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Live with men as if God saw you; converse with God as if men heard you.—

What Becomes of Old Umbrellas?

What Becomes of Old Umbrellas?

There are at present in America at least 24,000,000 of private umbrellas, exclusive of these remaining unsold in manufactories and shops. Each umbrellas owner buys at least one new umbrella every year, his previous one having been stolen, less or worn out. We thus see that there is an annual disappearance of 24,000,000 of umbrellas? We may admit that many of them are stolen. Men who would not steal a postage stamp will, nevertheless, feel no hesitation in selzing upon an umbrella that is temporarily separated from its owner, and in carrying it off with triumph. Therefore it is within the mark to say that about one-sixth of the title to all umbrellas now in active use is probably of this semi-felonium brellas. But, conceding that one-sixth of our active umbrellas are stolen, or sold for the second time, there still remain 18,000,000 of umbrellas whose annual disappearance is to be accounted for. Let us assume that of this number 2,000,000 are furnished with new covers and a fresh coat of varnish, and so re-enter into circulation as new umbrellas. Still, there are 16,000,000 of umbrellas will be seen, on reflection, to be apparently one of the most abstraces and difficult of problems. If is well established that old umbrellas are not kept in houses. The housewife, when questioned as to what has become of any given old umbrella, will always reply vaguely, "Oh, it has been thrown away." If 16,000,000 of old umbrellas were thrown into the street overyear they would be blown about in clouds much thicker than the ordinary dust cloud, and there would not be a horesore opedestring in existence who had not sustained injuries." A Picture of Livingstone.

Sir John produced the bottle and using the will specify with the information in a minture. Not only of the control of the manual is preserved in a mixture half spirit and half water."

A Picture of Livingstone.

Livingstone the arise can be dead of gold. The only gold wishle about him was the gold of his character in the arministic probably

it will go when it is worn out without feel-ing that he stands on the shore of an ocean of unexplored truths.

A Word for the Commonplace.

A Word for the Commonplace.

When the friends of that quaint poet and physician, Sir Samuel Garth, told him that he was dying, he replied that he was glad of it, for he was tired of pulling off his shoes—a testimony to that sense of monotony which so often attaches to the routine of life. Not unfrequently duties link themselves into a chain of bondage that frets the flesh and fevers the blood. The things we know well, or the tasks we repeat often, are apt to seem commonplace and unlovely. Work thus looses its charm, and the splendid possibilities of the spirit are neglected amid the small labors perpetually necessary to the sustenance of its tabernacle of dust. There is so much of lying down and getting up, and sitting at table, and inevitable plodding, and methodical returning at nightfall to pull off one's shoes.

While deploring the universal flatness of this state of being, perchance there is one walking in our very shadow whose eyes look on the same scenes where we have gazed, but with an unanswering flash that beholds an apocalypse of beauty; whose spirit is encompassed by honds of communion that to the contract of this state of being, perchance there is no missionary upon the filed to-day who has mastered it sufficiently to talk interesting the universal flatness of this state of being, perchance there is no missionary upon the field to-day who has mastered it sufficiently to talk interior to the same scenes where we have gazed, but with an unanswering flash that beholds an interpreter. In these distant stations

or ingenuity can compress it into small space. To get rid of an old umbrella will be seen, on reflection, to be apparently one of the most abstruse and difficult of problems. It is well established that old umbrellas are not kept in houses. The housewife, when questioned as to what has become of any given old umbrella, will always reply vaguely, "Oh, it has been thrown away." If 16,000,000 of old umbrellas were thrown into the street overy year they would be blown about in clouds much thicker than the ordinary data cloud, and there would not be a horse or pedestrian in existence who had not sunstained injuries from old umbrella rias. When the housewife "throws away" an umbrella, it unjustified in the world: "A graduate of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of whom the following incident is related by the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, could hardly be surpassed on any railroad in the world: "A graduate of the Pennsylvanian Railroad school of manners was conductor on one of the limited trains between New York and Washington the other night. When the entered the first coach he found it to the surpassed in the world: "A graduate of the Pennsylvanian Railroad was a cast out into vacant grounds, where they are probably devoured by goats. The latter knows, however, that while the goat may be roughly described as an cumivorous animal, he is not umbrellivous. It is a well-ascertained fact that, for some unexplained reason, no goat will touch an umbrella every day; but the goat would not touch it until the seventh day, when, being overcome with hunger, he ate three ribs and part of the handle, and died two hours later with symptoms closely resembling those produced by strychnine.

To some extent it is possible that old umbrellas are used in cheap restaurants, the ribs being served. up under the name of apparently of the produced by strychnine.

To some extent it is possible that old umbrellas and under the conductor of the handle, and died two hours later with symptoms closely resembling the produced by strych

times with great gravity, and then quietly laid it back upon the floor where it had been dropped, and walked calmly on amid the roar of the entire car."

Any self-respecting conductor must have felt like punching the insolent passenger's head instead of his ticket, and the self-control of this particular conductor, according to the standard set by Solomon in one of the best of his proverbial maxims, partakes of the nature of heroism.

walking in our very analous whose syres book on the same some where we have grand, on the same somewhere the semicont is efficiently to talk into an asserted by semicont of the same property who has mastered it semiconty to talk into an asserted to efficiently to talk into an asserted to efficiently to talk into an interpret. In these classas stations on the upper river, isolated from one as the class. The same property who has not considered to the same property who has not considered and a beginning of the same property who has not considered to the same property who has not considered

bottle in which the animal had been preserved and sent home read "\$5. ½W."

"Evidently," thought Sir John, "this means that the animal was captured in a spot half a degree west longitude and half a degree west longitude and half a degree south latitude."

Hu published this conclusion and rested content until his friend came home and demanded, "My dear fellow, what on earth made you say that I found the animal will be latitude and longitude you mentioned? never was within 500 miles of the place."

Sir John produced the bottle and pointed to the label. "I took the information from this," he said, "What else can '½S. ½W."

"Mean?" was the reply. "Why, it means that the animal is preserved in a mixture half spirit and half water."

A Picture of Livingstone,

Livingatone, to be sure, did little to encourage the idea of gold. The only gold visible about him was the gold of his charges in the same was the property of the past two preserved in the courage the idea of gold. The only gold visible about him was the gold of his charges and the significant of the wilding and real estate interests are awaking from the lethargy that has bound the source of Livingstone, to be sure, did little to encourage the idea of gold. The only gold visible about him was the gold of his charges and the significant of the wilding and real estate interests are awaking from the lethargy that has bound the source of Living Myanga relivations they can be done." Wonderful proserved the wastern shore of Lake Victoria has been removed. Says one of them away one was the gold of his charges and the significant of the wilding and real estate interests are awaking from the lethargy that has bound the significant of the wilding and real estate interests are awaking from the lethargy that has bound the significant of the wilding and real estate interests are awaking from the lethargy that has bound the significant of the wilding and real estate interests are awaking from the lethargy that the original was a serily compared to the preserved in the course

show what noble food human flesh is !"

600d News For many reasons, the missionfrom arywork in Uganda, on the northUganda. Western shore of Lake Victoria
Nyanza, is of very deep
interest. The latest news received gives
assurance that under King Mwanga religious liberty is now not only proclaimed,
but practically assured. It may be noted
that 4,000 reading tablets in Uganda were
shipped from London, Eng., last May. They
were printed under the control of Missionary
Ashe, and contained, besides the Uganda
alphabet and a few exercises in reading, the
Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and a concise
"Way of Salvation."

Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and a concise
"Way of Salvation."

Items of The Japanese Parliament, or Interest.
"Imperial Diet," assembled Nov. 25th last, and was formally opened by the Emperor, who for the first time in a long line of the reigning house, delivered an address to a legislative body. The president of the two Houses is a Christian. Thirteen members of the Lower House are Christians. "The world moves."

Rev. Dr. Boggs, of Ramapatam, says all India is in a state of ferment. The Hindus and Mohammedans actively oppose the advance of Christianity, and at the same time missionary work is pushed more vigorously than ever.

The mission long sustained by the American Board among the Zulus in South Africa is reported to be in a flourishing condition; the labors of all its members as engrossing, with indications of prosperity in several lines.

The Maddle mission schools had lest year.

The McAll mission schools had last year 235,000 children under instruction.

WORDS THAT BURN.

WASTED LOVES. [By Isabella Fyvie Mayo.]
What does God do with all the wasted loves
He sees thrown down? The friendships
strangely changed
(How, none know wholly), answering eyes

estranged,
And grasping hands transformed to empty gloves!

The pleading words which cannot win reply
Save soof or silence, and the kindly deeds
Which fall on stony ground or choke in

He claims these wasted loves as his by right, And some day we shall find them in his care, When stunted shoots to stately blooms have grown.

Nor shall their beauty be for us alone

The hands which threw the

THE LAST LETTER.

THE LAST LETTER.
Long years within its sepulchre
Of faintly scented cedar
Has lain this letter dear to her,
Who was its constant reader;
The post mark on the envelope
Suffleed the date to give her,
And told the birth of patient hope
That managed to outlive her.

How often to this treasure-box. Tears in her eyes' soft tringes, She came with key and turned the lock Sae came with key and turned the loc And on its brazen hinges Swung back the quaintly figured lid, And raised a sandal cover, Disclosing, under trinkets hid, This message from her lover.

Then lifting it as 't were a child Ere to the lips that sadly sm Time and again she pressed it; And smoothed the wrinkled paper Lest any line should have a doubt Or any word escape her

Still held the olden charm its place.

Amid the tender phrases—
Time seemed unwilling to efface.
The love-pervaded praises;
And though a thousand lovers might.

Have matched them all for passion,
a next ware inspired to write.

A poet were inspired to write in their unstudied fashion. From "Darling" slowly, word by word,
She read the tear-stained treasure;
The mists by which her eyes were blurred
Grew out of pain and pleasure;
But when she reached that cherished name,
And saw the last leave-taking,
The mist a storm of grief became,
Her very heart was breaking!

I put it back-this old-time note, Which seems like sorrow's leaven— For she who read, and he who wrote, Please God, are now in heaven. If lovers of to-day could win

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE.

The turmoil of the world will always die we set our faces against it.—[Hawthorne.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.—[Emerson.

"Give me the benefit of your convictions, if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own."—
[Goethe.

It is impossible to study the story of labor without a certainty that the vote for women would carry an education and a power for justice hitherto unknown. For this, if for no other reason, I count myself hereafter a worker for the cause.—[Mrs. Helen Campbell.

A life without a purpose is a languid, drifting thing. Every day we ought to renew our purpose, saying to ourselves, "This day let us make a sound beginning, for what we have hitherto done is naught."—[Thomas a Kempis, Matthew Arnold's translation.

The new year is not present with us, only a new day. So it will be continually; we shall see but one day at a time. If each day is lived aright, the whole year will be right; if each day is wrong, the year will be all wrong. Each day is a white page to be written; write it beautifully, and the book of the year will be beautiful.—[J. H. Bliss.

FOR BOYS AND CIRLS.

LETTER BOX. [Under this heading we will insert letters on any subject from boys and girls. The letters must be brief and written on one side of the paper. The name and address must be given, to appear with the letter. Adress: "AUNT PRUDENCE, ADVERTISER Office, London,

HAMPTON, Jan. 16.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am a little girl 10 years of age. We live on a farm. We are over two miles from school, which is a great privation in winter, there is so much snow and cold, and summer is very warm, and I am not very strong. I am fond of music and painting, but have taken no lessons in either, as ma thinks I am quite young enough. I must bring my letter to a close for fear of taking up too much room in your valuable naper we prize so highly. From your loving niece,

MABEL E. COLWILL.

The pretty little crayon drawing you sent me [The pretty little crayon drawing you sent me shows considerable talent, I think, Mabel. I shows considerable talent, I think, Mabel. I have it pinned up inside my dosk where I can see it. Whenever you have time get paper and pencil and try to draw the objects you see around you. Begin with a simile jar or box. That is the first thing they would mare you do at any good art school. Never let anyone persuade you, dear, that you are studying art by copying drawings or paintings. Always draw and paint from the objects themselves.—AUNT PRUDENCE.

[I would not mind the long walk were I you, it will help to clear your brain, and then you will be able to study better. I am sorry you have had to wait so long to see your letter in print, but I have had so many whose turn came before yours.—Aunt Prudence.]

FALKIRK, Jan. 1, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I never saw my name in the paper, so I thought I would like to write to you. I am a little boy 10 years old. I am not going to school now but will be starting again next summer. There is a little boy staying with me now, his name is Dan Grey. I have a black and white goat, and the other day I hitched lim in my selfch and gave my cousin and little sister a ride. He wouldn't go very good at first, but he went all right before I let him go. Well, I must stop, for I think my letter is getting too long, so good-bye from

JAMES MGFALANE.

[Now, I think you are a fortunate little boy

[Now, I think you are a fortunate little boy to have a goat. Why, one is as much fun as a pony. You and Dan should be able to have great fun with it,—AUNT PRUENCE.]

If lovers of to-day could win
Such love as won this letter.
The world about us would begin
To gladden and grow better.
—[Frank Dempster Sherman, in the Century.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

Governor Burleigh, of Maine, in his recent inaugural address spoke in the highest terms of the prohibitory law in that State. He affirmed that it had been a blessing to the people and should be sustained and enforced.

Dr. Bilroth, the great surgeon of EAST LONDON, Jan. 15.

I do it very nice. I have a little peny that I call my own, its name is Dellie and it goes awful fast. There is a toboggan slide near our place, and I often go down with my Aunt Maggie who is not afraid. Me and my sister Maggie went down the other day and I upset the toboggan at the botton and she cried. Well. as I do not want to take up too much space I will close. Please put this in the paper next week. Your loving nephew.

[You ride your pony, I know, for I am sure the boy does not exist who could own a pony for a day and not get on its back, Tobogganing is grand fun, better almost than skating I think.—Aunt Prudence.

think.—AUNT PRUDENCE.

PENSE, ASSA. N. W. T., Jan. 14.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I thought I would write to you. I came from near London to the Northwest a year ago last November. Well, I had lots of fun catching gophers. I caught 500 with ten traps. They are very like a chipmunk, only a little less. I got I cent per tail. They are very destructive on grain. I have a pup. It is very good on cattle. My father takes the ADVERTISER. I am 10 years old this month. I must close now. From your loving nephew,
HENRY WALTER BRUNSKILL.

[You have moved very far away indeed from

HENRY WALTER BRUNKILL.
[You have moved very far away indeed from
your original home. Write me again and tell
me all about your new home. Is it ivery much
colder than Ontariof Is Pense in a prairie
section! Capturing gophers' talls seems to be
very interesting to several of my boys and
girls.—Aunt Prudence.]

THE SHADY SIDE.

He can't leave for an hour." - Why not!" "My wife has gone into the kitchen for a second."

Smiley—Now, remember, I don't want a very large pioture.
Photographer—All right air. Then please close your mouth.

Fond father (to bright little daughter)—Do they usually ring two bells before school begins, darling?

Bright little daughter—No, papa; they ring one bell twice.—[Drake's Magazine.

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your pills ?"
"Well." answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, "I fancy the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

"Who carried off the gates of Gaza?" asked the Sunday school superintendent. It was the second morning after Hallowe'en, and 27 indignant boys rose up at once and said they hadn't had anything at all to do with it. all to do with it. "What part am I to take?" said Chappie. "You are to be the heroine's father," re-

"You are to be the instance of the plied the stage manager.
"What does he do?"
"He dies ten years before the curtain rises on the first act."

Van Dusen (rejected)—You have made me desperate! My death will lie at your door, for betore to-morrow dawns I shall blow my brains out. Amy—Oh, I don't think there's the slightest danger of that.

A begging letter sent to a rich man ask-ing for a pair of cast-off trousers closed pathetically with these words: "Do send me, most honored sir, the trousers, and they will be woven into the laural crown of your good deeds in heaven.

:::

Salpynx (doing the honors of a restaurant)—What would you say, Miss Catchup, to a small rump steak?

Miss Catchup—Well, really, I don't know. I presume it would depend very much on what it said to me.—[Boston Courier.

"She ain't much better, and I wouldn't be surprised," said Tommy, with hope shining in his eyes, "if I had to stay home from school to-morrow."

"Is the professor at home?" asked the doctor, addressing the wife of the sage philosopher. "He is," was the reply. "I wish to consult with him in regard to a new discovery in spectrum analysis. Is he in the library?" "No, he is in the parlor playing Tiddledy Winks."

Boston Librarian—Ah, ha, my little man; another big book, ch? Well, well, you are a genuine prodigy! That's the way our Massachusetts statesmen are made. Do you read them all—every word?
Codwalter McBean—No, sir.
them home and sit on them at table.

"I tell you," said one Congressman to another, "the situation in that district is something to raise your hair when you contemplate it."

"I think," said the listener, as he took off his hat and disclosed a bald head, "that I'll go out and take a look at it."—[Washington Post.

his:

Sheridan, who was nothing of a sportsman, used occasionally to make attempts
at grouse-shooting, but, of course, with the
inevitable luck of one who does not know
how to load a gun, much less to discharge
it with effect. One day Sheridan took
Michael, his servent, with him on one of
these exploits, and after an hour's tramp
over the moor they started up a bird.
Sheridan fired and the grouse escaped.
"Faix, masther," cried Mick, "the length
o' yer thumb lower, an' ye'd 'av tuck the
head aff of him!"

Presently, another bird sprung up, and

The finest in the world is HEINRICH'S, be-

head aff of him!"

Presently, another bird sprung up, and off went Sheridan's gun.

"Ganniss, masther, the black o' yer nail higher up, an' ye'd 'av tuck aff his feet—ye would!"

Sheridan smiled at the compliment and widera that Michraeud have to say the

Sheridan smiled at the compliment and wondered what Micky could have to say the next time. He hadn't long to wait; for pretty soon up flew a third grouse, with the same harmless result of the orator's shot.

BOOKBINDER

Blank Account Books, Ledgers and Journals Cash and Day Books.



Down in the mouth -the woman who doesn't use Pearline. Her work brings weariness and complaint-Pearline brings cleanliness with ease and comfort. It makes light of washing and cleaning. It saves wear and tear to your clothes, your muscles, your cash, and your temper. Ask some of the millions who use it. Pearline can do no harm to the finest fabric -it can do no harm to try it.

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