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DRESS SETS, Very Handsome.

The above goods reduced to less than first cost. Come early and get first choice. All our summer goods must be closed out.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

MONTCAIRM.

In thy brave beauty on yon storied height  
Methinks thou movest, while the battle's storm  
Rages around thee. Thy heroic form  
Towers aloft sublime in warrior might,—  
Raying the grace of some superior light  
On Death's dread front,—the hour of dark defeat.  
Still in the sell thou keep'st thy painful seat,  
And bleedest;—mortal ill cannot affright  
Thy well-poised soul, nor shake thy nobleness.  
O haist thou sovereign worthy such as thou,  
With men of thy high type around his throne,  
Might victory walk this field in glorious dress;  
And France, these northern hills on her brow  
Unplucked, might reign supreme, and call Quebec her own.

PASTOR FELIX.

## NOT QUITE A SINCERE GIRL.

"Oh, give me time," she, trembling, said,  
"A little time to think it over."  
He smiled and kissed her drooping head,  
And yielded like a tender lover.

"She's but a child," he mused that night,  
"Who shrinks from fate, afraid to test it;  
She really seemed quite in a fright."  
He little knew how near he guessed it.

"How shall I break with Jack," she moaned,  
"He's got my letters. Oh, good gracious!  
And Harry has my ring," she groaned.  
"He'll keep it too, he's so audacious."

"Was ever a girl in such a fix?  
I must get rid of Will and Stephen,  
And George, and Archibald, that's six,  
And poor dear cousin Tom makes seven."

As thus she grieved in accents wild,  
He said, while joy his features brightened:  
"Yes, she is nothing but a child,  
And that is why she seemed so frightened."

Madeline S. Bridges.

## SHE MADE HOME HAPPY.

"She made home happy" These few words I read  
Within a churchyard, written on a stone;  
No name, no date, the simple words alone  
Told me the story of the unknown dead.  
A marble column lifted high its head,  
Close by, inscribed to one the world has known:  
But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'ergrown  
Thrilled me far more than his, who armies led.

"She made home happy!" Through the long, sad years  
The mother toiled, and never stopped to rest  
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast  
And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears;  
The simple record that she left behind  
Was grander than the soldier's, to my mind.

## HE WAS THE MAN.

THE STORY OF A BALTIMORE DRUMMER AND AN INNOCENT CHAP.

The Baltimore and Ohio southwestern train was pulling west from Belpre, on the Ohio, when the Baltimore drummer noticed an innocent-looking chap in the next seat just stowing away the fragments of a plentiful lunch in a paper bag ready for the next meal. Nudging his companion, he started in to have a bit of fun with the greenhorn.

"Pretty rough country down this way, ain't it, sir?" he asked politely of the mild-eyed lunch-taker.

"Yes; West Virginny's got her ups and downs," was the quiet reply.

"Like Mary and her lamb, eh?" quizzed the drummer, grinning.

"Which?"

"Mary and her lamb, y'know—everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go. That's the way with West Virginia and her hills. Why, they tell me that the hills are as steep as the sides of a mansard roof."

"Yes, I guess that's right," placidly assented the Virginian.

"And a fellow was telling me yesterday that you couldn't pasture a billycoat on those hills without tying him on with a string," pursued the tourist, grinning slyly at his companion.

"Yes, I guess that's right," was the unmoved reply.

"And I heard last summer that a man up above Charleston fell off his

farm and broke his arm. You don't think that is so, do you?" and the drummer could hardly keep his face straight.

"Think it's so? Why I know it's so."

"Know it's so?" cried the drummer, taken aback. "How the——"

"Why, said the Virginian, calmly, "it was just this way. There was something got the matter with the hoisting tackle of the derrick."

"The derrick?" gasped the drummer.

"Yes, the derrick he was plowing with—you know you always have to plow those perpendicular fields with a derrick—and so he was stepping on the elevator."

"The elevator?" panted the drummer.

"Yes, the elevator that runs up the path to the springhouse, when he missed his footing and fell clear across his farm right slap through the window of the Methodist meeting house and broke his arm against the pulpit stairs. And, you see, I happen to know all the particulars because—"

He rose with a grim smile.

"I am the feller that fell!"

And when the train reached Little Hocking the drummer fell off the rear platform in a demoralized condition.—*Arkansas Truth Teller.*

## A ROYAL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

It is a popular idea that in the hands of the Czar of Russia lies the fate of Europe.

Not in the hands and at the will of this powerful monarch lies the peace of Europe. It rests between the gentle, frail hands of a woman, the Czar's mother-in-law. According to M. DeBlowitz, but for the Queen of Denmark, Europe would be a battle-ground, and the civilized world would resound with groans of the wounded and the cries of the women and children who are bereft. The Queen of Denmark loves the young Emperor William, whom she affectionately calls "my angel." The Czar loves the mother of his wife. It is her gentle diplomacy that brought about the meeting of reconciliation between the two Emperors at Kiel. It is to gratify the kindly affection and not to grieve the affectionate heart of a woman in her declining years that these two proud young turkey cocks of Emperors are forbearing to slay one another's subjects and dranch Europe in blood.

Surely the power of affection and the influence of woman was never shown in a more interesting manner. But what is best worth remarking is that the destiny of Europe is in the keeping of a mother-in-law.—*McClure's Magazine.*

## A HEALTHY PROFESSION.

"Journalism must be a healthy profession," said old Mrs. Squagge, as she laid the paper on her knee and rubbed her eye-glasses with her apron.

"What makes you think so?" said old Mr. Squagge.

"Because I see the writers who used to have piecos in the papers when I was a girl are still living and writing away the same as over; they must be very old."

"Who are they?" asked Mr. Squagge.

"Well, there is 'Veritas' for one, and 'Anon,' and 'Vox Populi,' and 'Pro Bono Publico,' and many others. I see some of these names every day, and I declare if the sight of 'em don't bring back the old school days."

Then the old lady gazed meditatively into the fire, and old Mr. Squagge went out to indulge in a quiet laugh to himself.

## A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

DYSPEPSIA is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with best results.

## A CHINAMAN FROM TIPPERARY.

It does not take the average police-court offender long to "size up" a judge. The Irish are by far the quickest witted and invent the cleverest excuses. But it remained for a Chinaman from Doyers street to give the star excuse of the year not long ago.

The justice was a loyal son of Tipperary, Ireland, and one day a descendant of an Irish king was arraigned before him on a charge of disorderly conduct. "Well, Pat," said the justice, "the officer says you were drunk and creating a disturbance. How is that?"

"The officer was right, Yer Honor. Oi was dbrunk."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Pat. How did you get so?"

"Oi was out wid some Tipperary lade, Yer Honor, an' took a wee ghlas too mooch."

"Tipperary men," mused the judge; why, where do you come from?"

"The County Tipperary, Yer Honor." There arose before the mind of the judge a vision of green fields and lakes and blue-eyed Irish lassies. He sighed.

"Tipperary," he murmured. Then after a pause he exclaimed: "Pat, you're discharged."

There was a Chinaman standing beside the fortunate prisoner from Tipperary, and he overheard all this little dialogue. He was a vulgar opium smoker, and had been caught "hitting the pipe" in a Doyers street attic; yet his brain was clear and active.

Having dismissed Pat the justice turned to the yellow culprit.

"Well, John," he remarked, "I understand that you have been smoking opium again."

"Yeth."

"How did it happen, John?"

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