Poetry.

Hope.

BY SCHILLER.

How many there are who sing and dream
Of happier seasons coming!
And ever is fancy, to catch a beam
Of a golden era roaming.
The world may grow old and young again,
And the hope of a better shall still remain.

Hope comes with life at its dawning hour;
Hope sports with the infant creeper;
Hope cheers up the youth, with her magic power
And when, too, the grey-haired weeper
Has closed in the grave his weary round,
He plants the tree of hope on the mound.

It is not an empty, vain deceit,
In the brains of fool created;
It speaks to the soul of a state more meet,
Where its longings shall be sated,
And the promise the indwelling voice thus makes
To the hoping soul, it never breaks.

Miscellaneous.

Keeping Tavern Down Below;

OR, SQUIRE BALL AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

In the town of Kingston and state of——, there was a tavern keeper by the name of Ball. He was an easy, well to-do sort of man, who had a great longing to be rich. He had not always been a publican; when he started in life he was a farmer, and he still kept his farm and raised most of the matters from it which he wanted for family use. As this farming brought him in very little ready money, he took into his head to try some way of adding to his income.

He lived on the Corners, near the meeting house, and while the store, and the blacksmith's shop, and the post office, and a dozen other establishments were right there, they had no tavern. Mr. Ball was tempted to hang out a sign, and add to the alluring words, "Entertainment for man and beast," which was common on a tavern sign in that part of the country, signifying that sober people and drunkards could both be entertained there.

He thought there was no harm in selling rum, especially as he was a member of the Church; he kept a Bible in his bar, and often talked to his customers of the blessedness of religion, and the value of the hope of heaven which he had indulged in ever since he was a boy. It was Squire Ball's custom, (for he was a justice of the peace, and therefore called the Squire by everybody,) it was his custom, I say, to close his bar-room at ten o'clock every night, unless the run of business at the bar made it expedient to dispense with the custom; but on ordinary occasions he was wont to shut up at ten, and when all were gone, he would take his Bible, and read a chapter, and then he would kneel down and pray with so loud a voice that he could be heard by the neighbours for a considerable distance around; so he was sure they knew he was a praying man. He got a name for this, and as it was known that he prayed in the bar-room, where he sold his rum, it was reasonable to infer that the squire was a very conscientious man in business. Certainly, he would not pray in his bar room, and so loud too, unless he feared God, and meant to keep his commandments.

One night there was quite an affray in the Squire's bar-room. Some of his customers were more than usually excited. Two of them were so drunk that he put them out of the house, and when they sought to return he drove them off with a horse-whip. And those who were not quite so drunk, were even the most turbulent. They finally proceeded from loud words to fighting, and one of them was beaten so badly that they were obliged to carry him home helpless and bleeding.

It was nearly midnight before the room was clear, and the landlord had more thirst for liquor than for the Bible or prayer, when the house was still. He would have gone off to bed as soon as he had locked up, but the force of habit is as strong sometimes in good as evil, and he could not be easy at heart if he should neglect his chapter and prayer. So he took down the book, and, opening it at random, he read the chapter which contains these words, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." They seemed to glisten as he read them, those words did. What did they mean?

He begun to think over the drunkards whom he had known, and who had died. He called up their names; he began to grow confused in his memory, and to help himself on in the work he had undertaken, he took down the book of Dr. and Cr., in which he had for years kept a running account with his neighbours. There were many who had once stood in his bar, and now they were in eternity. They had died drunkards. And the Bible told him they had not gone to heaven—they must be in hell. He looked over the list, and asked himself, Was this man a drunkard? and *this* man? And Mr. Ball would try to recollect how they looked the last time they were in his bar; and one after another they would come back to his memory, and soon a whole group of them was there, a horrid group! dead drunkards! for he had seen them all dead.

And now, when they rose to his view they seemed to come from the grave and hell; they laughed fiercely and swore terribly, and roared as if they were beasts let loose. They wanted something to drink, and would have it; and when the Squire remonstrated with them, and told them they had been drinking already, and that he never sold liquor to men after they had enough, they leaped to the bar and helped themselves; and one of them leaped astride the shoulders of the landlord, and another threw the Bible at his head; and then they made a great uproar like that which had marked the early part of the evening, until the squire rose up in wrath, and ordered them to quit the house. Instantly they rushed upon him like so many devils, and seized him in their arms, and asked him, as they bore him away how he would like to keep a tavern in *Hell*.

Before he had time to recover himself, or indeed to get his breath so as to be able to speak, he felt himself flying through the air on the fiery wings of steeds, and then down, down they sunk, sunk, with his bar-room company, till at last, after an hour of rapid travel downward, he was suddenly pitched into a world of darkness so black that he could not feel it. And strangely enough, he could see that this dark world was inhabited, for the people were like so many flames moving madly amid the dismal gloom, and he could hear chains rattling as the people crowded along, so that he soon was convinced that he was in the world of despair. Here he was to keep tavern.

The old customers who had brought him, had been sent as a committee to find the right sort of a man to keep a tavern in hell; for they often declared there was no man doing so good a business as Squire Ball, or who had so many qualifications for the high honor of being the landlord of the hosts of the prince of darkness.

He was instantly and duly installed in office, and commenced dealing out spirits to the spirits in prison. But his surprise was great, and his confusion truly pitable, when he recognized in every customer that came into his bar the faces he had known in Kingston, and all of them his neighbors and their families.

"Ha! Squire Ball, is that you?" said a fierce-looking man, who came for a drink; "when did you come?"

The Squire perceived in the new comer a man to whom he had sold liquor for fifteen years, and who had died in the poor-house. He was a sober, decent, industrious man when the landlord of Kingston first tempted him to taste a dram, and his progress in the downward road had become sure and rapid from that day.

Next came a female fury, a lost woman, a wild spirit who flew at him as she entered his infernal tavern, and reproached him as the cause of her ruin and that of her family.

"But for you," said she, in a shrill, clear voice, that pierced his ear like an knife, "but for you I might be an angel in heaven, and now I am a demon in hell. You made my husband a drunkard, and now we are both of us here."

The squire was speechless. What could he say? His face blazed red with shame, and he tried to find some words of excuse, but in vain. At last he thought of his Bible, and gathered courage to say:

"Did'nt I often tell you that you must repent of your sins, or you would never go to heaven?"

"Yes, I know you did, and I have heard you praying half a mile off; but what good do you suppose the preaching or praying of a rum-seller would do? All you wanted was to get the money for your liquor, and it was nothing to you what became of the souls of your customers. But I am glad you are here at last. I never wanted to see anybody here as much as you. Did you bring your Bible with you, squire?"

"No," said he, "I came away in a great hurry. Indeed, I had no thought of coming at all, but was seized in a moment when I had no expectation of being summoned away, and was brought here against my will; I do not see how I was wanted here."

"Why you were wanted? You were wanted that you might see the fruits of your doings, the end of your labour; and that you might *feel* the fires you have kindled for the souls you have destroyed. You have come to your own place, and you will know what it is to be the agent of the Devil on earth, and his slave in hell. I am glad you are here."

While this wretched woman was raving and cursing, a troop of spirits rushed into the infernal tavern, and whom should the astonished publican behold but the company who had been at his tavern in Kingston the day before; and among them at the head were the two whom he had driven away from his door, after they had become so drunk that he could bear them no longer. In they came, reeking with the fumes of the still, and raging with the madness of the pit; and as they entered, they gave three cheers for the landlord, that made the whole region of darkness ring with horror.

"Why, you are here before us," cried one of them.

"Caught you too!" said another.

"This is the place for you and your business."

"You'll make money here, and get pay in your own coin," said another.

And so they went on jeering him until his wrath was kindled beyond measure, and he began to storm in reply. And then they laughed.

"Why, you can't hurt us now. We have as good right here as you, and if you wish to have it all to yourself, we only wish you could. But you sent us here, and now we must have your company!"

The squire sunk down with shame and remorse. He saw his own work. These were his victims. Once they were his neighbours, honest, industrious men, until they began to frequent his house, and then they grew worse and worse, till they became quarrelsome, noisy, profane, Sabbath-breaking men, and now they were in hell, and he among them, where he deserved to be.

Then the spirits of all the men whom he had murdered by selling rum, came thronging around him, and he wished that he was blind, so that he could not see them, or deaf, that he could not hear them; but when he shut his eyes he could see them still, and he could hear them when his ears were stopped. It was terrible to the poor wretch, and he shrieked with agony; and as he shrieked he awoke!

The verse he had just read about drunkards had hold of his imagination, and away he had been borne to the regions of dark despair. And, as he awoke, the memory of his dream was all fresh and terrible. It was some time before he could persuade himself that it was a dream. He had been asleep perhaps an hour, and the scenes through which he had passed were impressed upon his mind indelibly. They were written there with a pen of fire!

Though it was a dream, it was truth he had seen and heard; and he knew that this lesson was for his warning and counsel.

The landlord took his lamp, now burning dimly, and finding his way from the bar-room, went to bed, but not to sleep. There was no rest for him that night. He tossed upon his pillow, till his wife was awaked by his restlessness, and begged to know what was the matter. He told her the terrible dream he had in the bar-room, and confessed that he looked upon it as the voice of God, that had come to warn him to cease from his wicked work in which he was engaged, that of making drunkards, and shutting them out of the kingdom of God.

"I have told you a hundred times," said his wife, "that this business was a wicked one, and that I wished you would give it up. It is an awful thing to think of, that we are killing our neighbours and sending them down to hell. Let us shut up the tavern, and do something else for a living. For my part, I would rather starve than live by making drunkards."

And I have thought that it must be a bad business that does no good, and certainly leads many to poverty, and, if there is any truth in a dream, that leads them to hell. I have half a mind to take down the sign, and never sell another drop of liquor."

"Do, Mr. Ball, do give it up. Here's the farm; we can get a living from that; and I'll work my fingers off, if you will only quit the bar."

And, after some further deliberation of this sort, it was mutually agreed that there should be no more tavern-keeping in the house, and this resolution having been once taken, the landlord and his wife went to sleep, and slept till a very late hour in the morning.

And, when the sun rose up, the squire stirred himself about the house; he waited quietly for his breakfast, summoning his family to worship, which he had seldom found time to do before, and stepped into the bar-room to get his Bible. But just as he entered, he heard a loud knocking at the door.

"I say, squire, are you sick to-day? Why don't you open the door?"

The landlord raised the window, and throwing open a shutter, put his head out and said:

"We are not sick exactly, but we are sick of selling rum. This tavern doe'snt go any more!"

The disappointed customer was frightened.

"Why, squire, you're crazy," he ventured to say.

"Not so crazy as you think," said the landlord; "I've learned a lesson at last, and have come to the conclusion that making drunkards is no business for me at all!"

And so he did. He took down the sign that day, and saved his soul from any further guilt in the damnation of his fellow-men.
—*Christian Parlor Magazine.*

The following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most perfect, which medical science can afford. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and their effects show they have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known. Other preparations do more or less good; but this cures such dangerous complaints, so quick and so surely, as to prove an efficacy and a power to uproot disease beyond any thing which men have known before. By removing the obstructions of the internal organs and stimulating them into healthy action, they renovate the fountains of life and vigor,—health courses anew through the body, and the sick man is well again. They are adapted to disease, and disease only, for when taken by one in health they produce but little effect. This is the perfection of medicine. It is antagonistic to disease, and no more. Tender children may take them with impunity. If they are sick they will cure them, if they are well they will do them no harm.

Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint: see his bent-up, tottering form straighten with strength again; see his long-lost appetite return; see his clammy features blossom into health. Give them to some sufferer whose foul blood has burst out in scrofula till his skin is covered with sores; who stands, or sits, or lies in anguish. He has been drenched inside and out with every potion which ingenuity could suggest. Give him these PILLS, and mark the effect; see the scabs fall from his body; see the new, fair skin that has grown under them; see the late leper that is clean. Give them to him whose angry humors have planted rheumatism in his joints and bones; move him, and he screeches with pain; he too has been soaked through every muscle of his body with liniments and salves; give him these PILLS to purify his blood; they may not cure him, for, alas! there are cases which no mortal power can reach; but mark, he walks with crutches now, and now he walks alone; they have cured him. Give them to the lean, sour, haggard dyspeptic, whose gnawing stomach has long ago eaten every smile from his face and every muscle from his body. See his appetite return, and with it his health; see the new man. See her that was radiant with health and loveliness blasted and too early withering away; want of exercise or mental anguish, or some lurking disease, has deranged the internal organs of digestion, assimilation or secretion, till they do their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is gone. Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now look again—the roses blossom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every feature. See the sweet infant wasted with worms. Its wan, sickly features tell you without disguise, and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. Its pinched-up nose and ears, and restless sleepings, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the body. Now turn again and see the ruddy bloom of childhood. Is it nothing to do these things? Nay, are they not the marvel of this age? And yet they are done around you every day.

Have you the less serious symptoms of these distempers, they are the easier cured. Jaundice, Costiveness, Headache, Sideache, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Nausea, Pain in the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, King's Evil, Neuralgia, Gout, and kindred complaints all arise from the derangements which these PILLS rapidly cure. Take them perseveringly, and under the counsel of a good Physician if you can; if not, take them judiciously by such advice as we give you, and the distressing, dangerous diseases they cure, which afflict so many millions of the human race, are cast out like the devils of old—they must burrow in the brutes and in the sea. Price 25 cents per box—5 boxes for $1.

Through a trial of many years and through every nation of civilized men, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has been found to afford more relief and to cure more cases of pulmonary disease than any other remedy known to mankind. Cases of apparently settled consumption have been cured by it, and thousands of sufferers who were deemed beyond the reach of human aid have been restored to their friends and usefulness, to sound health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here a cold had settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glassy eye, and the pale, thin features of him who was lately lusty and strong, whispered to all but him CONSUMPTION. He tries every thing; but the disease is gnawing at his vitals, and shows its fatal symptoms more and more over all his frame. He is taking the CHERRY PECTORAL now; it has stopped his cough and made his breathing easy; which he could not do before, and no more. Tender children may take them with impunity. If they are sick they will cure them, if they are well they will do them no harm.

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A supply of STATIONERY always on hand.
August 20. H. & W.

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Orders respectfully solicited. For further particulars address the subscriber (post paid.)
ROBERT SEARS, 181 William St., New York.
September 3.

E. Billing, Jr. & Co's
SECOND DELIVERY OF Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
FOR AUTUMN & WINTER.
LONDON HOUSE,
October 1st, 1857.
WE beg to announce that since our "First Arrivals," we have received,
43 cases and bales per Niagara,
24 do do Scotia,
35 do do White Star and others.
Namely,—9 cases London and Paris Mantles,
22 do Black and Colored Coburgs,
9 do Fancy Dress Materials, New Robes, etc.
17 do Ready Made Clothing.
The balance containing—Carpets and Floor Cloths—Blankets and Flannels—Cloths, Doeskins, Vestings, &c.—Silk Velvets—Infants' Hoods, Hats, Dresses, Pelisses, Cloaks, &c., Ladies Elastic Bodices, &c.
ALSO, FROM PARIS
Ribbons, Plumes, Flowers, French Kid Gloves, French Merinoes, &c.
Oct. 8. E. BILLING, JR. & CO.

Notice of Co-Partnership.
September 22d, 1857.
THE Subscriber has taken into partnership Mr. HENRY WETHERBY.
The business heretofore conducted by E. W. Sutcliffe, will in future be conducted under the style or firm of
October 29. E. W. SUTCLIFFE & CO.

Coffee, Coffee.
At the Tea and Coffee Mart.
75 BAGS of Superior COFFEE,
35 packets old Java do
15 bags Fine Jamaica do.
3 bales Fine Rich Mocha do.
E. W. Sutcliffe & Co's COFFEES are Roasted, Cleansed and Ground on a scientific principle, and blended together in such a manner that this beautiful Coffee possesses a fine natural aroma, totally distinct from any other kind. Produces a beverage strong, bright and clear—is rich and mellow in flavor, and is worth twice as much as any other that is sold in imitation of it.
E. W. SUTCLIFFE & CO.
October 29. 37 Barrington Street.

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Good Sound Congo, 2s. 3d.
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Strong wiry leaf and full flavor,
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A combination of Black and Green Teas, highly recommended, } 3s.
GREEN TEAS of every variety and quality.
The increasing support which E. W. S. and Co. have experienced for the last twelve months fully justifies this urgent appeal to those families who have not yet tried the qualities.
There is always satisfaction in drinking a good cup of Tea. TEA & COFFEE MART,
October 29. 37 Barrington Street.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers having this day entered into Co partnership, will in future transact business under the name of McILREITH and CABOT.
M. McILREITH,
J. E. CABOT.
Halifax, 31st March, 1857.
McIlreith & Cabot return thanks for the kind patronage awarded them in former business connections, and individually, and beg to solicit a continuance of the same for the present firm. They propose keeping a stock of GOODS that in quality and variety will not be surpassed in this city, and intend to have all orders promptly and faithfully executed under their personal supervision. A large stock suitable for the present and approaching seasons has been selected for them in England, with great attention to style and quality, and may be expected in a few days. Their business will, for the present, be carried on at No 25 GRANVILLE STREET, until the old stand in Hollis Street is rebuilt. April 9.

House and Estate Agency,
60 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.
THE Subscriber negotiates for the Sale or purchase, Renting, or letting and other disposition of Houses and Real Estate wherever situate throughout the Province; ALSO in the sale, purchase, and transfer of Stock, Shares, Collecting Rents, &c., &c.
By constantly advertising, and the system of entering in BOOKS OF REGISTRY open for the reference, all requisite particulars, the range of enquiry and chance of diffusing information is widely extended, and a ready channel of communication is thus presented between applicants and proprietors.
A large number of Properties, Houses, vacant Lots and Wild Lands are registered for sale and to be let.
☞ For terms and every information apply (if by letter, post paid,) to B. G. GRAY,
May 7. 60 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

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AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.
DON'T fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It has no equal on Earth. No mother who has ever tried Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children will ever consent to let her child pass through the distressing and critical period of teething without the aid of this invaluable preparation. If life and health can be estimated by dollars and cents, it is worth its weight in gold.
Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well tried remedy.
PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.
☞ None genuine unless the fac simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.
Sold by Druggists throughout the world.
October 15. 6m.

ALBION HOUSE!
FURTHER ARRIVALS.
Thirty Five Packages.
From Glasgow and Liverpool.
7 Cases DRESS GOODS,
1 do MANTLES,
2 do Muslins,
2 do Lace Goods,
1 do Bonnett Shapes.
2 Cases LINENS,
1 do Handkerchiefs,
2 do Haberdashery,
1 bale FLANNELS,
1 do BLANKETS,
4 bales SHIRTINGS,
11 packages Cottons, Regattas, and sundry Staple GOODS.
JOST, KNIGHT & CO.
October 15. 33 Granville Street.
Jour, Chron, Col.

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!!
GOREHAM & RICKARDS.
Have received a heavy Stock of
RUBBER SHOES.
WILL sell them at LOWER PRICES than have ever before been offered to the Public
N. B.—Merchants from the Country will find it to their advantage to give us a call.
NO. 15 DUKE STREET,
October 16. One Door below Dechezeau & Crow's.

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT And Hoarhound.
THERE is no preparation in the market more popular, or that is doing more good than Mrs. Gardner's
Indian Balsam of Liverwort & Hoarhound.
For full twenty years it has maintained a reputation for the cure of Colds, Croups, and all kinds of Pulmonary Complaints. A friend of ours is eloquent in its praise in relation to its efficacy in curing Croup, pronouncing it the one of the best articles he has ever seen used. The same may be said of its virtues in other complaints touching the throat and chest. Persons who are poor and sick will be supplied with a bottle. Weeks & Potter, 154 Washington St., Boston, Proprietors.
G. E. MORTON & CO., Agents for Halifax.
October 15. 6m.

WANTED!
A LADY recently arrived from England wishes for an engagement as resident or daily Governess, in or near Halifax. She is competent to instruct in French and a good English education. Enquire at the Wesleyan Office or Mrs. Power's Boarding House, Argyle Street.
August 27.

FRENCH KID GLOVES!!
One Hundred and Seventy-five Dozen.
AT THE ALBION HOUSE.
JOST, KNIGHT & CO.
RESPECTFULLY call attention to their large Stock of FRENCH KID GLOVES.
They keep the Gloves of *three different makers*; but would refer particularly to those made by *Alexandre*, known to be *the best Kid Glove manufactured in France.*
The Manufacturer, desirous of protecting his customers from the piracy of unprincipled makers and venders, assures them that *all his Gloves bear his signature.*
"*Pour eviter contrefaçon toutes les Bandes et les Gants porteront ma signature.*—ALEXANDRE
October 29. 33 GRANVILLE STREET.

Dissolution of Partnership.
THE Partnership heretofore existing between James Ratchford DeWolf and John Clarke DeWolf, under the style and firm of DEWOLF & CO, has been dissolved by mutual consent.
All parties having demands against the late Firm are requested to render their accounts to James R. DeWolf, and those indebted will please make early payment either to him or to Mr. James L. Woodill, 63 Hollis Street, who is duly authorised to receive the same.
JAMES R. DEWOLF,
JOHN C. DEWOLF,
Per his Attorney CHARLES F. DEWOLF.
Halifax, Oct. 22d, 1857. 1m.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber begs to announce that he has disposed of the business of the City Drug Store to his former assistant Mr. James L. Woodill. From his knowledge of business, experience, and ability, the undersigned feels assured that the reputation of the establishment will be fully sustained.
In tendering his respectfully solicits on behalf of his successor, a continuance of the same generous patronage bestowed during the past fifteen years, for which he takes this opportunity to render his sincere thanks.
Halifax, Oct. 22, 1857. JAS. R. DEWOLF.

In reference to the above announcement, I beg to state that I have purchased the business of the City Drug Store, and I hope by strict attention and assiduity to merit a continuance of the patronage and support hitherto awarded to this Establishment.
JAS. L. WOODILL,
Oct. 24. 63 Hollis Street.

"STAR"
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
CHIEF OFFICE
43, Moorgate Street, London.
THE Society is chiefly, but not exclusively devoted to the Assurance of the lives of members of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies, and of the hearers and friends of that religious connexion. Assurances, however, may be effected upon all assurable lives.
One-half, at least, of the Directors are chosen from the credited Members of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies.
The *advantages* it offers to Assurers included all the benefits which have been developed during the progress of the system of Life Assurance, but the following deserve especial notice.
Nine tenths or ninety per cent. of the Profits, ascertained every five years, divided among Policy-holders having paid Three Annual Premiums:
Credit may be given for one half the Premiums, upon whole Life Policies, for Five Years.
Policies which may lapse, from Non-payment of the premium, may be revived at any period not exceeding Six Months, satisfactory proof being given that the Life assured is in good health, and on the payment of a small Fine.
Assured Persons (not being seafaring by profession) will be allowed to proceed in time of peace, in decked vessels, to any port in Europe, and return, without extra charge or previous permission of the Directors.
No claim disputed, except in case of palpable fraud or intentional error will not vitiate a Policy.
All claims paid within Fifty days of their being passed by the Board.
No stamps, entrance money, or fees of any kind, nor any charge made for Policies.
Thirty days are allowed for the payment of the Premium, from the date of its becoming due.

The following Table gives the Scale of Bonus allocated to the Holders of Policies of Ten Years' duration.

Age at Entr'ce	Sum assured.	Am't. paid to office.	Bonuses added to the sum assured	Total am't now payable at the death in ten years.
30	£1,000	243 15 0	£147 10 0	£1,147 10 0
35	1,000	279 11 8	156 3 4	1,156 3 0
40	1,000	324 11 8	168 10 0	1,168 10 0
45	1,000	377 1 8	177 10 0	1,177 10 0

The "STAR" Office insures at as low a rate as any of the Life Offices—and Wesleyan Ministers have the advantage of a discount from their annual premium of five per cent.
Further information may be obtained at the office of the Agent, 31 Water Street, or from the Medical Referees, Granville Street.
R. S. BLACK, M.D. M. G. BLACK, Jr.
Medical Referees. Agent.
April 25. y 302.

ABOVE we present you with a likeness of DR. MORSE, the inventor of MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS. This philanthropist has spent the greater part of his life in travelling, having visited Europe, Asia and Africa, as well as North America—has spent three years among the Indians of our Western country—it was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arise from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD—that our health, strength, and life depended upon the vital fluid.
When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its crimson, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains, sickness and disease of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humours, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely, Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grew around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudorific, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectorant, that opens and unclogs the passage to the lungs, and thus in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys; thus encouraged, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out bountifully by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way. The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.
From the above, it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only enter the stomach, but become united with the blood, for they find way to every part, and completely root out and cleanse the system from all impurity, and the life of the body, which is the blood, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently all sickness and pain is driven from the system, for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clear.
The reason why people are so distressed when sick, and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the afflicted parts, and which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literary overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, constantly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Dr. Morse's PILLS have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring millions of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have been racked or tormented with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished and absolutely surprised in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish, but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify, that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cherish and brighten your days.
A. J. White & Co., Leonard Street, New York, Wholesale Proprietors. MORTON & COGSWELL, Halifax, Wholesale Agents, dealers supplied by them at proprietor's prices.
July 2. 6m.

PRO. MOHR'S
GERMAN FLY PAPER.

FOR the sure and and certain destruction of FLIES, ANTS, BUGS, MOSQUITOES, &c.
WITHOUT DANGER to be apprehended from the insects poisoning anything they may come in contact with, after having the paper. It is perfectly SIMPLE and SAFE, yet sure and CERTAIN in its action, and possesses a GREAT ADVANTAGE OVER ALL OTHER POISONS IN ITS NOT BEING LIABLE TO BE MISTAKEN.
The above is the only sure and Genuine article EVER offered to the public as a DEADLY POISON for the above named pests.
Be sure and ASK FOR PRO. MOHR'S
GERMAN FLY PAPER,
AND TAKE NO OTHER.
M. S. BURR & CO., No. 1 Cornhill, Boston, General Agents for the New England States and British Provinces. Also, Agent for
PRO. MOHR'S GERMAN Rat and Cockroach Exterminator.
☞ For sale in Halifax by all Druggists.
July 29

L. Scott & Co's.
REPRINT OF THE