

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:
HON. J. H. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
MR. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

M. H. THOMSON, M. A. Superintendent
W. M. CHUBBANE, Director
E. J. LAKINS, M. D. Physician
MRS. ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

MR. J. G. TENNILL, Head Teacher
MISS S. TEMPLETON
MISS MARY HULL
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS
MISS GREGORINA LIXN
MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. J. G. TENNILL, Head Teacher
MISS S. TEMPLETON
MISS MARY HULL
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS
MISS GREGORINA LIXN
MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. J. G. TENNILL, Head Teacher

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS M. M. JARVIS, MISS CAROLINE GIBSON
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS L. N. MITCHELL, JOHN T. BURNS,
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W. M. DUGLASS, WM. NURSE,
Sweepkeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker

H. G. KEITH, CHAS. J. PIPPIN,
Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer

MISS M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE,
S. Instructor, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

MISS S. MCNICHI, D. CUNNINGHAM,
General 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 will 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, Carpentry 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 \$15 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.



The Song of the Camp.

Bayard Taylor the author of this touching poem, was born in Pennsylvania in 1825, began life as apprentice in a printing office, and died in 1878 as Minister of his country at the German Imperial Court. He was found dead among his books in his library at Berlin. He travelled over most of the habitable globe, from Iceland to the upper Nile, and published seven volumes detailing his experiences. He also published a novel, several volumes of poetry, and perhaps the best translation of Faust that there is. The "Song of the Camp" records an incident in the siege of Sebastopol, 1855.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried
The outer trenches guarding
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding

The darkMedian, in silent scoff
Lay, grim and threatening, under
And the away mound of the Melakoff
No longer belched its thunder

There was a pause a guardman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow
But while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow"

They lay along the battery a side
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the tanks of Shannon

They sang of love, and not of fame
Forgot was Britain's glory
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang "Annie Laurie"

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong
Their battle-eve confession

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak
But, as the song grew louder
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With screams of shot and rattle of shell
And howling of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a slinger, dumb and gory
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie"

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing
The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the darest



Thrilling Battle Scene.

We had been fighting in the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box had been emptied once or more, and one-fourth of the brigade had melted away in dead, wounded and missing. We knew that we were being driven foot by foot, and that when we broke once more the line would go to pieces and the enemy pour through the gap. Hero comes help. Down the crowded highway gallops a battery. The field fence is scattered, the ammunition chests open and along our lines runs the order, "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoners are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery lozes just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works again as before. Every gun is using fuso shells. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sounds from a line three miles long, and shell-go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and

mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demontiacal singing, purring, whistling grape shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from their bodies. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crushes through grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts are blended into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened and bloody mass. Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is silence for ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of 3,000 muskets, and we rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over wireworks of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood, every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians see glory.—New York American.

A Hint for Readers.

It often happens in reading that we come across a reference to a book we would like some time to consult, or a mention of some subject we hope some day to have time to investigate. But we finish our book, and forget the clow which attracted us, and which might have led us into new and interesting fields of thought.

There are readers, doubtless, who keep a systematic account of their reading, and in whose voluminous note books are stored all such points for future use. But the ordinary hurried mortal, whose moments of reading are snatched from a multitude of other occupations, may not think such note books necessary or valuable. It is for his benefit a simpler hint is thrown out.

In any book one is reading it is handy to keep a sheet of paper. In addition to the use to be suggested it answers for a book mark. And the humble lead pencil should be always in the pocket of man or woman to help along the wheels of daily existence.

Then scribble upon the sheet the name of the book, the notice of the subject, the reference to the "well-known anecdote" with which you would like to be familiar. And the scribbling must be done at the instant we meet the name or the allusion we would like to retain. Finally, the sheets are collected and kept in an envelope marked "Notes for Future Reading," or "Helps to Information," according to your point of inquiry.—Harper's Bazar.

When did George Washington take a carriage? When he took a hack at the cherry tree.

Thirty Seconds Too Late.

Rev. Mr. Bell was always punctual. Whoever might be late at meeting, at the funeral or anywhere else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. If called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the door step and his hand on the bell handle when the clock was striking the hour. It was at first quite annoying to his flock to go according to their old habits to a funeral and meet it on its way to the grave, or to go to a wedding and find it all over before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Slow waited on the minister to ask him why he "was always in such a hurry and so afraid of being too late."

"Well, my good friend, I will tell you: and if, after hearing me, you do not think I am about right in this thing, I will try to alter."

"That's surely fair," slowly said Mr. Slow, as if afraid to commit himself.

"When I was a young man and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant mountain town and preach to a destitute people. I went for some weeks, and then returned home for a few days, promising to be back without fail the next Sunday. Well, I had a pleasant week among my kind relatives, and was so much engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties till Saturday returned, and then my sister and a beautiful friend of hers persuaded me to go out a little while in the little white boat Cinderella on our beautiful lake. The day was fine and Cinderella spun and darted under my oars as if a thing of life. When we got ashore I found it two o'clock, and I knew the cars left in fifteen minutes!

"I left the ladies and ran home and caught my carpet bag and ran for the depot. I saw the cars had arrived. With all my strength I ran. I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts and got within fifteen feet of the cars! Oh, for thirty seconds more! Thirty seconds too late! No more! The next day was a fair, still, sweet Sunday. My mountain people gathering, coming down from the glens and following the rills, filled the house of worship. But there was no minister; and the hungry sheep had no shepherd to feed them! He was thirty seconds too late! There was a poor, old, blind man, who lived four miles from the church, and seldom could he get to meeting. That day he ate breakfast early and his little granddaughter led him all the way down the mountain to church. How weary and sad and disappointed he was! There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a great gathering of children to the Sunday School. And their little eyes glistened, for the minister had promised to preach them a 'little sermon' to day, but he was not there. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a sick child up one of the glens of the mountain, and she had been enquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him and have him pray with her. How she hailed the day when he would be there! But no! he was not there. That poor old blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble, and never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!

"That little girl was dead before I got back, and I could only shed tears over the corpse! I had been thirty seconds too late!

"On my bended knees I asked God's forgiveness and promised him that, if possible, I would never again be thirty seconds too late! And now, Mr. Slow, am I not about right in my punctuality?"

"Well, I guess—it—don't look—quite—so—unreasonable—as it—might."—Secretary.

The worst remedy for an evil is to complain of it.

For every foolish thing in law there is a wise reason.