

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



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.

SPECIAL CLEARING SALE

—AT—
Murray & Taylor's
FOR ONE MONTH,
Commencing July 1st.

ALL SUMMER DRY GOODS TO BE sold at Sweeping Reductions.

Call early and secure some of the Bargains that are now being offered at

Murray & Taylor's,
176 PRINCESS STREET.
June 30.

WOOD AND COAL.

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best Hard Maple and Beach Cordwood, Oak, Birch, Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood, Sawed or Un-sawed.
Or if you want Kindling Wood, (Dry), or Stove Coal, Nut Coal, No. 1 Coal, Soft Coal or Black-smith's Coal, go to

R. CRAWFORD & CO.,
Foot of Queen Street.

N.B.—Orders left at the Grocery Store of Jaa Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt attention. ☎ Telephone Communication.

BRECK & BOOTH,

Wharfingers, Vessel Agents and Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers, Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered. Branch wood and Hard and Soft Cordwood of first quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

YARD—Corner Ontario and West Streets.
#Office—Clarence and Ontario Streets—Foot of Clarence Street.
#ORDERS left at the stores of Mr. James Redden, Princess Street, and Messrs. McKelvey & Birch, Breck Street, will be promptly filled. Telephone Communication.
Agents—Black Diamond Line.
J. W. BRECK.
E. A. BOOTH.
Aug. 9.

COAL, WHOLESALE & RETAIL
BEST IN THE MARKET.

Yard No. 1—Ontario Street.
" 2—Clarence Street Wharf.
" 3—St. Lawrence Wharf.
#Secure delivery before broken weather etc. in Chief Office—St. Lawrence Wharf. Branch Office—Corner King and Clarence Sts. opposite British American Hotel.
Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened.
☎ Telephone Communication.
Aug. 9. **JAMES SWIFT.**

COAL AND WOOD.

Portland Cement, Water Lime, K. & P. White Lime, and Hair, all of the best quality, at
P. WALSH'S,
Cor. Ontario & Barrack Sts.
COAL YARD—Barrack St., next Dr. T. M. Fenwick's. Aug. 9.

DRY MILL WOOD AND SLABS,
Best and Cheapest in the city.

Foot of Clarence and Barrack Streets,
M. MALLEN.
May 9.

NASAL BALM
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
Cures CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.
EASY TO USE.
Dropper in the throat and nostrils.
Satisfactory results in all cases. Sent free on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1. Address
FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

PAUL IN THE BASKET.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Great Results Hang on Apparently Slender Circumstances—The Casual, the Accidental Are Parts of a Great Plan. An Island Between Two Eternities.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Mass., July 3.—Many hundreds of Brooklyn Tabernacle people and their friends have made a pilgrimage to this place. It is one point in an excursion of six days, taking in Newport, Nantucket and this island. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached here this morning in the great camp meeting tabernacle. Thousands of people were present from all parts of New England. The music was conducted by a band.

Dr. Talmage's text was: "Through a window in a basement was I let down by the wall."—II Cor. xi, 33. He said:

Sermons on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars Hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the Sanhedrim, Paul before Felix are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket. Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished by swords of the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damasks. A horseman by the name of Saul, riding towards this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is "Kill him! kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery at Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrates. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a crowd of clenched fists and sometimes he secretes himself on the housetops. At last the infuriated populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospeller, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot, and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend upon the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean Eurocydon, under flagellation and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrs. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So, again and again, great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves from taffrail to stern, only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen, and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port holes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore the Bible held in his teeth. The

book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things are an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in the agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves?" No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but, by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge, we came out of the cyclone and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Capt. Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Capt. Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Capt. Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as for the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest.

There are said to be about 69,000 ministers of religion in this country. About 50,000 I warrant came from early homes which had a struggle for the necessities of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin oodewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that as others do, and the mother says: "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries; but we must see that boy through."

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then, all alone, father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

Something occurs to me quite recently.

SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR THE LADIES.

BLACK BROCADE RAW SILK GRENADINE
At \$1.00, worth \$2.00.

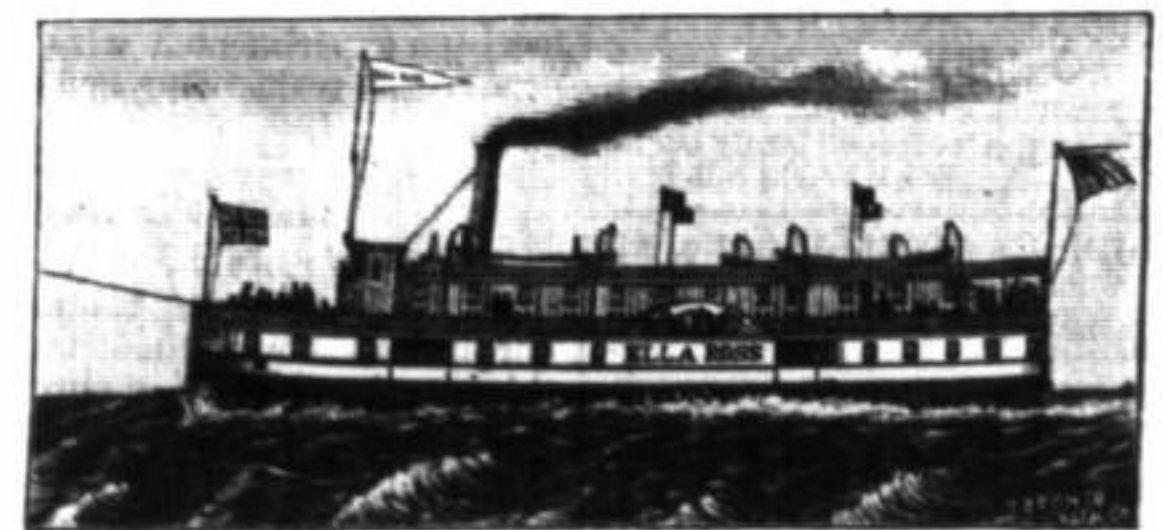
The Balance of our Ladies' and Children's Parasols offering This Week at any price to clear them out.

NUNS' VEILINGS,
In Cream, Pink, Light Blue, and all Summer Shades in Dress Goods marked Away Down to Clear this week.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

July 4.

THE IRON PALACE PASSENGER STEAMER



W. GARRETT, MASTER.

Will commence her Regular Weekly Excursion Trips about 15th May from KINGSTON to MONTEAL, 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.
May 3. JAS. SWIFT, Agent, St. Lawrence Wharf, Kingston.

CAMP FURNITURE AT JAS. REID'S.

- See our Wove Wire Camp Folding Cot.
- See our Upholstered Camp Folding Cot.
- See our Folding Canvas Camp Cot.
- See our Large Red Arm Rocker.
- See our Large Red Arm Chairs.
- See our Red Sewing Chairs.
- Veranda Chairs of all descriptions at

JAMES REID'S, - 254 & 256 Princess St.
June 24.

C. ROBINSON'S

Is one of the Cheapest and Best Tailoring Establishments in the city, having everything the market can afford and at Most Reasonable Prices.

We invite the inspection of the public at large, and to those who have never dealt with us we would say examine goods and prices elsewhere before calling on us, and then prove to your own satisfaction that we can do better for you than any other establishment in the city. Remember the place!

C. ROBINSON'S,

May 17. One Door from Princess St., on Wellington St.

PARASOLS! PARASOLS!!

SPENCE & CRUMLEY

Will offer the balance of their Light Parasols at Great Reductions. Call and see them. Children's Parasols from 18c up. Ladies' Lace Parasols from 50c.

SPENCE & CRUMLEY, - 132 and 134 PRINCESS STREET.
June 25.

New Summer Dress Goods Cheap at Waldron's.

White and Cream India Lawns 15, 20, 25, 30c.
White and Cream Victoria Lawns 15, 20, 25c.
White Striped and Colored Striped Lawns 10, 12 1/2, 15c.
New Fancy Satens, Striped and Check, 10, 12c.
New Designs Colored Satens for Combination Suits.
Handsome Colored Check Chambrays, Boucle Patterns.
Handsome Laces to match all colors, Low Prices.

R. WALDRON.

June 27.