

SAY "NO."

Whoever you are asked to drink,
Pause a moment, my boy, and think;
Think of the wrecks on life's ocean tossed
Who answered "Yes" without counting the cost.
Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of her tears that will fall like the rain.
Think of her heart, how cruel the blow;
Think of her love, and then answer "No!"

Think of dear hopes that are drowned in the
bowl;
Think of the danger of body and soul.
Think of the sad lives, once pure as the snow.
Look at them now, and then answer, "No!"
Think of a manhood's rum-tainted breath;
Think that the glass leads to sorrow and death.
Think of the homes that are shadowed with woe,
That might have been heaven had some one said
"No!"

Think of lone graves, unwept and unknown,
Hiding life's hopes, once fair as our own;
Think of loved ones forever laid low,
Who still would be here had they learned to say
"No!"
Think of the demon who lurks in the bowl,
Whose touch is ruin to body and soul;
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when the foul tempter assaults you, say "No!"

An Indian Legend.

An Indian chief, growing old and weary
off his, determined to set out for Paradise,
or the place of rest, which he believed to
lie beyond the winding river and blue
hills in front of his dwelling.

He started, accompanied by his wife,
his son, and two faithful followers—his
favorite dog keeping close at his heels.

The way was long. The track lay up
steep hill-sides, and across parching
plains, then through the deep snow of
mountains.

After a time the chieftain's wife left
his side and returned. The dog, after
looking back with a low whine, followed
his master.

The way grew more difficult, till at
length the son too faltered, fell back, and
left his father.

The chieftain's dog and two of the
servants still remained; but after a while
their courage failed. They besought him
to turn homeward. But the chieftain
turned toward the brilliant light stream-
ing from the setting sun, where he
thought he could already see the pearly
gate of the Golden City, and said:

"Return if you will; I will struggle on-
ward alone!"

The men turned back, sorry to leave
their chief, yet glad to have his permis-
sion to go; but the faithful dog lifted his
wistful eyes to his master's face, nestled
his rough head under his hand, and
refused to leave him.

Day by day, night after night, the pair
went on together over crag and swamp
and hill and valley, till at length there
lay but one snow-capped peak between
the chief and his long desired journey's
end. The rosy and golden light from the
Heavenly City streamed over the snow;
but that did not make it less cold and deep.

As he bravely ploughed a passage
across the chill height, against the freez-
ing blast laden with snow-flakes, he fell
overpowered by the wind's icy breath.

But the dog, which had kept close to
him all the while, now sprang forward;
and lying on his breast kept the warmth
in his feeble heart, and licked his beloved
master's face and hands, making sharp
cries to rouse him from the drowsiness
which was creeping over him.

The chief awoke, and stumbling to his
feet, patted the good dog, which by joy-
ful gambols and cheerful barking tried to
lead him onward.

In another half hour the chief stood
knocking at the gate of Paradise, and a
slipping winged-ozo looked over the glit-
tering door.

"I wish to come in," said the chief.
"Willingly," replied the angel of the
gate. "But what is that in the shadow
behind you?"

"It is my faithful dog," said the chief-
tain.

"He cannot enter here," replied the
angel. "You may come in, but you must
leave him outside."

The chief pleaded earnestly with the
angel, begging that his companion might
be admitted; but all in vain.

"It is forbidden—it must not be," said
the keeper of the gate. "Enter; but the
dog must remain without."

"Then I will stay with him!" said the
Indian. "This creature has been faithful
whom all others forsook me! He has
saved my life; where he goes I will go!
I will share his fate as he shares mine!"

The chieftain was turning to leave the
gate when lo! at his side, instead of the
trembling limbs of the frightened dog
with upturned timid face, there stood a
bright form with white wings and a
radiant countenance, but with clear eyes
full of just such mild love as the creature
had been. Smiling, this fair vision took
the hand of the chief; and leading him
to at the open gate said, "I was your

guardian angel. If you had not been
true to me I could never have guided you
within these gates. We will enter to-
gether and be happy forever."—Our
Dumb Animals.

**"Straightening out the Fur-
rows."**

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying
every day of my life for the . . . At two
years to straighten out furrows, and I
can't do it."

One boy turned his head in surprise
toward the captain's neatly kept place.
"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad. I
don't mean land furrows," continued
the captain, so soberly that the at-
tention of the boys became breathless
as he went on:

"When I was a lad about the age of
you boys, I was what they called a 'hard
case'; not exactly bad or vicious, but
wayward and wild. Well, my dear old
mother used to coax, pray and punish
—my father was dead, making it all
the harder for her—but she never got
impatient. How in the world she bore
with my stubborn, voicing ways so
patiently will always be to me one of
the mysteries of life. I know it was
troubling her, knew it was changing her
pretty face, making it look anxious and
old. After awhile, tiring of all restraint,
I ran away, went off to sea—and a
rough time I had of it at first. Still I
liked the water, and I liked journeying
around from place to place. Then I
settled down to business in a foreign
land, and soon became prosperous, and
now began sending her something be-
sides empty letters. And such beauti-
ful letters as she always wrote me
during those years of absence. At
length, I noticed how longing they grew
—longing for the presence of the son
who used to try her so—and it awoke a
corresponding longing in my own heart
to go back to the dear, waiting soul.

"So when I could stand it no longer,
I came back, and such a welcome, and
such a surprise! My mother was not
a very old lady, but boys, the first thing I
noticed was the whiteness of her hair
and the deep furrows on her brow, and
I knew I had helped to blanch that hair
to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn
those lines in that smooth forehead.
And those are the furrows I've been
trying to straighten out."

"But last night, while mother was
sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it
all over, and looked to see what progress
I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful and the
expression contented as possible, but
the furrows were still there! I hadn't
succeeded in straightening them out—
and I—never—shall—never!"

"When they lay my mother—my
fair old sweetheart—in her casket, there
will be furrows on her brow; and I
think it a wholesome lesson to teach
you, that the neglect you offer your
parents' counsel now, and the trouble
you cause them, will abide, my lads, it
will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis, with
great troubled eyes, "I should think if
you're so kind and good now, it needn't
matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddie, my boy," said the
quavery voice of the strong man, "you
cannot undo the past. You may do
touch to stone for it, do much to make
the rough path smooth, but you can't
straighten out the old furrows, my
laddies, remember that!"

"Guess I'll go and chop some wood
mother spoke of; I'd most forgotten,"
said lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely
quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to
do!" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.
"Touched and taken!" said the
kindly captain to himself, as the boys
tramped off, keeping step in a thought-
ful, soldier-like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared, a fort-
night afterward, that Billy was "really
getting to be a comfort!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain
about that time, remarked that Jimmy
always meant to be a good boy, but he
was actually being one.

"Guess your stories they like so much
have morals to them now and then,"
added the gratified mother, with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed, Captain Sam,
with folded arms and head bent down,
said softly to himself:

"Well, I shall be thankful enough if a
word of mine will help the dear boys to
keep the furrows away from their
mother's brow, for, once there, it is a
difficult task straightening out the
furrows."—*Christian Observer.*

The Tree of Knowledge.

The
Bible con-
tains 3,556,480
letters, 810,697
words, 81,176 verses,
1,189 chapters, and 66
books. The longest chap-
ter is the 119th Psalm; the
shortest and middle chapter
is the 117th Psalm. The middle
verse is the 8th of the 118th
Psalm. The longest word is in
the 8th chapter of Isaiah. The
word "and" occurs 46,527 times.
"Lord" occurs 1,855 times. The 87th
chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chap-
ter of the second book of Kings are
alike. The longest verse is the 19th of
the 8th chapter of Esther; the shortest
is the 35th of the 11th chapter of
John. In the 21st verse of the 7th
chapter of Ezra is the alphabet.
The finest piece of reading is
the 20th chapter of Acts.
God's name is not men-
tioned
in the
book of
Esther.
It contains knowledge,
Wisdom, Holiness and Love.

What Is It Worth.

What is in a name? Much if it be
a good one; and much if it be a bad one.
Take all else that I have but leave me
my good name.

It is more than wealth, more than
health, more than fame.

It is wealth. It is moral health.
It is fame.

We presume, of course, that the good
name is really deserved and not purely
false and fictitious. One may have
notoriety or newspaper fame and still
not have a good name with those who
know him best. It is those who know
us best who have the best right to give
us a name.

What is in a name? Everything.
What is a name but a symbol for some-
thing or somebody, and that symbol calls
to mind all that there is of the object or
the person.

Father, Mother, Heaven, Christ!
What's in a name? Everything is
named. A name is everything.

A young man who has a good name is
ready to go into the banking business or
any other business.

He has a stock-in-trade to last him a
life time if he will take care of it. He
has something that money can not buy,
and which he can not sell, and deliver
the goods.

It is the pride and joy of a righteous
man. We should prize and keep it as a
priceless pearl.—*Industrial School Re-
cord.*

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes :-

SCHOOL HOURS From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and
from 1.30 to 3 p. m.
DRAWING CLASS from 3.30 to 5 p. m. on Tues-
day and Thursday afternoons of each week.
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday and
Wednesday afternoons of each week from
3.30 to 5.
SING CLASS for Junior Teachers on the after-
noons of Monday and Wednesday of each
week from 3.10 to 4.
EVENING HOURS from 7 to 8.30 p. m., for senior
pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes :-

From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1.30 to 3 p. m.

Religious Exercises .-

EVERY MONDAY.—Primary pupils at 9 a. m.,
senior pupils at 11 a. m.; (General Lecture at
8.30 p. m. immediately after which the Bible
Class will assemble.
EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble
in the Chapel at 8.45 a. m. and the Teacher-
in-charge for the week will open by prayer
and afterwards dismiss them so that they
may reach their respective school rooms not
later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at
3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble and
after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and
orderly manner.
REGULAR VISITING CLEMENTS.—Rev. Canon
Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly,
V. G. Rev. J. A. George, (Presbyterian),
Rev. K. N. Baker, (Methodist), Rev. R. Mar-
shall, (Baptist), Rev. St. W. Maclean, (Pre-
byterian), Rev. Father O'Brien.
BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3.15. Inter-
national Series of Sunday School Lessons;
Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

Clergymen of all Denominations are
cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments :-

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE and CARPENTER
SHOPS from 7.30 to 8.30 a. m., and from 3.30 to
5.30 p. m. for pupils who attend school; for
those who do not from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon,
and from 1.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day
except Saturday, when the office and shops
will be closed at noon.

THE HAWKING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a. m. to
12 o'clock, noon, and from 1.30 to 3 p. m. for
those who do not attend school, and from
3.30 to 5 p. m. for those who do. No sewing
on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shops and Sewing
Rooms to be left each day when work ceases
in a clean and tidy condition.

Pupils are not to be excused from the
various Classes or Industrial Departments,
except on account of sickness, without per-
mission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to
allow matters foreign to the work in hand to
interfere with the performance of their
several duties.

Visitors :-

Persons who are interested, desirous of visit-
ing the Institution, will be made welcome on
any school day. No visitors are allowed on
Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to
the regular chapel exercises at 2.30 on Sun-
day afternoons. The best time for visitors
on ordinary school days is as soon after 1.30
in the afternoon as possible, as the classes
are dismissed at 3.00 o'clock.

Admission of Children .-

When pupils are admitted and parents come
with them to the Institution, they are kindly
advised not to linger and prolong leave
taking with their children. It only makes
discomfort for all concerned, particularly for
the parent. The child will be tenderly cared
for, and if left in our charge without delay
will be quite happy with the others in a few
days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation :-

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to
visit them frequently. If parents must
come, however, they will be made welcome
to the class-rooms and allowed every oppor-
tunity of seeing the general work of the
school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals,
or entertain guests at the Institution. Good
accommodations may be had in the city at
the Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-American
and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management :-

Parents will be good enough to give all direc-
tions concerning clothing and management
of their children to the Superintendent. No
correspondence will be allowed between
parents and employees under any circum-
stances without special permission upon
each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils letters
or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or
guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS
FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY
ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will
be required to write home every three weeks;
letters will be written by the teachers for the
little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly
as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have been
used at home, or prescribed by family physi-
cians will be allowed to be taken by pupils
except with the consent and direction of the
Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned
against Quack Doctors who advertise medi-
cines and appliances for the cure of deaf-
ness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds
and only want money for which they give
no return. Consult well known medical
practitioners in cases of adventurous deaf-
ness and be guided by their counsel and
advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

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TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.
RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows:
Every Sunday morning at 11 a. m. in the
Y. M. C. A. Building at corner Queen Street West
and Davenport Road. Lecturers: Messrs. Fraser,
Boughton and Slater. In the afternoon at 3 p. m.
in the Y. M. C. A. Building, at corner of Myalina
Avenue and College Street. Lecturers: Messrs.
Sammith and Bridges.
The Literary Society meets on the first and
fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, alter-
nately at Y. M. C. A. Building, corner of Queen St.
West, Davenport Road and Myalina Ave., at 8 p. m.
President, C. J. Howe; Vice-Pres., J. T. Smith;
Secretary, J. Wm. Boughton; Treas., H. Moore.
All residents; and visiting deaf mutes are cordially
invited to attend the meetings. The Secretary's
address is 99, Gully Street.

Grand Trunk Railway.
TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION.
West—3.25 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 3.05 p. m.,
East—1.05 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 12.45 p. m., 6.10 p. m.,
MADOC AND PETERBORO, BRANCH—5.45 a. m.,
12.45 a. m., 5.10 p. m.