

LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE Shoe Store.

ESTABLISHED IN MAY, 1859.
A. LOTTIMER

takes this opportunity of thanking his numerous friends and customers for the very liberal patronage they have bestowed upon him during the past Thirty Years, and begs leave to say that he has now on hand the largest and best assortment of **BOOTS SHOES, SLIPPERS and RUBBERS** for Summer trade that can be found in the City.

He would call especial attention to his large variety of

Ladies Kid Boots

AND

Lawn Tennis Shoes

In Ladies, Gents and Boys sizes. Goods may be ordered by Telephone if desired.

Inspection Invited.

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.

W. 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

PUBLIC NOTICE

MAILS CLOSING.

CITY TIME.

UNTIL further notice, Mails will close as follows:—

For St. John, St. Stephen, Woodstock, the United States and all points West at 6.00 a. m.

For Chatham and intermediate places via Northern & Western Railway at 7 a. m.

For St. John, Chatham, Newcastle, Nova Scotia, P. E. Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, etc., 11.15 a. m.

ENGLISH MAIL

will close every Monday night via New York at 8.30, and every Wednesday via Rimouski at 11.00 a. m.

Hotel and Street Letter Boxes will be served at 10.30 a. m., and 10.30 p. m.

P. McPEAKE, P. M.

Post Office, Fredericton, May 1, 1889.

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 Johnstown Horror and its Lessons.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sunday evening June 9th. 1889.

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—LUKE XIII. 5.

The occasion of the text is about like this: Pilate, the then Roman Governor of Judea, a man who had no scruples as to what he did or how he did it, for some reason not stated, perhaps because of some tumult they were fomenting or some outrage they had committed, had suddenly fallen upon certain Galileans as they were worshipping in the temple at Jerusalem and massacred them, mingling their blood with that of their sacrifices. It was a horrible affair, one of blood-curdling horror. It looked like a judgment of Heaven upon them for their great wickedness. That was the view our Lord's informants took of it, and they were sure He would have had things to say against the wretched Galileans. But He took care not to commit Himself. He did not say whether Pilate was wrong or the Galileans, but He drew the attention of His hearers to the lessons such a startling event is designed to teach. "And Jesus answering said unto them, suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

And then, it would appear, another appalling calamity had occurred about the same time, namely, the fall of the tower of Siloam, burying under its ruins some eighteen persons. Referring to it He asks whether those eighteen were greater sinners than others, and His answer is to the effect that instead of hastily judging others we should rather make a solemn personal application of the lessons to ourselves. A doom, He intimates, is hanging over our own heads, and except we repent, it will certainly overtake us in some shape, and sweep us away. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

I. CALAMITIES ARE TO BE NOTED.

Calamities are not new things. They are as old as the World's history, and have a purpose of their own in the world's making. Geologists tell us of the catastrophes that must have, in prehistoric times, proved so destructive to the first forms of life. The dense forests of geologic ages with all their wealth of animal life were sometimes suddenly submerged in order that to-day we might have light and fuel.

Sacred history tells us of the fall of man, the greatest moral catastrophe that the world has suffered. Then comes the deluge. Then the destruction of the cities of the plain of Jordan. Then wars and woes, the captivity, the fall of Babylon, the destruction of Jerusalem, the horror of the cross, the burning of Rome, the early persecutions, and the ten-thousand horrors of modern times in the shape of floods and fires and plagues.

Of late calamities seem to have been growing in frequency and horribleness, and especially on this continent—burning cities, prairie conflagrations, railway horrors, landslides, floods, and so on. But the greatest horror of all is that which occurred the other day in the Alleghany mountains, and known as the Pennsylvania or Johnstown horror, by which thousands and thousands have been swept away as in a moment, and millions of property have been destroyed, and which indeed may yet lead to a dreadful pestilence.

Now, our Lord shows us here, I think, that such calamities as strike horror and dismay into men's minds are to be specially noted by public teachers, and their solemn lessons enforced. It would be stupid in us, heartless, unreflecting indeed, to allow them to pass by without some reference to them. I make no apology, therefore, for calling your attention tonight to the Johnstown horror. It is my duty as a public teacher to try to interpret such events in the light of the Word of God. I feel I am doing simply what the Master Himself would do were He here in my place. The calamity is far from us, and we have nothing to do with it. It does not affect us perhaps in anyway. But the press brings us close to it. From day to day its awful details have been spread out before us on the printed page, and we have felt as if we could see it all, and we have almost suffered the agony of it as we have read about it.

And, another thing, it is one of those frightfully destructive calamities that are more than a mere local affair. I do not of course compare it for a moment with such catastrophes as the deluge, the burning up of the cities of the Plain, the destruction of Egypt's army in the Red Sea at the time of the Exodus, the fall of Babylon or Jerusalem, and many another such calamity. There are from time to time calamities that stun the world, they strike so fell a blow, and it takes generations and generations to get over the effects of them, and for all time to come they are remembered with horror. Not so with the Pennsylvania

calamity, terrible as it is. Still, as a calamity it is probably second to none that has occurred hitherto on this side of the world. And indeed the more we hear and know of it, the more it seems to grow upon us. At first it seemed to be a small affair, but now its proportions have assumed a magnitude that is appalling. On that account, therefore, it is wise in us to take a note of it, for the Lord is here making His voice heard far and wide over the continent, and we cannot be deaf to His voice thus speaking without sin. With a voice hoarse and gruff with rage, He cries aloud to all men: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

II. THE CIRCUMSTANCES AND CAUSES OF THE CALAMITY.

We are far from the scene of the calamity, and the accounts that reach us vary in important particulars, and perhaps the calamity is too recent as yet to get at all the truth; still, as far as I have been able to gather from the accounts I have seen, the disaster happened in this way. Down from the Alleghany in Central Pennsylvania flows a mountain river called the Conemaugh. The course of the river is precipitous, and the banks are steep. Down in the valley where it widens out stands, or rather stood, Johnstown, a town with a busy prosperous population of some 20,000. Above Johnstown are many important villages. Some sixteen miles or so above the town the river was dammed clear across by a dam said to be 1000 feet long and a hundred feet high, forming an artificial lake about half a mile wide and three miles long. It was owned by a rich Pittsburg Company, and was kept mainly for fishing purposes, but it would seem also for manufacturing purposes, and as a water supply for the towns below.

From time to time the dam has been repaired and strengthened, but it has been long felt that it was not any too safe. Nothing was done however to compel the company to render it secure.

Heavy rains in the mountains filled the lake to overflowing, and on the morning of the disaster it became apparent that there was imminent danger of the dam's giving way. Sluices were opened to relieve the pressure of water, and messages were despatched to the villages and towns below to prepare for the worst, and many took alarm and fled to the heights, but others laughed at their fears and stayed. So often had the people been warned, and nothing had come of it, that they had grown reckless and self-secure. Some 50,000 warm lives lay in the track of the disaster, should it occur, busy men of the world full of care and worry who had no time to think or run away at every warning word, women whose home-duties held them to their post, young people who thought perhaps they were fleet-footed enough to escape at the last moment, careless pleasureists who had no thought beyond the joys and trifles and nonsense of the hour, and sweet little children and laughing boys and girls, unconscious of any fear.

You can picture to yourself, my hearer, the scene before the flood of waters came sweeping down upon them. The morning wakes up the people as other mornings had woke them up often before, and hurries them off to their multifarious duties. As workmen meet and pass on their way to work they speculate on the weather, and think the day is going to be fine. The manufactories whirr. Business fills the streets with his din and confusion. Trains start and arrive. The shops are full of buyers and sellers, and are doing a rushing business. Men of the world sit in their offices and counting-rooms calculating their profits and planning for a long prosperous and happy future. The bride and bridegroom stand at the altar, and pledge their vows to one another, and start out together, with the congratulations of their friends, to live their new love-life. The sheeted dead are ready for burial. Boys and girls hie away to school. Thus passes the uneventful morning—un-
eventful excepting for the rumors thick in the air that danger threatens.

About noon it was seen that the dam must break, and John G. Park, after having done all that could be done to relieve the pressure of water, leaped up on a horse, and at break-neck speed dashed away to give the alarm. It was a wild ride, but his warning cries were not unheeded. Soon hundreds of families were seen fleeing to the hills with such effects as they could hastily get together. But others heeded not the message of doom that came to them. He stopped not to reason and explain. There was no time. He shouted to the people to flee for their lives, and he dashed on to the next village.

Between the hours of 12 and 1 p. m. on Friday the 31st of May, the immense dam gave way, and the overwhelming surge of waters leaped away to do their work of destruction. About one o'clock the wave struck the city of Johnstown, and in an incredibly short time the city was swept away, scarcely a house being left standing.

The scene of horror cannot be described. Hundreds recklessly gathered on the railway bridge across the river to see the grandeur of the scene; but for their reckless folly they were immolated to

the relentless flood and fire fiend. Their shrieks were heartrending and sufferings horrible, but nothing could be done for them. The debris of burning buildings piled around them, and there they were to be crushed, and burned, and drowned.

But I need not go on painting the horror of the scene with any words of mine. You have all read the blood-curdling descriptions, as eye-witnesses have described them, and you have been horrified, your feelings lacerated, your hearts torn with anguish. To see a city with its homes, its churches, its stores, its manufactories, its good and evil, its rich and poor, its high and low, swept suddenly away in one vast undistinguishable ruin;—I say, to see such a scene even in thought is appalling, harrowing, horrible. It is a veritable hell on earth. What weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth! What terror and horror and woe!

III. THE LESSONS OF THE CALAMITY.

There is a mercy in such calamities. We see only judgment today, and we wonder sometimes why it is, the good God, the patient and loving Redeemer of men, unyokes the forces of nature, and lets them do their wild cruel will. But if we will study the calamities that prove so destructive to life and property, we will, in general, find, that it is out of such calamities the world's progress and development and good have been wrought, rough-hewn and shaped. Suffering and sacrifice are terribly necessary in this world of sin. They are so necessary that they cannot be done without. It is out of such things, or in connection with them in some way, that the grandest good of the world has been accomplished. What the cross has done already, and is yet to do, for the world, and high over it have splashed waves and storms red with the best blood in human veins! Let us not wonder, then, if now and again the world needs still, in some shape or other, great life-sacrifices, horrible holocausts.

But, more particularly, I think we may learn from the Johnstown horror not to be greedy of gain. It is easy enough to stand away off here where we are tonight, I grant, and judge harshly, condemn indiscriminately, hurl anathemas freely, and blame and censure without stint. But let us not be so swift in condemning, lest we may find we are wrong. We leap to conclusions. We are hasty in drawing inferences often. Our Lord teaches us in His reference to the horrible Galilean massacre, and to the accident of the falling tower whereby so many were instantly crushed to death and horribly mangled, not to be too ready to charge guilt, and call a calamity a judgment of Heaven. There may be guilt, and there are such things as judgments, but we are not always in a position to say whether or not.

Still, from all that has come out, there is scarcely a doubt, that the greed of gain, the grasping greed that is so reckless of human life and happiness, and cares for nothing beyond the piling up of dollars, is largely responsible for the Johnstown horror. Speculation, enterprise, stood yonder on the banks of the Conemaugh years ago, and said: "If we can build a great dam right here, and make an artificial lake out of this tumbling mountain torrent, there are millions in it for all time to come."

And the thing was done, and proved to be a splendid speculation, yielding large dividends year by year for the company. And as is so common, the company belonged to a city far from the immediate neighborhood, and the individuals comprising the company had no personal risks to run beyond the loss of their property. The dam seems to have been a strong one, but the wear and tear of years told upon it, and it is said, that for the last seven years competent judges have considered it unsafe. But nothing was done towards renewing the structure. It was patched and patched year by year, and the dollars came in and but few went out.

And then, because of it, the towns and villages along the banks of the river grew. The people came to live and work, and they built their homes down on the river brink, and made their money. Thus, I have little doubt, it was for money all round men were there. They must have seen, ought to have seen, they were running a tremendous risk to build up villages and towns in the narrow valley of the Conemaugh; but the building went on and on, and the people grew reckless of fear. They made their money, and that is all so many care for. Thus, the greed of gain, it would seem, is largely responsible for that horror, and we had better look well to ourselves, for some of us may be doing the same thing, risking life, health, happiness, everything, for the sake of the dollars, and the Master solemnly says to us here: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

It does not do to make money in a wrong way, in violation of natural law or any other law. The day of vengeance will come, and how dreadful the retribution. In a moment millions worth of property have been swept away, and who can foresee the end of the evils that may yet take the company by

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.

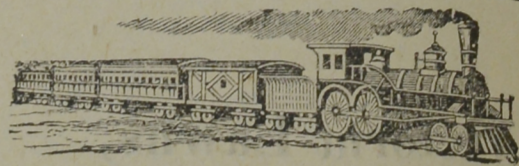
Express from Sussex, 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec 10.50
Fast Express from Halifax, 14.50
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton 20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Mulgrave 23.30

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. 8th June, 1889.



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO

ALL RAIL LINE

Arrangement of Trains

IN EFFECT JUNE 4th, 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. Andrew's Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and points north.

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

3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc. Connecting at Junction with Fast Express, via "Short Line" for Montreal and the West.

Returning to Fredericton.

From St. John, 6.10, 8.55 a. m.; 4.45 p. m.
Fredericton Junction, 7.40 a. m.; 1.05, 6.25 p. m.
McAdam Junction, 11.35 a. m.; 2.15 p. m.
Vanceboro, 11.15 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.
St. Stephen, 9.20, 11.40 a. m.
St. Andrews, 6.30 a. m.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON

8.55 a. m.; 2.15, 7.20 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.]

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

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.]

5.55 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.



Northern and Western Railway

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.]

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

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.

Exhausted Vitality.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of age on Manhood, Nervous Physical Debility, Permeating Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative samples free to all the young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association, Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. BARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years practicing Physician, who may be consulted confidentially, Speciality Disease, Man face No. 4 Bulfinch Street,

