

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

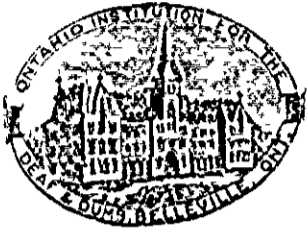
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NO. 5.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE ONTARIO,
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:
DR. F. F. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, Superintendent
A. MATHISON, Huron,
J. J. WATSON, M. D., Physician
MISS SABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

MISS M. J. BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
MISS SYLVIA L. BALIS, Teacher of Drawing
MISS J. HOBSON, JOHN T. BURNS, Instructor of Printing
MISS J. DOUGLASS, FRANK FLYNN, Master Carpenter
MISS J. F. BATA, WM. NEUBE, Master Shoemaker
MISS G. LALANOR, D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker
MISS H. M. GAGS, THOMAS WILLS, Gardener
MISS M. H. O. MERRA, Farmer

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational facilities to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, so that they may receive instruction in the common branches of learning and be enabled to support themselves in the ordinary avocations of life. All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and fifteen, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year. Pupils who are unable to pay the tuition fee may be admitted as paupers, and their education will be free. Pupils whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, board, clothing and other expenses, may be admitted as paupers. Pupils are taught the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking. Pupils are also instructed in general education, including English, Arithmetic, Spelling, Penmanship, Sewing, Dressmaking, and the use of the Sewing Machine. Pupils are also taught the use of the typewriter and fancy work, as may be required. It is the policy of the Government to provide for the education and improvement of deaf mutes. The regular Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and continues until the end of each year. The vacation is to the terms of admission. Pupils will be given upon application to the Superintendent otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND FORWARDED without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go to the post office in Belleville will be sent to the Institution at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not to be sent to post offices or parcels, or receive letters at post offices for delivery, for pupils.



ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night
Mother come back from the echoless shore
Take me again to your heart as of yore
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward flow backward O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears
Toll without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay
Weary of flinging my soul's wealth away
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow the base the untrue
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between
Yet with strong yearning, and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again—
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like a mother's love has shone
No other words by abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours,
None like a mother's can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world weary brain
Slumber a soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair just lighted with gold
Fall on your shoulders again as of old
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light
For with its sunny-silver shadows once more
Happy will I through the sweet vision of yore—
Loving, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened to your lullaby song;
Since then, and unto my heart it shall seem
Womanhood's year has been only a dream
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!



Dropped Her Mitten.

A DEAF MAN SYMPATHIZED WITH HER AND CAUSED A LOT OF TROUBLE.

It was just 6 o'clock, and the car was packed with people going home.

She carried some bundles, and in her efforts to handle them and save them from crushing she dropped her mitten. She saw it go but was powerless to stay its descent, and it went down in successive stages in a triangular space between herself, a man who looked over her head and an individual who was deaf.

"There goes my mitten!"
The deaf man leaned over and said, "Eh?"

"My mitten—mitten—it fell down."
"Well, ye can't get it, mum. Ye'll have to wait till the car gets to the end of the line, so the conductor kin pull up the floor."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Besides, I ain't gom to have all these people walkin' on it for half an hour."

"Haven't ye got another one?" said the deaf man.

"Course I've got another one, and she wiggled the hand encased in her other mitten."

The deaf man saw the movement, and knowing that women often carry car fare inside their hand coverings, reached over and pulled her mitten off for her.

Then she screamed
The conductor was the only man who could edge his way to the scene of trouble.

"What's the matter here?"
"Lady dropped her nickel, and can't pick it up," said the deaf man.

"Didn't drop my nickel—dropped my mitten," said the lady with the packages.
"Said she had another one," pursued the deaf man, "but she lied."

"You're an old door post" said the woman with one mitten.

"Queer how folks go travlin' about town with only one nickel," said the deaf man.

"They get along better n' people with no ears" said the woman who didn't drop her nickel.

"Was that all the money yer husband give ye?" asked the deaf man in a tone of sympathy. "He must be a regul'r brute."

"If he was here now he'd eat you up."
"I s'pose them's collars and cuffs sho's been dom up and is gom to deliver em," said the deaf man to the passengers.

"Then the conductor said 'Fare, please,' and the woman gave up a nickel that she had been carrying in her mouth."

"Thought it was in yer mitten," said the deaf man.

"You don't know how to think," said the woman.

"Wonder why she didn't carry 'em both in her mouth?" said the deaf man.

"You ought to stuff both your own mittens in yer mouth," said the woman.

"Ain't ye afraid ye'll swallow yer nickel that way some time?" asked the deaf man.

"If I do I reckon it won't injure my hearin'," said the woman.

"Then the conductor got down on the floor and recovered the woman's mitten and she got off at the next crossing, wondering why some people didn't carry er trumpets."

The deaf man said, by way of enlightening the other passengers, "I guess it was her mitten instead of her nickel that she dropped."

For Parents.

It is only a little more than nine weeks now until the close of this session of the school. Then comes the home going of the children—the happiest time of their year.

To the parents of the newest pupils, the little ones who have just then finished their year in the Seventh Class, this first home coming of their children is the greatest thing of all. For a deaf child makes his greatest step in education in his first year at school, and his progress in this year is far more noticeable than in any other year of his whole school life. This progress is so marked, so evident that his parents cannot fail to observe it and, observing, they cannot help being delighted. The little one that was sent away to school with tears and forebodings, just forty weeks before has returned safe and well. He shows in every way what the school has done for him. He is more obedient. His expression of countenance has changed. He is more orderly and regular in his ways. He knows the names of most of the common objects of life and he can write these names down in a pretty legible hand. He is glad to get home but the school has lost its terrors for him. Towards the close of the vacation he begins to long to get back to the Institution. There is no trouble in starting him this time as there was just a year ago and when he gets back to the Institution there is no trouble in parting from him. He has plenty of new friends and classmates here now, and he is anxious to see them and to hear what they have to say of their vacation. So, instead of clinging desperately to the side of his father or his mother who brought him back to school as he did last year, he is rather anxious to have the good byes ever and done with and to get around to the sitting room and see his fellows. Altogether, he is a changed individual a very changed one, and his parents cannot help but see the change, and also to rejoice at it as a change for the better. A new road in life is opened for their little one and they cannot fail to see it. *Capt. Doyle in Goodson Gazette.*

Kind words are flowers that everyone can grow without owning a foot of land.

Patience in the School-Room.

Patience is always a beautiful trait of character, winning admiration by its rare grace and loveliness, but in the school room it is a "sin qua non," that without which no good work can be done. That the trials of patience in the average school-room are numerous, no conscientious teacher need be told, and usually the more conscientious and sincerely anxious for the scholar's improvement is the teacher, the more temptation to impatience from the dullness or wilfulness or negligence of the pupil.

But the earnest and faithful teacher is also intelligent enough to know that more or less of these trials are inevitable so long as children are children, and not premature men and women. Childhood, with its proverbial freedom from care, is naturally heedless, forgetful, sometimes unreasonable and wilful; but what true teacher would willingly exchange impressive childhood, frank, curious, and affectionate, as an object of effort, for staid, cool, calculating and often times fossilized manhood.

Give us the children, with all their faults, they are the more promising material for our labors, and they will almost invariably respond to patient, faithful training, and gentle discipline, with steady improvement and ultimate success. Impatience, moreover, manifested by petulance and sharpness of word tone, usually increases its own annoyances, while the self-control which patience gives removes half the occasion for its exercise.

Children are like climbing plants whose tendency is upward, but they must find some support in order to rise. The affectionate nature of a child is constantly throwing out its tendrils to fasten on some one who may help it to realize its aspirations, and to no one will it sooner cling than to a patient, self-sacrificing teacher who is a true helper of the young. But children are soon repelled by coldness and fretfulness. No teacher must for a moment forget, however, that the tenderest patience is always compatible with the truest firmness of school government and discipline. The teacher must insist on a right course of conduct, and take all necessary methods to secure this, but the most extreme measures ever found to be necessary may be carried out with such a spirit as to command both the assent of a child's native sense of justice and respect for the teacher's self-control—*Teacher's Companion.*

Care of the Teeth.

Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of the spirits of camphor and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture, mixed with an equal quantity of tepid water, and applied daily with a soft brush, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, arrests decay, induces healthy action of the gums, and makes the teeth pearly white.

The dark colored substance which collects on neglected teeth cannot be removed with a brush and water. Pulverized charcoal will take it off, but this scratches the enamel and leads to decay of the tooth. A better substance is pumice stone in powder. Dip a pine stick into it and scour the teeth. After this treatment the daily use of the tooth brush and tepid water will be sufficient.

A good way to clean the teeth is to dip the brush in water, rub it over genuine castile soap, then dip it in prepared chalk. A lady says: "I have been complimented upon the whiteness of my teeth, which were originally anything but white. I have used the soap constantly for two or three years, and the chalk for the last year. There is no danger of scratching the teeth as the chalk is prepared, but with a good stiff brush the soap is as effective as soap and sand on a floor.—*New York World*"