

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 3.

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. CRAMER, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

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

Teachers:

D. H. COLPMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.  
P. DENYS, Miss MARY HULL.  
JAMES C. BALDWIN, M. A., Miss FLORENCE MATHREY.  
D. J. MCKILLIP, Miss SYLVIA L. BALDWIN.  
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss ADA JAMES.  
Geo. F. STEWART, Miss GEORGINA LINN.

Miss CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss L. N. METCALFE, Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.  
JOHN T. HURNA, Master Shoemaker.

WM. DOUGLASS, Storekeeper & Associate Superintendent.  
Wm. NUNN, Master Shoemaker.

G. O. KRITH, Superintendent of Boys, etc.  
J. MIDDLEBASS, Engineer.

Miss M. DEMSEY, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc.  
JOHN DOWRIE, Master Carpenter.

Miss S. A. HALE, Training Hospital Nurse.  
D. CONNORHAM, 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 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 all other 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 2:15 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 Queen's Jubilee.

BY E. A. HODGINS, H. E. L. C. A.

Let the nations all keep silence as the songs of Britain ring,  
As are sung by joyous people everywhere.  
Let the rich and poor with gladness sing aloud  
Of kings, O King!  
Let the music roll and ripple in the air.

Let the martial music, sounding like the mighty roar of wind,  
Fill the earth with joy and gladness in its wake.  
Let the sons of British freedom be of one true heart and mind,  
And the courage of the mighty let them take.

And the sweeping voice of millions—let it join the angels' song,  
In the gladdest anthem Britain ever sang,  
While the mighty roar of ocean's deep will pass the words along,  
Till they hear the joyful chorus o'er the main.

Let the millions of earth's singers swell the shout of jubilee,  
Of a Queen who rules so wisely and so well.  
Let the rivers and the mountains overflow from sea to sea,  
Bringing their tributes and their pleasant story tell.

Though the jealousy of nations oft has sought to bring her low,  
And some lands where British freedom reigns have want,  
Yet there's plenty for the workman who will labor 'gainst the foe,  
And reject the wolf of famine grim and pale.

But arouse, ye men of valour, let us fill the air with song,  
Let the women wave the banners to the breeze!  
And with hearts and hands enamoured, let us swell the chorus long,  
Till our exultation every nation sees!

Let the world look back on Britain as the marching years roll on,  
When she sang of Queen and people pure and true.  
Let the record of our nation be made radiant as the sun,  
By the path of right and virtue we pursue.  
Lucknow, Ont. —(Anonim)



The Good Ship Birkenhead.

Forty five years ago the troopship Birkenhead, rendered famous in song and story, went down with four hundred and thirty seven souls on board. Nowadays most of us have learned to look upon Prussia as the nucleus of the military monarchy in Europe, and on the discipline of Prussian soldiers as the rock on which the grandeur and unity of Germany have been built. Yet, in 1852, the lesson in discipline which had been taught the world by Britons on February 26th seemed to the king of Prussia so precious that he ordered the record of it to be read out at the head of every regiment of his service, and it is doubtful, says the London Mail, whether in the history of the world the like compliment has been ever paid by the monarch of one proud race to the martial qualities and training of another.

Everybody has, of course, heard of the Birkenhead, but most people, if pressed, would tell you that they believed the men went down standing in their ranks singing Rule Britannia; or God save the Queen.

In straight truth, the sons of Britain did nothing theatrical. The dignity of the whole scene lies in this, that it consisted in nothing but the calm, ordinary performance of duty, at a time when every man had before him the immediate prospect of a watery grave on a rock bound coast densely covered with fatal seaweed in a sea known to be full of sharks; and that while out of a total number of six hundred and thirty, only one hundred and ninety-three men were saved, not one woman or child was drowned, because the men, after all further work was impossible, in obedience to the appeal of their officers, remained on the poop of the sinking ship rather

than leap into the water, lest they should swamp by their numbers the boat that was carrying off the women and children. The following verses tell the story:—

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,  
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,  
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,  
A cry of women arose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,  
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock,  
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed  
The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like "lame cowards who leave" their ranks  
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,  
Drifted away disorderly the planks  
From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread, for though the coast seemed near,  
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea brink,  
The boats could hold?—not all—and it was clear  
She was about to sink.

"Out with those boats and let us haste away,"  
Cries one, "ere yet you see the last devourer."  
The man thus clamoring was, I scarce need say,  
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care  
For such loose talkers, and yet again,  
Till our good Colonel gave the word, and there  
Formed us in line to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought,  
By shameful strength unhonored life to seek,  
Our post to quit we were not taught,  
To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go  
The oars ply back again, and yet again,  
Whilst such to such the drowsy ship sank low  
Still under steadfast men.

What follows why recall? The brave who died  
Died without flinching in the bloody strife,  
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide  
As others under turf.

They sleep as well till roused from their wild grave,  
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,  
Joint heirs with Christ, because they died to save  
His loved ones, not in vain.

Britannia Rules the Waves.

England's "wooden walls" were her protection for many a long year against hostile invasion. They carried her flag to victory in all parts of the world. Her "hearts of oak" won the great battles of Trafalgar, the Nile, and Copenhagen, where "the boldest held his breath for a time." Nothing could be more stately than a fleet of square rigged ships manœuvring under full sail. They looked like a flight of snow-winged birds, but as war-ships these are as extinct as the "Dodo" or the "Megatherium."

A huge, grim iron structure, often carrying no sail at all, more like a floating fortress than a ship, impelled by twin screws, moved by engines which exert the force of 18,000 horses against wind and tide, at the rate of twenty five or twenty seven miles an hour, is the present warship. They are enormously expensive, costing two, three, or even more, millions each, for first-rates. Around the vital parts—the engine and boilers—they are armed with metal plates from twelve to fourteen, or even more, inches in thickness, and the largest carry eighty ton guns. They are a highly organized machine, and while a perfect volcano of energy, they are so enormously heavy that there is danger, if injured, of their "turning turtle," like the Victoria, or even without injury, like the Captain.

The British fleet is largely the police of the sea. It has exterminated the ocean slave trade and has probably preserved peace more than all the land forces in the country. Till the principles of international arbitration and of the Prince of Peace shall prevail, it is probable that these costly, tremendous, and destructive floating forts must be built and manned. Their cost is far less than that of an army, and Great Britain's forty colonies throughout the world make her ships a necessity everywhere.

One of the godlike things of this world is the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men.—Caryl.

A Story of Queen Victoria.

Mr. A. T. Story vouches for the truth of the following incident of the Queen's childhood, which he narrates in the London Quiver. She was at the time but seven or eight years of age, and her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait, however, until she could save the price, six shillings, out of her pocket-money. At last the day came, the coveted doll was paid for and received. The story proceeds as follows:—

"And now with the precious treasure upon her arm, the little lady bade the shopkeeper good afternoon, and was about to stop from the door, when a poor, miserable-looking object of a man met her eye. He was standing but a couple of feet away, and seemed as though he were going to speak to her, attracted doubtless by the innocent kindness of her expression, and the tenderness of her blue eyes. But though his lips moved, no sound came from them.

"He stood aside to let her pass—a mute agonized appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked the little lady, staying her steps. "Encouraged by her winning voice, the poor tramp—for such he was—said, in trembling accents:

"I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger."

"He looked famished from his eyes. "I am so sorry; I have no money or else—"

His lips trembled forth a humble "Thank you, lady," then he shuffled on his way, hunger impersonate.

"Stay!" murmured the little owner of the now doll. There was a quiver in her childish voice and a moisture in her eyes as she spoke. "Wait a minute, please."

She stepped back into the shop, approached the lady behind the counter, and said:—

"Oh, please, do you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me for a few days longer?"

"Certainly I will," replied the shopkeeper: "and you wish me to return you the money?"

"Yes, if you please."

This was done, and the little lady, hurrying out of the shop, placed the whole of the money in the hands of the starving man.

"He was like one thunderstruck. Never had bounty rained upon him in such profusion before.

"The object of her bounty murmured in a low tone, though loud enough to reach her ear:—

"If the Almighty made you a queen, it would not be more than your goodness deserves!"

What's in a Name?

Every true Briton is proud of England's naval prowess. It is still true that "Britannia rules the waves," but we think that some better names might be given her great war-ships. One, for instance, is called the "Revenge," another the "Devastation," and another, we believe, the "Terror." Now these names do not make them a whit more powerful. They strike us as a good deal like the Chinese mode of painting hideous dragons on their banners to frighten the enemy. Moreover, they suggest unchristian thoughts. Not revenge, but justice, should be the ideal of the nation. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

These great ships should rather be regarded as Britain's police of the seas. Just as Policeman X—guards the street crossings, protects ladies and children, and suppresses riots, so should Britain be umpire of the high seas. Why not call her great ships the "Umpire," "Justice," "The Peacemaker," instead of names which suggest the wrath and vindictiveness of man.