

The Family.

(For the Provincial Wesleyans.)
A LESSON FROM THE LIFE OF A STRAWBERRY.

My own loved Willie had just been taken away, and I sat lost in reverie by the open window of the room out of which he had so lately passed. A scene, made more awful because following so closely upon the muffled din of funeral pageant, seemed everywhere enthroned. Then my utter desolation and helplessness loomed up before me, and my exhausted nature sank beneath the load, while tears, hot blinding tears, coursed unbidden down my cheek. I was not alone, little Johnny, too young to realize that he would never again here look upon the face of "poor tired papa," sat at my feet. In his lap lay a dish of strawberries, strawberries sent by a loving hand all the way from Westminister, but too late for Willie's parched lips. I bent to stroke the untroubled brow of my darling boy, when a berry, richer, larger and of more striking beauty than the rest caught my attention. I gazed strangely fascinated as it lay there in all its perfected maturity, and, as if in response to my wondering admiration, it seemed to speak and say: "I am only a strawberry, but I have a history—shall I tell it to you?" still intently gazing lost in wonder I bowed assent, and thus it spake: "One bright morning in May I awoke to the consciousness of being I found myself a pearly white bud draped with crimson curtains that shut me from the outer light, as I gently pushed these curtains aside what was my astonishment to find a host of brothers and sisters like myself, all clustering beneath great outspreading leaves, long and green and graceful, all grouped on tiny mounds everywhere about me. I began to wonder what and where I was, and while yet lost in bewilderment, the bright sun above peeping in gently wooed me to look upon him as my loving friend. To feel his glad heart with gladness, and I nestled in peaceful trust as he cast glowing rays about me. Suddenly a murmur of voices and approaching footsteps startled my repose. I heard but understood little of what they were talking about, enough however to inform me that I was a strawberry blossom, and likely to be sold where ripe, with my companions, at ten cents a quart, "so I am here for a purpose," I soliloquized as the footsteps retreated, "surely I can be but little use, I am but a very little flower after all, very little and very pale, and not at all like those pretty flowers that peeped out of that gentleman's button-hole." I had thought before they had come, that I should always bask in the beautiful sunshine that played around me on every side, but now life after all was to be for some other purpose, not a useless inactivity, neither could the object of my life be a merely selfish one, for I was the property of another, and intended to serve his design whatever that may be. The hours they wore on till daylight darkened into eve, and the sun, my only friend, passed away from view. My little heart trembled with the weight of the dew-drops that came and set right upon my folded petals. Unkind of the sun though I, to leave me here to battle with the cold, damp dewdrops. I had loved the sun when it seemed so warm and smiling, but now how cold I felt alone in the dark, and trembling with suspense and cold! But soon I slept, and morning came, came to teach me how much better and stronger I had grown because of the unfriendly dew, that had the hot sun consoled to heat upon me I should have wished with no shivering shade, and no retreating drink.

Day by day I pondered on these lessons, and wondered who sent the loving sun and the refreshing dewdrops. "Did that gardener do it who had come once to dig about our roots, and pluck away the troublesome weeds?" I wanted to ask it if it was him, "If I could only look the sun about it, he would know!" And there I lay wondering how to ask that great sun, who seemed to grow hotter and hotter, till I felt he would surely visit me altogether, or dry up every particle of life. I still grew more intensely hot, but gradually cooled. Suddenly a fearful change came over everything, the great golden sun shrank behind an uprising dark cloud, which in a few minutes passed itself over the face of the sky, stamping an inky blackness everywhere. The wind too, that so long had slumbered, caught itself up and went shrieking past, followed presently by brilliant flashes of piercing light, and the thunder's terrific boom. Each little mound, that but a few moments before basked in peaceful quietude, now shook to its very centre. The surging clouds above swung threateningly in dark masses, then bursting open, poured one ceaseless torrent of rain heavier and faster and still heavier, till each trembling plant lay outstretched on the ground, battered and beaten, and bruised, a shapeless mass of leaves, tendrils and roots. O, the utter ruin and desolation of that hour, not even the dispersing clouds and gloom, nor the return of the sun in seven-fold glory lent hope to our dejection. We counted our ruin as absolute and foregone. But what a transformation when the end came, such was the magical influence of the sun's rays that so wondrously played about me, that from my prostrate condition I arose to flourish as I never before had done. The withered hardened earth grasped and fed our roots with a richer and more life-giving effect, and the purified air instilled into our leaves new refreshment, while cleansed in every part we drank in the brilliant sunshine with exquisite delight.

A few days, and I had changed my gloomy condition for a rich soft coat of crimson that became each day more beautiful, till the birds that before had flattered unbecomingly by, or fluttered about outstretched wing tempted to make me their own. I learnt while there, from the conversation of an old lady passing by with a little child, who too would have stooped to pluck me, that it was the Great Gardener above who sends both sunshine and showers to paint our coats such scarlet hues, and I am here to remind you that the same Heavenly Gardener who cared for and protected me, who am but an insignificant strawberry, does for you infinitely more who are his loved ones.

The tale was told, and my sorrow so laden with the burden of my sorrows, well up with emotion at the thought of my "Heavenly Gardener." "The Lord hath torn and he will heal, He hath smitten and He will bind up." J. R. F.

"HE SAID HE WOULD."
"Please don't close the shutters, mother, the moon is so bright," said little Willie Angus; adding, as he moved uneasily on the sofa, "It's a nice night for him to come."
"Who is coming, dear?" asked his mother.
"Mr. Ellis, to be sure, mother. It's Saturday, and that's the last day of the week."
"But why do you think he would come this week, Willie?"
"He said he would, mother."
This was said as it he would make his mother

as sure as himself; and then half closing his eyes, Willie lay intently listening to the passing footsteps, his cheek flushing as one after another seemed to step at their house. But, unfortunately, a passage leading to other rooms went close by the door of theirs, and one by one the sound of footsteps died away, and none came to their door.

Poor Willie had had long illness, which he had borne very patiently, and he was quite aware that there was no chance of his ever getting better. His greatest pleasure was in being read to; but unhappily his mother had never been well taught, and though everything else she did for him was the best and pleasantest, she was quite aware that he derived little pleasure from her reading, and she was always glad to get some one to read to him.

A young lady, his former Sabbath-school teacher, used to come two or three times a week, but she had now been ill several weeks, and this Mr. Ellis having called accidentally to speak to his mother about some sewing, had been several times with the child and had been in several times to read to him. His voice was a very musical one, and Willie's quick ear was fully alive to the beauty of his reading, though he could not perhaps have told why he enjoyed it more than that of any one else.

This evening, as he lay listening, he held tightly in his hands a little book of poems, with his finger in the place where his favorite piece was—"Charlie and his father."
Eight o'clock struck. Willie turned away his head from the bright moon, and as he shut his eyes his watchful mother saw a tear escape to the pillow. He had given up hope for this night, and more and more than that he felt his little loving heart, he had learned that he must not implicitly in what "he said."
For another week the little invalid watched every evening between seven and eight o'clock for his friend. He said nothing. He could not bear to reproach him, and it would have been far worse to have him reproached by his mother. He kept the book under his pillow instead of in his hand, and each night as eight o'clock struck he gave up the hope.

But this restless expectation was broken for the child. His mother saw that he became feverish towards evening, and did not sleep so well; so having finished part of the work for Mr. Ellis, she determined to take it home herself and see him it she could. He came to speak to her, and enquired kindly after the little boy. She would not lose so good an opportunity, and said he was not so well, and that he had been much disappointed at not having seen Mr. Ellis.
"Your little fellow I will come some day soon."
"Some day soon," repeated Mrs. Angus to herself as she went home. "When will that be, I wonder? Poor little!"
Anxiously were the poor boy's eyes fixed upon her as she came in, for he knew where she had been.

"He asked very kindly after you, dear," said his mother, answering the look.
"Did he say he was coming?"
"Ye, he said he would come some day soon."
Willie's eyes brightened. He had not yet learned how easily promises are made, and how heedlessly they are broken.
A week passed, another was nearly at its close, and the mother saw that her child's life was ebbing away fast. The medical man said that he had not many days to live and must be kept as quiet and happy as he could. She could not quite understand the fascination which Mr. Ellis appeared to have over the boy, but she knew that he was constantly in his thoughts, and she was determined if possible to bring him.

Again she went, and found him as kind in manner as before.
"Worse, is he? Poor little lad! I must come soon."
"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mrs. Angus, "but there is nothing less than your coming that will do him good. He has been looking for you ever since I came here last, when you said you would come soon."
"Did I? I forgot. Poor child! I will go with you."
He put on his hat and accompanied her home. She went in first to tell Willie who was coming. He did not say a word, but stretched forth both his hands, pressed his friend's hand to his hot lips, and then slipped his favorite book into it. The book opened at the usual place, and low Willie's ears and heart drank in the low music of the words:
"Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May?"
Tears were in Charlie's eye,
"Will they, dear father?" say.

"No, they will never come;
We'll send them to my boy;
There, in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy."
When this was read, Willie did not as usual ask for another, but keeping Mr. Ellis's hand he looked at his mother, and said, as if hardly conscious of his presence, "It was long to me, but it was soon to him. He said he would come, and in a few moments his hand relaxed, and he slept more quietly than he had done for many nights.
What a world of gratified trust in those few words. How the little loving heart had been wounded when he thought his friend had forgotten, and how sweet the feeling that, after all, the intention had been fulfilled. The words sank deep in the listener's heart, and he resolved that for the future he would be more watchful in keeping his promise. Would all do so, how many a weary hour of disappointment would be saved to young and old.
Not many days did Willie's gentle spirit linger here, but no day passed without a visit from Mr. Ellis, and the boy passed away as he listened to the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."
A PERFECT HORSE.
In weight she might have turned, when well conditioned, nine hundred and fifty pounds. In color she was a dark chestnut, with a very deep depth about the hair indistinguishably rich and elegant. Many a time have I heard ladies dispute the shade and hue of her pluck-like coat as they ran their white, jewelled fingers through her silken hair. Her body was round in the barrel, and perfectly symmetrical. She was wide in the haunches, without projection of the hip bones, upon which the shorter ribs seem to lap. High in the withers as she was, the line of her back and neck perfectly curved, while her deep oblique shoulders and long thick fore legs, ridged with swelling sinews, suggesting the perfection of stride and power. Her knees across the panes were wide, the cannon bone below them short and thin; the pasterns long and sloping; her hoofs round, dark, shiny, and well set on. Her mane was a shade darker than her coat, fine and thin as a thoroughbred's always is whose blood is without taint or cross. Her ear was thin, sharply pointed, delicately curved, nearly

TO GIVE CHILDREN AN APPETITE.

The Boston Journal of Chemistry says: "Give the children an abundance of outdoor exercise, and frolic; make them regular in their habits, and feed them only upon plain, nourishing food, and they will seldom, if ever, complain of a lack of appetite. But keep them overtasked in school, confined closely to the house the rest of the time, throwing down every attempt at play; feed them upon rich or high-seasoned food, candies, nuts, etc.; allow them to eat between meals, and late in the evening, and you need not expect them to have good appetites. On the contrary, you may expect that they will be pale, weak and sickly. Don't cram them with food when they don't want it, or have no appetite—for such a course is self murder. If they have no appetite, encourage, and, if need be, command them to take exercise in the open air. Don't allow them to study too much, and especially keep them from reading the exciting literature which so much abounds in our book-stores and circulating libraries. In addition to securing exercise for the children as above, change their diet somewhat, especially if they have been eating fine flour, change to coarse or Graham flour. Sickness is the most expensive thing on the face of the globe. There may be instances where it makes people or children really wealthy, but generally it makes them sad, misanthropic, nervous, mean and miserable. The best way to make children happy and good is to keep them well.

HE WAS LEFT.
A genuine touch of woman nature, as well as human nature, pervades the following, from a correspondent in Detroit: "A comfortable room, a seat or two in front of us on the railway during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of passengers. At a way-station the old gentleman stepped out of the car to get a drink, or to buy a doughnut and heard the bell ring only in time to rush to the door of the eating-house and see the train moving off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting and looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when the train stopped, she got up and went to the train to stop, as it except farther and farther away, she exclaimed, 'There my old man's gone! He'll be back again, I'm glad to see it!' 'Always been 'Mammy you'll get left and now mammy you'll get left and now he's gone and got left, and I am glad to see it.'

Her candid reflection on the accident and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that he was left, was greeted by a round of laughing applause.
The reason some awakened persons are long in coming to the aid of some never come to peace at all, is that they think to find an open door of themselves. They feel shut up by the tears of wailing humanity in an every side, but still they hope to find some way of their own by which to escape. They are not altogether shut up. They have not themselves.
Though a man may become learned by another's learning; he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

Obituary.
SAMUEL TROTT, SENIOR.
Died at Tucker's Town, Bermuda, at quarter past eleven, June 10th, Bro. Samuel Trott, sen., aged 63. For a great many years Bro. Trott has had the honorary title of "Mayor of Tucker's Town," and for the same period has been the pillar of our church there, the leader of a class, every member of which esteemed and loved him, a thoroughly earnest, consistent, active Christian, always ready, with a smile, a word of cheer and a helping hand, to greet and welcome the oft-times weary and jaded Methodist preachers.
From a frequent observance of his daily piety the writer has learned many a lesson that he will remember with profit to his life's end. There is no Wesleyan Methodist layman or preacher, who ever resided at the East end of Bermuda, but knew Bro. Sammy Trott, and, whilst all must regard the loss of our church at Tucker's Town, of its most prominent member, and its brightest light, we cannot help but rejoice that another bright jewel is added to the ranks of those whom Jesus has redeemed out of every nation and kindred, and people and tongue.

Whenever we saw Bro. Trott he was always hard at work, always very busy and always ready to stop or leave work, to help a Methodist preacher in any way. On Tuesday, July 3rd, he went to St. George's in his boat, and when near home on his return, by some mishap, or other he fell overboard. He was quickly in the boat again, but his fall into the water, checking the perspiration, brought on inflammation of the lungs. I was at T. T. on Wednesday evening, and when I met him as we were coming out to service, I saw that he was very ill, and tried to persuade him to go home and go to bed, but he would not on any account. He was dying, I got there about half past eight, and he remained to the end. He was suffering, great pain and could scarcely speak. His last words, uttered with great difficulty, were in answer to my question, "Are you at peace, Bro. Trott?" raising his hand as far as his weakness would allow, and fixing his eyes upon me, he said, "Thank God, all is well." In about fifteen minutes after, he had gone "to the realms of the dead." That country so bright and so fair." I repeated the words of the Psalmist to those around, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," and asked them to sing that of that pure delight, &c.

There is a local place of pure delight, &c. The funeral took place on Wednesday 11th, and was very numerously attended. He was buried in the churchyard at Bailey's Bay.
Relieve for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
And need from his bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight;
And mourn with him above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden above.
Your affectionate Brother,
A. R. B. SIMMONS,
Bermuda.

NEW GERMANY, Nov. 4, 1859.
This is to certify that I, Matthew Shaddon, was under the doctor's hands for a time with a disease called the Dropsy, and suffered all but death; and after giving up all hopes, was recommended to go to Mr. Gates, Railway Office, Halifax, the Railway Station, St. John, and at the Engineer's Office, Moncton, on the 27th of August, 1859.
I was advised to try the Bitters, and I did, and I was cured in a few days. I am now well, and I am able to go to work as usual.
Sworn to before me the EDWARD MORGAN, J. P.
The names of two responsible persons, willing to become security for the faithful performance of the Contract, must accompany each Tender.
The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.
LEWIS CARVELL,
General Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, July 4th, 1872.

Commercial College,

HALIFAX, N. S., AND ST. JOHN, N. B.
Designed to Educate Young Men for Business.

Students are carefully instructed and thoroughly drilled in PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPING, by both SINGLE and DOUBLE ENTRY, ARITHMETIC, PENMANSHIP, BANKING, RAILROADS, STEAMBOATING, COMMERCIAL LAW, COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE, &c., &c.
OUR COURSE OF INSTRUCTION affords a large amount of practical information relating to Business pursuits.
Each Student is furnished with a Capital of from \$2,000 to \$3,000 consisting of Merchandise and Notes of the COLLEGE BANK, and trades with his fellow-students as a Merchant reaping the success, encountering the difficulties, and having recourse to the expedients of a merchant; while his success is carefully watched, his energies quickened and directed, his capacities expanded, and his faults and failings pointed out and corrected by careful and attentive teachers who understand their business.
No Young Man can afford to miss our Course of Instruction.
No Father should consider the Education of his Son complete till he has sent him to the Commercial College.
Our patrons may rely on receiving the very best results which the nature of the case will admit of. We depend for our success (of which we are already enjoying a good measure) on our own energy and excellence of our work, and are determined to spare neither labor nor expense to make our COMMERCIAL COLLEGE an indispensable Institution of the Country.
Circulars sent free on application to A. E. LEON, PRINCIPAL, St. John, N. B. J. C. P. FRAZEE, PRINCIPAL, Halifax, N. S.

UNION MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company
OF MAINE.
DIRECTORS' OFFICE, 153 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
W. H. HOLLISTER, SECRETARY. HENRY CROCKER, PRESIDENT.
(ORGANIZED IN 1849.)
ASSETS--SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS!
PREMIUM RECEIPTS IN 1872, \$1,719,566.18
RETIRED PREMIUMS PAID IN 1872, 442,667.78
LOSSES Do. Do. 347,900.00
INTEREST RECEIVED Do. Do. 445,273.43
COLLECTED BY THE ORGANIZATION, 2,500,000.00
NO. OF POLICIES IN FORCE DEC. 31, 1872, 17,528
A Purely Mutual Company! No Stockholders to grow rich at the expense of the Insured.
Not a Warehouse Company! It has been in successful operation to the satisfaction of its members for 24 years.
Not struggling for Existence! Its strength and stability guaranteed by its accumulation of Assets to the amount of Seven Million Dollars.
Not attempting to cover up a present inability to pay dividends by proposing to its members to wait a time of years before they receive any.
Not depending to one half of its members the feasibility of profiting by the misfortunes of the other half.
But a WELL-TRIED, SOUND, CONSERVATIVE COMPANY, economically managed; conducting its operations upon principles that have been proved and justified by years of experience; issuing Policies so clear and precise that he who runs may read; INSURING AT LOW RATES, with ABSOLUTELY NON-FORFEITABLE POLICIES; PAYING ITS LOSSES PROMPTLY, and returning EVERY DOLLAR OF SURPLUS PROFIT to its members.
JAMES C. BENN, Agent, OFFICE--ACADEMY OF MUSIC BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

REFERENCES.
John McMillan, Post Office Inspector,
Charles M. Bostwick, St. John, N. B.
John Mellick, Ship Broker & J. Com. Merchant,
John J. King, St. John, N. B.
John Pickett, M. P., Fredericton,
C. Chipman, St. Stephen,
William L. Connell, Woodstock,
A. A. Davidson, Miramichi,
St. John, N. B.
Rev. James J. Hill, St. John, N. B.
Rev. Duncan D. Currie, do.
Hon. Alexander McL. Seel, do.
Zachary King, St. John, N. B.
Thomas E. Millidge, do.
Chas. N. Skinner, Judge of Probates, do.
William W. Turnbull, do.
all of whom are insured in the UNION MUTUAL.

Life of Man
The Provincial
Bitters! BUILDING SOCIETY
AND
Roots and Plants of Nova Scotia
CURE
In Shares of \$50 each
MONTHLY investing shares receive interest at the rate of 6 per cent computed monthly, at maturity.
Paid up shares receive interest at 7 per cent, computed half yearly at maturity. All shares mature in Four years. Shares may be taken up at any time.
Money in large or small sums is received on deposit, withdrawable at short notice. This society presents a thoroughly safe and profitable medium for the investment of capital, and is a thoroughly safe substitute for the Savings Banks.
All its Transactions are based on Real Estate.
Prospectuses may be had at the Society's office 106 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.
THOMAS MAIN, Secretary.
Society's Office, March 15th, 1872.

GATES' ACADIAN LINIMENT,
For Inflammatory Pains in any part of the Body, Chills, Toothache, &c.
Price 25 cents a bottle.
The following certificates describe a few of the astonishing cures which have been made by the use of these remedies--
CLEMENS, ANAPOLIS Co., Dec. 28, 1859.
This is to certify that I was afflicted with a disease called the Dropsy, and suffered all but death; and after giving up all hopes, was recommended to go to Mr. Gates, Railway Office, Halifax, the Railway Station, St. John, and at the Engineer's Office, Moncton, on the 27th of August, 1859.
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LEWIS CARVELL,
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NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!
EVERYTHING NEW!
115 GRANVILLE STREET, 115
DEWOLFE & DOANE,
Having completed their Spring Importations, are now prepared to show a well-assorted Stock of FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS, Consisting in part of Printed Cottons, Printed and Plain Blouses, French Cambrés and Mullins, Piques, Moselines, Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, Black Lustrés, Alpaca, Colours, Corals, Crapes, &c., &c. Also a very choice lot of Flowers, Feathers, Hats, Bonnets, &c.
A nice assortment of Ladies' UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, Silk and other RIBBONS, in all the new Styles and Shades.
Mantins, Leno and Lace CURTAINS, Small Wares, &c. These goods are all marked at a low figure, and will be sold LOW FOR CASH.
(Old No. 99.) m21 115 Granville St.

THE TIDES--The ebb and flow of the Moon's South gives the time of high water at Harbours, Cornwallis, Horton, Newport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.
High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 4 hours and 11 minutes later than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B. and Portland Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes later, and at St. John's Newfoundland 20 minutes earlier, than at Halifax.
FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY--Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.
FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT--Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.
HENRY A. BELDON, Merchant Tailor, AND GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTER 131 Barrington Street, (Opposite Grand Parade), HALIFAX.
Always keeps on hand a large stock of British and Foreign Woollen Cloths, which he makes up in the best style to order. Ministers, Barristers, College Gowns, and Ladies Riding Habits made to order.
FOR SALE AT THE PRINCE ALBERT MOULDING FACTORY.
1,000 KILN DRIED PANEL DOORS from \$1.50 and upwards. Keys and hand following dimensions, viz. 7 1/2, 6, 10 1/2, 10, 6, 8 1/2, 8, 9, 9 1/2, 6.
WINDOVS.
1,000 WINDOW FRAMES AND SASHES, 12 inch each, viz. 7 1/2, 9 1/2, 10 1/2, 10 1/4. One size made to order.
SHOP FRONTS
and Window Shades, inside and out, made to order.
MOULDINGS
One million feet kiln dried Mouldings, various patterns.
Also, constantly on hand--
FLOORING.
1 1/2 M. of dressed and tongued spruce, and plain jointed 1 in. Flooring well seasoned.
LININGS AND SHELVINGS
Grooved and tongued Pine and spruce Lining. Also, Shelving and other Dressed Material.
PLAINING, MATCHING, MOULDING TIMBER
10 and CIRCULAR SAWING, done as shortest notice.
--Also--
TURNING.
Orders attended with promptness and despatch. Constantly on hand--Turned Stair Balusters and Newel Posts.
LUGGERS.
Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Lumber; Pitch Pine Timber and 3 in. Plank. Also--Birch, Oak, and other hard woods.
SHINGLES.
Sawed and Split Pine and Cedar Shingles, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, LATHE, and JUNIOR Posts.
--Also--SHIP AND BOAT KNEES.
All of which the Subscriber offers for sale, low for cash, at Prince Albert Steam Mill, Victoria wharf, top of Victoria Street (commonly known as "Bene's Lane"), near the Gas Works, at June 22. HENRY G. HILL.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

Table with columns: Day, SUN, MOON, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN. Rows: 1 Tu, 2 W, 3 Th, 4 Fr, 5 Sa, 6 Su, 7 M, 8 Tu, 9 W, 10 Th, 11 Fr, 12 Sa, 13 Su, 14 M, 15 Tu, 16 W, 17 Th, 18 Fr, 19 Sa, 20 Su, 21 M, 22 Tu, 23 W, 24 Th, 25 Fr, 26 Sa, 27 Su, 28 M, 29 Tu, 30 W, 31 Th.

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First Quarter, 2nd day, 6h. 36m. morning.
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Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

Table with columns: Day, SUN, MOON, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN. Rows: 1 Tu, 2 W, 3 Th, 4 Fr, 5 Sa, 6 Su, 7 M, 8 Tu, 9 W, 10 Th, 11 Fr, 12 Sa, 13 Su, 14 M, 15 Tu, 16 W, 17 Th, 18 Fr, 19 Sa, 20 Su, 21 M, 22 Tu, 23 W, 24 Th, 25 Fr, 26 Sa, 27 Su, 28 M, 29 Tu, 30 W, 31 Th.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac
JULY, 1872.
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Full Moon, 10th day, 2h. 19m. morning.
Last Quarter, 16th day, 4h. 47m. afternoon.
New Moon, 24th day, 6h. 19m. morning.

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