

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VIII.

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 15, 1900.

NO. 6.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:  
HON. J. R. BRANTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:  
H. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

M. M. MASON, M. A. Superintendent.  
W. M. DOUGLASS, Bursar.  
J. E. AKINS, M. D. Physician.  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. I. COLEMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.  
MRS. J. O. TRIBBLE, Miss M. TRIPLETON,  
Miss MARY HULL,  
Miss SYLVIA L. HALIS,  
Miss GEORGINA LINN,  
Miss ADA JAMES.  
M. J. MADDOX, Monitor Teacher.

Teachers of Articulation:

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

MISS L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. HURNS,  
Blink and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

W. M. DOUGLASS, W. M. NUNN,  
Bursar & Associate, Supervisor, Master Shoemaker.

G. O. KRITH, CHAS. J. PRIPPIN,  
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DEMSKY, JOHN DOWNIN,  
Matron, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS S. McNICHE, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
Pauper 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 \$20 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 2 1/2 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.



## A Willing Worker.

The dew lay glistening on the grass,  
The sunbeams shined through the trees,  
And early dawn with mellow light  
Crested over daisies and shadowed leaves.

And from the woods a hundred notes  
Came trilling on the morning air,  
While in the cot the turtle dove  
Cooed to his mate a happy pair.

But soon a voice of discord rose,  
And sorrow seized on every one  
For in the barnyard—woeful tale!  
Alas, the speckled hen was gone.

And five small chicks were motherless  
Two white, two speckled and one brown  
And how to help the little dears  
Was just the talk in poultry town.

They called a meeting to decide  
How best to act for their support,  
And shook their heads and rubbed their bills  
O'er motion dull and stale report.

"At length an aged rooster rose,  
And said—I'm wiser than the rest,  
The yellow hen has just one chick—  
Of course she'll take them to her nest."

They ran and found the yellow hen,  
Joyous to think all trouble done,  
She raised her feathers in a huff—  
"I've scarcely time to scratch for one."

"I'm busy, too, from morn till night,  
I scarce can keep myself alive  
It seems a very likely thing  
That I could undertake for five."

The hens turned back ward in dismay,  
"Twas clear no help could there be gained,  
And for the chirping little pets  
Each pullet's tender heart was pained."

The morning seemed to lose its light,  
The dewdrops were but trembling tears,  
And to the old brown hen they went  
To raise their hearts and tell their fears.

She listened to their tale of woe  
A tear stood in her bright round eye  
Then—"Oh, my dears," she softly said,  
"We must not let the darlings die."

"I've only got fifteen myself,  
My wings are very wide, you see  
I'm sure to find enough for all—  
Just being the little chicks to me."

MORAL

My moral is not hard to read,  
I think it must be plain to you  
If you want help in any work,  
Ask those who have some work to do.  
—MINNIE P., St. Elmo.



## Sadie's Presents.

BY MYRA PERCY.

"Next week—that is, on next Wednesday—will be my birthday," said Sadie Moreland, reflectively. "You will be fifteen," replied Aunt Alice, looking up from her knitting, "almost a young woman."

"Father and mother don't seem to think so," sniffed Sadie.

"Don't they treat you with sufficient consideration?" asked Aunt Alice, turning her head to conceal a smile.

"No, they don't," answered Sadie, decidedly. "They treat me like a child, and when I ask for anything I am told that I am too young, or they laugh at me. I think it a shame."

"So you want to be a young woman. Well, now, what would you do if you had your own way?"

"I would get anything I wanted," replied Sadie, quickly, "and I'm going to begin now."

"Dear me!" ejaculated her aunt. "You know," went on Sadie, confidentially, "Uncle Henry sent me ten dollars on my last birthday, and I feel sure he will repeat the gift. That's twenty, and I have nearly two dollars saved up. Now only this morning, I asked papa what I should do with my savings, and he said I might do anything I pleased. So I am going to spend it on myself."

"For something useful, I hope," ventured Aunt Alice.

"For something I want," rejoined Sadie, half defiantly. "First, I'm going

to get a red silk umbrella, with a Dresden ball handle. Then I'll get a morocco pocket-book—"

"You have a nice one now."

"I want a stylish one. Then I want a reef tie and a hairpin, and—and—oh, I have quite a list of things I am going to buy!"

"Will you spend all your money?"

"Every cent. Nobody will give me the presents I want, so I'll buy them for myself."

"It is a great deal of money to spend on frivolity in these hard times," said her aunt, quietly.

But Sadie affected not to hear, and, sitting down at her father's desk, began to write with some ostentation, and Aunt Alice wisely said no more.

That night at supper Mrs. Moreland came in late. "I am completely fagged out," she remarked, as Mary, the eldest daughter, poured out the tea. "I have visited twelve families this afternoon, and I am sure I had no idea such destitution existed."

"I encounter instances of distress every day," said Mr. Moreland, "and it pains me to think that I cannot relieve all the deserving cases."

"If every one would do their share," observed gentle Aunt Alice, "it would not be so hard for the few."

"It would not be so hard for any one to give assistance," assured Mrs. Moreland, earnestly, "if we could force ourselves to do without luxuries while our neighbors are starving."

Sadie thought her mother looked at her particularly, and it made her uneasy. This feeling was increased when her father continued, with emphasis:

"I can't see how any one can be so heartless as to squander money when it might be used in actually saving lives."

As the conversation ran on this strain, Sadie spent a very unhappy half-hour. But it rather aroused her resentment than otherwise.

"I just believe Aunt Alice told," she said angrily; "but I don't care! It's my money, and I can do what I please with it! Nobody thinks I ought to have anything nice!"

So, when Uncle Henry's present of a ten dollar note came the next day, she put it in her purse and went down town to shop.

"I'll not take all my money," she decided. "Ten dollars will be enough for one day."

But somehow Sadie did not see anything that exactly suited her. Everything seemed outrageously high-priced, and Sadie came home with nothing but a twenty-cent hair-ribbon.

The next day Sadie asked Aunt Alice to accompany her.

"To-morrow is my birthday," she explained, "and I haven't got my presents yet."

Aunt Alice willingly consented, and the two set forth after school-hours. The first thing they looked at was an umbrella, price four dollars.

"This is just what you want," said Aunt Alice. Sadie was looking at a glass globe in the aisle, that bore a sign—

"Remember the Poor."

"I don't believe I really want an umbrella," she replied, in a low voice, and Aunt Alice followed her out of the store.

This experience was duplicated in several other stores. Sadie either bought nothing or contended herself with some economical trinket; so that, when they returned home, the total purchases amounted to only two dollars.

After supper that night Sadie drew her mother aside and put something in her hand.

"For the poor," she said. "It is my birthday present."

Mrs. Moreland took five dollars from the little roll.

"Give according to your means, daughter," she said, kissing her fondly.

"I have watched your struggle against self, and never was a present more worthily bestowed."

## A Wonderful Escape.

Alexander III. of Russia, though incessantly haunted by the fear of assassination, died a natural and not a violent death. He had good cause to feel anxious. On several occasions his life was saved by what seemed the direct intervention of a supernatural power. Once his life was preserved by the "second thought," itself an inspiration, of an officer of the Tsar's body guard. A writer in Kate Field's Washington Star tells the story. Shortly after General Gourko had been called from Odessa to act as military governor of St. Petersburg, a policeman, posted at the top of the Nevsky Prospect, caught sight early one morning of an equipage coming up the thoroughfare at a trot. It bore armorial devices familiar to everybody.

It was driven by a coachman recognized as the servant of Prefect Gourko, who persisted in being wiggled in defiance of his master's orders, to the great mortification of the Chief St. Petersburg Janissary; and on each side rode the regular escort of six mounted Cossacks, each holding his lance in rest and wearing his ball of forage slung over his shoulder, more as if he were campaigning on the Don than engaged in service in the streets of the capital.

General Gourko and his escort—for the guardian of the peace had easily recognized and hastily saluted his chief, the new Prefect of Police—made their way to the massive Winter Palace, and the general alighted and rang. To the doorkeeper—an officer of the body guard—he briefly stated the object of his visit; he desired an immediate conference with the Tsar. The hour was early, but his business brooked no delay, for it concerned the safety of Alexander himself.

The janitor was at first inexorable, expostulating that his imperial master had been in bed only an hour; but at last he yielded. Up the broad staircase they went together, pausing in their ascent only when they had reached a landing giving access to one of the capacious saloons. At this point General Gourko was instructed to wait. At this point, too, the Tsar's guardian seems to have repented of his decision.

Closely scrutinizing the Prefect of Police, and proceeding in the direction of the emperor's sleeping apartments, he did not arouse the Tsar at all. What he did was to descend to the guard-room and despatch a messenger. During his absence the Tsar calmly slept on.

A quarter of an hour later the messenger returned. He had been sent to Gen. Gourko's residence, and he brought back the information that the Prefect of Police was at that moment in bed. The early visitor, therefore, was an impostor.

He was something more; for from his pockets, after he had been seized and pinioned, was drawn forth a six-barrelled revolver and a two-edged hunting-knife. The Tsar's life had been saved, yet it had hung for a few minutes in the balance.

The made-up Gourko—the Prefect of Police imitated down to the minutest details of hair, complexion and wig—might have deceived even the Tsar himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art which had reproduced the Gourko coach and escort.

Only the sham prefect was secured, however; his confederates escaped. Simultaneously with the arrest, guards had rushed from the place to seize them, but their equipage had gone. No sign of them was ever found.

As for the chief actor in the plot, his personality has never been disclosed. He is the one mystery which the Nihilists themselves have never been able to penetrate. His secret remains with him, and he keeps it to the present moment, for he is still—or was at last accounts—a prisoner in the island fortress of Peter and Paul.

The man who is smitten with a widow must beware of the widow's smite.