

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 1.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge
H. H. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector

J. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

W. M. A.	Superintendent
H. H. STRATTON	Minister of the Government in Charge
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN	Government Inspector
W. M. A.	Superintendent
H. H. STRATTON	Minister of the Government in Charge
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN	Government Inspector

Teachers:

W. M. A.	Superintendent
H. H. STRATTON	Minister of the Government in Charge
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN	Government Inspector
W. M. A.	Superintendent
H. H. STRATTON	Minister of the Government in Charge
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN	Government Inspector

Teachers of Agriculture:

W. M. A.	Superintendent
H. H. STRATTON	Minister of the Government in Charge
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN	Government Inspector

Teachers of Domestic Work:

W. M. A.	Superintendent
H. H. STRATTON	Minister of the Government in Charge
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN	Government Inspector
W. M. A.	Superintendent
H. H. STRATTON	Minister of the Government in Charge
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN	Government Inspector

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

Subject of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province, who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, to receive instruction in the common

branches of learning, and to be enabled to support themselves in the various occupations of life. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Guardians or friends who are able to pay the charge of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance are furnished free.

Those whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, may be admitted free. Clothing must be provided by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of printing, bookbinding and shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, knitting, the use of the sewing machine, ornamental and fancy work as they be able.

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

The regular Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent 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 to the office in office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 2:30 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not to be sent to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any other reason than to the locked bag.



The Colors of the Flag

BY FREDERICK HOPKINSON SCOTT

What is the blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
When our vessels ride in their towering pride,
And the feet of the winds are free,
From the sun and smile of the coral isles,
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread,
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?
The hour of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light,
And stands while the hills shall stand,
Yes, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight wherever we lie,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain,
On the battle scene, in the wild waste lands,
And the froth of the purple main,
And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod,
And the great of the waves outrolled,
That He send us men to fight again,
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one—
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword,
And a bullet in heart or brain,
What matters our loss, if the flag float on
God Britain be Lord of the main.



Always a Place for that Kind of a Boy.

"Oh, say, Mr. Bradford, are you in a hurry?" panted bright, rosy checked George Ellis, running to the sleigh from which that gentleman was alighting.

"In too much of a hurry to stand long in this snowy air. Come into the store if you wish to speak to me."

"Thank you, sir," and picking up a basket the driver had set upon the curb, he opened the door of the large general store and held it for the proprietor to pass through.

"Thank you, said the gentleman.

"Now what is it?"

"My mother slipped and broke her ankle."

"Yes, sir, I heard of it. Very sorry! Hope she is doing well."

"It takes time, of course, sir, and it is so hard for her to lie on the sofa all day. I came to ask if you would allow her to use that wheelbarrow in the back store a few weeks and let me work for you to pay for it."

"Did she send you to ask for this?"

"Oh, no, sir, I thought of it myself."

"What could you do? I never have had a boy about the place."

"I know it, sir, but I can see things that might be done. The plants there in the front window will lose their leaves if they are not watered pretty soon."

The gentleman stepped to the window and glanced at the plants before he replied, "How did you happen to notice them?"

"Mother taught me. Every time I pass the window I wish I could arrange these so that they would show better."

"I dare say they have been neglected. I bought them to make up an assortment. Fix up the window to suit yourself. I will send up the chair the first time the delivery wagon goes that way."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" and the lad's mittens and coat were off and he was at the other side of the large store after water before Mr. Bradford had even turned toward his desk.

He found real delight, as a genuine plant lover does, in seeing the thirsty green things drink up the needed refreshment and noting how quickly they responded by an added appearance of freshness and luxuriance.

He then polished the plate glass window, spread down green straw carriage

mat to resemble grass, grouped the plants tastefully upon them, and then pushed a green-covered lounge around so it had the effect of a mound of moss, and disposed a large landscape upon an easel as a background.

Being near the entrance, he politely opened the door for every lady who came up the steps, and when Mrs. Novora drove up with a portfolio of pictures to be framed, stepped out and brought them in for her.

Mr. Bradford from his desk could not help noticing this spontaneous anticipatory service, and was interested when the lady said:

"I am so glad you have George Ellis here. I am afraid he and his mother are having a hard time to get along. He is in my Sunday-school class, and the brightest, most obliging lad I know. Did he arrange that window? I might have known it. It is a perfect picture, or what is better, a bit of summer. No wonder that every passer by stops to look at such a delightful contrast to the world outside."

Mr. Bradford, whose store was known as the "Old Curiosity Shop" or "The Museum," had never felt so complacent over his surroundings in his life, and was now most pleasantly surprised by an acquaintance coming in to ask the price of the landscape in the window, and by his purchasing it at once, saying:

"My shut-in sister has been asking for a picture of green fields, but I didn't suppose I could find one in town."

"That picture has stood near that window all winter."

Well, I never looked in your window, and if I had I could have seen nothing for the dust, but your show this cold morning would attract any one. What's up?" and the man went off laughing.

"Where is George? He must find another picture to replace that one," said Mr. Bradford. "And what then, sir?" asked the boy, respectfully.

"Anything that suggests itself to you."

"Oh, thank you, sir! There are so many nice things here, your store should be the prettiest in the village."

"And it is only a lumber-room, but I give you the liberty to make whatever you can out of it."

At the end of the week the front of the store was so pleasantly and artistically arranged that every customer had complimentary remarks to make, and two drummers running in, one exclaimed:

"I thought I was in the wrong store. I have been describing your 'Old Curiosity Shop' to my friend here, and telling him he could buy anything from a hummingbird's nest to a second hand pulpit, but—"

"But, although orders being brought out off chaos, I have the same variety," and he told the story of how it all happened adding, "I have not the least particle of order about me, and I never yet employed a clerk who had interest enough in the business to do any thing except what they were told, until this lad came in."

"That is just the kind of a boy we are looking for. There is always a place for that kind of a boy. You'll have to pay him well, or you won't keep him long. There's our train. I'll run it on my way back and have a talk with the Leo little fellow."

"Five little fellow indeed!" said Mr. Bradford to himself. "Think they can get him away from me, do they? I guess not," and, calling to George, he said, "Here is the balance of what you have earned over and above paying for the rent of the chair, and tell your mother I am coming in this evening to see about your staying on with me for a year out of school hours. A lad with your head for business mustn't neglect school."

"My head for business is following mother's way—doing whatever is to be done and doing it well. You are very kind, Mr. Bradford, and the boys foot kept pace with the wind as he flew up the street to his mother with the good

news—that he was sure now of steady work and she needn't worry, for he could take care of them both.

It is Bradford & Ellis now, and you wouldn't know the place; but there are always picturesque effects in the windows, and Mr. Bradford is never weary of telling how his young partner made himself a necessity in the business.—*Zion's Herald.*

Plain Facts.

(From the California News)

In the absence of a more important subject for discussion, the contributor to an Institution paper can always find a fertile one in the space-matter relating to the deaf or the blind, furnished to the daily papers. This week we read two columns and a half from a Cleveland paper respecting the accomplishments contemplated or already achieved by some teachers of the deaf. We happen to be personally acquainted with some of these teachers, and our acquaintance enables us to say that nobody in the land will be more astounded than they themselves at the results attributed to them. Such articles tend to spread the impression that teachers of deaf children are arrayed in two armies, opposed to each other, one of which wishes to teach the deaf to speak and the other of which desires to keep them dumb! The question of whether it is possible to teach speech, to any practical extent, to those who cannot hear is not considered by these visionaries at all. Their only purpose is to blazon to the world a "new method," and as a result every visitor to a school for deaf children nowadays remarks, with the complacency of one who has read up and knows all about it, "I understand that they teach them by the speech-method now."

A lady who has had much experience in oral work was one day exhibiting her class, in which she felt justifiable pride, to some visitors. After the learners had taken several sentences from her lips and had responded in the "artificial" speech which the deaf born over and invariably acquire, if they got any at all, one of the visitors artlessly inquired:

"Yes, but when are they going to learn to talk?"

In the popular phraseology of the day, the teacher was jarred. Yet this incident illustrates just wherein the newspaper articles referred to do immeasurable harm, they do not mention the fact that teachers do not differ as to whether the deaf should learn speech, but as to whether it is worth while to spend the time and energy necessary in teaching such speech as the deaf child can acquire.

The fairy tales one hears of persons born deaf who nevertheless become so well trained in the art of speech and speech reading that they pass for hearing persons are very wearying to those who know the facts.

Yet such stories are diligently disseminated and confidently believed by many people.

The plain facts in the case are these. Deaf children, especially those born deaf, can never, even under the most favorable conditions, acquire perfect control of their vocal organs; their speech will necessarily be more or less strained and unnatural, while their facility at reading the speech of others will depend largely on a peculiar aptness, an ability that varies with various individuals and that is absolutely wanting in some of the most intelligent deaf persons in the world. Under these conditions, it is the belief of the great majority of teachers and of the educated deaf themselves that instruction in this direction should be made a secondary and not a prime object in our work.

The first thing to bear in mind when teaching either a child or a class of children to read is that each one must be interested and taught to look upon the work as a pleasure, not as a task. No member Ladies' Home Journal.