

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VIII.

BELLEVILLE, JUNE 12, 1900.

NO. 16.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. R. STRATTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:
ATHSON, M. A. Superintendent
COCHRANE, Miss MARY HULL, Registrar
SAKINS, M. D. Physician
ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:
COLMAN, M. A., Mrs. J. O. TERNILL, Head Teacher
MRS. B. TEMPLTON, Miss MARY HULL, Miss SYLVIA L. BALLE, Miss GEORGINA LINN, Miss ADA JAMES, Miss M. J. MADDERN, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:
IDA M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS, and Typewriter Instructor of Printing
Wm. SURAK, Master Shoemaker
CHAS. J. PEPPIN, Engineer
JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province, on account of deafness, either partial or complete to receive instruction in the common

and mutes between the ages of seven and 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 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.

Mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for their maintenance will be admitted free. Clothing must be provided by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to 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 mutes will avail themselves of the liberal facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application to the principal or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matters to be put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 4:30 p.m. of each day except Sundays. The messenger is not to post letters or parcels, or receive matter at post office for delivery, for any unless the same is in the locked bag.



The Time is Now

Young friends, there's a truth I would fain impart
On your youthful minds to-day,
Tis a potent fact to win success
With those who sit in bliss obey
In life there is many a height to attain
Many a prize the years allow,
Which by faithful toil you alone can gain
And the time to begin is now

No matter how much illers may scoff,
No matter what triflers may say,
Don't put any good resolution off,
Begin it at once, today!
Don't fancy that luck will favor some
That fortune will smile, somehow
If you wait for an opportune time to come
The time to begin is now

Let dreamers linger and idly sigh
For the future's brighter day,
But you, more wisely, shall conquer by
Enjoying the present day
Persevere! Be diligent! Don't look back
When you've put your hand to the plow,
Tis a fruitful field along your track,
And the time to begin is now

Then list to these words of advice young friends,
And ever their import heed,
Each triumph in earnest work depends
Who falls can never succeed
And you through courage success shall find
And victory crown your brow,
If at each resolve you will bear in mind
That the time to begin is now
—D. Louis Irving



Don't Worry.

From the British Deaf Monthly

Nothing in life is more remarkable than the unnecessary anxiety which we endure and generally occasion ourselves. —Beaconsfield.

There are people who are always anticipating trouble, and in this way they manage to enjoy many sorrows that never really happen to them. —H. W. Shaw.

This is only another way of saying that almost everybody in the world is under the dominion of fear. He worries about something because he is fearful about something, the getting or losing of money, the manner in which society or his friends have treated him, or may treat him, or how they may regard some act or word of his, the way business may turn, or love progress, or some other matter. Fears hold the whip of worry over almost every soul.

Someone told, in Dr. Johnson's presence, of a person who said:

"I have lived fifty-one years in this world, without having ten minutes of uneasiness."

Dr. Johnson shouted:

"The man who says so, lies; he attempts to impose on human credulity." Horace says that "black care" goes with us everywhere.

Prince Wolkonsky, during a visit to this country, declared that "Business is the Alpha and Omega of English life. There is no pleasure, no joy, no satisfaction. There is no standard except that of profit. There is no other country where they speak of a man as worth so many pounds. In other countries they live to enjoy life; here they exist for business."

A London merchant corroborated this statement by saying he was anxious all day about making money, and worried all night for fear he should lose what he had made.

Emory Haynes told of looking about one day in a large restaurant on hundreds at dinner and being unable to find one face which seemed to denote that the person was enjoying the dinner.

Byron, at Venice, durst not open *The Quarterly Review*; and sent it away, after it had been several days in his house, ignorant even whether it contained any notice of him.

A rich man felicitated a shepherd

upon his freedom from care. "I should be happy enough, but that black cow there is the plague of my life," was the shepherd's reply.

A neighbor said to a farmer who grew all manner of crops: "Mr. M. this rain will be very fine for your grass crops." "Yes, perhaps," replied Mr. M., "but it is very bad for corn. I don't think we'll have half a crop." A few days later, the neighbor met him again and said: "This is a fine sun for your corn, Mr. M." "Yes," said Mr. M., "but it's awful for rye; rye wants cold weather." One cool morning soon after, he met the farmer, and said: "This is a capital day for rye." "Yes," replied Mr. M., "but it's the worst kind of weather for corn and grass; they want heat to bring them forward."

"Am I not," asks Suell, "introducing you to an old acquaintance, when I remind you of a mother who is always troubled about many things, with all her nerves on the outside, constantly quivering and fidgeting lest her children should catch some plague? Every time they go out she thinks of runaway horses; and while they are skating, her eyes see nothing but holes in the ice, and her children slipping through."

"This fear of any future difficulties or misfortune," says Addison, "is so natural to the mind that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many which have been more painful to us in the prospect than by their actual presence."

A man, through fear of misfortune that did not come, became a lunatic, and died in a few months, though he had vigorous health before the anxiety possessed him.

Ambrose Pare, describing the comet of 1520, says: "This comet was so horrible and dreadful that it engendered great terror in the people, so that many died—some with fear, others with illness."

Many people worry about their past—the irrevocable, unchangeable past—as if they had not enough to bear in the present, or provide for in the future. They have forgotten their mother's cheering words in childhood: "Do not cry over spilt milk."

In short, it is the easiest thing in the world to prove that a very large majority of most civilized people are under the dominion of fear, and therefore of worry.

The great questions are:

Is this state of things helpful, wise, or necessary? If not, how is it to be done away with? Don't fret.

"There is no mental attitude more disastrous to personal achievement, personal happiness, and personal usefulness to others than that of despondency," says a wise man. "I will expect nothing. If that nothing comes, it is a spiritual suicide and intellectual negation."

"Only the serene soul is strong," declares another. "Every moment of worry weakens the soul for its daily combat. Worry is an infirmity; there is no virtue in it. Worry is a spiritual near-sightedness; a stumbling way of looking at little things, and of magnifying their value. True spiritual vision sweeps the universe and sees things in their right proportion. Don't worry. Seen in their true relations, there is no experience of life over which one has a right to worry."

"The truth is," says a third, "that worrying is a species of insanity. We would count a man insane who took a dose of poison every day to promote his health. He is no less mentally unbalanced who desires happiness, yet allows himself to indulge a habit of worrying. It is walking south to find the north pole. It is going into a collar

to look for rainbows. It does not prevent or modify the dreaded ill, but paralyzes the powers by which the evil thing may be averted. Moreover, in nine cases out of ten the evil does not come."

"Children" said the good man to the family gathered around his death-bed, "during my long life I have had a great many troubles, most of which never happened."

A business man once told me that his father worried for twenty-five years over an anticipated misfortune which never arrived. A large share of what we regard as our present troubles are either purely imaginary or our imagination makes them appear vastly greater than they are.

"I'm awfully worried this morning," said a society girl. "What is the matter?" "Why, I thought of something to worry about last night, and now I can't remember what it is."

The Moral of all which is: "Don't worry."

The Magic of Self-Confidence.

A man's success in life is usually in proportion to his confidence in himself and the energy and persistence with which he pursues his aim. In this coming age, there is little hope for the man who does not thoroughly believe in himself. The man who can be easily discouraged or turned aside from his purpose, the man who has no iron in his blood, will never win.

Half the giant's strength is in the conviction that he is a giant. The strength of a muscle is enhanced a hundredfold by the will power. The same muscle, when removed from the giant's arm, when divorced from the force of the mighty will, can sustain but a fraction of the weight it did a moment before it was disconnected.

Oh, what miracles confidence has wrought! What impossible deeds it has helped to perform! It took Napoleon over the Alps in midwinter; it took Farragut and Dewey past the cannons, torpedoes and mines of the enemy; it led Nelson and Grant to victory; it has been the great tonic in the world of discovery, invention and art; it has helped to win the thousand triumphs in war and science which were deemed impossible.

The man without self-confidence and an iron will is the plaything of chance, the puppet of his environment, the slave of circumstances. With these, he is king, over master of the situation.—Orison Swett Marden.

Integrity and Industry.

Integrity and industry are the best possessions which any man can have, and every man can have them. Nobody can give them to him or take them away from him. He cannot acquire them by inheritance; he cannot buy them nor beg nor borrow them. They belong to the individual and are his unquestionable property. He alone can part with them. They are a good thing to have and keep. They make happy homes; they achieve success in every walk of life; they won the greatest triumphs of mankind. They will bring you a comfortable living, make you respect yourself and command the respect of your fellows. They are indispensable to success. They are invincible. The merchant requires the clerk whom he employs to have them. The railroad corporation inquires whether the man seeking employment possesses them. Every avenue of human endeavor welcomes them. They are the only keys to open with certainty the door of opportunity to struggling manhood. Employment waits on them; capital requires them; citizenship is not good without them. If you don't already have them—get them.—President McKinley.



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 type-setting, 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 who 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 (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal note, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All payments 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.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE
ONTARIO



TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1900.

The Closing Session.

This issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE marks the close of another session, and one about which, fortunately, there is little to record; for that session is the best that is the most uneventful. The pupils come here for a specific purpose, and unusual occurrences to some extent interfere with the regular routine of work and to that degree are detrimental to the progress of the pupils. The session, it may be truthfully said, has been a very successful and satisfactory one, equal to if not surpassing the best in the history of the Institution. The teachers and officers have all been blessed with good health and the whole staff together has not lost a week from illness. Every day, almost without a break or cessation, steady, faithful, persistent work has been done, with the inevitable result of a very satisfactory record. The pupils, also, have as a whole enjoyed a very gratifying immunity from ailment. There were a few cases of a very mild type of scarlet fever, but these were successfully isolated and a general outbreak prevented. There have been two or three cases of serious illness but all have recovered and we are very glad to say that no deaths have occurred and all the pupils are able to go home in excellent physical condition and with very marked intellectual and we hope moral improvement. We cannot refrain from a word of warm commendation for the very excellent deportment maintained by the pupils throughout the session. There has not been one case of serious breach of discipline and the minor irregularities have been few and insignificant, and many weeks at a time have passed by without a punishment having been inflicted. We are really proud of the uniform standard of good deportment, courtesy and willing

obedience that has been maintained by the pupils and we do not believe there is a public school in the province that can present a cleaner and more satisfactory record. Our boys and girls are real little ladies and gentlemen and we were gratified, though not surprised, to hear the testimony of our official examiner, who stated that in fifty-two years of continuous public school work, during 29 of which he was an Inspector with 110 schools under his charge, he had never seen better order and discipline than he had seen here, and which, we were able to assure him, was in no degree exceptional. But ere this paper reaches its readers our halls will be deserted and all the pupils, we trust, safe at home, and we hope that all of them will have a most enjoyable holiday and that all, except the graduating class, will be with us again next season.

The Volta Bureau has issued a very interesting and pleasing little volume entitled the "Helen Keller Souvenir." The book is handsomely bound in blue and gold, is illustrated with some beautiful cuts and gives an entertaining sketch of Helen's life and the methods employed in her instruction.

Put Them on a String.

"I never hear that expression 'got 'em on a string,'" said a guest of the Grunewald to a New Orleans Times Democrat reporter, "without recalling an incident that occurred a number of years ago in a town out in Kansas. I was spending a few days in the place looking after a cattle deal, and early one evening a patent medicine fakir put in an appearance on the court house square. He was in a fine two horse rig and had a partner with a banjo, who soon drew a big crowd. Then the fakir proceeded to hawk a cure-all liniment at a dollar a bottle. The price was cheap and the stuff went slowly, and I noticed that at each sale he wrapped up the bottle in a sheet of white paper, upon which he ostentatiously penciled a large cross. When four or five were disposed of he called on the purchasers to bring up their wrappers and handed over a crisp dollar bill in exchange for each. 'I am doing this simply to introduce our wonderful pain specific' he shouted, 'who's the next lucky man to take a bottle in a marked wrapper?' At that the fakir picked up and when he had repeated the little comedy of selling the nostrum and redempting the wrappers a couple more times, the stuff was going like hot cakes. Men fairly fell over each other to get to the buggy, and every now and then the fakir would bawl out, 'Hain't time to stop; just now, gentlemen, but be sure to preserve your wrappers!' When he had sold perhaps four hundred bottles, and the crowd was about cleared out, he stopped suddenly and held up his hand for attention. 'Now, gentlemen,' he said, producing a ball of narrow pink tape, 'I want all of you who have a marked wrapper to take hold of this ribbon. Get in line, please.' The crowd obeyed with a rush, and presently four hundred men were strung out along the curb, holding to the tape and wondering what was going to happen next. The fakir drove slowly up the street, paying out the tape as he went. 'Hold on to the magic ribbon!' he yelled. 'Don't let go of the mystic band!' The tape was five blocks long, and when he paid out the last of it he whipped up his team and vanished in the gathering night, leaving 400 large, white-bodied chumps hanging patiently to his string. When the trick dawned on them he was half way to the next township. Was I in the line did you ask? Yes, I was."

One of the first things a boy should learn is self-reliance. His next lesson should be courtesy. The world has a business opening for every young man who has confidence in himself, with a disposition to work, and who is courteous to the older people. The boy who is self-reliant and respectful to others will make a man of judgment and industry—two essentials to the success of business men. It is the young man who is indolent and impudent who is out of employment, and necessarily a failure in life.

An Impressive Incident.

We are indebted to Mr. E. S. Henne for the following lines by a student of the Normal College at Ypsilanti, Mich., upon witnessing a rendition of the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee" in artificial signs by Miss Mae Cory, a former pupil of this school. The graceful motions of the fair "singer" accompanied the singing of the hymn by Miss Harlowe, and with the grand accompaniment of the great pipe organ played by Professor Pease, before an audience of more than a thousand students with their professors, rendered the occasion memorably indeed. It is needless to add that all were profoundly moved by the unusual sight. Here is the poem:—

THE DEAF MUTE'S SONG.

"Nearer, my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
Those pleading, outstretched arms are sinking
Now
The song that voiceless lips can never frame
The soul is speaking with its flesh above,
The longing heart alone can call his name,
No sound of sweet accompanying organ notes
Can pierce the stillness of those deafened ears.
Alone, yet all alone, the deaf mute stands,
Yet in that awful silence has no fears.

"Nearer, my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
O Father, listen to that mute appeal,
Have pity on that little suffering life,
Just it so 'revel of all that makes us sweet,
Dear Father, as we in this great world of strife,
She does not know that tears are falling here,
Two hearts are beating for her as she sings,
She cannot hear the loving words we breathe,
But ever to the upward gate she clings.

"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
Teaching heart reach up unto your God,
O loving Father, take your stricken child,
Those trembling lips the name of "mother" can
not frame
From all the mother talk thou art called,
The name of "father" thou canst never hear,
Though longing fill thy sad heart to its brim,
Still in that solemn silence thou art blest
And in thy sorrow shalt be nearer Him
The New Era

LONDON NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Noves of Donfield, spent Sunday the guest of Mr. Dark.
Mr. A. Parkins has been in the city for some weeks past. On account of poor health he has been compelled to take to peddling for a living. He is a basket-maker by trade.
Messrs. Gould and Wool wheeled out to see Mr. Henderson and his sister Anne on Queen's birthday, there they met Mr. and Mrs. Smallhorn, of St. Thomas. Of course it was a pleasant gathering.
Mr. P. Leathorn spent May 24th in Port Stanley and came home loaded up with the fish he had captured there. The sport was fine.
Mr. Wm. Bryce, of Poplar Hill, was a visitor to the city on May 24th.
A number of the mutes visited Mr. H. Cowan's garden and found it very nice. All wish Harper success.
Of course London the less celebrated the capture of Pretoria, and none were more loyal than the mutes here.
Mr. W. H. Gould was in Ingersoll last Sunday on a visit to relatives there.

Baby Men.

Sometimes we think that one thing which makes hard times hardest, is the number of baby men running about. You can hear them squall almost any time of day or night. By baby men, we mean those fellows who are easily knocked out. Here are a few specimens:
One who quits work for a week on account of a frost-bitten finger. A man who lies a bed till nine o'clock on account of the cold. One who is jealous because his neighbour is getting to the front by hard work.
A man who is afraid he will soil his hands.
One who wants some one else to support him.
A man who blames his wife for being poor. One who blames the government because his ancestors did not leave him any money. A strong, healthy man who cries because he is tired. A man who gets sick for want of exercise. One who will not hustle. The dudo and the dandy. The sluggard and the whiner. soft men who are afraid to run, jump or kick.
Pretty men: he are just too sweet to live.
Toughies, silies and foles. The world is full of baby men, and there is no use looking for the millennium, nor even for extra good times till they are grown up. —Waterloo (S. D.) Times.

Do not let any of us complain that our circumstances are making us evil, let us manfully confess, one and all, that the evil lies within us, not in them.—P. D. Maurice.

Sundown in the West.

BY KATE W. HARRIS

The smell of the water was
rain,
And the hissing pipe of
renewal again
As the foot of the stroller
the pool in the lane

The rosy clouds of sunset, were
blue,
Fervent for the love's
message through
Of the old days gone and
of the new.

The trees in the maple blossom
leafless boughs,
The crowing of cocks in the
hissing of walking
The unknown's musical call
her level brows,

Shading her eyes, and calling
and blue,
Buttercup, bird and blue,
nature
hic-plug in rhythmic measure
unforgot

These are the wounds I bear
quiet day,
Softened and sweet in the
and far away,
Looking from my high window
Mid May

Sweet is the shadowy lands
and sleep;
No sound of the far-off
valley and steep,
No moan of the wounded
of them that weep

But the earth lies still and
solenn trees,
Nor hears the din of fighting
alien seas,
Nor hears the roar of English
victories.

The graves are green in church
green the fleary plain,
Their graves are on the rocky
the Indian mounds,
Our soldiers of the Empire
age
Rock

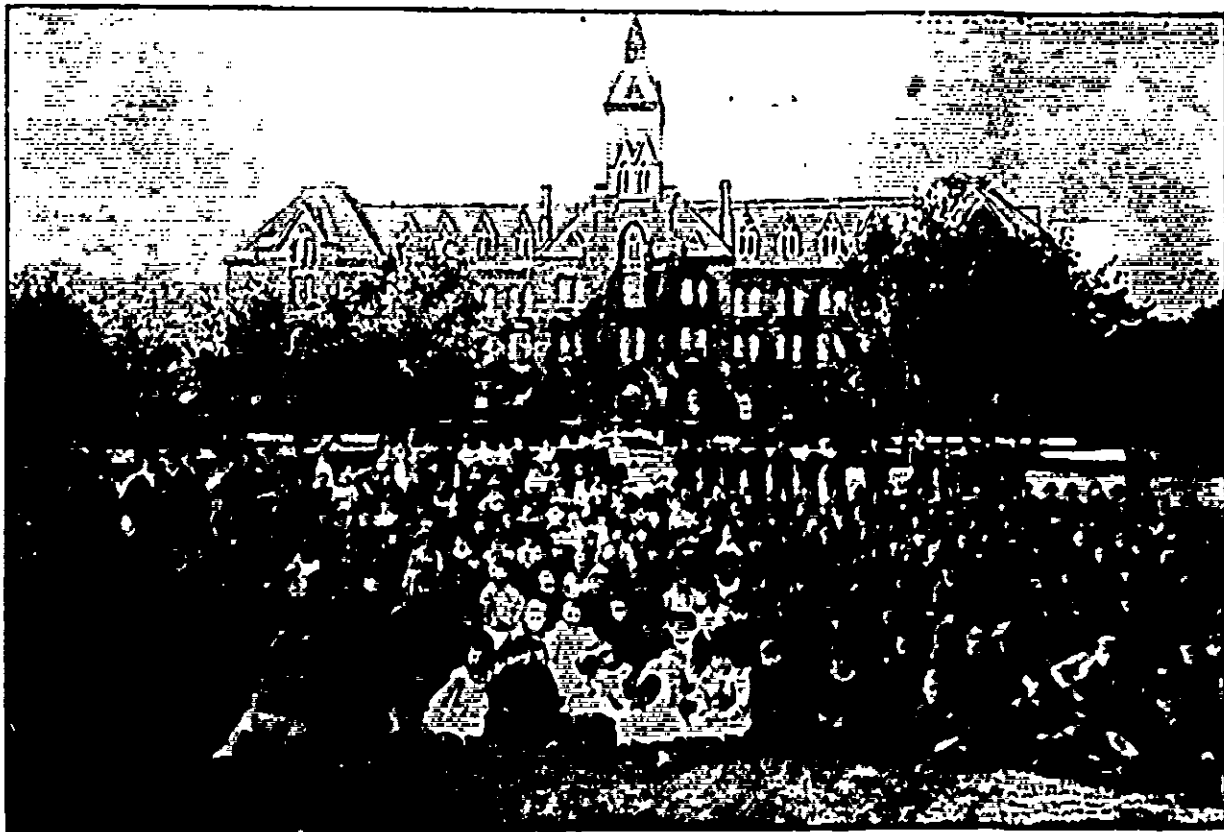
OTTAWA NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT
Mrs. J. McClelland has been
spend a couple of months
parental roof, near London.
Our enterprising Lutor, F. S.
the happy father of a thriving
A. Gray and D. Bayne paid
visit to Mr. Dubois, late of
and made many enquiries
friends.
We are informed that Mrs. W.
lino's father is to go to England
business trip this summer.
The Misses Borthwick, Mar
and Jameson spent the 24th
Britannia Bay, with Mr. Wilson
escort. The two former with
wheeled out, and Miss Jameson
on the electric cars. They
ing a very nice time.
Jas. McClelland spent the
Montreal.
Mr. Holland is still actively
in Ottawa, and we consider his
success in such hard and stony
should be rewarded with some
of success.
We understand Mrs. Wigg
for her father's summer residence
the Hildeau lab and may be
sometime. Frank's
widower now.
D. Bayne's brother Robert, who
managed his father's farm for
twenty years, has sold out to his
Alex. and John, and left for
west, where he will in future
David has quite a lot of cousin
already and they write glowing
of that country.
We understand about ten from
immediate neighborhood have
their intention of being at the
tion, and possibly this number
considerably augmented.
We are glad to be able to
that Miss Borthwick's aunt, who
seriously ill, is rapidly improv
Since the big fire Mr. Shoul
been working overtime to supply
fire sufferers with bread and
is seriously ill, necessitating
visits on his part, he has very
for rest.
Mr. Gray, who is an enthusia
rainer, was a frequent visitor
Ottawa market lately with
for which he realized top
We understand Mr. Pettit is
possessor of a \$70 bicycle. We
that the first he ordered was
in the freight shed, which was
during the big fire, and the
which he ordered sent him
As this will be my last letter
school reassembles next Septem
will wish your readers good b
and teachers, officers and pupils
journey home and a happy vac
Trusting to meet a good number
readers at the convention, I will
for this session.



Information as to the admission of pupils, etc., will be cheerfully furnished upon application to

SUPT R. MATHISON,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.



OFFICERS, TEACHERS AND PUPILS.



CONVENTION OF GRADUATES OF THE INSTITUTION.

The Uneducated Deaf.

Those on whom devolve the duty and responsibility of providing for the education of the deaf sometimes neglect to do so in a sufficiently comprehensive degree; but if those in authority but fully realized the vast difference in the status of an uneducated deaf person as compared with that of an uneducated hearing person, they would be more prompt and liberal in supplying adequate educational facilities for the former. An uneducated hearing man, if of average natural intelligence, readily acquires a very considerable vocabulary, he easily, and without any effort on his part, or any special instruction on the part of others, learns the names and characteristics of every kind of object that comes within his observation, is able to express his thoughts freely and intelligibly, and by means of converse with others he has a pretty thorough knowledge of all matters that pertain to his own immediate interests; and though he may not be able to read a word, he can, through others, ascertain in a general way what is transpiring throughout the world, and can hold constant and intelligent converse with his friends and others with whom he may come into contact. He can take part in the various activities of life, can discharge in a creditable manner all the duties and responsibilities devolving upon him, and may even rise to positions of trust and honor, and, despite his limitations, may thoroughly enjoy life in nearly all its phases. His moral nature, also, may be fully developed, his religious convictions may be deep, sincere and accurate, and he is quite capable of understanding and performing his duty to God and to man.

How vastly different from this is the condition and the lot of an uneducated deaf man. With but few exceptions he lives in a state of blank, impenetrable ignorance and awful isolation. His want of knowledge is not merely comparative but practically absolute. He does not know the names of the commonest objects of every day use, and his knowledge of what goes on round about him is limited to what he actually sees with his own eyes, since he cannot receive ideas or information from others nor convey ideas or wishes to them, except his commonest wants which he may express in pantomime. Unable to hold converse with others because of his entire lack of language, he lives a life of loneliness quite inconceivable to hearing people. Of the general events transpiring throughout the world he must remain in absolute ignorance, since he cannot read and possesses no language by which he can communicate with his friends. The whole of Europe might be deluged with blood, or half of the inhabitants of the earth destroyed by pestilence or earthquake or famine, and he would know nothing of it, for there is no way in which any ideas foreign to his own experience can be conveyed to him. And while he may not be immoral in practice he is to a large extent quite immoral, since he can have but a very limited apprehension of the concept of right and wrong; and he can know nothing of the existence of a God or of a hereafter, nor even that he has a soul, nothing of religious thought or sentiment, except such faint intuitive ideas on such matters as may be inherent in mankind. To him life is an unsolvable enigma, and death a dread and fathomless mystery. And so he lives his blank, joyless existence, never hearing the sweet sounds of human speech, never knowing the delight of the communion of friend with friend, never feeling within him the pulsations of

an awakening and developing intelligence, never realizing the comfort of consonant human sympathy nor the consolations afforded by religion; and at the end he passes through the gates of death with no conception of what it means, and no hope or knowledge of aught beyond. An existence such as this is terrible to contemplate, sad and pathetic beyond description or even conception; yet to such an existence is condemned every deaf-mute for the education of whom adequate facilities are not provided. It is to be hoped that no longer, either in this land or any other, the opportunity will be denied every deaf-mute of acquiring that golden strand of language, which, though so easily and inexpensively secured, will serve as the clue that will guide its possessor out of this labyrinth of mental ignorance, moral blankness and religious stagnation, and open up to him all the bounteous store of the wisdom of this world and the assurance of the joys of the world that is to come.

For Parents of Deaf Children.

There are deaf children in the Province whose parents refuse to send them to the Institution for selfish reasons. Every parent who loves his children can of course sympathize to some degree with those delinquent fathers and mothers. It certainly is hard for a parent to place his child for nine months in the hands of strangers; and the heart of every right-minded parent is no doubt torn with grief because of the separation and filled with ceaseless longing for the loved one. This is natural and therefore to be expected, yet it is no justification for the conduct of those parents. There are two kinds of affection and two corresponding methods of its manifestation. There is a selfish affection which clings to its object, not so much for the sake of that object as from a selfish disinclination to give up a source of personal gratification. But there is another kind of affection, a great unselfish love, a love so great that it is willing to endure the pain of separation and to sacrifice all personal considerations for the sake of the higher good of its object. The person actuated by the one regards chiefly his own desires; the other is concerned chiefly for the best interests of its object. The one is ignoble in its motive and blighting in its effect, the other is the highest type of disinterested, unselfish devotion and self-sacrifice, blessing both him that gives and him that receives.

We appeal to those parents who are animated by merely selfish gratification to rise above such motives and, at whatever pain to themselves, to look only to the ultimate good of their children. We have before tried to depict the sad, dreary condition of an uneducated deaf person, though words fail to give adequate expression to the real solitude of his lot and the blankness of his existence. Is it to such a life of joylessness and despair that those parents are willing to condemn their children? If not, now is the time to act. In a few years these boys and girls will become men and women and their opportunity for an education will then be gone forever. At any time these parents may be cut off, and their children, in all their ignorance and helplessness, left to the not always tender mercies of a none too kindly world. We can conceive of no other earthly consideration that could render the death bed of a parent so wretched, or pierce his heart with a sharper pang of condemnation, than the knowledge that his own short-sighted selfishness had entailed so cruel a wrong on his child, whom he thought he loved so absorbingly, but whose

worst enemy he had proved himself to be. Before God every parent is responsible for the well-being of his child to the extent of his capacity. The scripture says that he that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel; and the best way to provide for a child is to put it into the way of earning its own livelihood. From the material point of view, then, it is important that every deaf child should receive an education. And even from the sentimental stand point a strong argument can be deduced. These parents love their children dearly, love them with so selfish and absorbing a passion that they are content to run their lives rather than forego for a time the pleasure of their company. But what do they receive in return for this wealth of devotion? Their children now cling to them with a sort of animal-like instinctive affection. But how inferior such a love is to the love of an educated, intelligent, cultured boy or girl, who has been informed as to the true relationships of life and of the sanctity of home ties and affections, and who realizes something of what love implies and filial duty entails. Surely it would pay well, even from the sentimental point of view, to forego for a time this present instinctive passion in order to gain in the future the wealth of an intelligent, trained affection from an awakened soul and a cultured intellect. We hope we do not appeal in vain to these parents to sink every selfish consideration and look only to the ultimate good of their children, to which they are prompted by every sentiment of humanity, by every instinct of justice and every obligation of parental duty and affection.

A Word to Parents.

Yes, your little one is deaf. It has a trial. Only God and you know the depth of it, the intensity of it. You look down through the years with sadness and foreboding, perhaps, for the future of this darling child. You think of the time when he or she must meet the world alone when your love can no longer provide for and shelter. If you are solicitous about the future of your other children you are doubly concerned about this one. Upon him or her centres the supreme love of your heart. You have not the courage to dwell long upon the time when you cannot stand between the loved one and the storms of life. But dear parent, sometime the stern reality will face you.

So the supreme question becomes, "What can I do to prepare the afflicted one to meet life bravely and well?" You have become so accustomed to thinking of him as one apart from the other children, as one with whom a different course should be or may be taken. But the world will sternly demand the same of him as it does of others before giving him its bread, demanding more than less because of inconvenience in communication with him. He must do his work better than his hearing brother or be more trustworthy before he can stand an equal chance in the world's market.

The best you can do to help him meet this sad fact is to do your very best to help him form the habits that contribute to success, to the probity and nobility of character that are more in demand everywhere than skill and talent because scarcer. As you value his entire future do not raise your child on the self-indulgent line or overlook offences because he is deaf. Give him more help here rather than less than his hearing brother. The foundations for good character are truthfulness, industry, respect for authority, and consider-

ation for the feelings and rights of others.

You do not need to talk to him about these things to teach them to him, but simply have him practice them. All that your hearing children know at first about lying, unkindness, disobedience and indolence is that you do not approve of them and do not permit them. You can easily teach your deaf child as much. An intelligent deaf-mute once told the writer that she had as clear an understanding that these things were wrong when she entered school at ten years of age as she ever had, and that she knew also there was a great Somebody up above her whom her godly parents revered and feared.

Probity, energy, perseverance, industrious habits, etc., do not grow of themselves. Here a little, there a little, they are woven into the character by right example and practice, and it is utterly impossible for the teacher to bring these things about without the early, earnest and continued co-operation of the parent. We wonder how many parents know that some millionaires do not allow their children to eat candy, and we read the other day of the son of one entering a machine shop. The days are upon us when he that can not do valuable work has no shadow of a chance. Take the pains to teach your deaf child self-control and self-reliance when he is growing.

Let the peculiar love that dwells in the heart of the parent for the deaf child be his courage in holding him to just as high a standard of diligence and conduct as is required of his hearing brother. — *Laura C. Sheridan in New Era.*

Selfish Parents.

At the beginning of last session a gentleman brought his deaf son to this Institution, remained a day or two and then went home again. The next day he returned for his boy, saying that he and his wife could not endure the pain of separation. Some parents, however, soon realize the folly of such selfish acts, as the following instance will show. When school opened last Fall a bright little girl was brought here by her father, who then returned home. The next day he also came back to the Institution for her, saying that her mother insisted on having her child with her again. All remonstrances seemed to be in vain and the girl, who seemed quite happy and contented, was taken home again. At New Year's the father returned with the girl, saying that they had thought better of it and would let her remain this time. The parents are to be commended for this action. We know that it is very hard indeed for parents to part with their children, but the truest affection is shown by sacrificing all personal considerations and enduring all consequent pain in order to advance the best interests of the loved one. There are other deaf children in the Province whose parents refuse to send them to the Institution for the same selfish reason. Nor is our experience unique in this respect, for similar instances have occurred in connection with nearly every school for the deaf on the continent.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post-office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward them particulars concerning this Institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.

E. MATHEWSON,
Superintendent.



The Yearly Examination.

The paper examinations conducted by the teachers were all completed by May 25th, and on the following Monday Mr. J. Cayle Brown, Public School Inspector for Peterborough County, who had been appointed official examiner arrived and began his duties. The first day was devoted to the articulation classes, and the following days to the other rooms, and the work was completed by Friday. Mr. Brown made a careful and thorough test of each class and very readily comprehended the difficulties encountered by the deaf in the acquisition of language. He manifested a warm and sympathetic interest in the pupils and inquired thoroughly into the methods of instruction employed. His kindly and intelligent interest was heartily reciprocated and before he left he had won the esteem and good-will of all the officers, teachers and pupils.

On Friday afternoon all assembled in the chapel to bid him good-bye and to hear any remarks that he might make. In his introductory remarks Superintendent Mathison said that Mr. Brown came here as a stranger, none here except Mr. Campbell ever having met him before, and of course they were all very anxious to know what kind of a man he was. During the week they had ample opportunity to know and judge him and they could all say that he had got along very nicely with the children. As Inspector in Peterborough he had charge of 116 schools and had had a great deal of experience with hearing children, but coming here where all the pupils were deaf was a new and unique experience for him. They had endeavored to show Mr. Brown what the pupils have been doing and are capable of doing and he had an opportunity of seeing the teachers in their class rooms and judging them, and now they would like to hear what Mr. Brown thinks of them all and of the work done here.

Mr. Brown expressed the great pleasure it had been for him to come to the Institution. He had been here nearly a week and he must confess that he had learned a good deal. He had found out how much more difficult it was for the deaf to learn than it was for hearing children, and he had been surprised at the advancement made in various directions, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they labored. He hoped they would all do their very best to acquire a good education. The more intelligence they had the more likely they would be to be useful in after life. But there was something better and more to be desired than even education, and that was goodness—to be good and to do good to all around them. He had visited a great many schools in his lifetime, and for 29 years he had been Inspector in Peterborough county, and he had never been more pleased with the general order than in this Institution. The conduct of the pupils was all that could be desired and he must congratulate the teachers and all the officers concerned with the condition of affairs as he had found them. He thanked them all for the cordial welcome he had received and for the admirable way in which he had been treated. He gave them all his best wishes and hoped that when the pupils left the Institution they would enjoy happiness and prosperity throughout life. They had difficulties to overcome which hearing people did not have to contend with, but the greater would be their credit and honor if they overcame them.

Mr. Mathison said the good order that Mr. Brown had noticed and which he so kindly commended was not exceptional in the least. During the week he had not been called upon to punish a single pupil and a similar state of affairs often extended over weeks at a time, and he had very seldom been called upon to inflict punishment throughout the session. They were pleased that Mr. Brown would carry away such a good opinion of the Institution and they would be very glad to welcome him here again at any time.

Vacation Time.

The great care and the shuffling
The juggling and the shuffling
The books that hold the fractions,
And the books that tell the dates,
The reason and the blackboards,
And the map upon the wall,
Must all be laid together
For they won't be used till fall.

The boys had to work like beavers,
To help the children learn,
And if they want a little rest,
It surely is their turn.
They shut their books with a "pooh,"
The dear old lesson books,
The reasons and the blackboards
Put on delighted look.

So, children, just remember
When you are gone away
The great old station and pen is
Are keeping holiday
The "reason" and the shuffling
Are bound as if you can't
When the boys forsake the school-room,
And the teacher turns the key.



—We had been expecting a visit from Hon. Mr. Stratton at any time during the past two or three weeks, but he was unable to come, and we were all much disappointed. We hope he will make us a good long visit in the fall.

—Permission has been granted a number of our pupils to remain for the Convention. Many others would have liked to stay but as a large attendance is expected and our accommodations are limited, they had to be refused.

The last few days at school after the examinations are all done pass very slowly to both teachers and pupils. However, all the teachers kept the boys and girls busy at an interesting school work as they could devise and that helped the time to pass more quickly.

—Mr. Coleman's class had their picture taken a few days ago, and it is an excellent likeness—perhaps the best one of his class he has ever had. Every feature is distinct and the likeness is perfect, and as they are all good looking of course the picture is a handsome one.

The captain of one of the Belleville junior foot ball teams called up the Institution a few days ago and asked to speak to the captain of our juniors. He indulged in a hearty laugh when he realized his mistake. The telephone is one great invention that can be utilized by the deaf only by proxy.

—Our foot ball team has made a very good record this spring and our old boys will like to see it, so we publish it below.

Institution	0	vs	Albert College	0
	1		100	1
	1		100	1
	1		100	1
	1		100	1

Last Saturday our young junior team played with a junior team from the city and after a spirited game our little lads were the victors by 4 to 0.

A few weeks ago several of our boys went swimming in the bay without permission and were sharply disciplined for doing so, and some of them felt quite aggrieved thereat. On May 12th some boys at the Georgia School for the Deaf also went swimming in violation of the rules and one of them, a boy 18 years of age, was seized with cramps and was drowned. At the Florida School a similar accident occurred this term. The same fate might overtake one of our boys if they were allowed to go into the water whenever they chose. If the pupils would only try to realize that every rule prescribed was made for their own good, and never for the purpose of arbitrarily depriving them of some pleasure, some of them would give a more willing obedience than they do.

PERSONALITIES.

Daniel Gorman, of Chatham, is working at the Malleable Iron Works in Detroit, and gets good wages.

—Chas. Davis has returned from Duck Island where he has been since last October and is at the salt works again in Windsor, as is also Eddie Ball.

The last issue of *The Annual* had as a frontispiece an excellent picture of Dr. J. H. Brown, formerly of this Institution, whose death occurred a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Mathison leaves on Thursday next by the Canadian Pacific Railway, lake route, for Manitoba and British Columbia, to visit her son, Dr. C. Mathison, in Winnipeg, and Dr. Robert and his wife, in Greenwood. Everyone here wishes her a pleasant enjoyable trip and a safe return.

son, in Winnipeg, and Dr. Robert and his wife, in Greenwood. Everyone here wishes her a pleasant enjoyable trip and a safe return.

Mr. and Mrs. Oldham, of Chicago, with their daughter Florence, and Miss Alice Mathison, spent a couple of days here, guests of the Superintendent's family. They were welcome visitors and seemed to thoroughly enjoy their visit. We hope they will favor us again.

—Mrs. Terrill invited her class to an afternoon tea on the 2nd inst. After an hour spent in pleasant intercourse the class was photographed, after which they were entertained to a dainty but sumptuous repast. Her pupils were much gratified at this indication of her kindly interest in them.

—Miss Hope, Principal of the Hamilton School of Domestic Science, was a welcome guest at the Institution last Friday. She was attending the Convention of South Hastings teachers, before whom she delivered two excellent lectures, one on Domestic Science in the schools and the other on Manual Training. She was greatly interested in what she saw here, and especially with the instruction given in the shops and the kitchen, laundry and sewing-room.

—Thomas Fairbairn, 75 years old, one of the pioneers of Essex county, died on the 24th May, at his home in Sandwich South, after several weeks' illness with a complication of diseases. He had lived in Sandwick nearly all his life, and was born in Edinburgh. His father was one of the first justices appointed for Essex county, and the old post office in Detroit was built by an uncle. His daughter Georgina, one of our pupils, left school to be with him in his last illness.

Care in Trifles.

A druggist in one of our large cities said lately: If I am prompt and careful in my business, I owe it to a lesson which I learned when I was an errand-boy in the house of which I am now master. I was sent one day to deliver a vial of medicine just at noon, but, being hungry, stopped to eat my lunch. The patient, for lack of the medicine, sank rapidly, and for some days was thought to be dying.

"I felt myself his murderer. The agony of that long suspense made a man of me. I learned then that for every one of our acts of carelessness or misdoing, however petty, some one pays in suffering. The law is the more terrible to me because it is not always the misdoer himself who suffers."

This law is usually ignored by young people. The act of carelessness or selfishness is so trifling, what harm can it do? No harm, apparently, to the actor, who goes happily on his way; but somebody pays. A young girl, to make conversation, thoughtlessly repeats a bit of gossip which she forgets the next minute; but long afterwards the woman whom she has maligned finds her good name tainted by the poisonous whisper.

A lad, accustomed to take wine, persuades a chance comrade to drink with him, partly out of good-humored wish to be hospitable, partly, it may be, out of contempt for "fanatical reformers."

He goes on his way, and never knows that his chance guest, having inherited the disease of alcoholism, continues to drink, and becomes a hopeless victim.

Our grandfathers expressed the truth in a way of their own:

"For the lack of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost,
For the lack of the rider the message was lost,
For the lack of the message the battle was lost."
—*Youth's Companion.*

Caught the Czar.

Peter the Great was once very neatly caught in a trap by a jester attached to the court. The jester was noted for his cleverness in getting himself and his friends out of difficulties. It happened one day that a cousin of his had incurred the czar's displeasure and was about to be executed. The latter therefore presented himself before his imperial majesty to beg for a reprieve. On seeing him approach, the czar, divining his errand, cried "It is no good to come here. I swear I will not grant what you are going to ask."

Immediately the jester went down on his knees saying, "I beseech your imperial highness to put that scamp cousin of mine to death."

The czar, thus caught in his own trap, could only laugh and pardon the cunning man.—*Columbian.*

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

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Vice-President	F. Fraker,	Toronto
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Reserve Eleven	E. L. Barnett
First Team	I. Charbonneau
Second "	M. Cartier

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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1900.

Our Graduates.

We expect and hope that nearly all our pupils will return to the Institution next fall but there are a few who have finished their course here and will not be with us again. Two of these expect to take a course at Gallaudet College in Washington, and as they are both very clever boys we predict for them a successful career. All the pupils from Ontario who have gone to the College have done well and we have confidence that these Messrs. Shilton and Jaffray, will do honor to their native land and to this Institution. Others of our pupils have completed their scholastic training and will now enter upon the serious and responsible duties of life, and some and all we give our very best wishes for success and prosperity. We will do all we could for them in the way of instruction, training and admonition and now they must fight the rest of their battle by themselves. Most of them have acquired a fair education and a reasonable proficiency in some of the operative trades; all of them, so far as we know, are of good habits and are industrious, industrious and ambitious, and we hope all of them will have happy and prosperous lives. We would like to mention to them the truth that success in this world comes only by persistent effort and economy. "No man prospers in this world by luck, unless it be the luck of getting up early, working hard and maintaining honor and integrity." We will give all things we admonish them to keep their honor unsullied and to remember that "it is not all of life to be idle for all of death to die." As our dear well said, there is something better than even success and that is to be good and to do good to all around us.

