

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. V.

BELLEVILLE, NOVEMBER 2, 1896.

NO. 8.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

DIL. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
A. MATHISON.	Director.
J. B. BAKIN, M. D.	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLMAN, M. A.	Mrs. J. O. TENNILL
(Head Teacher.)	Miss M. TEMPLETON.
P. DENIS.	Miss M. M. OUTROM.
JAMES C. BALIA, B.A.	Miss MARY HULL.
D. J. McNEILL.	Miss FLORENCE MAYRFF.
W. J. CAMPBELL.	Mrs. SYLVIA L. BALIA.
Geo. F. STEWART.	Miss ADA JAMES.
	Miss GEORGINA LYNN.

Miss CARRIE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
Miss J. P. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss L. N. MICALFE.	JOHN T. BURNS.
Clerk and Typewriter.	Instructor of Printing.
Wm DOUGLASS,	J. MIDDLEMASS,
Storekeeper & Associate	Engineer.
Superior	
G. O. KEITH,	JOHN DOWNIE,
Superior of Boys, etc.	Master Carpenter.
Miss M. DEMPSEY,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Seamstress, Superior	Master Baker.
of Girls, etc.	
Wm NURSE,	JOHN MOORE,
Master Shoemaker.	Gardener.
MICHAEL O'KARA, 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 \$25 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 all 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
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

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 2:15 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.

POETRY

Jonathan and John.

A. H. FISHER

A dozen years ago or more,
Unless my memory's failing,
I heard, one day, outside my door,
A knock, as if a zealin'.

'Twas little Venecuela came
To ask me a favor,
Said there was a letter on her house,
As would I try to save her?

As what else could I do but hear?
You would not say I was John,
I ever ought to close my ear,
To a neighbor in distress John.

Besides she'd always used me well,
As spoke me fair an' true, John,
An' that is more the truth to tell,
Than I could say of you John.

All that I could I tried to do,
Though I was sorely puzzled,
As friend to her, as kin to you,
It seemed my gun was muzzled.

If she'd a been as big as you,
I might a told, or flat John,
I had too many things to do,
To tend to things like that John.

As 'twas I wanted you plain enough,
How such a course might end John,
You might a thought I was all a bluff,
Because I was your friend John.

Since then, again an' yet again,
She's come complainin' louder,
In spite o' warnin' an' tear an' pain,
You're tryin' to push an' crowd her.

Till now my heart is sorely tried,
I scarce know what to do, John,
That friendship bond, truth an' pride,
All on account o' you John.

Don't think I'm preachin', I don't look
For any matter's pinibus,
As, what's that in the end of book,
Don't ever see an' notes an' numbers.

Why can't you, if you want more land,
Try Africa or Asia,
I see you take the furks in hand,
An' hold your hat with pleasure.

I never force the Old World a door,
Nor rattle with her works, John,
I see I sail in an' atop the floor,
With the Sultan an' his furks John.

But little Venecuela! Whew!
Why John, you'd hardly missed her,
She's just a piece o' land to you,
To me a weaker sister.

Of peace or war? Of foe, or friend?
The you yourself shall choose, John,
Remember though, what's at the end,
We surely don't refuse John.

Your men an' ships are five to one,
But not for this, as I find John,
Each man will die (and his gun)
Before he'll yield an' inch John.

Though soldier men, at desk or plough,
We come o' fightin' stock, John,
Our soldier blood is thinnin' now,
At thought o' the battle a' shock John.

As yet an' yet, Ah John, old boy,
I feel the thought o' fightin',
I swear I would fill my heart, with joy,
If we in peace unlit.

Our Anglo-Saxon brain an' brain,
An' pluck an' sense o' duty,
Could bless the world an' break its chains,
An' give it peace an' beauty.

You in the East, Your gentle queen,
To whom all hearts are loyal,
Shows kings an' princess what may mean,
A nature truly royal.

We in the West, Our wild, free land,
Forgive me, but it's true, John,
You do not, cannot, understand,
From Europe - point of view, John.

With hearty cheers across the sea,
We'll urge each other onward,
And sometime - sometime it may be,
When earth is farther sunward.

When Peace has conquered every place,
And cannon thunders never
Our children, one united race,
Shall lead the world forever.

For the Hair.

Will effectually remove dandruff, retard gray hairs, and promote the growth of hair.

R. Tr. Cantharids.....	1 ounce
Liq. Ammonia.....	1 dram
Spts Bergamot.....	1 ounce
Spts Lemon.....	1 ounce
Glycerine, best.....	4 ounces
Bay Rum, best.....	10j "

Sig. - Rub well into the scalp every morning.

MISCELLANEOUS

No Room for Old Mother.

'Going north, ma'am?
'No, ma'am
'Going south, then?'
'I don't know, ma'am
Why there are only two ways to go

I didn't know I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for a train to go to John.

John? There is no town called John. Where is it?

Oh, John is my son. He's out in Kansas, on a claim.

I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?

No, ma'am.

She said "with a sigh so heart-burdened that the stranger was touched.

John sick?"

No.

The evasive tone, the look of pain on the furrowed face were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed up on the tolmarked hand. She wanted to hear her story to help her.

Excuse me - John in trouble?

No, no. I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see.

The train does not come for some time. Here rest your head upon my check.

You are kind. If my own were so, I shouldn't be in trouble to night.

What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you.

It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back.

When I was left a widow with three children I thought it was more than I could bear, but it wasn't as bad as this.

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me.

Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes.

John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now.

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lives in a great house, with servants to wait on her, a house many times larger than the little cottage, but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me.

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back.

After a pause, she exclaimed:

"I went to Martha's - went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found that they were ashamed of my bent old body and withered face, ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands - made so, toiling for them."

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back a long, kind letter, for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said, to come right there and stay as long as I lived, that his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got his rough hands and his great warm heart, but there's room for his old mother - God - bless - him -"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day, when I'm gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and

Martha will think of it all. Some day, when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still, when the eyes that watched over them for many a weary night are closed for ever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them -"

The agent drew his hands quickly before his eyes, went out as if to look for a train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to this longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched, she saw a smile on the car-worn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me some time."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage - of the fond hopes that inspired her, long before she learned with a broken heart, that some day she would turn, homeless in the world, to go to John. - *Epcorth Herald.*

Physical Exercises.

At the mention of physical exercises a teacher usually thinks of a fixed code of signals, followed by motions, or movements, on the part of the pupils. Very delightful these are; especially if the pupils are required to do exactly and well. But how entrancing must it have been in the school I was reading about lately where the teacher told a story, and the pupils imitated and personified the various objects mentioned. I cannot do better than quote:

"A splendid arm movement was secured by imitating the movements of a frog. Each child, for the moment, really entered into the frog's life, thinking himself a mammoth frog swimming in the water. With arms reaching upward the children stretched and straightened their bodies to the utmost, inspired with the thought of the tall, straight trees in the grove, which their active imaginations pictured themselves to be. The personification of slender stalks of corn swaying in the breeze gave splendid side-bending movements, while the thought of the sunflower turning up its face towards the sun inspired earnest head-twisting to see an imaginary sun in the rear. Filled with the idea of a young tree bowing its head before a mighty wind the youngsters made forward and backward bends worthy of trained gymnasts. Thus the teacher, with a delightful story, brought before the minds of the children, one by one, scenes from nature which set every group of muscles going with the same joyous impulse which stimulates the lamb to gambol in the pasture and the birds to leap with joy in the trees."

It may be thought that only young children care for these exercises, but such is not the case. We should have a daily march to music (even if only made with a comb and a piece of paper, you cannot do without the music), and an exercise performed in a gay, lively, but exact manner, at the end of each hour. No reward is more eagerly looked for and enjoyed. And injudicious, indeed, is the teacher who punishes her listless, inattentive class by withholding the march. She punishes herself much more than the deeply aggrieved children. It is intended, further on, to publish in this department a set of exercises, which have been tried and proven, suited to a second or third class, but, in the meantime, do not forget the daily march, with open windows and cheerful music. Again we quote:

"Exercise, to be healthful, to be stimulating, invigorating, and renovating, must be joyous, spontaneous, mind and soul absorbing, as well as musculo-mov- ing." - *The Educational Journal.*