THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Hon. Nicholas F. Davin.

Will not someone call Mr. Davin our readers of Progress] beau ideal of an Irish-Canadian orator,who has not forgotten the traditions of a heroic past, nor ceased to thrill at the bravuras of Grattan or O'Connell? He reminds me, in the richness of his diction, and in his enthusiasm, of his fellow-countryman, and my fellow-minister, Rev Thomas Guard, whose early death deprived Ireland and America of a jewel, indeed. But Mr. Davin, unlike his clerical prototype, lavishes the noble "scorn of scorn," of which sings the poet; as well as his "love of love." Witness the following lines, which snap like a whip of divers small cords, with which the breed of small politicians may not like to be scourged:

"Right under here The savage ruled, and on that very hill His councils held, councils which in the mind A race self-styled superior, hold, alone In cunning great. They do not feed on dogs Or human flesh, but moral cannibals They are. They kill with venemous lies, and then Like ghouls they batten on the corpse, and scenes Humiliating as an Indian dance Around a white dog swimming in its broth, Have been enacted in that chamber where A Cicero should find himself at home, And Burke's deep wisdom be a common thing. Who worships truth? Who honors liberty? A few. Too few. The mass are lost in love Of gain, in low desires, conceptions all Unworthy of the task they should essay. Talk statesmanship to them, you cast your pearls Away; but rave and slaver out abuse And they will crunch the hardest epithets, With joy the garbage bolt, and gulp the swill Of reeking rhetoric."*

Is not this a sliver right out of the Irish steak? So satirically-masterful might have been the Boanerges of the Irish bar. How charmingly must the periods of his late oration have fallen upon his listener's ears, at the opening of Bishops' college,-every one of which was as pregnant with truth, as noble in expressions. Truly it should remain a classic in our literature. Indeed the principal fault which, as a poem, I have to allege against his "Eos," is that it is, in too large a part, an extension of his oratory, cut into lines,-with all the dash and vehemence, the warmth and expansiveness of the oration; but from want of poetic strength and density-to use a word that seems to bear my meaning-falling short of good verse. Then there are marks of haste and oversight, resulting in such faulty details as this, for in-

I heard The rush of wheels so quick each looked afire Of dazzling brightness; held by power divine I held my place.

A severe taste would certainly vary the term "held," already employed, with "kept" or some equivalent. Such are trifles, you say? That may be; but it has been well observed that trifles make perfection, and perfection (in art) is no trifle. But, with these abatements, which are matters capable of remedy, through care and time taken, it may be said that the poem is noble in conception, and that it has been wrought out strikingly; and that it has episodes that are peculiar in beauty and splendor. Take, for instance, the description of the prairie, which is as true in its delineation as anything ever written, while its warmth and freshness put it in apt contrast to the colder art of Bryant, in dealing with a kindred

The broad brown pairie hollowed out beneath. . . . Its beauty must be seen from earth, Its dazzling, glowing skies all clear of cloud And fervent as the sun-god's strongest beams, Or strewn with soft white pillows tier on tier; Like swans at rest upon a sea of blue, They rise from rim to top o' the sky's 'great womb, Fruitful of beauty, gendering all the wealth Of yellow grain and roots, and all green things; The flowers that shine as if sun-rays took foot, And shredded stars in balmy, dewy nights Were broadcast sown to be the stars of earth: Blue bells, the sunflower small and great, the rose, The crocus and anemone, the wild Convolvulus, and thousands more I love, And daily scent, and see, but cannot name.

. Or in the clear bright days of autumn's glow, The gracious bracing time, spirit and balm In every breath and breeze, and even the blast Has some soft touch of sweetness, and every pulse Glows with a thrill of rapture, and to live Is joy; its superb sunset pageantries, When large and yellow suns go down aflame 'Mid tapestries immense of purple clouds, And continents of vapor, their vast hearts On fire; the russet purple and silver rise Of suns which glow all gold within an hour, Wide-gleaming, splendid, indiscribable, In springtime, or in harvest when the seas Of golden grain shine like the golden fleece; Or in mid winter, all the sky clear, glad, The purple-hollowed crust of wide white plain, O'er which and thwart the trail of dazzling light, The powder'd snow, in forms fantastic, skips. To music of the northern blast, and skims Away, and never turns in that wild waltz, Not for a thousand miles; the sluggard then, With feet on stove and pipe in mouth, his blood Bakes, while the man whose blood is pure and rich, Flesh and muscle and nerve and heart in tune With the clear spirit that bears up his life, Revels in stimulating airs, and drinks The cold pure ether, stirring high the heart

Of a like kind is the "The Canadian Year," to be found in "Songs of the Great Dominion;" while the lyric in "Eos" commencing-

"With spread wings for ever

Time's eagle careers." would be well worthy of quotation, were there now space and time. Mr. Davin does not lack the salt of wit, wherewith to make some of his thoughts picquant, as the reader well knows who has followed him far in verse or prose.

PASTOR FELIX.

Eos: An Epic of the Dawn, and other Poems, by Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P., Regina, N. W. T.

SCHEHERAZADE.

[The following delicate oriental picture, by the author of "The Water Lily," will be appreciated by

The drowsy day began to dawn; The western sky look'd gray and cold; The western sky was barred with gold O'er tufted grove and river-lawn. On tower, and dome, and minaret, A thousand fiery sparks outshone-Intensest lamps of morning, set Around the footstool of her throne.

The oriel casement, which in gloom Stood open all the tranced night-That fountain-plash, and zephyr light, And flowery sweets, might fill the room-Begins to glimmer through the dusk; And trembling falls the first faint ray Upon a flower more sweet than musk, And whiter than the lily's spray.

He leans his cheek upon his hand-The swarthy, bearded Eastern King: His very soul is listening-He knows it not-at her command : An Eastern Woman, dusky-eyed-O liquid light of lovely eyes! Heart-sunshine of her summer pride, Her houri-bloom of Paradise!

The small, soft palm moves to and fro, In quick, deft time unto the tale : The air on her ripe lips doth fail, Meeting their balmy breath at flow. Meanwhile, the dawn blooms rosy-red, And flushes over cheeks and brows: Last night, a maiden pressed this bed: A colder couch awaits the spouse!

The heart that sings beneath her side, He sees its every tender throe; Until her rosy blood at flow Seems pleading with his vengeful pride. He hears her accents, sweet and low, Yet clear as any silver bell; And his heart quickens from the slow Stern beat which was her funeral knell.

His eyes gaze into her deep eyes, And strangely gleam in half-eclipse; The beard doth tremble round his lips; His sighs make answer to her sighs. Grimly he looks, yet gently too: The frozen wonder in his glance Is melting to a tender dew Before her sunny countenance.

There is no shade upon her face; All quiet comes her breath of balm; Naught quivers on his hand her palm; How strangely thrills its light embrace: There is no tremor in her voice: The nightingales all night that sung, The larks that in you heaven rejoice, Know not such music as her tongue.

And when the sun, all rosy red, Upfloated on the tide of day, The bearded monarch rose to pray, And turned from his bridal-bed. But naught of blood that day was shed Nor aught was shed from day to day, Until the evil angel fled, And Love rose like life's morning-ray.

So was it then: so is it still:-The savage heart, the evil hour; The whisper of the tempting power; The ruthless rage, the imperious will: The better angel by our side; The sweet voice pleading, soft and low; The gentler self, to save and guide :-As in that Eastern longago.

FRANK WATERS. Cornwall, Ont.

SAWYER AS A SONG WRITER.

His Satire on the Girl With the Fad, as Understood in Boston.

At the minstrel show of the Boston Press club, in Music Hall, last Tuesday night, one of the songs was "The Girl with the Fad," the words of which were by Walter L. Sawyer, formerly of Progress, but now of the Boston Times. Here it is:

I loved her from the first. I worshipped the ground she trod, And my heart swelled up and my pocketbook burst When I found that girl was a fraud! She was built in the Langtry style,

She was graceful, gay and glad, And a crocodile Would have swum a mile Just to see her smile Every little while-But she followed the banjo fad!

Plink, plank! Plink, plank! That was Annie Laurie! Tink, tunk! Tink, tunk! That's a serenade! Maiden's Prayer and Yankee Doodle, Peek-a Boo and Casey's Boodle-

Down went McGinty when the banjo played!

My love was taking wing, I swore 'twould never do For the banjo and I to be kept on a string Not strong enough for two!-Then some spectacles she bought And she dropped her usual ways-Took to Polyglot, Jabbered Hottentot,

Let her grammar rot, Sent her brains to pot,-She was caught by the Browning craze! Tell me, sister, have you read Sordello? Understand it? -Ah, but there's the rub!

When they come to quiz the classes, trust me even Pippa Passes-Down went my sweetheart to the Browning club!

In spite of all we wed: I looked for a happy life, But my hopes and my health and my hair all fled On the day when I took a wife! For she said she'd not consent

Any bossing to endure From a colored gent Far from eminent, Who had not a cent,-It was me she meant,-So she called in the movement cure! Right, left! Left, right! That's to prove your

muscle! Up, down! Cross, turn! That's to test your wind! Place your arms in this position, and your face on exhibition!

[Rest of the line in dumb show to usual accompani-

Before being placed before the public,
DYSPEPTICURE was thoroughly tested for a

APRIL 23.—Messrs. Geo. McLeod and Peter
McCann, of St. John, were in town last week.
Mrs. Peter Loggie returned from her visit to number of years, and the results of its use have been so gratifying that it is recommended without hesitation as the Specific FOR DYSPEPSIA. A few doses (part of a small bottle) will generally cure mild attacks of indigestion; one small bottle has often cured quite serious cases of dyspepsia of one or two years standing; but the chronic dyspeptic must remember that Dyspepicure acts with mildness and consistency (but always in the right direction) and be persistent enough to take one large bottle; about four weeks' medicine, if taken once a day, even if great relief comes before the bottle is half finished.—Short's Pamphlet on Dyspepticure.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.]

APRIL 23 .- Dr. G. F. Johnson has been visiting Boston for a few days.

Mis. O. Jones, of Moncton, has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Trites, of

few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Trites, of this village.

The remains of the late Mr. W. S. Teakles, of Anagance, were brought from Ottawa on Friday, accompanied by his widow and son, Mr. B. C. Teakles, and taken to the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Burnett, of this place. The interment was in the cemetery Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Clarke Teakles, who has been seriously Ill at his residence, Dutch Valley, is gradually recovering. Rev. H. S. Wainwright, rector of Kingston, and conductor of the Choral Union, is expected in Sussex today to hold rehearsal for the Union Choral service, which will take place in Trinity church of this piace on June 18th.

which will take place in Trinity church of this place on June 18th.

Hon. A. S. White, speaker of the House of Assembly, made Sussex a short visit last week.

Miss Macleod's pupils gave a musical rehearsal at her residence, Saturday afternoon. Miss Macleod deserves great credit for the excellent manner in which the young folks under her care advance.

Miss Lucy C. Murray, of Johnston, but at present of Dalhousie college, has been elected on the editorial staff of the Gazette. This is her first year at Dalhousie.

Mr. J. W. Manchester, of Truro, N. S., is visiting his friends at Apohaqui. Rev. Mr. McDonald, of Hampton, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church on Sunday last. Invitations are out for a basket social in Odd Fel-

lows Hall tomorrow evening.

Mrs. Perley and Miss Clark, of St. John, are in Sassex visiting at Mr. H. N. Arnold's.

Mrs. J. Weldon, of Shediac, is in this village to spend a few days.

Mr. Rutherford Murray spent Sunday in Sussex,

Mr. Rutherford Murray spent Sunday in Sussex, the guest of Miss Murray.

Rev. Mr. Stewart spent Sunday at Hampton.

Mr. A. Dixon and Mr. John D. Wood, of Hampton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hallett, while here last week attending the Baptist convention.

tion.

Rev. Sidney Welton, formerly pastor of the Baptist church here, spent a few days in Sussex and was warmly greeted by his many friends.

A telegram was received in Sussex, announcing the death of Mrs. Harrison, wife of Mr. John Harrison, of Los Angeles. Mr. Harrison is a native of this place and nephew of Mr. William A. Stockton. Mrs. Harrison was a Miss Dixon, of Truro, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison frequently visited New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Mr. John Sinclair, of St. John, spent Sunday in Sussex.

Sussex.

Mr. William Kay will move his family to Moncton,
where he is doing business.

PATRICE. where he is doing business.

HOULTON, ME.,

APRIL 21.—According to ye ancient New England custom, Fast Day was observed as a holiday. Public offices and some stores were closed, and services held in the Church of the Good Shepherd, (Episcopal). An impressive address was given by the rector, Rev. D. V. Gwilym.

rector, Rev. D. V. Gwilym.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Congregational church gave a pleasing entertainment in the Opera House, at which part of Tennyson's poem, "Elaine," was read by Mrs. C. E. Williams, and illustrated by tableaux. Two solos by Miss Madigan and quartettes by Messrs. Fox, Betts, Ross and Nelson contributed largely to the enjoyment of the audience and the excellence of the entertainment. and the excellence of the entertainment.

Mrs. A. H. Fogg gave a quiet but delightful little tea to a few lady friends—Mrs. Clarence Pierce, Miss Madigan, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. F. A. Powers, Mrs. Harmon, Mrs. Hilyard, Miss Wetmore.

Prof. Minet, French teacher, still continues his

classes here, and has won many friends for the Berlitz method, as well as for himself. The pupils of Ricker Classical Institute, of this town, presented a most amusing little drama at Music Hall, called The Deestrict Skule, a school of half a century ago. The object was to purchase a flag for their handsome and imposing school buildings. They have also launched a school paper,

Mr. Harry N. Paine, of Boston, spent a few days in town this week. A sale of fancy goods and refreshments held by the ladies of the Episcopal church netted a good sum. Mrs. L. O. Ludwig and the Institute quar-tette very kindly contributed to the evening's entertainment some charming songs, which with some good selections by the Houlton brass band, who generously volunteered their services, made up an

called the Acquilo (north east wind), which is a very

enjoyable programme.
The weekly meetings of the Shakespeare club still continue, as the members are very loth to break up so pleasant an association, though it was only intended for winter evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Frisbie and Mrs. Walter
Mansur have lately returned from a visit to Boston.

Visits to the maple sugar camps in the vicinity of
Houlton are in order just now. Several parties
have driven out to enjoy the candy cooled on the

A pleasant little surprise party was tendered Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Madigan upon the occasion of Mrs. Madigan's birthday. Whist, music, and refreshments

beguiled the time very pleasantly.

Mrs. Harmon, who has been passing the winter months with friends in Buffalo and Philadelphia has lately returned from New York, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Cleveland, a delightful visit being terminated by a severe attack of grippe, from which she is still suffering. Her many friends will be glad to hear of her speedy recovery. BORDERER. to hear of her speedy recovery.

DIGBY, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Digby at Mrs. Morse's.] APRIL 22.—Miss L. Miekel, Miss Mumford, Mr. B. Lynch and Mr. H. Biden, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Churchill, drove to Weymouth on Thursday last to attend a calico ball given by the snow shoe club of that place. If rumor is correct the Digby ladies were dressed with admirable taste and had a most enjoyable time.

Miss Nellie Jones, of Weymouth, is making a visit at Dr. E. Jones's.

The many friends of Mrs. George Lynch were very glad to welcome her back from her trip to New

Mr. J. Merkel left for Boston, via Yarmouth, on Saturday. I believe the youth and beauty are anxiously looking forward to a ball to be held in the new Myrtle House on the 29th, of which I hope to say more in

the future. It is reported that Mrs. DeBaliuhard intends moving into the old Myrtle House, on Water street. I think this will be a good move, as such a capital hostess should have plenty of room.

Miss Lizzie Dakin, of Boston, is visiting her

sister, Mrs. T. C. Shreve. Now that house cleaning season has begun, let us hope that the matrons will not forget that the young people like nothing better than a hop on the bare

waxed floors.

Mr. Geo. Corbitt entertained a party of gentlemen friends by a trip to Annapolis on Monday; it proved

a highly enjoyable affair.

Judge Cowling and son spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Morrison and daughter are at Mrs. DeBalin. Invitations are out for a ball on Thursday next,

of which I hope to give a full description.

Leslie, eldest daughter of Mr. R. W. Ambrose, Mayflowers appear to be very plentiful this year, and are being "hunted in couples" with great persistency. If the flowers last long enough, and the spring has the usual effect on the male mind, I expect to have several new engagements to announce. pect to have several new engagements to announce.

Miss Nellie Jones, of Weymouth, spent Sunday with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. James Wade.
Mr. George Turnbull, who has been going through a course of medical instruction at Halifax, came home on Monday last to see his friends, before taking charge of his school at Pictou.
Mr. H. Munroe, of Annapolis county, spent a few days with his brother recently.
Miss Mary Smith, of the Digby House, has returned from a visit to St. John.
Mr. George Bingay of Yarmouth, spent Sunday

Mr. George Bingay, of Yarmouth, spent Sunday Mr. George F. Stone has returned from a trip to

Mr. John Ambrose is recovering.

RICHIBUCTO.

Chatham a few days ago. Warden Forster, of Dorchester, was in town on Thursday last.
Mrs. W. A. MacLaren returned from Moncton

Mr. Wilmot Brown, of St. Stephen, has been in town for the past week.

Mr. Allan Haines spent a few days in Moncton, Mr. Henry O'Leary and Mrs. O'Leary, who have been St. John for the past two weeks, returned home

on Saturday last. Mr. Thomas Foster, of St. John, was in town a few days ago.
Mr. Duncan Stewart, of Montreal, spent Sunday

Mr. John Stevenson left for St. John last week.
REGINA. Painting and Glazing in all their branches are done in First-class style, by Wilkins &

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NEW ROMAN ART CARPETS, ALL-WOOL INGRAIN ART CARPETS, UNION and FELT ART CARPETS, in all sizes, from 2 x 21/2 yards to 4 x 5 yards. RUGS and MATS of every description. OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS, in all qualities and widths, or cut to plan any size without seam. COCOA and TWINE MATS and MATTINGS, STRAW MATTINGS, LACE CURTAINS, PORTIERES, CORNICE POLES, CURTAIN CHAINS.

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FANCY TABLES, CHIFFONIERS, EASY CHAIRS, RATTAN CHAIRS, CENTRE TABLES; MANTEL MIRRORS, LOUNGES, BED LOUNGES, BABY CARRIAGES, CRIBS, CRADLES, HALL STANDS, FOLDING BEDS, FANCY ROCKERS, KITCHEN FURNITURE, ETC., ETC.

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STEAMER "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN,
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Gagetown and Jemseg, calling at intermediate points
(ice permitting), on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY
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is a symptom of many diseases, including Inflama-tion of the Lungs and Phthisis. Often a cough is neglected, the patient believing it to only a trifling affair, but when it once takes hold of the Lungs, OFTEN

you hear the patient say, "Oh, it's only a cough,

can't be cured, and thus he brings his career to an early close,—all caused by simple neglect or refusal to take the proper remedies, and thus many a life

ENDS

that might have been prolonged but for carelessness. Don't neglect a cough; time and money can be saved by attending to it at once. Physicians now agree that Cod Liver Oil is the best remedy to use in all pulmonary diseases, and

In Consumption

it is prescribed extensively; but they often find that the patient cannot take it, as the stomach refuses to retain it. Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream can be re-tained by the most delicate stomach,—it is pleasant as milk. Try it. All druggists sell it.

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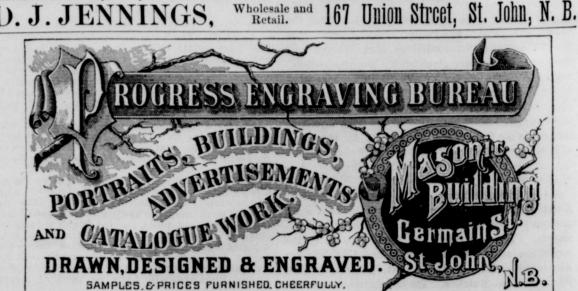
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To the farmer obtaining the best results from an acre by the use of our Potato-Phosphate.....\$100 in Gold. the farmer obtaining the largest crop of Buckwheat from an acre by the use of Imperial Superphosphate.....\$25 in Gold.

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