

**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.

**TO-NIGHT.**

MORE SPECIAL BARGAINS

Murray & Taylor's.

We call special attention to our large and varied stock of

Laces, Ribbons, Duckings, Ladies' Collars, Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT

We show an Extra Fine Merino Half Hose for 25c; also a large assortment of Gents' Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Braces, Dress Shirts, &c. And in

**UNDERWEAR**

Our Stock cannot be touched for Value, and Prices always the lowest at

Murray & Taylor's,

176 PRINCESS STREET.

April 9.

LADIES,

**READ THIS!**

A JOB LOT OF

Ladies' French Kid and Calf Kid Boots.

We have about One Hundred Pairs of these goods which we will clear out at Away Below Cost.

**D. F. ARMSTRONG,**

141 PRINCESS STREET.

March 30.

**D. McEWEN & SON.**

Machine, Engine and Boiler Works.

Engines and Boilers for all purposes, from 1 to 100-horse power, and fully guaranteed. Steam Rock Drill and Mining Repairs constantly on hand. Cheese Factory Boilers and Fittings.

Also a number of New and Second-Hand Engines and Boilers.

THE NEW WORK ON

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Should be in the hands of every candidate for

Civil Service & Teachers' Examinations

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Address MCKAY & WOOD, Kingston, Ont. March 19



**SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.**  
It Cures **CATARRH**, Gold in Head, HAY FEVER.  
STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

THE TABERNACLE SERMON.

DR. TALMAGE'S EASTER THEME "THE OVERTHROW OF THE MONSTER."

Death Abolished by Being Swallowed Up in Victory—The Soul Does Not Wait for Funeral Obsequies or Obituaries; but Goes Right to Heaven.

Brooklyn, April 10.—To-day being Easter Sunday the tabernacle was profusely decorated with flowers. The pulpit, the pillars, and the galleries were one great garden of bloom. Professor Browne, the organist, and Professor Ali, the cornetist, rendered selections from Handel, Haydn and Beethoven, appropriate to the day celebrated. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was "The Overthrow of the Monster," and his text, Isaiah, xxv, 8: "He will swallow up death in victory." Dr. Talmage said:

About 1833 Easter mornings have awakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX made the year begin at Jan. 1. In the tower of London there is a royal pay roll of Edward I, on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for 400 colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achaia, to decide the particular day, and after a controversy, more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom, in some way the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21 is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem and sways a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are radiated. Unusually welcome this year because of the harsh winter and the late spring, she seems to step out of the snow bank rather than the conservatory, come out of the north instead of the south, out of the Arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox; but welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wrenched off bolt of Christ's sepulcher and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery, hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sevan, or Napoleon's track of 90,000 corpses in the snow-banks of Russia, or of the retreat of our own army from Manassas, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethoran with their armies, while the hail storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury. In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malarials and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mound. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread, commanded by consumptions, some in double quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle-axe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward march, the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders in chief, and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars drop under the feet of his war charger. One Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the east, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the risen sepulchers will take him from beneath and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his scepter, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely kham of the Arctic explorer, and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "victory." Coronal word, ensanguined word, apocalyptic word, chief word of the triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim, at Megiddo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poitiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the king of terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the celestial conqueror had just emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the eastern mausoleum took down the black giant "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulcher. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloakroom at a governor's or president's levee. We stop at such cloakroom and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a king's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn at Prospect park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with

wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dust of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view, of course, makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepulchred. If the latter is dust to dust the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration let them have it without censure.

The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus and Blindina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades, cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius—at least 100,000 of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has already been built there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for the resting places, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, glad, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body; you will have it, I will have it. I say to you to-day, as Paul said to Agrippa: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The far up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East river, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats—up yonder there, embodied in a cloud and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth, and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it? Ay, if the manufacturer of the telescope by a change of the glass and a change of the focus can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That allatross that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block were found flower seed that had been buried 2,000 years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up, it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected. A traveler says he found in a mummy pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there 3,000 years ago. He brought them out and on June 4, 1844, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried 3,000 years yet resurrected. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your person and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The progeny of a banished host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazied out from the silk worms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted niter and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves another force organizes. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They lay dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at 4:30 o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced.

A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit departed. People came in day after day and said:

"He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that fled returned, and William Tennent lived to write out the experiences of what he had seen while his soul was gone. It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return. Do not this waking up of men from trance, and this waking up of insects from winter lifelessness, and this waking up of grains buried 3,000 years ago, make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine after the vacation of the grave shall rouse and rally, though there be 3,000 years between our last breath and the sounding of the archangelic reveille? Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hindrance, and the injury of a toe joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparatus, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell what they are good for. They are no doubt the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state, to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbis had only a hint of this suggestion when they said that in the human frame there was a small bone which they said was to be the basis of the resurrection body. Perhaps that may have been a delusion. But this thing is certain, the Christian scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluous parts of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with the

**HOUSE FURNISHINGS.**

**SPECIAL LOW PRICES FOR THIS WEEK.**

- Hemp Carpets from 8c
- Stair Carpets from 7c.
- Tapestry Carpets from 29c.
- Tapestry Carpets, new patterns, at 50c, worth 70c.
- Tapestry Carpets, new patterns, at 65c, worth 80c.
- All the New Designs in Lace Curtains from 50c per pair.
- Raw Silk Lace and Scrim Curtainings.
- Floor Oil-Cloth at 25c.
- Window Hollands, all shades.

A Lot of Beautiful Smyria Rugs clearing at Sacrifice Prices.

**F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.**

April 11.

**WANTED!**



Ladies are sometimes at a loss to tell what to buy for a New Spring Dress. Now, those that would like something that is not shown at every dry goods store door or in the window, something

**UNCOMMON AND OF GOOD MATERIAL,**

AT A MODERATE PRICE,

We would ask that they call and inspect our New Spring Stock before deciding elsewhere, as we are offering some Very Special Lines.

We would also call attention to a lot of about

**30 JERSEY JACKETS,**

Suitable for street wear, at prices very much below regular.

**John Laidlaw & Son.**

191 PRINCESS STREET.

April 7.

**DO YOU KNOW THAT SIMSON'S LINIMENT**

Will cure Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Soreness, Swellings, Quinsy &c. A few drops taken inwardly will immediately relieve Indigestion, Colic and Dyspepsia. As an application to the scalp to prevent the hair coming out, to remove dandruff and make the hair grow, it is unsurpassed by any other preparation.

Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., Halifax:

Bridgewater, N.S., Oct. 9th, 1886.

GENTLEMEN.—This summer I burned my hand very badly, so that I could not work; by applying SIMSON'S LINIMENT I received instant relief. It killed the pain and prevented the burn from blistering, so that I was able to go to work at once. I find SIMSON'S LINIMENT the best Liniment for family use that I have ever had in my house.—Yours truly,

WM. REEVES.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by H. SKINNER & CO., N. C. POLSON and by a ll Dealers.

March 14.

**IT IS NO APRIL FOOL**

When we say we are showing some of the Neatest, Cheapest and Most Durable Lines in BOOTS AND SHOES for Ladies, Gents and Children we ever have. We solicit a call especially from those persons who have not seen our goods, and if for any reason they do not care to purchase we will feel all right about it. Children's Shoes a specialty with us.

**HAINES & LOCKETT.**

March 31.

**JUST ARRIVED!**

Black and Brown Jersey Cloths. Black and Brown Astrachans for Jackets and Cloaks. Striped Jersey Cloths (All Wool), for Children's Wear. Sealettes and Ulster Cloths, Wool Hosiery, Gaiters, Mitts, Gloves, Shawls, Clouds, &c., at the Lowest Prices.

ALEX. ROSS,

Carpet and Millinery Warehouse