



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 typewriting, 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 notes or registered letter.

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



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1900.

Educational Tendencies of the Day.

During the past few decades the world has witnessed some very important developments in the science and art of education and just now we are passing through a momentous change, destined, no doubt, to exert a great influence on the welfare and progress of the nations. We are just now entering upon what may properly be called the era of technical education. Up to a very recent date a knowledge of classics was held to be the basis of a good education and was the chief and the always essential feature of every curriculum. But of late years many people have dared to dispute the excessive claims of the classicists and to avow that the study of science, especially along the lines of original research, was equally as valuable for mental training, and at the same time of much greater practical utility, while for those who aspired to linguistic accomplishments a knowledge of modern languages was much more useful than that of Greek and Latin. The battle between the two opposing schools of thought was most vigorously waged, but ended in a speedy and decided victory for the scientists; and now in many universities classics has been relegated to a secondary place and are no longer compulsory except for students following certain professional courses, such as law, medicine and theology; and even in those it occupies a much less conspicuous position than formerly. As a natural corollary of this new educational idea has come a demand for more technical instruction. It is claimed that the ultimate purpose of education is to fit people for the various professions and avocations in which they purpose to engage. First of all, of course, must come the broad foundation of a general culture of mind and heart and a

general outlook over and at least a superficial knowledge of the whole vast field of human learning. But this is the day of specialization, and every student is perforce compelled to make choice of some one branch of studies and of this obtain a more thorough apprehension. But he who would attain the highest success must curb his ambitions yet further and devote himself to and thoroughly master some one special subject and to know all that can be known thereof both in theoretical knowledge and practical application. It therefore has become necessary that not only must the intellect be quickened and developed, but the eye and the hand should be trained to the highest possible degree. Hence the demand for specific technical instruction in all our schools and colleges in order to prepare students to engage successfully in the various vocations in life. Germany has led the way in this reform, but Britain and America are not far behind, and with Anglo-Saxon energy and thoroughness will no doubt soon surpass all rivals in this as in most other respects. We are glad to see that our own country is also moving along in the van of progress. Many years ago a start was made in the right direction by the establishment of agricultural colleges and model farms and of numerous permanent and traveling dairy schools. This was followed by the introduction of drawing in all schools and of certain modified applications of the Sloyd system. Then two or three years ago the teaching of agriculture became compulsory in all rural schools and now plans are maturing for the establishment of fully equipped technical schools throughout the Province, and no doubt it will not be long ere every boy and girl in Ontario will have at his or her disposal a thorough training in whatever trade or calling he or she may choose.

The Mc-End Institution.

Everybody knows there are seven schools for the Deaf in Canada, of which three are in Montreal, to wit: the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-mutes, in charge of Mrs. Ashcroft; the Catholic Female Institute, under the direction of Rev. Sister Philip, and the Catholic Male School, conducted by Abbe Belanger, a man

To whom nature gave, open to distress
A heart to pity and a head to bless.

The work in Quebec has not received from the local government the liberal support accorded us in Ontario. And whilst much has been accomplished, an earnest appeal is now being made to the authorities for a grant which would enable Father Belanger to receive all who seek admission and confer upon them the inappreciable benefits of education. No wonder those interested in these poor children are trying to bring the matter home to the State. A soldier may be brave, but he is powerless without his weapon. Money is required to redeem a poor, unfortunate being from his sad, helpless condition. We have to provide for existence. But not all the Bank bills or gold in the land can repay the tender care and sympathy and affection with which these children are surrounded in our institutions. The bringing of light and joy and comfort to the mind and heart and soul of these afflicted ones, the training of their understanding, the forming of their character, making of them good, honest, intelligent men, smoothing for them the rugged path of learning, guiding their footsteps towards the star of Bethlehem, entering into their joys and their little sorrows, praising, commending, warning, encouraging, seeking them before they came following them with a warm God speed after they have left, doing all,

all a task without end but grand, that neither temporal rewards nor the gratitude of friends, so often and so warmly expressed, can begin to requite. Some of us have aged in the service, but to see our children prosperous and happy is part of our recompense. We are in the private in the valiant battalion that holds aloft the advancing Banner of the Deaf in this part, but we have pride in the success of the cause. Our Chief, British like, commands from the front—not "go," but "come." The brave Veterans of old, too, would conquer with their illustrious leader La Rochepaquequin whose valor they shared. Let the heads of our philanthropic mission not try to advocate measures of progress and humanity, and in Quebec as well as in Ontario and all other parts where man can still feel for his fellows, there shall surely come soon or late a proper response for

To the heart, eye, that makes us right

In a private letter to the Superintendent, a friend in Illinois writes: "If any rulers ever deserved a complete flagellation Kruger & Co. are the men. I have a German friend in Chicago who tells me that a cousin of his, an ex-German officer, was induced to go to the Transvaal five years ago, nominally as an apothecary but really to drill the Boers in artillery practice." The Boers were evidently preparing for a revolt for some years prior to the opening of hostilities.

The Toronto Star is becoming more interesting and newsworthy every day. Mr. Atkinson, the Editor, is surrounding himself with the brightest newspaper men in the Dominion. Mr. J. T. Clark, well and widely known as "Mack", late of Saturday Night, Mr. S. Hunter, the famous Cartoonist, and "Khan", the poet, whose homely ballads touch the heart-strings, are on the staff. With the latest war news, and other departments up to the times, the Star is an ideal paper.

The retail editor of the California News gives a remarkable tale in the Jan. 13th issue concerning a turkey that kept a steam-whirling watch running while in its gizzard by the action of the gizzard in its attempt to digest it. We are unable to raise those steam-whirling gobblers, but we will give you an incident that we think equally remarkable, besides it shows the possibilities of the Deaf.

Recently, at one of our parlor entertainments, a bright deaf young man was requested to pen tonight a deer hunt. He impromptu a bachelor mountaineer preparing his muzzle loader taking a buck, drawing him, and carrying him down the mountain to his cabin abode. The process of drawing was not the most pleasant part of the work, and when about half finished the hunter wiped his gory hands on the grass and moss at his feet. Soon thereafter the parlor cat was attracted by the smell of fresh venison and began licking the carpet at the spot where the deaf pantomimist portrayed the hunter wiping his hands on the grass and moss. The writer was a witness to the scene. *Open on the letter.*

Next Ananas. —C. M.

Once a Week, the only illustrated and absolutely independent newspaper for the deaf in the world, will appear March 2nd, at Evansville Ind. It will have eighteen brightest deaf scholars as editors and 20 correspondents and contributors of national reputation. Correspondents have already been engaged in every State and foreign country, and no expense will be spared to make it a first-class paper in every respect. Every deaf-mute should consider it his personal duty to support his own paper, without which he would hardly be worth living. The Once a Week will be mailed free to everybody of good character for a few weeks' trial. If the paper fails to please it can be stopped without any expense. They want your full address at once. Please show the newspaper to your friends. The manager of the Once a Week was in New York a few days ago to make definite arrangements to take 75 deaf tourists—20 gentlemen and 55 ladies, to the old world in June, to be gone until September. This great trip will be fully described in the first number of the Once a Week, with numerous attractive illustrations. The first issue will be a magnificent number. It will have a striking cover in colors, by its own artist of national reputation. The newspaper will be remarkably interesting and instructive. The first edition will be limited to 5000 copies. Do not miss this opportunity to send your address immediately to the Once a Week Company, Evansville, Ind.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarcely anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser who from being long accustomed to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.

The Girl I Love Behind Me

From the Westminister
We parted out at the stroke of day
But the girl was there to bid me say
We shined along thru many a year
Each with its love and its care
The girl lies for a quiet rest
An' my girl called for the rest
Ta ra tara tara
The girl I love behind me
Her eyes was red, but er she said
She'd be at a top in five or six
She perched it up to a rail
An' she led the electric trail
At the hand burst out with a cry
While every troop, almost
Ta ra tara tara
The girl I love behind me
She went at work in a park
Stitchin' like you at a big sack
An' the shirt of a girl she
I'll back she'll fancy the rest
When the regiment leaps to the rest
An' then she'll breathe a sigh
Ta ra tara tara
The girl I love behind me
An' if a we carry the night
With the girling and a fr a suit
When we rush the bus on the
Or for the river a chilly stream
You'll find in the breast of the
The face with a frame of ribbon
Ta ra tara tara
O the girl I love behind me

A Russian Version of the Light Brigade Charge

Reuter's special correspondent in Russia met in the course of his mission a steward, Ivan Ivanovich, who had been through the Crimean War. He was wounded at the battle of Inkerman, and gave the correspondent a description of the charge of the Light Brigade. "We were so sorry for the men," he said, "they were such fine fellows and they had such splendid horses. It was the maddest thing that was ever done. I cannot understand it. The guns broke through our line, took our artillery, and then, instead of capturing the guns and making off, they went for us. I had been in the ranks of the Heavy Brigade in the morning and was slightly wounded. We had unsaddled and were very tired. Suddenly we were told the English are coming. Confound them, we said. The Colonel was very angry, and ordered the men to give no quarter. I was some distance with my wound bandaged when I saw them coming. They came on magnificently. We thought they were drunk from the way they held their lances. Instead of holding them up, their attempts they waved them in the air, and, of course, they were easily guarded against like that. The men were mad, sir. They never seemed to think of the tremendous odds against them, or of the frightful carnage that was taken place in their ranks in the course of that long, desperate ride. They cheered in among us, shouting, cheering, and cursing. I never saw anything like it. They seemed perfectly irresistible, and our fellows were quite demoralized. The fatal mistake we made in the morning was to receive the charge of your Heavy Brigade standing, instead of meeting it with a counter-charge. We had many more men than you that had continued our charge downhill, instead of calling a halt just at the critical moment, we should have carried everything before us. The charge of your Heavy Brigade was magnificent, but they had to thank our bad management for the victory. We liked your fellows. When our men took prisoners they used to give them our vodka. Awful stuff it was, more like spirits of wine than anything else. Your fellows used to offer us their rum in exchange, but we did not care for it, it was too soft and mild. The Russian soldier must have vodka." —Public Opinion

There is more reading done in our farm neighborhoods than in our cities, and the good typical farm home has newspapers always and its magazines quite frequently. Nor are the district schools so inferior, though their quality varies much from year to year. With a good teacher in charge, the country district school is better than the city graded school, because it is more free from mere machinery and better adapted to develop the individuality of pupil. Hundreds of men and women of high standing and wide experience to-day are thankful for the little wooden country school house of their childhood days, in which the educational methods pursued were infinitely more scientific and valuable than those now followed in many of our city schools. —Albert Shaw's Sketch of Ireland Stanford.