

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:
R. MATHISON, M. A. - Superintendent,
A. MATHISON - Hurwar,
J. E. FARNS, M. D. - Physician,
MISS ISABELL WALKER - Matron

Teachers:

D. H. COLKMAN, M. A., Miss J. O. TERRILL (Head Teacher), Miss M. TEMPLETON,
P. DENYER, Miss MARY HULL,
JAMES C. BALIS, B.A., Miss FLORENCE MAYNARD,
D. J. McNEILLOP, Miss SYLVIA L. BALIS,
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss ADA JAMES,
Geo. F. STEWART, Miss GEORGINA LINN,
A. A. McINTOSH, Monitor Teacher

Teachers of Articulation

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

Miss I. S. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURKE,
Clerk and Typewriter, Inspector of Printing

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker
Superintendent

G. G. KRISTU, J. MIDDLEMAN,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer

Miss M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

Miss S. A. HALE, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trustee Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

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 born to 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 \$50 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, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering 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 such 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 2.45 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.



Seven Times One.

There's no dew left in the daisies and roses,
There's no rain left in heaven,
I've said it seven times over and over
Seven times one are roses.

I am old, so old I can write a letter
My birthday lessons are done
The lambs play always, they know no better
They are only one-time one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low
You were bright 'ah bright' but your light is
fading,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon have you done something wrong in
heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh myriads, rich and yellow
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper!
Where two twin turtle doves dwell!
O cuckoo! toll for the purple jappet
That hangs in your leafy green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it
I will not steal them away
I am old! you may trust me inner times
I am seven times one to-day

John Chapman in Songs of Seven



The Dumb Princess.

(From the German in the Deaf and Dumb)

Once upon a time there lived a king, who had an immense garden. Its paths were strewn with gaily coloured sand in the niches of its yew tree hedge stood white marble statues, and strange flowers of burning colours surrounded the grass plots. But in the middle of the garden was a pond, in the centre of which was a group of fish-tailed sea gods, who, sitting upon sparkling dolphins, were blowing their shell trumpets.

All the world admired this garden. There was only one person whom it did not please—this was the King's young and most beautiful daughter. Those shameless heathen gods frightened her and she always avoided the garden.

Therefore, the King, who loved his daughter above all the world, sent for a young gardener who had travelled through many lands and had seen many splendid things, and commanded him to make a new garden in place of the old one. He wished to make a present of it to the Princess on her birthday.

The gardener did his best. He dug, chopped and planted. Sunshine and rain did their part also, and when the birthday came the gardener stood at the entrance gate and held a silver on which he offered to the Princess the golden keys to the garden. Followed by courtiers and ladies in waiting, the Princess then made the tour of the garden.

The heart of the King's daughter leaped within her for joy. She forsook the gravel walk and sprang lightly over the lawn, so that her court ladies had difficulty in keeping up with her.

Now, the Princess was near the spot where the marble basin formerly had a place. To-day there lay a tiny, smiling green lake.

"Oh, how charming!" exclaimed the Princess, and the ladies repeated the words after her.

Then a dreadful thing happened. A fat, green frog, which was sitting in the reeds looking out for water, being disturbed by the rustle of the ladies' silken garments, made a great jump and plunged into the water so violently that the drops spouted up.

Every one screamed, and the Princess sank down, all pale, upon the ground.

Especially in skin and smelting salts were easily found.

The laughing Princess soon came to herself but *tricht had taken away her power of speech.* With disturbed faces and shaking with anxiety, the ladies in waiting carried her back to the palace.

In honor of the Princess the townspeople had decked their houses with evergreens and gay flags, but when the midday hour chimed they removed all signs of decoration. For Dame Rumour announced that the King's daughter had suddenly become dumb.

The Princess had long recovered from her fright. She could eat and drink, but no word passed her lips. She had lost the power of speech.

Physicians came to her side, put their heads together and wrote long prescriptions. The patient swallowed obediently drops, pills and powders, but the power of speech did not return.

The whole court was draped in mourning. But the old King, who was usually so mild and kind, foamed with rage. He ordered all the frogs in his kingdom to be killed, and set a price of a farthing on the head of every frog. But he threw the gardener into prison. Of what use was it all? The Princess remained dumb.

Days, weeks and months passed by. Physicians collected there from all corners of the globe. What one ordered the other always condemned but not one of them could give back to the King's daughter her power of speech.

In the meantime the poor gardener was in a sorry plight. He had hoped for a rich reward, and now he was lying in chains and could behold neither sun nor moon. But his old mother was still alive in the homestead, and she was a clever woman of much experience. When she heard what had happened to her son she tied up her bundle and wandered off to the town where the residence of the King stood. When she arrived there she betook herself to the prison and implored the turnkey with such moving words that he at last let her into the prison.

The mother and son remained alone together for half an hour. Then the old woman hobbled off. But when the warden brought his jug of water to the young man he was walking his cell, with his head high, whistling a tune.

Next day, he demanded to be taken before the King. He claimed that he possessed the remedy which would restore the power of speech to the Princess.

The Princess had been obliged, that same day to undergo a great deal. First, she had been pricked with red hot needles by a foreign doctor. At this she had groaned and sobbed, but not a word had she spoken. After that she had been given, at the advice of an old herb doctor, the heart, brain and tongue of a magpie, and this was also quite useless. Now the Princess was lying, pale and languid, on a couch, so exhausted that she had closed her eyes.

They brought the gardener to her side. His chains were clanking, but he walked erect and seemed in good spirits.

"Try your arts," said the King, "and if you can cure her you shall receive the order of the Green Crocodile and as much gold as you can carry."

The gardener went to the invalid's couch, made her sit up, which she did willingly, took her little white hand in his and gazed into her tired eyes.

"Poor, little Princess, he then said, so unhappy and only 21 years old."

Then a slight blush covered the Princess's countenance, her bosom rose and fell painfully, and from her lips burst the words "Not yet!"

The power of speech had returned to her, but the King wept tears of joy, in which the whole court joined him.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark." "How does she do it?" "She makes me get up and look at the clock."

Possibilities of Dull Boys.

There is little doubt that many people are failures because the world makes them do what they are not by nature fitted for. You can't make a razor out of brass, though brass is the best kind of material for many useful things that tool steel would be unfit for. Human beings certainly differ as much as steel and brass, for instance. They have certain qualities in common, but certain others that are individual. To learn something of the "temper" of the material that passes through his hands is the duty and privilege of the teacher who has aims worthy of his profession. To discover and bring out a latent possibility in a dull boy or girl is a high goal for the earnest teacher. How much this sort of real sympathy of teacher with pupil can do was beautifully illustrated by a little true story told by Bancroft, the magician, at a newspaper men's banquet, the other evening.

"At my first school," said he, "there was a boy to whom the teacher could not impart the simplest rules of elementary knowledge. Try as she might, her efforts were failures. Her patience, after *exhaustless trials*, turned to despair. One day, when he seemed duller than usual she sent him from the recitation bench to his seat with a severe reprimand, promising to recommend his dismissal to the trustees. Shortly afterward she observed him bending over some pursuit at his desk. His eyes were lighted with an expression that seemed inspiration. Axious to know the cause of this almost miraculous transformation from sloth that was sluggish to activity that was life, she passed down the aisle by his desk on some pretext that would not disturb him, and found the cause of his glowing study to be the investigation of a fly, which he had caught and was examining, having dissected it into parts.

"The truth dawned upon the teacher. The boy's mind ran to entomology. He was a born naturalist. The teacher said nothing, but that afternoon called up the entire class for general recitation. The boys' appearance was as dull as ever. 'Boys,' said the teacher, addressing the entire school, 'I want to see how far your general powers of observation on trivial subjects go. For instance, you have all seen thousands of flies. Now, I want each one of you to tell his impressions of a fly.'

"Beyond the fact that a fly was a fly and had wings, not one of the class could say anything further. At the first mention of the subject the dull boy was all aglow. He held up his hand and snapped his fingers. He realized his superiority. It was his day. He told of the fly from a general and an analytical standpoint, its interior and exterior, its habits, its food, its generation, and its propensities. The rest of the school sat astounded. The boy went on and launched into a general description of bugs and insects he had caught in the woods.

"From that day the teacher encouraged his peculiar aptitude, and troubled him no more with the rules of grammar and arithmetic. She went into the woods with him and helped in his study of nature. She brought the attention of the school trustees to his case, and to make a long story short, he was sent to Europe for study. In Leipzig he was made moderator of the National Conservatory of Science. He held for a time an important position in the Smithsonian, in Washington, and he is now in Paris, one of the leading entomologists of the world."

That boy would have made a failure as a bookkeeper, but he succeeded in the calling God intended him for.—*The Pathfinder.*

A pair of gloves passes through nearly 200 hands from the moment that the skin leaves the dresser's hands till the time when the gloves are purchased.