

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IV.,

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 1, 1895.

NO. 6.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

H. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
A. MATHISON Nurse,
J. E. PAKING, M. D. Physician,
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron.

Teachers:

D. R. COLEMAN, M. A. (Head Teacher.)	MISS J. G. TERRILL. MISS M. TEMPLETON MISS M. M. DAYTON MISS MARY HILL. MISS FLORENCE MAYBEE MISS SYLVIA L. HALLIDAY MISS ADA JAMES MISS GEORGINA LIND
P. DUNN. JAMES C. BARR, M.A. D. J. McKILLOP, W. J. CAMPBELL, GEO. F. STEWART,	Monitor

Miss CARRIE GIBSON, Teacher of Attention
Miss MARY DUFF, Teacher of Fancy Work
Mrs. J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing

Miss L. N. MITCHELL, Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing	JOHN T. BURNA, Engineer
Wm. DOUGLASS, Storekeeper & Associate Superintendent	J. MIDDLEMARS, Engineer
G. G. KATZ, Superintendent of Boys, etc.	JOHN DOWNEY, Master Carpenter
Miss M. DUFFY, Seminarian, Superintendent of Urtia, etc.	D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker
Wm. NOLAN, Master Shoemaker.	THOMAS WILLS, Gardener
MICHAEL O'MEARA, 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 this amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentery 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 hearing, bare 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

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 here will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each day (Sunday 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 box.



A Mother's Love.

What is there in this world so sweet
As the love of a mother dear?
It knows no selfish ends,
Is holy, pure, sincere.

It watched over us in our childhood days,
In our hours of grief and joy,
In our times of trouble, sorrow, pain,
When we were girls and boys.

And when our childhood days are gone
And our battles of life begin,
That love still cheers in hope and fear,
And crowns all our victories won.

Should we forget a mother's love
That love so deep and strong?
Not till the heart has ceased to beat,
Not even then this wrong.

Not mountains high, nor oceans deep,
Nor man's restless foam,
Nath' depth or space to e'er efface
Sweet memories of home.

The mother's love illumines the path,
Though temptations stray
No night so dark, no path so steep,
It may not light the way.

Sacred as immortality,
We hold this gift of ours,
A heavenly gift enriching life,
As perfume does the flowers.

And from afar that one bright star
Bright as the stars above,
Our hand and soul both beckon me,
My mother—oh, how love!

Thomas Simpson M. Honey



How the Phonograph was Discovered.

Mr. Edison in his new biography—"Life and Inventions"—describes the accidental method by which he discovered the principle of the phonograph. There is a kind of accident that happens only to a certain kind of man.

"I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone. Mr. Edison says, "when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk."

"I tried the experiment first on a slip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the 'Hallo! Hallo!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point and heard a faint 'Hallo! Hallo!' in return.

"I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

It is one thing to hit upon an idea, however, and another thing to carry it out to perfection. The machine would talk but like many young children, it had difficulty with certain sounds in the present case with aspirants and sibilants. Mr. Edison's biographers say, but the statement is somewhat exaggerated.

He has frequently spent from fifteen to twenty hours daily for six or seven months on a stretch, chipping the word 'Spezia,' for example into the stubborn surface of the wax. Spezia roared the inventor. Pezia, hisped the phonograph in tones of lilylike reserve, and so on through thousands of graded repetitions, till the desired results were obtained.

"The primary education of the phonograph was comical in the extreme. To hear those grave and reverent signors, such as scientific honors, patiently reentering.

Mary had a little lamb
A little lamb, pink, fat

and laboring that point with anxious gravity, was to receive a practical demonstration of the eternal usefulness of things." Youth's Companion.

Why Do Children Learn Lying.

A Chicago kindergarten teacher says that mothers come to her so often, asking how they shall break their children from telling untruths, that she has almost come to think that lying is a national evil. Humiliating as is this conclusion, its truth cannot be gainsaid.

"I am so distressed," says a mother to her boy's teacher, "that Freddie could deceive you so. I can't imagine why he is so untruthful, his father is truth itself, and I am sure no one ever heard me tell a lie. Call him," she said turning to her little daughter.

"He won't come if he knows Miss is here," said the child. "Say it's grand ma wants him," suggested her mother, "that will fetch him."

And yet she wondered at her boy's untruthfulness!

"Have you a dog?" asked a tax collector at another home.

"Not a dog of any description," was the prompt reply.

"What about Speck, mamma?" asked the son appearing in the doorway with a tiny dog in his arms.

"Cost me two dollars," laughed his father relating the incident. "Capital joke on his mother though."

Rather a costly joke, involving the loss of a boy's respect for his mother's veracity and by reflex influence lowering his own standard of truth.

"You're half an hour late, Willie, said another mother, "but here's an excuse, give it to the teacher and she won't say a word. The child who couldn't read writing, confidently delivered the note, it was an urgent request to have him punished, a mean revenge for some trouble he had given while being bathed and dressed.

If mean little lies and petty deceptions on the mother's part are the child's early object lessons, what wonder that he so soon outstrips his teacher, and even shocks her by his proficiency in the art. Donohoe's Magazine, Boston.

Dog Eat Dog.

The street fakir was stationed on the corner of East and Main streets yesterday with a machine that an investor could spin around and if it stops at a watch yer get the watch, but if it don't yer sure of a smoke. Such was the language of the fakir.

A man stood by and watched things for a few minutes. He saw several cigars given to speculators, but the bright steel index never stopped on the watch or the revolver. He carried a very stout cane.

Going up to the turntable he stood abreast of the watch, and held his heavy cane fairly up and down. He put down a nickel, gave the index a twist, and to the surprise of all it stopped right over the watch. The crowd cheered and jeered, and the fakir tried to look as if he liked it. After depositing the watch in his pocket the stranger edged around the table till he stood abreast of the revolver. The cane was again held straight up and down, and another nickel was thrown on the table. The index was sent flying around and it stopped right over the revolver. The crowd was too surprised to cheer any more, and before the fakir had recovered his composure the stranger walked off.

An officer from one of the ships near by had watched the whole proceeding, and going after the stranger asked permission to see the cane. The stranger handed it to the sailor, who found it weighed eight or nine pounds. It was a powerful magnet.

"It was one of the cleverest cases of dog eat dog that I ever saw," said the navigator. San Francisco Examiner.

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil, whereas vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.—Cumberland.

Should First Cousins Marry.

The impression prevails widely that first cousins ought not to marry, though it would be difficult for most persons to state a reason for this belief, and the rule is very often broken. A very clear and concise statement of the matter is made in *The Hospital*, March 30th, and we quote the principal part of it below.

"The question of the actual anatomical and physiological causes of physical disabilities in the offspring of first cousins, is well worthy of the most thorough investigation. In a complex vital organism like the human body, one need not be surprised to find occasional or even frequent departures from the normal standard of physical and mental perfection. Such departures will naturally vary in kind and degree in different families. Thus, one family may have defective lungs, another feeble hearts, another in active livers, another poor eyesight, another an inadequate auditory apparatus, and so on. If the members of such families are fortunate enough to marry persons who are free from the same class of anatomical and physiological peculiarities, such peculiarities will naturally tend to be diminished, perhaps by so much as half, in their offspring, and in the course of generations of physiologically fortunate marriages they may disappear. But if, on the other hand, persons of the same blood and family, such as first cousins, all of whom must necessarily be more or less similar in structure and function, marry each other, then their peculiarities will tend, not to be diminished, but to be increased, perhaps doubled. So that, taking hearing as a sense which is somewhat deficient in a given family, one would expect that two first cousins marrying, whose hearing tended to be imperfect, would produce offspring who would be very likely to be deaf, and that not merely in old age, but in youth or even in childhood. The same, of course, is true of all sorts of physical and mental peculiarities as well as of hearing. If people would but bear in mind that the union of persons who have similar defects, more especially if they are blood relations, tends to intensify those defects exactly as piling coal on a bright fire in fallibly produces augmented heat, they would save themselves much bitter remorse, and avoid the maledictions of a class of imperfect human beings who not seldom curse the day they were born."

Fooled by an Artist.

Ernest P. Neville tells this good story of an artist's prank at the National Academy of Design, in *Life*.

Jones was sauntering about and chanced to meet a friend, a deaf mute, who was conversing with a companion in the sign language. Erecting Jones cordially, the deaf mute drew out a note book and pencil, and, after a brief pencil and paper conversation, introduced his companion by the same means, and shortly after withdrew.

Jones and the stranger discussed the pictures pleasantly for twenty minutes or more, meanwhile covering the backs of sundry envelopes and scraps of paper with their pencilings, when a fourth character in this little drama came upon the scene—a friend of Jones now made acquaintance.

"Hello, George!" said the dumb man to the new comer, familiarly, "how do you like the pictures this year?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jones in surprise, "can you talk?"

"Well, I should smile," said the gentleman, equally surprised, as he hastily put away pencil and paper. "Aren't you deaf and dumb?"

"Not by a long sight," Jones replied, thrusting into his pocket an envelope nearly covered with pencil marks. "But I'll kill Dummy next time I see him!"—Selected.