

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 Jockey 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.

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

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 1/2 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.

Homely Fare vs. Splendid Misery.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."—PRO. XV. 17.

It is no use standing up here, nor anywhere, and preaching to you how bad it is to be rich, and how good to be poor, for you will not believe a word of it. You are all eager to have riches; and, were riches in your way, you would risk a good deal to possess yourselves of them—you would go as far perhaps as to risk your soul's salvation. If they came in my own way, would I avoid them as I would avoid evil? Ah! the temptation to be rich assails even the pulpit, casts down God's mighty ones, uncrowns the kings of men, uncloaks bishops, spots the white lawn, betrays the Christ.

Far be it from me, however, to teach any such doctrine as that it is a sin to be rich or a virtue to be poor. On the contrary, it is sometimes a sin to be poor and a virtue to be rich. If we are poor because of idleness, thriftlessness, negligence, wastefulness, wickedness, it is a sin to be poor. It is a sin to sit down to a dinner of herbs, a dry crust, a lean meal, when we might have, and ought to have, a full cup, a fat feast, God's blessing. And then, if riches are from God, the reward of honest industry, the harvest of earnest toil, the outcome of noble enterprise and energy; they are, in that case, a good that can hardly be over-estimated. We are to honor God with them; use them for His glory who gave them; expend them, and thus expand them, to promote righteousness and peace in the earth.

But still, it must be granted, that, as a rule, it is harder to be a good rich man than a good poor man. Riches expose to temptations that the many cannot stand. It is a kindness to the most of men, whether they think so or not, that they are poor. It is for the health both of men's souls and bodies that they are under-fed rather than over-fed, that their dinner is herbs instead of dainties, necessaries instead of luxuries. If we cannot be good and rich, then better for us, and better for the world, that we be poor. God knows better than we do what is best for us, and in His love for us He keeps us on short allowance, He spreads our tables with herbs, but then He seasons the bitter herbs with His love and favor, the joys of salvation, and we are not so ill-off; yea, we have a feast. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Now, first of all, we learn here, that domestic felicity, love at home, is more to a man, more to a family, than all the luxury wealth can substitute in its place. Were you to have your choice—and we have more or less of choice in the matter—on the one hand, of homely fare, plain living, narrow circumstances, with the wealth of love at home; and, on the other hand, of every luxury, a banquet every day, a palace to live in, but no love at home, what would be our choice? Why, if we were wise, we would not hesitate an instant as to the choice we would make—we would choose where we could have love at home; for, without love at home, what could wealth do for us? It would be splendid misery—that is what it would be, and splendid misery is misery still. Solomon says, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

But you will tell me that there need not be wanting domestic felicity, love at home, even where there is the greatest wealth, and that it is not wanting. And then you will remind me that the poor have their home-squabbles as well as the rich and great. May there not be as much selfishness and bitterness and heart-burning around a dinner of herbs, a crust of bread, a pot of potatoes, as around the groaning tables of the wealthy—their wine and wassail? Yes; I grant there may be.

Roughly speaking society may be said to be stratified thus:—At the bottom, the very poor; then, the great middle class, and at the top, the rich. Now, as a rule, the two extremes are wretched, while the great middle class are comfortable, happy, good. There is more than commonsense in Agur's prayer; there are both reason and religion in it:—"Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

The very poor and the very rich are today the world's troubles, the chief cause of unrest to the nations. In the slums, the back-streets, the closets, the garrets, the huge tenement-houses, herd the masses, and there they starve, drink, beg, steal, hate, fight, die—in a word—keep the world in an uproar, and themselves in utter wretchedness. They are known and dreaded as the low Irish, the cut-throats of American civilization, the roughs, the reds, the refuse of so-

ciety; and when there is any nefarious bad to be done—any plundering, any assassinating, any desperadoism, they are on hand to do it; and, having no regard for either God or man, they are utterly reckless as to what they do or bear.

And then, at the opposite extreme of the social scale are the mighty rich, the millionaires, the masters, the tyrants, the world's magnates, whose greed is insatiable, whose ambition knows no bounds, who grind the poor under their feet, who make the varied slaves of the people, who when it serves their purpose, buy them up as sheep or cattle, and send them to do their dangerous will. This class is as bad for society and the nation as the vicious poor. Indeed, they are for one another. The very poor make the very rich, and the very rich make the very poor. They live for one another, work to one another's hands. It is for the interests of both parties that matters continue as they are, and thus we have, on the one hand, the wretchedness of want, and, on the other the wretchedness of riches—splendid misery.

Between these wide extremes, however, we have the great middle class, those who are neither poor nor rich, those who dwell in the happy mean, where, so to speak, they neither want nor wish. For the most part, theirs is humble fare, a dinner of herbs. They have enough to eat usually, but nothing to waste. And, as a rule, this class is the best and happiest. They know nothing of either the temptations of want or wealth, and around their tables, and in their homes and hearts, love dwells, reigns, rejoices.

Here is some such home as the great proverbialist has in his mind's eye. And such a home is not so rare, not so hard to find, in this Dominion of ours. We have many of them. They are the glory of the British Empire and the American nation. Two young hearts begin their love-life together in a cottage home. They have only much of one thing to start with, much love, and that is the best riches. They have to work hard, and early and late, and on their table is homely fare; but their love for one another lightens every burden, and sweetens their bitter cup. Others gather around them to help them to love, and their love grows with the growing years. How sweet is such a home!

But let us suppose that wealth comes to such a home. Not very often it comes, but sometimes it does. They work and save, and slowly they grow rich, richer, very rich. Everything seems to turn into gold that they touch. Business prospers with them. Every seed they sow yields them a hundred-fold. And with the growth of wealth grows so much else—care, worry, worldliness, pride, greed, sin. They move out of their humble cottage into a grand uptown mansion. They trade instead of till. They spread a table of luxuries instead of necessaries. They drink wine instead of water, eat pastry instead of pancakes, puddings instead of porridge. They are clad in silks and broadcloth instead of homespun.

But are they happier? Not always. As the lucre-love comes in, the real love goes out. They have not the health they used to have, and they fret and fume, until home-happiness has taken leave of their city-mansion, and in its place comes that grim monster, splendid misery. Ah! is it a dream I am telling you? Is it not too often the sad stern truth of life, the grim matter-of-fact of experience? There are homes all over this broad land that wealth has cursed, Solomon is right: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Again, the love of friends and neighbors is often no little interfered with and hurt by the growth of wealth and luxury; and any man can better afford to live very plainly, to live without so much money, to live without the luxuries of wealth, than to live without this love.

We have all friends, acquaintances, neighbors, that we esteem very highly. Their love is very precious to us. We have known some of them all our days, and the more we know of them the more we like them. Their farms and ours perhaps adjoin, and when there was any sickness or trouble with us they would weep with us, and do all they could do to help us with their love. They would sometimes turn out and put in our crop for us; or, make our hay, reap our grain, haul our wood, and do so much else. There is nothing more beautiful this side of Heaven than the simple unpretending love to be met with among neighbors in the country sometimes; and, to be without it, is to be without what we cannot well afford to be without.

Or, perhaps we live on the same street—have always lived there, and have known one another from our first years. Their fathers and ours came out from the old country in the same ship, and they stood by one another in their early struggles for subsistence and existence, and their love for one another glinted many a sombre cloud, and turned into better than gold many a hard experience. Now, how sweet is such a love, so helpful, so blessing-bringing, so like the love of Heaven.

But the better days smile upon us perhaps—the world calls them better days

—and they do not smile on our neighbor across the street. On the contrary, as we go ahead somehow, he gets behind, and as we go ahead and he gets behind, the social distance between us widens, and the old love that grew up in the days of toil and trouble strong and pure, in the days of our prosperity and his adversity begins to droop and die. Other friends that have gold to recommend them, names, titles, social standing, and such like, press their claims, and insidiously supplant the old love, the friendship of early years; and we find it inconvenient for a variety of reasons to keep it up, and so the true friendship is dropped—dropped on our part, dropped to our loss, and the showy but hollow friendship of society accepted in its stead. Ah! it is a fatal mistake. Better remain poor than lose the tried friendship of years, the love that loves in the dark hours of life. There is a love and friendship that gold, piles of it, cannot procure for us; and if gold stands in the way of that love and friendship, better do without the gold. We will be better off, happier. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

You'll find the friendship of the world a show!

Mere outward show! 'Tis like the harlot's tears,

The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,—

Full of fair seeming, but delusion all.

Again, there is a still better love than friendship that wealth loses us sometimes, and there is no loss like it. I refer to the loss of God's love. God cannot love a man that worships gold. If gold is more to a man than God, Christ, His love, His blood, His cross, His friendship and favor, His sweet fellowship, all that God in Christ can be to the soul, then the love of God is lost. It ceases to burn; it ceases to shine; and when God's love ceases to burn and shine for us, our day of utter darkness has come. Ah! how little then can the world's gold do for us, or its glory. The sun may still shine upon us. Our fields may still yield their abundance for us. Our business may still prosper, and bring us in large returns. Our home may be a mansion full of all that can minister to our delight; our table groan with all the luxuries. And yet there may be a grim want that eliminates the joy out of everything else. God's love may be wanting, and when that is wanting everything is wanting. For the want of it the soul pines and dies. The splendor of wealth to such is only splendid misery. Ah! better the homeliest fare hallowed with the love of God, than splendid luxury cursed with God's hate.

Now, far be it from me to say that wealth necessarily loses us God's love. We may have both. There have been, and there are, not a few, rich in gold and grace. But as a rule love and lucre cannot dwell together. They are antagonistic, bitterly hostile, and the antagonism goes on, until God's love withdraws. The difficulty seems to be to make money honestly, and to possess it without being made proud and vain by it. A great deal of the wealth that men have they got in ways and by means that are neither honest nor honorable, and such wealth is always had and held with the sacrifice of Heaven's favor, God's love. Oh, if we cannot be rich honestly, then let us be forever poor, for honorable poverty is a thousand-fold better than dishonorable wealth.

Young people, the world is before you; your fortune is to be made yet, and you want to make it. You want to get on and up. Every true soul wants to do that, and God wants you to do it. But there are two ways on and up. One of them is God's way, the way of righteousness and peace, the way of honesty and honorableness; the other way is the devil's short-cuts, the way of wrong, the world's way. So many today think they must do wrong to get on and up. Ah! a wrong up is a down. Oh let me mightily say to you, that whatever you get, little or much, see to it that you get it honestly; whatever position you come to, low or high, come to it honorably, come to it with Heaven's light beaming upon it; for otherwise you will forever mourn it, you will find it splendid misery. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is"—God's love; "than a stalled ox and hatred therewith"—God's hatred.

Still further, to illustrate the text, let me describe two table scenes.

One is a dinner of herbs, pulse. Four pious youths, Daniel and his companions, have been torn away from their home by the ravages of war, and are captives in the palace royal of Babylon. It is a bitter experience to them. Not that they are in want of anything. They are well enough off as far as the world's good is concerned. They are well treated, well fed, well clad. Perhaps they are a good deal better off in some of these respects than they used to be at home. But, there is no place like home. And besides, they are captives, prisoners, slaves. Ah! how sad they feel, what bitter tears they weep amid the splendors and luxuries of the Babylonian court. But they resolve, God helping them, to be good, to do the right, as they had been taught it at home. It is a

(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

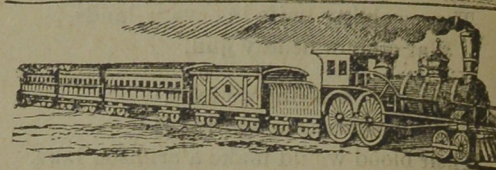
Express from Sussex, 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 10.50
Fast Express from Halifax, 14.50
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, 20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Mulgrave, 23.30

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

IN EFFECT JULY 8th, 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.

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. C. 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

It 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. 25-5-131.