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New Autumn Goods.

NEW SILKS, NEW SATINS, NEW VELVETS,
NEW PLUSII.

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.

YES OR NO!

Oh, never did lover in fable
In such a predicament stand,
A letter I wrote to my Mabel
To ask for her heart and her hand,
With compliments worded so nicely,
A life-long devotion I swore,
She answered—and left me precisely!
As wise as before!

It is true that I begged, when inditing
My note, a reply with all speed;
And Mabel, to judge by her writing,
Fulfilled my petition indeed!
The drift of this scrawl so erratic
I'm wholly unable to guess;
It may be refusal emphatic,
Or can it be "Yes?"

"Affection she'd feel for me 'over,'
But stay—if that blot is an 'n'
It turns it at once into 'never,'
Or is it a slip of the pen?
Her heart will a 'truant for true' be!
And what is the word just above?
It looks like—it cannot be—'booby'!
Perhaps it is 'love.'"

A meeting must needs be awaited
To render these mysteries plain;
Perhaps in this letter she's stated
She never will see me again.
On one thing at least I've decided—
Should she be my partner for life,
A typewriter shall be provided
For the use of my wife!

SHE NEVER CAME BACK.

She was a coy young woman and she looked decidedly pretty in her new autumn costume when Guard White beheld her sitting on one of the divans in the art gallery yesterday afternoon. He gave her several of his most killing looks, and she responded with the sweetest of smiles, and the heart of the young man in blue beat so hard that the kettledrums in the Turkish village were not to be compared for sound. As he gaz'd into the young woman's limpid eyes the order of Col. Rice that all members of the Columbian guard must desist from flirting was forgotten. As he walked proudly to and fro each turn brought him nearer to the smiling beauty, and each time his manly bosom was thrilled by the smile she gave him.

This sort of thing went on for several minutes, when she arose, and, as she swept into the vestibule, she cast him a sidelong glance which plainly said, "Follow me." The guard did so. By the side of one of the columns stood his charmer, and she extended a dainty hand, which sank out of view in his white glove. After a few minutes conversation the girl asked for the time, and Guard White gallantly pulled from his vest pocket the handsome gold watch he carried.

"Oh, it is half-past three," she cried, "and I must let mamma know the time. She sits right in there. Poor, dear thing, she is awfully deaf, and one has to scream so to make her hear. Just let me take your watch a moment while I take it in and show it to her, and I will be right back."

It took the guard less than a second to unsnap the chain which held the timepiece and, handing it to the charmer, he watched her run into the gallery.

And he waited for her return.

She never came back.—*Chicago Herald.*

LEFT AGAIN.

And still another New York millionaire has put his son into business, says the *Wall Street News*. It happened only the other day. He gave the young man \$5,000 and told him to go out upon the street and speculate. Two hours later the son came back and said:

'Father, is a profit of \$2,000 on my capital a fair send off?'

'I should say so! How did you make it?'

'Bought a horse.'

'A horse?'

'Just so. I've bought a horse for \$6,000, which the owner has all along been asking \$7,000 for, and if you've any more loose change I know where I can pick up a tally ho coach for half what it cost a year ago.'

The old gent didn't seem to have any more.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,—
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,

"And don't you make any noise!"

So, toddling off to his trundle bed,

He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue.

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,

But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,

Each in the same old place,

Awaiting the touch of a little hand,

The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through

In the dust of that little chair,

What has become of our Little Boy Blue

Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

SOUND PHILOSOPHY.

I said: "The times are hard, and bread is dear when work is not.
And sad, indeed, is poverty, and lonesome is its lot;
And faint the gleam of silver is, and far the gleam of gold;
The chilly winds are blowing but the hearth at home is cold."
Then one climbed up and twined her arms—her little arms so white!—
Around my neck, and softly said: "I love papa, to-night!"
And as she cuddled close to me—the winsome little witch!—
The times were hard no longer, for her love had made me rich.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

The young and winsome maiden called to see her father on behalf of George, the youth who won her heart, but who was not her father's favorite. 'Father,' she said gently, 'I want to tell you something, and you mustn't be angry.'

'Very well,' he replied, 'I promise,' and he bent forward and kissed her.

'I want to tell you, father, that George and I are in love, and we want to get married.'

The father forgot his promise in a second and began to storm.

'Haven't I told you I wouldn't have him about the house? Haven't I forbidden you to see him?' he ranted. 'Now, once for all, I tell you if he comes here again or sees you anywhere else, I'll kick him all over town.'

The girl stood her ground like a little man.

'Now papa, dear,' she said, 'you'll do nothing of the sort. George is young and healthy, and the champion all-round athlete and slugger of his club, and we had a conference this morning and I told him I'd love him just the same, even if he had to pound you clean out of shape in defending his rights in this case, so you might as well submit now, and save us the necessity of resorting to harsh measures. See?'

He saw.

MONEY NO OBJECT.

'I want a position,' he said as he entered the office.

'I'm sorry,' said the head of the firm, 'but we really have no need of any men at present.'

'Oh, that's all right,' said the caller cheerfully, 'I don't expect any salary. In fact, I am willing to pay for the privilege of having employment.'

'What kind of a position do you want?' asked the merchant, in astonishment.

'I don't much care, as long as it's one degree higher than the typewriter and the office boy.'

'Why those two particularly?'

'Well, you see, it's just this way,' explained the caller confidentially. 'I'm married and have one child—a boy. Now, that boy don't mind me, and his mother just laughs when I try to exert my authority. So I've got desperate, and I thought if I could get a position where the typewriter girl would have to obey me and the office boy would have to get up and hustle when I spoke, it would sort of square me with my dignity, which is rapidly getting away from me. Wouldn't do anyone any harm, you know, and it would make me feel easier in my mind to realize that I was a man and to be obeyed.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

BOOK GOSSIP.

There are 273 illustrations in the current *Quarterly Illustrator*, and 117 artists are represented. It is the most profusely pictured magazine published, and the current number is in every respect an interesting magazine, both from an artistic and a literary point of view. The *Illustrator* is published at 92 Fifth Avenue, New York, \$1.00 per year.

McClure's Magazine for October is an exceedingly good number. Thea B. Reed, of Maine, is the subject of a paper by Robert P. Porter. The popular department, 'Human Documents,' gives the reader photos of Francis E. Willard, Edgar Wilson Nye, better known as 'Bill Nye' and Geo. W. Cable. A splendid and very timely article on the Earl of Dunraven, owner of the *Valkyrie*, the English yacht now making itself famous in American waters. This paper is embellished with pictures of the Earl, Lady Dunraven, Dunraven Castle, the *Valkyrie*, with white wings spread, etc. *McClure's* is undoubtedly bound to please.

A forthcoming book to be published in Halifax will prove of great interest to a large number of people. Although it is called a history, Mrs. Law-