

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

WONDERFULLY  
LOW PRICES

ON ALL

DRESS GOODS

—AT—

MURRAY & TAYLOR'S.

We are showing a Special Bargain in Camel's Hair Dress Goods for 37 1-2c.

A Fine All-Wool Debeige at 18c.

A Special Line Luiseine Suitings at 12 1-2c, worth 30c.

Colored Silk Merveilleux in all colors. Remarkable Value for 75c.

For Corsets, Hosiery and Kid Gloves try

Murray & Taylor's,

176 PRINCESS STREET.

Feb. 18.

Money Saving Bargains.

CLEANSWEEP SALE FIGURES.

We are determined to reduce our stock to one half its present amount to make room for Spring Goods.

D. F. ARMSTRONG,

141 PRINCESS STREET.

Feb. 11.

DON'T WAIT!

IN THE DULL SEASON  
Have your  
PAPER HANGING

Done. Do not wait for the Spring rush. The work can be done better now. An elegant line of Hangings to select from. Always the best selected and most stylish stock in Eastern Ontario to choose from.

Give us a call and look over our stock. No trouble to show goods at  
ROBINSON'S WALL PAPER DEPOT  
277 Bagot Street.

Jan. 15.

American Bird Cages,  
BRASS AND JAPANNED, in  
great variety.

Nests, Seed Cups, Springs, Brackets, &c.,

—JUST RECEIVED AT—

Horsely's Hardware House,  
PRINCESS STREET.

March 4.

DAMAGED WHEAT.

THE WHEAT damaged by the sinking of the Frontier Myles will be sold by the bag cheap at the Kingston Foundry Wharf. This is the finest damaged wheat sold in Kingston for years. Apply to JAS. RICHARDSON & CO. Nov. 3.

## DR. TALMAGE IN THE WEST

"NO MAN CARED FOR MY SOUL."  
CHEER FOR THE DISHEARTENED.

No Blame Attaches to Those Who Are Able to Render Assistance if They Are Not Asked—if You Miss Heaven It Will Be Your Own Fault.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 20.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Second Presbyterian church of this place this morning. He arrived here yesterday from St. Louis, and is stopping over Sunday on his way to Topeka, Kan. After expounding an appropriate chapter he gave out the hymn beginning:

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

His subject was "Cheer for the Disheartened," and his text, Psalms cxlii, v. 4: "No man cared for my soul." Dr. Talmage said:

David, the rubicund lad, had become the battle worn warrior. Three thousand armed men in pursuit of him, he had hidden in the cave of Engedi, near the coast of the Dead Sea. Utterly fagged out with the pursuit, as you have often been worn out with the trials of life, he sat down and cried out: "No man cared for my soul."

If you should fall through a hatchway, or slip from a scaffolding, or drop through a skylight, there would be hundreds of people who would come around and pick up your body and carry it to your home or to the hospital. I saw a great crowd of people in the street, and I asked: "What is the matter?" and I found out that a poor laboring man had fallen under sunstroke; and all our eyes were filled with tears at the thought of his distracted wife and his desolated home.

We are all sympathetic with physical disaster, but how little sympathy for spiritual woes! There are men in this house who have come to midlife who have never yet been once personally assisted about their eternal welfare. A great sermon dropped into an audience of hundreds of thousands will do its work; but if this world is ever to be brought to God it will be through little sermons preached to private Christians, to an audience of one. The sister's letter postmarked at the village—the word uttered in your hearing, half of smiles and half of tears—the religious postscript to a business letter—the card left at the door when you had some kind of trouble—the anxious look of some one across a church aisle while an earnest sermon was being preached, swung you into the kingdom of God. But there are hundreds of people in this house who will take the word that David used in the past tense, and employ it in the present tense, and cry out: "No man cares for my soul."

You feel as you go out day by day in the tug and jostle of life that it is every man for himself. You can endure the pressure of commercial affairs, and would consider it almost impertinent for any one to ask you whether you are making or losing money. But there have been times when you would have drawn your check for thousands of dollars if some would only help your soul out of its perplexities. There are questions about your higher destiny that ache, and distract, and agonize you at times. Let no one suppose that because you are busy all day with hardware, or drygoods, or groceries, or grain, that your thoughts are no longer than your yard stick, and stop at the brass headed nails of the store counter. When you speak once about religious things you think 5,000 times. They call you a worldly. You are not a worldly. Of course you are industrious and keep busy, but you have had your eyes opened to the realities of the next world. You are not a fool. You know better than any one can tell. You know that a few years at most will wind up your earthly engagements, and that you will take residence in a distant sphere where all your business adroitness would be a superfluity. You sometimes think till your head aches about great religious subjects. You go down the street with your eyes fixed on the pavement, oblivious of the passing multitudes, your thoughts gone on eternal expedition. You wonder if the Bible is true, how much of it is literal and how much is figurative law, if Christ be God, if there is anything like retribution, if you are immortal, if a resurrection will ever take place, what the occupation of your departed kindred is, what you will be 10,000 years from now. With a cultured placidity of countenance you are on fire with agitations of soul. Oh, this solitary anxiety of your whole lifetime! You have sold goods to or bought them from Christian people for ten years, and they have never whispered one word of spiritual counsel. You have passed up and down the aisles of churches with men who knew that you had no hope of heaven, and talked about the weather and about your physical health, and about everything but that concerning which you most wanted to hear them speak, viz., your everlasting spirit. Times without number you have felt in your heart, if you have not uttered it with your lips, "No man cares for my soul."

There have been times when you were especially pliable on the great subject of religion. It was so, for instance, after you had lost your property. You had a great many letters blowing you up for being unfortunate. You showed that there had been a concatenation of circumstances and that your insolvency was no fault of yours. Your creditors talked to you as though they would have 100 cents on the dollar or your life. Protest after protest tumbled in on your desk. Men who used to take your hand with both of theirs and shake it violently, now pass you on the street with an almost imperceptible nod. After six or eight hours of scalding business anxiety you go home and you shut the door, and throw yourself on the sofa and you feel in a state of despair. You wish that some one would come in and break up the gloom. Everything seems to be against you—the bank against you. Your creditors against you. Your friends suddenly become critical against you. All the past against you. All the future against you. You make reproachful outcry: "No man cares for my soul!"

There was another occasion when all the doors of your heart swung open for sacred influences. A bright light went out in your household. Within three or four days there were compressed sickness, death obsequies. You were so lonely that 100 people coming into the house did not break up the solitariness. You were almost killed with the domestic calamity. A few formal, perfunctory words of consolation were uttered on the stairs before you went to the grave; but you wanted some one to come and talk over the whole matter, and recite the alleviations, and decipher the lessons of the dark bereavement. No one came. Many a time you could not sleep until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, and then your sleep was a troubled dream, in which were re-enacted all the scenes of sickness, and parting, and dissolution. Oh, what days and nights they were! No man seemed to care for your soul.

There was another occasion when your

heart was very susceptible. There was a great awakening. There were hundreds of people who pressed into the kingdom of God; some of them acquaintances, some business associates, yes, perhaps some members of your own family were baptized by sprinkling or immersion. Christian people thought of you, and they called at your store, but you were out on business. They stopped at your house; you had gone around to spend the evening. They sent a kindly message to you; somehow, by accident, you did not get it. The lifeboat of the Gospel swept through the surf and everybody seemed to get in but you. Everything seemed to escape you. One touch of personal sympathy would have pushed you into the kingdom of God. When on communion day your friends went in, and your sons and daughters went into the church, you buried your face in your handkerchief and sobbed: "Why am I left out! Everybody seems to get saved but me. No man cares for my soul."

Hearken to a revelation I have to make. It is a startling statement. It will so surprise you that I must prove it as I go on. Instead of this total indifference all about you in regard to your soul, I have to tell you that heaven, earth and hell are after your immortal spirit—earth to cheat it, hell to destroy it, heaven to redeem it. Although you may be a stranger to the Christians in this house, their faces would glow and their hearts would bound if they saw you make one step heavenward. So intricate and far reaching is this web of sympathy that I could by one word rouse a great many prayers in your behalf. No one cares for your soul! Why, one signal of distress on your part would thrill this audience with holy excitement. If a boat in any harbor should get in distress, from the men of war, and from the sloops, and from the steamers the flying paddles would pull to the rescue. And if now you would lift one signal of distress all these voyagers of eternity would bear down toward you and bring you relief. But no! you are like a ship on fire at sea. They keep the hatches down, and the captain is frenzied, and he gives orders that no one hail the passing ships. He says: "I shall either land this vessel in Hamburg or on the bottom of the ocean, and I don't care which." Yonder is a ship of the White Star line passing. Yonder one of the National line. Yonder one of the Cunard line. Yonder one of the Inman line. But they know not there is any calamity happening on that one vessel. Oh! if the captain would only put his trumpet to his lip, and cry out: "Lower your boats! Bear down this way! We are burning up! Fire! Fire!" No. No. No signal is given. If that vessel perishes, having hailed no one, whose fault will it be? Will it be the fault of the ship that hid its calamity, or will it be the fault of the vessels that, passing on the high seas, would have been glad to furnish relief if it had been only asked? In other words, my brother, if you miss heaven it will be your own fault.

No one care for your soul! Why, in all the ages there have been men whose entire business was soul saving. In this work Munson went down under the knives of the cannibals whom he had come to save, and Robert McCheyne preached himself to death by 30 years of age, and John Bunyan was thrown into a dungeon in Bedfordshire, and Jehudi Ashman endured all the malarial of the African jungle; and there are hundreds and thousands of Christian men and women now who are praying, toiling, preaching, living, dying, to save souls.

No one care for your soul! Have you heard how Christ feels about it? I know it was only five or six miles from Bethlehem to Calvary, the birthplace and the deathplace of Christ; but who can tell how many miles it was from the throne to the manger? How many miles down, how many miles back again! The place of his departure was the focus of all splendor and pomp; all the thrones facing his throne; his name the chorus in every song; and the inscription on every banner; his landing place a cattle pen, malodorous with unwashed brutes, and dogs growling in and out of the stable. Born of a weary mother who had journeyed eighty miles in severe unhealth that she might find the right place for the Lord's nativity—born, not as other princes, under the flash of a chandelier, but under a lantern swung by a rope to the roof of the barn. In that place Christ started to save you. Your name, your face, your time, your eternity, in Christ's mind. Sometimes traveling on mule's back to escape old Herod's massacre, sometimes attempting nervous sleep on the chilly hillside, sometimes earning his breakfast by the carpentry of a plow. In Quarantania the stones of the field, by their shape and color, looking like the loaves of bread, tantalizing his hunger. Yet all the time keeping on after you. With drenched coat treading the surf at Genesareth. Howled after by a bloodthirsty mob. Denounced as a drunkard. Mourning over a doomed city, while others shouted at the sight of the shimmering towers. All the time coming on and coming on to save you. Indicted as being a traitor against government, perjured witnesses swearing their souls away to insure his butchery. Flogged, spit on, slapped in the face and then hoisted on rough lumber, in the sight of earth, and heaven, and hell to purchase your eternal emancipation. From the first infant step to the last step of manhood on the sharp spike of Calvary a journey for you. Oh, how he cared for your soul! By dolorous arithmetic add up the stable, the wintry tempest, the midnight dampness, the abstinence of forty days from food, the brutal Sanhedrim, the heights of Golgotha, across which all the hatreds of earth and all the furies of hell charged with their bayonets, and then dare to say again that no one cares for your soul.

A young man might as well go off from home and give his father and mother no intimation as to where he has gone, and, crossing the seas, sitting down in some foreign country, cold, sick and hungry and lonely, saying: "My father and mother don't care anything about me." Do not care anything about him! Why, that father's hair has turned gray since his son went off. He has written to all the consuls in the foreign ports, asking about that son. Does not the mother care anything about him? He has broken her heart. She has never smiled since he went away. All day long, and almost all night, she keeps asking: "Where is he? Where can he be?" He is the first thought in her prayer and the last thought in her prayer, the first thought in the morning and the last at night. She says: "Oh, God, bring back my boy! I must see him again before I die. Where is he? I must see him again before I die." Oh, do not his father and mother care for him? You go away from your Heavenly Father, and you think he does not care for you because you will not even read the letters by which he invites you to come back, while all heaven is waiting, and waiting, and waiting for you to return. A young man said to his father: "I am going off; I will write to you at the end of seven years and tell you where I am." Many years have passed along since that son went away, and for years the father has been going to the depot in the village, on the arrival of every

(Continued on page 3.)

# HERE THEY ARE.

## READ ABOUT THEM.

### FIVE SPECIAL LINES FOR THIS WEEK.

New All-Wool Tweeds, neat patterns for BOYS' SUITS, at 40, 45 and 50 cents.

New Scotch and English Tweeds at 60, 65, 75c and \$1. Better Value was never offered before.

Handsome Double Fold Scotch and English Tweeds, for LADIES' SHORT SPRING JACKETS, at \$1 and \$1.25.

Neat and Nobby Double Fold Tweeds, specially designed for LADIES' SPRING DRESSES, at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.35.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

## F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

March 21.

### A BRILLIANT EXHIBIT

—OF—

## SPRING OVERCOATINGS!

We are showing an Extraordinary Large Line of these desirable materials for OUTER GARMENTS. You can have nothing in your wardrobe that is more useful at this season of the year than a Light Weight Overcoat. We have all the Latest Colorings and so Cheap, that every Man or Boy can afford one. Be shy of Spring Overcoats till these are looked at.

Speaking of New Clothes, naturally we shall not overlook an important item at this date, and that is

### CHILDREN'S SUITS.

And such Beauties! beyond all comparison. We've just had them made with particular pains, and they fill our fondest hopes to a nicety. We show them in every creation of the tailors' art and in every grade, and such Low Prices. Well, suffice it to say, that it has ever been our purpose to sell them a "Leetle" bit lower than the lowest elsewhere. Don't you know it's our aim to protect you as well as to fit and please you.

## C. LIVINGSTON & BRO.,

The Leading Clothiers,

75 & 77 BROCK ST.

March 8.

## GENTLEMEN!

THREE DOLLARS will buy a pair of Gents' Hand Sewed Calf Lace Boots from us. They make a good boot for Spring wear.

HAINES & LOCKETT.

March 10.

If Your Watch Does Not Run Satisfactorily

Take it for Repairs to

## H. A. LIFFITON,

Jan. 6

Wellington Street, near Princess.