The Family.

One by one Love's Links are Broken.

One by one love's links are broken,
One by one our friends depart;
Voices that have kindly spoken,
Heart that throbbed to kindred heart.

Some are resting in the ocean,
Hidden 'mid its secret deep,
Heedless of its wild commotion,
Sleeping there a dreamless sleep,

Some have wandered o'er the billow,
Prayers nor tears their life could save;
Sleep their rest beneath the willow,
In some far off churchyard grave.

And some are near us, lonely lying,
Our love words cannot break their sleep;
No answer comes, but wild winds sighing,
Through the grass o'er which we weep.

List we, for the heart's warm greeting,
Loved and prized in days gone by;
Look we for fond glances, meeting,
Ours, from out the sea-lit eye?

Ask we for the joyous beaming,
Of the smiles that radiant shone
Round us in our youthful dreaming—
Ask for these, where are they gone?

Ah! not here, not here our dwelling,
In this changing world of time:—
Thanks to God, all change is telling
Of a holier, happier clime.

Weep not over hopes departed,
Seek not here the scattered band;
Soul of mine, rouse up! look forward
To the glorious spirit land.

Beyond the Garden-Gate.

"Children," said Mrs. Jay, "you may play anywhere in the yard, but don't go beyond the garden-gate. Do you hear me, Peter?" "Yes, mother," said Peter, looking up from his wheelbarrow; "Do not go beyond the garden-gate!" Mother then, seeing her little boy and girl quietly at play in the yard, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went down street.

Peter and Jessie, his little sister, had nice plays together. He used to make believe horse, and draw her on his trucks, or she make believe a pumpkin, and be carried in his wheel-barrow; or they would both make cows and set up a terrible mooing; indeed there was no end to the different characters they took, all the while keeping very kind to each other. Their plays this afternoon led them down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a gate, hasped inside, which opened into a field of thick underbrush and trees, sloping down to a lower part of the village. This was the forbidden gate.

"I wish we could go out into the woods," said Peter; "perhaps we should find a bird's nest." Peter unhasped the gate, and he and Jessie looked around and saw the pretty woods. "But *what did mother tell us?*" asked Jessie. "Perhaps she was afraid of bears," answered Peter, "or the water in these woods, or something; but there are no bears. Oh! there's a squirrel on that tree! See him, see him, Jessie;" and away ran Peter to the woods, and *away* ran Jessie after him. The squirrel hid, and the children went on, hoping to find another. They strayed down a bank, and came to a brook and little pond. "Mother thought we'd fall into this pond and that's the reason she cautioned us against coming here," said Peter; "but we shan't, shall we Jessie?" "No, we won't," answered Jessie. And so they ran round, and tumbled about, and picked flowers, and at last got back to the gardengate and unharmed, without anybody knowing they safe went. "Jessie," said Peter, "*don't you tell.*" "Not if mother asks?" asked Jessie. "She won't ask," said Peter.

Mother did not ask, nor did Jessie tell, and all went on at home as usual. Saturday night, after the children were washed, and Jessie had gone to sleep, Peter and his mother talked a little longer together, as they often did on Saturday night: "Mother, I have been in the woods beyond the garden-gate this week." "When did you go?" she asked. He told her. "And mother," he said, "nothing happened to us there; we didn't fall into the water, or get wet, or tear our clothes; no bears ate us up. Why didn't you want us to go?"

"You *lost* something that afternoon in the woods," said his mother. "Lost something!" said Peter, and he thought of his knife, and his slate pencils, and his ball, and a three cent piece in his pocket; he hadn't lost one of them he was quite sure. "Yes," repeated his mother, "think a moment what you have missed, for I know you have lost something." Peter for a moment thought his mother must be a spirit; for how could she know when he didn't know himself? "I will recollect if you think," said she. Peter [illegible] and under the bed-quilt, for he began to [illegible] lost something; and the more he [illegible] the more sure he was of it. "Mother," he at last said in a little sorrowful voice, "I *did* lose something in those woods, I did; I lost *the happy* out of my heart." Ah, that was it, [illegible] loss it is when a child loses the happy out of his heart.

It does not always concern a child to know *why* his parents forbid him this or that; *his* duty is obedience. Nor because nothing befalls him in course of disobedience, must he conclude no harm is done at all. Peter and Jessie got home safely; but was there no harm done? Yes, yes; the happy left their little hearts. They were *afraid*—afraid ther mother would find it out. This is the way doing wrong wrongs you. It wrongs you out of that peace and comfort which God made you to enjoy; and all Peter's play in the woods did not make up for this loss until he told his mother and received her forgiveness with her good-night kiss.

The Lilac Buds.

A branch of lilac has stretched out as far as the window pane, near which I often sit and write, and I like to watch it. It seems to say many things, and among others it reminds me how long *buds* are *buds*. It was the 12th of October that I first noticed the new buds pushing out under the foot of the old leaves, which fluttered over them to a green old age, until the November winds swept them to the ground. They were then left alone on the bare branches to take life as it came in the dark days of December, January frost and cold, February ice and thaw, and terrible shakings from the March winds. I noticed them in the first nipping frost; but they did not seem to mind it. In the warm sunshine of January they wanted to come out, but a northeast storm held them back. In the February thaw they began to look big; a frozen rain kept them in place. April showers have come; they show signs of maturing powers. But they will not be fairly out, doing their work and playing their part in this great world of ours, till May, and that makes eight months of bud-life to four months of leaf-life.

It certainly shows what God thinks of bud-life—that it is an important part of life, and he does not wish to hasten it. He lets the little things gradually get accustomed to the ways of living in this world, slowly and therefore *surely* gaining strength and health, vitalizing and hardening their little energies *by degrees*, never pushing them forward, often holding them back, until the right time arrives, when they come forth properly qualified for their position on the tree, waving their banners throughout the beautiful summer-time without weariness and without rest.

If buds must be buds just so long in order to make fit leaves and flowers and fruit, so our tenderer buds, the children, in order to make strong men and women, ought to *stay* children just so long, and not "come out" before their proper time. There is no advantage in trying to be men and women *to soon*. It spoils them for being true men and women at all. We should not push the children into studies, duties, feelings, or enjoyments beyond their years. They must *grow* to them. That is God's way.

Sometimes I see the boys trying to ape men. When they do, it is generally the weakest or wickedest side of a man, as smoking, for instance, or swearing, because they cannot do or be what properly belongs to man. Buds cannot be buds and leaves at the same time.

When I see little girls losing the simplicity of childhood in their looks and words, dressed like young ladies going to evening parties, sitting up late at night, eating rich cake and confectionary, it makes me think of the lilac buds in a January thaw, swelling and trying to come out before their time, and I feel sorry if there be no firm hand to keep them back. Their Mays and Junes will come full soon. Yet they are not likely to come at all, if *forced* to come. The buds may be *winter-killed*.

Let parents and us all remember then, that God likes the children to *stay* buds; to *be* children as long as they *are* children, and *good* ones too.

The Woman I never saw.

One hears much complaint of the direction and character of female education. It is dolefully affirmed that young ladies learn how to sing operas, but not how to keep house—that they conjugate Greek verbs, but cannot make bread—that they are good for pretty toying, but not for homely using. Doubtless there is foundation for this remark, or it would never have been made. But I have been in the East and the West, and the North and the South; I know that I have seen the best society, and I am sure I have seen very bad, if not the worst; and I never met a woman whose superior education, whose piano, whose pencil, whose German, or French, or any school accomplishments, or even whose novels clashed with her domestic duties. I have read of them in books; I did hear of one once; but I never met one—not one. I have seen women, through love of gossip, through indolence, through sheer famine of mental *pabulum* leave undone things that ought to be done—rush to the assembly, the lecture room, the sewing circle, or vegetate in squalid, shabby unwholesome homes; but I never saw education run to ruin. So it seems to me that we are needlessly alarmed in that direction.

But I have seen scores and scores of women leave school, leave their piano, and drawing, and fancy-work, and all manner of pretty and pleasant things, and marry and bury themselves. They crawl out of the farther end of the ten years, sallow and wrinkled and lank—teeth gone, hair gone, roses gone, freshness, and vivacity, and sparkle, everything that is dewy, and springing, and spontaneous, gone, gone forever. This our T. Society book puts us very prettily: "She wrape herself in the robes of infantile simplicity, and, burying her womanly nature in the tomb of childhood, patiently awaits the sure coming resurrection in the form of a noble, high minded, world-stirring son, or a virtuous, lovely daughter. The nursery is the mother's chrysalis. Let her abide for a little season, and she shall emerge triumphantly, with ethereal wings and a happy flight."

But the nursery has no business to be the mother's chrysalis. God never intended her to wind herself up into a cocoon. If He had He would have made her a caterpillar. She had no right to bury her womanly nature in the tomb of childhood. It will surely be required at her hands. It was given her to sun itself in the broad bright day, to root itself fast and firm in the earth, to spread itself wide to the sky, that her children in their infancy, and youth, and maturity, that her husband in his strength and his weakness, that her kinsfolk, and neighbors, and the poor of the land, the halt, and the blind, and all Christ's little ones may sit under its shadow with great delight. No woman has a right to sacrifice her own soul to problematical, high-minded, world-stirring sons, and virtuous, lovely daughters. To be the mother of such, one might, perhaps, pour out one's life in draughts so copious that the fountain would run dry; but world-stirring people are extremely rare. One in a country is a liberal allowance. The overwhelming probabilities are that her sons will be lawyers and shoemakers, farmers and commission merchants; her daughters, nice, "smart," pretty girls, all good, honest, kind-hearted, commonplace people, not at all world-stirring, not at all the people one would glory to merge one's self in. If the mother is not satisfied with this, if she would have them otherwise, she must be otherwise. The surest way to have high-minded children is to be high-minded yourself. A man cannot burrow in his counting-room for ten or twenty of the best years of his life, and come out as much of a man and as little of a mole as when he went in. But the twenty years should have ministered to his manhood, instead of trampling on it. Still less can a woman bury herself in her nursery, and come out without harm. But the years should have done her great good. This world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death. Plant yourself, and you will sprout. Bury yourself, and you can only decay. For a dead opportunity there is no resuscition. The only enjoyment, the only use to be attained in this world must be attained on the wing. Each day brings its own happiness, its own benefit; but it has none to spare. What escapes to-day escapes forever. To-morrow has no overflow to atone for the lost yesterday.—*Gail Hamilton.*

Temperance.

Confession of a Clerk.

Much has been said and written of the trials and temptations to which young men in our large cities are exposed, and the ruin which overtakes multitudes of those who, carefully trained and prayerfully educated, are led away by the gay and thoughtless companions of their city life, and forgetting the early restraints of home, are lost to all that is good.

Still, although the warnings and examples which are presented to young men thus situated have done much to assist them to escape the destruction which principle alone will enable them utterly to avoid, the evil remains; and if the brief account of my early struggles with sin and temptation should strengthen one faint heart, or encourage one repentant soul to turn from the error of his way, let me not hesitate.

At my father's death I was placed in the large wholesale establishment of my uncle, whose interest in me extended only to my future in this world, and, in training me to early business habits, considering that I should thus be amply provided for.

In this school I was an apt scholar. I was active and thoughtless of fatigue, enjoyed the full tide of mercantile business, and revelled in the excitement which my life afforded.

I was punctual to a moment, I was dilligent in business, thorough in my alloted task, cheerful as the day, and popular with my fellow clerks.

My uncle was fully satisfied, and my friends prophecied a successful future.

My gay manner and social disposition won me many friends; and from these I chose intimates, and to whose influence I gradually yielded, walking apace in the broad road.

I was fond of any excitement, and having no father to watch my actions, or restraining principles of my own to prevent, I grew soon to love that which was evil and knew no fear.

I had a key made to our house, where my mother lived, and thus spent my nights abroad amid scenes of dissipation and vice.

We frequented the theatre every night; and after leaving there at a late hour, made our way to some saloon, where, with wine and cards, we revelled to almost morning, when we would creep back to our homes, and snatch a few hours of sleep before the next day's work commenced.

I was a gambler and a skilful one. I seldom lost.

My companions swore I was a fine fellow, and I was expected in return, to treat them on all occasions, and not unfrequently to bribe them to silence.

Our families were highly respectable. We visited in the best society. Thus a suspicion of my actual course of life would have prevented my welcome among these friends; and to avoid such possibility of suspicion, I spared no pains.

I think I was successful. Not even my mother dreamed that her favorite son, her particular pet, was any other than the frank, noble-hearted boy he seemed.

Thank God she never knew. I was saved before her heart knew that pang.

This was my life from sixteen to nineteen. It could not have lasted much longer. My health was failing, my interest in business flagged, and I became careless.

It was in the winter of 1830, that God, in His mercy, saw fit to pluck me as a brand from the burning.

One Thursday night of this memorable winter, I had stoped as was my habit, to close the counting room after the others had gone, and was just locking the desk, when a knock at the door announced a little ragged urchin, who gave me a note addressed to myself, and hastened away.

I was astonished at receiving a note at all, and still more that it bore the delicate hand-writing of a lady, I opened it, and read—

"I have watched your whole course; I know your present habits; foresee your future. I would save you! Meet me to-night at nine o'clock, at ——— Square. MARY.

I was bewildered. Had my friends then discovered my dissolute habits?

Even then who was this "Mary?" I had not a relative or intimate friend in the whole city who bore the name.

Was it assumed to mislead me, and should I find this 'Mary' no other than my uncle?

I became alarmed in my perplexity, and taking one of the office chairs drew up to the fire, and took counsel with myself.

For two hours it was a sharp conflict. I knew not how it would end. At length I drew two tickets from my pocket. They were season tickets to the theatres, which I constantly attended with my companions. I looked at them long, pondering. At length I dashed one into the fire. The words came back again, 'I would save you.' They seemed a voice from heaven. I rose, and thowing the other ticket into the flames with an eagerness which surprized me, vowed that I would never again while I lived, set my foot inside a theatre.

With God's help, I have been able to keep that vow, though I dared not meet, and never knew, that 'Mary' who saved me from ruin.

From that night my course was changed. I turned back from my companions, and walked no more with them; and although for five months my distress was great, I at last found peace in believing.

Of these six young men I am the only one remaining. The others were allowed to continue in their sins, and all died young—summoned in the midst of their wickedness to the judgment.

The Drunkard's Dream.

'Twas late one night I staggered home:
There appeared a solemn gloom:
I missed my wife,—where can she be?
And strangers in the room!

I heard them say "Poor thing, she's dead!
She led a wretched life:
'Twas grief and want that broke her heart!
Who'd be a drunkard's wife?"

I saw my children weeping round;
I scarcely drew my breath.
They called,—they kissed her lifeless form,
For ever still in death,—

"Dear Father, wake her up again!
The people say she's dead.
Oh, make her speak and smile once more!
We'll never cry for bread."

"She is not dead!" I frantic cried,
And rushed to where she lay,
And madly kissed her once warm lips,
For ever cold as clay.

Dear Mary, speak one word to me:
No more I'll cause you pain,
Or ever grieve your loving heart,
Or ever drink again.

"Dear Mary, speak; 'tis Dermot calls!"
"Well, so I do," she cried.
I woke; and true, my Mary dear
Was kneeling by my side.

I clasped her too my throbbing breast,
And tears of joy did stream;
And ever since I've Heaven blest
For sending me that dream.

"I'll do without Tobacco."

A poor man anxious to do something for the cause of missions, but unable to spare anything from his wages, said to his wife, 'I spend eight cents a week on tobacco. I'll give up smoking and give that sum weekly to the heathen. I know it will be hard to give up smoking, but I'll *try*.' Forthwith he procured a missionary box and put eight cents a week into it. His children caught his spirit and put three cents in also. At the end of the year this poor man opened his box and found over five dollars in it, which sum he took joyfully to the minister as his contribution toward the conversion of the world.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know what he doth not know.—*Bacon.*

CONSUMPTION.

This Disease is not Incurable.

THE REV. W. HARRISON, of Black River Conference, New York, after being cured of the above disease in its worst form by an English doctor, obtained from the doctor the recipes, and now offers to the suffering a remedy that will cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all affections of the Lungs. Many have already proved it a cure.

TESTIMONIALS.

From Rev. L. D. Stebbins,—Having been suffering from a severe bronchial difficulty, attended with a cough, and spitting of blood, and having tried many medicines for three years, I finally used the Pulmonic Mixture, Balsam and Pills of Rev. Wm Harrison, Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., and received conscious benefit, and am now enjoying better health than for three or four years past. We feel quite confident that his medicines are excellent for Consumption, Bronchitis, and Catarrh.

L. D. STEBBINS, Pastor of the M. E. Church of Galaway, Saratoga Co., N. Y. July 31, 1863.

From Rev. Robert Flint, Steburn. N. Y. *Rev. W. Harrison*—I have tried your medicine for throat and lung difficulties, and can certify that it had excellent effect. I was much afflicted, and it was with difficulty that I could preach at all. But one package relieved me so that I can preach every day without affecting my throat. I can heartily recommend it to all afflicted in like manner.

ROBERT FLINT.

From Rev. Geo. A. Salsbury, Hermon, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. *Bro. Harrison*—My wife has used your medicine for lung difficulty with excellent effect. I have known one young man, supposed to be in the last stages of Consumption, raised to comparative health by its use. I can therefore safely recommend your medicine to all afflicted with consumption, or other lung diseases.

GEO H. SALSBURY.

From Rev. Silas Ball, Syracuse, N. Y. *Bro Harrison*—I have used your medicine in my family, and find it to be the best thing for the throat and lungs we have ever used. I would therefore gladly recommend it to all as a very valuable medicine.

SILAS BALL.

From Rev. H. Skeel, Hannibal, N. Y. From the use of Bro. Harrison's medicine in my family, I can freely commend its excellence. H. SKEEL.

From Rev. John W. Coope, Auburn, N. Y. I am prepared to speak of the merits of Bro Harrison's medicine for the throat an lungs. I have received more benefit from its use than all other medicines I ever used. JOHN W. COOPE.

From Rev. G. W. T. Rogers. New Hampshire Conference, Salem, N. H. I have used Bro. Harrison's medicines in my family with good success and consider it a very good medicine for chronic catarrh. I would recommend its use to all afflicted with this disease.

From Rev. Geo. G. Heppood, D. D. Madrid, N. Y. *Dear Bro. Harrison*—I recommend your medicine as the best I have ever used for the Consumption. GEO. G. HEPGOOD.

These Medicines, including Mixture, Balsam and Pills, are $3 per package, and can be had through the Rev John McMurray, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax N. S. Orders, accompanied by the cash, will receive prompt attention.

October 28.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

Every Man his own Physician.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

AND

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

The Stomach is the great centre which influences the health or disease of the system—Abused or debilitated by excess—indigestion, offensive breath and physical prostration are the natural consequences. Allied to the brain, it is the source of headaches, mental depression, nervous complaints and unrefreshing sleep. The Liver becomes affected and generates bilious disorders, pains in the side, &c The Bowels sympathise by Costiveness, Diarrhœa and Dysentery. The principal action of these Pills is on the stomach, and the liver, lungs, bowels and kidneys participate in their recuperative and regenerative operation.

Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

Are two of the most common and virulent disorders prevalent on this continent, to these the Ointment is especially antagonistic its '*modus operandi*' is first to eradicate the venom and then complete the cure.

Bad Legs, Old Sores, and Ulcers

Cases of many years' standing, that have pertinaciously refused to yield to any other remedy or treatment, have invariably succumbed to a few applications of this powerful unguent.

Eruptions on the Skin.

Arising from a bad state of the blood or chronic diseases, are eradicated, and a clear and transparent surface regained by the restorative action of this Ointment. It surpasses many of the cosmetics and other toilet appliances in its power to dispel rashes and other disfigurements of the face.

Female Complaints.

Whether in the young or old, married or single, at the dawn of Womanhood, or the turn of life, these tonic medicines display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible in the health of the patient. Being a purely vegetable preparation, they are a safe and reliable remedy for all classes of Females in every condition of health and station of life.

Piles and Fistula.

Every form and feature of these prevalent and stubborn disorders is eradicated locally and entirely by the use of this emollient; warm fomentations should precede its application. Its healing qualities will be found to be thorough and invariable.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bunions,	Rheumatism,	Sore-throats,
Burns,	Ring Worm,	Sores of all kinds,
Chapped Hands,	Salt Rheum,	Sprains,
Chilblains,	Scalds,	Stiff Joints,
Fistulas,	Skin Diseases,	Ulcers,
Gout,	Swelled Glands,	Venereal Sores,
Lumbago,	Sore Legs,	Tetter,
Mercurial Eruptions,	Sore Breasts,	Wounds of all kinds.
	Sore Heads,	

Piles.

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "Holloway, New York and London," are discernible as a Water-mark in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

☞ Sold at the Manufactory of Professor Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, throughout the civilised world, in boxes at about 25 cents, 62 cents and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box

☞ Dealers in my well known medicines can have Show Cards, Circulars, &c., free of expense, by addressing Thomas Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y. June 23.

New and Popular Works

JUST RECEIVED

At the Wesleyan Book Room.

Krummacher's Suffering Saviour,
Hanna's Last Day of the Passion,
Andrew's Life of our Lord,
Stories from the Lips of the Teacher,
A Present Heaven, by the author of The Patience of Hope,
Quotations from the Poets,
The Christian Cabinet, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO—A choice assortment of Sabbath School Books. April 8

E. W. SUTCLIFFE'S

COFFEE IS THE BEST,

THE truth of this remark which is very frequently heard in Halifax and throughout the Province, can be proved by a trial of his

Superior Jamaica COFFEE, only 1s 3d per lb.
Extra Jamaica and Java mixed, only 1s 6d "
Fresh ground daily. 37 Barrington Street.
March 11. And BRANCH, Brunswick St.

A Word to the Inhabitants of

GUYSBORO'.

J. A. WALKER,

MARBLE Worker, having removed to Antigonish, from Truro, would intimate to the inhabitants of Guysboro' county, that he can supply them with anything in the *MONUMENT & TOMBSTONE* Line, at Halifax prices (at his risk until delivered.) Liberal discount made for cash. Satisfaction warranted. Orders solicited. 1y. Sept 21.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.

NO STRAINING.
NO GRIPING.
NO TENESMUS.
NO PILES.

NO FALSE CALLS TO THE WATER CLOSET.
BUT A BRISK AND THOROUGH EVACUATION FROM THE BOWELS IS ALWAYS SECURED.

Newly Discovered Principles in Purgatives.

Dr Radway's Pills are the best Purgative Pills in the world, and the only Vegetable Substitute for Calomel or Mercury ever discovered. They are composed of

VEGETABLE EXTRACTS FROM ROOTS, HERBS, PLANTS, GUMS, SEEDS, FLOWERS, BARKS, FRUITS AND WEEDS, PREPARED IN VACUO.

One grain of the extract of the medicinal properties of Radway's Pills, possesses a greater curative power over disease than a thousand of the crude and inert materials that enter into all other pills in use. These Pills are compounded of the active medicinal properties of the Roots, Herbs, Plants, Flowers, Gums, &c. of which they are composed. One dose will prove their superiority to all other pills. They

PURGE, CLEANSE, PURIFY, HEAL, SOOTHE, CALM, STRENGTHEN, INVIGORATE,

And REGULATE THE SYSTEM.

Their Great Combinations.

They are Aperient, Tonic, Laxative, Alterative, Sitfatant, Counter Irritant, Sudorific.

AS EVACUANTS,

They are more certain and thorough than the Drastic Pills of Aloes, or Croton or Harlem Oil, or Elaterium; and more soothing and healing than Senna, or Rhubarb, or Tamarinds, or Castor Oil.

IN SUDDEN ATTACKS OF

Inflammation of the Bowels or Stomach, Liver, Spleen, Pancreas or Kidneys, Bilious Cholic or Bilious Fever, Erysipelas or Congestive Fever, Small Pox, Measles, or Scarlet Fever,

SIX TO EIGHT OF DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS WILL PURGE THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THESE FROM THE SYSTEM IN SIX HOURS.

One dose of Dr. Radway's Pills will cleanse the intestinal canal, and purge from the bowels all offending and retained humors, as thoroughly as lobella or the best approved emetic will cleanse the stomach, without producing inflammation, irritation, weakness,

STRAINING,

or other unpleasant symptoms. There are no other purgative pills in the world that will secure this desideratum.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL.
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL.
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL.

AS ALTERATIVES,

They exercise a more powerful influence over the liver and its secretions than calomel, mercury, blue pill, hence their importance in cases of Liver Complaints and Spleen Difficulties, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Bilious attacks, Headache, &c. In the treatment of Fevers, either Bilious, Yellow, Typhoid, and other reducing Fevers, they are superior to quinine. Their influence extends over the entire system, controlling, strengthening, and bracing up the relaxed and wasting energies, and regulating all the secretions to the natural performance of their duties, cleansing and purifying the blood, and purging from the system all diseased deposits and impure humors.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS,

ONE TO SIX BOXES WILL CURE

Costiveness,	Jaundice,	Rush of Blood to the Head,
Constipation,	Congest've Fever,	Obstructions,
Congestion,	Sleeplness,	Dropsy,
Heart Disease,	Gen'l Debility,	Acute Erysipelas,
Disease of Kidney & Bladder	Dimness of Sight,	Headache,
Disease of Liver,	Fits,	Bad Breath,
Biliousness,	Lowness of Spirits,	Inflamation of the Intestines,
Typhus Fever,	Quinsey,	Apoplexy,
Ship Fever,	Dyspepsia,	Enlargement of the Spleen,
Malignant Fever,	Measles,	Scurvy,
Loss of Appetite,	Melancholy,	Whooping Cough,
Indigestion,	Hysterics,	Worms,
Inflammation,	Amenorrhœa,	Bad Dreams,
Palpitations,	Painting,	Pleurisy.
Scarlet Fever,	Dizziness,	
Bilious Fever,	Retention of Urine,	

I AM CURED.

"I have taken six doses of Radway's Pills, of three pills each, in a 24 hours and am cured. I was of Constipation, Indigestion, and Dyspepsia. I have taken B——th's, A——rs', and many other pills for years, and could only obtain temporary relief. If I stopped the use of these pills for a week my old complaint would appear. Six doses of Radway's Pills cured me.

SOLOMON BENNETT, U. S. C. S."

"I have suffered with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for seven years—have used all sorts of pills—they would give me temporary comfort, but was compelled to take them all the time. I have used one box of Dr. Radway's Pills; I am cured. I have not taken a particle of medicine in six months.

C M Hillier, Roxbury, Mass.

PILES, STRAINING AND TENESMUS, PILES, STRAINING AND TENESMUS,

Are the results of inflammation or irritation of the mucous membrane of the bowels, induced by drastic pills—these imperfect pills, instead of being dissolved by the chile, are carried to the lower bowels, and induce a peristaltic movement or evacuation by their irritation—*hence the straining, cramps, wretching pains, piles and tenesmus, and the frequent false calls to the water closet, that patients suffering who take these imperfect pills.*

If you would avoid these annoyances, whenever a purgative medicine is required, take a dose of

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

THEY WILL PURGE THOROUGHLY AND LEAVE THE BOWELS REGULAR.

Persons afflicted with PILES, may rely on a positive cure by these pills.

COATED WITH GUM. COATED WITH GUM. COATED WITH GUM. COATED WITH GUM.

Dr. Radway's Pills are elegantly Coated with Gum, are free from taste or smell, can be taken at all times and on all occasions. No danger will result from cold, if exposed to wet or damp weather after taking these pills.

SIX OF RADWAY'S PILLS

Have secured a vigorous evacuation, in severe cases of inflammation of the Bowels, Paralysis, &c., after Croton Oil, Harlem Oil, injections and other means completely failed. A dose of Radway's Pills will remove all obstructions, and secure a free passage. Directions for use are inside each box. Price per box, 25 cents. Sold by Druggists, Medicine Dealers, and Store keepers.

N. B.—Every Agent has been furnished with *fresh* and new made Pills. As each box is enclosed with a Steel Engraved Label, take none others.

RADWAY & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

COLDS! COUGHS!!

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieves the Hacking Cough in consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrah, clear and give strength to the voice of

PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a most valuable article, especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief.

A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c.

DR. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I have been much afflicted with BRONCHIAL AFFECTION, producing Hoarseness and Cough. The Troches are the only effectual remedy, giving power and clearness to the voice."

REV. GEO. SLACK,
Minister Church of England,
Milton Parsonage, Canada.

"Two or three times I have been attacked by BRONCHITIS so as to make me fear that I should be compelled to desist from ministerial labor, through disorder of the throat. But from a moderate use of the Troches I now find myself able to preach nightly, for weeks together, without the slightest inconvenience." REV. E. B. RUCKMAN, A. B.
Wesleyan Minister, Montreal.

Sold by all Druggists in the Provinces, at 25 cents per box.

August 6, 1862. (1y)

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby forbidden to trust my wife SUSAN E. STARRATT, as I shall not be held accountable for debts by her contracted

WM. A. STARRATT.

Bridgewater, Oct. 14, 1863. 8w.

COFFEE, COFFEE.

Those who are looking for really

GOOD AND CHEAP COFFEE,

Will find that which is Roasted and Ground

H WETHEREY & CO'S

NEW AND IMPROVED APPARTUS,

BY STEAM POWER,

Superior in quality to any in the Province.

BEST JAMAICA COFFEE, 1s 3d, recommended to every family

Strong useful Coffee, 1s

BEST OLD JAVA COFFEE, 1s 6d

Just received, a fresh supply of

SWEET ORANGES, APPLES, NUTS,

Lemons, Dates, Table Raisins,

BISCUITS, in great variety

TEAS, SPICES, SUGARS, MOLASSES,

PICKLES, JAMS AND SAUCES,

Hams, Bacon, Cheese, Lard,

FAMILY AND PASTRY FLOUR, MEAL,

Brooms, Buckets, Candles, Fluid, Soaps.

TEAS, TEAS.

Strong Congou, 2s - - Fine Congou, 2s 3d
VERY BEST 2s 6d TEA IN THE CITY
BUTTER, retail, 10d, 1s and 1s 1d
SUGARS, " 5d; best only 5½d

Call and look at the *quality* and *price of*

Family Groceries

—AT THE—

London Tea Warehouse.

North End Barrington Street,
Near Northup's Market,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Jan. 22

IMMIGRATION OFFICE.

THE Government Immigration Office is now open, at 46 Bedford Row, Halifax, where the duties according to the subjoined Act of last Session of the House of Assembly will be attended to and carried on.

Persons wishing to engage mechanics and laborers, can call and enter their names and addresses.

Immigrants arriving, or who have recently arrived, and requiring aid or information from the Agent, can obtain the same, in so far as lays in his power, by application at the Office.

CHAPTER 26.

AN ACT

TO PROVIDE FOR THE DISTRIBUTION AND SETTLEMENT OF INDUSTRIOUS IMMIGRANTS.

Passed the 29th day of April, A. D., 1863.

Be it enacted by the Governor, Council, and Assembly as follows:

1. On the passage of this Act it shall be lawful for the Governor to appoint an Immigrant Agent with a salary not to exceed eight hundred dollars, who shall have power and whose duties shall be to correspond with the Secretary of the Board of Land and Emigration in London, and with the agents appointed by that Board, with the officers of any associations, or with public spirited persons desirous of promoting emigration for the Colonies; and to furnish from time to time such information as may be useful, to enable them to send out emigrants for whom there is likely to be suitable employment in this province,

To open a book in which persons wishing to engage mechanics, laborers and apprentices, can enter their names and addresses.

To correspond with County officers, and keep a registry of the distribution of immigrants sent into the interior.

To act as the guardian of orphan children, to bind them as apprentices, and to protet them in case of necessity.

To render accounts quarterly to the Financial Secretary, and to make an annual report of his proceedings for the information of the Government and the Legislature.

To act under such instructions as may be issued by the Governor in Council from time to time.

2. The Governor in Council may authorize the Immigrant Agent to draw from the Treasury such sums as may be necessary to temporarily provide for and distribute such Immigrants as may be sent into this province; but no part of the money so to be drawn shall be distributed on account of passages to or from this country.

3. Wherever there are tracts of land suitable for settlement it shall be lawful for the Commissioner of Crown Lands, when so instructed by the Governor in Council, to lay them off in one hundred acre lots, with convenient roads running through them, and to place them at the disposal of Immigrant Agent for actual settlement.

4. Whenever such lands are required, either by inhabitants of the province or by industrious Immigrants coming in into it for actual settlement, surveys shall be made, and the applicants put in possession and allowed a credit of three years for the purchase money, which shall be expended in opening such roads as may be required for the formation and improvement of the settlement, and upon payment grants shall issue.

oct 14—6 w l i e w.

Country Produce Depot.

S. J. COLAHAN,

WISHES to inform his Country Customer that in addition to his large stock of

DRY GOODS,

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Rubber Boots and Shoes
Hoop Skirts, &c., &c.
He has added a large stock of STAPLE

GROCERIES,

Selected especially for the Country Trade, and can now supply the best article of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Flour, Leather, Tobacco, Dry Fish and Herring, etc., etc., at the lowest Cash prices, or in trade for Country Produce on the same terms.

☞ Remember the One Price Stores,
197 and 203 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.
☞ Near Cody's Country Market.
March 18. 1m.

China, Glass and Earthenware.

THE subscriber has received by Fall ships a complete assortment of

CHINA, GLASS AND Earthenware.

Embracing everything belonging to the Trade
Also—Tobacco Pipes, Liquer Jars Milk, Pans, Drain pipe, Cream Crocks.

COAL OIL LAMPS,
in great variety.

Kerosene and Paraffine Oils.

The public are invited to call and examine the stock, which will be sold *WHOLESALE and RETAIL* on the best possible terms for Cash.

☞ Balance of stock to arrive per ship *India.*

THOMAS P. WAY.

(Late of Firm of Cleverdon & Co)
Corner of Jacob and Water streets opposite Commercial wharf. Oct 22

Fall Supply of

DRY GOODS,

—CONSISTING OF—

Shepherds Plaids, Cordera, Victoria and Jasmarian } **SHAWLS.**

Cloth, Silk and Tweed MANTLES, Latest styles

Dresses and Dress Materials,

In all the Fashionable styles and Fabrics, a splendid assortment of Muslin Goods, Flowers, Laces, Edgings, Braids of all descriptions, HOSIERY and GLOVES. Ladies and Gents Neck Ties.

Damasks, Diapers, Hollands,

Sheetings, Victoria Covers, Cloth, Linen and Dial per Covers, in endless variety; Grey, White, Striped and Fancy Cottons, Denims, Tickings, Towelings Gents, Ready Made Clothing, Gents Fancy Flannel Shirts.

☞ Balance of stock per Glen Roy, Relief, and steamers.

Oct 7. S. STRONG & CO

GRAHAM'S

PAIN ERADICATOR,

And Magnetic Oil!!

General Agent for New Brunswick,
HENRY GRAHAM,
December 5. Union Street, St. John.

Valuable Property

FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers for sale that well known

TANNERY,

IN THE TOWN OF GUYSBORO

AND the business carried on by him for more than 30 years. The premises are well situated beside a never failing stream of water. Hides, Skins, Bark, &c., are