

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 PER-FUME 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, 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.

A Knife to the Throat; or, Christian Suicide.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

"And put a knife to Thy throat."—Prov. XXIII. 2.

Now, do not be shocked, but I am going to recommend tonight a sort of christian suicide. I find it here: "Put a knife to thy throat."

Some months ago I sat beside an earnest christian lady at a banquet, and when the wine came on, I gently quoted the text as to the point. I expected that she would know all about it. But she did not seem to know that there was such a text in the Bible, and she was somewhat shocked. And perhaps not a few here tonight did not know till tonight that any such advice had ever been given, and you do not like it. You are shocked at the boldness and rudeness of the figure, and you quarrel with me for introducing it here. You would have accused Solomon of want of politeness, had you been near him when he wrote it. You would have taught him better manners than to tell you, who sip your wine, or swill down your strong drink, and who luxuriate where indulgence fattens, to put a knife to the throat.

But a knife to the throat, though a stern remedy, is sometimes the only one. Sore diseases require sore cures. The kind physician comes sometimes with his cruel surgical instruments, and he literally puts a knife to the throat, and cuts deep. No one likes it, but it has to be done.

And wine-bibbing and gluttony are sore moral diseases today. They are endangering the life of the church and the body politic. They are ravaging homes and hearts, spreading sorrow and woe far and wide over society. So the Merciful Physician of souls comes to us here in the word, and with His own loving hands He put a knife to the throat of His children as the only effectual cure. They do not like it. They wince. Their blood runs cold. It shocks and pains. But it has to be done. Better a knife to the throat; better lose a right eye or a right hand, than the soul. "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire."

"Whoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." And here, "Put a knife to thy throat."

And first here, I would argue that our self-preservation demands that we put a knife to the throat. We must either put a knife to the throat of our indulgence in eating and drinking, or the day will come, when we are not looking for it, that a knife will be put to our throat, and we will find ourselves the unfortunate victims of our own reckless indulgence.

You say, "I can eat anything and drink anything without self-injury. I can indulge in all sorts of table-luxuries, and feel none the worse afterwards. I can drink wine, whiskey, brandy, and all the other driaks, swill them down by the decanter at all hours, and I am all the better for them. Here I am at fifty, sixty, hale and hearty, and I have drunk enough in my day to float a ship."

Now, I am not going to give you a lecture on hygiene, but I would simply say this, that no man can afford to trifle with the laws of health. If he eats and drinks poison, and alcohol's poison, he will suffer for it. The man who is soaked through and through with liquor boasts to you how well he feels, how strong and vigorous he is, and all that. But at the very time he is boasting of his health and vigor, you can see in his face and all over him the evil effects of his indulgence. He is a mass of disease, and let a cold seize him, or a fever, and he is gone.

For health there is nothing like the strictest temperance both in eating and drinking, even abstemiousness. A plain simple diet, homely fare, substantial food and not too much of it, and pure water to drink, are what we want to make us strong for our life-work, to give us vigor and courage in the hour of duty and danger, to keep us fresh and young when others fade and fail, and to fit us for doing nobly, grandly right up to the very close of a long useful busy life.

But impaired health, much as that is, is not all. There are other dangers arising more especially from the free use of stimulants, the drinking habits of men. It is well known how the drinking habit grows insidiously upon most men, until they are utterly and helplessly under its horrible tyranny. Drinking men are always telling us that there is no danger. They know how to take care of themselves, and all that. But if they knew how to take care of themselves, they would not let a drop of it pass down their throat. So far as I can judge, and

I have been now nearly twenty years in the work of trying to help men, that is the only safety. Let men drink ever so moderately; let them be ever so watchful; and, there is always danger, that sometime and somewhere, their indulgence will get them by the throat.

As a rule, you must either throttle it, or it will throttle you. No man, I care not who he is, can indulge safely. Your health is being slowly undermined. You are learning a habit, acquiring an appetite, that will yet rule over you with a rod of iron. You will sometimes give way to inebriation, and to do so once may be fatal. A neighbor of ours at home was not in the habit of drinking. I do not remember of ever seeing him the worse of liquor. But he came to town, and he drank too freely. The end of it was, that on his way home, he fell out of his carriage, and broke his neck. How terrible to stagger drunk into eternity!

And, O my hearers, just think of being once not oneself, insane, incapable! If our child take a fit, how alarmed we are! And yet, grown men, men of years and experience, will make themselves incapable, insane, with drink. God has given us reason, thought, intelligence, and, in our folly, we take that which is God like in us, and we trample it beneath the feet of lust, appetite, passion. We talk the silliest and absurdest nonsense. We are more senseless than our dog, our horse, our hog. We do what we ought never to forgive ourselves for doing, and we do not know it. Oh I think if we could hear ourselves and see ourselves as we are in a state of drunkenness, we would put the knife to our throat, and we would never drink another drop!

I argue, then, that self-preservation demands the stern measure of a knife to the throat of indulgence. It must be either christian suicide with us, or that worse suicide that we shudder to think or speak of. We must kill the drink-lust, or it will kill us, somehow, somewhere, sometime.

I argue, again, that the duty we owe to others, the interest we have in the well-being and well-doing of those around us, the influence we have over others, and so much else, make it imperative upon us to put a knife to our throat.

We are not our own. I have no right to do with myself as I may choose to. I belong to others more than to myself, and it is very wrong for me to do anything to mar my fitness for the service I owe to my fellow-men around me. Others have an interest in me, and I have an interest in them. They are helping to make me, and I am helping to make them; or, we are doing the other thing for one another—unmaking, marring, hurting, destroying. We are bound up with others—some that we would rather not be bound up with—in the great bundle of life, and we stand or fall together. We are our brother's keeper, and a solemn trust it is, and he is our keeper, and we and he are very much according as we and he are kept.

You will often hear it said of a drinking man that he is the worst to himself. But no man can be bad to himself, without being bad to others, yea, worse to others than himself. He is only one: they are many. Along the street he staggers preaching intemperance where it tells, and it is easier to preach the bad than the good. It is not hard to destroy men, but how hard it is to save them. Try it, and you will find how hard it is. Take hold of a drinking man, a poor sinner, and try to lift him up to manhood, usefulness, piety, Heaven; and very likely he will do more to pull you down with him, than what you can do to lift him up. Indeed, you may have to let him go to save yourself, or get others to help you.

Four young men went down to bathe in the river one summer evening—one a medical student, one a physician, one a minister, one a foreign missionary. The medical student plunged into the water, and soon was drowning. The Missionary rushed in and seized him, and was dragged under. He was not able to pull him ashore. He held up his free hand in mute appeal for help. The doctor was the next to rush in. He grasped the missionary's hand, and struggled for the shore. But he, too, was dragged under. Only the minister was left, and it seemed to him that all must be drowned, and that, too, through the sheer recklessness of one who could not swim. But he could not stand there on the shore, and see three men drown before his eyes. He will rather make the fourth. So with a cry up to Heaven for help, he plunged in, and seizing the doctor's hand, with a terrible struggle, he and they together succeeded in getting ashore. But it was near being a heart-rending calamity. The two first ones had been so long in the water, that they had to be brought to.

And so in the higher matters of life and destiny. One sinner may drag down with him so many others better than he is himself. And all around us, men, locked and inter-locked by so many influences, are dragging down one another, and are being dragged down themselves, and the ruin of precious souls is a wide ruin, a vast woe.

O my brother-men, let me reason with you. I do not want to rave and rage, storm and thunder. I want to be

gentle, tender, reasonable. I want to talk to you about this matter of drinking, because I feel that you must have your deep thoughts about it as well as I, and you are not unreasonable. I have never found the people so when I approached them with reasons that had right in them. And I ask you this, "Is it worth the while to have a little indulgence for ourselves, when it has to be enjoyed over the ruin of others, or even at the risk of the ruin of others?"

Some of you, it may be, although I am slow to grant it, can drink intoxicants moderately without self-injury. At all events, you tell me you can, and I have no doubt you think so, although I do not think so. But even though it were so, you know as well as I do, that others cannot do what you are doing. Your son cannot do it. Your friend cannot do it. Your partner in business cannot do it. Your neighbor cannot do it. You do not understand why they cannot do it as well as you, but it is a fact, that only a very few can drink intoxicants without drinking to excess, and excess, you will agree with me, is bad, injurious, ruinous. Now, if you can drink or let it alone, and that too without much self-sacrifice, is it not a duty, a kindness, you owe to your weak brother, to let it forever alone for his sake? Your drinking moderately, whether you think so or not, does tempt others to drink immoderately. Speak to them about their drinking, and at once they refer you to this one and that one in the church, and high up in society, as being respectable christian people, who, notwithstanding, take their wine or their whiskey sometimes, and they argue, if you drink why should not they? Of course their reasoning is lame in both its legs, but when a man wants a reason or an excuse, a very poor one serves his purpose. And for my part, I feel it safest and best not to let him have in my example even the poor one. And such also is the Apostle's teaching: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

Thus I argue; that the duty we owe to others, and the influence we have over them, and our responsibility with regard to them as a brother's keeper, demand that we should put a knife to the throat of our indulgence.

But again, I take higher ground still, and argue for christian suicide, if you will, on the ground of self-sacrifice and self-denial are necessary to the attainment of the highest happiness and the grandest good. Solomon says, "Put a knife to thy throat," and the Christ says still more profoundly, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

If you would keep a thing in the best sense, it is not always wise to take the most care of it. For instance, you have a choice kind of wheat, and you want to keep it. Well I am not talking in parables when I say, that about the best way to keep it, is to take it some beautiful spring morning, and scatter it broadcast in your field. Of course the birds will have a feast on it, and the vile weevil will prey upon it by and by, and a good many other things will have their own out of it: but still, it is safer in your field than in your barn.

The way to keep your money again, is not to hoard it up in your chest-locker, but to spend it wisely, profitably—to keep it going. Men of enterprise and energy understand that. Of course there are risks in letting it out of your hands—you may never get it back again; but there are risks, too, in keeping it as well as using it, and it is for using, not hoarding, that money has been given us. So, let it go! And somehow it finds its way back to us, and a blessing with it. It does not pay to be close-fisted; hard grasping.

You have a child you love, an only child, and you are so anxious to have him spared to you, and to grow up to be a joy to you and the world. So you shut him up all winter where there are no drafts, and where the thermometer stands at 70 degrees. If he must go out you wrap him in overcoat, mits, and mufflers, and encase his little feet and legs in water-tight boots. He cannot play with the rest of the children, lest he may catch the measles, or whooping-cough, or scarlet-fever, or learn bad habits. He must not climb high, lest he fall and break his neck or his back. He must not go to the river, lest he get drowned. Thus you keep him, and hope to make a man of him.

But that is not the way men are made. That sort of child bringing-up is ruinous to both his health and morals. He must know how to rough it. Let him tumble around with the rest of the children, and come home to you cold, wet, hungry, and sick, too, sometimes. I bless God to-night that I had not much of the over-care and the home-indulgence that beset flabby muscles, and weak nerves, and a stunted growth, and a pettishness that nothing can please; and I hope I will have grace given me to let my own boys tumble their way up to be something. I know this, that about the worst thing I can do for them is to do too much. If a child has not the stamina to stand what other

(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.

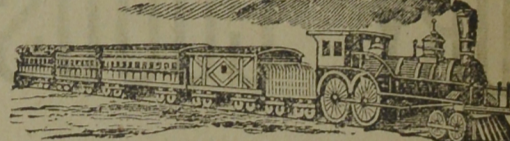
Express from Sussex, ...	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, ...	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax, ...	14.50
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, ...	20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Mulgrave, ...	23.30

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.

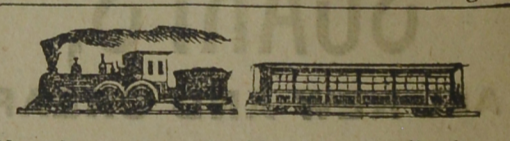
LEAVE GIBSON.

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

SMMER 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 3:30; 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. Edgecombe'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. 25-5-13t.