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York Street, Fredericton.

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WEST END GROCERY STORE.

I have now in stock a large supply of fresh GROCERIES which I am selling CHEAP FOR CASH.

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Special Grades of Tea, all at lowest Prices.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.

Picture copied and enlarged.

Our Pulpit.

The Serpent's Bite.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Evening Nov. 3rd, 1889.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—PROV. XXIII. 32.

The text is taken from a passage of extraordinary brilliance descriptive of the evil of drunkenness. It is a word-picture of the poor drunkard as striking and pathetic as it is faithful. You see here how he looks after coming out of a deep debauch;—his eyes red, his features swollen, his body all battered up with the knocks he has received, his whole appearance indicative of the woe-begoneness he feels. There is no wretchedness like his, no bitterness more bitter, no abandonment more awful. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath complaining? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek out mixed wine."

After coming out of his debauch, he feels as though he will never drink again. He makes the most solemn vows. He is penitent, and seems in earnest to reform. But temptation comes, and he is down again deeper into the dirt than ever. And then we have here painted in blood-red words the evils drink leads to, the society it brings men into, the recklessness and insensate state it produces, and the utter ruin at last. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter forward things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not hurt; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

And then there is pointed out here the only remedy for the monstrous evil, and it is to keep out of the way of the temptation, not even to look upon the wine as it sparkles and foams and works in the glass; in other words, total abstinence. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." The revised version renders the last clause: "When it goeth down smoothly," referring to the fact, that some liquors are so acrid and unpleasant in their taste that it is hard to swallow them, while others again are exceedingly pleasant to the taste and very agreeable to drink. But they are none the less deadly: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Now, in further addressing you, I want to point out to you the analogies indicated here between the intoxicating glass and the serpent with its deadly poisonous fangs.

And the first analogy that I would refer to is, that both the intoxicating glass and the serpent have a certain power of fascination for some people. That seems to be referred to here very specially: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

It is well known that some serpents have power to charm birds, to hold them as in a strange sort of fascination so that they do not seem to have the power to fly away. The bird is attracted by the serpent, its attention arrested in some way, perhaps by its glittering magnetic eye, its bright changing colors as it lies in the grass, its slow sinuous movements, until it finds itself mesmerized, or hypnotized, and so becomes an easy prey to its destroyer.

Even children are said to have been thus fascinated. We have sometimes read in the papers strange stories of serpent influence upon children, and upon such domestic animals as dogs, and cats, and pigeons, and barn-yard fowls, most of which are not very well authenticated, and so cannot be safely quoted as bearing upon the point. Still enough is known to convince us that certain species of serpents depend upon their mesmeric influence to allure their prey into their poisonous jaws.

And indeed some serpents are very attractive to look upon—some of the most deadly too. They are enamelled with green and gold. They look so gentle and meek; they invite confidence and put suspicion to sleep. They have a keen eye that is always wide open, and if you keep looking at them they have a certain influence; they do, to some extent, win you to them.

I grant, indeed, that to the most of us the sight of a serpent wriggling across the road or in the grass makes our flesh creep. We instantly look for a stone or stick to kill the noxious reptile. Or perhaps we shriek and run off. But while that is true, if we stop to look at it, admire its shapely head, its beautifully variegated scales, its bright piercing eye, we are at once interested in it,

and even drawn towards it. And we do not wonder, that with not a few people they are pets, rather grim pets perhaps, but nevertheless it is so.

Now, liquor has a strange fascination for some. The look of it in a decanter or glass is a temptation, an allurements, that it is not easy for them to resist. The color of it takes their eye. It looks good, and so it must be good.

A young man told me, one too who up to that time had never tasted any sort of intoxicating liquor, that he could never pass a drinking-saloon, where bottles of liquor were exposed in the window, without a strong desire to go in and have a drink. This was not a raw lad from the country. This was a well educated young man, a law student, one who had travelled some, a young man of much promise, well connected, well brought up. He told me this when he came to speak to me with a view to his becoming a member of the church.

What he said to me impressed me, taught me. To that young man the look of liquor, its color, its attractive surroundings, was a temptation. And I have not the least doubt it is so with many—all the temptation they need to lure them into drinking habits. To others again it is not. I think I can say for myself, that the look of liquor is no temptation whatever, nor the smell of it, nor anything else about it. I have often been at public banquets where it was on the table and drunk by some of the guests. I have been at private tables too for days together where it was used. But I never wanted to drink it.

To very many however, as it would seem, the look of liquor as it stands on the side-board, as it sparkles in the glass on the table, as it flashes its fitful gleam out on the street to the passer-by, is a strange and terrible fascination. He looks at it, and it seems to look back at him, and he is held, drawn, falls, is slain. Like as the bird on the tree by the serpent's look is fascinated, held, and at last falls to its doom; so with the poor drink victim.

Am I painting a picture that has no truth in it? I tell you there is truth in it, and some would let the evil thing look out at every street-corner in our city upon unwary youth, and those too within whom the fire of the drink passion is scarcely quenched, the ashes of the ruin it has wrought still hot. Oh let us give heed to the wisdom of Heaven, and not even look into the eye of the venomous wine-cup! I say *eye*, the wine's eye, for that is the word here in the original Hebrew, and it has an expressiveness that the word color has not. As the bird dreads the glance of the serpent's eye, so we are to dread the eye of the wine, its deadly sparkle, its fatal fascination. If we must have the serpent in our city, and it would seem as if we must have it, let us compel it to hide itself in cellars and dark corners; let us, at least, compel it to keep coiled up under cover, where its look, its fascinating sparkle, the glance of its evil eye, cannot lure the simple and unwary to their death. Its very look is dangerous, according to Solomon; its eye kills. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color"—literally, its eye, "in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Again: Both the serpent and the intoxicating cup are alike, analogous, for subtlety, for the insidious and cunning way they go about the evil purpose they would effect.

The serpent's cunning has passed into a proverb: "Wise as serpents." Moses in narrating to us the thrilling story of the fall, tells us that the serpent was the most knowing of the creatures, and so was made use of by the Evil One to ruin the human family. And by his cunning, his flattery, his lying, his cautious and insidious approaches, he effected his wicked purpose. Poor Eve was lured into the trap that was so cunningly laid for her, and Eden was lost, and so much else.

And, though fallen, though cursed with a curse, the serpent is still as noted as ever for its malicious cunning. It turns up where you do not expect it to turn up. It goes slyly, stealthily, creeping about in its own peculiar sinuous way, and it seems to delight in taking you by surprise. It is by its cunning rather than by its strength it kills. Happily in our country we have no venomous reptiles. Our serpents and lizards are harmless. But that is not so in the East. There are many deadly species of serpents and vipers, and they are dreaded as much for their cunning as they are for their venomousness.

Now, the whole liquor traffic is like a serpent for its wiles, its cunning, its crafty ways. If any creature is possessed with the devil today, I think it is. And, may it not be so? If the devil had the power at the beginning to enter into a creature, and through its acuteness work out its evil purposes, why may he not have the power still to use material things, and animals, and men, as instrumentalities for evil? I see nothing incredible at all here. And does it not seem often, as if the intoxicating cup has a devil in it, and those who drink, and have to do with the business, are indeed devil-possessed? At all events this must trouble every one, that there

does seem to be a strange sort of cunning in the wine-cup, a serpentine cunning. The wise Solomon had his attention called to it in his day, and he has left on record for our instruction and guidance his observations. He describes the wine-cup as having an eye, like a serpent, to fascinate its victims. And it would seem as if there is something in it. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its eye in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The serpentine subtlety of the liquor business comes out in many ways, and its wiles and stratagems surprise, astonish, paralyze, and you are sure a devil is in it. The stuff itself is most deceptive. It assumes all colors, the most brilliant, the most attractive. Sometimes it is as clear as water. Sometimes it is a beautiful red, a bright scarlet, an elegant straw-color, a rich brown, in fact, any tint you like.

So also in the matter of flavors. Any taste can be suited. It can be made to taste and smell as good as it looks. The child can have something it will enjoy and call good. The most fastidious and delicate lady can have the most delicate drink made for her by those who know, and she will want more of it. So with all the grades of liquor-drinkers from the one who wants something scarcely intoxicating at all, to the hard drinker who will have nothing but the rankest deadliest stuff.

And then the way it insinuates itself into men's favor, and lures them into its grip is emphatically serpentine. It approaches them cautiously, stealthily. It coaxes, palavers, flatters, fools with, its victims. It lies at the corners of the streets watching for unwary feet. You see its head sticking out of a friend's pocket. It comes to you in the shape of a physician's prescription. In a thousand ways it introduces itself to you, and before you know you are victimized.

And another thing about it, it is hard to catch. Somehow it rivals a serpent in the way it eludes you, so knowing is it.

Last summer when I was in the country I found quite a large snake in the door-yard, and I said to it: "Now, old serpent, you have no business to be here, and I have you." It crept into a little patch of grass out of sight. But still I thought I had it. But somehow it eluded me. I searched for it, but it was gone, and there seemed to me no way of escape for it.

And so with this other serpent, the liquor-business. It is hard to put down, difficult to get hold of. It is perfect in the art of lying. It looks so innocent, so harmless. It has its friends who think it a most abused creature, and want to have it protected. They cry: "Shame! shame! When earnest men are after it with their batons and bludgeons." And so the serpent, even when you think you have it cornered, somehow gets away from you. It can creep out at a very small hole; where, in fact, nothing else can creep out at. It has no uprightness to bother it, no stiff backbone of principle to hinder its movements. It can get round anything. You make a drive at it with your cumbrous law-machinery, and you think you have it sure. But when you come to look for it, you cannot find it. It has slipped away. Oh the subtle slippery serpent! it ever has been, and ever will be, hard to catch!

Again: The serpent's bite is deadly, but it is no more so than that of the intoxicating cup. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Some species of serpents, when they strike with their fangs, produce almost instant death. It is not known what species are referred to here by the words rendered serpent and adder, but they are the deadliest sort. The word for adder is basilisk in the margin, and is elsewhere rendered in the old version cockatrice. Fabulous stories are told about the cockatrice, and its venomousness. If it was struck by a spear, up the shaft shot the poison into the hand that struck the blow, and he was a dead man. It was said, its breath was fatal; its look killed. Such stories were once commonly believed, but now they are known to be grossly exaggerated, fabulous. Indeed there is no such creature as the cockatrice; the creature that is most like it is the liquor-traffic.

Ah! how true of the intoxicating cup: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." At first it is not so unpleasant to drink. There are drinks that go down sweetly, and men wish their throats were longer than they are so that they might enjoy the taste of them as they drink them. And then it is exhilarating to drink. Men tell you how happy they are, how good they feel. They want to run, sing, shout. Their tongues are loosened, and they get to be loquacious. But after a while the appetite for strong drink grows upon them. The poison of the adder begins to work. You see its sad effects. It becomes an awful tyranny, and so often they die horribly, and Solomon's words are found to be true: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

I could tell you of the bite of the serpent of drink, the sting of the adder, (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, 7:09
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11:11
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 10:30 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, 21:10
Express from Halifax, Point du Chene & Malgourette, 23:30

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

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 8th June, 1889.



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; Marston 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, 7:20; Boiestown 8:1; Cross Creek, 9:10; Durham, 9:50; Maryville, 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 Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

Tickets can be procured at E. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

New Crockery.

CHEAP

First quality English Coloured Tea Sets 44 pieces \$2.62. Fancy Coloured Dinner Sets \$6.60. Elegant New English, French and German China Tea and Breakfast Sets at

J. G. McNALLY.

DO YOU

wish to save money on Carpets, Curtains and Table Linen then call at McNALLY.

GAINED THE DAY.

Our Parlor Suits take the lead. We cannot produce them fast enough to meet the wants of our Customers. Leave your orders early and get best value in Canada.

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CABINET MAKING

—AND—

UNDERTAKING

THE CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, heretofore carried on by the late Jackson Adams, will be continued by the Subscribers, (the sons) at the

OLD SAND, Court House Square, - Fredericton

with same Attention and Promptness as the former management. Caskets of Finest Quality, Coffins and Funeral Necessities always on hand. Dated this 24th day of August, A. D. 1888. JAMES ADAMS, JOHN G. ADAMS