

The Family.  
THE BOLTED DOOR.  
God is knocking.  
Ever knocking.  
At the heart's three bolted door.  
Which we're locking.  
Ever locking.  
As we oft have done before.  
And we hear, yet, hearing, heed not.  
While we faster bolt the door.  
He is calling.  
Ever calling.  
In a soft and gentle tone,  
To the falling.  
And the falling.  
To the weary and the lone.  
Still they answer not the summons.  
Till the spirit voice has flown.  
He's entreating.  
Ever entreating.  
By his mercy, and his care,  
Knocking, knocking.  
And repeating.  
Calling, calling, till his prayer:  
"Open, open, open, open, open, open,  
Open wide the sin-cloaked portal;  
Hear it, mortal: open quickly,  
God is waiting at the door."

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)  
[ORIGINAL.]  
THE MOULDING PROCESS.

A short time ago I visited a glass factory in Boston, the friend who acted as pilot said, as we passed along, "You will see the hardest lot of men we have in our country." I expected to see hard faces, you may believe, and I did see them, from all climes they had come, what it was that stamped them as a class with the character given them by my friend, I did not fully ascertain. It may be that the hot, hard, careless labor is stamped by the better classes, or that early training in countries where the power of the gospel is not felt as here, has given them a wrong start. The thought present with me was, can I learn anything among such associations? Let me tell the lesson I saw, and then we will think the lesson over. That little old Irishman there, we call Sandy. There is activity in every muscle and a twinkle in the little gray eyes, a vein of cunning and a good broad margin of humor in the countenance. He seems the most approachable of the lot. Let me tell you a little story of Sandy's life. With many other glass-blowers, men of his class, he exchanged his blow pipe for a rifle and entered the ranks of the Northern Army for the preservation of the Union. In one battle where many a brave man standing by his gun was shot down, or worse still, carried off to that fabled land of prisoners "Andersonville," Sandy dodged behind a tree and lay flat on the ground, Sandy hoped to present an appearance of death. Not so did he appear to the keen eye of the enemy's man who causes him to take a sudden turn and he touches him with the point of the bayonet. Taking a business-like look at him, he said, "not worth picking up," and Sandy lives to fight and dodge again for the land of the brave and the free. And we come back to the old stand in the glass factory to learn our lesson. He takes the long iron tube, and dipping it in the melted glass through a small opening in the furnace, gives it a turn or so as you would a pin to put a head of sealing wax on it. Then bringing it out with a round, polished glass, glowing with heat and putting the other end to our lips, he said "Blow!" We gave a stronger puff for Sandy than we were giving for him, and had the satisfaction of seeing a crystal ball grow like a soap bubble at the other end of the tube. Here we learned our first lesson. We had not placed the heated ball in the mould which lay at our feet, so swelling to any shape it pleased, and not able to bear the inward pressure of air, it burst into a thousand crystal fragments at our feet. We must take the proper mould if we would grow up into vessels fitted for the Master's use. Sandy takes his turn next. A little boy opens the mould for him and closes it up tight after the ball of glass is inserted. Sandy gives it a practiced blow through his tube, strikes the tube a sharp tap to free it from the piece to which he has given shape, and turns again to the furnace. Good bye, little Sandy, may you learn to fight for the Master that will take you to a better life than glass-blowing when the battles are all fought.

We have a new friend now, the little boy Jack. Jack opens the mould at once, for the glass soon cools, and with a pair of pincers lifts out a pretty little pepper bottle, and runs with it to a man in another part of the room. Through a good many hands and a good many processes the little bottle has yet to go before it comes setting in its silver socket to our table. Now it is all clean and shining from the heating and moulding process. Again it is all battered and soiled with the heat and water of the grinding and finishing process, out of that it sparkles once more and becomes useful. Our friend Jack and many other little lads waiting on the busy glass blowing men, have to move around lively, poor, scrawny, burn up looking little fellows, how a roll in the meadows on the pasture slopes, or a run through the green woods and a dip in the river would brighten them up. Many of our boys would go home more contented with their lot, and think even the school room a pretty good sort of place after a sight at the work of Jack. All round the large room men are moulding and running about with all kinds of glass ware, from the large Carboy for the Nitric Acid, to the little chimney for the "Tom Thumb" lamp. With the making of the lamp chimney we learned our best lesson. Though it is a plain, simple article it is not all finished at once. After its first moulding it goes into the tongue of a man who sits near the fire on a bench with a long slim arvil near him. He runs the chimney into the glowing furnace, it soon becomes soft and pliable, draws it out and clips it with shears around the top and bottom as you would paper; then into the furnace again to be drawn out and moulded with his shears, by running them in at the end and swelling it to any shape desired, or laying it gently on the anvil he smooths it as he pleases; often he has to place it in the fire to make it and mould it as he will, and very careful he is not to break and destroy what has already had so much of care. He can do nothing with it while it is cold and passive, and as it soon becomes soft when exposed he has to beat it very often so that the lesson very plainly taught. A short time ago you saw a one gentleman that I could think of who was likely to do anything for me, so all of a tremble and fluster I made for his house. I could tell from the way he spoke to me at the first that he had heard all about me, and my heart sank down to my shoes. Yet I felt I could trust, and so I told him all about it, and how I signed the pledge, and meant to keep it.

JOHN TREGENOWETH, HIS MARK.  
By THE REV. MARK GUY PRANCE.  
AUTHOR OF "MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS."  
CHAPTER V.  
HOW HE MADE HIS MARK.  
I certainly did go on better for a little time. But you have heard before now how the world came about. It was a Saturday night. I had not done as well as I used to, for the folks got to know how I spent my money, and did not care to help me after that. But this Saturday night I could not get a single penny-piece. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and there was nobody scarce in the streets, and of course I could not get any music out of the strings where everything was dripping and soaked through for a fiddle, for all it be a friend, is a good deal like other friends, 'tis best in fine weather. And the little maid, too, she was coughin' and shiverin' so that she couldn't sing; and what with one thing and another I was mazed, and didn't care much what happened. Desperate like, I went into a public house where I knew that I should find a good many of my old comrades, and they made me sit by them, and one gave a glass of hot grog, and that set me off, for I was weak and cold, and had scarce tasted a morsel for the day. They tried to make little Mary have some too, but she turned her head away crying.

O, why is there a thing like this drink in the world, that can turn a man into a devil? I loved the little maid more, a good deal more than my own life, yet I spoke out sharp to her, and gave her a push. I can mind how she came covering down by my side, hugging her trembling little self against me, and the hot tears falling down on my hand. You would think, Sir, that that would break anybody's heart; but it only angered me and made me more desperate. (Here the tears trickled the closed eyes, and slowly traced their way down his face.) I was craving for drink, but had no money. Then it was as if the devil had whispered it in my ear, and I jumped up and shouted out, "Hurrah, boys, here's a chance to make a fortune! Here's the old fiddle, and the high old bidder shall have it. Come, now, who'll start?" 'Tis a real good one. Little Mary moved. Her hand was lifted up till it touched my neck, she sobbed out, "O, Father don't do that!" With an oath I told her to be quiet, and pushed her down into her seat, and she shrank away into my side, shivering more than ever. One of them—the landlord 'twas—bought it for a few shillings, and then I began my fiddle. I drank glass after glass until I knew nothing. I was never so glad in my life. (Here Uncle John brushed away tears that came more quickly.) I don't know what it happened to this day, but I know she began to ask me to go home or something, and they tell me that I hit her, Sir! 'Tis the little maid!—and she fell off the seat, and when they picked her up she had a cut in the forehead, and she was so pale and so still that they thought at first she was dead. (The old man paused for a minute or two. His voice faltered as he went on again.) Ah, that was a week, Sir!—The little maid was only stunned, but I had killed her. I couldn't have told more condemned than I did. I crept about where I thought nobody could see me. I hurried as fast as I could, knockin' myself and stumbling if I heard Betty comin'; and as for the little maid, I wouldn't have had her see me for the world. Never a man hated himself like I did then, Sir.

In a few days that, Sir!—The little maid was sitting, not knowing that she was near, she crept up and threw her arms about my neck in her loving way, and kissed me. I 'pos'd my eyes filled with tears, and that the little maid saw it, for she said, "Father, don't cry; it wasn't your fault; it was the drink." My hand rested just on the scar of the wound, and all at once back before me that dreadful Saturday night. "Twasn't your fault, father," she went on, "don't cry; it wasn't your fault—it was the drink." The drink! ay, it was all the drink. Could I ever touch it again? I kept my finger light on the little maid's forehead, and lifted my face to heaven, and vowed that I would never touch the murderous thing again as long as I lived. The little maid must have been watching my lips, and half heard and half guessed my thoughts. "Father, are you going to sign the pledge?" she asked. "Yes, my dear, for ever and ever I hope," I said as I pressed her to myself. "Oh, I am so glad!" she cried, with a merry laugh. Then in her thoughtful way she stopped and said, "But, father, you will have to do like people who can't write; and that will be John Tregenoweth: his mark."

KEEP THAT BOY BUSY.  
Father and mother are both wondering what shall we do with him, alarmed by his energy and fearful of his outcome. The trouble is that he is only mildly interested in his present school, or abundant leisure remains after he has done all that is required of him. He has time, energy, desire that find no occupation, and therefore he lounges about street-corners, wanders through the town, and idles in saloons. He is the prey of loafers, gamblers, billiard-rooms, and liquor-dens, just simply because restless fevers for occupation are not cooled by hard work.

We have long thought that the problem of how to deal with the secondaries who keep pestiferous resorts would be about half answered if parents could be induced to take care of their boys by taking care that they have work enough to exhaust their energy. The devil's mill would cease to grind for want of grain, if the boys were fully employed. We have observed the saloons and billiard-rooms—often the same rooms—in a country town of thousands of inhabitants. There were about forty boys in the place whose parents were in comfortable circumstances, though not rich; and nearly all of these boys visited more or less, the saloons. Few of them drank, but all saw it done, grew familiar with it, and went on to tipping a little. A few became drunkards before they were of age, and all acquired a distaste for serious employment. The ministers preached about the evils of intemperance, and launched thunder-bolts against the saloon men; but we did not look for the reason of these cases the parents did not really know what to do about it. They could do no more; they prayed and got no answer. Scolding and prayer failed because common-sense work needed to be done before and along with them. A very successful father whose two sons graduated very early at college, explained his success by saying, "I never allowed those boys to have any idle hours." It is so simple, one wonders how it is missed. There is eager, burning desire to be doing something. The boy cannot move in the parlor, or saunter with his sister in the garden. This work goes straight across his grain, and the father has seen no use of the public school is dull to him, because it has no purpose that he enters into, and leads to no good that fascinates him. Change his work, or put it before him with a meaning of some sort; make the public school a preparation for college; study his bent and give it way if possible; pay him for industry, and deprive him of new clothes for idleness; appeal to the highest motives, and if these do not win, come down lower, to the lowest; but insist that he shall fill up his time and exhaust his energy upon some sort of work. The room needed to be left for innocent diversions of little account. The innocent, the sweeter. Besides, it is doubtful whether any public diversion is innocent. They swear like the army in Flanders at base-ball games, and drinking and betting are games that slip in on the same occasion.

What the boy wants is work; you must give him that. Don't be silly and take him out of school on account of his health. He is slender and you want him to get muscle, and you set him to loafing. We have known twenty such cases to result in a first-class boxer made of a promising boy. You must look him over the head with muscle and good thing, but more health is just possible to a man with flabby muscles. The base-ball men have better muscles than the college presidents; but the latter manage to live as long as the former, and be a deal more useful. What are your boys about? Have they plenty of work? As a rule, if you let the family council consider what Charles and John shall be set to doing. We fear there are in our great parish thousands of sons in fearful danger of perishing for want of sufficient work. The growing wealth of our people is constantly detaching boys from manual service, and this emancipation is too often apprenticeship of Satan. Nothing, not even any amount of praying, can take the place of the duty of carefully providing occupation for that promising boy.—N. W. Advocate.

and not a little surprised, to get such good food from the young minister, who, leaving the sermon where he found it, went his way, to return, as he supposed, and take another from the same pile the next Sabbath. Alas! as Scotland's Burns bemoan, so did it bemoan our young Scotlander, who, being sick, was in his turn obliged to procure a substitute, to whom he forgot to mention the three sermons. They, however, attracted the eye and won a careful perusal of the second supply, who unconsciously acquiescing in the wise and appreciative audience the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling among tents." Quite pleased with the sensation which he perceived he had made, the young man replaced the sermons and departed. Yet another substitute, on the third Sabbath, following in the footsteps of those who had gone before, again pronounced as his subject, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling among tents." "When he was silenced by an old woman, who rose near the desk, exclaiming in broadest Scotch, 'Awa! with 'y' Jacob, we'll ha' no more of 'y' Jacob!'"—Congregationalist.

CURST'S SORROW THE SOURCE OF THE BURNING OF THE JON. That was weary that he might rest; He hungered that he might eat the bread, and thirsted that he might drink the water of life. He grieved that he might be happy, and became miserable that he might be happy; he was apprehended that he might escape; he was apprehended that he might be acquitted, and condemned that he might be absolved. He died that he might be justified before God. He tried, He "was made sin for us that we might be the righteousness of God in Him."—Beverage.

The Farm.  
PITY THE FARMER.  
Pity the farmer, hear him complain.  
Week after week not a sprinkle of rain,  
Yellow and crisp is the grass on the plain,  
Parched and withered the garden and grain,  
What will o'ercome us, a famine is near—  
What is the matter? 'tis such a strange year.

Pity the farmer, a twelve-month recall,  
Tempest and rain were the horror of all.  
In midsummer, mildew on the wall,  
Blight in the fruit buds, and in the stall.  
Pity the farmer, and give him thine ear.  
"We shall all suffer, 'tis such a strange year."

HOW TO FATTEN CHICKENS.  
We made the following extracts from an article on this subject in the London Cottage Gardener:  
It is hopeless to attempt to fatten them while they are at liberty. They must be put in a proper coop, and this like most other poultry opportunities, need not be expensive. To fatten twelve fowls, a coop may be three feet long, eighteen inches high and eighteen inches deep, made entirely of bars. No part solid—neither top, sides nor bottom. Discretion must be used according to the size of the chickens put up. They do not want room: indeed the closer they are the better—provided they can stand up at the same time. Care must be taken to put up such as have been accustomed to be together, or they will fight. If one is quarrelsome, it is better to remove it at once; as, like other bad examples, it soon finds imitators. A diseased chicken should not be put up.

PREACHERS' WIVES.  
Rev. W. B. Boyce, one of the general Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the English Wesleyan Methodist Church, in the late address to a number of young ministers of that denomination, expressed the following sound and timely sentiments which apply with equal force to the preachers of the Evangelical Association. The speaker said:  
"Be careful how you marry. A man requires his wife's consent to be respectable and useful. Let your wife be an example to the flock in reference to decency and propriety of dress. You do not want a woman who is a milliner's shop-stick, but one who so far reveres the image of God in woman, and respects too much her husband's office and the rules of the Church to which he belongs to debase that image by earrings and other so-called ornamental articles of jewelry, which, though they may be suitable for savages, or for duchesses, are utterly out of place on the person of the wife of a Methodist preacher. It is high time that the ministers and officers of the Methodist Church should stand against the absence of taste and decency which characterize the fashionable costume of our day. This is not a trifling matter which might be left to be corrected by satire. It has a moral bearing upon the higher interests of all classes of society, especially upon that very numerous class who with small means are, by the example of those above them, tempted to an expenditure and display equally ruinous to their purse and their character. Let our women be least in their show of what they deem their Christian liberty in the matter of dress the blood of souls be not required at their hands."

"NO MORE JACOBS."  
A good story about sermons is told by John Miller Ross, formerly of Edinburgh, now pastor of the Chalmers Presbyterian Church, Manchester, England. The pastor of a large Edinburgh Church being unexpectedly called away for three Sabbaths, was unable to do better than engage as his supply a young student from the university. Knowing the high standard of his people, and fearing the weakness of his student, he told him that he had laid upon his study-table three of his own earlier sermons, never preached to that people, and that he was welcome to make any use of them he pleased. On the first Sabbath morning the young minister looked the sermons over, and being much delighted with one on the text, "Gen. xxv, 27, resolved, in accordance with the hopes of the absent pastor, to preach it instead of his own. The people were much delighted.

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Provincial Wesleyan Almanac  
SEPTEMBER, 1873.  
Full Moon, full day, 4th, 5.50, afternoon.  
Last Quarter, 13th day, 11h. 45m., morning.  
New Moon, 21st day, 1h. 36m., afternoon.  
First Quarter, 29th day, 10h. 42m., morning.

Day	SUN.	MOON.	R. Tide.
1 W.	5.27	6.33	2.22 11 24 0.47
2 Tu.	5.28	6.31	2.21 8.24 0.46 1.47
3 W.	5.29	6.29	2.20 5.26 0.26 3.14
4 Th.	5.30	6.27	2.19 2.36 1.34 4.42
5 Fr.	5.31	6.26	2.18 11.25 2.55 6.0
6 Sa.	5.32	6.24	2.17 8.24 4.28 6.59
7 Su.	5.34	6.22	2.16 5.26 5.46 7.48
8 M.	5.35	6.20	2.15 2.36 7.48 8.32
9 Tu.	5.36	6.18	2.14 11.25 8.26 9.16
10 W.	5.37	6.16	2.13 8.24 9.45 9.57
11 Th.	5.38	6.15	2.12 5.26 11.10 10.36
12 Fr.	5.39	6.13	2.11 2.36 12.16 11.16
13 Sa.	5.41	6.11	2.10 11.25 5.35 12.11
14 Su.	5.42	6.9	2.09 8.24 6.28 12.44
15 M.	5.43	6.7	2.08 5.26 7.24 1.30
16 Tu.	5.44	6.5	2.07 2.36 8.13 4.3 2.1
17 W.	5.45	6.3	2.06 11.25 9.3 4.44 4.59
18 Th.	5.46	6.2	2.05 8.24 10.34 5.34 5.54
19 Fr.	5.48	6.1	2.04 5.26 11.35 6.24 6.54
20 Sa.	5.49	6.0	2.03 2.36 12.35 7.14 7.51
21 Su.	5.50	5.59	2.02 11.25 1.14 8.04 8.26
22 M.	5.51	5.58	2.01 8.24 2.14 9.04 9.29
23 Tu.	5.52	5.57	2.00 5.26 3.14 10.04 10.26
24 W.	5.53	5.56	1.59 2.36 4.14 11.04 11.26
25 Th.	5.54	5.55	1.58 11.25 5.14 12.04 12.26
26 Fr.	5.55	5.54	1.57 8.24 6.14 1.04 1.26
27 Sa.	5.56	5.53	1.56 5.26 7.14 2.04 2.26
28 Su.	5.57	5.52	1.55 2.36 8.14 3.04 3.26
29 M.	5.58	5.51	1.54 11.25 9.14 4.04 4.26
30 Tu.	5.59	5.50	1.53 8.24 10.14 5.04 5.26

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's South gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Weymouth, New Brunswick 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, than at Halifax. Four 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.  
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The subscriber offers for sale at lowest market prices, in bond or duty paid, in lots to suit—  
Pans, Tierces and Barrels choice early crop Cien fugar, Molasses.  
Hogs and Blue Choice Vacuum Pan SUGAR, 100 lbs. per barrel.  
ALSO.  
Half Chests Souchong Tea.  
Boxes Souchong and No. 1 HERRINGS.  
NAVY CANVAS—assorted No. 1 to 6.  
JOSEPH S. BELCHER,  
Book's Wharf.  
FOR SALE AT THE  
Prince Albert  
MOULDING FACTORY.  
DOORS.  
1000 KILN DRIED PANEL DOORS  
from \$1.50 and upwards. Keeps on  
hand following dimensions, viz: 6 ft. 6 in., 10 ft. 6 in., 8 ft. 6 in., 6 ft. 6 in., 8 ft. 6 in., 6 ft. 6 in.  
WINDOWS.  
1000 WINDOW PANELED AND SASHES,  
12 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., 10 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. Other sizes 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 grooved and tongued sash, and plain jointed 1 in. Flooring, well seasoned.  
LATHING AND SKELETONS  
Grooved and tongued Pine and spruce Lathing. Also, Shingles and other dressed Material.  
PLASTERING, MATCHING, MOULDING TIMBER  
JO and CIRCULAR SAWING, done as shortest notice.  
Also—  
TURNING.  
Orders attended with promptness and despatch. Contract work handled—Turned Steam Balancers and Newall Tools.  
LUMBER.  
Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Lumber; Pitch Fir Timber and Sawn Lumber—Also—Birch, Oak, and other hard woods.  
SHINGLES.  
Sawed and Split Pine and Cedar Shingles, CEDARSHED, PICKET, LATHING, and FENCE Posts.  
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 to  
George P. Rowell & Co.  
for a Circular, or enclose 25 cents for their One Hundred Page Pamphlet, containing Lists of 3,000 Newspapers and estimates showing the cost of advertising, also many useful hints to advertisers, and some account of the experiences of men who are known as successful advertisers. This form is sent free of charge to 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.  
Nov 15  
THE  
Provincial Wesleyan,  
Edited and Published by  
REV. A. W. NICOLSON,  
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. S.  
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING  
at 10 o'clock.  
\$2 per Annum—payable in Advance.  
ADVERTISEMENTS.  
This paper having a much larger circulation than any other one of its class in Eastern British America, is a most desirable medium for the insertion of advertisements which are suitable for its columns.  
RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
A Column—\$120 per year; \$70 six months; \$40 three months.  
For One Inch of Space—\$6 per year; \$4 months; \$3 three months.  
FOR TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS:  
First insertion \$1 per inch, and each continuance 25 cents per inch.  
SPECIAL NOTICES—50 per cent added to above rates.  
AGENTS.  
All Wesleyan Ministers and Preachers on trial throughout Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, are authorized Agents to receive subscriptions for the paper, and orders for advertisements.  
All subscribers should be paid in advance from the time of commencement to the close of the current year; and all orders for the insertion of transient advertisements should be accompanied by the Cash.  
The Provincial Wesleyan is printed by THEOPHILUS CHAMBERLAIN, at the Printing Office, 300 Argyle Street, (up stairs), where he has every facility for executing  
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING  
with neatness and dispatch.