

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get thro' the world, but 'twill be very slow. If you lie in to all that is said as you go, you'll be worried and fretted as I kept in a stew. As needle-eyes hard, you'll have something to do. For people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed, That your honorable position is only assumed. You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool. But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool— For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen; You'll see unkind hints that you're selfish and mean; If upright, honest, and fair as the day They'll call you a rogue in a sly sneaky way— For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart, Or a slight inclination to take your own part, They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain. But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain. For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please. For your salad, if you have one, will then be at ease. Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse, But don't think to stop them it's not any use. For people will talk.

The Mother.

As we go on in life, we find more and more that there is no love so perfect, so unchanging, as a mother's—that love that abides fast where all else wavers. But often we see sons and daughters who seem to be careless of this treasure. They fail to realize how precious it is. They mean to "do right"—to be kind, but they omit many offices of love which would brighten the sunset hours of the dear mother.

They love her—of course they do; but the outward tokens are withheld. Often she sits lonely, missing her early friends, perhaps her husband, gone to the heavenly home; and her children, immersed in care or pleasure, are apparently oblivious of the fact that the one to whom they owe most, whom they love most, is left to desolation of spirit, yearning for a word of tenderness from her children.

Show your mother that you love her. Let your affection wrap her around like a garment. Speak the kind, reverent, cheerful word now, and see that she has every comfort; soon it will be too late.

In the evening twilight sit close beside her. Clasp the pale hands. Touch the white hair gently. Remember that soon the white locks will be brushed smooth for the last sleep; the brow will be cold; the tender mother eyes will be closed; the dear lips speechless. Then the words and acts of affection, which are now possible, cannot reach her. Never more can you speak one syllable of love to her, or perform one act of kindness for your mother. How you will then need such blessed memories! They will be as a benison of peace. And however affectionate you have been; however complete your unity of spirit with the dear mother, still you will then wish that you had been more outspoken, yet more demonstrative in your tenderness.

"Act, act in the living present;" and do all you can this day, this hour, and every day, every hour, to make the evening time of your mother's life tranquil and blessed.—Eliza Woodworth.

How To Succeed.

Lessons will not study themselves. There is nothing more true than this fact. We would advise all of our pupils to consider it and to set to work to do some of the studying themselves. If one wishes to shine as one of the head-lights in his class, the only way to do it is to go to work hard upon his lessons in study hours. Don't sit and dream over your books, spelling off the words in an aimless, dreamy sort of a way, without giving any thought to what you are doing, but sit down and put your whole attention on what is before you. Determine to understand what every word means. Get that meaning fixed in your mind. Go over the lesson again and again, until every thing in it is as familiar and as ready to your mind as is the way to the dining room. Then, when you go into your class and a question is asked you, you will be able to give a good answer at once. You won't have to stand and look confused, and scratch your head and feel sheepish and ashamed while some of your class-mates, who have worked hard over the lesson, and who therefore know it and can answer questions, look pleased and contented. The fault is your own. People are very fond of blaming others for their own faults or of attributing their lack of success to their "bad luck." Believe us when we say that the most of this sort of bad luck is due to laziness.—Captain Doyle, in Goodson Gazette.

A LOADED MUFF.

AN OIL DEALER'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM A DOSE OF COLD STEEL.

A party of well known oil men who have followed the producing business from its infancy and have worked in all its different branches, from dripping oil to running several sets of tools as contractors, were at the unit depot waiting for the train on their way to the McDonald field, when the talk drifted to old times and narrow escapes they had seen and personal reminiscences. One of the party who had quietly listened to the talk puffed nervously at his toby and remarked:—

"Talk about narrow boys; did I ever tell you of the scare I had in the seventies; when I was running the tools in the Millerstown field? You know the time that young fellow came up from Butler and started a pop factory at Millerstown, and after making collections in Butler of over \$300, was waylaid on the road, shot through the head and his body found in the woods, where it had been dragged by the murderer with the pockets of the clothing rifled and no clue to the thief. It was a short time after that—in the winter. There had been a heavy snow, and the sleighing was splendid, and I had a four year-old colt that cost me \$250 when a year old, and that did not take dust from anything that traveled in the middle oil field.

"The man I was drilling for was sick and sent me word to come to Butler and he would pay me for work done on his four wells that month. I drove over bright and early and got a check for \$1,100. I met several friends, and being in no special hurry I drove around until nearly time for the bank to close. As I got the cash and turned I saw a man eyeing the money so greedily that an involuntary shiver of fear came over me. I forgot the incident and monkeyed around in the town until nearly 10 o'clock that night when I started for home.

"Half way home was a piece of dark woods in which the body of the young pop maker had been found. As I looked at the side of the road I shivered with apprehension in spite of the Dutch courage I had absorbed that evening, as I saw some one trudging along in the road ahead of me, but felt relieved when I saw it was a woman. The woman stopped and in a hoarse voice explained that her daughter who lived up the road, had been taken suddenly sick, and she was on her way to visit her and asked for a lift.

"Glad to have company, I helped her into the sleigh and offered to take her muff, but she kept it in her other hand. Jolting over a rough piece of road she pulled one hand out of the muff, and my heart grew cold with fear, I caught the glitter of steel as the moon shone through an open space of the woods. With a presence of mind I wonder at to this day I cut the horse savagely with the whip and dropped it by the side of the road. Explaining to the woman that the horse could not be held by any one but myself, I begged her to get out and pick up my whip. She carefully deposited her muff in the bottom of the sleigh and sprang out. As soon as she struck the ground I shouted to the colt, who, unused to the whip and spirited, went like a shot from a gun.

"As he started I heard an unmistakable masculine oath behind me, and, expecting a bullet in my back every minute, I crouched over in the sleigh. The ride was the longest I ever had before or since until the jingle of the bells brought my wife to the door. I put the horse up, and as I took out the blankets I picked up the muff and carried it into the house. Inside was a revolver of heavy calibre with all six of its chambers fully loaded. I stayed awake all that night and in the morning paid off my men."—Oil City Derrick.

Michigan's only two graduates of the National College—Messrs. Simpson and Van Dams,—are in the same lunatic asylum, at Pontiac, Mich. There are five insane mules in that asylum.

On June 20th ult., the Brighton (Eng.) Institution celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment, and at the same time Mr. Wm. Hight also completed the fiftieth year of his connection with the Institution as principal.

Supt. Swiler, of the Wisconsin School, is said to be a fine sign maker, owing much to his fine form and graceful bearing. He is especially interesting when interpreting "the wonderful pantomimic performances of Rev. Job. Turner".

Universality of Sign Language.

It is a fact worth noting that the signs used by the Indians of North America are identical in many instances with those employed by the deaf-mutes of to-day. A short time ago a friend of the writer, who had spent considerable time among the Indians, but who had never talked with a deaf mute before, conversed with some pupils of the New York Institution by means of signs which he had learned from the red men. "Where are you going?" and "I am going away on horseback," were the same when given by the deaf-mutes and by the visitor. Another instance showing the sign language to be a universal one was when the mother of the writer, herself a deaf person, while attending a convention of instruction of the deaf in France, conversed on various topics with a mute friend by means of signs. The French lady had no knowledge of the English language, while the American knew hardly a word of French.

It is evident that with the aid of a means of communication having the scope of this sign language, and learned without effort by simple intercommunication of deaf-mutes, general knowledge may be rapidly installed into the minds of those who are deprived of hearing. They improve remarkably fast; but this system is not without its drawbacks, for if the sign language is depended upon too greatly the pupil does not make that progress in the English language that is essential to his communication with hearing and speaking people, nor for his improvement by the reading of both text-books and current literature.—Walter B. Peet, in Scribner.

Stop Him.

STOP HIM!—Stop whom? Why, that boy with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, a cigar in his teeth, a profane word upon his lips, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Stop him! he is going too fast; he does not know his speed. Stop him before tobacco chatters his nerves; before pride ruins his character; before the loafer master the man; before ambition and youthful strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are not to be classed amongst "our boys." They are the disgrace of their towns, and sad and solemn reproaches of themselves, and the worst trials here on earth to their parents. Stop them! But if that is impossible, then shun them. They are bad, bad boys. A good boy is one of the best things on earth; but a real bad boy is one of the worst. The only hope is that he is a boy yet, it is possible he can be stopped, and right-about-faced, and may yet be a good man. But if so he must stop at once. No halfway work here; if he does not stop he is gone, and there is no hope for him.—Thomas H. Thompson.

PRINCIPAL DYMOND.—A fine picture of Supt. Dymond of the Ontario Institution for the Blind, adorns the title page of the September Mentor, and is followed by a very graceful sketch of its subject. Mr. A. H. Dymond is about sixty-five years of age, and has been connected with the work in his present charge since 1881. The late convention, closing its deliberations in his hospitable institution, complimented him, and itself no less, by selecting him to preside over the next meeting of the Association, to be held in 1891.—Virginia Tablet.

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TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION: WEST—2:20 a.m.; 10:10 a.m.; 11:20 a.m.; 2:44 p.m.; EAST—12:50 a.m.; 1:10 p.m.; 6:25 a.m.; 11:10 a.m.; 12:45 p.m.; 6:00 p.m. MADOC AND INTERBORO BRANCH—5:15 a.m.; 11:50 a.m.; 4:30 p.m.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS.—From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p. m. DRAWING CLASSES from 3:30 to 5 p. m. on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons of each week. GIRLS' PRACTICE WORK CLASSES on Monday and Wednesday afternoons of each week from 3:30 to 5. SIGN CLASSES for Junior Teachers on the afternoons of Monday and Wednesday of each week from 10 to 4. EVENING STUDIES 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 2:30 p. m., immediately after which the U. C. 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 at 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. LITURGICAL VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Canon Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Farrell, V. G.; Rev. J. L. George, (Presbyterian); Rev. E. N. Baker, (Methodist); Rev. — (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Maclean, (Presbyterian); Rev. Father O'Brien.

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

Industrial Departments:—

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER HOURS from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m. and from 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. for pupils who attend school; for those who do not from 7:30 a. m. to 11 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 SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a. m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5 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 permission 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 visiting 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 Sunday 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 leaving-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 opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the Institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Kyle House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:—

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and employees under any circumstances 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 physicians 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 medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they pay no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be ruled by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.