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SUDDEN CHANGES.

This morning in the meadows there were drifts of daisies bobbing,
Swaying backwards, swaying forwards in a careless sort of way,
And the daffodils were merry, and the soft south wind was robbing
Scented larch-wood of their sweetness, and my heart was light and gay.

And the blackbird's song was ringing by a nest hid in the bushes,
Where a soft, brown head was lifted listening to his fervent vows;
And the happy, shifting sunlight gleamed above the brake and rushes,
Resting lovingly a moment on the beech-trees' golden boughs.

All the earth was fair and gladsome, and the sky was blue and tender,
With the fleecy cloudlets drifting o'er its surface white and gray;
Now the sky is dull and clouded, faded is the sunlight's splendor,
And I wonder how I ever said the world was bright and gay.

For the constant noisy chorus of the birds is really vexing,
And to fancy any mortal thinks the buttercups like gold;
While the daffodils' and daisies' foolish movements are perplexing,
And the wind that sets them dancing is quite wintry-like and cold.

Hark! a step upon the gravel, and a laugh 'tis surely Willy
Who is passing in a hurry through the narrow garden gate.
Well, I don't mind now admitting that I have been cross and silly
With the world, because my lover chanced to be an hour too late.

BEFORE SEDAN.

Here, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies.
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves;
So this man's eye is dim—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight, ere he died.
Message or wish, may be;
Smooth the folds out, and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!
Only the tremulous
Words of a child—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to Ma'ma, and sweet,
That is all. "Marquerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah! if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died—but no—
Death will not have it so.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

From our Chicago Correspondent.

On Saturday the Fair had to contend with a counter-attraction in the Derby. Crowds thronged the Illinois Central platforms from 12 o'clock on, where special trains were in readiness to convey those going to the races to Washington Park, which did not interfere however with the usual amount of traffic on the Suburban and World's Fair trains. Michigan Avenue, always a brilliant sight on Derby Day, was gayer than ever this year. That many preferred the Fair however was very clearly evinced. It was a day of days, calling to mind the words of the poet—

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if she be in tune,
And o'er it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen
We hear life murmur or see it glisten."

Entering at 63rd Street to the Fair, one of the first exhibits we noticed was a Wagner Vestibule in an annex of the Transportation building. The amount of cars or apartments (for you never realize you are going from one car to another) seems endless, and we felt when it was over that we had had

quite a constitutional. The rooms were marvels of luxury and elegance. Certainly travel is being made more than easy. Everything that eye could seek or heart long for on a railway journey was to be had in the Wagner Vestibule. From a barber's shop, we passed on through state rooms, library, parlors, buffet and dining cars. The appointments in all were exquisite; especially noticeable was the dining car, where the tables were set, and the glare and glitter of glass quite dazzling. Passing out we shortly entered what is called the Terminal Depot, an ideal station, with its news stands, photographs, knick knacks, &c. Beautiful reception or waiting rooms, fitted up in every particular with an eye to comfortable elegance, with rich Persian rugs and portieres, piano, easy chairs, &c. Seeing some very handsome Japanese screens, we had the curiosity to peep behind the scenes and screens, and beheld some ladies enjoying their siesta on wicker lounges.

One of the most interesting places on the grounds, and not far from the Terminal Depot, is the Convent of La Rabida. Just here we might suggest the propriety of keeping to one vicinity during one visit, unless your time be very limited, as there are lots of buildings to be seen within two or three minutes walk of each other—a great saving of strength and temper. La Rabida is an exact reproduction of the convent in Spain where Columbus found shelter and food when sadly in need of both. There he won the heart of the good Abbot of the Convent, Father de Marchena, who not only listened with interest to Columbus' theories and plans about the undiscovered continent, but secured for him an audience with Queen Isabella, the result of which gained for him his commission, and he shortly after set out for the country, whose discovery by him we are now celebrating. Amongst a curious collection of old papers, occupying eight or ten cases, the original commission is to be found, appointing Columbus King of the High Seas, Governor of the undiscovered territory, &c. This collection also contains numerous other old documents of rare interest, such as some letters to his son, for the loan of which we are indebted to the Duke of Veragua. The convent has a pretty garden on one side and looks out over the lake on the other. It is of very quaint architecture, consisting of the chapel proper and adjoining cells for the monks. The chapel contains principally some very old pictures of large size and the papers already referred to. To your right as you enter is the chancel, on the centre wall of which hangs the portrait of the Sovereign Pontiff Alexander VI looking towards Jerusalem, reproduced from the original fresco by Pinturecchio, 1494. An old wooden cross back of it is dated 1514. This portrait was loaned by Pope Leo XIII from the Vatican. Also within the chancel, if we mistake not, is the portrait of the good father Father de Marchena, and another of St. Peter Weeping. On the opposite wall are portraits of Ferdinand, Isabella, Christopher Columbus, all three loaned by the Madrid Gallery. Another very interesting picture was that of "The Prophet Isaiah" in Mosaico Tagliato, after the original fresco by Raphael in the church of St. Augustine, loaned to the Columbian Exposition by the Vatican. The word Mosaico may be a help in forming an idea of this work. There are some two or three pictures that we have not mentioned, and ancient documents ad infinitum, besides a facsimile of Vatican Greek Bible, 5 vols., and an atlas; but we pass on into the monastery containing the cells or rather rooms (for they are far from our idea of cells,) of the monks. There are two floors to the monastery with about eight or ten rooms on each floor. These rooms are all of more or less interest. We are filled with a longing to know which was Columbus' own special apartment, but there was nothing to indicate it, unless it might be a room on the second floor, which was entirely devoted to portraits of the great discoverer. Lots of relics everywhere. Double doors from the house of Columbus on Porto Santo, Madeira Islands, where he lived in 1474. A small collection of old bells interested us, the first bell rung in America being among the number, and a big bell found in the chapel of Santo Domingo in 1777. Charts, pictures and old manuscripts abounded. The rafters and doors upstairs had a very primitive air, the latter substituting for latch or handle a cord tied through a hole.

Quite close to La Rabida is the Krupp gun building, where we beheld these terror striking instruments. The largest one (A1) requires 903 lbs. of powder for a charge, and the weight of projectile is 2500 lbs., costing \$1100 to fire it. A specimen of the havoc these guns produce was given in an ironclad boat of 18 or 20 inches in thickness simply riddled. The cost of bringing the plant from Germany was half a million dollars. The Krupp works cover an area of about 1400 acres in Essen, Germany, and employ about 25,000 men. So much is done for the comfort of these men that we do not think we err in saying that Krupp may be considered a philanthropist as well as an inventor.

Chicago has been highly favored this week in having several visitors from Halifax, amongst others Mrs. Slayter, Miss Allison, Mr. and Miss Boak, and Mr. and Mrs. Dowie, Dartmouth.

A LEVEL HEADED WOMAN.

SHE TALKED SENSE, AND SAVED AN INTELLECT THAT WAS TOTTERING TO ITS FALL.

All day long the refrigerator man had talked refrigerators. One woman after another had stopped, peeked, peered, questioned and passed on with the remark that she'd see about it. Not a sale had been made. His heart ached and his voice had almost left him. In his heart he was hoping that not another woman would pass that way before closing time, when one suddenly turned the corner and came to a halt. He uttered a groan of despair and stepped forward. There were fourteen refrigerators standing under the awning before her eyes, but of course her first query would be if he had any refrigerators for sale. He was preparing to answer in the affirmative when she observed:

"You sell refrigerators. These are refrigerators. The prices are \$8, \$1