The Family.

LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
Everywhere they go;
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know!

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding!

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses,
Keeping off a scolding.

Daring little fingers,
Never, never still,
Make them, Heavenly Father,
One day do Thy will,
—*Children's Picture Magazine.*

THREE BOYS.

One warm July day Frank Winthrop sat in the summer-house in his father's garden, awaiting the arrival of two friends, who had promised to spend the afternoon with him. The summer-house was a perfect gem in its way, with its curtains of Madeira vines and roses and its comfortable seats; so Frank had chosen to receive the boys there instead of in the house, because they could talk and laugh as much as they pleased without disturbing his mother's afternoon nap.

He looked very bright and handsome, the boy of fifteen with his curly hair and large brown eyes, which were beginning to wear a rather impatient look as he saw by a glance at his watch that his friends were behind time; but, fortunately for his temper, the gate was opened just then, and George Allen came down the path.

"Whew!" said he, as he threw himself into a chair, and began fanning vigorously with his hat, "if it gets much hotter they'll have to lengthen the thermometer. I say, Frank, where can I get a drink?"

"Here," said Frank, turning to a table covered with a large napkin. "Mother was afraid we'd get hungry before supper time, so she sent us down some things."

The "things" so indefinitely described, proved to be cake, a basket of fruit, and a large decanter and glasses.

"Now," said Frank, "just drink this and you'll be all right."

"No, thank you," said George, "it was water I wanted; I never tasted wine in my life."

"Didn't you?" said Frank; "well this won't hurt you a bit more than water; it's only currant wine that mother made herself. Just taste it and see if you don't like it."

"But Frank, are you *sure* it will have no bad effects?" asked George, doubtfully.

"Oh, as you aren't used to it, it *may* make you a trifle dizzy," answered Frank, carelessly, "but that will pass off in two minutes."

"Well, then," said George, "if you are sure it will do no harm, I think I will drink some, for I'm so dreadfully thirsty."

Just then Tom Lee came in. "What on earth are you two boys talking about?" he inquired; I've watched you ever since you left the gate, and you looked as though you were having a debate."

"So we were," said Frank, "the question for discussion being, is current wine a delightful and innocent beverage? Mr. Winthrop had the affirmative, Mr. Allen the negative. I rejoice to say that the decision is in my favor, although it required all my peruasive eloquence to convince my opponent."

"I'd keep my eloquence for a worthier object, Frank," said Tom. "George, if you take *my* advice, you won't drink a drop of that."

"Why not, Tom, "do you remember that poem that you recited at the last exhibition, about the boy who stopped a leak in the dyke in Holland?"

"Yes," said George, what of it?"

"Why I don't suppose that the little trickling stream could have done much harm if it had remained so," said Tom, "but when that child was enduring the agony of that cold, dreary night, he knew that the struggle was for life and home; that if his hand was removed the false, cruel sea, would soon sweep over the whole land. So with this; a glass of domestic wine seems only a trifle, and yet it might be the first break in the wall that guards you, through which the floods of temptation might come, that would ruin your life."

Frank Winthrop gave a loud and expressive whistle. I shall never dare to speak of *my* eloquence again, Tom, after such a burst as that; John B. Gough will have a rival soon."

"Well, Frank," said Tom, his face flushing though he laughed pleasantly, "perhaps I was a little too much excited; but truth is truth no matter how spoken."

"Yes, and nonesense is nonesense," said Frank, impatiently, "just as though a glass of wine could hurt anybody."

"Tampering with poisons is dangerous work Frank," said Tom, earnestly; "the safer way is to let them alone altogether."

"Father says a moderate use of liquor is beneficial," said Frank, hotly; "you won't dispute *his* words, I suppose."

"Much as I respect your father's opinions, I think he's wrong here," said Tom firmly; "looking at the harm which has been done, I must believe that any good uses to which liquor may be applied are far outweighed by the wretchedness which it has caused."

"Well," said Frank, "as father says, it's no use to argue with fanatics. George, are you going to drink that wine?"

"No," said George, setting the glass upon the table; "I didn't care much about it at first, and now I wouldn't drink it for anything. I wish *you* wouldn't, either, old fellow; I don't believe it's safe."

"Nonsense," said Frank; "I intend to use such things in moderation all my life, and expect to succeed as well as either of you; we'll see how it turns out. Now, here's to our future success!" and with a merry, graceful bow he raised the glass which George had set down and drained it in a moment. * * * * *

Years passed on, and the boys who sat in Mr. Wiothrop's summer-house that July afternoon took their places as workers in the world's great field.

One day George Allen was walking along one of the principal streets with a sad, thoughtful expression on his usually cheerful face. Suddenly both his hands were seized, and he looked up to see Tom Lee's face beaming into his; grown older and more manly, it was still the frank noble face that the boy had worn.

"Congratulate me, my dear boy!" he said shaking his friend's hand in the most ecstatic manner.

"With all my heart," said George. "Has Judge Armstrong resigned in your favor, or has some one left you a fortune?"

"Better than that," said Tom, "I've gained my case. I always *knew* he was innocent, though every one believed him to be guilty, and now I've proved it, and he's cleared!" and Tom Lee, looked as though he should like to go back to his boyish days and indulge in some ground and lofty tumbling.

"I *am* glad, Tom, for your sake and Murray's too; poor fellow, how did he bear it?"

"Why he threw his arms around my neck and burst out crying, right in the court room," said Tom, his own great blue eyes bright with tears. "I tell you, George Allen, people may talk as they please about lawyers, but no other class of men have more opportunity of doing good."

"Except doctors," said George, smiling; then the sadness fell over his face again, and he said, "Oh, Tom, I have the saddest thing to tell you. Last night a man was taken to the hospital, who had fallen while intoxicated and injured his head. I was called at once, and you can imagine my horror when I recognized Frank Winthrop."

"Oh, George," said Tom with a shudder, "that's dreadful!"

"He lay in a stupor all night," continued George, "but is raving in fever this morning. He spoke of you and how you had begged him to stop drinking; but the most fearful is to hear the way in which he speaks of his father, whom he accuses of having led him in the sin that has dragged him to the verge of death. I think he'll recover, but oh, Tom it's *terrible* to see him brought so low. The first thing I thought of was the day when he tried to make me drink a glass of wine. I was just yielding when you come up and put the case so clearly that I saw my danger. Oh, my dear boy, if it hadn't been for you, I might have been where poor Frank is now."

"I remember it well," said Tom, "and how Frank said, 'we'll see how it turns out;' we have seen, truly. But, George, what can be done for him?"

"Nothing, now, but to get him a good nurse," said George, "but if he lives, Tom?"

"Yes, George, I know what you mean, We'll never loose our hold on him until, by God's help we make a man of him."

And they didn't give him up, for as poor Frank Winthrop battled his way back to health and to virtue, he did not have to fight single handed, for close behind him with sympathy, encouragement and cheer, were the friends of his boyhood, George Allen and Tom Lee.

M. H. M.

PRAISE THE CHILDREN.

For every child who receives an excess of praise or commendation from its parents, there are ten, at least, who are, oftentimes, thoughtlessly, but none the less selfishly and cruelly defrauded of that which is due them in this respect.

Children love praise, they crave it, and will do much to win it. There are exceptional cases of course. Occasionally we see a child so stolid and indifferent by nature that praise and blame alike seem wasted on it; but such instances of "total depravity" are few. Childish griefs are short, but they are also bitter; and when a child feels that justly-merited praise is withheld from it through heedlessness or indifference, it matters not which, how sharply does the arrow enter that striving, yearning little heart! It feels that it has been unjustly deprived of a fairly earned reward; and though it may only realize this in a dim, undefined way, the feeling is there, and a small spirit of resentment, and, possibly, of insurrection, creeps into the little heart also. Of the injudiciousness, the unwisdom of excessive praise, it is useless to speak since the error seems to lie, almost without exception, in the opposite direction.

But, mother, when your little girl put her whole baby heart into some little office she is striving to perform for you; when she has been usually sweet-tempered and good throughout the trying day, whisper approving words in the eager-ear; tell her in endearing phrases (on the tip of every mother's tongue) what a treasure she is to you. Such praise will not be wasted. As summer's dew upon the rose, words like these will fall upon the child-heart, making it richer with the fragrant duty of incense and love.

Father, if your boy has learned his lesson right well; if the daily tasks he is set to do have been performed more thoroughly and faithfully than usual; if, in little ways he has been more thoughtful of your com fort than is his wont—notice these things! Not silently, but by word of mouth, generously and cordially approving his conduct. Let him feel that his endeavors are fully appreciated, that no good or noble action on his part passes by you unnoticed. Thus will you incite in him a desire to merit always your approbation, and the resolve to make himself more worthy each day of such a father's love.

Withhold not praise from your children when they can claim it as their right. Used wisely it is a healthy stimulant that cannot injure, but, on the contrary, is productive of results good and lasting.

See, in the hurry and worry of the flying days, that you forget it not, lest there be, through your forgetfulness, small heart aches now, and great ones hereafter.—*Phrenological Journal for July.*

RATTLESNAKE'S TAIL.

When examined with philosophical deliberation, the mechanism is truly wonderful. Nor was it given to the venemous animal without a purpose. There is not a mechanic in America who could imitate the structure, such are its complications. But its use is quite as curious as the arrangement of the cells, or the manner of imitating the sounds of various insects, which the rattlesnake readily accomplishes, to get the attention of birds or small animals in order to charm them into its horrible jaws. Professor Shaler appears to have been investigating the functions of the rattle, and the conclusion arrived at is that we have never understood how important it is in the economy of that dreadful poisonous serpent. While with the rattle game are aroused, it is also serviceable in alarming animals too large to grapple with successfully, to keep off, which they willingly do, from an instinctive dread of its death dealing propensities.

RHEUMATISM.

A medical correspondent of an English journal says that the advantages of asparagus are not sufficiently estimated by those who suffer with rheumatism and gout. Slight cases of rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delightful esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acid, whether in food or beverages. The Jerusalem artichoke has also a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. The heads may be eaten in the usual way, but tea made from the leaves of the stalks and drank three or four times a day is a certain remedy, though not equally agreeable.

A VERSIFIED LEGEND.

Somewhere there lived, but where I cannot tell,
A man who loved his ease and quiet well,
And cared but little for the better things
An earnest love of God and heaven brings.

Each Sabbath morning, when the church-bell's chime
Tolled far and near the peaceful worship-time,
He sought some quiet spot, to pass away
In ease and idleness the holy day.

His wife was not as he; for clear and strong
Were her perceptions of all right and wrong;
And love of God through all her nature grew,
And made her thoughts and actions good and true.

Her heart yearned strongly for her husband's good,
As every loving Christian woman's should;
And she besought him oft to change his ways,
And seek with her God's holy house of praise.

And always, when she asked him, he would say,
"Go thou to church this pleasant Sabbath day;
And when, with others there, you bend the knee,
Why, then, dear woman, pray for thee and me."

Now, it so happened that one night he slept,
And dreamed a dream, whose record I have kept.
Though fast asleep upon his easy bed,
He thought that he and his good wife were dead.

Their earthly life concluded, hand in hand
They started off toward the better land,
And reached, at last, faint, tired, and worn, and weak,
The gates of heaven, which all good Christians seek.

He knocked, not doubting that beyond the gate
Was rest awaiting. Faith was strong and great.
St. Peter came, and swung the door ajar,
And questioned, by the legend, who was there.

"Why I," was the quick answer, "and my wife.
We've just departed our old earthly life,
And now, good St. Peter, let us by,
For we're most wretched tired, my wife and I."

"Please wait a moment," good St. Peter said,
"You stayed at home, while your good woman prayed.
You bade her go to church and bend the knee
And pray, while she was there, for her and thee.

"So, as she prayed to heaven for her and thee,
For thee and her her rest in heaven shall be:
For if she did the praying while you stayed home,
Then you've no right to heaven. Woman, come!"

So through the gate his wife passed out of view,
And left him longing for an entrance through—
Left him to realize, when t'was too late,
The rest worth striving for beyond heaven's gate.

Amazed, he questioned, "Have I, then, no lot
In rest and heaven, because I sought them not?
The rest is for my wife, and not for me,
Because she did the praying, that I plainly see."

The sense of his great loss struck home so deep
That it awoke him from his troubled sleep,
And he was very much rejoiced to find
That he was still alive among mankind.

"It heaven," he reasoned, "is not worth the pains
Of praying for, who can expect the gains?
If I can't pray for my soul at all,
But leave it to others, I deserve to fall."

Next morning, when the church bell rang at ten,
And called to worship all the sons of men,
His wife was much astonished at the gate
To see her husband at the road-side wait.

"You've prayed," he said, for yourself and me
So long that I'm ashamed to ask of thee.
Hereafter in our worship we'll combine;
You do your praying, and I will do mine."

THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY M. S. R.

A friend related to me the following thrilling incident:

"Some years ago, while a nurse in the Hospital in Ohio, I visited the State Prison in company with a party of friends. Among the prisoners we noticed one young man whose sad face struck us as so different from the hardened faces of others around him, and I noticed, too, that his listless expression changed when he happened to look at me. He watched me eagerly, yet with a puzzled look, as though he thought he had seen me, but could not quite recall where. The warden told me, in reply to a question, that he was imprisoned for a long term of years for forgery. His pale face haunted me after leaving the prison, and it seemed as if I had met him somewhere before, but I could not remember where, and thought I must be mistaken.

About a week after the head physician came to me one day, and told me the chaplain of the prison wanted to see me in the parlor. I went to him, wandering what in the world he wanted. He told me one of the prisoners had begged him to call and ask me to come and see him, saying he was sure he could prove his innocence, if I would. "Poor fellow," he added, "I hope he can, for this life is fast killing him."

I went right with him, and was shown to the cell of the same young man whose face haunted me so. He was paler than ever, and looked hardly able to stand up.

"Was you not with your father at the Friends' Quarterly Meeting in ———, five years ago?" he asked eagerly, before I was fairly in the cell. I told him I was.

"I knew it must be," said he.

"Is your father living?"

When I told him he was, his lips moved as if to frame "Thank God!" but there was no sound. I thought he would fall, and helped him to lie down and sprinkle his face with some water on the stand.

When he could speak he told me if he could prove that he was with my father that day, it would prove that the witness on whose testimony he was condemned had sworn falsely, and he was sure my father would remember him, for he had recognized him as the son of an old friend. He was so agitated that I feared it would be too much for him and begged him to keep calm.

He said he had forgotten my father's name, but when he saw me the other day he was positive he had seen me before, and at last he was sure it was there he had seen me with my father.

"O mother, mother!" he exclaimed, the tears running down his cheeks, "What will she say?" and then he told me that his widowed mother, whose heart had been almost broken by the blow, had visited him only the day before he saw me, and when he had bitterly reproached God for injustice in thus letting him suffer instead of the guilty, she gently hushed him.

"Be patient a little longer, my boy" (he had been in three years); I believe God will answer my prayers soon, and prove your innocence."

I sent for my father, and he soon recalled the meeting with the young man on that day, and in a few weeks he called on me, not only free, but proved innocent before his fellow-men. He was the happiest man I ever saw.—*Christian Weekly.*

HOW WE ARE LINKED TOGETHER.

It is said of the daughter of Sir Robert Peel that

"Her father gave her, as a birthday present, a gorgeous riding-habit, and went out with her on the same day for an airing in the park, his heart swelling with pride as he rode by her side. Shortly afterwards she sickened and died of typhus fever of the most malignant type; and when inquiry was made as to how she had caught the infection, it was discovered that the habit, bought from one of the London West End tradesmen, had been made in a miserable attic, where the husband of the seamtress was lying ill of fever, and that it had been used by her to cover him in his shivering fits. Thus, whether we will believe it or not, the safety of the highest is bound up with the condition of the lowest; and if we neglect their material, moral and spiritual interests, there will come a dreadful Nemesis to mark the Divine displeasure on our conduct, and we may perceive our guilt all too late, when the vast temple of our liberties a shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies."—*Rev. W. N. Taylor.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A glycerine ointment of much repute for chaps and excoriations is made as follows: "One half ounce spermaceti melted together with a drachm of white wax, and two fluid ounces of oil of almonds, by a moderate heat. The mixture is poured into a mortar, when a fluid ounce of glycerine is added to it and rubbed till the ingredients are thoroughly mixed and cold."

What will cure melancholia? Go to bed and sleep it off, then get up and keep it off by work.

Glycerine rubbed on will relieve from the pain of musquito bites.

In case of bleeding at the lungs, or stomach, or throat, give a teaspoonful of dry salt, and repeat it often. For bleeding at the nose, put ice, or pour cold water on the back of the neck, keeping the head elevated.

Boil an egg until it is pretty hard; take out the yolk, and rub in with enough pure glycerine to make a salve of the desired consistence. We have found this to be an ointment of superior efficacy for sore nipples, chapped lips, and similar irritable conditions of the skin. It is a standard in our own practice, will keep free from rancidness in all weather, and deserves notice by the profession.

The Farm.

LARGE YIELD.

Mr. W. W. Young, the popular keeper of the poor for this county, tells of the yield of a turnip patch that shows how farming may be done to profit. Last summer he prepared a piece of land for a turnip patch, sowed the seed about the last of August; he then took a common washpan full (a little over half a gallon) of common winter oats and sowed them broadcast and brushed them in. The turnips yielded well, and he fed between forty and fifty persons during the winter and had plenty of greens for spring use. The last Saturday in June he cut the oats, and had a yield of twenty-seven dozen and six sheaves. He then threshed twenty-four dozen and eight sheaves, and it yielded seventeen and a quarter bushels of oats—weighing thirty-eight pounds to the bushel. Several stalks were counted, and in one instance 101 were found to proceed from one grain. How is this for oats?—*Greensborough Patriot.*

ASHES.

All farmers will find it their interest to have the oak, hickory and gum that is down in the forest turned into ashes. This is a fine season of the year to burn all dead wood, especially where the forest has been cut down. You can burn much more and at the same time save more ashes than in the winter and spring. Every 300 bushels of ashes, well saved and kept dry until the next crop, is the equivalent of any ton of Peruvian guano. Ashes cannot be misapplied on well drained land, as you may sow them in the drill or broadcast or compost them. On many farms there is a sufficient quantity of timber that is rotting to make a large quantity of this plant-food. Ashes are good for all crops. Nothing have we tried yet that is better.—*Journal.*

TRAINING WISTERIAS.

The *Gardener's Monthly* says: "We should like to call attention to a note we gave last year, that some beautiful objects for lawn decorations can be made of wisterias by training them as standards. A young plant is selected and trained to a stake six feet high. When the plant reaches this it is headed off. The second year the stake may be taken away, and the young plant will support itself. It will never make running branches after this, as it takes all its nutritive power to overcome gravitation and sustain itself erect. A beautiful umbrella-like head is formed, and its hundreds of drooping flowers in spring thus show to advantage. Another point of interest to a nurseryman in this is, that with this check to growth the reproductive powers are called into play, and the plants then *usually produce seed abundantly.* There is hope for numerous improved varieties as soon as these facts become generally known. This is a very good season to train plants up for this purpose."

KEEPING PEARS IN WINTER.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following as the process adopted by Hon. M. P. Wilder for keeping pears: "Winter pears are kept in the cellar of his fruit-house, which has a dry cemented floor. No ice is used for cooling it. The fruit is picked in square market boxes, holding about a bushel each and placed in the cellar one above the other, with slats at the corners, so that the boxes will not press upon the fruit, and will admit a circulation of air between them. On cold October nights the windows are opened for the admission of cold air, closed at daylight, and kept closed until another cold night ensues. If carried successfully through October in this way, there is no more difficulty about controlling the temperature, and he keeps winter pears, both for market and for home use, with the results already given."

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Consumption, Spitting of Blood,
Bronchitis, Sick Headache,
Running Sores, Erysipelas,
Stoppage of Menses,
Kidney and Gravel Complaint,
Messels, Fevers,
Sea Sickness,
Heart Disease,
Pleurisy,
Piles,
Worms,
Rheumatism
Spinal Disease, or Affection of the Spine,
Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough,
Diptheria and Sore Throat,
Pains in the Stomach,
Diarrhœa, Dysentery,
Cholera, Cholera Morbus,
Toothache and Ague,
Sprains, Strains, Felons,
Chilblains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises,
Sore Eyes, Lame Back & Side.
Boils, Cuts,
Cracked Hands,
&c. &c.

☞ For Certificates, &c., taken before Justices of the Peace, see Pamphlets, which can be furnished at the Agencies.

For sale by dealers generally.

AGENTS AT HALIFAX — Brown Bros. & Co., John K. Bent.

Manufactured by

CALEB GATES & CO.,
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BRITISH AMERICAN
Book and Tract Depository.
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Ten Cases S. S. Books.

The Publications of
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Also Constantly on hand,
Illustrated S. S. Papers.
Papers and Books for S. S. Teachers,
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Send for Catalogue.

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GARDEN TOOLS.

Garden Spades long and short handles,
Spading Forks,
Garden Hoes,
Garden Rakes, Steel and Iron,
Garden Trowels,
Hand Forks, Garden Lines,
Ladies' Garden Tools in Sets.
For sale by
STARRS & McNUTT,
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PARKS'
COTTON WARP!

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE and GREEN.

Nos. 5s to 10s.

WARRANTED

To be full LENGTH and WEIGHT, STRONGER and BETTER in every respect than any other English or American Warp.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS — none is genuine without our name on the label.

For sale by all dealers.

WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
dec 25 St. John, N. B.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Saturday, 16th day of August, 1873.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31st Victoria, Cap. 51, intituled: "An Act for the better securing the payment of the duty imposed on Tobacco manufactured in Canada."

His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Port of Charlottetown, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, be, and the same is hereby added to the list of Ports mentioned in the said Act, at which Raw or Leaf Tobacco may be imported into Canada.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Sept 22—3w Clerk Privy Council.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac.

OCTOBER, * 1873.

Full Moon, 6th day, 1h. 17m., morning.
Last Quarter, 13th day, 2h. 11m., morning.
New Moon, 21st day, 6h. 41m. morning.
First Quarter, 28th day, 7h. 55m., afternoon.

D.	M.	Day Wk.	SUN. Rises	Sets.	MOON. Rises	South	Sets.	H. Tide at Halifax
1		W.	6 2	5 37	3 49	8 11	morn.	1 21
2		Th.	6 3	5 35	4 23	9 8	0 33	2 55
3		Fr.	6 5	5 33	4 53	10 4	1 53	4 33
4		Sa.	6 6	5 31	5 17	10 57	3 15	5 46
5		SU.	6 7	5 29	5 41	11 49	4 37	6 40
6		M.	6 8	5 28	6 5	morn.	5 57	7 24
7		Tu.	6 10	5 26	6 31	0 41	7 17	8 8
8		W.	6 11	5 24	7 0	1 35	8 35	8 45
9		Th.	6 12	5 22	7 37	2 27	9 54	9 27
10		Fr.	6 13	5 20	8 22	3 23	11 9	10 7
11		Sa.	6 15	5 19	9 15	4 19	A 16	10 47
12		SU.	6 16	5 17	10 13	5 15	1 15	11 30
13		M.	6 17	5 15	11 16	6 9	2 5	A 18
14		Tu.	6 18	5 13	morn.	7 0	2 44	1 22
15		W.	6 19	5 12	0 20	7 47	3 14	2 54
16		Th.	6 21	5 10	1 24	8 33	3 42	4 25
17		Fr.	6 22	5 8	2 27	9 13	3 59	5 36
18		Sa.	6 24	5 7	3 29	9 54	4 19	6 21
19		SU.	6 25	5 5	4 30	10 33	4 36	6 57
20		M.	6 26	5 3	5 34	11 14	4 54	7 28
21		Tu.	6 28	5 2	6 37	11 55	5 13	7 56
22		W.	6 29	5 0	7 44	A. 39	5 34	8 25
23		Th.	6 30	4 58	8 50	1 25	6 0	8 56
24		Fr.	6 32	4 57	10 1	2 16	6 31	9 26
25		Sa.	6 33	4 55	11 6	3 9	7 12	9 57
26		SU.	6 34	4 54	A 7	4 7	8 7	10 32
27		M.	6 36	4 52	1 3	5 5	9 7	11 14
28		Tu.	6 37	4 51	1 47	6 2	10 17	morn.
29		W.	6 38	4 49	2 24	6 59	11 34	0 4
30		Th	6 40	4 48	2 53	7 53	morn	1 13
31		Fr.	6 41	4 47	3 16	8 44	0 53	2 43

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 11 minutes *later* than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes *later*, and at St. John's Newfoundland 20 minutes *earlier*, than at Halifax.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

* In this month the length of days decrease 1h. 29m.

Molasses, Sugar, Tea, &c.

THE subscriber offers for sale at lowest market rates, in bond or duty paid, in lots to suit—

Puns. Tierces and Barrels choice early crop Cienfuegos MOLASSES.
Hhds. and Bbls. Choice Vacuum Pan SUGAR.
" " " " Porto Rico "

ALSO.

Half Chests Souchong TEA.
Boxes Scaled and No. 1 HERRINGS,
NAVY CANVAS—assorted No. 1 to 6.

JOSEPH S. BELCHER,
jy31 Boak'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., 7x3, 6 6, 10x2, 10, 6, 8x7, 8, 5, 6x2, 6.

WINDOWS.

1000 WINDOW FRAMES AND SASHES, 12 lights each, viz. 7x9, 8x10, 9x12, 10x14. Other sizes made to order.

SHOP FRONTS

And Window Shades, inside and out, made to order.

MOULDINGS

One million feet kiln drird Mouldings, various patterns.

Also, constantly on hand—

FLOORING.

1 1-2 M grooved and tongued spruce, and plain jointed 1 in. Flooring well seasoned.

LININGS AND SHELVINGS.

Grooved and tongued Pine add spruce Lining Also, Shelving and other Dressed Material.

PLAINING, MATCHING, MOULDING TIMBER.
Jig and CIRCULAR SAWING, done at shortest notice.

—Also—

TURNING.

Orders attended with promptness and despatch. Constantly on hand—Turned Stair Balusters and Newal Posts.

LUMBER.

Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Lumber; Pitch Pir Timber and 3 in. Plank. Also—Birch, Oak, and othe hard woods.

SHINGLES.

Sawed and Split Pine and Cedar Shingles, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, LATHS, and JUNIP POSTS.

ALSO,—*SHIP AND BOAT KNEES.*

All of which the Subscriber offers for sale, low for cash, at Prince Albert Steam Mill, Victoria wharf, foot of Victoria Street (commonly known at 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