The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

VOICE CULTURE.

MISS JENNIE D. HITCHENS,

Pupil of Mr. L. P. MORRILL, of Boston, Mass.

Will open a class in vocal music in St. John September 10th.

Miss Hitchens has had YEARS OF EXPERIENCE in teaching, with great success. She uses in teaching the CELEBRATED METHOD OF "OVERTONE" as taught by the best masters on the Continent and America.

TERMS MODERATE. SPECIAL RATES to pupils coming from a distance.

For terms and particulars address Hebron, N. S., for summer months.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Post Master General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 17th of July, 1888, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, three times per week each way, between

St. John, N. B., and Digby or Annapolis, N. S.

from the 1st August next.

The conveyance to be made by a seaworthy and commodious passenger steam-boat of sufficient power and capacity to perform the round trip in twelve hours—including a reasonable detention at Digby and Annapolis, for the exchange of Mails. The vessel employed in this service to be subject to the approval of the Postmaster General in regard to safety, accommodation for passengers and rate of speed.

The Mails to leave St. John on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 8 a. m., reaching Digby at 12, noon, or Annapolis at 2 p. m.

Returning—to leave Digby or Annapolis on same days, reaching St. John at 8 p. m.

The Mails are to be conveyed between the the Steamer and the Post Offices at St. John, Digby and Annapolis at the expense of the Contractor;

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of St. John and Halifax, and at this office. The Postmaster General will not necessarily accept the lowest or any Tender.

S. J. KING,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, 1st June, 1888.

1887.—APRIL.—1887.

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS

WHOLESALE TRADE.

MESSRS. 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.

We carry by far the largest stock of Dry Goods to select from and now offer many choice and novel designs confined exclusively to ourselves for this market.

We believe that a critical examination of our stock will prove that our prices will compare favorably with the cheapest, and further that for variety of designs and richness of colorings our stock is not surpassed by any in the Dominion.

Orders given to our Travellers, or sent by post receive careful attention and quick despatch.

DANIEL & BOYD.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing between Arthur P. Tippet and W. F. Burditt, under the name and style of TIPPET, BURDITT & CO., has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. A. P. Tippet assumes all liabilities in connexion with Grocery Commission Branch and will collect all accounts due same. Mr. W. F. Burditt assumes all liabilities in connexion with the Farm Machinery Branch, and will collect the accounts due same.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET.
WM. F. BURDITT.

Referring to the above notice I beg to announce that the business of Manufacturers' Agents and Commission Merchants will be continued under the name and style of Arthur P. Tippet & Co., at the old stand, 3 and 4 North Wharf, and would respectfully solicit for the new firm the same liberal patronage accorded to Tippet, Burditt & Co.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET.

Referring to the above notice I beg to announce that the Farm Machinery business will continue to be carried on under the name and style of W. F. Burditt & Co., with office and warerooms at 37 to 39 Germain St., and agencies throughout the Maritime Provinces, for the sale of the fullest and best assortment of Farm Machinery. WM. F. BURDITT.

MENEELY & COMPANY
WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS
Favorably known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Peals.

McShane Bell Foundry.
Finest Grade of Bells.
Chimes and Peals for CHURCHES, COLLEGES, TOWER CLOCKS, &c. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. HY. McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U. S. Mention this paper.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO.
SUCCESSORS TO THE
BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO.
CATALOGUE WITH 1500 TESTIMONIALS
BELLS CHURCH SCHOOL FIRE ALARM
A. ROSS & SONS, Amherst, N. S.,
Agents for the Maritime Provinces. cow

Baltimore Church Bells
Since 1844 celebrated for Superiority over others, are made only of Purest Bell Metal, (Copper and Tin,) Rotary Mountings, warranted satisfactory. For Prices, Circulars, &c., address BALTIMORE BELL FOUNDRY, J. REGESTER'S SONS, Baltimore, Md.

FOR GAS. BAILEY'S COMPOUND Light-Spreading Silver-Plated CORRUGATED GLASS REFLECTORS! A wonderful invention for LIGHTING Churches, Halls, &c. Handsome designs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue & price list free. BAILEY REFLECTOR CO., 113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. FOR OIL.

THE HOME.

Light in Darkness.

"He knoweth the way that I take."—Job 23 : 10.

I know not the way that's before me,
The joys or the griefs it may bring;
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the wayside may spring.
But there's One who will journey beside me,
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

As I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,
I know not the right from the wrong;
No beckoning finger directs me,
No welcome floats to me in song;
But my guide will soon give me a token,
By wilderness, mountain, or lake,
Whatever the darkness before me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

It is true that I cannot perceive him,
Whether backward or forward I go;
He hideth himself; but 'tis only
That more of his love I may know:
For he sees that the gold may be purer
For the trouble that comes for love's sake
So I fear not the coming of sorrow—
"He knoweth the way that I take."

Who knoweth? the Father, who loves me;
The Saviour, who suffered for me;
The Spirit, all-present to guide me,
Whatever the future may be.
So let me have hope and take courage,
This truth shall my joy-anthem make:
The Lord is my strength and my refuge,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I know that the way leadeth homeward,
To the land of the pure and the blest;
To the country of ever fair summer,
To the heavenly city of rest,
There, there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains life's fever to slake.
What matters all else? I go heavenward,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

Some Minor Grievances.

There are some very good people, persons who would claim good social standing, who are guilty of committing them. There is the man, for example, well-dressed, to all appearances a gentleman, who carries his cane or umbrella at right angles under his arm, to the imminent risk of any one who may be behind him. Nor will he take kindly any intimation that he is inflicting a grievance. For some it scrutable reason he chooses to carry his cane in that way, and other people must look out for themselves.

There is the woman who blocks the way in a street or store while she talks with an acquaintance she has met. She does not like any hint that she is in the way, and almost glares at you as your manner indicates that you want room for a passage. She holds herself as if she had a prescriptive right to occupy all the room she pleases, even if it be in the very path of a throng.

There is the person who writes to ask the favor of you, and does not inclose a stamp or postal card for your use in returning a reply. One would be entirely justified in paying no attention to any such request. And yet the true gentleman does not like to repay discourtesy by disobligingness. A letter stamp is not much, a postal card less; but it is a grievance to be compelled to expend either on a matter that does not concern you in the slightest degree—a matter that may be the business of one personally unknown to you.

These are samples of a host of little grievances, some of which we are called upon to endure at one time or another. They all have their roots in the same thing—an unconscious or wilful ignoring of the rights of others. The man with a cane under his arm may not design to put out the eyes or punch the ribs of the wayfarer behind him. But he has not that wayfarer's rights in his mind's eye. The woman who obstructs the path is perfectly oblivious of the fact that others want to pass and have a right to pass. But it is a selfish oblivion. It may be a mere good natured absent mindedness or it may be a bold affectation. In any case it would be cured by the remembrance that other people have rights. The person who asks you to contribute one or two cents in the way of postage to advance his business does not make a heavy draft on your exchequer, and most likely does not notice the fact that he is making any such draft. But he is disregarding your rights all the time.

Of course when any of these minor grievances arise through unconsciousness that they are being inflicted, it is more easy to condone them than when they come from a rampant spirit of self-assertion. But then it is scarcely a question whether any one ought to permit in himself the absent-mindedness which, however good natured, inflicts grievances on others. Surely the highest type of Christian manliness or womanliness will guard against any such thing. We can all of us help to make the world a more comfortable place for living by doing our utmost to do away with these small grievances, which, though they may not wound, nevertheless are as irritating as the sting of a gnat.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

—A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways, but if she is not personally neat she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he will in all probability turn out either an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, act and talk like honest, sensible young women is the especial task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning how to respect household work for its own sake and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is a drudgery, but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill done.

THE FARM.

—Careful tests made a few years ago at the New York Experiment Station revealed the curious fact that seed corn nearest the tips produced the strongest and best plants, that from the butt the next best, and that from the middle of the ear the poorest.

—It is now pretty generally understood that Paris green and London purple are the cheapest and most effective poisons for such insects as gnaw the foliage. Upon such crops, however, as are nearly ready for the table, and upon insects that suck the juices of plants, as do the so-called lice or aphides, we must use some other weapon, such as the emulsion of kerosene oil or powdered hellebore or pyrethrum powder. These are all harmless, except that the hellebore will occasion irritation in the eyes and nose if applied carelessly. The kerosene emulsion is probably the safest and most satisfactory insect poison of all. It is easily prepared by churning the oil in common soap suds, and can be applied by a whisk broom or a syringe quite quickly to the leaves of vegetables. The most troublesome insects are those which feed on the under side of the leaves, but vigorous and repeated applications of hellebore or kerosene will dispose of them.

Live in Light.

Instead of excluding sunlight from our houses lest it fade the carpet and curtains, draw flies and bring freckles, we should open every door and window, and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams; it drives away disease, dampness, mould, megrims. Instead of doing this, however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the doors, shut out the glorifying rays, and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of their apartments. It is pleasant and not unwholesome during the glare of the noontide to subdue the light and exclude the air quivering with heat, but in the evening we may freely indulge the sun-bath, and let it flood all our rooms, and if at its very fiercest and brightest it has full entrance to our sleeping rooms, so much the better for us. Wire netting in doors and windows excludes not flies and mosquitoes only, but all other insects; and those who have used it once will continue to do so.

With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures, one may almost dispense with shades and shutters, and enjoy the benefits of an open house without any annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city they will prevail in houses which are exposed the least to sunshine, while those most exposed to it will not be at all or very slightly affected. Even in the same house, persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemic influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters.

TEMPERANCE.

Drinking a Cause of "Offence."

The Rev. Prependiary Grier, of Rugeley, has just published a sermon entitled "An Offence," which he has quaintly dedicated, "without leave and without apology, but with a deep respect and sincere good wishes, to good Christian people who imagine that they use strong drink without abusing." It is a vigorous plea in behalf of total abstinence. We give the following extracts:—

"In the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland it is calculated that out of more than a half million of drunkards no less than sixty thousand die of strong drink every year. How comes it that their places are no sooner vacant than they are filled? that others come forward to court the terrible death to which their fellows have succumbed? No one deliberately sets out with the intension of dying a drunkard. All, or almost all, who perish, are gradually, slowly, insensibly, silently, drawn into the vortex of destruction. It is the characteristic of the vice, which first binds and then murders them body and soul, to approach with noiseless steps. The earliest touch of the cords which it throws around them is too light to be felt, and the only absolutely certain way of escaping it is to keep out of its reach; in other words, to abstain from the drug without which drunkenness would be impossible. This and this alone would infallibly prevent it. Who, then, can deny that those who, with the experience of mankind before them, refuse to promote the adoption of the only known method of ridding the world of a terrible curse, even though they themselves are quite unscathed by it, are responsible for the consequences of their refusal? What are these? Do you doubt that a man who takes alcohol as a beverage teaches others by his example that it is well to take it? He strengthens an opinion which is ruining mankind, and he is very probably, though it may be quite unconsciously, helping to mislead even those who are nearest and dearest to him.

"Within the space of a brief eighteen months, I followed to their last earthly resting place, first a father, and then a mother, whose gray hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave by the drunkenness of a much loved and only son. As a child he had learned to drink beer and wine, and little by little he became intemperate. At length he threw away all the advantages which considerable wealth and a first-rate education had placed within his reach. He had many good qualities: he had all the graces which go to make a man popular abroad and a favorite at home. He was handsome, amiable, well-mannered: he was not without some religious feelings, but he became a drunkard. Do you think that it would have been no consolation to his parents, when at length his misconduct had broken their hearts, if he had not learned the use which ruined him at their table, from their example. It is a terrible thought that what parents do, without any consciousness of sin, is often a sore offence to the little ones whom the Lord has given them."

How the Lead got into the Pencil.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

I know a curious house with two doors. Into one door go cedar logs and barrels of graphite, and out of the other comes an endless procession of beautiful pencils, red and black, round and cornered, big and little, some with caps of ivory or rubber, and some with none.

It isn't a very long journey through that house, but it's a very busy one. Let us go in. The first room is the blackest you ever saw; it looks as if the whole thing had been dipped in ink, and if you touch the tip of your finger anywhere you'll be marked. There are two long rows of big tanks in which graphite and clay are being washed and cleaned, and there are pans of blackness itself, and there's a large tub with a wheel running around in it. This persevering wheel is simply mixing together the two substances, for graphite alone is too soft to use; it must be joined with clay, the more clay the harder the pencil.

But there's an interesting thing going on even in this black hole. Out of a small machine comes all the time a soft black string, and falls on a board in a queer-looking pile. This is a press; into the top is poured the thick, tough paste that comes out of the mixing tub, and being squeezed more than it can bear, it is pushed out a small square hole in the bottom. When the board is full of yards and yards of this tangled-looking stuff, it goes into the hands of a boy, who was white once—though you wouldn't think it, so covered are face and hands with the black of the leads he works with.

The business of this youth is to straighten the leads, and he does it by laying the soft string across a board three or four times as long as a pencil, pushing it up evenly against the raised edge, and cutting it off. Length after length he thus lays straight, and when the board is full it goes into a very hot room to dry.

Maybe you think the leads are now ready to take up their residence in their cedar houses; but they must go through another process, or they would crumble as fast as we sharpened the pencil. When dry they are cut into pencil lengths, packed tightly into cases, and baked. Now they are ready to use.

While all this has been happening to the lead, a house has been prepared for it to live in. Pencil houses are made in blocks like city houses, always six in a row. When the cedar comes into the room, it is in the shape of little boards, somewhat longer than a pencil, and as wide as six pencils side by side. Half of the boards are nearly as thick as a pencil, and the other half very thin—for roofs, as you will see. First the thicker boards go through a machine that plows six little square grooves in them, and now at last both cedar and lead are ready to be joined for life, to wear out in useful work together.

This happens in a most disagreeable room, strong with the odor of glue, and at the hands of sticky, dreadful-looking girls and boys. The first girl dobs one of the clean, sweet-smelling cedar boards with hot glue, and pushes it along to the next. This girl takes in one hand some leads, spreads them out like a fan, and presses six of them into the six little grooves, where they fit perfectly. Then she pushes it back to the first girl, who slaps on the roof in a second, before the glue has time to cool. Now it goes to a boy who packs it on top of a pile in an iron frame, where it is screwed down to prevent it from warping. After another rest in the drying-room, the ends are sawed off square, and they are ready to go down stairs.

They go by themselves; that is, they are placed one by one in the top of a case that reaches to the floor below, to the very jaws of a machine. As one of these blocks touches the bottom of the long case, a finger of steel comes up and pushes it forward, between two sets of small knives, and it comes out the other side cut into six nice round pencils.

They are now perfect for use, but they have to be smoothed to fit them for polite society. They are polished in a droll way. A man stands before an endless belt full of notches, and feeds it, a pencil to a notch all the time. The belt is moving slowly along, and the next moment the pencil passes under four wooden-hands with gloves of emery, which polish it off as if they liked the fun, while the pencils rattle but cannot get away, and in a second or two drop, all warm and shining, into a basket below.

If one were satisfied with plain cedar pencils, they would now be done; but fashion says they must be black or red. So into big barrels go thousands at a time, together with the red or black coloring matter that is to paint them. There the steam-power shakes them back and forth, and over and over, with a great rattle and clatter, till every pencil has its colored coat.

Now comes the last machine, and in the factory I speak of, near New York, it is a marvelous affair. At the beginning is a box full of pencils, which drop one at a time on the bed of the machine. From here it is instantly pushed through a cup of varnish, and comes out wet on the other side. At once it falls on to an endless open belt, which carries it slowly through a hot-air box that dries it on the way. At one point each pencil is registered, and when ten gross have gone through, something drops that strikes a bell and stops the machine. A man comes, takes away the ten gross, and starts up the machine again.

The gilt lettering and putting into packages of one dozen are at present done by hand, but I dare say by the time you are grown up, a machine will be contrived to do the whole thing itself.—*Christian Union.*

JAS. G. McNALLY
Is now opening his Spring Stock of
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
246 rolls Carpets, all kinds; 22 Parlor Suites, our own make; 32 Chamber Suites, Walnut $37.50, Marble Top $42.75; 1200 Chairs; 100 Curtain Poles 200 Window Shades and Stop Rollers; 7 cases Silverware and Cutlery; 89 crates, casks, and barrels Crockery, Table Glass and Library Lamps; 5 cases Table Linen Towels, Lace Curtains, Portiers and Bed Quilts; almost everything for house keeping.
152 and 154 QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N. B

WANTED! Five intelligent mechanics, fifteen clerks, thirty farmers, fifteen teachers, male or female, and a number of preachers or Christian workers. From $50 to $200 per month for bright, capable persons. Only those open for positions and are bona fide applicants will be answered. Write fully.
T. S. LINSCOTT, BRANTFORD, ONT.
22-25

5, 10, 20 Cent PACKAGES.
WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER
ALWAYS RELIABLE.

HERBERT W. MOORE
Barrister-at-Law,
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY, CONVEYANCER
etc., etc.
OFFICES:
ROOM No 7 PUGSLEY'S BUILDING, PRINCE WILLIAM ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
46-38

25,958

COPIES OF THE

AND

WERE ISSUED

DURING

JUNE

A Weekly Average of

6,492.

IT WILL PAY,

To Advertise in the

MESSENGER AND VISITOR

AS IT HAS A CIRCULATION

Larger than any TWO religious weeklies

PUBLISHED IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

A TRIAL ORDER is solicited.

Write for RATES to

Publisher "MESSENGER AND VISITOR,"

ST. JOHN, N. B.