

The Family

A CONFLICT.

I sink in humble silence down, Content to take a smile or frown, Unmindful of the cross or crown, In saffron fields I meet.

God has my helplessness revealed; I met upon the battle-field, This day, a foe that would not yield, That would not give me rest.

I met it square! with eagle glance, I aimed a blow with lifted lance, I wanted in the fight to share; I struck, but struck too low!

Shivered, the lance lay at my feet, And I had suffered base defeat; A moment more, in full retreat, I hastened from the foe!

We met again; upon the field From which I lately quailed, reeled, The taunting challenge loudly pealed; This time from me the cry.

I raised myself above the crowd, Which seemed to compass us about; I struck, with wild exultant shout That ran along the sky.

I struck, and struck again, but lo! Beneath my quivering arm, a foe Springing lay beyond the crushing blow, For I had aimed too high!

I wavered—then a taunting yell Came floating from the courts of Hell, And 'round my path a darkness fell, Darker than starless night.

Within my heart I seemed to hear A siren voice, quite plain and clear, Tell me to yield this once, That all would yet come right!

I started like a hunted deer, When by a loud sound from his ear; I looked, but saw no refuge near, Then sank despairing low!

Just then a flash of golden light Broke on my soul's dark hopeless night; I saw the Saviour's open side— The crimson current flow.

Quick as a light with golden beam Showed me the crimson fountain gleam, Fresh dipped within the purple stream, I grasped my lance once more.

Then with its dripping point I turned, And told the foe myself had spurned; And this sweet lesson then I learned, To trust my Jesus more! —Western Advocate.

MY MOTHER.

On the margin of the town of Rosedale, on the Great Manchester Road, there stood a grand old stone table, supported by three heavy pillars of stone. A great while ago the farmers, who had milk to sell brought it to this stone table, where the buyers of the town awaited them morning and evening. The ancient custom gave to the stone the name of the "Milk table." More than one little fellow, on his way to or from school, and caught in a storm, had taken shelter underneath it; more than one weary traveller had dropped his heavy burden upon its broad surface.

One warm summer day a poor woman wearily climbed the hill upon which it stood, carrying a great roll of flannel upon her shoulders. A little boy walked by her side. When the woman reached the "Milk table" the woman laid down her heavy burden upon it, and leaning against it, wiped the great drops of sweat from her forehead with the corner of her apron. The child looked up into his mother's face, with eyes full of tenderness, and said: "Mother, so soon as I shall be a little larger, you shall nevermore carry the roll of flannel; I will carry them all, and you shall walk by my side to the school."

That day the little boy comprehended for the first time the sad truth that he was the child of poor parents, but he also comprehended that he had a humble, industrious, and good mother. When he was older he kept his promise, and carried the rolls of flannel all the way to the place of sale.

That day, when the position that our family occupied in society dawned upon me, I discovered that we were not the class held as "respectable."

At that epoch and in our section of the country, to be respectable meant at least to possess a mahogany bureau, a mahogany clock that would run eight days without being wound up, a white Sunday shirt for the young men, and a printed muslin dress for the young ladies. A good number of the woollen weavers could boast of the possession of these treasures, and they carried their heads proudly above those who were less fortunate. But the still greater lords were those who not only had these, but used napkins at their dinner parties, used knives and forks, and hung white muslin curtains at their windows. None of the poor weavers cared so much as even to address a word to such grand personages. And we children played only among such as were similarly conditioned in life.

One Saturday evening, while I was playing marbles with my comrades in the street, my mother came to me, and gently placing her hand upon my head, bade me enter the house with her. Without a word I gathered up my marbles, and silently followed her into my humble abode. I knew she had some good reason for calling me from my play, and so I went without question until within.

"Why do you wish me, mother? It is not time to go to bed yet. Let me play a little while longer; will you?"

"I know it is too early to take you from your play, my dear boy, but it is necessary. Your trousers need mending, and your shirt must be washed and dried to-night; we are indeed very poor, but we must be clean. I had hoped before this to procure for you a pair of shoes, but I have not been able to make money enough. I am making you a coat which will partly conceal your worn clothes, and will help to make you look more like the other boys in the school?"

Her sad look and quiet tone brought to silence all my objections. I went up stairs without a word, took all of the clothes I had in the world, and put myself in my little bed, so that she could begin immediately to wash and dry them for Sunday. My companions were still laughing and playing in the street. I assure you, when I covered myself up in bed it was not to sleep, but to think and to weep. My thoughts travelled far out into the future that night. What air-castles I built! I saw myself a man, carrying on a great business, making much money, building a handsome house with white doors and shining brass knobs that looked like gold. I planted trees, smoothed off

lawn, curved and gravelled walks. I had many suits of clothes, many white shirts; and my dear mother had a new cloak, hat, and dress—all of my buying; a mahogany bureau, clock, and muslin curtains; and, besides that, plenty of money to dress my little brothers and sisters, without any more hard toil; and the silver was all gone out of her face. That was a happy hour, my little friends; and finally I fell asleep, no man of much importance, alas! to await without clothes sufficient to screen me from great mental suffering.

Sabbath morning my mother did her best to get us all off to school in time. She arose first, lighted the fire, prepared our simple breakfast, dressed the two only a good mother can. This Sunday I was to put on my new coat that was to cover my patched clothes. I shall never forget that coat! My good mother had received from a store as a gift a piece of coarse wrapping-cloth, on which was printed in large black letters, the word "Wood." But it was already so worn in spots that she could not cut out the garment without patching it or cutting into the big black letters. She chose the latter alternative, thinking she could wash it out by dint of hard rubbing. But although she had laboured hard, washed and rewashed, the tell-tale letters remained black, black, black. I had just slipped my arms into the sleeves when I perceived for the first time their ugly forms. My heart swelled to break; I looked at my mother, but seeing the great tears ready to fall from her loving eyes, I choked back mine and said, "Never mind, mother, what of that? The coat fits me exactly; it covers my patches, and when I get to school, I will make it sit down on the letters so that no one can see them. Don't cry, mother; we shall see better times some day."

I set out for Sabbath-school, barefooted, with my coat showing all up and down the left side one half of the word "Wood." I took my place in the third Bible-class, by the side of boys much better clad than I, and who showed plain enough that they did not like to sit by me. I did not know then, to ease my sufferings, that they were ill-bred and knew little of Jesus. O, how I suffered that day in my pride, as I drew my bare feet back under the bench to keep my proud comrades from stepping on my toes. The thought that I was poor made me desperate; but I knew that I did not continue in the school my mother would be greatly afflicted, and I could not bear the thought of causing her additional sorrow or pain. I was sad in remembering that I had left her in tears by the time I went into Church and caught her smile, that reached even down to me from the gallery where she had taken her seat. I felt that every thing was right. I could smile back to her, join in the song of praise, and hope again for better days. —Western Advocate.

LAUGHING LADDIE OF ESKDALE. BY N. S. DODGE. One hundred and fifteen years ago the wife of a shepherd, who tended his master's flocks on the pasture of Dunfriethire, gave birth to a son. The father died in the same year, and poor Janet, the widow, was left to struggle as best she might in the endeavor to bring up her latherless boy. She worked hard day and night and trusted in God; never grumbling nor complaining, but putting her shoulder to what had to be done with a bright face and cheerful spirit. By-and-by, as soon as the little fellow was old enough she put him to the parish school. Some of her neighbors advised her to send him out to beg, but poor as she had long been, it was never in the stomach Scotch heart of her to beg for herself, much less to set her darling at it.

At school, little Tam seemed different from the other boys. He was not remarkably bright or quick, but was always wanting to know how to do a thing, and then how to make it useful. Tam could only attend school during four months of winter; for, being old enough for school, was old enough for work, and therefore in the summer, after his mother's prayer and a hymn, he had every morning to be off to the hill-sides, looking after the flocks of sheep, as his father had done before him. But boys do not learn all that they know in the school-house; at least Tam did not. Every book he could borrow he took into the pastures and studied it there. And then there were the mighty crags garmented in the thunder when the tempest came, and the warbling of the lark high up in the blue depths, and the torrent rushing down the ravine, and the glassy surface of the silver tarn lulled in the boom of the mountain. There were the four Gospels, too, every word of which he could repeat when he was seven years old. These were Tam's schoolmasters, quite as much as the dominie of Westerkir.

The boy in time grew to a sturdy lad, stout of heart and brawny in limb, and finally got himself apprenticed to a stone-mason. The work suited him exactly, and he wrought at it for years, toiling in the open air by day, and greedily devouring at night, by the light of his mother's fire, as many books as he could get hold of or borrow. Fat and while he was noted by his animal spirits. His nature bubbled with waggishness, frolic and laughter. Country-side folk said that the bare sight of him was a cure for the blues, and called him "The Laughing Laddie of Eskdale." But Tam was not always laughing, as we shall presently see.

In 1780, the boy, now a man, set out for Edinburgh in search of better employment. He looked at it and worked there for two years as a stone-mason, all the while studying. He then set out for London, got a job at the quadrangle of the Somerset Place Buildings, studied under all the public edifices in the great metropolis, and was so intelligent in conversation and respectful in manner that he made friends with the most distinguished architects of the day.

His services now began to be in requisition. What he did was so well done, that he was sought for as a stone-mason, all the while studying. He then set out for London, got a job at the quadrangle of the Somerset Place Buildings, studied under all the public edifices in the great metropolis, and was so intelligent in conversation and respectful in manner that he made friends with the most distinguished architects of the day.

His services now began to be in requisition. What he did was so well done, that he was sought for as a stone-mason, all the while studying. He then set out for London, got a job at the quadrangle of the Somerset Place Buildings, studied under all the public edifices in the great metropolis, and was so intelligent in conversation and respectful in manner that he made friends with the most distinguished architects of the day.

His services now began to be in requisition. What he did was so well done, that he was sought for as a stone-mason, all the while studying. He then set out for London, got a job at the quadrangle of the Somerset Place Buildings, studied under all the public edifices in the great metropolis, and was so intelligent in conversation and respectful in manner that he made friends with the most distinguished architects of the day.

His services now began to be in requisition. What he did was so well done, that he was sought for as a stone-mason, all the while studying. He then set out for London, got a job at the quadrangle of the Somerset Place Buildings, studied under all the public edifices in the great metropolis, and was so intelligent in conversation and respectful in manner that he made friends with the most distinguished architects of the day.

His services now began to be in requisition. What he did was so well done, that he was sought for as a stone-mason, all the while studying. He then set out for London, got a job at the quadrangle of the Somerset Place Buildings, studied under all the public edifices in the great metropolis, and was so intelligent in conversation and respectful in manner that he made friends with the most distinguished architects of the day.

His services now began to be in requisition. What he did was so well done, that he was sought for as a stone-mason, all the while studying. He then set out for London, got a job at the quadrangle of the Somerset Place Buildings, studied under all the public edifices in the great metropolis, and was so intelligent in conversation and respectful in manner that he made friends with the most distinguished architects of the day.

We can no more than refer to some of the works which made Telford's name famous, and loaded it with honors. He conducted the Epsom canal across the waters of the Severn, and above his head he threw it up with the skill of Aladdin's lamp, at a height of one hundred and twenty-seven feet above the same river, the Pontefract aqueduct; and by means of the Caledonian canal, which at that day was the grandest specimen of inland navigation the world had ever seen, he poured the waters of the North Sea, in spite of unnumbered difficulties and almost insuperable obstacles, into the Atlantic.

In 1808 he was invited by the king to visit Sweden. "If the Berenian can be joined to the Baltic," the Swedes had been saying for twenty years, "then the sun will shine in the Northland." But the Swedish engineers feared failure. Our stone-mason said "Yes," when he had traversed the rugged hills which separate the two waters; and in three years the long goodlands guided by Norwegian fishermen, were floating from Stockholm to Christiania, on the waters of the Skagerrack. Telford returned home, knighted by the Swedish king, and almost idolized by his people. To this day travellers come from every part of the world to see the Menia Suspension Bridge. It is flung across the heavens like a bow in the heavens. The tallest masted ships ride beneath it. In design and workmanship it is even yet unequalled. And as for beauty, there is not a ruined temple in Greece, nor a statue in the Vatican, that surpasses it. Graciously and kindly ways that come spider-like, by pictures as surveyed from the north, are the everlasting rocks which form its pier, it is a monument to native genius, the noblest in the world. So long as it spans the waters, Telford's name will not be forgotten.

Our hero reached the age of seventy-seven, great in intellect, and good in heart; proud of his power as a man in the presence of men, humble as a follower of Jesus in the presence of God. He died in 1834. The British nation honored his memory with a public funeral, and his remains rest in Westminster Abbey. Excepting the case of the great and good Faraday who, from the stable-roof over a London mews to a lecture-desk in the Royal Institution, walked all the way with God, I know of no instance where simple faith went hand in hand with life with mighty intellect more striking than that furnished by the Laughing Laddie of Eskdale. —N. Y. Observer.

THE OLD FISHERMAN'S STORY. A little bright-faced boy had just put a match to the kindling wood of the grate, and was watching the flame as it forced its way among the crackling coals; when, half in thought and half asleep, he said, "Who would think a little match would make so big a fire?"

"Ah, yes, my little man, said his father, "a little match, like other little things, may do great good or great harm. A good apostle once said, 'Behold how great a matter a little kindeth fire.' And now, as our fire is burning, I will tell you a story about a little match, and the good that it did."

"Far away down on the shore of the Bristol Channel stands a small fisherman's cabin. It is just far enough from the water to be out of reach of the great waves that come rolling in from the Irish Channel; and near it is a creek, or little river, in which the fisherman used to shelter his boat. At the time of our story the man happened to have left his cabin and gone to Tenby. It was market day there, and as the weather was rough and wintry, he had stayed from home. It was desolate and dreary about that little house on the cold December day of which I am speaking. A dull, leaden sky; a cold, keen blast, sweeping up clouds of sand along the shore; the moaning of the sea-birds, and the regular beat of the waves upon the shore, formed the total of the sights and sounds on that cold day."

A strong wind had been blowing for three days, and all who thought of the sailor at sea prayed God to keep him from its dangers. A good brig had just made the entrance of the channel, and was beating up towards Bristol. She had a captain, mate, and six sailors for her crew. Their voyage had been a pleasant one, and was now nearly over. They were thinking of their homes and friends, when the fierce storm came on. The rigging was stiff with ice, and it was hard to handle the ropes or manage the ship. The men did their duty, as all the true English sailors will do; but it was in vain. The winds and the waves and the bitter cold were too strong for them, brave as they were, and carried the poor brig steadily to the shore. Soon they heard a sound terrible to seamen; it was the noise of breaking ice, and the captain called all hands about him, and raised his voice in prayer. He prayed for their safety, if God so willed it, that they might have strength to meet the fierce waves, and that, if they could not be saved from shipwreck, they might be safe in the mercy of God.

"The brig soon struck, and as she lay with her side to the shore, the water for a little space was calm; but the small boat was safe by a launch, and every man seated in it. But, before the boat could reach the shore, a great wave struck the little boat, and the men were cast into the boiling sea. Four of them, with the captain, reached the land, and though scarcely able to move, dragged themselves forward to find a shelter. They raised a shout when they came in sight of the little cabin; but, alas! there was the creek between it and them. 'We must go through or die,' said the captain; and after a great struggle, in their third state, they reached the other side; but the brave captain could go no further. 'Leave me, my men,' said he; 'get help for yourselves, and let me back by you can.' The men gained the house, but were horrified to find it empty. One man only took heart, as he looked at the fire-place and the wood near it. But, alas! there was neither flint nor steel to strike a light. A moment he stood in agony; but as he raised his head he saw upon the rude mantel a small box marked 'matches.' With trembling hands he seized it, and found one single little match. 'How much depends on that little match!' Here were four sailors; a little way off lay their brave captain; all their lives depended, one might say, upon that single match. It it failed, all must die, for cold and hunger were fast doing their work upon the poor men. With a trembling hand, and a silent prayer he drew the match, and, as the little feeble flame broke out, 'Thank God!' burst from the men.

"They soon managed to make the wood catch fire, and as the bright blaze hot up, the glare brought relief to the poor captain, who lay on the beach too weak to crawl."

"The feeling that now he should be saved helped to keep him alive. When the sailors came to where he lay he was nearly gone, but they carried him in, and gradually he revived."

"Remember how much good a thing that seems so insignificant as a match can do."

"Remember how much good a thing that seems so insignificant as a match can do."

"Remember how much good a thing that seems so insignificant as a match can do."

IS YOUR NAME THERE?

By B. H. CARL.

It was in August, when the regiment to which the writer belongs was camped on the banks of the River Pease in Arkansas, exposed to the heat of the sun, with no protection from its heat save that afforded by the thin canvas of the "dog tents" then in use in the army. In every tent there were two or three men sick, while in the streets, between the tents of the different companies, men were lying half unconscious, but in the greatest agony. We all had been poisoned, by drinking the water obtained from a spring hard by, which was obtained in a measure by rain and dew filtered through the graves of thousands of negroes who were buried on the hill at whose base the spring was situated.

While all were thus suffering intensely, a hospital boat, northward bound, stopped at the landing, and information was given that a few more patients could be accommodated on board and would be taken North where they would receive better treatment. This news caused no little excitement in the camp, as all were anxious to go, feeling that to remain where they were meant death; but on a few from each regiment could be taken, who should be the fortunate ones? The surgeons passed through the regiment and took the names of those they deemed most in need of immediate treatment. These names were sent to the surgeons on the boat and were copied by the clerks into the registry, and only those whose names were on this registry could be admitted to the boat.

But a few names passed through the regiment on inspection they looked into the tent where the writer lay, exchanged a few words in a low tone and passed on. How hope and fear struggled in him. To go was life; to stay, death. By-and-by an ambulance drove up, and a voice called to him "to get in quick." Knapsack was soon packed and the ambulance and writer were moving off toward the boat. At every halt the driver made to look in other persons feeling that our heart, an anxiety that could not be driven—a fear that the surgeon would order us back to camp on account of not having been selected as one needing immediate relief. We breathed easier, though, as the vehicle passed the outside guard line and hastened to the river. Arriving at the boat we found a large company of men on the bank awaiting their turn for admittance. Some presented themselves at the clerk's desk and were met by the question, "What is your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

"What's your name?" This being given and found on the registry they passed into the boat; but if not found, they could only retrace their steps with sad hearts. With feeble step, and rapidly-beating heart we walked up to the clerk.

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, REVENUE, PENNSYLVANIA, BANKING, RAILROADS, STEAMBOATING, COMMERCIAL LAW, COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE, &c. &c. OUR COURSE OF INSTRUCTION affords a large amount of practical information relating to Business pursuits.

No Young Man Can afford to miss our Course of Instruction.

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.

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. REVENUE PREMIUMS PAID IN 1872, \$44,690.78. LOSSES, Do. Do., \$45,734.43. NET RECEIPTS, Do. Do., \$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 Mutual Company. It has been in successful operation to the satisfaction of its members for 24 years.

Not attempting to cover up a present inability to pay dividends by proposing to its members to wait some years before they receive any.

Not suggesting to one half of its members the feasibility of profiting by the misfortunes of the other half.

Not a WELL-THIRD SOUND, CONSERVATIVE COMPANY, economically managed, conducting its operations upon principles that have been proved and justified by years of experience; insuring a clear and precise that he who runs may read; INSURING AT LOW RATES, with ABSTINENTLY NON-PAYABLE POLICIES; PAYING IN LOSSES PROMPTLY and returning EXCESSIVE DIVIDENDS OF SUPERIOR PREMIUM 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 Melick, Ship Broker, A. C. Ouse, Merchant, firm of Jordan & Melick, St. John. John Pickard, M. P., Fredericton, Z. Chipman, St. Stephen, William L. Connel, Woodstock, A. A. Davidson, Miramichi, St. John, N. B.

Life of Man Bitters! The Provincial BUILDING SOCIETY AND Savings Fund, 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 Bank.

All its Transactions are based on Real Estate. Prospectuses may be had at the Society's office.

GATES' EYE RELIEF, For Soreness or Inflammation of the Eyes. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Invigorating Syrup, WHICH REGULATES THE BOWELS and PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

GATES' ACADIAN LINIMENT, For Rheumatic 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—

AVLEFORD, May 11, 1869. This I do for those who may be afflicted with Liver and Dyspeptic complaints. In the year 1867 I was afflicted with those complaints so much so that after eating I would throw up my food and then green stuff, then blood, with a pain across my stomach. What low spirits and weakness I know all about. I then tried two doctors for some months but found no relief; in this state I went to Dr. Gates, and gave him a brief statement of my complaints; he gave me medicines which had a good effect. I soon regained my food, my spirits and strength returned. I am now in good health so I can work on my farm without any inconvenience whatever. For further particulars apply to ELIAS L. GRAVER.

MIDDLETON, ANnapolis County. This may certify that I have used Dr. Calc's Gates' Family Preventive and Life of Man Bitters and Syrup. I have been most severely and distressingly troubled with eruptions all over my body and limbs, and I have applied to and employed during my illness five different doctors, and found no relief, but all this time was growing worse. For seven years I was thus afflicted. I feel and am satisfied beyond endurance, and I was also troubled very much with blood; and I was so that it was impossible for me to lay upon my right side for one minute without the greatest difficulty for a number of years. I caused me much shortness of breath and beating of the heart, and immediately upon retiring was constantly troubled with cold chills. I would also have spells of turning dizzy and of being quite blind. I was also cured of the whites. I thus take the utmost pleasure in giving my hearty testimony to the efficacy of the above named medicine, and hope that others who are similarly afflicted may experience by its healing virtues the like blessings.

For sale by dealers generally. Parties ordering either of the above remedies, will address CALEB GATES & CO. MIDDLETON ANnapolis Co. je 4 3w

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

For 1873.

First Quarter, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

Table with columns: Day, Sun, Moon, etc. and rows for various months and days.

High water at Exton and Cape Tormentine, 5 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 BRISTOL STREET, (Opposite Grand Parade), HALIFAX.

Always keeps on hand a large stock of British and Foreign Woolen Cloth,

which he makes up in the best style to order. Minutemen, Barristers, College Gowns, and Ladies' Hosiery made to order.

FOR SALE AT THE Prince Albert MOULDING FACTORY.

1000 KILN DRIED PANEL DOORS from \$1.50 and upwards. Keeps on hand following dimensions, viz., 7 1/2, 6 1/2, 10 1/2, 10 3/4, 8 1/2, 5 1/2, 6 1/2.

SHEDS AND SHOPS. One million feet kiln dried Moulding, various patterns, on hand.

Also constantly on hand—FLOORING. 1 1/2 M (pressed and tongued) spruce, and planed (of 1 in. Flooring well seasoned).

LATHING AND SHEETINGS. Grooved and tongued 1 1/2 in. spruce Lathing. Also, Shaving and other Dressed Material. PLANING, MATCHING, MOULDING TIMBER. 1 1/2 and 1 3/4 in. Oak, Spruce, Pine, Fir, etc., done at shortest notice.

TURNING. Orders attended with promptness and despatch. Constant on hand—Turned Stone Balusters and Newel Posts.

LUMBER. Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Lumber; Pitch Fir Timber, White Pine, Also—Birch, Oak, Ash, etc. hard woods.

SINGLES. Sawn and Split Pine and Cedar Shingles, Clapboards, Pickets, Laths, and Joints.

Also—SHIP AND BOAT KNEES. All of which the Subscriber offers for sale, low for cash, at Prince Albert Steam Mill, Victoria street, near the Gas Works, (commonly known as Bates' Lane), near the Gas Works. June 22. HENRY G. HILL.

TO ADVERTISERS. All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of Advertisements should send them to the undersigned.

George P. Rowell & Co. for a Circular or enclosed 25 cents for their One Hundred Page Pamphlet, containing Lists of 3,000 Newspapers and estimates showing the cost of advertising, also many useful lists to advertisers, and some account of the experience of men who are known as Successful Advertisers. This firm are proprietors of the American Newspaper Advertising Agency.

41 Park Row, N. Y., and are possessed of unequalled facilities for securing the insertion of advertisements in all Newspapers and Periodicals at low rates. No. 45.

THE Provincial Wesleyan, Edited and Published by REV. H. PICKARD, D.D., Under the direction of the Conference, as a Religious Newspaper, and the Organ of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Eastern British America, is issued from the WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM, 198 Argyle Street, Halifax, N. P.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING. RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION. \$2 per Annum—payable in Advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS. This paper publishes a much larger CIRCULAR than any other one of its class in Eastern British America, a most desirable medium for all advertisements which are suitable for its columns.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: A Column—\$120 per year; \$70 six months; \$10 three months. For One Inch of Space—\$6 per year; \$4 months; \$3 three months.