



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.

LACE CURTAINS. LACE CURTAINS.

MURRAY & TAYLOR

For the Next 30 Days, will offer the balance of their Stock of Lace Curtains at 10 per cent. less than Regular Prices.

- Lace Curtains 40c.
- Lace Curtains 50c.
- Lace Curtains 75c.
- Lace Curtains \$1.00.
- Lace Curtains \$1.25.
- Lace Curtains \$1.50 and up to \$10.00.

ALSO BY THE YARD:

Curtain Nets at all prices.
Curtain Ends at less than wholesale prices

Housekeepers, if you want Decided Bargains in Curtains or Curtain Materials call on

Murray & Taylor,
176 PRINCESS STREET.
May 16.

INSURANCE.

Liverpool And London And Globe INSURANCE CO'Y.

ONE of the best and Safest companies doing business in Canada. Insurances effected at as low rates as any other good Company. Invested Funds, \$35,300,700. Net income for the past year was \$8,854,320. This enormous Premium Income ought to convince assured of the desirability of placing their Insurance in a Co'y so perfectly secure. The Company still maintains its claim to doing the largest Fire Business in the world. The Company has actually paid since its incorporation the following large sums—
For Fire Losses..... \$2,040,285
For Life Losses..... 25,800,225

THOMAS BRIGGS, Agent.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

How many of those ladies and gentlemen who insure their lives read their policies through; and how many of these will remember, ten years from now, the numerous conditions found on most policies? The insured may, at the time of death, be unconsciously breaking one of those conditions. Then how much better the policy without them. The "SUN" issues ABSOLUTELY unconditional policies and is noted for its prompt settlements. For information apply to
E. C. HILL, AGENT,
April 6, 457 PRINCESS ST.

THE NYNA INSURANCE COMPANY,

HARTFORD CONN.
Cash Capital..... \$4,000,000.00
Total Assets, January 1st, 1882..... \$3,922,272.90
Losses paid in 63 years..... \$3,490,000.00
The leading Fire Insurance Company on the Continent. Its Annual Premium Receipts in Canada and the United States are larger than those of any other Company, and it has an unblemished record of 63 years.
August, 8. JAMES SWIFT, Agent.

GUARDIAN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Subscribed Capital..... \$2,000,000
Total Invested Funds upwards of..... \$3,500,000
Total Income..... \$2,700,000
Insurances against Losses by Fire accepted at the lowest current rates and claims settled without reference to the Board at London.
W. H. GODWIN, Agent for Kingston, BRITISH WHIG OFFICE.

ALFRED R. MARTIN, Insurance Agency,

For's Block, Brook Street.

FIRE—City and County Agent for the Glasgow and London Insurance Company.
LIFE—General Agent from Kingston to Prescott for the British Empire Mutual Life Insurance Co. of England. May 11.



NASAL SACRI
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
It Cures CATARRH, Cold 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 THIRD WATCH

THE TIME WHEN CRIMINALS DO THEIR WORST.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Exhorts His Hearers to Give Money to the Poor Rather than Tracts—Gamblers the Most Heartless of All Evil Doers.

BROOKLYN, May 15.—At the tabernacle this morning there were the same great throngs of people as usual, overflowing the main audience room into the corridors, and from the corridors into the street. This, the largest church in America, is more and more inadequate to hold the people, as the years go by. The pastor, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., took for his text this morning: "Watchman, what of the night?" Isaiah xxi, 2. He said:

When night came down on Babylon, Nineveh, and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor; or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in air, save as some passer by raised the question: "Watchman, what of the night?"

It is to me a deeply suggestive and solemn thing to see a man standing guard by night. It thrilled through me, "as at the gate of an arsenal in Charleston, the question once smote me: "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command: "Advance and give the countersign." Every moral teacher stands on picket, or patrols the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm; and whether it be in the first watch, in the second watch, in the third watch, or in the fourth watch, to be vigilant until the daybreak flings its "morning glories" of blooming cloud across the arching trellis of the sky.

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch, from 6 to 9; the second, from 9 to 12; the third, from 12 to 3; the fourth, from 3 to 6.

I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock.

I never weary of looking upon the life and brilliancy of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone, they seek the evening meal. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter, and with brain weary of the long line of figures, and the whims of those who go a shopping, seek the face of mother, or wife and child. The merchants are unharassing themselves from their anxieties on their way up the street. The boys that lock up are heaving away at the shutters, shoving the heavy bolts and taking a last look at the fire to see that all is safe. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centers of bargain making.

Let idlers clear the street, and give right of way to the besuited artisans and merchants. They have earned their bread, and are now on their way home to get it.

The lights in full jet hang over 10,000 evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who seeth the solitary in families."

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who, on either side of the white, glistening boards, await the signal from the orchestra. The footlights of the theatre flash up, the bell rings, and the curtain rises, and out from the gorgeous scenery glide the actors, greeted with the vociferation of the expectant multitudes. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress, or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brass instruments. Drawing rooms are filled with all gracefulness of apparel, with all sweetness of sound, with all splendor of manner; mirrors are catching up and multiplying the scene until it seems as if in infinite corridors there were garlanded groups advancing and retreating.

The outdoor air rings with laughter and with the moving to of thousands on the great promenades. The dashing man, adrip with the foam of the long country ride, rushes past as you halt at the curb stone.

Mirth, revelry, beauty, fashion, magnificence mingle in the great metropolitan picture, until the thinking man goes home to think more seriously and the praying man to pray more earnestly.

A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes 12, and the third watch has begun.

The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog; the stamp of the horse in the next street; the slamming of a saloon door; the hiccough of the drunkard; the shrieks of the steam whistle, five miles away—Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps a head hurrying on to the household.

Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicine must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest!

Wearry arm preparing for to-morrow's toil; hot brain being cooled off; rigid muscles relaxed; excited nerves soothed; the white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow; fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen; childhood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberous eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care, and anxiety, and worryment, and pain.

Let the city sleep. But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be thousands to-night who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, best you feel the garrotter's hug. Look through

the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy gladder and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say: "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told that he must go to the almshouse.

"Oh!" you say, "they are vicious poor, and, therefore, they do not deserve our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope, and through the broken window pane they see the crystals of heaven; but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad, they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, where I give ten prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give twenty prayers for the guilty who are suffering.

The fisherman, when he sees a vessel dashing into the breakers, comes out from his hut and wraps the warmest flannels around those who are most chilled and most bruised and most battered in the wreck; and I want you to know that these vicious poor have had two shipwrecks—shipwreck of the body, shipwreck of the soul—shipwreck for time, shipwreck for eternity. Pity, by all means, the innocent who are suffering, but pity more the guilty.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "O," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now look. Beardless and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult; do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand!

Look at those eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like those beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. Oh! heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in Thy arms. Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah! it is possible that that young woman's scarred and bruised face ever was looked into by maternal tenderness! Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York and all our great cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the third watch of the night.

Do you know it is in this third watch of the night that criminals do their worst work? It is the criminal's watch.

At 8:30 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, but toward 12 they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky and a cry of "Fire! fire!" This is an assassin, and to-morrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready.

Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thief's garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boy's pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are preparing to blast the gold vault.

Just so long as there are neglected children of the street just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched: "When your father and your mother forsake you, who then will take you up?" And the boy said: "The police! the police!"

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away, and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago put out a sign of copartnership, will this winter be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. A member of congress gambled with a member elect and won \$120,000. The old way of getting a living is so slow. The old way of getting a fortune is so stupid. Come, let us toss up and see who shall have it. And so the work goes on, from the wheezing wretches pitching pennies in a run grocery up to the millionaire gambler in the stock market.

In the third watch of the night, pass down the streets of these cities, and you hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen stroke of the ball on the billiard table. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime—the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Chatham street pocket handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In Baden-Baden, when that city was the greatest of all gambling places on earth, it was no unusual thing the next morning, in the woods around about the city, to find the suspended bodies of suicides. Whatever be the splendor of surroundings, there is no excuse for this crime. The thunders of eternal destruction roll in the deep rumble of that gambling tempter alley, and as men come out to join the long procession of sin, all the drums of death beat the dead march of a thousand souls.

In one year, in the city of New York, there were \$7,000,000 sacrificed at the gaming table. Perhaps some of your friends have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it.

Perhaps there may be a stranger in the house this morning come from some of the hotels. Look out for those agents of iniquity who tarry around about the hotels and ask you: "Would you like to see the city?" "Yes." "Have you ever been in that splendid building up town?" "No." Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the "lions" and the "elephants," and after a young man, through morbid curiosity or through baseness of soul, has seen the "lions" and the "elephants," he will be on enchanted ground. Look out for these men who move around the hotels with sleek hats—always sleek hats—

(Continued on page 3)

OUR GREAT TOWEL SALE

Has commenced and we are going to

WIPE OUT

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF COTTON, LINEN, HUCK, CRASH AND FINE DAMASK TOWELS.

2,000 Dozens Towels all reduced to Rapid Clearing Out Prices.

Cotton Towels at 2c each.

Linen Towels at 4c each.

Fine Check Glass Towels for 6c each.

Extra Heavy Huck Towels only 10c, worth 15c.

SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL!

75 Doz. Odd Towels, in fine qualities, offering at Half the Regular Price.

Roller Linens 4, 5 and 6c.

Glass and Huck Towellings at 7, 8 and 9c.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

May 13.

BY REQUEST

Of a number of our customers who were unable to take advantage of our Cheap Sale of Lace Curtains last week, we have decided to continue it for One Week Longer. Having received on Thursday last a Job Lot of

500 PAIRS

We are in a position this week to offer Greater Inducements than ever, to intending purchasers of

LACE CURTAINS.

Remember it pays to investigate our statements.

MINNES & BURNS

The Reliable and Close-Priced Dry Goods Store.

May 9.

HEADQUARTER --SHOE STORE--

Ladies, see our Daisy French Kid Buttoned Boot at \$2.50, the finest finished and best fitting Boot in the city.

D. F. ARMSTRONG,

April 10.

THE IRON PALACE PASSENGER STEAMER



Will commence her Regular Weekly Excursion Trips about 15th May from KINGSTON to MONTREAL, thence returning by the Ottawa and Rideau route, running all the Rapids, and passing through the matchless scenery of the Rideau Lakes and 1,000 Islands by daylight. The ELLA ROSS will remain over Sunday at the 1,000 Island Park, calling at Alexandria Bay each Monday morning. This is the only Passenger Steamer making the round trip. As this is one of the most popular routes on Canadian waters accommodation will be at a premium, and those wishing a cosy, comfortable trip will do well to go early. Only \$14 for the Round Trip; Meals and Berths included.

W. GARRETT, Captain and Proprietor. JAS. SWIFT, Agent, St. Lawrence Wharf, Kingston.

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

ALEXANDER ROSS'

The stock is well selected and consists of Velvet Pile, Brussels, Tapestry, Wool, Unions and Hems.

—CHOICE PATTERNS AND LOW PRICES.—

Borders to match Brussels and Tapestry Carpets. Call and examine our stock.

April 12. ALEX. ROSS.