

**BEST ON EARTH**  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
 THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT  
 The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

**VOICE CULTURE.**

**MISS JENNIE D. HITCHENS.**  
 Pupl of Mr. L. P. MC BRILL, of Boston, Mass.  
 Will open a class in vocal music in St. John September 15th.

**1887.—APRIL.—1887.**  
**OUR NEW SPRING GOODS**

**WHOLESALE TRADE.**

**MESSES. DANIEL & BOYD** desire to briefly call the attention of Dry Goods Merchants to their immense collection of New Spring Goods selected with special care to meet the requirements of the Lower Provinces.

**DANIEL & BOYD.**

**Dissolution of Partnership.**

THE partnership heretofore existing between Arthur F. Tippett and W. F. Burditt under the name and style of TIPPETT, BURDITT & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent.

**ISAAC ERB, PHOTOGRAPHER,**

13 Charlotte Street,  
**ST. JOHN, N. B.**

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**An Article Required in Every Home**

**NIGHT COMMODE**  
 An indispensable article for the bed-room. Secured, packed for shipment, and ready for application to the order of J. B. HOWE, Furniture Manufacturers, Market Building, Gormain St. ST. JOHN, N. B. 8-17

**Notice to Contractors.**

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, and enclosed in a Tender for Post Office, etc., Dalhousie, N. B., will be received at this office until Thursday, 15th July, 1887, for the several works required in the erection of Post Office, etc., at Dalhousie, N. B.

**MENEELY & COMPANY**

**WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS**  
 Favorably known to the public since 1854. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells, also, Chinese and Jap.

**McShane Bell Foundry.**

**BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.**  
 The only one in the Province. We cast all sizes of bells, and guarantee satisfaction.

**THE HOME.**

**Comfort One Another.**  
 For the way is growing dreary,  
 The feet are often weary,  
 And the heart is very sad.  
 There is heavy burden-bearing,  
 When it seems that none are caring,  
 And we half forget that ever we were glad.

**Comfort one another:**  
 With the head-clasp close and tender,  
 With the sweetness love can render,  
 And looks of friendly eyes.  
 Do not wait with grace unspoken,  
 While life's daily bread is broken:  
 Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

**Comfort one another:**  
 These are words of music ringing  
 Down the ages, sweet as singing  
 Of the happy choirs above.  
 Ransomed sinner and mighty angel,  
 Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,  
 Where forever they are praising the eter-  
 nal love.

**Comfort one another:**  
 By the hope of Him who sought us  
 In our perils—Him who bought us,  
 Paving with his precious blood;  
 By the faith that will not falter,  
 Trusting strength that will not falter,  
 Leaning on the One divinely good.

**Comfort one another:**  
 Let the grave gloom lie beyond you  
 While the Spirit's words remind you  
 Of the home beyond the tomb;  
 Where no more is pain or parting,  
 Fever's flash to lead-drop starting,  
 But the presence of the Lord, and for all  
 his people room. —Independent.

**What They Both Thought.**

It was twenty-five minutes past seven. The buggy was at the door to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-by," he called out. There came from somewhere up stairs, through the half-open door, a feminine voice, "Good-by," then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorless with foretokens of coming life, and musical with the songs of the nest-builders. But there was no song in his heart, no spring hope in his life, as he took the reins out of his groom's hand and spoke to his impatient horse a sharp "Get on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to his house, this is what he thought—

"If I had been a guest, Martha would have been up and at the wash. She would have had a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot and my toast browned. And I should have had at least a parting shake of the hand, and a hope expressed that I would come again. But in my own house I am not treated as a guest."

And this is what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before her glass, and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready—

"I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way with a careless 'Good-by' tossed up stairs. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-by, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast and ask if I were sick. Well, he is a perfect gentleman to every one but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. Well, well, I mustn't think such things as these. Perhaps he comes home to me after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it."

And so with a heavy heart she went to her work. And the April sun laughed at the open windows, and the birds chirped cheer to her all day, and the flowers waved their most graceful beckonings to her in vain; all for want of that farewell kiss.

Oh! husbands do and wives, will you never learn that love often dies of slightest wounds, that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband; that life is made up of little things, and that oftentimes a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear than an open and flagrant wrong?—*Christian Union.*

—Young men and women, the sermon of the hour for you is in the words, "She hath done what she could." Let it preach to you of the work you have to do in these high and rare years of youth that are so rapidly gliding by. Do what you can towards bringing out the best possibilities of your nature. Do what you can to think high thoughts, to love true things, and to do noble deeds. Temptations beset you like those that have filled hearts as light as yours with inexpressible sorrow. Are you doing what you can to make yourself strong to resist them? Before you hang the tattered trinkets of fashion, the embroidered banners of selfish lives. Do what you can to live for higher aims than these. Your liver is growing riper, your heads are growing wiser. Are you doing what you can to balance this with growth of heart, making the affections as much richer and warmer; the conscience, God's best gift to man, brighter and more commanding? Are you doing what you can to follow your trust and to do your best?

—The maner employed by cigarette manufacturers to advertise and sell their goods among boys is one of the peculiar features of the tobacco trade at present. They place pictures of various kinds in the packages and offer a premium to the boy who presents the greatest number. We lately saw a package of premiums to boys that might be more appropriate than any yet offered. "To the boy who smokes two packages of cigarettes a day we guarantee a case of sore eyes; five packages, loss of appetite and inability to sleep; six packages, impaired memory and trembling of the limbs; seven packages, vertigo; eight packages, throat, fainting fits and tendency to hysteria; while for the boy who can give indubitable evidence that he gets away with eight packages of cigarettes per day we will insure paralysis, insanity and sudden death."—*Paris Suffrage.*

**TEMPERANCE.**

—Here is Dr. Talmage's answer to the saying, "Half a loaf is better than no bread," which so many temperance people are fond of quoting in favor of high license: "A freckle in the night-time sweeps away half the railroad bridge. The first half of the bridge stands solidly. It is half past eleven o'clock at night, and the express train is coming. The watchman stands there with a lantern. He sees the bridge crack in a day could prevent it, and a half the bridge is gone. The train sweeps on, and having passed the first half of the bridge—crash, crash, crash! two hundred souls gone into eternity! Better have no bridge at all, than the watchman would have swung his lantern of warning."

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—R. V. David Gregg recently delivered a sermon of great vigor on "A W. A. K. Brother." In showing how Christians should surrender things that will injure a weak brother, he made a strong emphatic point. He said: "If I should indulge in the social game, say at a wedding of a company, five days by home, I by that act give the force of my character and example to wine drinking. There are young men who have been brought up to believe that total abstinence is the duty which God has laid on his minister. They could not drink a glass of

**THE FARM.**

—While strawberries are throwing out runners carts between rows should be kept very loose, and all the grass and weeds removed from around the old plants, even if it becomes necessary to hand pull them out, as the strawberry needs plenty of moisture, of which it is deprived when the rows are thick with weeds.

—GRASS FOR SWINE.—An extensive pork raiser avers that success in feeding swine for profit undoubtedly consists in supplying them with sufficient good grass to keep up the waste of winter and to supply waste heat, and maintain a healthy growth. Then the extra food will be used for putting on flesh. The extra food digests, all goes to profit, whereas the food that supplies the animal waste produces no gain in flesh; and if no more is fed than to supply waste in the young animal, the food is all thrown away.

—The following preparation applied to the surface will prevent any rusting on plows or any other metal surfaces: Melt one ounce of rosin in a gill of linseed oil, and when hot mix with two quarts of kerosene. This can be kept on hand and applied in a moment with a brush or rag to the metal surface of any tool that is not going to be used for a few days, preventing any rust and saving much vexation when the time comes to use it again.—*Kansas Farmer.*

—A traveller in Saxony relates his impressions which stand the fields in every direction. These ponds are as carefully tended as are the fields and are a source of income to their owners. They teem with carp, tench, and other fish that will thrive in sluggish water. These are taken out in fall and sent at prices ranging from twelve to twenty cents per pound. The ponds are then restocked with a young brood, which cost from fifty cents to \$1.25 per 100, according to size. These fish are left to shift for themselves until they are a year old, when they are usually fit for market. In winter the ponds yield a crop of ice, which is disposed of at a fair price.

—LIVE STOCK IN BRITAIN.—The following is condensed from the report of the agricultural department of the privy council of Great Britain: "The total number of animals imported into Great Britain from foreign resources, 1,376,480, was greater by nearly a quarter than the total number in the preceding year, the total number imported from all sources, including Ireland and the Channel Islands, being 2,249,367, against 2,800,658 in 1885, and very few cases of disease were detected among animals from abroad. There were brought from foreign ports 2,736,000 and a crop of 317,737 cattle, 1,935,548 sheep, and 21,392 swine. In only six cargoes did the inspectors detect disease."

**Weeds in the Potato-Field.**

The cultivation of the potato crop cannot begin too early or be too thorough. The period of growth is short, and we ought to give every possible chance while growing. Start the harrow over them after each rain as soon as the land is in good condition to crumble, and make it the rule not only to keep them clear of weeds, but the land loose and mellow around them as long as they stand up, so the cultivator can be used. Even after the vines fall down and nearly cover the soil, the cultivator can be used, and loosen the soil a dill the weeds which a heavy rain will start. It is quite common to neglect the crop after the vines fall, and in many cases the result is that a crop of weeds gets a start, and as the potatoes are the wild flourish with which vigor that the hills are lost to sight, and not only the labor of digging is greatly increased, but the crop of seeds is ripened which fills the soil for another year. Let the cost be what it may, keep the potato field clear of weeds. I would not on any land on my farm allow a crop of weeds to ripen seed if two men could prevent it, and a potato field must be in a bad condition if a man cannot clean out an acre or more in a day. An experience of many years has shown me that the farmer who does not have much less trouble, in keeping his crops clear of weeds, is careless and neglectful in the matter, and that there is no work done on the farm that is better than killing weeds.—*National Workman.*

**wine socially without rearing their own science by that act.**

Yea! by my wine drinking, be it right or wrong in itself, I am tempting them to violate the dictates of their own conscience. I am doing all that is in my power to lead them to do that which they feel to be a sin. I am tempting them to do that which is ruining young men by the thousands. If their opposition to wine drinking were a whim or a matter of taste, I would be free to drink or not to drink, in the exercise of my liberty; but since wine drinking exposes them to danger, I am bound by the law of love to abstain totally from social drinking in all its forms. There are men to-day who say that the only ground upon which temperance people can base the doctrine and practice of total abstinence is the ground of Christian forbearance and love. Grant that, but this is all the foundation temperance people want or need. This obligation is enough. It binds us with all the power that is in the nature of God. Everything that is God-like is obligatory; that which is un-Godlike is prohibited to the people of God."

The Accursed Saloon.—The following extract from a speech delivered by a governor of St. John, reveals only one episode in the dark history of saloonism. Read it, and patriotically resolve your hatred of the saloon, and resolve to do what is in your power, the liquor traffic shall cease to be a curse and from the earth. Mr. St. John said:

In one of our western towns, two or three years ago, resided a widow who had a son sixteen and a daughter eighteen years of age. There had never been a dram shop in that place until, some three years ago, the men petitioned the county organization to grant a license to open a dramshop. (The women are never guilty of such outrages.) One was opened, and the boy, who had been an exemplary boy from his childhood up, a regular attendant upon the Sunday-school, soon was led astray, and went there to play cards. Let me tell you, I never knew a boy in my life who was ruined by letting cards alone, but many a boy has been destroyed through the influence of cards. You older ones here to-night, to you let me say, that it will do no harm if you never play another card. If you do not you will set an example that may come to the aid of your younger ones who look to you as patterns. This boy went into card playing and beer drinking, and from that to drunkenness, and in less than nineteen months in a drunken spree he killed a comrade. He was arrested, tried, and convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. The day of his execution came on, and it found his sister at the State capital before the governor, asking executive interference in her brother's behalf. The mother was in the prison cell, watching, praying, comforting her boy as a mother only can. The hour of execution came, and he was literally torn from his mother's arms as she fell fainting to the floor. He was taken to the gallows, the black cap adjusted, the trap sprung, the rope broke, and he fell also to the ground. As they raised him the blood gushed from his mouth and down his face, thinking of his mother, said in a husky voice, "Oh, mother, for God's sake have them hurry, won't you, please?" He was again led to the scaffold, the rope was adjusted, the trap sprung, and his soul was sent to the God that saves the men of Brooklyn. Men of New York, for God's sake, I ask you to hurry, hurry, not to open more of these places of iniquity, but to hurry to blot them out and drive them from our land. Be brave. Strike for your firesides and your homes. Strike for a higher, greater, and better civilization. From all the saloons in this great State there never flowed a blessing, not one. Career, and only careers, have come from them. How long will you continue to give them the sanction of the law? This is no time for men to occupy a doubtful position on this question. Every good citizen should speak out boldly. Let moral and political opponents to the rear, until the true men and women of the State shall have won a victory so overwhelming as to make the rum power throughout the country tremble. God is just, and the victory will be for the people.

**Drinking Ice Water.**

The cool refreshing drinks in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is injurious, not to say dangerous is also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is undeniable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be re-supplied, or great injury is being done to the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of kidney disease is being slowly, but surely laid. Why, someone will exclaim, that is not what causes kidney troubles, but that water freely contains so much lime. Wrong again! so long as the water drunk is freely carried through the system, and converted in its passage to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and perspiration, no danger can occur, by drinking pure or lime in the kidneys and bladder because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body instead of remaining in it. Literally they are washed out of the body, by the copious draughts of water, (that most perfect of all known solvents,) same as a series of pipes are flushed with water to clean them.

Do not drink ice cold water, but pure cool water, a little lemon juice will purify its effluence. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent.

If from drinking too much ice-water you are the sufferer, or are "water logged," as it is called, or attacked with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Darril or Dysentery, do not resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than soothe and why the inflammation which has caused the trouble, but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Linctum in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice water. In fact a little phorbic resin sent free to anyone by J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information, about treating these summer troubles, with Johnson's Anodyne Linctum. It is a revelation how many complaints this old-fashioned remedy will prevent or cure.

**Send to Bow Room for No. 1, 2, 3 and 4, ward edition; \$1 per doz.**

**25,958**

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**AND**

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