

GENTLEMEN

Have You Seen Our

SPECIALTY?

— THE —

Bents \$3.00 DONEY Lace Boots

WITH THE CELEBRATED

"Doney" Heel Plates Attached.

— THEY ARE —

Splendid Value

— FOR —

\$3.00

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

A. LOTTIMER.

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

Office on Germain Street

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.

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange for Groceries.

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, outbuildings, &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.

Society's Scavengers.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

"He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool."—PROV. X. 18.

In all large cities there is a class of men employed to clear away the accumulation of litter and filth from the streets and yards. They are called scavengers, and they are not usually a very high class of men in any respect. I do not know that there is any special reason why they should not be, but it is a fact that they are not as a rule.

Among the insect tribes, too, there are scavengers—beetles, ants, flies, worms, that feast and fatten on rottenness. They are very necessary for sanitary purposes, but we do not like them for all that. We do not make pets of them.

But of all the scavengers that I know of the meanest sort are society's scavengers. They are creatures about towns and country villages that live and thrive on social filth, scandals, moral putrefactions, family quarrels, individual sores, and such like. I suppose they are necessary. At all events they seem to think they are necessary. They think they are doing a good work for society. But it is a very doubtful sort of good work. It is not such a good work as I want to do, nor such as I want to have any of you doing. The less we have to do with society's scavengers the better; and, that we may know them, so that we may not be found among them, I want to point them out to you tonight.

And the Talker is one of them. Solomon has this to say on talkativeness: "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin. He that keepeth his mouth wide open his lips shall have destruction. He that hath knowledge spareth his words. Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

Now, we are all talkers more or less, and there are few of us that do not yield to the temptation of saying sometimes too much; of letting our tongues run away with our good sense. But there are some whose sole business it would seem to be to talk, and how their tongues wag! They are always talking. They talk about everything. From morning till night they talk. Week in and week out they talk. From January to January again they talk. From the day they were two years old till the day they died they talked. Waking or sleeping they talk. In the House of God they cannot keep quiet till the service is out, but they have to lean over and whisper to somebody near them. The multitude of words is their besetting sin. It is not for them to pluck out a right eye, or cut off a right hand; but it is for them to clip off a piece from their over-long tongues.

Great talkers must of necessity talk an immense amount of trash, for good sense is scarce. They mash up in their mouths about everything that is going—good, bad and indifferent, and their lips and tongues cannot be very clean, nor their hearts either. It is as impossible for the mouths that are made the common sewers for all the wretched gossip of the streets to flow in and out of to be clean, as it is for the sewers where all the abominable filth of a city flows to be clean. Have you ever spent an hour, a day, in the hearing of one of those incessant talkers, and had all the small talk of a town or a parish served up to you, till you did not know whether ever you would be able to think again? It is an operation that you do not want to have repeated very often.

If, then, any of us is given to the talking weakness or sin, let him get a bridle for his tongue. At least two of the sacred writers recommend a bridle—David and James. It is said of a species of crane, that, knowing its fatal weakness to chatter, and thus expose itself to the sportsman in its flight, it adopts the precaution of putting a pebble in its mouth. And perhaps even such a simple expedient as the crane's would save the world many a senseless chatter, and the talker's self no little sin and soul-danger.

A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly, Wasteth his mind in words, and is counted A fool among men.

Another of society's scavengers is the Talebearer. Solomon has this to say about the talebearer, and it is not very complimentary: "A Talebearer revealeth secrets. The words of a Talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly. He that goeth about as a talebearer revealeth secrets; therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips. Where no wood is there the fire goeth out; so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth."

The Talebearer is one who makes it his business to carry stories from one to another, and the mean base creature is not uncommon in modern society. I

suppose we have a few of them in our city, more than I know of. We say something about our neighbor that had better not have been said, something not so very bad perhaps or so very far from the truth, but still something we would have been very sorry to say if we had known that it would reach his ears. We said it, however, in the hearing of one we thought we could trust, and that would keep it for us; but it was too good to keep, and so he went straight away, and with comments and additions of his own to fill it out and give it pungency, he tells what we said. The result is a bitter separation between good neighbors and the breaking up of a long-standing friendship. We try to explain. We apologize. We take back the words. We are sincerely sorry for our rash and foolish speech. But the mischief is done, and the talebearer chuckles over the cruel game he has so successfully played. Of course, the talebearer is not all to blame. He only carried what was given him. It was not given him to carry. He knew very well at the time that it was said in confidence. But the talebearer betrays confidence as well as carries stories, and he justifies himself on the ground that he would not be true to his friend not to tell him.

He will do this sometimes. He will come to you when you are off your guard, and in a talkative querulous mood, and he will make a remark about your neighbor that may mean almost anything. It is in line perhaps with the way you happen to feel at the time, for you are vexed over something or other. So he draws you out, and like a fool you let him draw you out, until you have said more than you would have said if it had not been for his flatteries and suggestions. And then when he has fooled and flattered you into making foolish speeches about your neighbor, away he goes and makes as great a fool of his ears as he has done of your lips. And then he does it so piously too sometimes. He is very sorry to have it to say, but such and such was said, and truth and justice and friendship and religion compel him to tell it. Ah the baseness and meanness of the Talebearer!

You are sore over something or other, a little something that is of no great consequence. You have been wronged, misrepresented, lied about, and you are feeling bad over it. So the talebearer hears of it. You have noticed how soon the flies in the warm summer weather find out that you have a sore. And they come in clusters to lick your sore with their mischievous tongues, and to buzz their cruel comfort into your ears. And they do not help your sore much. So with the Talebearer. He soon hears of any sore you have. And he comes to comfort you in his way of it. He comes to lick your sore with his vile tongue. He tells you what this one says and that one thinks. He has a pack full of the stories of the neighborhood that he has gathered up, and he deluges you with them, until you are bordering on a state of all but distraction. Thus your little sore that did not amount to anything at the first becomes in the hands of the talebearer a much-inflamed ulcer, a running sore, that is all but incurable.

What wickedness the talebearer works in churches. He gets the ears of the pastor sometimes, or the elders, with his stories, and he goes around among the people talking and talking, until the once seamless coat of the Lord is rent into ten thousand pieces. A church in trouble is the talebearer's paradise.

And next to a church in trouble is a family in trouble. He soon hears of it if there is trouble in a family, and he is on hand at once to help it along as he knows how so well. And the thing to be wondered at as much as anything is this, that all parties open their ears to what he has to say. The tell-tale tongue—it should be cut out! It was a saying of the ancients that both the talebearer and the talebearer should be hung, the one by the tongue, and the other by the ear, and Dr. South suggests that if they are to be cut down after hanging awhile, let both tongue and ear be cut off in the cutting down.

The whisperer is another of society's scavengers. Solomon says of him, "A whisperer separateth chief friends." And the Apostle Paul puts him into the worst of company where he ought to be; "whisperers, backbiters, haters of God," and so on.

The whisperer is first cousin to the talebearer, and is himself a talebearer. He gets his name from the way he tells his tale. He whispers it. He will come to you, and he will take you aside, and in a low voice he will fill your ear with stories about some friend of yours. And all the time he will caution you not to mention what he has said for the world. Then he will go to your friend and he will have much the same to say to him about you, urging the same caution. And both you and your friend will say, "Well, I would not have suspected anything of the kind;" and the next time you meet, you look at one another out of the tail of your eye, and the mischief is done. You are sure, both of you, that what the whisperer said is too true, and you keep off from one another; whereas, both of you are the dupes of that hissing creature the whisperer.

O my hearer, have you ever had the whisperer at your ear with his sibilant,

tongue? I have had; everybody has had, and it is not pleasant. You feel as you listen that the serpent is there, and you had better break the spell by breaking rudely away.

Still another of society's scavengers, and one of the very worst, is the slanderer or backbiter. Solomon has this to say of him: "He that uttereth a slander is a fool. An ungodly man diggeth up evil; and in his lips there is a burning fire." David says: "Whose privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off." And the Apostle Paul cautions against the too common evil of slander over and over again. The wives of ministers and elders should be especially careful not to be slanderers.

There are two kinds of slanderers. One kind starts the slander, and the other carries it on, and both of them are as bad as they can be. The word of God makes no difference between them; it condemns both as being equally bad. The one that would give legs and wings to a slanderer, would give it being, and the one is about as easily done as the other. It requires no great inventive skill or genius to start a first class slander, and it is neither hard to set it a-going nor keep it a-going.

Here is a man you want to hurt. He is in the way of your promotion politically, socially, or in a business way. Perhaps you cannot say anything bad about him. If you can, why then he is in your power. But it may be he is an honest good-living member of the community. So you do the best you can. You say fine things about him, but you always wind up with an insinuation. "Yes, he is an honest man; he speaks the truth; he is a grand man; but—" Thus, your cruel innuendo does the work. Somebody translates your *but* into the vilest slander that was ever put into words, and your innocent victim is slaughtered, quartered, crucified.

The little word *but* is a most convenient modern method of slandering. You can do it so delicately, with so much of refinement. A lady can do it and still be a lady. You can do it, and not say a word or strike a blow, and yet kill every time. You can do it, and the hand that thrusts the fatal dagger is not seen nor known. You will sometimes be questioned as to what is meant by certain knowing looks and gentle hints, but it will be yours to be more mysterious than ever, profound, deep and silent as the grave. The more so the better for your vicious purpose.

"The tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." There are poisons so deadly, it is said, that a single drop insinuated into the veins produces death in three seconds, and yet you cannot detect its presence by any chemical analysis or microscopic investigation. And the poison of slander is thus subtle and deadly sometimes.

Shakespeare says:

'Tis slander Whose edge is sharper than the sword, Whose tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath

Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world, kings, queens,

and states, Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave

This vitious slander enters.

And the earnest eloquent Pollock paints the slanderer thus:

Slander the foulest whelp of sin. The man In whom this spirit entered was undone; His tongue was set on fire of hell; his heart

Was black as death; his legs were faint with haste

To propagate the lie his soul had framed; His pillow was the peace of families

Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,

Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhood,

Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock

Number the midnight watches, on his bed Devising mischief more; and early rose.

And made most hellish meals of good men's names.

From door to door you might have seen him speed,

Or placed amidst a group of gaping fools, And whispering in their ears with his foul lips.

Peace fled the neighborhood in which he made

His haunts; and, like a moral pestilence, Before his breath the healthy shoots and blooms

Of social joy and happiness decayed, Fools only in his company were seen,

And those forsaken of God, and to themselves

Given up. The prudent shunned him and his house

As one who had a deadly moral plague.

The Liar again is another of society's scavengers. Solomon says: "A lying tongue is but for a moment. Lying lips are abomination to the Lord. A wicked deer giveth heed to false lips, and a liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue. A lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it." In the New Jerusalem there is

(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,

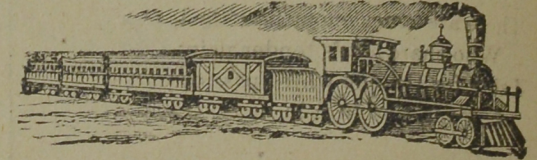
Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton	20.10
Express from Halifax, Picton & Mulgrave	23.30

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, Chief Superintendent

Railway Office Moncton, N. B. 5th June, 1889.



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

IN EFFECT JULY 31st, 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; Marzer's 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. Edgcombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent

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 Honorable E. Dewdney as Superintendent General 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. 25-5-13.