

The Family.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BYE.

There's a land that is fairer than day. And by faith we may see it afar. For the Father waits over the way. To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS: In the sweet by and bye, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore, The melodious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall sorrow no more.

To our beautiful Father above, We will offer the tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of his love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

We shall rest on that beautiful shore, In the joys of the saved we shall share; All the pilgrimage toil will be o'er, And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall wear, In the land where the saved never die, We shall rest free from sorrow and pain, Safe at home in the sweet by and bye.

RAIN IN SPRING.

The sweet, sweet rain is falling, Lightly and fast. A mouth we prayed it vainly— 'Tis here at last!

Drenching the dusty hedges, And sallow roads; Spreading green on pastures, Purpling the woods.

The farmer stands in the furrow— Idle his hand, Gazing, with deep contentment, Over the land.

Last night he dreamed of famine; The brook was dry, The fields were scorched and arid, Bitter the sky.

Sickened the corn, and the tender Flax, and the wheat; Sickened the knee through longing For pasture sweet.

The wind had licked the herbage Into the roots, Sucked his sap, and withered The youngling shoots.

The rosebuds ached and shuddered, And one lay dead; The pear-tree wept its blossoms In pain and dread.

Never a bird had a ditty, Not 'e'en the thrush; The lark lay hid in the meadow, And all a-bush.

But rain has come, and the throats Is wild with mirth; For lovers rivers are cooling, The heart of the earth.

And over the land the vivid Blooming of green, Shows where the tender April Hath lately been.

Kindly at work, though hidden By harrow powers, Now are her gifts discovered By May's soft showers.

Now shall the streamlet bubble, The lily blow; Fays in the heart of the forest Shall come and go.

Now shall the rosebuds kindle, And laugh in tears; Now shall the foaming sunshine Banish their fears.

Now shall they stand by the ripening, Of peas and plum; The day of their sweet perfection Shall surely come.

Leaning their heads together In lovely pride, Showing their blushing hearts To the midsummer tide.

Thus shall the flusk of their beauty Make earth more fair, Thus shall their fragrant breathing Refresh the air.

—The Month.

THE CONVERSION OF BRIAN AND HIS WIFE.

[From the Methodist Family.]

In a distant part of Ireland there lived a farmer. On a certain occasion the preacher, who was travelling the circuit, having heard of him, determined to pay him a visit which he accordingly did. He requested the privilege of preaching in the neighbourhood. This was granted; the word of God was attended with power; the Lord opened the farmer's heart as he did that of Lydia of Thyatira, and he opened his parlor and invited the preacher to make a preaching place. This, of course was accepted with gladness, and was not long before the farmer and his family, with several of the neighbors, were saved and converted to God. A class was formed, and the farmer appointed its leader. He had in his employ a cow-herd, a Roman Catholic, who, hearing of what was going on, became wonderfully alarmed. It was his custom to bring the cows home at a certain hour in the day; but whenever the period arrived for the meeting, he was always sure to anticipate the time by an hour, so that he might be away and not annoyed by the "swaddlers," as the Methodist preachers were called. While he was using all his precaution, the Spirit of God was silently yet powerfully working in the soul of the simple-hearted man. He had heard enough of Gospel truths, by rumor and otherwise, to awaken him to a sense of his lost condition, and he became sad and despondent. As he went moping about with a sad and dejected countenance, unfit for work, his wife said to him one day:

"Brian, what ails you? You are good for nothing."

"Molly, my dear, I'm afraid I'll lose my soul."

"Lose your soul, man! 'n' how is that? Are ye not the best man in the parish, and don't ye attend to all your dues and duties? What have ye been doing? Have you been murdering or robbing anybody?"

"Nae, Molly; 't's the truth; I'm afraid I'll lose my soul—indeed I'll lose my soul!"

"Why, Brian, what makes you think that?"

"Because," said the deeply-convicted man, "I'm all dirty within."

"My advice is that you go immediately to the priest and tell him all about it."

Brian accordingly went to see the holy father, and commenced telling him how bad he was and how badly he felt.

"What's the matter, Brian?"

Brian then related the conversation which passed between him and Molly, and closed by saying, "Oh, holy father, I'm all dirty within!"

"Oh, you dog!" said the priest, you have been to hear the swaddlers preach."

"Not I, your reverence; I kept far enough away from them. To be sure I did, and never a one of them have I heard preach."

The priest then tried to allay his fears about losing his soul, telling him to come to confession and attend mass, and all would be well. But alas! Brian grew more and more, until finally the priest told him to go to Loch Derg, St. Patrick's purgatory. In the midst of Loch Derg, or Red Lake, there was an island, or the purgatory for pilgrim Catholics. And indeed it was a purgatory, a bleak and dreary spot, and the penitents were obliged to go bare-footed upon the sharp stones, and kneel upon their bare knees, fasting and praying to the Virgin, until they were restored, or had suffered sufficient to atone for their sins.

Brian accordingly went to Loch Derg, and crossed over to St. Patrick's purgatory, where he went through the penance upon his bare knees. After remaining there some time he returned home.

As soon as his wife saw him she said, "Well, Brian, you won't lose your soul now."

"Och, dear," he replied, "I've been to Loch Derg, but I'm dirtier than I ever was before."

"Well, then, ye must go to father Tom again," which he did, and the priest meeting said, "Well, Brian, it's all right now."

"Nae, holy father, I'm dirtier and dirtier!"

"Brian," said the priest, "you must try and get your spirits up. There is to be a dance at such a place; go, and don't forget to take a drop; it will do you good."

Brian, supposing that any advice from the clergy was right, never having been instructed otherwise, went to the dance, and did take a drop, but it was a drop too much, and he became intoxicated. He came home late at night, and his wife was awakened by hearing him rolling and roaring on the floor, saying, "Sure, and I'll lose my soul!" She became alarmed and commenced crying, and together they went and prayed as well as they knew how until morning.

That day he went to his work, and, as usual, brought the cows home to his master; but he forgot it was the day of the meeting. He concluded to stay and hear the preaching, and for that purpose took a seat outside near the door. The text was, "What must I do to be saved?" He heard the sermon wonderfully to correspond with his own thoughts, and he became intensely interested. The preacher alluded to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and among others, he remarked, the poor convicted sinner is sometimes told by the priest to go to Loch Derg, and he will be saved.

"Och, I declare," said Brian, audibly, "it's me sure. Haven't I been there?"

"Sometimes he is asked to go and drink, and drive away his sorrows."

"Och, and wasn't it only yesterday the priest told me to do the same; and the devil's advice it was, too."

At this the master went out and brought him in and quieted him. After the preaching was ended, Brian whispered to his master, and said, "I would like to stay and spake to that gentleman."

To this the master assented.

When the congregation was dismissed, and they were about to hold class meeting, his master requested him to stay, which he did, and when he was spoken to, he got up and told the whole story he was relating.

"You say," addressing the preacher, "that if I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall be saved. How do ye know that?"

"By the word of God," said the preacher.

"An' have ye that word?"

He told of the Bible. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved."

Brian sat down comforted; but before the class was through he sprang to his feet, and seizing the preacher, he said, what ails me, sir, what ails me? I don't think I'll lose my soul at all, at all; I'm all clean within."

"You are converted," the minister replied.

"And when will ye convert again? I'd like to have Molly converted."

He went home a happy man, walking and leaping, and praising God. When he met his wife, he exclaimed, "O Molly, I'm all clean within! The Lord Jesus Christ has converted my soul!"

On Sunday morning he took Molly with him, and it was not long before she was brought to taste the pardoning love of God. Still, Brian had not forgotten the Church, and he said to his master, "Shall I go to Mass?"

The master believing he was under the teaching and guidance of the Spirit told him to go if he desired. He and Molly accordingly went to chapel, and after the ceremony of reading the prayers in Latin was over, the priest, addressing Brian and his wife, said, "Come up here, you heretic dog!" (Many a man has thus been singled out and denounced from the altar and not long after had a bullet shot through his heart.)

"You have deceived me, you arch heretic," continued the priest; "You have been to hear the swaddlers."

"Yes, your reverence, glory be to God! I have been converted, and so has Molly."

How dare you speak to me thus! Go down on your knees and promise me never to go there again, or I'll cure you with bell, book, and candle."

Finding him unyielding, he then uttered the curse before the whole congregation. Curses were placed, and, at the ringing of the bell, the curse began. All the saints, and angels, and holy martyrs were invoked to curse him. The curse went into detail, extending to every member of his body, from his hair down to his toes. He was cursed in all possible conditions and circumstances in life. Such a curse everlasting malice only could invent. The person cursed was cut off from all the sympathies and aid of the congregation; and if he was a merchant, mechanic, or labouring man, all custom was to be withdrawn. After the curse he was permitted to leave, and he went out notwithstanding a happy man; for how can a priest curse whom God has not cursed? Brian and Molly led pious and consistent lives and died in the faith.

FARMER'S MAXIMS.

In a speech at the State Agricultural Fair, Houston, Texas, May 25, 1871, Horace Greeley uttered the following maxims.

But—let me not trespass too far on your patience—let me close with a few maxims applicable to cultivation in every clime and under all circumstances, whether among populations dense as that of China or sparse as that of British America.

I. Only good farming pays. He who sows or plants without reasonable assurance of good crops annually, might better earn wages of

gentleman to whom I refer is an advocate of prohibition and a consistent member of the church."

"That is the very man. I have read some of his addresses in the papers, in which the 'rum-sellers' (meaning your humble servant as well as the keeper of that low grocery across the way) catch shot and shell from his temperance battery. Notwithstanding this, he comes to me every two months and orders a gallon of the best wine—he being authorized to procure it for communion use in his church."

"Ah! that presents the case in a different aspect: it is absolutely necessary that some one attend to that important duty, consequently it is not inconsistent with his Christian profession of temperance principles."

"But," said the liquor-seller, "if wine is 'one of Satan's emissaries to drag human souls to destruction,' and if the liquor traffic is so 'vile and iniquitous,' (I quote from Mr. G.'s last address,) is it consistent for Christians to use this Satanic agent in a solemn religious ordinance, and, in order to obtain it, encourage an iniquitous business? I have sometimes had doubts as to the propriety of continuing the sale of liquor; but since I have found that even the church deems it necessary to patronize me, I have come to the conclusion that it is not so bad as they would make it appear."

A lady who was standing on the curb waiting for a street-car, had been an unintentional and unobserved listener, and she now dropped her veil hastily, to hide the rising colour in her cheeks, and, signalling the passing car went on her way. It was Mrs. Gaines, the wife of the gentleman whose name had been mentioned, and that very evening, after an earnest talk with her husband, they both made a prolonged call at the home of their minister. This resulted in an announcement from the pulpit the following Sunday, which created quite a sensation. It was to the effect that a meeting would be held the next evening, to consider the question of abolishing fermented wine from the communion table.

The congregation met in large numbers at the appointed time; the minister was elected chairman, and having opened the meeting with prayer, briefly stated the object which had brought them together.

Mr. Gaines arose. "Brethren," said he, "I have for several years, at the request of the deacons, been buying communion wine for his church, and have never before realized the grave inconsistency of our conduct." He then stated the substance of the liquor-dealer's remarks, as related by his wife, and concluded thus: "I shall be asserted that liquor shops are necessary to supply Christian churches with one of the elements of the Lord's Supper, and that, by using alcoholic wine to represent the blood of the Redeemer, they give aid and encouragement to the manufacture and sale of a stimulant that is producing so much evil and misery among our fellow-beings? No, my brethren, let us hasten to repudiate this grave error, this glaring inconsistency and let not an agent of the devil find a place on the Lord's table. To bring the question fully before you I offer the following—"

"Resolved, That alcoholic wine be banished from the communion of this congregation, and that the pure unfermented juice of the grape be substituted."

The question was scarcely seconded and stated by the chair, when several sprang to their feet. One contended that the unfermented juice of the grape was "not wine." Another that "the Saviour had used alcoholic wine at the institution of the Supper, and it would be presumptuous and sacrilegious to substitute any other else." Another asserted positively that no unfermented substitute would keep a week without being spoiled; and even admitting that it could, he didn't believe it could be found in this country; and one of the wealthiest brothers, whose ruddy proboscis testified to the presence of wine at his dinner-table daily, pompously expressed the opinion, "that so large and influential a congregation would not still-stand in the motion before the house."

Then the other side was heard. One proved conclusively that "unfermented wine was that which was pronounced a 'blessing' in the Scriptures, and that alcoholic or fermented wine was never mentioned, except in connection with a warning, a denunciation, or an anathema, and consequently could not have been given to his disciples by the Saviour." An aged man said he never saw his "reformed son raise the sacramental cup to his lips without fear and trembling knowing as he did how terrible a temptation might be the sight, smell and taste of that fiery liquid to an appetite as yet but half vanquished. Another spoke of his two young sons who were soon to unite with the church, and expressed an earnest hope that they, "having never yet tasted liquor in any form, might not have it put to their lips for the first time in the house of God." Another informed them where the unfermented wine could be obtained.

Many others spoke in favor of the resolution and when the vote was taken, only three hands were raised in the negative, one being that of the gentleman with the rubeous visage.

The following Sunday, when the deacons passed the silver goblets they contained a clear, delicious, amber-colored fluid, the pure juice of the grape, unmixed with any alcoholic taint or vile adulteration, and those who tasted it wondered how they could have tolerated for a purpose so sacred that "mocked," evolved from a decomposed mass, mingled with poisonous compounds, and hiding in its darkling depths the bite of the serpent and sting of the adder.

The denjourn of wine, which had, as usual been sent to Mr. Gaines, accompanied by the bill was returned with a note informing the liquor-dealer of the action of the Church. He frowned darkly when he read it; but remarked "I have much greater respect for these people than I had before; but I hope this sort of thing won't prove contagious; for three other churches get communion wine from me, and their money is of more value to me than their consistency."

However, it was contagious; for two others are now using "tirosh," or unfermented wine; and may the day speedily come when every body of Christians in our land shall have ceased to encourage and patronize the manufacture and sale of liquor, and when the sacramental altar shall be no more sullied by the cup of Bacchus, at whose bloody shrine so many vicarious have been ruthlessly sacrificed!—Temperance Advocate.

Obituary.

Fell asleep in Jesus, Saturday June 3, 1871, Edward Mack, Junr., aged 37 years.

During a special season of grace which visited Mill's village, under the ministry of the Rev. W. R. Morton and C. Stewart, when Bro. Mack was eighteen years of age, he met with a change of heart. Naturally amiable, religion, as it always does, added new charms to his character, and the more so, because, considering spiritual things of primary importance, he sought "first the kingdom and his righteousness."

Quiet and unobtrusive, yet he never refused to take a position to which he appears providentially called, and he was ever seeking for new ways of furthering the cause of God, while keeping himself hidden from human view.

As Trustee of Connexional Property, Circuit Steward, Chapel Steward, Prayer Leader, Class Leader, and Sabbath School Superintendent, it was evident that as in all things he did, he worked as unto the Lord and not unto men, and we feel as if the loss, with which in his removal we have met, is irreparable.

His friends did not expect when he was taken ill some six weeks before his death, that he would so soon be taken from them, he spoke frequently while ill, of not realizing as clearly as he wished the special favor of God, but as having confidence in God. He was particularly fond of the thirty-ninth Psalm and seemed to make that petition peculiarly his own. The day before his departure, when the disease (inflammation of the lungs) assumed a more dangerous type he said, in his now bereaved widow's presence, "I have much pain but strong confidence." All who saw him during the last suffering hours of his life witnessed at the patience with which he bore his external pains and magnified the grace of God in him. Though unable to speak, yet it was evident that he was kept in perfect peace. Calmly, quietly as he lived he passed away.

"Oh may I triumph so, When all my warfare's past."

J. R. H.

some capable neighbor than work for so poor a paymaster as he is certain to prove himself.

II. The good farmer is proved such by the steady appreciation of his crops. Any one may reap an ample harvest from a fertile virgin soil; the good farmer alone grows good crops at first, and better and better ever after.

III. It is far easier to maintain the productive capacity of a farm than to restore it. To exhaust its fecundity, and then attempt its restoration by buying costly commercial fertilizers, is wasteful and irrational. Good wheat, clover, and alfalfa are the best. Necessity may constrain him for the first year or two, to sell grain, or even hay; but he will soon send off his surplus mainly in the form of cotton, or wool, or butter, and cheese, or something else that returns to the soil nearly all that is taken from it. A bank account daily drawn upon, while nothing is deposited in its credit, must soon respond "No funds;" so with a farm similarly treated.

V. Rotation is at least negative fertilization. It may not positively enrich a farm; it will at least retard and postpone its impoverishment. He who grows wheat after wheat, corn after corn, for twenty years, will need to emigrate before that term is fulfilled. The same farm cannot support (nor endure) him longer than that. All our great wheat-growing sections of fifty years ago are wheat-growing no longer; while England grows larger crops thereof on the very fields that fed the armies of Saxon Harold and William the Conqueror. Rotation has preserved these, as the lack of it ruined those.

VI. Wisdom is never dear, provided the article be genuine. I have known farmers who toiled constantly from daybreak to dark, yet died poor, because, through ignorance, they wrought to disadvantage. If every farmer would devote two hours of each day to reading and reflection, there would be fewer failures in farming than there are.

VII. The best investment a farmer can make for his children is that which surrounds their youth with the rational delights of a beautiful attractive home. The dwelling may be small and rude, yet a few flowers will embellish it; choice fruit-trees will enrich and gladden it; while grass and shade are within reach of the humblest. Hardly any labor done on a farm is so profitable as that which makes the wife and children fond and proud of their home.

VIII. A good practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate with the drawback of an empty mind. Many parents have slaved and pinched to leave their children rich when half the sum thus lavished would have profited them far more had it been devoted to the cultivation of their minds, the enlargement of their capacity to think, observe and work. The one structure that no neighborhood can afford to do without is the school-house.

IX. A small library of well selected books in his home has saved many a youth from wandering in the leafy ways of the prodigal son. While the material strictness and severity would have bred nothing but discontent and a fixed resolve to abscond at the first opportunity, good books and pleasant surroundings have reared many a youth from his first wild impulse to go to sea or cross the continent, and made him a docile, contented, obedient, happy laborer by the parental fire side. In a family, however rich or poor, no other good is so cheap or so precious as thoughtful, watchful love.

X. Most men are born poor, but no man who has average capacities and tolerable luck, need remain so. And the farmer's calling, though proffering no sudden leaps, no ready short-cuts to opulence, is the surest of all ways to comfort and independence. Other men must toil; the farmer need only be diligent, provident, temperate, frugal, diligent, and energetic farmer may grow into competence and every external to his competence and every external to his competence may find it more valuable, more attractive than the last, and leave it better still.

Farmers of Texas! I bring you mainly old and homely truths. No single suggestion of this address can be new to all of you; most of them, I presume, will be familiar to all of you. There are discoveries in natural science and improvements in mechanics which conduce to the efficiency of agriculture; but the principles which underlie this first of arts are old as agriculture itself. Greek and Roman sages made observations so acute and practical that the farmers of to-day may ponder them with profit, while modern literature is padded with essays on farming not worth the paper they are upon.

And yet the generative spirit in your vocation, while the generation strides in your vocation, bids the generation prepare to take our places will doubtless strive still greater. I bid you hold fast to the good, with minds receptive of and eager for the better, and rejoice in your knowledge that there is no nobler pursuit and no more inviting soil than those which you proudly call your own.

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