

# GENTLEMEN

Have You Seen Our

## SPECIALTY?

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Sells \$3.00 DONEY Lace Boots

WITH THE CELEBRATED

"Doney" Heel Plates Attached.

— THEY ARE —

## Splendid Value

— FOR —

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A BOTTLE of Jockey Club PERFUME GIVEN AWAY with EVERY PAIR.

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210 QUEEN STREET.

## A. Limerick & Co.

York Street, Fredericton.

## Gasfitting & Plumbing

Attended to in all its branches.

Creamers, Milk Pans and Strainers.

CREAMERS AT 85 CTS.

## A. LIMERICK & CO.

Desires to inform the public that he has a Large Stock of the above articles, which he will sell Wholesale and Retail, cheaper than ever offered in the market before. Remember these Goods are of our own manufacture, and are of the very best material. Parties wanting Creamers or Milk Pans would do well by calling and examining before purchasing elsewhere.

Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

## CLIFTON HOUSE.

Cor. Germain & Princess Sts.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

This hotel is situated in a most central position and has all the modern improvements

Telephone Connection. Electric Bells.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR

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## Cheap for Cash.

WEST END GROCERY STORE.

I have now in stock a large supply of fresh GROCERIES which I am selling CHEAP FOR CASH.

This is the place for the laboring class, and Mechanics and Farmers to trade and save money.

Tea, Sugar, Oil and all staple Groceries.

Special Grades of Tea, all at lowest Prices.

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## J. J. FOX

West End Grocery, Fredericton.

## Farm for Sale.

A finely situated Farm of about 20 Acres, on the Central Railway, in Kings Co. at Belleisle Creek, with buildings, out buildings, &c., for Sale.

The situation is one of the finest on the Central Railway, near a Station. Further information and terms can be ascertained of

MISS MARY A. McLEOD,  
Belleisle Creek, Kings Co.

## Our Pulpit.

The Anxieties and Responsibilities of Pious Parents on Festive Occasions.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton.

"And his sons went and feasted in their houses, everyone his day; and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and drink with them. And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all; for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually."—JOB 1. 4, 5.

The summer holiday season has come; the season for celebrating our national anniversaries, the season when our public schools and colleges take their vacation; the season for picnics, excursions, lawn-parties, flower-shows, strawberry-festivals, tea-meetings, bazaars, seaside pleasures, regattas, circuses, cricket and and base-ball matches, out-door amusements of all kinds, and I feel that it is not out of place for me here and now to speak an earnest word in line with the all but all-engrossing theme, the pleasures and amusements of the gay season.

The problem of amusements—their place, their use, their good or harm, their relations to our highest happiness and best interests, how far the church should have anything to do with them, and so on, is a confessedly difficult one to deal with practically, and it has engaged the attention of the wise and thoughtful and good in all the ages. The patriarch Job seems to have been no little perplexed about it in his day. And every now and again it comes up in some shape or form before the courts of the church and the various christian conventions for discussion, deliberation, and decision. Some are for condemning all amusements as evil, only evil, evil continually. Others would tolerate what they call harmless amusements; but they would ban dancing, card-playing, billiards, horse-racing, circuses, theatres, and all such, as amusements not proper for young people professing godliness. Then there are others who see no great harm in anything. Their heads are level, blood cool, nerves steady, will strong. Nothing excites them, disturbs their equanimity, hurts them. They are constitutionally passionless, phlegmatic, unexcitable—so much so that they could have witnessed the gladiatorial contests of old Rome without being set on fire. Thus, it is not easy getting even christians to be of one mind with regard to amusements.

Now, one thing is clear, amusements cannot be done away with. So long as there are children and young people there will be amusements. They are natural, necessary, proper, right. They are good for the young, healthful, invigorating, stimulating—I was going to say, purifying, sanctifying, for what can contribute more to the right making of character, and the right shaping of life and destiny, than the joys of home and the pure pleasures of christian companionship? And yet I must be guarded in what I say here. We are near the enchanted ground where so many souls sleep, where so many lose their earnestness and energy, where bright and burning lights go out in utter darkness, where the hope and promise of fair young lives are blasted forever. We talk about harmless amusements, but all amusements may be harmful. I do not condemn amusements. On the contrary, I commend them, but there must be a place and time for them—not everywhere, not all the time, and there must be a choice. That is the direction, it seems to me, we ought to take in working out an amusement reform, and I do not know but what there is need of it. There is too much amusements nowadays. It is said, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The time was when Jack had to work too hard, but now he plays too much, and too much play is worse than too much work for him.

But I want to speak today of the anxieties and responsibilities of pious parents on festive occasions.

First, their anxieties. Your festivities, young people, your holiday excursions, your pleasure parties, your joyous entertainments, are not all, nor always, unmixed joy. While you laugh and sing and dance, there may be a sore heart and bitter tears at home about you; and the thought that your happiness may be enjoyed at the expense of some one else's, ought at least to moderate yours. All true children should not want to enjoy a happiness that is not a happiness to their parents as well as to themselves, because true happiness is a happiness all around the home-circle. And yet, there is not much that the young call happiness that is not a grief at home. You say, "shall I go, mother? I do not want to go if you do not want me to go." And the self-sacrificing mother says, "Go, my child." And she helps you on with your holiday attire, and is pleased to see you look so beautiful and happy. But as soon as you have gone, she goes

into her chamber and weeps and prays and breaks her heart, till you are back home again safe.

The pious Job had seven sons and three daughters, and he loved them much, and they would love him too. But they were young and thoughtless. They believed in going in for a good time. They met in one another's houses day after day and enjoyed themselves. Their father could not say anything against it. It was harmless amusement, the simple joys of young loving hearts. And yet, he was anxious. He could not keep the tears out of his eyes. He felt there were dangers, excesses, follies, sin, woe, even in such harmless amusements as theirs, and he was no little troubled about it. Perhaps he should have gone to some of their entertainments himself. I think we do our children wrong by not mingling with them enough in their sports. Our staidness would moderate their excess, and their fun would keep us from growing prematurely old, querulous, sour. But Job did not go. Perhaps they did not want him. Perhaps he was too busy. At all events he does not appear to have gone to any of them. He stayed at home with a sore, sad, troubled, anxious heart, counting the days when the festivities would be all over, for when their festivities would be over, his would begin.

It is evident that the good Job felt there was more danger to his children in their festivities than there was in the routine of their every day work. And that is the general feeling. We all feel that it is better for the young people, better for their morals, better for their piety, better every way, to be at their work than away enjoying themselves, and we wish the holidays were over. Oh the anxieties of fathers and mothers just now! Their children perhaps are near the kingdom of Heaven, their consciences tender, thoughts of better things occupying their minds, almost persuaded to be christians; but where will they be before the summer holidays are over? I suppose holidays are necessary, and amusements are necessary, but they sadly interfere with the growth in grace of young christians, and the salvation of souls. How many taste for the first time then the fascinating cup! How many get initiated into the mysteries of gambling! How many see for the first time the inside of a theatre, read their first bad book, take their first lesson in fashionable vice, and come home to their simple pious parents from their holiday excursion well started out on the broad road to destruction! And then the acquaintanceship picked up aboard pleasure-boats and excursion-trains, in the ball-rooms and the theatres, in the excitement and frivolity of the idle hours of life, are often so sad, so accursed. The gay young man, the young man who shines in the drawing-room or the ball-room, the young man who is the hero of a brilliant pleasure-party, is not always the man to make a life-companion of. He may utterly fail in the hour of supremest need, in the stern struggle for bread, and we are not wise, if we do not expect to have a struggle before we are through with life. And the belles of the hour are not always the best to make home happy, and transfigure with the light of their presence a cottage into a palace. Life is not a holiday; it is a struggle, a battle. It is full of tears, and griefs, and fears, and groans, and blood; and only the brave, and true, and earnest can come through it heroes—can overcome. Oh the mistakes made—the life-long mistakes, the irredeemable losses incurred, the utter waste of all that is lovely and pure there is often, the wild wreck of young lives sometimes, in these seasons of joy! I do not wonder that Job weeps and prays. I do not wonder that at home there are lonely hours, sleepless nights, anxious troubled thoughts, bitterness unspeakable, shadows darkening down that may never lift. O thou pitying Jesus, shew us how our pleasures may be good, conducive to home-happiness, not hurtful but helpful to young lives! We have not yet learned—can we ever learn? to play without our play being self-hurt, spiritual loss, dishonor to Thee.

Another cause of anxiety to parents this gay season is the danger of accidents. Perhaps that was one element in Job's anxiety about his children. He may have had forebodings that something dreadful was about to happen. I do not know whether or not. But at all events, he seems to have been strangely anxious. And indeed there is cause. The dark day comes, the day of ruthless disaster, the day of wild calamity. His children are enjoying themselves, not a shadow in their sunshine; not a sad note in their song of joy. They are eating and drinking at their elder brother's house. The wine flows freely. The dance goes merrily. Wit jests. Innocent fun cuts up antics. Laughter holds his sides and ha-hahs. Pleasure is supreme.

But yonder over the plain rushes the tornado. Its approach might have been seen had there been watchful eyes to see. Its thunder might have been heard had there been ears free from the charms of music to hear. But the merry-makers are oblivious of the danger thundering

near. They dance on. They jest on. The wine flows on. And on comes doom, darkling, hurtling, straight for the eldest brother's house. Oh young men, get ready to die! One cry to Heaven for mercy before you are plunged headlong into eternity! But there is no time. In the twinkling of an eye, doom strikes, and Job's seven sons have drunk their last glass, and danced their last dance, and all the hope of years is gone. A happy home is in utter ruins.

Now, there are dangers everywhere. There are dangers here. The fire-fiend has more than once offered upon God's altar a horrible holocaust of hapless worshippers. There are dangers on the street out there, dangers in our quiet homes, dangers at our work, dangers everywhere. Stay at home, or go abroad, we cannot get out of danger. Why then speak of the dangers of pleasure-boats and excursion-trains! One must die sometime, somewhere, somehow, and death aboard a pleasure-boat or an excursion-train is not worse nor better than many another death. There is no more sin, nor curse, nor woe, in dying mirthful than sad. And yet, we would not like to die as Job's sons died, intoxicated with the wine of pleasure, in the mad whirl of foolish mirth. If our children must die, we would rather that they would die somewhere else than on a pleasure excursion. There is something awful in a train full of happy excursionists plunging through a bridge with them, or leaping over an embankment to blow up, or collide, and go down with the promise and joy of christian homes—to hear one moment the light-hearted laugh of thoughtless youth coming over the waters, and the next the wild shriek of despair as they are rushed before their God. It is not the death we shudder at; it is the circumstances of the death. To die in the whirl of the ball-room's excitement, to die with a jest on our lips, to die in a theatre or a dramshop, to die unthinkingly, to die as the fool dieth—who that is wise would like to die thus?

Do not misunderstand me. I am not speaking against pleasure-excursions. I am not trying to throw a damper on the festivities of the season. I want, and I want because I believe God wants, our young people to have their holiday and enjoy it. But I would caution the reckless; I would sober the giddy if I can; I would moderate the excess of joy. Our young people forget. They do not think. They are reckless, expose themselves unnecessarily, rush into danger, throw off all restraint, do in the excitement of the moment what they would not think of doing in their sober senses, concern themselves not about the anxious breaking hearts at home, and die as fools die.

Now, young people, you can be as well as happy-hearted. You can be wise, thoughtful, sober, as well as full of fun. We do not expect to find old heads on young shoulders. But we do expect, and we feel we have a right to expect, that the children and young people of our christian homes should have some thought about them. Oh be Christ's!—that is what we want, and then we can trust you anywhere. I think if Job had been sure of his children's piety, he would not have been so anxious about them. Let not your pleasures sear your consciences, deafen your better feelings, make you forget what you are and whose you are, and unfit you for the solemnities of life and death, time and eternity. Rejoice, but rejoice as those who feel that they walk amid uncertainties. Rejoice with trembling.

I come to speak now of parental responsibility on these festive occasions.

Job felt he had a duty to do for his children. They seem to have been grown up. Some of them seem to have had houses of their own. They were old enough to be responsible for their own doings. But like a faithful father he still concerned himself about them, and felt that they needed his prayers and counsels as much as when they were much younger, and especially during their festivities. The more they played, the more he prayed. He felt that amid their joys they were forgetting the one thing needful. He knew they could have no heart to pray after a day's hilarity and an evening's carousal. So he did their praying for them as far as he could, and their repenting too, and all their duty-doing. Every morning he was up so early, and as the priest of the family he offered up sacrifices for them all, the ten of them, and not the ordinary morning sacrifice, but a special one. This he did all through the festive season, for he said, "It may be that my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts." What a precious father to have! What a boon to a child to have a parent who never forgets to bring its child-wants and child-neglects to a throne of grace!

The whirlwind came suddenly. The young men were swept in the twinkling of an eye before the white judgment-seat. No time for prayer. No time for a penitential tear. No time for even a cry to Heaven for mercy. But sudden as death and judgment came—swift as the lightning's flash, Job's prayers were before them, and we shall never know till all things are known, what those

(Continued on third page)

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'89 Summer Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.00  
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.15  
Fast Express for Halifax, 14.30  
Express for Sussex, 16.35  
Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on express trains, leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal, leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

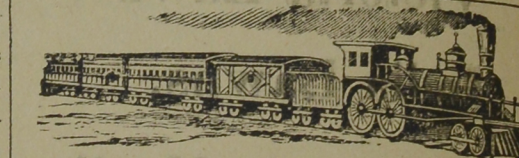
Express from Sussex, 8.30  
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 10.50  
Fast Express from Halifax, 14.50  
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, 20.10  
Express from Halifax, Picton & Mulgrave, 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,

Railway Office  
Moncton, N. B. 8th June, 1889.



## NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

"ALL RAIL LINE" to BOSTON &c.  
"THE SHORT LINE" to Montreal, &c.

### ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

IN EFFECT JULY 8th, 1889.

#### LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John and intermediate points, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and points north.

11.20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock. Connecting at Junction with Fast Express, via "Short Line" for Montreal and the West.

#### Returning to Fredericton.

From St. John, 6.40, 8.45 a. m.; 4.45 p. m.  
Fredericton Junction, 8.10 a. m.; 1.00, 6.25 p. m.  
McAdam Junction, 10.20 a. m.; 2.06 p. m.  
Vanceboro, 10.55 a. m.;  
St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.40 a. m.  
St. Andrews, 7.55 a. m.

#### ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON

9.20 a. m.; 2.10, 7.15 p. m.

#### LEAVE GIBSON.

11.30, A. M.—Express for Woodstock, and points north.

#### ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

10.10 A. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points north.

F. W. CRAM,  
General Manager,

A. J. HEATH,

Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.



## Northern and Western Railway

### SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

A Passenger, Mail and Express Train will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

#### Leave Fredericton

3:00 p. m.; Gibson 3:05; Marysville 3:15; Manzer'siding 3:35; Durham, 3:45; Cross Creek, 4:20; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:05; Upper Blackville 6:45; Blackville, 7:10; Upper Nelson Boom 7:40; Chatham Junction, 8:05; arrive at Chatham, 8:30.

#### Returning Leave Chatham

5:00 a. m. Chatham Junction, 5:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 5:40; Blackville, 6:20; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:25; Boiestown 8:15; Cross Creek, 9:10; Durham, 9:50; Marysville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30, arriving at Fredericton, 10:35.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. C. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN,

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.



## NOTICE

Is hereby given that all communications in respect to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, should be addressed to the Hon. Indian Affairs, as Superintendent of the General orable E. Dewdney, as Superintendent of the Department of Indian Affairs, and not as Minister of the Interior, or to the undersigned. All Officers of the Department should address their official letters to the undersigned.

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,  
Ottawa 11th May, 1889.

25-5-13t.