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Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

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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.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.

Pictures copied and enlarged.

Our Pulpit.

THE TIME SHORT.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Evening Sept. 22nd, 1889.

"The time is short."—I COR. VII. 27.

The apostle is treating of live everyday questions; questions coming up in connection with right doing and christian living in the midst of the gross heathenism of the day; questions hard to answer, perplexing, conflicting, annoying, worrying, distressing; questions too that it was so easy for christians to make too little of in certain directions, and too much of in certain other directions. In the midst therefore of his argument and sound advice he interjects these startling words of the text: "The time is short"—intimating, that while it is all right to perplex ourselves so far about this and that question that bears on the life we are living from day to day; still, we may make far too much of such questions, and give their discussion a prominence and importance unworthy of them. Such a question as: What shall a christian eat and drink? What shall he wear? Whom shall he marry? Should a christian woman wear her bonnet in church? Should she cut her hair short or let it grow long? Should she speak in church?—Such a question is not without its importance, and the state of society may be such that such a question may be thrust into a prominence that it does not merit in itself; still, it is quite possible for christian people to fritter away the grand opportunities of a glorious occasion, and lose sight of the good there is for them, by their wretched wrangling over such paltry questions, such trivialities. The apostle would warn us against such a mistake, and so he exhorts: "But this I say, brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none. And they that weep, as though they wept not. And they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not. And they that buy, as though they possessed not. And they that use this world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away."

Now, in speaking from these suggestive words tonight, learn first here, that the time of opportunities is short.

We have all our opportunities, and opportunities good enough to be and do something; but they do not wait, and we must be on the alert to utilize them, if they would be of service to us.

The farmer has his opportunities. Every springtime a longer or shorter season is granted him for getting in a crop. A month, or perhaps two, out of the twelve, he can sow. And he has to lay his account, that some considerable portion of that time will be such broken weather, that he will not be able to do much in the way of getting in his seed. But he makes the best of his short and uncertain opportunities for putting in his crop. He has himself to blame if he fails. It was because he was slow in getting to work, and not sufficiently alive to the way opportunities pass by.

And the season to reap as well as sow is short. A season's splendid results may be lost by just a very few days' neglect. A field of wheat fully ripe, if left standing when it should be reaped, soon destroys. But the wise farmer knows how to make the best of his opportunities, both in spring and autumn, and the year is crowned with God's goodness for him.

So with every other occupation as well as that of the farmer. The fisherman has but a brief season to reap the harvests of the deep. The lumberman has but a short time allotted him to get his winter's work down the swollen streams to the mills and to market. And sometimes with all his alertness and push he is caught, and the season's work is hung up. The businessman too has but a short and uncertain season usually to do the bulk of his business, and if he is not fully alive then, he may as well shut up shop. The child that wants to get an education has to be initiated into the rudiments of learning by the time he is eight or ten, else his prospects are far from being bright. The day of opportunity has gone by, and he grows up without an education.

Now, as with the everyday matters of our life and work, so also in the great matters of salvation, duty and destiny, the time of opportunities is short. The Kingdom of God's grace has come nigh us. The everlasting gospel is preached to us. The blessed Word of God full of promises is open in our hands. The church's door stands wide ajar inviting us to come in to all there is here. The Spirit of God is drawing us, influencing us, persuading us, convincing us, applying the truth to our consciences, awakening our anxieties, stirring our souls to enquiry, working with us with a patience and tenderness that ought to win us. The Blessed Son of God comes to us with His tears and blood, His mighty gracious presence and power, and He stands at our door and knocks. Loving christian friends, too, are so concerned

about us. They give us no rest. They keep at us day and night. They talk to us, pray for us, weep tears over us, do for us all that helpless human love can do for us perhaps. Thus, I think you will agree with me that this is for you a time of spiritual opportunities, a blessed sowing-time, perhaps a reaping-time, a time when so much of good can be done. But then it is short; it is so soon past; it does not wait.

It was short in our Lord's day. His ministry lasted only about three years and six months. It is true He was very busy. He crammed a lifetime of energy and anxiety, tears and blood and work, into those busy three years. He went everywhere preaching the gospel, healing the sick, helping men, doing good, saving sinners. But so soon those days of merciful visitation, gracious opportunity, were over. The blind had to be quick about it if they were to have their eyes opened, the deaf if they were to hear, the lame if they were to leap for joy, the leprous if they were to be cleansed, the wretched if they were to be blessed, the dead in sin if they were to be raised up. And some of them were alive to their opportunities. The blind came groping to Him. The lame came limping. Lepers cast themselves in His way. Vile women came and washed His feet with their tears. Those who were so helpless with disease that they could not come themselves got their friends and neighbors to carry them to Him. Oh the hurry some were in! And well it was for them to be in a hurry, for the time was short. But so many then as now did not realize that the day of opportunities did not wait; so they lost it when it was in their hand.

A glorious time of opportunities again that was when the rushing mighty wind blew down upon Jerusalem and the tongues of fire flashed. It was so easy then to preach, and the gospel had such a power. Thousands of awakened souls cried for mercy, and when it was told them what they were to do, they went and did it. No trouble to build up a church; no trouble to get people to come and profess Christ at His Table; no trouble to raise money for church purposes; no trouble to find church workers; no trouble to do good of any kind! But then, as it ever is, that good day of grace and power did not long continue. It hurried past and was gone almost as suddenly as it came. The time was short.

Another day of glorious opportunities was that, when Paul, filled with the Spirit of God, went preaching the gospel throughout Asia Minor and the cities of Greece. Oh how he flashed! He was on fire with holy zeal. What power in his word; what grace on his lips! When he stretched forth his hand an awe fell upon the people, and they listened as if spell-bound. And everywhere, and among all sorts of people, souls were saved, and churches were planted, and the cause of the gospel triumphed. But then that good day did not last. That glorious sun set in obscurity behind the seven-hilled city of the Caesars, and a long dark night settled down upon the world.

And oh! my hearers, bestir yourselves. The day of our opportunities is not going to wait today, any more than in Christ's day and in Paul's day. Its sun will soon set for us, set perhaps in clouds and darkness. Even now perhaps it is setting. You have many sins to be forgiven, and if they are to be forgiven, you must delay not. You have a life of wrongdoing to be righted, and so little time to have it done in. You have many neglected duties to do, and so short a time to do anything. Tremble, O sinner! Awake, O soul! "The time is short."

Again: A grand occasion does not wait: "The time is short."

There are what may be called, and very properly called, the grand occasions. I do not here speak of what the world would call the grand occasions; the days of trumpet-blowing, pomp and parade; the days of triumph and joy; the days when you are throned and crowned, feted and honored, when men shout themselves hoarse to applaud you. Such, I suppose, are grand occasions that light up a few lives for an hour or so with their brilliance, and then go out leaving life more common-place than ever, more of a dreary waste. But I call the grand occasions those brief seasons that come to men, cross their lives, when they fling from them perhaps a great temptation, sublime their lives by a noble deed, rise to the duty of the hour, make a brave dash for liberty and life, choose for truth and righteousness, Christ and Heaven.

Your feet stand to-night perhaps on the edge of a frightful precipice. Before you yawns a pit of darkness, moans a sea of shoreless woe. By slow steps you have been led down to that brink;—little neglects, little acts of evil-doing, little sips from the intoxicating cup, little things that could hardly be called bad, and so on, and so on. But so it has come about that there you are on the very verge of ruin, on the outer edge of hope. And a dark spirit comes to you there, and he whispers with vile hissing this into your ear:—"There is no hope; jump out into darkness and mystery!" And indeed you feel like it perhaps. But by your side is your good angel, who taking

you gently by the arm, says to you: "There is hope; turn and flee for life!" And you turn and flee, and so you are saved. Now, I call that your grand occasion, and by God's grace you have made the best of it.

Take another illustration. You stand on the road leading from the land of Moab to that of Israel two women, widows. They are Naomi and Ruth. They have come to the parting-place, where the way of one leads forward, and the way of the other turns back to Moab. Naomi puts her arms around Ruth's neck for she loves her, and she affectionately kisses her a long and last farewell, or she wants to do so. She cannot ask her daughter-in-law to go with her. She cannot promise her a home, for she has not one for herself. She cannot hold out to her a future of hope and joy, for her steps lead to—she knows not what—wide stretches of life where only want is, weary years of struggle. So she very prudently presses the fair young Moabitess to go back to her people, and forget what she has been for only a few brief sunny years.

But the brave-hearted and faithful Ruth is unwilling to go back. A grand occasion meets her there on the road, and she is equal to it; she rises to the grandeur of it, shewing what a hold her mother-in-law's faith had taken of her. With words of touching tenderness and unequalled in pathos, words that find an echo in every true heart she grandly says: "Treat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

The grand occasions do not always look grand. They come to us as they came to Ruth on the road yonder; they come to us on the street perhaps, at our work, amid the commonplaces of our ordinary everyday life. A friend speaks to us; a companion seeks to influence us; a way opens up to us. We hardly know what it means, whether it means anything, but we are led to act in a certain way, and it means to us perhaps what it meant to Ruth, her salvation, a shining way for her feet, or it is far otherwise.

So often the grandest occasions flash upon us. We have not always time to think much, to question, to calculate, to act judiciously, cautiously. We have to leap to conclusions. We have to come to a decision in short notice. And so much hangs on the decision we come to, a far-reaching future, our destiny, our making or marring forever. A business offer is made you, and it is—"will you accept or not?" If you should say; "I will think about it"—that settles it; you are not wanted; some one else gets it. And your hesitation in that critical moment may mean eternal failure. Yes, that is what it may mean. Thus are lives made or lost so suddenly.

O my hearer, this may be your grand occasion. You have strolled in here to-night, and the word to your soul is: "The Time is Short!" Here is life; will you have it? A light from heaven flashes; a voice from heaven speaks: "O sinner, thy way leads down to darkness and death; repent. You are wanted in the King's service; you are wanted where duty calls, where good is done, where there is a shining way for your feet to walk on." You hear, and you say: "Yes I will come. I have been in the devil's service long enough, and a hard hopeless service it is. Henceforth I will follow Christ." And it is settled, settled here and now, settled at once and forever. Oh! let it be so, for the grand occasions, like angel visits, are few and far between and they do not wait! They suddenly come, and as suddenly go; "The Time is Short."

Again: The time is short," and so there is no time for anything but earnest right doing and christian living; no time for wretched side-issues and frivolous questions, but only time for the great business of life, the purpose of our being; no time for neglect, silly trifling, sinning, but only time to be saved and to do good.

Some young people will talk like this: "I am going in for a good time; I am going to laugh, and sing, and dance, and have my full swing of life, for ten years or so. That will bring me to thirty or thirty-five. Then I will settle down to real life, to do my duty, to be a sober-sided citizen, to make money, to join the church and be a christian. That will bring me along to the fifties or sixties of life. Then I will begin to think of death and prepare to meet my God."

But let such young people reflect on this, that so often thirty, years, and much less time indeed, is all the time there is for us. If then we dance and sing till thirty or thirty-five, the great purpose of life is not taken hold of and not done, and life is lost; we are not saved, not saved in any sense.

And another thing, even though it should be granted you to reach the fifties, and sixties, and old age, is it I ask, the wisest and best preparation for such years to sing and dance away your youth? As a rule, a frivolous youth makes a still more frivolous old age.

Think of a farmer talking this way: "Here is a field of grand possibilities. It is in good condition. Well, this year

(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	11.10
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.

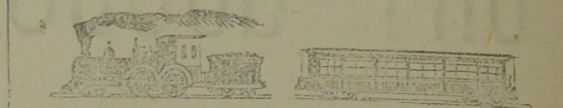
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

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, Pictou & Milgraves	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, Chief Superintendent
Railway Office
Moncton, N. B. 8th June, 1889.



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. S. 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

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

New Crockery,
CHEAP

First quality English Coloured Tea Sets 44 pieces \$2.62. Fancy Coloured Dinner Sets \$6.60, Elegant New English, French and German China Tea and Breakfast Sets at

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GAINED THE DAY.

Our Parlour Suits take the lead. We cannot produce them fast enough to meet the wants of our Customers. Leave your orders early and get best value in Canada.

J. G. McNALLY.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the annual election for representatives to serve in the County Council of the MUNICIPALITY OF YORK for the year 1889 and 1890, will be holden on

TUESDAY, the 1st day of October, 1889.
WILLIAM WILSON,
Secy-Treas. Municipality of York.
Fredericton, Sept. 7, 1889.