

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Genuine Clearance Cash Sale.

G. M. SMITH & CO.

Offer their entire Large and Superior Stock during November and December at
SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.

We wish to give our Customers and Patrons this special advantage previous to our removal to new premises on Barrington Street, in January next.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

A little bit of a woman came
Athwart my path one day;
So tiny was she that she seemed to be
A play stray from the misty sea,
Or a wandering greenwood fay.
"Oh, you little elf," I cried—
"And what are you doing here?"
So tiny as you will never do
For the brutal rush and hullabaloo
Of this practical world, I fear."

"Voice have I, good sir," said she—
"Tis soft as an angel's sigh."
"But to fancy a word of yours were heard
In all the din of this world's absurd,"
Smiling, I made reply.
"Hands have I, good sir," she quoth—
"Marry, and that you have!"
But amid the strife and the tumult rife,
In all the struggle and battle for life,
What can these wee hands do?"

"Eyes have I, good sir," she said—
"Sooth you have," quoth I,
"And truth shall flow therefrom, I trow,
And they betimes shall dim with woe,
As the hard, hard years go by."
That little bit of a woman cast
Her two eyes full on me,
And they smote me sore to my inmost core,
And they held me slaved forever more,
Yet would I not be free!

This little bit of a woman's hands
Reached up into my breast
And rent apart my scoffing heart—
As cannot be expressed.
The little bit of a woman's voice
Has grown most wondrous dear,
Above the blare of all elsewhere
(An inspiration that mocks at care)
It riseth full and clear.
Dear one, I bless the subtle power
That makes me wholly thine,
And I'm proud to say that I bless the day
When a little woman wrought her way
Into this life of mine.

—Eugene Field.

RENUNCIATION.

Dearest, I loose the bonds you would not break,
I cannot have you suffer for my sake.
I know that you have tried to love me; so
I give you, for your pity, leave to go,
Go, and be happy—not with me. I say
The words I had not thought until to-day
My lips could come to utter. I have tried
Day after day, when I was by your side,
But always all in vain, to tell you this.
I could not, dear, I could not. Now it is
My letter that shall tell you. You will write,
Perhaps, a word—I spare myself the sight;
Indeed I could not see you, lost and dear.
Write, if you will, the words I may not hear,
And say—not much, perhaps "I thank my friend,
My friend I could not love; and if you send
This once—'tis but a form of words—your love,"
The friend will prize your letter far above
Rubies. But write, I beg you write the line.

AN INTELLIGENT POLICEMAN.

The police have had special orders to take care of the farmers in town and that gave rise to an incident which Judge Collins will remember for a long time. The judge goes away every summer to Lake Miltona, where he is president of a summer outing club that includes ex-Congressman William E. Mason, William J. Campbell, W. B. Keap, John Healey, James Reuben, Bailey Van Cleave, and other distinguished citizens. As regularly as he goes away the judge acquires a fine leathery color, and this, added to a certain rusticity of demeanor which arises from long residence in the fastnesses of Norwood Park, makes the distinguished jurist look like a farmer. The judge came in on Tuesday carrying a large bag and was met at the station by the suave William J. Campbell. The gentlemen shook hands and walked away arm in arm. At the door Mr. Campbell felt a tap on the shoulder. He turned around and confronted a policeman.

"Go chase yourself!" said the policeman earnestly.

"Sir!" said Mr. Campbell.

"Leave the reuben alone and do a hot foot," said the officer.

"Policeman," said the judge fiercely, "how dare you insult my friend! I am a judge of the Circuit Court."

"Well," said the policeman, not at all abashed, "you may be a judge of the Circuit Court, but you don't look as though you were much of a judge of green goods."—*Chicago Post.*

SHADOW AND DOUBT.

I sat as the deepening shadows
Crept close o'er the wearied earth,
And watched as they lurked in the corners,
Or stealthily stole near the hearth;

Where a low fire smouldered and flickered—
Dark thoughts in my soul held sway—
And I watched with a half-sad interest
The shadows manoeuvre and play.

Uncertain and wavering seemed they,
Yet anxious withal to advance
As far they dared; with each other
To vie in their boldness perchance.

When suddenly up leapt a bright flame,
And instantly put them to flight,
Off to their dark corners they hurried,
Some mounting the walls in their fright.

And there stayed they, trembling and fearful,
And as the bright flames grew more bright
The closer they huddled together,
These cowardly foes of the light.

Then I thought how all day I had suffered
Dark thoughts to creep into my heart—
Grim shades from the past and the future—
Nor striven to make them depart.

So I stirred up the smouldering embers
Of the faith I had thought almost dead
In my soul; and the doubt like the shadows
Turned tremblingly from me and fled.

Toronto.

—Mary Brownlee.

A WITTY ANSWER.

Those whose mission in life it is to entertain the public are always posterized by friends and acquaintances for free seats at their entertainments. There probably never was a singer, or an actor, or a pianist who was not bored nearly to death by these people, many of whom had not the slightest claim to ask the courtesy they demanded. A pianist who was pre-eminently successful in his day, and that day was not so far back either, was Rubinstein, who travelled nearly the whole world over delighting people with his genius. He, like all others, was very much annoyed by requests for complimentary tickets, but most of the time he maintained his composure, though justly irritated. It is told of him that just before one of his recitals in London he was accosted by an old lady in the entrance hall, and thus addressed:—

"Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I'm so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?"

"Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to, if you think fit to take it."

"Oh, yes, and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply
"At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BOOK GOSSIP.

"In Dreamland," is the title of a neat little volume of poems by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, published by the Williamson Book Co., of Toronto. The collection comprises forty-two poems of varying merit, some of which, we gather from the author's short introductory notice, have been published before in a volume entitled "A Gate of Flowers." All these short poems are marked by pure and tender feeling, and those taking for their subject the Emerald Isle cannot fail to appeal to the sympathies of the author's compatriots. There is a sprinkling of Canadian patriotic verse and a few tributes to departed friends. Flaws are noticeable in the workmanship of several passages, among which we may mention the making one syllable of "pagan" in "Our Own Dear Land," and the use of the word "tear" when tears would obviously express the meaning better, in "Two Workers." This is caused, of course, by the exigencies of rhyme, and might be pardoned did it not occur again in "June is Coming"—sixth line of the third verse. No one would ever say "in joy and tear," unless it had to rhyme with here. In "Memory's Urn" we also find a fault in the measure. This quatrain contains a syllable too much:—

"The songsters in the grove I hear—
A tuneful choir of other days,
Whose notes of rapture stir my heart,
Like chords of old mediaeval days.

In order to make this read we must slur "mediaeval" almost out of recognition. The omission of "old" would remove this defect. The best poems in the book are "A Christmas Chant," "In Bethlehem," and "The Song my Mother Sings." The two former are graceful visions of "that sweet story of old," and the latter will come home to many whose sweetest recollections are of a mother's tuneful voice. The book is tastefully printed and bound.

A timely article, entitled "With Shining Gifts," in the November number of the *Modern Præcilla*, gives practical hints to the ladies who are now beginning to devise dainty articles to gladden their friends at Christmas time. This bright little journal, published monthly at Lynn, Mass., abounds in new ideas for fancy work, and will be found of value in the home. Price 50 cents per annum.

There is no other magazine just like *Worthington's*—not one that is so welcome to the whole family. In this respect it stands alone among its competitors, for it appeals to all from oldest to youngest as no other magazine does. Its illustrated papers, charming stories, delightful essays, and novel departments make it unique in design and especially interesting from the first stage to the last. The December number is, if possible, more bright and varied than any of its predecessors. If our readers are not acquainted with this captivating magazine, buy a copy and take it home with you. You will find it a helpful and inspiring companion, and every member of your family will be glad to welcome it upon its regular appearance.