

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 17.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Member of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. R. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
H. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

JOHN M. A.	Superintendent.
W. R. HANE	Bursar.
W. K. M. D.	Physician.
W. WALKER	Matron.

Teachers:

JOHN M. A.	Mrs. J. O. TERVILL
W. R. HANE	Mrs. S. TEMPLETON.
W. K. M. D.	Mrs. MARY DILL.
W. WALKER	Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL.
W. M. A.	Mrs. OYONGINA LINN.
W. M. A.	Mrs. ADA JAMES.
W. M. A.	(Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation.

W. M. A.	Mrs. CAROLINE GIBSON
W. M. A.	Teacher of Fancy Work

W. M. A.	JOHN T. HURSE,
W. M. A.	Typewriter Instructor of Printing

W. M. A.	WM. NURSE,
W. M. A.	Master Shoemaker

W. M. A.	CHAR. J. TIPPIN,
W. M. A.	Engineer

W. M. A.	JOHN DOWDY,
W. M. A.	Master Carpenter

W. M. A.	D. CUNNINGHAM,
W. M. A.	Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener.

Subjects of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province, in accordance with the provisions of the Act in that behalf made, and to receive instruction in the common

and deaf mutes between the ages of seven and fifteen, 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 two months during the summer of each year.

Guardians or friends who are able to pay the charges, charged the sum of \$30 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance, shall be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance, shall be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the male pupils and are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and ornamental and fancy work as may be required.

It is expected that all having charge of deaf mutes will avail themselves of the liberal aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and the third Wednesday in June of each year. Applications as to the terms of admission and conditions, will be given upon application to the Superintendent 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. Small matter to go out in boxes, office door will be sent to the 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 matter at post office for delivery, for any reason unless the same be in the locked bag.



The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin, Ireland December 14, 1751, and was educated at the University of Dublin. While there he wrote a number of poems, but this is the only one that became popular. Sir John Moore was an English General and was killed at the battle of Corunna, Spain, in 1809.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The soldiers with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' ghostly light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lighly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his famous fight; and cry
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.



The Debt of Honor.

Every son, when he goes away from home, carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs and he may either enhance or dissipate it. If he does well his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents. There is nothing in this world more touching than the pride of a father and mother in a son's success. Many a student, in the rivalry of academic life, is thinking about this more than anything else, and on the day when he is being applauded by hundreds he is thinking chiefly of hearts far away that are glorying in his honor. On the field of battle this has often been the inspiration of courage, and in the battles of life in a city like this there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the tempter, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sake of those far off whose hearts will be cheered by their well-doing, and would be broken by their ill doing. I do not think there is a sight more touching certainly there is not one that touches me more—than when a youth, who has been away in another city, or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his well-doing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood has been spent, and sits again side by side with the proud hearts that love him. Where is there a disappointment so keen, or a disgrace so poignant, as he inflicts who comes not back because he dares not, having in the foreign land or in the distant city soiled his good name, and rolled the honor of his home in the dust? —James Stalker, D. D., in *Christian World Pulpit*

To a marriage notice in a Kentucky paper is appended, "No cake, no cards, no pistols."

He that worries himself with the dread of possible contingencies will never be at rest.—Johnson.

"That's Thee, Jem!"

At a popular English watering-place, a troop of young men, called "Ethiopian Serenaders," with hand and faces blackened, and dressed in grotesque costumes, ranged themselves for an exhibition one day before the store of an earnest Christian tradesman, who had in his window an assortment of Bibles for sale.

After they had sung some comic and some plaintive melodies, with their own peculiar accompaniments of gestures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall and interesting young man, who had the air of one who was beneath his proper station, stepped up to the door, tam bourine in hand, to ask for a few pennies from the people. Mr. Carr, taking one of the Bibles out of his window, addressed the youth—

"See here young man," he said, "I will give you a shilling, and this book besides, if you will read a portion of it among your comrades there, and in the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job," he chuckled out to his mates; "I'm going to give a 'public reading!'"

Mr. Carr opened at the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and, pointing to the eleventh verse, requested the young man to commence reading at that verse.

He took the book and read, "And he said: A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father: Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto him his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader, as well as in the strangeness of the circumstances, that lulled all to silence, while an air of seriousness took possession of the youth, and still further commanded the rapt attention of the crowd.

He read on, "And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

"That's thee, Jem!" ejaculated one of his comrades. "It's just like what you told me of yourself and your father!"

The reader continued, "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want."

"Why that's thee again, Jem!" said the voice. "Go on!"

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him unto his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

"That's like us all," said the voice, once more interrupting. "We're all beggars, and might be better than we are! Go on, let's hear what came of it."

The young man read on, and as he read his voice trembled. "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father."

At this point he fairly broke down, and could read no more. All were impressed and moved.

That day, that scene, proved the turning point of the young prodigal's life. He sought the advice of the Christian friend who had thus providentially interposed for his deliverance. Communications were made to his parents, which resulted in a long lost and dearly loved child's returning to the familiar early home, and still better, in his return to his heavenly Father.

Every man's task is his life pro-server.—Emerson.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fail.—Confucius.

Men judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves.—Whately.

Getting Started.

A strong inclination toward a trade or profession is often one of the surest signs that a young person will succeed in it, and if the inclination is strong enough, and shows signs of permanence, perhaps the young person cannot do better than to follow it, no matter what some of his advisers may say to the contrary.

A young man with mild manners stepped into the office of his somewhat crusty uncle, who was engaged in the practice of law.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "now that you are out of college, what are you going to do for a living?"

"I think I'll study some more and adopt the profession of law."

"That's right," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Go ahead and have your own way. Don't take any advice. I thought we had a talk about that the other day. I told you the profession was overcrowded. But you won't believe me, of course. You've got to go ahead and put in a few years finding out for yourself."

"I'm willing to take advice," replied the nephew, mildly. "The fact is, I'm trying to take all the advice I can get. When you told me to give up the idea of practising law, I went to a friend who is a civil engineer. He said my general education ought to give me a good foundation for any profession, but he advised me to let civil engineering alone. He said there were too many people in the business now. He said commerce was the thing for a young man, and he gave me the address of a friend of his who keeps a drug store."

"The druggist said that I could go through a college of pharmacy without any trouble, but he wouldn't advise me to do it, as there were as many people in the business as it would stand. He asked me why I didn't take up medicine. I thanked him for the hint and went to see our family physician. He told me that it was an exacting life, in which the percentage of eminent success was small. In fact, he said that there were more physicians now than there was practice for. He had heard me sing, and asked me if I had never thought of a career in music. I went to see a musician and he tried my voice."

"What did he say?"

"He wasn't as gently considerate as the others. He said there were hundreds of people with better voices than mine, looking for work. He thought I might make a good bricklayer, or something of that kind. So I hunted up a bricklayer and talked it over with him. He said the brick laying business was overcrowded, and that he should think a man with my training would be a lawyer. So I came back here, and I'm willing to start in and go to work studying with you, or go through the list again, getting more advice, whichever you think proper."

A Good Rule.

A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied, "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had done but one hour's work in a day I must do that the first thing, and after this I was allowed to play, and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this that I owe my prosperity."

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

That man is wise to some purpose who gains his wisdom at the expense and from the experience of another.—Plautus.