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New Autumn Goods.

NEW SILKS, NEW SATINS, NEW VELVETS,
NEW PLUSIE.

NEW DRESS SERGES, RIBBONS AND LACES,
PRETTY BLACK VEILINGS.

Balance of our PARASOLS and SUNSHADES at cost. Superior French
KID GLOVES, Newest Shapes in HOUSEMAIDS CAPS.

GENTLEMAN JIM.

In the Diamond shaft worked Gentleman Jim,
Handsome of face and stout of limb,
Coarse of dress; but something in him,
Whether down in the coal mines, soiled and grim,
Or wandering alone in holiday time,
Won the love and respect of all in that clime.

He had no sweetheart, he had no wife,
Some mighty sorrow had dimmed his life—
His earnings, hardly won and small,
Were aye at the orphan's and widow's call—
Of those who had perished in shaft or winze,
He was the friend of all living things,
And moving along in those toilsome ways,
He wore the demeanour of gentler days.

In April last when the mine fell in,
Beneath the timbers stood Gentleman Jim;
With a giant grasp he lunged two of the boys
Clear of the danger—with deafening noise
The shaft gave way on every side;
The boys were safe, but Jim—he died;
Died as men die, and will die again,
Giving their lives for their fellow-men.

When rocks and timbers were cleared away,
And Jim borne up to the light of day,
They took from his bosom, stained with blood,
Two withered leaves of a withered bud
Pinned on a card. "Toute a toi—Marie,"
Was written beneath them; beneath it he,
On this relic his heart for years had worn,
Had written, "All withered except the thorn."

What life romance, what story of wrong,
This man had locked up in his soul so long,
None who loved him may ever know,
But the tale of his glorious chivalric deed
Shall not perish as long as men hold this creed—
That the hero whose blood for his kind is shed,
Wins a deathless fame and an honored bed;
A monument grander than sculptor or grave,
In the glory that hallows the martyr's grave.

HE LOVED CHILDREN.

A man with three children entered a restaurant in a German town, and
after they were all seated he said, 'Now children, are you hungry?'

'Yes.'

'Would you like some sausages?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Waitress, bring three sausages—two for myself—that makes five. Ah,
I have forgotten the bread. Waitress, some bread. Now eat away.'

There was a solemn jingling of knives and forks, the sausages were
demolished and the children's faces were all over smiles.

'Enjoy it, eh?'

'Yes.'

'Like some more sausages?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Waitress, two or three more sausages.'

These, too, vanished. The guest ordered some beer, having drunk which
he took his hat and stick and said to the children: 'Now, you must be
very good and quiet, I shall be back directly. I am only going to get some
cigars.'

'Allright!'

Five minutes passed, a quarter of an hour, half an hour. Then the
landlord said to the children: 'Your father is a long time in coming.'

'He is not our father! We were playing outside when the man came
up to us and asked us if we would like some sausages. We all shouted
'Yes,' and then the man brought us in here!—*Tit-Bits*.

HE CROAKED TOO SOON.

He was a type of the aggressive, 'I-told-you-so' croaker who gloats over
human misfortune simply because the world insists on going on in the old
way and ignoring his advice. A look of triumph came into his little gray
eyes as he caught sight of a sheet of white paper pasted on the door of a
big Washington street building at noon yesterday. There was something
written on the sheet in a fine hand. The little old man halted, took off his
hat, mopped his brow, waved his hand toward the sheet of paper, and said
in a loud tone of voice to a couple of men standing by:

'That marks the beginning of the end. I predicted it long before the

idea of last November. But the blind, unthinking people had their way.
They sowed the wind, and now they will reap the whirlwind.'

A crowd of 100 people had gathered, and the little man became
oratorical.

'We are on the brink of national ruin. National credit is irretrievably
gone. The air is filled with the crash of mighty banks and great corpora-
tions, and the hum of industry is stilled in the land. Cobwebs are forming
on the idle looms, and the rust accumulates on the miner's pick and shovel.'

The crowd by this time numbered 1,000 people, all demanding to know
what was going on.

'The savings of how many poor people have been swept away in this
crash. Can any one tell me?' shouted the orator. Let us see whether this
little paper, fraught with sorrow for thousands of people, will tell us the true
reason for this failure, which is only the forerunner for hundreds more.'

The little man adjusted a pair of steel bound spectacles to his nose and
read this notice, while the crowd waited in breathless silence:

A few desirable offices in this building for rent at reasonable
figures. They can be seen on application to the janitor.

The orator slunk away just as a policeman made a grab for him.—
Chicago Times.

NEWSPAPERS AS NECESSITIES OF LIFE.

The newspaper has become a necessity to Americans, and to be shut out
from a knowledge of what is going on in the world would be as great a
hardship to them as any other except lack of food, clothing or shelter. The
life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment; and the satisfaction
of the mind is as legitimate as the satisfaction of the bodily wants, and of a
higher order. The newspaper is the university and the library of the people,
the common school of manhood. It is the great debating club of politics,
the exchange of business, the record of each day of human experience. It
is necessary to the proper discharge of the political duties of the citizen.

But a newspaper, at least a good newspaper, is more than a necessity.
It brings into the narrowest life some sense of the vast life of the world. It
is full of tragedy and comedy, wit and passion, the heroic and the humble,
the crime and the merit of nations. It is a great realist history. It is
a daily commentary upon human nature.

BOOK GOSSIP.

The *Canadian Magazine* for September is a number which cannot fail
to attract and interest all Canadians whether at home or abroad. Several
well illustrated articles, including "Reminiscences of the West Indies," by
Julia Matthew Moody; "Roberts," with portrait of the poet, by F. S.
Marquis, and others of equal interest, with two good stories and a number
of poems, make up the number.

The catalogue of the library of King's College, Windsor, has just been
issued. It contains 560 pages, and is complete in every respect. The
catalogue has been prepared by Mr. Harry Piers of this city, by order of the
Board of Governors of the College, in accordance with the will of the late
Charles Cogswell, Esq., M. D. 100 copies of the edition are bound in dark
blue cloth. The catalogue will be of incalculable value to the students of
King's.

The second number of the "Book of the Fair" has been received, and
is very satisfactory. Too often the second issue of a series of such publica-
tions falls below the standard attained by the first, but in this case number 2
is quite as well gotten up as number 1. The illustrations are excellent, and
the work should be obtained, if at all possible, by every one who has
been unfortunate enough to have missed the Fair itself, while those who
have visited or intend visiting the great show will find it a source of delight
for years to come. The Bancroft Co., of Chicago, are the publishers, and
intend issuing the "Book of the Fair" in 25 parts, two issues a month, at
\$1.00 an issue.

The *Cosmopolitan* for September has scored a triumph over all its con-
temporaries by issuing a "World's Fair number," which for interest and
beauty cannot be surpassed. Ex-President Harrison contributes a capital
article on "Points of Interest," and two chiefs of Department, Mr. Skiff and
Mr. Franz Boaz, have written papers on their respective subjects, "Mines
and Metallurgy," and "Ethnology at the Exposition." Walter Besant gives
"A First Impression" in his his own agreeable way, and Julian Hawthorne
deals with "Foreign Folks at the Fair." Those of us who have not been so
fortunate as to visit the Fair may travel thither by means of the well-
written and well-pictured pages, and those of us who have seen for ourselves
the wonders of the white city will live over again the days of sight-seeing
when turning over the pages of the September *Cosmopolitan*.

The instalment of "Human Documents" for the September number of
McClure's Magazine is a most interesting one. In all the glory of gorgeous
uniforms the Emperor of Germany is the first "Document" given us to
study. The portrait of him at ten years old, in the uniform of a lieutenant,
is more, it seems to us, pathetic than anything, for the child has all the
innocent beauty of his age. But, travelling by short stages, when we get to
his portrait at thirty-three we find the emperor clearly defined, his eyes
eager and keen, his whole face full of determination. Eugene Field is the
second "Document," and his portraits make an interesting appendix to Mr.
Garland's interview with him in the August number. First he appears as
a baby in arms, then as a bright boy of twelve, and so, progressively, the
growing intellect and humor of the poet-journalist can be closely traced. The
other contents of the magazine are very interesting.

The September *Review of Reviews* is well up to the magazine's standard,