

# 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.

## ANOTHER CHANCE

To secure **BARGAINS** at **Murray & Taylor's** **CLEARING SALE** OF **Spring and Summer Goods.**

- Corded Batiste 10c.
- Corded Crazy Cloth 10c.
- Fine Prints 10c, worth 121-2c.
- Nuns' Veiling, all colors, 10c.
- Muslins all reduced.
- Ginghams all reduced.
- Corsets from 25 and 371-2c up.
- Kid Gloves 25 and 30c.

All other goods marked equally cheap at our **GENUINE CLEARING SALE.**

Also New Fall Goods arriving daily at

## Murray & Taylor's,

176 PRINCESS STREET.

July 19.

### 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 Store Coal, Nut Coal, No. 1 Coal, Soft Coal or Blacksmith'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. **EST** 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. Bunch wood and Hard and Soft Cordwood of first quality, on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

YARD—Corner Ontario and West Streets. Foot of Clarence Street.

OFFICES—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." L. W. BRECK. E. A. BOOTH.

#### 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 sets in. Chief Office—St. Lawrence Wharf. Branch Offices—Corner King and Clarence Sts. opposite British American Hotel. Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened. **EST** 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.

**MALLEN'S** SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. **CATARRH**, Cold in Head, **HAY FEVER.** STOPS Discharge from Nasal passages by the throat and is **EASY TO USE.** Give the medicine as directed. No pain or inconvenience. Sent free on receipt of price, 10c. and 25c. Address **FULFORD & CO.,** Brockville, Ont.

### WATERING THE FLOCKS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SECOND SERMON AT THE HAMPTONS.

The World's Great Want is a Cool, Refreshing, Satisfying Draught—The Gospel Well Deep Enough to Quench the Thirst of All.

THE HAMPTONS, July 17.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., pastor at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, continues to enjoy the summer in this pleasant place. His sermon for today was on the text, "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."—Genesis xxxix, 8.

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred, Jacob accuses the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountains, but nearly nineteen centuries ago a shepherd with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Now a great flock of sheep today gather around this Gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying: "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating; they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the Gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave our church because so many other people come to it. No so did these oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All Brooklyn in a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock. This Gospel well is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the twelve hundred millions of the race. Do not let the church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations, "Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning at this well of salvation Christ our Shepherd will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection, while all heaven will cry out, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation today impediments and obstacles, which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as compared with sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in a tough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back

from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God you would have made 500 apologies; yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately appareled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him; all the bright surrounding of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throbb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom, and feel his warm life trickling on your forehead, and cheek, and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Heart of stone, relent, relent, Touched by Jesus' cross subdued, See his body, mangled, rent, Covered with a gore of blood, Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Crucified the eternal Son.

Jacob with a good deal of tug and push took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this morning my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life. There are men in this house who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this Gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus, and of all the Stewarts, an 1 of all the Barings, and all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today. In the far east there was a king who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ today steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours." We don't appreciate the promises of the Gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and the old man clasped his hands, and in his dying moment said: "That's just the promise I have been waiting for. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!

Come also to this Gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at 15 years of age with what your view is of it at 40, or 60, or 70. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands—the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place Greenwood is from what it used to be! Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you went in with the procession, it is a sad place and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble. If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from this great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man, "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort, give us comfort." For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

"Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health, and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of the

Continued on page 3.

# MIDSUMMER. SPECIAL OFFERINGS!

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Black and Colored Silk Hosiery offering at less than cost of importation.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Black and Colored Lisle Thread Hosiery from 25c per pair.

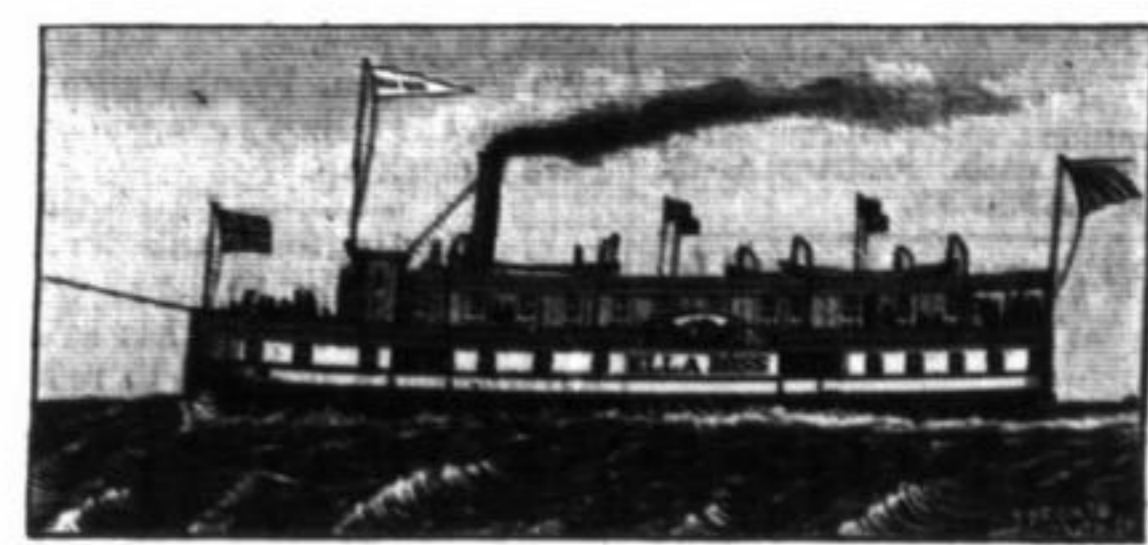
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cotton, Balbriggan and Fine Summer Hosiery clearing at Cost Price.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cotton, Lisle and Silk Gloves clearing at Cost Price.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Summer Underwear clearing at Less than Cost Price.

## F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

THE IRON PALACE PASSENGER STEAMER



W. GARRETT, MASTER.

Will commence her Regular Weekly Excursion Trips about 18th May from KINGSTON to MONTEREAL, 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 cozy, 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.

## WIGWAM SHOES,

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

The most comfortable foot wear for this hot weather.

## D. F. ARMSTRONG

HEADQUARTER SHOE STORE,

141 PRINCESS STREET.

### Clearing Sale of Summer Dry Goods.

As we are very much crowded for room and our stock of FALL GOODS will be arriving in a few weeks, we have decided to clear out our stock of

#### SUMMER GOODS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Sale commences immediately and will last till bulk of goods are cleared out.

**A. J. McMAHON.**

### Our Great Cheap Sale Now Going on.

All Summer Dry Goods Must Be Sold.

White and Colored Muslins reduced to 4c. Light Summer Prints reduced to 5c. 100 Pieces Fancy Dress Goods reduced to 6c, worth 12c. Cottons, Sheetings, Tickings and Shirtings at Wholesale Prices. **EST** Bargains every day.

**BOWES & BISONETTE.**

### SPECIAL GOODS, LOW PRICES, AT WALDRON'S.

Gents' Balbriggan Pants and Vests, Low Prices. Ladies' Balbriggan Vests, high necks, long sleeves. Ladies' Lisle Thread, Silk and Balbriggan Hose, Low Prices. Girls' Black Silk, Black Lisle and Black Cotton Hose, Low Prices. All Summer Dry Goods at Reduced Prices. All Summer Prints at Reduced Prices. All Fancy Satens and Chambrays at Reduced Prices. All Parasols, Silk Umbrellas and Fancy Parasols Reduced.

**R. WALDRON.**

July 9.