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[FOR THE CRITIC]

AT DAWN.

I awoke ere the dawn, and the peace was so deep,
With a hush in the world till the stars were asleep.
And I whispered your name in a tender soft way,
With a blessing and prayer in the dawning of day.
Then my heart grew so warm (ere its sorrow should wake);
That I knew I was glad for the name's sweet sake.
With a soft little trust in a world of doubt
All the peace of a love with the pain left out.

Now the world lies awake in the sun's golden gleams
While I long in my soul for the dark and its dreams.

MASON.

THE STRANGE SWEET GIRL.

I saw the girl I love to-day;
My heart had told me she was there,
And thro' the city dull and gray
She shed a glory everywhere.
I saw her in the crowded street,
Her presence scorched me like a flame,
She does not know me when we meet,
She's never even heard my name;
But oh, the world is bright to night,
And I may let my heart strings play,
And give my foolish fancy flight—
I've seen the girl I love to-day.

But I must quaff a bitter cup;
My love for her I'll never tell;
At this my rebel heart leaps up,
And madly beats against its cell;
It chokes me in my troubled sleep
And cries aloud in its distress;
And prostrate it doth wail and weep
And rails against its loneliness.
But oh, to-night it gives no cry,
My soul leaps ladders gold and gay,
And gladness steeps me o'er—for I
Have seen the girl I love to-day.

The winging birds that past me fly,
The pearl beneath the sounding sea,
Yon little star high in the sky,
Are not so far away as she.
Yet it is folly thus to sigh,
Maunies—call it what you will;
It is—it may be so, but I
Will love her—love her—love her still.
I won't forget her if I might;
My loyal heart will never stray;
And this is why I am glad to-night,
I saw the girl I love to-day.

I'll love her till the Doom is done,
And all is darkness overhead;
I'll love her till the glaring sun,
Is stricken blind and Time is done.
Oh, strange sweet girl, where'er you go,
For weal or woe, as maid or wife,
No one can ever love you so,
As I have loved you all my life.
Oh, strange sweet girl, so fair and bright,
For your dear sake I've learned to pray,
My happy heart will sleep to-night,
I saw your darling face to-day.

R. K. KERNIGHAN (THE KUAN) in *Saturday Night*.

HER MARKS OF RECOGNITION.

"Now, Lisette," said the mistress to her housemaid, "how often have I told you to light the hall lamp at the proper time, else you cannot see who comes in and know whom to announce?"

"Oh! please, ma'am," the girl replied. "I know all the regular visitors, even in the dark, I can tell who they are by certain signs; Alderman F— steps in quite softly, mutters 'Good evening,' and hangs up his waterproof without taking any further notice of me. The doctor says the first thing: 'Well, how are you?' and feels my pulse. The music-master whistles a lively tune and gives me a hearty shake of the hand. The curate bows two or three times because he is so short-sighted, and isn't quite sure whom he is addressing. The professor walks in without saying a word, stands a while absorbed in thought, and then gets me to help him off with his top-coat. The surveyor squeezes my hand so hard as to make me scream; and the young lawyer—hum (blusher) hum—I can also make out who he is every time.—*Le Petit Meridional*.

THE DIFFERENCE.

How dry the world! a place of scant refreshing,
Of tasks of weakness done, too poor and mean
To win us from self scorn—of fears enmeshing,
And reeds on which to lean!

But suddenly our lives seem not unheeded!
Nearer the friends we thought so cold and few.
Some small success—the world of praise we needed—
And all the world is now!

—Cara W. Bronson in *Kate Field's Washington*.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

DO NOT MISS THE WORLD'S FAIR!

From the *October Century*.

Some weeks still remain in which those who have not seen the World's Fair may yet enjoy that never-to-be-renewed privilege. In the general astonishment at the beauty of the housing of the exhibition, perhaps not enough has been said concerning the contents. That there are well worthy the attention of the student of every or any department of human enterprise, goes without the saying—though in some departments much more than in others the truly instructional method has been observed; as for instance, in transportation, piano-making, and the archaeological and anthropological exhibits under the charge of Professor Putnam. In respect to this last-named feature of the Exposition, while circumstances render it impossible to make the ordered display early in the summer, it has finally assumed proportions of the most dignified character; and very properly—considering the occasion—has become doubtless the most thorough exhibition of the history and condition of the native races of America ever brought together. Indeed no great "group" of exhibits at the Fair is more impressive than that of the Columbus caravels—floating near the delightfully reproduced Convent of Rabida, and near also to the dwellings of the living aborigines, as well as the relics of their ancestors.

It still remains true that the greatest feature of the Exhibition is the architecture and the landscape gardening—including in those all their sculptured and painted decorations and adjuncts. In these the deepest pleasure and the deepest instruction are to be found, as well as the largest and longest benefit to the country.

If the visitor can only be a single day at the Fair, or a single night, it is worth any sacrifice to enjoy this alone. And if it were to be a question between the daytime or the illumination at night, we would advise the latter; for surely no eyes now opened on this world are likely ever again to behold any sight so nobly beautiful.

HE GOT THERE.

The diffident young man had wanted to propose to the girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject and sought information from men who had experience, and while the theories were admirable in every instance, he found that the practice thereof was a different thing. He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things, when her shoe became untied. She stuck out her pretty little foot with a smile, looked down at it, and he fell on his knees and tied the lace.

Then he walked on with her, and the shoe became untied again. Shoes do that with great persistency, it seems, especially these summer shoes. The third time it happened he was ready, as before.

"See if you can't tie a knot that will stick," she said as he worked away at it.

He looked up at her tenderly.

"If I can't, I know a man who can," he said.

"Do you want him to tie it?" she asked coquettishly.

"Yes," he replied.

She jerked her foot away.

He smiled to himself.

"It's the parson," he said, and he rose to his feet and finished the work.
—*Detroit Free Press*.

BOOK GOSSIP.

Perhaps the fashion magazine which has the largest circulation in this Province is the *Delineator*. Certainly few homes where an interest in the prevailing mode of ladies' and children's dress is taken are without this journal. The October number, just received from the Canadian publishers, has a very complete table of contents and gives full information on the autumn styles for ladies and children of all ages. The fancy work department of the *Delineator* has some very valuable suggestions while its general articles on housekeeping, home decorations, etc., more than interest the womenfolk of our households. Published in Toronto—\$1.00 per year.

"The Hepburn Line" is the title of the complete novel in the October number of Lippincott's Magazine. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is the author, and it is unnecessary to add that the story is well written, bright and interesting. No. 8 of Lippincott's notable stories is entitled "A Deed With a Capital D." The other contents of this number are well up to the standard long since attained by this publication.

The World's Fair comes in for continued attention in *The Century* for October in the shape of a biographical sketch of Frederick Law Olmstead, the author of the original plan of the grounds and buildings; also the architect of Central Park, Prospect Park and many other pieces of landscape gardening in America. The paper is written by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, and is a valuable addition to the recently revived discussion of land-