

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.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

OLD ST. ANDREWS.

Do you recall that autumn night,
O wife—so passing dear to me—
When first we wandered by moonlight
In old Saint Andrews by the sea?
What charm was there on wave and shore,
What romance in each quiet street!
Were all the hours we knew before
One half so rare, one half so sweet?

How bright the evening star peeped out,
And trembled like a drop of gold,
Where ripples in the sheeny rout
Were to the sands heedless rolled;
What fairy hush was in the air;
How clear the tide far-off was heard;
And, rapt in love's enchantment there,
'T would break the spell—our softest word!

Your hand in mine, what falling star,
Swift sinking in the vault obscure,
What waves of portent, on yon bar,
Could make our hearts seem insecure?
And if your lips were touched by mine—
As none but yours may ever be—
Then earth and sky were all divine,
In old Saint Andrews, by the sea.

The dog's shrill bark we well could hear
Sound from the hill in that soft hour;
We well could see upon the pier
The friendly flash from light-house tower;
A rill gushed down the wave to greet,
The wave rolled in with silvery gleo;
And sight and sound, with thee, were sweet,
In old St. Andrews, by the sea.

Ah, change and chance with us have been!
How many a joy has flown away!
The moonlit sea is as serene
Beneath the mild September ray;
And to my heart each scene is fair
And sacred still, because of thee,
For, dearest one, I found thee there,
In old Saint Andrews, by the sea!

—PASTOR FELIX.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

NOW THAT IT IS DEAD.

I.

All the willows wave so cold,
And the sands lie grey.
Merry summer has grown old
As the dying day.
So, pile the faggots on,
Ma petite, Marie.

II.

Don't remember, ma petite,
How the river sped,
And we lost the noonday heat
Where the currents led.
So, here's a health to it,
Now that it is dead.

—THEODORE ROBERTS.

LOVE FOUND A WAY.

THIS FOREIGNER MARRIED A JAPANESE GIRL AND FACED THE OLD MIKADO.

At one time if a Japanese girl married a foreigner she was instantly decapitated. A Portuguese gentleman whom we met related his experience in this direction. He came here 30 years ago and fell in love with a Japanese girl. Her parents warned her of the fatal consequences of marrying him. He was young and ardent, and she romantic.

'If you agree to marry me I will die with you,' he said.

'Then I will marry you, die or live,' the pretty maiden said.

He was a Catholic, and he had promised his parents not to marry out of his religion.

'Will you join the Catholic church?' he asked.

'Join anything,' she replied, 'for we die together.'

They eloped and visited the nearest priest, who advised them against their fatal marriage, but to no purpose.

'She cannot be baptized, confirmed and married all in the same day,' said the priest.

'She must,' said the lover.

'I must,' said she, 'for we both die to-morrow morning.'

The priest waived a few customary rules to fit the occasion, and performed all three ceremonies at once, and then interceded for the bride's life. The

mikado decided that he could not behold the Portuguese, but the girl should die. The priest warned him, saying, 'She is now a Portuguese too! and you had better postpone the decapitation ceremony until you confer with the Portuguese government.'

Time was granted. The priest persuaded. The Portuguese government demanded.

After a correspondence which lasted five years, and in which the British, American and other consuls or representatives took much interest, the young woman was permitted to live. Mr. LaRue, the happy husband, is now in business, with a family surrounding him.

He, it is said, is the first European who dared to marry a Japanese.

MY OLD RAG DOLL.

Last night I searched the garret for a long-forgotten book,
And as I pried and peered about, down in a rusty nook
I found what made me all at once forget what I was after,
And filled my eyes with springing tears and altered my voice to laughter,
And up I took it, wonderingly, with cob webs, dust and all,
And held it close against my heart—

My old rag doll,

Oh, dear, forgotten childhood's joy! Oh, precious, long-lost treasure!
I cannot tell why such a pain was mingled with the pleasure;
I cannot tell just why the tears fell fast from eyes bent over
'That dusty, dear, old-fashioned thing—I only know I love her!
I only know that "Polly" in her little ragged shawl
Is mine once more—is mine again—

My old rag doll.

Dear old relic of childhood—of that happy, happy time
When life meant play and sunshine and every joy was mine;
When care was all unknown to me and every bright to-morrow
Was but an echo of to-day! There rarely came a sorrow,
But when my fair horizon was stirred by sudden squall,
There was naught that gave me comfort like

My old rag doll.

The old, familiar dirty face, with features done in ink,
And the little faded ribbon tied with many a childish prink,
And the dusty plaid merino of the little time-worn gown,
And the tiny knitted stocking o'er the shoe-tops slipping down,
There on the garret floor I sat and brooded o'er them all,
And longed for that sweet childhood with

My old rag doll.

And though I am a woman, with a woman's work and care,
And though I look each morning for the silver in my hair,
And all my golden childhood is but a happy dream,
Somehow to-day its perfect joys a little nearer seem
Since I found her in the garret, with the cob-webs, dust and all,
That dearest relic of the past—

My old rag doll.

—Harriet Francine Crocker, in July.

CONGRESSMAN PICKLER'S CONTINUED STORY.

The House dearly loves a good story. It will go out of its way at any time and interrupt and indefinitely postpone any sort of debate to listen to one. Last Monday Mr. Pickler was speaking under the five minute rule.

'And now, Mr. Speaker,' he said, 'I will conclude my remarks with a story concerning a Jewish friend of mine—'

The Speaker's gavel fell. 'The time of the gentleman from North Dakota has expired,' he said.

'Move that the gentleman's time be extended one minute,' yelled a member, bounding out of his chair as though someone had placed a bent pin in it.

'I desire to return my thanks,' said Mr. Pickler. 'The courtesy which has been shown me awakes a responsive chord in my bosom. It is not often that, in a great national crisis like the present, one man is allowed to occupy the floor to the exclusion of all others. In the ensuing years I shall carry with me to my dying day as one of my most precious memories the recollection of the kindness which was made manifest in the motion of my friend. If I fail to express my gratitude in terms sufficiently direct, believe me that it is not a fault of my heart, but merely an inability of the tongue. I will now conclude my brief and unimportant remarks upon this great question with a story of a Jewish friend of mine, who—'

'The time of the gentleman from North Dakota has expired,' said the Speaker.

'Move that his time be extended one minute,' called another man on the anxious seat.

There was no objection, and Mr. Pickler proceeded to re-express his gratitude at some length. When he reached the third reference to his Jewish friend the merciless gavel fell once more, cutting off the anecdote in the bloom of its youth.

The performance was repeated some half a dozen times. The pages of the *Record* show that the story was never finished. His Jewish friend is still a mystery to everyone except himself. Possibly some day when public building bills are occupying the attention of the House he may get the chance to finish a story that must be very funny, else he would not have tried so hard to tell it.—*Washington Post*.

CANDOR AND COURTESY.

THEY ARE NOT ANTAGONISTIC, BUT VERACITY SHOULD BE CIRCUMSPECT AND KIND.

Hawthorne used to say, "God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or on earth." If for awkwardness we substitute undue candor, we might still be speaking temperately. You do not invite to the christening the ciller who looked kindly but firmly at your pretty baby and said she thought this child would be rather good looking, as he