

# GENTLEMEN

Have You Seen Our

## SPECIALTY?

—THE—

Gents \$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.

## 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.

## Harver's Photos.

IN ALL THE

## Latest Styles

—STUDIO—

# 164 Queen Street

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Pictures copied and enlarged.

### Our Pulpit.

## Blunt Tools, How to Whet Them.

SERMON PREACHED BY

### REV. A. J. MOWATT.

"If the iron be blunt, and one do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength."—ECCLES. X. 10.

This text came to me out in the hay-field one day. My father and brothers were hand-mowing a rough piece of ground, and I was there to help, or perhaps hinder. I took my father's scythe to spell him and amuse myself, and followed my brothers across the field as well as I could. I could mow once, and I have conceit enough left in me to think I can mow still. After mowing a certain distance across the field keeping stroke with one another, we returned to the starting-place carrying our scythes, where there was a concert of whetting for another effort. It was not long however before I mowed into a stone lying concealed in the grass. It was my unskillfulness, or inattention, that did it, and I found that much whetting and increased strength on my part were necessary to do the same amount of work I had been doing. This brought the text to my mind and I went on turning it over in my thoughts, and so shaped out the sermon I am going to preach tonight. With God's blessing it may be a help to us in the higher matters of the kingdom. It may teach us the truth, preach to us the gospel, give us higher ideas of duty-doing and christian living. It is a blessed spiritual use I want to turn it to, and it is for such a use it is here.

And first, you and I, my hearers, as individual christian workers, and this church, are tools of some sort for the Master's use—a scythe perhaps, a reaping-hook, an axe, a hoe, a spade, a plough, a sword, a tool of some sort.

We are not all made alike, nor for the same purpose. I think it would be a mistake, a terrible blunder, and the world and church's loss, if we were all scythes or swords, all spades or ploughs, all axes and adzes, all chisels and gouges. We want all sorts of tools in a world such as ours, for there are all sorts of work to be done. Do not despise me because I am a plough ploughing up the fallow-ground, and let me not despise you because you are an axe to hew down the tangled wild-woods. There are tools in use I neither know the names of nor the purposes they are for. And there are people in the church, and I am puzzled to know what they are made for, what use they are serving, and because I do not know, I am disposed to think they are of no use whatever, and the church, and the world too, would be better without them than with them. But the God who made them knows, and the Lord who redeemed them knows, and some day it will be known why they are, and it will be found they are grandly useful.

One tool is dull iron, another bright brass, a third glittering steel, a fourth shining silver or brilliant gold. It is not always the commonplace tool that is the least useful, nor is the brightest the best. We all want the silver or the gold knife. It takes the eye, looks well. But for real use and everyday purposes, and for standing the wear and tear of use, give me a plain steel knife.

And the silver-tongued orator, the golden-mouthed preacher, everybody runs after, and wants to hear, and praises; but when it comes to real good-doing, the hard and long pull that lifts up the world and saves souls, it is the iron and steel that men despise that do it. Let us not bury ourselves because we cannot shine. We can do, and that is better than to shine. We despise not the shining ones in prominent places, but the shining that we admire most is the shining that comes of much use. Let me shine because I plough so much, because I reap so many golden sheaves, because I am kept so busy.

But, secondly, it is of the blunt tool I am to speak specially. You know what it is to mow with a blunt scythe, to cut with a blunt axe, to saw with a blunt saw, to do your work with a blunt tool. You cannot do your work nearly as easily nor as satisfactorily for yourself. And indeed he would be a very foolish workman who would do his work with a blunt tool when he might have a sharp one as well as a not.

Use dulls a tool. Keep your scythe going through the rank grass, and do not stop to whet it, and very soon it will lose its keen edge, and come to be so blunt that it requires twice the effort to get it to cut at all, not to say well. Keep your axe swinging into tough-grained knotty trees, and after a while it gets to be so dull that it will not cut; and you know better than I can tell you, indeed there is no necessity to tell a New Brunswick audience at all, that it is dull hard work to chop with a dull axe. And moreover, no genuine New Brunswicker will do so. Now, use—I speak not here of abuse—square honest use, has the effect of dulling any and every sort of edged tool.

And, another thing, the keener-edged a tool is, the sooner and more easily dulled it is. A razor is more easily

a blunt scythe makes it still harder. So dulled than a reaping-hook, an axe than a hoe, a sword than a plough. You grub away with a hoe half a lifetime without sharpening it, but even a hoe or a plough would be the better of an occasional edge-up. Keep your tools sharp is commonplace advice, but it is worth giving and worth taking. It looks to be an utter waste of time that might be put to a better purpose to be whetting so much, but the whetting is as necessary to good work as the actual work. It is a saving of both time and strength to whet.

And, my hearers, it is none the less true in the higher matters of the kingdom that constant use dulls the tools the Blessed Spirit employs for the doing of His work, and they need every now and again whetting of a sort. The preacher of the gospel, the elder, the Sunday school teacher, the christian worker, and so on, are the Spirit's tools, and like other sorts of tools they sometimes get dull. They lose their keen edge. They find perhaps that they cannot do their work with the ease and heart and energy with which they once did it. Their zeal cools off and sometimes goes altogether out. Their enthusiasm wains. In a word, they find, that to be hard at it, and always at it, has a dulling effect upon them which is discouraging, and they begin to conclude that they are no good, and have no business to be where they are. And they get out of it. The preacher resigns perhaps, and tries farming, or store-keeping, or editing a newspaper, or something else he thinks he can do. The Sunday school teacher absents himself or herself until their place is filled by some one else. So with all sorts of christian workers.

Now, we do not fling away a scythe, because, after we mow a swath or two, it becomes somewhat less keen-edged. No; we get out our whetstone, and we whet it up, and we whistle to the tune our whetstone plays while we do it, and we find, that the scythe is as keen-edged and as ready for work as it was when first tried. It is no evidence that a tool is poor because constant use dulls its keen edge. That is the way with the very best of tools.

And, christian workers, let us not lose heart and run away from our work, because we seem not to be able to do it as well as we would like to do it, or as we used to do it, because perhaps a strange dullness has crept in upon us that is interfering with our usefulness. The Lord's own reaping-hooks, His scythes, His axes, His swords, get dull somehow. It is with His tools as with ours. And no marvel, for they are of the earth as ours are. We whet ours. We whet them often. The more we work, the more we whet. And it is necessary that there be constant whetting, if the living tools in His hands would be efficient, and do the good work and the great work He wants them to do, and there is to do.

I want to wield the axe of truth with a strong hand tonight. I want to swing the scythe right around these pews from one side of the church to the other. I want to miss no one. I want to reap golden sheaves this blessed hour. Oh what a work this is to do it well! You wonder why I do not visit oftener, and where I go to and what I am doing all the other six days. Ah! I have to go and whet up for my public efforts. If I am sharp sometimes, a little too sharp you think, it is often after days of earnest grinding in my study.

And so with every other church worker as well as the preacher. They need to be constantly whetting, praying, studying, reading, if they would be sharp tools for the Spirit's use, and do their work efficiently. Some preachers, some Sunday school teachers, some who take part in prayer meetings and so on, think that it is great folly, idling away precious time, to study so much, and learn so much. As for them they can preach and teach without any study, and go right on without stopping to sharpen up their minds and hearts. But every one who knows anything about tools will tell you, it is only hoes and grubbers and such like, the meaner class of tools, that do their work without whetting. People soon find out the preacher who does not study, and children soon find out the Sunday school teacher who does not come to them with a keen edge, all bright and sharp.

But again, while use dulls keen-edged tools, and wears them out after a while, it is not use so much as abuse that dulls them worst and wears them out fastest.

If you bring your scythe with its keen edge across a rock every other swing, you will very soon unfit it for service. And some mowers seem to have the knack of hunting up all the stones in the field, and colliding with them. Some choppers again are always getting upon nails with the face of their axe, or into gravel or where they should not get, and so the tool they work with is never otherwise than dull-edged. They are reckless, careless, unskillful. They slash away, and never look what they are slashing into.

My hearers, how is it that so many of us are inefficient church workers, such good-for-nothing tools, such dull-edged Christians? Ah! the trouble is, our face is too much world-wards. If we keep our heart and life out amid the dulling influence of the world, the blunting temptations of society as it is all around about us, and if we care not much what we

are or do, then we cannot be otherwise than dull souls, without spiritual power, useless, good-for-nothing.

It is all right for the people of God to be up to their eyes in business, to have both hands full of work, to do with their might what it is theirs to do. Business need not necessarily dull their edge for right doing, and Christian living, and church work. But there are temptations here, snags that they are in danger of running foul of, that may utterly unfit them for true spiritual usefulness in the Master's service. If they over-reach, lie, look solely to their own interests, and are grasping and greedily all through the busy week; then, of course, there will not be much of an edge left on them for spiritual service on the Sabbath, not much heart left in them for the worship of the Lord's house. They will be dull hearers to preach to dull teachers in the Sunday school, dull heartless church workers, dull christians, dull souls.

The pleasures of the world, too, dull the soul for spiritual activity. Now I am not going to slash right and left here. Pleasure has its place. Laughter has its sanctified uses. If we feel like running instead of walking, jumping instead of sitting or standing, flying instead of creeping, singing instead of sighing, why then let us do so. There is nothing wrong in it. There are right pleasures, and there are wrong pleasures. There are safe pleasures, and there are dangerous pleasures. There are pleasures that are healthful to both body and soul, and there are pleasures that are harmful. I admit, that you may go into pleasures that it would not do for me to go into. The child, because he is a child, can do what it would be very silly, perhaps even simple, for his grown-up father and mother to do. We can all understand that. And let us not forget that there are child christians, young souls, and their patient loving Lord wants them to enjoy themselves in a right way. Picnics used to be more to me than they are now. Dancing always seems to me a very stupid sort of pleasure. And there are lots of so-called pleasures that I can see no pleasure in, and that I could not go in for and enjoy without being hurt by them. But I am not going to condemn you where I would condemn myself. Still, let us not overlook the fact, that here stretches an enchanted land where many a young promising soul is lost utterly. If we find that our pleasures are hurting our Christian usefulness, marring our joy, giving us a distaste for the pleasures of the Kingdom, dulling our zeal for Christ's holy happy service, unfitting us for the real walk of the Christian life; then it is ours to call a halt, and sternly give up what we find is not good for us.

Neglect again, no use, is about the worst kind of abuse for the tools of the Kingdom. You cannot use your scythe worse than hang it on the fence, and let it hang there and rust itself away. That will ruin it as fast as slashing its edge against stones, and faster. It is a good deal better for a tool, a great deal more honorable for it, to wear out than rust out.

Now, so many among us are suffering spiritually because they are not at work. They hear, but they do not. They have hands, but they handle not. They take hold of no church work, no Christian enterprise, and help it along. They have the ability to do so much if they would, but they are idling away their years, missing the great opportunities of good-doing, letting go from them the glory of service and the blessedness of its reward. What they might be and do, were they up and doing, but sitting there or lounging yonder, they will never be nor do anything.

What made Peter? What lifted him out of the obscurity he was in, and throned him among the princes of the kingdom? Christian service. If humanly speaking, he had let his splendid abilities, his enthusiasm, his rugged natural eloquence, waste themselves yonder by the Galilean lake as he might have done; if they had remained undeveloped, like undug ore, what a calamity for himself, and the church, and the ages. And there are here those who are fitted to be useful, men and women capable of immense energy and enthusiasm, if we know only how to harness them to the church's work, and enlist them in the Lord's service. At a gathering for pleasure, at the working out of some purely world-scheme, in a political campaign, they are a whole team. They are worth ten ordinary men perhaps: they are heroes. But when it comes to work for the church, zeal in the Lord's service they are nowhere, they take a back seat and all they might be is lost. They are undug ore, undeveloped wealth, immense possibility for good lying idle. Oh! why rust there, ye wise heads and great hearts, when you are needed in the Lord's service? Come and help us with your push and pluck, your tact and energy. We are suffering for want of you, and you are suffering for want of us. It will make us to have you with us in the work and it will make you to be with us.

Thirdly, how to whet blunt tools, how to utilize the church's latent force.

Have you ever tried, my hearers, to mow with a blunt scythe, to cut with a dull axe, to saw with a saw that was not sharp? mowing is hard work anyway, but

(Continued on third page)

### INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

## '89 Summer Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, 19th 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 Chêne, 11.1.  
Fast Express for Halifax, 11.30  
Express for Sussex, 11.35  
Express for Quebec and Montreal, 11.35

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 10.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

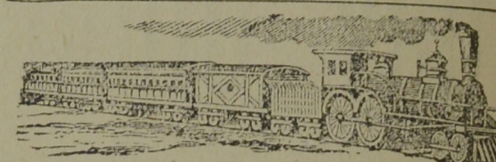
Express from Sussex, 3.30  
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 10.50  
Fast Express from Halifax, 11.50  
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, 12.10  
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Margrave, 12.30

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

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent

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 31st, 1889.

#### LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John and intermediate points, Vancorbo, 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.  
Vancorbo, 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'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. Edgecombe'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. 25-5-13t.