

JUNE. **WEATHER STEM.**

DAY OF WEEK.	MOON'S CHANGES.	DAY OF MONTH.	PREDICTIONS.
Mo	Last Qr.	1	Fair
Tu		2	growing
We		3	weather.
Th		4	
Fri		5	7.5 p.m.
Sat		6	Bright.
Sun	New Moon.	7	Showery.
Mo		8	Cold nights
Tu		9	cover
We		10	plants from
Th		11	frost.
Fri		12	5.42 p.m.
Sat		13	Warmer.
Sun	First Quarter.	14	Fine.
Mo		15	Pleasant.
Tu		16	Thunder.
We		17	
Th		18	Cooler.
Fri		19	8.48 a.m.
Sat		20	Fine.
Sun	Full Moon.	21	Rainy.
Mo		22	
Tu		23	Warm.
We		24	Fair.
Th		25	
Fri		26	Lovely.
Sat		27	6.18 a.m.
Sun		28	Fine
Mo		29	days,
Tu		30	Cool nights

"WHY not send for a doctor?" said a man to his friend. "Because," replied he, "although very ill, I do not yet want to die."

PEOPLE are perfectly safe in buying and using the great remedy known as "Fountain of Health," as every bottle bears the guarantee of the proprietors. It is a Blood Purifier. Price, \$1.

WHEN the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar; the first lieutenant of the Revenge, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid: "Afraid," answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain; "no! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize money—the greater part among the officers."

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH."—It regulates the bowels, and invigorates the liver, curing Headache, Costiveness, Pile, Jaundice, and all diseases of a biliary character. Price, \$1.

"WILL you help me to press some leaves?" the maiden asked her lover. "If you will fasten them to your waist belt I'll see what I can do," he answered; and thus a popular method of pressing autumn leaves was invented.

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH."—It renovates the secretions, soothes the mucous surfaces of the head, throat, stomach, bowels, and bladder, expelling Catarrh in all its forms. Price, \$1.

THE poet Swinburne recently collared a London waiter and read him his last poem. We have no sympathy with waiters as a class, but this looks to us like inhumanity. If he didn't like the waiter, why didn't he kill him?