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GENTS' RUBBERS in the following Styles:—

Pure Gum, (said to be the best manufactured) Heavy Plain Rubbers, Sandel Rubbers, Self Acting Rubbers, Argyle, Zepher and Oakland.

LADIES' RUBBERS, in imitation Sandels, Croquet and Heavy Plain.

LADIES FINE RUBBERS, in the following Styles:—

Pure Gum, (best quality manufactured) Climax, La France, Zepher, Doherty, Winthrop, Van Zandt and Terry (common sense.) Also, a large variety in Boys', Youths, Misses and Children's sizes.

As usual a Fine Assortment of RUBBER BOOTS of Woonsocket and Canadian Manufacture for Gentlemen, Boys, Youths, Ladies, Misses and Children.

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Attended to in all its branches.

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CREAMERS AT 85 CTS.

A. LIMERICK & CO.
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 Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

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Our Pulpit.

Victory Through Christ

SERMON PREACHED BY
REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sunday morning April 21st. 1889.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."
 —I Cor. xv. 57.

This is a day of wide joy, for it is observed by many christians as the anniversary of our Lord's resurrection. And His resurrection is indeed worthy of our joy and gratitude. In importance it is next to His death. Without the resurrection the crucifixion would have been a failure, a useless expenditure of blood and agony.

How fitting, then, to rejoice today. And the joy of many is a pure spiritual joy. They love the Lord, and they rejoice that He who was once dead, dead on the cross and in the tomb for their sakes, lives again, and lives evermore. With others however it is far otherwise. They rejoice because the Lenten season is over. The rules of their church keep them under restraint and on short allowance. They rejoice therefore that now they can go back to their indulgence in meats and drinks, and once more resume their round of worldly pleasures and silly gayeties.

The season is one of joy. It is the spring-time of the year, the season of flowers and song birds, the season of sunny skies and balmy breezes and soft showers. There is exhilaration in the air we breathe and the earth we tread on, and we catch the inspiration of it and rejoice with all things. The sunrises and sunsets are glorious. The superstitious rise early to see the sun dance Easter morning, and they are not always disappointed, for indeed all things dance or seem to as well as the sun these lovely spring mornings.

I do not wonder that we want to get a new dress this season, for all nature is putting on a new dress of bursting buds and opening flowers and grassy glades of the richest emerald. And if we cannot have a new dress, we want at least to wear a flower today, or a bright ribbon, or something gay. We want to look gay; we want to feel glad. We want to come to the Lord's House with bright faces and happy hearts. And let the services today be specially joyous, the sermon joyous, the prayers full of joy and thanksgiving.

And, the Lord helping me, I shall do what I can to make our service today bright and glad. As a people we have the name, but I am not sure that we deserve it, of being somewhat sober-sided and long-faced, and it is a fact, that we do not set as much by the anniversary seasons as some others of our brethren do. Still, I hope we love the Lord, and we are glad He is risen from the dead. Our joy may be quieter, and there may be less show about it, but it is none the less real. And it ought not to be, for we have all the reasons for joy that others have, and the same ever-bubbling fountain of joy is as free and open to us as to them. Let us rejoice, then, with our brethren round about us, in the risen Lord, for in Him is our hope, and He will yet crown our souls with ultimate victory over all the evils of life and the terrors of death. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I. THE BATTLE

The text speaks of victory, and there is music to our ears in the word. It thrills with joy. It fills the soul with rapture. But victory implies a battle, a struggle of some kind, an enemy to contend with, a cause to fight for, a right to maintain, a kingdom to win, something or other in danger of being lost that is worth struggling and fighting hard to keep.

The history of the world is written in blood. It is made up of battle scenes the thrilling story of victories and defeats, victories for one side and defeats for the other, and so often the victories or seeming victories are for the wrong side.

Nations rise, and they grow by conquest, grow amain, and others wane. Now it is Egypt that rules the world, and puts her proud foot on the necks of prostrate kingdoms. Now it is Assyria. Now it is Babylon. Now it is Persia. Now it is Greece. Now it is Rome. And so the struggle goes on from age to age down to our own times for empire, conquest, victory.

Cities as well as states and empires have their struggles. Churches have their struggles. Societies have their struggles. Reform movements have their struggles. Business firms have their struggles. Company concerns, and enterprises of all kinds, have their struggles. Go up and down those streets. Go into the stores, the dry goods establishments, the shoe stores, the drug stores, the groceries, the hardware stores, the millineries. Go into the banks. Go into the offices. Go into the wholesale establishments. Go into the few manufactories we have. Go

into the homes of the people. And get at the story, if you can, of their success, such as it is, and you will find they have had their struggles, their battles perhaps, and you will find also that according to their struggles so have they succeeded.

And then every individual has his own battle to fight. That battle begins with the dawn of life. It increases and intensifies, waxes hot and widens out, as the years go by, with varying results, and ends only with death.

Growth implies a struggle. Life preys upon life. It is by a sort of conquest a child adds to his size, develops physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. The child diseases in battalions move upon him, and it looks sometimes as if the battle is going against him. But one attack after another he resists, and out of each succeeding one he comes the stronger for the next to follow, and so on, and so on, till he comes off more than a conqueror.

Then come the early mental struggles—the effort to put into words his little ideas, the mastery of the alphabet, the conquest of the multiplication-table, the struggle with spelling, the battle with fractions. And so the struggle goes on till the field of education is his, the kingdom of knowledge is won. But it is often a hard fight, and not a few give it up.

Then in the region of morals, too, there is still a fiercer fight often, a hotter battle.

Here might enter the lists with right, conscience with convenience, duty with expediency, the will of man with the will of God, self-interest with true devotion, ease with earnestness, the carnal mind with the spiritual mind, and through the long years the battle is waged, and now one, and now another of the combatants is forced down, until at last right wins the day, and Christ is crowned in the soul.

Some of you, my hearers, know from your own life-experiences what a battle it is to be what you would like to be and what you ought to be. Others may be able to take it easy, but you cannot take it easy. So hardly are you bested often, so tried and tempted and troubled, that your soul within you groans with an anguish unutterable. You know not what to do sometimes. You tremble lest you may be ever borne and swept helplessly away in the struggle you are waging so unequally against the strong foe. You rise in the night to pray, to cry to God for mercy, to plead for deliverance, and your cry is not always heard.

Others again know but little of the struggles of life. They hardly know what anxiety about their souls is. They know not what it is to wrestle all night with the unseen One, to have a bout with the grim Black Angel himself, to feel an awful darkness gathering around their soul as if it would swallow them up, and to be waiting to hear the blast of the last trumpet. Ah! you think you are happy because you have no such struggles. But you are not. There can be no victory for you without a struggle, no triumphs without battles, no crown without a cross. It is not well for us to go through life too easy, to walk in a flowery path, to be in circumstances where we have to put forth no effort, draw no sword and fight no battle. Not thus are conquests made, victories won. Not thus can we be heroes, men, christians, anything indeed that is worth the being. And not thus can we know the joy of life, the rapture of high and holy christian doing and daring, and even bearing, for there may be something like rapture in bearing as well as in doing, at all events victories, triumphs.

But the battle the text has reference to is the battle fought out for us, not by us. So many battles have been fought out for us, and some of the battles that are of most interest to us, such as those of civil and religious liberty, responsible government, the opening up and development of this new country, the planting of it from end to end with schools and churches, and so much else. But the battle of most interest to us is that of the cross. That battle lies back of all the struggles for reform, liberty, growth, development, truth, progress, that have ever been. I think it would not be hard to show that around the cross was fought out the great battle of the world's good, all its good of every shape and character, and because of what was achieved there is it possible to achieve anything anywhere else. The apostle in the text attributes the whole victory to God. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

II. THE VICTORY

Calvary is hardly where you and I would look for victory. We see around the cross the trampling of armed hosts, the violent crushing out of life, the throes of expiring nature, the reckless waste of blood, death and darkness and despair. As we see the Son of God condemned and handed over to be put to death; as we see Him weak and faint struggling along under His heavy cross, until exhausted He sinks under it to the earth; as we see him spiked to it, and helplessly suspended between heaven and earth, and expiring upon it; as

we see and hear the maddened mob jeering, scoffing, and having it all their own way with Him;—I say, as we see and hear all that, we call it defeat rather than victory. We deplore His sad end. We pity His fate. We wonder that one so good, so full of labors of love for the people, so much a friend of humanity, so pure and perfect, should have to suffer as He had to, and to die as He died. We hear Him cry up to Heaven with a wail that is almost despair and then die, and we expect Him to have a happy death, if any one would. Indeed we feel that if any one was ever worthy to pass through the dark portals that are between the Here and Hereafter without dying at all, Jesus was. But far otherwise with the perfect Son of God. All that could make His dying bitter, hard, horrible, awful, was mingled into a cup of woe and pressed to His lips, was woven into a black cloud and hung around His cross. Where then, you ask, was the victory?

Now, the key that opens up to us the mystery of Christ's death is this: He died not for Himself, but for us, in our room and stead. We had sinned, and so were under condemnation. Over every human soul hung a curse, a doom, the wrath of God due sin, and the Son of God came from Heaven to expiate our guilt, to make atonement for sin, to bring back to us the lost peace and alienated favor of God, and so saves us from sin and condemnation.

It may not seem very clear to some of you what necessity there is for the cross, what it has done or can do for you. You think you need no cross. You think you can fulfil the purpose of your life, do the work there is for you to do, and come up to all the grandeur of your being of yourself, fight out your own battles and achieve your own victories without any Son of God suffering, dying for you. You see what others are doing, how they are succeeding, living their life, making their money, doing their work, winning the high positions they occupy, and after a career of more or less usefulness, and even brilliance perhaps, dying at last honored, and sincerely loved and mourned for, and the cross was nothing to them, and you think you can do what they did, and as they did it.

But the Son of God who knows so well what men can do and cannot do, has a poor opinion of what they can do without Him. You think perhaps, as you look at it from your standpoint, that you can do so well, live for some great and good purpose, climb so high towards Heaven. But when you come to ask Him with regard to your well doing, your achievements, your victories, He holds a very different opinion from the one you hold. This is what He says: "Without me ye can do nothing." That is rating what you and I can do of ourselves very low indeed. "Nothing;"—not only nothing of great importance, nothing that may be called an achievement, a triumph, a victory; but nothing in the shape of real success at all, no good at all, nothing. Oh what a knock-down that is to our vanity, what an emptying out of our would-be worth, what an utter depreciation of our proudest efforts!

And yet, what are men doing where there is no cross? Go yonder to heathenism; go where the gospel is not preached, where the Bible is not read, where the influence of the truth is nil, where the world and the will of the flesh and the devil have it pretty much their own way, and what are men doing? What is society there? How much enterprise is there going on? Ah! the doing there is not what you would call doing. Men live their rude animal life, and go down into the awful night of death with no star of hope rising across the waste of waters.

And what are men doing here without Christ? What sort of a success are they making of it? All around them are the triumphs of the cross, the glad influences of the gospel. They find a country made to their hands, christian institutions on every street in the great cities, every advantage to give them a good start. And then they have had, in spite of themselves, more or less of christian training, and into their veins have been poured the best blood of the centuries, and they are under the restraints and held and helped by the influences of the truth. And yet, what are they doing for themselves or others without Christ? Let them be weighed in just balances. Let their best doings be tested, not by what is, but by what ought to be. Let their own conscience speak, and tell what it knows. And follow them into the future, to the judgment-seat, to their forever, and what will you find? Ah! you will find, that without Christ men can do nothing. With the most brilliant talents and splendid opportunities to do something, they only make a splendid failure. The world is strewn with their wrecks.

O my hearer setting out to make for yourself a destiny, in the name of the Lord I say to you, the cross is a necessity to your truest success. You can never be anything handicapped as you are with a burden of guilt on your conscience. Every new effort you make will only give you to know how far short you come. Every faculty of your soul is more or less fettered with a bondage that

Continued on third page.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

88 Winter Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 26th, 1888 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted,) as follows:

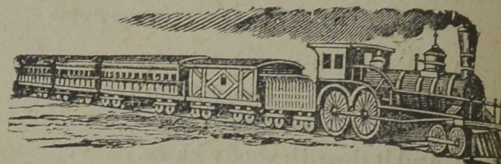
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
 Day Express 7.30 a. m.
 Accommodation 11.20 a. m.
 Express for Sussex 16.35 p. m.
 Express for Halifax and Quebec 18.00 p. m.
 A sleeping car runs daily on the 18.10 train Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
 Express from Halifax and Quebec 7.00 a. m.
 Express from Sussex 8.35 a. m.
 Accommodation 13.30 p. m.
 Day Express 19.20 p. m.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
 Chief Superintendent
 Railway Office
 Moncton, N. B. Nov. 20th 1888.



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.
ALL RAIL LINE
Arrangement of Trains

IN EFFECT JANUARY 7th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

7.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

8.45 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrew's Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and points north.

12.50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

11.35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3.10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West, St. Andrew's, St. Stephen, Houlton Woodstock and points north.

6.30 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.50, A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

F. W. CRAM,
 General Manager
 A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
 St. John, N. B., March 29th, 1888.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.

SPRING Arrangement FOR BOSTON.

Via Eastport & Portland

THE GREAT THROUGH ROUTE

FROM Fredericton and St. John

TO BOSTON

And all points South and West.

ON MONDAY, March 4th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John MONDAY and THURSDAY, for Eastport, Portland and Boston, at 8 a. m., local.

From March 12 to April 29th, will leave St. John every TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 a. m., local.

And Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland 5.30 p. m. same day, for Eastport and St. John.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent

TO RENT.

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Also, one office on second flat Fisher's Building. Possession given immediately!

Also the house on the corner of George and Regent Streets. Apply either to ourselves or S. A. Purdie, Esq.

ALSO FOR SALE. A freehold property of about 20 acres in a good state of cultivation, house, barn, etc., within reasonable distance of the city. Terms reasonable.

Apply to F. B. FISHER & FISHER

Feb 15.