

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VII.

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 2, 1899.

NO. 19.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

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

Officers of the Institution:

W. H. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
W. M. DOUGLASS	Nurse
W. J. LAKIN, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

W. H. MATHISON, M. A.	Mrs. J. O. TERRILL
Head Teacher	Miss H. TEMPLETON
W. J. LAKIN, M. D.	Miss MARY HULL
Miss M. HILLIOP	Mrs. N. ELVIA L. HALL
Miss M. CAMPBELL	Miss GEORGINA LINN
Miss F. HEWART	Miss ADA JAMES
Miss M. BROWN	Miss J. MADONN (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:

Miss M. M. JACK	(Miss CAROLINE GIBSON)
Miss MARY HULL	Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss N. METCALFE,	JOHN T. BURNS,
Book and Typewriter Instructor of Printing	
W. M. DOUGLASS,	W. M. NORSE,
Bookkeeper & Associate	Master Shoemaker.
U. O. KEITH,	CHAS. J. PEPPIE,
Supervisor of Boys, etc.	Engineer.
Miss M. DENRISKY,	JOHN DOWRIE,
Matron Supervisor of Girls, etc.	Master Carpenter
Miss N. MCNINCH,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trained 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 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 \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance and be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, carpentering and shoemaking are taught to 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. For information as to the terms of admission to the pupils etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

W. H. 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 name is in the locked bag.



SUCCESS.

BY WALTER WILLMAN

There came to a white-haired man,
Who was nearing the end of life,
A youth, who asked in eager tones
For he was anxious for the strife

"Oh, how can I achieve success
Something that's great and high?"
Then the sage, with slow and measured words
In this wise made reply

"If, my young and earnest friend,
It is thy purpose to succeed,
List to these three principles,
To which thou shouldst give heed

"First, then, have thee faith
Real faith in nature's God
Without this one great requisite
All things shall be discord

"Next, eternal, cheerful hope,
Hope that will not fail,
For this shall give thee courage
O'er life's conflict to prevail

"From falsehood, envy, malice
And from unkindness flee,
This shall be thy chiefest virtue,
This, my friend, is charity

"With faith and hope and charity
Thy words and actions bless,
Let life's purpose be unselfish,
Thy crown shall be success.



A Prince of the Blood.

"I say, Martin, stop that! Here's a fellow going to drink with Niagara Falls coming down on him?"

Louis, or "Rufus," as the boys called him, rose up, with a face as red as his head.

"All right," said Martin Stone, laughing. "Go ahead and drink, I'll pump away for you."

Louis bent over again, and put his thirsty lips to the spout. This time his tormentor moved the pump-handle about as fast as the hour-hand of a watch, and about three drops trickled out.

"Pump, will you?" cried Louis.
"Oh, yes! I will," roared the other, and that instant Louis was sputtering in a perfect rush of the bright water, while the group of boys exploded with laughter.

This was too much for Louis, and he sprang at Martin, shaking his wet head like a Newfoundland dog, and grappling with him fiercely. But, after all, it was a friendly tussle. Louis had far too much sense to take the rough joke seriously, and by the time he and Martin had rolled about on the grass a while, each trying to get the other under, by the time they had thumped one another a time or two in boyish fashion, the bell rang, and they all went back into the school-room as good friends as ever.

But something had happened in that sham battle unknown to anybody except Bustle, the pug, and even he did not know much about it. Martin's bagstrap gave way in the scuffle; his books tumbled out on the ground, and a closely written sheet of paper, caught by the wind in search of a play fellow, began to play hop scotch over the grass. Bustle gave chase at first, but soon came to the conclusion that the thing had no wings, and went back to bark his interest and applause at the wrestling match. Away went the paper across the school's tennis court, through the iron fence railing, out into the road, there to be trampled deep into an early grave by a great drove of cattle passing that way.

Meantime the school routine went on and presently the teacher said: "Put up your books, boys, I am going to let you decide now who shall get the English prize for the quarter. Martin and Louis, as some of you know, got the same mark on examination: so I gave them each a composition to write last night, and I

am going to read them to the English class, without the name, of course, and let the class award the prize."

There was great excitement among the boys, much shuffling of feet, embarrassed coughing, conscious grinning, while Louis got his paper ready and stood waiting to march up to the desk with Martin.

But where was Martin's paper? You and I know that it was being trampled under dusty hoofs; but Martin was perfectly sure that it was in his Algebra. No. Well, then, in his History; and so he went through every book in his desk, but of course, without finding it, while Major Price's brow grew darker every minute.

Now, the Major, having received a military education, thought carelessness a much more serious matter than stupidity, and perhaps he was right. At any rate, he was patient with dullness, but carelessness always met with prompt punishment.

"Well, well," he said, shortly, "where are the papers?"

"I have lost mine, sir," said poor Martin, wishing that boys were allowed to cry like girls.

"Then there will be less trouble about awarding the prize," said the angry teacher. "Louis, where is yours?"

There was an instant of silence in the school room, everybody in the class held his breath. Louis turned red and then pale; then, with a quiet air of determination, he tore his paper slowly across the middle, and said, in a respectful tone: "I have none to hand in, sir."

Instantly the class broke into irrepressible applause.

"Silence!" said the Major, and Louis braced himself against the desk behind him. These boys were afraid of the Major, and, if he took this as an indication of insubordination, he would be wroth. For some reason, the teacher did not speak for a minute, and then he said, in a tone they had never heard him use before:

"Boys, I would rather see a generous thing like that among you than to have a prince of the blood in my school! That is what I call loving your neighbor as yourself, and you know who gave us that command and also set up the great example."

You may be sure the boys applauded long and loud after that.

A New Friend for Deaf of India.

Right Hon. Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, first president of the Southport Deaf and Dumb Society, and now Viceroy of India, has sent the following letter to Mr. G. E. Bridge, of Southport.

"I am obliged to you for having called my attention to the need that exists in India for work similar to that which you have so happily assisted to inaugurate in Southport. I shall not lose my interest in the subject."

We trust Mr. Baurji will lose no time in putting himself in communication with Lord Curzon. The deaf of India need a friend in a high position. With such a friend as Lord Curzon, their cause ought to make some progress.—*British Deaf Monthly.*

Great Lovers of Water.

The Siamese are more devoted to the water than any other nation in the world. They are nearly always bathing, generally with their clothes on, and they never go anywhere by land if they can possibly go by water. The streets of Bangkok are like those of Venice, and the inhabitants say that their idea of paradise would be a town with canals where there were currents in both directions, so that they might be spared the effort of rowing.

When a person is down in the world an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—*Bulwer.*

Defense of the Old System.

Instead of teaching deaf children a language that the great mass of the people do not understand, why not teach them the language that they will have to use if they are to mingle with hearing people?

Such is the question that is put by one interested in the education of deaf children, and we will assume that it is asked in all sincerity and not with the knowledge that it implies a condition which does not exist. Schools where the manual method is used chiefly, the kind of schools referred to in the question, cannot be properly said to teach the sign language at all. The pupils in those schools, as in all schools where the learners are unable to hear, learn signs for the same reason that children in the public schools learn spoken language—it is the most convenient means of communication available to them. The same rule holds good in those schools for the deaf where signs are most strictly prohibited and where speech is most strenuously insisted on. Deaf children will make signs, regardless of rules. By using this gesture-language, which the teacher does not have to teach, it becomes possible to enter into communication at once with the child, shut out as he is from the world of sound.

We do not in the least undervalue spoken language, but we do most emphatically protest against the fictitious value which is often attached to it as it is learned by those who have not the ear to guide and help them in modulating the voice, in giving to speech the emphasis and accent which make it intelligible.

So, taking up the various propositions expressed or implied in the question, we answer it as follows:

Why teach signs?

We do not.

Why not teach speech?

We do.

Why not teach speech that will enable the deaf child to mingle with the hearing on an equal footing?

Alas, we cannot. We have never seen any school that could.

Why not, in short, use the best possible means for giving your pupils a practical education?

That is our desire, and a careful study of the situation satisfies us that the most efficient system, the one calculated to bring the greatest good to the greatest number, is that one which teaches such of speech as can be acquired but which places its chief dependence upon written English, and which employs all means whatsoever that seem calculated to develop and strengthen the mind of the learner, the so called Combined System.—*California News.*

Melleine for a Scratchy Pen.

"All pens are alike to me," said the clever young woman, "and all pens would be alike to you if you only knew how to break them in. Don't molest your new pen between your lips before you begin to write. Don't say charms over it or squander your substance in gold pens. Take your cheap steel pen, dip it into the ink, then hold it in the flame of a match for a few seconds, wipe it carefully, dip it into the ink and you have a pen that will make glad the heart within you. It is a process I have never known to fail."—*Washington Post.*

A gentleman one day invited some friends to dinner, and as the colored servant entered the room he accidentally dropped the platter which held a turkey. "My friends," said the gentleman in a most impressive tone, "never in my life have I witnessed an event so fraught with disaster to the various nations of the globe. In this calamity we see the downfall of Turkey, the upsetting of Greece, the destruction of China and the humiliation of Africa."