red handkerchief and put it in his pocket a lady seeing him laughed at him and made fun of him, finally he became so smart and intelligent that she married him."

Green county is prolific of large families of deaf children. There is one family of whites down there that contains eight deafmutes. The parents were first cousins. Mr. Long is now there for the purpose of bringing in six colored deafmutes, all from one family. We do not know the cause assigned for their deafness.—*Kentucky Deaf Mute.*