POETRY.

A CRADLE SONG.

Oh, rare the honey-dew that drips,
By love distilled from baby's lips;
And sweet the breath that from them flows
Laden with odors of the rose.
Sleep, darling, snugly folded up,
A rosebud in its mossy cup —
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Away from earth her spirit seems
To wander in the land of dreams;
But what within that realm she sees
Is part of nature's mysteries;
The secrets of her deep repose
The baby never may disclose —
Sleep, baby, sleep!

The hush of evening, deep and calm,
Descends to earth with tender balm;
The blossoms fair their petals close,
And nod and sink to soft repose;
Sleep, darling, till the dawn, and then
Bring glory to the world again —
Sleep, baby, sleep!

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

Elizabeth was engaged with her needle also, and she bent her head to one side, affecting to arrange her muslin; but her hand shook, her color heightened, and her eyes lost their moisture in an expression of ungovernable interest, as she said:

"How much do we know of you, Mr. Edwards?"

"How much!" echoed the youth, gazing from the speaker to the mild countenance of Louisa, that was also illuminated with curiosity; "How much! Have I been so long an inmate with you and not known?"

The head of Elizabeth turned slowly from its affected position, and the look of confusion that had blended so strongly with an expression of interest changed to a smile.

"We know you, sir, indeed; you are called Mr. Oliver Edwards. I understand that you have informed my friend Miss Grant that you are a native——"

"Elizabeth!" exclaimed Louisa, blush-to the eyes, and trembling like an aspen; "you misunderstood me, dear Miss Temple; I — I — it was only a conjecture. Besides, if Mr. Edwards is related to the natives, why should we reproach him? In what are we better? at least I, who am the child of a poor and unsettled clergyman?"

Elizabeth shook her head doubtingly, and even laughed, but made no reply, until, observing the melancholy which pervaded the countenance of her companion, who was thinking of the poverty and labors of her father, she continued:

"Nay, Louisa, humility carries you too far. The daughter of a minister of the church can have no superiors. Neither I nor Mr. Edwards is quite your equal, unless," she added, again smiling, "he is in secret a king."

"A faithful servant of the King of kings, Miss Temple, is inferior to none on earth," said Louisa; "but his honors are his own; I am only the child of a poor and friendless man, and can claim no other distinction. Why, then, should I feel myself elevated above Mr. Edwards, because — because — perhaps he is only very, very distantly related to John Mohegan?"

Glances of a very comprehensive meaning were exchanged between the heiress and the young man, as Louisa betrayed, while vindicating his lineage, the reluctance with which she admitted his alliance with the old warrior; but not even a smile at the simplicity of their companion was indulged in by either.

"On reflection, I must acknowledge that my situation here is somewhat equivocal," said Edwards, "though I may be said to have purchased it with my blood."

"The blood, too, of one of the native lords of the soil!" cried Elizabeth, who evidently put little faith in his aboriginal descent.

"Do I bear the marks of my lineage so very plainly impressed on my appearance? I am dark, but not very red — not more so than common?"

"Rather more so, just now."

"I am sure, Miss Temple," cried Louisa, "you cannot have taken much notice of Mr. Edwards. His eyes are not so black as Mohegan's, or even your own, nor is his hair!"

"Very possible, then, I can lay claim to the same descent. It would be a great relief to my mind to think so, for I own that I grieve when I see old Mohegan walking about these lands like the ghost of one of their ancient possessors, and feel how small is my own right to possess them."

"Do you?" cried the youth, with a vehemence that startled the ladies.

"I do, indeed," returned Elizabeth, after suffering a moment to pass in surprise; but what can I do — what can my father do? Should we offer the old man a home and a maintenance, his habits would compel him to refuse us. Neither were we so silly as to wish such a thing, could we convert these clearings and farms again into hunting-grounds, as the Leather-Stocking would wish to see them."

"You speak the truth, Miss Temple," said Edwards. "What can you do indeed? But there is one thing that I am certain you can and will do, when you become the mistress of these beautiful valleys — use your wealth with indulgence to the poor, and charity to the needy; indeed, you can do more."

"And that will be doing a good deal," said Louisa, smiling in her turn. "But there will, doubtless, be one to take the direction of such things from her hands."

"I am not about to disclaim matrimony, like a silly girl, who dreams of nothing else from morn till night; but I am a nun here, without the vow of celibacy. Where shall I find a husband in these forests?"

"There is none, Miss Temple," said Edwards, quickly; "there is none who has a right to aspire to you, and I know that you will wait to be sought by your equal; or die, as you live, loved, respected, and admired by all who know you."

The young man seemed to think that he had said all that was required by gallantry, for he arose, and, taking his hat, hurried from the apartment. Perhaps Louisa thought that he had said more than was necessary, for she sighed, with an aspiration so low that it was scarcely audible to herself, and bent her head over her work again. And it is possible that Miss Temple wished to hear more, for her eyes continued fixed for a minute on the door through which the young man had passed, then glanced quickly toward her companion, when the long silence that succeeded manifested how much zest may be given to the conversation of two maidens under eighteen, by the presence of a youth of three-and-twenty.

The first person encountered by Mr. Edwards, as he rather rushed than walked from the house, was the little square-built lawyer, with a lage bundle of papers under his arm, a pair of green spectacles on his nose, with glasses at the sides, as if to multiply his power of detecting frauds by additional organs of vision.

Mr. Van der School was a well-educated man, but of slow comprehension. who had imbibed a wariness in his speeches and actions, from having suffered by his collisions with his more mercurial and apt brethren who had laid the foundations of their practice in the Eastern courts, and who had sucked in shrewdness with their mother's milk. The caution of this gentleman was exhibited in his actions, by the utmost method and punctuality, tinctured with a good deal of timidity; and in his speeches, by a parenthetical style, that frequently left to his auditors a long search after his meaning.

"A good-morning to you, Mr. Van der School," said Edwards; "it seems to be a busy day with us at the mansion-house."

"Good morning, Mr. Edwards (if that is your name (for, being a stranger, we have no other evidence of the fact than your own testimony), as I understand you have given it to Judge Temple), good-morning, sir. It is, apparently a busy day (but a man of your discretion need not be told (having, doubtless, discovered it of your own accord), that appearances are often deceitful) up at the mansion-house."

"Have you papers of consequence that will require copying? can I be of assistance in any way?"

"There are papers (as doubtless you see (for your eyes are young) by the outsides) that require copying."

"Well, then, I will accompany you to your office, and receive such as are most needed, and by night I shall have them done if there be much haste."

"I shall always be glad to see you, sir, at my office (as in duty bound (not that it is obligatory to receive any man within your dwelling (unless so inclined), which is a castle), according to the forms of politness), or at any other place; but the papers are most strictly confidential (and, as such, cannot be read by any one), unless so directed (by Judge Temple's solemn injunctions), and are invisible to all eyes; excepting those whose duties (I mean assumed duties) require it of them."

"Well, sir, as I perceive that I can be of no service, I wish you another good-morning; but beg you will remember that I am quite idle just now, and I wish you would intimate as much to Judge Temple, and make him a tender of my services in any part of the world, unless — unless — it be far from Templeton."

"I will make the communication, sir, in your name (with your own qualifications), as your agent. Good-morning, sir. But stay proceedings, Mr. Edwards (so called), for a moment. Do you wish me to state the offer of travelling as a final contract (for which consideration has been received at former dates (by sums advanced), which would be binding), or as a tender of services.for which compensation is to be paid (according to future agreement between the parties), on performance of the conditions?"

"Any way, any way," said Edwards, "he seems in distress, and I would assist him,"

"The motive is good, sir (according to appearances (which are often deceitful) on first impressions), and does you honor. I will mention your wish, young gentleman (as you now seem), and will not fail to communicate the answer by five o'clock p. m. of this present day (God willing), if you give me an opportunity so to do."

The ambiguous nature of the situation and character of Mr. Edwards had rendered him an object of peculiar suspicion to the lawyer, and the youth was consequently too much accustomed to similar equivocal and guarded speeches to feel any unusual disgust at the present dialogue. He saw at once that it was the intention of the practitioner to conceal the nature of his business, even from the private secretary of Judge Temple; and he knew too well the difficulty of comprehending the meaning of Mr. Van der School, when the gentleman most wished to be luminous in his discourse, not to abandon all thoughts of a discovery, when he perceived that the attorney was endeavoring to avoid anything like an approach to a cross-examination. They parted at the gate, the lawyer walking, with an important and hurried air toward his office, keeping his right hand firmly clinched on the bundle of papers.

It must have been obvious to all our readers, that the youth entertained an unusual and deeply seated prejudice against the character of the Judge; but owing to some counteracting cause, his sensations were now those of powerful interest in the state of his patron's present feelings, and in the cause of his secret uneasiness.

He remained gazing after the lawyer until the door closed on both the bearer and the mysterious packet, when he returned slowly to the dwelling, and endeavored to forget his curiosity in the usual avocations of his office.

When the Judge made his reappearance in the circles of his family, his cheerfulness was tempered by a shade of melancholy that lingered for many days around his manly brow; but the magical progression of the season aroused him from his temporary apathy, and his smiles returned with the summer.

The heats of the days, and the frequent occurrence of balmy showers, had completed, in an incredibly short period, the growth of the plants, which the lingering spring had so long retarded in the germ; and the woods presented every shade of green that the American forests know. The stumps in the cleared fields were already hidden beneath the wheat that was waving with every breath of the summer air, shining and changing its hues like velvet.

During the continuance of his cousin's dejection, Mr. Jones forebore, with much consideration, to press on his attention a business that each hour was drawing nearer to the heart of the sheriff, and which, if any opinion could be formed by his frequent private conferences with the man who was introduced in these pages by the name of Jotham, at the bar-room of the Bold Dragoon, was becoming also of great importance.

At length the sheriff ventured to allude again to the subject; and one evening, in the beginning of July, Marmaduke made him a promise of devoting the following day to the desired excursion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Speak on, my dearest father!
Thy words are like the breezes of the west."
— MILMAN.

It was a mild and soft morning, when Marmaduke and Richard mounted their horses and proceeded on the expedition that had so long been uppermost in the thoughts of the latter; and Elizabeth and Louisa appeared at the same instant in the hall, attired for an excursion on foot.

The head of Miss Grant was covered by a neat little hat of green silk, and her modest eyes peered from under its shade, with the soft languor that characterized her whole appearance; but Miss Temple trod her father's wide apartments with the step of their mistress, holding in her hands, dangling by one of its ribbons, the gipsy that was to conceal the glossy locks that curled around her polished forehead in rich profusion.

"What? are you for a walk, Bess?" cried the Judge, suspending his movements for a moment to smile, with a father's fondness, at the display of womanly grace and beauty that his child presented. "Remember the heats of July, my daughter; nor venture further than thou canst retrace before the meridian. Where is thy parasol, girl? thou wilt lose the polish of that brow, under this sun and southern breeze, unless thou guard it with unusual care."

"I shall then do more honor to my connection," returned the smiling daughter. "Cousin Richard has a bloom that any lady might envy. At present the resemblance between us is so trifling that no stranger would know us to be 'sisters' children.'"

"Grandchildren, you mean, Cousin Bess," said the sheriff. "But on, Judge Temple; time and tide wait for no man; and if you take my counsel, sir, in twelve months from this day you may make an umbrella for your daughter of her camel's hair shawl, and have its frame of solid silver. I ask nothing for myself, 'duke; you have been a good friend to me already; besides, all that I have will go to Bess there, one of these melancholy days, so it's as long as it's short, whether I or you leave it. But we have a day's ride before us, sir; so move forward, or dismount, and say you won't go at once."

"Patience, patience, Dickon," returned the Judge, checking his horse and turning again to his daughter. "If thou art for the mountains, love, stray not too deep into the forest, I entreat thee; for, though it is done often with impunity, there is sometimes danger."

"Not at this season, I believe, sir," said Elizabeth; "for, I will confess, it is the intention of Louisa and myself to stroll among the hills."

"Less at this season than in winter, dear; but still there may be danger in venturing too far. But though thou art resolute, Elizabeth, thou art too much like thy mother not to be prudent.

The eyes of the parent turned reluctantly from his child, and the Judge and sheriff rode slowly through the gateway, and disappeared among the buildings of the village.

During this short dialogue, young Edwards stood, an attentive listener, holding in his hand a fishing-rod, the day and the season having tempted him also to desert the house for the pleasure of exercise in the air. As the equestrians turned through the gate, he approached the young females, who were already moving toward the street, and was about to address them, as Louisa paused, and said, quickly:

"Mr. Edwards would speak to us, Elizabeth."

The other stopped also, and turned to the youth, politely but with a slight coldness in her air, that sensibly checked the freedom with which he had approached them.

"Your father is not pleased that you should walk unattended in the hills, Miss Temple. If I might offer myself as a protector ——"

"Does my father select Mr. Oliver Edwards as the organ of his displeasure?" interrupted the lady.

"Good Heaven! you misunderstood my meaning; I should have said uneasy for not pleased. I am his servant, madam, and in consequence yours. I repeat that, with your consent, I will change my rod for a fowling-piece, and keep nigh you on the mountain."

"I thank you, Mr. Edwarda; but where there is no danger, no protection is required. We are not yet reduced to wandering among these free hills accompanied by a body-guard. If such a one is necessary there he is, however.—Here, Brave — Brave — my noble Brave!"

The huge mastiff, appeared, from his kennel,gaping and stretching himself with pampered laziness; but as his mistress again called: "Come, dear Brave; once you have served your master well; let us see how you can do your duty by his daughter" — the dog wagged his tail, as if he understood her language, walked with a stately gait to her side, where he seated himself, and looked up at her face, with an intelligence but little inferior to that which beamed in her own lovely countenance.

She resumed her walk, but again paused, after a few steps, and added, in tones of conciliation:

"You can be serving us equally, and I presume, more agreeably to yourself, Mr. Edwards, by bringing us a string of your favorite perch for the dinner-table."

When they again began to walk Miss Temple did not look back to see how the youth bore this repulse; but the head of Lousisa was turned several times before they reached the gate on that considerate errand.

"I am afraid, Elizabeth," she said, "that we have mortified Oliver. He is still standing where we left him, leaning on his rod. Perhaps he thinks us proud."

"He thinks justly," exclaimed Miss Temple, as if awaking from a deep musing; "he thinks justly, then. We are too proud to admit of such particular attentions from a young man in an equivocal situation. What! make him the companion of our most private walks! It is pride, Louisa, but it is the pride of a woman."

It was several minutes before Oliver arouse himself from the abstracted position in which he was standing when Louisa last saw him; but when he did, he muttered something rapidly and incoherently, and, throwing his rod over his shoulder, he strode down the walk through the gate, and along one of the streets of the village, until he reached the lake-shore with the air of an emperor. At this spot boats were kept for the use of Judge Temple and his family. The young man threw himself into a light skiff, and, seizing the oars, he sent it across the lake toward the hut of Leather-Stocking, with a pair of vigorous arms. By the time he had rowed a quarter of a mile, his reflections were less bitter; and when he saw the bushes that lined the shore in front of Natty's habftation gliding by him, as if they possessed the motion which proceeded from his own efforts, he was quite cooled in mind, though somewhat heated in body. It is quite possible that the very same reason which guided the conduct of Miss Temple, suggested itself to a man of the breeding and education of the youth; and it is very certain that, if such were the case, Elizabeth rose instead of falling in the estimation of Mr. Edwards.

The oars were now raised from the water, and the boat shot close in to the land, where it lay gently agitated by waves of its own creating, while the young man, first casting a cautious and searching glance around him in every direction, put a small whistle to his mouth, and blew a long, shrill note that rang among the echoing rocks behind the hut. At this alarm, the hounds of Natty rushed out of their bark kennel, and commenced their long piteous howls, leaping about as if half frantic, through restrained by the leashes of buckskin by which they were fastened.

"Quiet, Hector, quiet," said Oliver, again applying his whistle to his mouth, and drawing out notes still more shrill than before. No reply was made, the dogs having returned to their kennel at the sound of his voice.

Edward pulled the bow of the boat on the shore, and landing, ascended the beach and approached the door of the cabin. The fastenings were soon undone, and he entered, closed the door after him, when, all was as silent, in that retired spot, as if the foot of man had never trod the wilderness.- The sounds of the hammers, that were in incessant motion in the village, were faintly heard across the water; but the dogs had crouched into their lairs, satisfied that none but the privileged had approached the forbidden ground.

A quarter of an hour elapsed before the youth reappeared, when he fastened the door again, and spoke kindly to the hounds. The dogs came out at the well known tones, and the slut jumped upon his person, whining and barking, as if entreating Oliver to release her from prison. But old Hector raised his nose to the light current of air, and opened a long howl, that might have been heard for a mile.

"Ha! what do you scent, old veteran of the woods?" cried Edwards. "If a beast, it is a bold one; and if a man, an impudent one."

He sprang through the top of a pine that had fallen near the side of the hut, and ascended a small hillock that sheltered the cabin to the south, where he caught a glimpse of the formal figure of Hiram Doolittle, as it vanished, with unusual rapidity for the architect, amid the bushes.

"What can that fellow be wanting here?" muttered Oliver. "He has no business in this quarter, unless it be curiosity, which is an endemic in these woods. But against that I will effectually guard, though the dogs should take a liking to his ugly visage, and let him pass." The youth returned to the door, while giving vent to this soliliqui, and completed the fastenings by placing a small chain through a staple, and securing it there by a padlock. "He is a pettifogger, and surely must know that there is such a thing as feloniously breaking into a man's house."

Apparently well satisfied with this arrangement, the youth again spoke to the hounds; and, descending to the shore, he launched his boat, and taking up his oars, pulled off into the lake.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANOTHER JUST LIKE HIM.

"Memory is a very treacherous thing," observed a man in a Grand River avenue hotel as a number of guests were sitting about. "Would you believe I couldn't tell who was president when I was asked the other day?"

"You are an exception," replied one of the men.

"I may be, but I doubt it. I'll bet a dollar, I can find a man in this very block whose memory is just as poor."

"A man who can't remember who is president?"

"Yes, sir."

"Name him."

"The grocer above us. Its an even dollar that you may ask him the question and he can't answer it."

The money was put up and the crowd went over. The doubting Thomas was told to act as spokesman, and he said:

"Mr. Blank, what is the president's front name?"

"President? Front name? Why I don't remember to have ever heard it in my life!"

"Who is President?"

"Who? Well, I declare! That's very, very funny. Let's see? Let's see!... I give it up."

"You can't tell his name?"

"No. You see, I'm so very, very busy, and its such a trifling thing, and——"

But the stakes were given up in disgust and the crowd retired — all but the two men with treacherous memories.

"Half to you," said the first as he handed over a dollar.

"O K. That's the profit on two crates of berries. What's the next bet?"

"That you can't remember who discovered America."

"All right — bring 'em in. I won't be able to remember that America was ever discovered."

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN DANGER.

The Chicago Mail, whose principal editor is a South Park Commissioner and intimately acquainted with World's Fair matters, in an article says: "The financial affairs of the World's Columbian Exposition company have assumed an exciting phase duringthe last two weeks. For this reason it is said by persons who knew, more than for any others, have the many recent changes been made in the plans of the directors in regard to a site. To this cause also is largely due the uncertainty that prevails at present. The clouds are daily becoming more ominous,and to such a pass have World's Fair matters come that a few men of good judgment are speculating on the total collapse of the exposition scheme.

"The fact is," said a man well informed in World's Fair matters, "that the popular subscription is not the glorious success predicted. There was subscribed about $5000,000 by upward of 28,000 persons. The subscriptions were made by the residents of Chicago when worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Now the people have cooled off and it is difficult to collect. All the causes of dissatisfaction taken together have caused at least 50 per cent. of the shareholders to neglect to pay their asessments. Now what effect will all the juggling with sites and the knowledge of the true condition of the finances have on the people when they come to vote on the constitutional amenement, which enables Chicago to raise the additional $5,000,000. It is easy to forecast it. The people will be disgusted by November next,and already many of the directors are beginning to tremble lest the proposed amendment should not receive the required number of votes."

A CHINESE TELEPHONE.

A despatch from San Francisco to the New York Sun says: The Bell telephone company is likely to have a persistent rival in a party of Chinese in this city whose ingenuity has enabled them to perfect an instrument which works remarkably well, and, it is asserted, is not an infringement on the Bell patents. The new instrument was brought to light through an investigation of the telephone company, which became suspicious of the increasing number of orders for the removal of instruments from Chinese shops.

For many months Wong Ching Wah, otherwise known as W. C. Yong, a highly educated and intelligent Chinese, has been engaged in electrical experiments with a view of perfecting his smattering knowledge of the science obtained in an eastern collede. Wah is employed as a teacher in a Protestiant Episcopal mission at 915 Clay street, and has been able to prosecute his experiments only at odd hours when his services were not required at school. About a year ago he conceived the idea of attempting the construction of a telephone. From the electrical supply house on Mission street he purchased the necessary parts of instruments, and a wood engraver on Kearney street, under his Chinese customer's instructions, knocked together a box for the reception of the completed telephone. Wah screwed the parts together, and the result was so satisfactory that he straightway constructed a second similar instrument. This he set up in a neighboring meat shop, the first instrument having already been placed in position in Mission. Wah and his meat shop friend strung a wire between the two points, and then each rushed home to his telephone for first test. It worked like a charm, and within the week the proud electrician had received from his friends and acquaintances dozens of orders for similar telephones. He filled orders as rapidly as possible, and as fast as new instruments were completed and put in position those of the Bell company were removed.

THE LAST OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

Who would recognize in the shattered hull which now lies at low tide high and dry on the new ferry shore of the Mersey, London, the "Great Eastern," which in 1858 was the wonder of the world? Where once was her stern, the rudder-post, with the tiller attached to it towers out of the water like a gaunt skelton; and lower down the rudder itself can be seen still intact. For 70 or 80 feet forward the bulwarks and sides have disappeared nearly to the kelsen, and all that connects this part of the vessel with her amidships section is the keel, and, above it the enormous shaft which, with its casing removed, lies exposed to view. Her bows have also disappeared completely. Of course her mast, her funnels, and her paddle wheels have all gone long ago. Viewed closely by means of a boat, a vivid realization of her immense strength can be formed. Everything is massive and solid, and we are informed that the plates forming both her inner and outer skin — for the "Great Eastern" was built with a complete outer casing — are as good as when they were originally put in. It is this obvious strength and throughness of workmanship and material that makes her demolition all the more pitiful.

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A TALE OF WOE.

Mrs. Mulcahy — "Bridget O'Donahue, it's me sympathy ye have in your sorrow."

"Bridget — "Yis, the owl man has gone; but troubles never come alone, Oi don't know."

Mrs. Mulcahy — "Bedad, and what's happened now?"

Bridget — "Faith, and me poor billy goat swallowed a bit of ice, and the ice-man shot him dead to recover his property."

CHANGE OF LANDSCAPE.

Eastern boy (en route to San Francisco) — "Are you out of Chicago yet?"

Conductor (glancing out of the window) — "No; there's a hunter off there shooting prairie chickens. We are still in Chicago."

Eastern boy — "When will we get out side of that city?"

Conductor — "It won't be long now. You'll know it by the grizzly bears."

Will Mrs. Stanley read simultaneously four copies of Ruskin by the light of seventeen silver candlesticks,and will Mr. Stanley help himself to a cigar from twenty three cigar cases or put sugar in his coffee with twenty seven pairs of sugar tongs? If you can neither sell,pawn nor give away wedding presents what can you do with, say, seventeen pairs of sugar tongs.

Upon one occasion Mr. Spurgeon told students the following story: When I was in Arran I heard of a minister who preached in a certain church, and at the close of the service was strongly urged to promise his presence for a future supply of the pulpit — the collection after his sermon having been unusually large.

"Dear me," said the minister, with becoming pride, "what might your ordinary collection amount to."

"Last Sunday it was twopence halfpenny,"

"What is it to-day. then" asked the minister, expecting to hear a large sum.

"Eighpence halfpenny," was the reply.

"Woe is me," moaned the preacher within himself, "for I gave the saxpence myself."

"What a stout, heavy race the Germans are." "Yes, they are all Twotons, you know."

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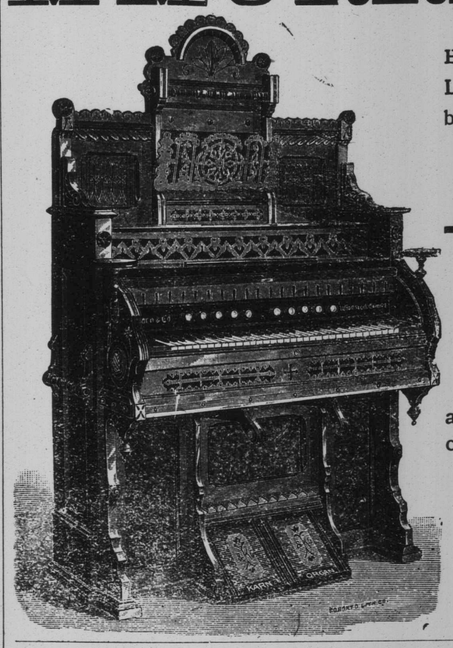

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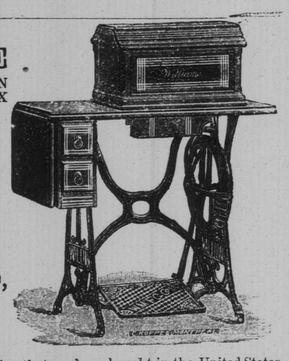

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ROOM PAPER— We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States, before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, Blacks, Gilts, Granites, Engrain and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at prices never known in this City.
BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS; GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS.
Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.
McMURRAY & CO.

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STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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HALL'S BOOK STORE.

CAW'S DASHAWAY FOUNTAIN PEN
A Double-Feed Fountain Pen that Never Fails.

Caw's "Dashaway" Pen.

In this age of strife and hurry, when each individual is trying to outstrip his neighbor in the race for wealth, it is important that all who wish to win should be possessed of the most modern appliances to accomplish their purpose. These remarks apply particularly to those engaged in the profession, and in mercantile pursuits whose attention has been attracted to the merits of Caw's DASHAWAY FOUNTAIN PEN.

Any good writing or copying ink may be used, and one filling will write from forty to fifty pages of foolscap. It can be carried in the pocket ready for use in any emergency, and even if not used for months, as soon as touched to paper the ink begins to flow by capillary attraction and the action of the pen in writing.

Records, accounts, and letters written with this pen have a uniform color of ink on every page and line, because the ink is fresh and is laid on more evenly than with a dip pen.

It is the simplest, cleanest, readiest and most easily managed of all the fountain pens.

When the cap is removed it is ready to write, and when the writing is done the cap can be replaced and the pen is ready for the pocket.

The hard rubber is incorrodible, and with a gold pen there is nothing that can be affected by the ink, and unless unnecessarily injured it will LAST A LIFETIME.

A Letter from Benjamin Harrison,

President of the United States.

Yours of the 15th inst. received, also the second "Dashaway" Fountain Pen, which just suits me. The first one I gave to Mrs. Harrison for her use. Thanking you for your attention, I am,
Very truly yours,
BENJ. HARRISON.

Opinions of the Press.

Evening Post.—"Caw's 'Dashaway' surpasses all the rest."

The Herald.—"Certainly nothing can be had for the money that will afford so much profit and satisfaction."

The Tribune.—"The 'Dashaway' can be depended on at all times. It is especially valuable to mercantile men, stenographers and newspaper men, who are of necessity always more or less in a hurry."

The Times.—"The Dashaway' is not a stylograph, but a regular 14-carat gold pen attached to a fountain holder. It can be unused, carried in the pocket for months, and when needed is always ready."

The Mail and Express.—"It can be fitted to any hand, and does for the writer just what the continually threaded needle does for the sewing machine, and what the untiring locomotive does for the traveller."

The World.—"It is an amazingly simple contrivance, and so far as our experience goes, never gets out of order."

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Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,
SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,
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JOBBING a specialty.
Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory

Coal Tar.
FROM NEW YORK.
10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by
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WANTED
RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. CLYNE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

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ALWAYS IN STOCK:
HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS, MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN, COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL, LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER.
Hard and Soft House Coal.
Best Old Mine Sydney and Grand Lake Blacksmith Coal.
SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT, " OATS, " PEAS, " BARLEY, " CORN.
ALSO,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST.
Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall
JAS. TIBBITS.

Fancy Tailoring!
JUST OPENED,
A Choice Line of
SUMMER CLOTHS
In All the Latest Patterns.
NOTE—I do not claim the Largest Stock in the City, but I do claim to
Sell First-class Goods at a Small Profit.
A visit to my Store, when you are in the City, will convince you of this fact.
JOSEPH WALKER,
Practical Tailor,
NEXT DOOR ABOVE W. H. VANWART'S GROCERY STORE,
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THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67
Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
WM. WILSON, Agent.

Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS
THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the Season of 1890, imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction last season.
At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the President in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.
ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF
Beans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions,
and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.
My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.
Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.
Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.
REMEMBER THE OLD STAND.
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G. T. WHELPLEY.
JUST RECEIVED,
500 Bushel TIMOTHY SEED,
1 Ton CLOVER FEED,
SEED OATS, FEEDING OATS.
ALWAYS IN STOCK:
Flour, Cornmeal, Pork, &c.
A FRESH LOT OF
Christie, Brown & Co.'s BISCUIT,
SOCIAL TEA BISCUIT,
SODA BISCUIT in 2 and 3 lb. Boxes,
GRAHAM WAFERS,
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