

This Powder never varies. A marvel of urity, strength and wholesomeness, More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot se sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum of phosphate owders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAK-NG POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New

## DRESS GOODS, DRESS GOODS.

Always Something New in this Department at

### Murray & Taylor's

LOW PRICE STORE.

This time we show the Greate Eargain of the Season.

A HEAVY ALL-WOOL -- JERSEY CLOTH-

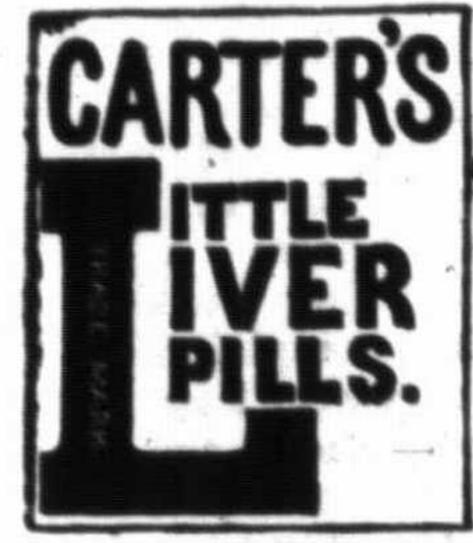
For 15c Per Yard.

Remember these are no ordinary goods at the price, but are worth 25c per yard.

Call and see them at

# Murray & Taylor's,

176 PRINCESS STREET.





# CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating. Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and pre-venting this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

# 

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

### Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Fried

I CURE FITS! When say ome I do not mean merely to stop them for a timesand then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPIL-EPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study.

costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. WOOT. Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Teronto.

my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of

Mr. E. H. McCrea, of the Hudson Bay Co, West Lynne, Manitoba, says: I suffered from Catarrh for a number of years, and expended upwards of \$200 employing physicians and catarrh specialists, buying etc., without obtaining relief. Your advertisement in Toronto Mail induced me to invest fifty cents in Nasal Balm. I sent for a package, and must say it was the best investment I ever made. It gave me immediate relief, and in less than two weeks the droppings from the nasal passages into my throat entirely ceased. I would urgently advise all afflicted with catarrh to use Nasal Balm.

AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Gospel the Fountain of Perpetual Youth-Skeptics Measure Eternity with an Hour Glass and the Throne of God with a Yard Stick.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 27,-This morning at the Tabernacle, after explaining appropriate passages of Scripture, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., gave out the following hymn, that was sung by the congregation with great beartiness:

Buried in sorrow and in sin At hell's dark door we lay; But we arise by grace divine, To see a glorious day.

The subject of the sermon was: "Thirst in a Cavern;" and the text: "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gates!"-II

Samuel xxiii, 15, War, always distressing, is especially ruinous in harvest time. When the crops are all ready for the sickle, to have them trodden down by cavalry horses and heavy supply trains gullying the fields is enough to make any man's heart sick. When the last great war broke out in Europe, and France and Germany were coming into horrid collision, I rode across their golden harvests and saw the tents pitched and the trenches dug in the very midst of the ripe fields, the long scythe of battle sharpening to mow down harvests of men in great winrows of the dead. It was at this season of harvest that the army of the Philistines came down upon Bethlehem. Hark to the clamor of their voices, the neighing of their chargers, the blare of their trumpets and the clash of their shields!

Let David and his men fall back! The Lord's host sometimes loses the day. But David knew where to hide. He had been brought up in that country. Boys are inquisitive, and they know all about the region where they were born and brought up. If you should go back to the old homestead, you could, with your eyes shut, find your way to the meadow, or the orchard, or the hill back of the house, with which you were familiar thirty or forty years ago. So David knew the cave of Adullam. Perhaps, in his boyhood days, he had played "hide and seek" with his comrades all about the old cave; and though others might not have known it, David did. Travelers say there is only one way of getting into that cave, and that is by a very narrow path; but David was stout, and steady headed, and steady nerved; and so, with his three brave staff officers, he gres along that path, finds his way into the cave, sits down, looks around at the roof and the dark passages of the mountain, feels very weary with the forced march, and water he must have or die. I do not know but there may have been drops trickling down the side of the cavern or that there may have been some water in the goat skin slung to his girdle; but that was not what he wanted. He wanted a deep, full, cold drink, such as a man gets only out of an old well with moss covered bucket. David remembered that very near that cave of Adullam there was such a well as that, a well to which he used to go in boyhood-the well of Bethlehem; and he almost imagines that he can hear the liquid plash of that well, and his parched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of

Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" It was no sooner said than done. The three brave staff officers bound to their feet and start. Brave soldiers will take even a hint from their commander. But between them and the well lay the host of the Philistines; and what could three men do with a great army! Yet where there is a will there is a way, and, with their swords slashing this way and that, they make their path to the well. While the Philistines are amazed at the seeming foolhardiness of these three men, and cannot make up their minds exactly what it means, the three men have come to the well. They drop the bucket. They bring up the water. They pour it in the pail, and then start for the cave. "Stop them!" cry the Philistines. "Clip them with swords! Stab them with your spears! Stop those three men!" Too late! They have got around the hill. The hot rocks are splashed with the overflowing water from the vessel as it is carried up the cliffs. The three men go along the dangerous path, and with cheeks flushed with the excitement and all out of breath in their haste they fling their swords, red with the skirmish, to the side of the cave, and cry out to David, "There, captain of the host, is what you wanted, a drink of the

well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." A text is no use to me unless I can find Christ in it, and unless I can bring a Gospel out of these words, that will arouse and comfort and bless, I shall wish I had never seen them; for your time would be wasted, and against my soul the dark record would be made that this day I stood before a great audience of sinning, suffering and dying men, and told them of no rescue. By the cross of the Son of God, by the throne of the eternal judgment, that shall not le! May the Lord Jesus help me to tell you the truth

You know that carrier pigeons have sometimes letters tied under the wing, and they fly hundreds of miles-100 miles in an hourcarrying a message. So I have thought 1 would like to have it now. Oh, heavenly Dove! bring under thy wing today, to my soul and to the souls of this people, some message of light, and love, and peace!

It is not an unusual thing to see people gather around a well in summertime. The husbandman puts down his cradle at the well curb. The builder puts down his trowel. The traveler puts down his pack. Then one draws the water for all the rest, himself taking the very last. The cup is passed around, and the fires of thirst are put out; the traveler starts on his journey, and the workman

takes up his burden. My friends, we come today around the Gospel well. We put forth our pack of burdens and our implements of toil. One man must draw the water for those who have gathered around the well. I will try and draw the water today; and if, after I have poured out from this living fountain for your soul, I just taste of it myself, you will

not begrudge me a "drink from the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate," This Gospel well, like the well spoken of in the text, is a well of Bethlehem. David had known hundreds of wells of water, but be wanted to drink from that particular one, and he thought nothing could slake his thirst like that. And unless your soul and mine can get access to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness we must die. That fountain is the well of Bethlehem. It was dug in the night. It was dug by the light of a lantern -the star that hung down over the manger. It was dug not at the gate of Cæsar's palaces, not in the park of a Jerusalem bargainmaker. It was dug in a barn. The camels lifted their wear; heads to listen as the work went on, The shepherds, unable to sleep, because the heavens were filled with bands of music, came down to see the opening of the well. The angels of God, at the first gush of the living water, dipped their chalices of joy into it and drank to the health of earth and beaven, as they cried, "Glory to God in the

our modern barns the water is brought through the pipes of the city to the very nostrils of the horses or cattle; but this well in the Bethlehem barn was not so much for the beasts that perish as for our race; thirst smitten, desert traveled and simoon struck. Oh, my soul, weary with sin, stoop down and drink today out of that Bethlehem well!

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so my soul panteth after thee, O God." You would get a better understanding of this amidst the Adirondacks in summer time. Here comes a swift footed deer. The hounds are close on the track; it has leaped chasms and scaled cliffs; it is fagged out; its eyes are rolling in death; its tongue is lolling from its foaming mouth. Faster | ULLI I the deer, faster the dogs, until it plunges into Schroon lake and the hounds can follow it no farther, and it puts down its head and mouth until the nostril is clean submerged in the cool wave, and I understand it: "As the hart panteth for the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Oh, bring me water from that well! Little child, who has learned of Jesus in the Sabbath school, bring me some of that living water. Old man, who fifty years ago didst find the well, bring me some of that water. Stranger in a strange land, who used to hear sung amidst the highlands of Scotland, to the tune of "Bonnie Doon," "The Star, the Star of Bethlehem," bring me some of that water. Whosoever drinketh of that water shall never thirst. "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again, this Gospel well, like the one spoken of in the text, is a captured well. David remembered the time when that good water of Bethlehem was in the possession of his ancestors. His father drank there, his mother drank there. He remembered how the water tasted when he was a boy and came up there from play. We never forget the old well we used to drink out of when we were boys or girls. There was something in it that blessed the lips and refreshed the brow better than anything we have found since. As we think of that dear old well the memories of the past flow into each other like crystalline drops, sun glinted, and all the more as we remember that the hands that used to lay hold the rope and the hearts that beat against the well curb are still now. We never get over these reminiscences. George P. Morris, the great song writer of this country, once said to me that his song, "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was sung in a great concert hall, and the memories of early life were so wrought upon the audience by that song that, after the singing was done, an aged man arose in the audience, overwhelmed with emotion, and said: "Sir, will you please to tell me whether the woodman really spared the tree?" We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forget the fountain at which we drank. Alas for the man who has

no early memories! David thought of that well, that boyhood well, and he wanted a drink of it, but he remembered that the Philistines had captured it. When those three men tried to come up to the well in behalf of David, they saw swords gleaming around about it. And this is true of this Gospel well. The Philistines have at times captured it. When we come to take a full, old fashioned drink of pardon and comfort, do not their swords of indignation and sarcasm flash! Why, the skeptics tell us that we cannot come to that fountain! They say the water is not fit to drink, anyhow. "If you are really thirsty now, there is the well of philosophy, there is the well of art, there is the well of science." They try to substitute, instead of our boyhood faith, a modern mixture. They say a great many beautiful things about the soul, and they try to feed our immortal hunger on rose leaves, and mix a mint julep of worldly stimulants when nothing will satisfy us but "a drink of water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate." They try to starve us on husks, when the father's banquet is ready, and the best ring is taken from the casket, and the sweetest harp is struck for the music, and the swiftest foot is already lifted for the dance. They patronize heaven and abolish hell, and try to measure eternity with their hour glass, and the throne of the great God with their yard stick! I abhor it. I tell you the old Gospel well is a captured well. I pray God that there may be somewhere in the elect host three anointed men, with courage enough to go forth in the strength of the omnipresent God, with the glittering swords of truth, to hew the way back again to that old well. I think the tide is turning, and that the old Gospel is to take its place again in the family, and in the university, and in the legislative hall. Men have tried worldfy philosophies, and have found out that they do not give any comfort, and that they drop an Arctic midnight upon the death pillow. They fail when there is a death chill in the house; and when the soul comes to leap into the fathomless ocean of eternity. they give to the man not so much as a broken spar to cling to. Depend upon it, that well will come into our possession again, though it has been captured. If there be not three anointed men in the Lord's host with enough consecration to do the work, then the swords will leap from Jehovah's buckler, and the eternal three will descend-God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost-conquering for our dying race the way back again to "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." "If God be for us, who can be against us!" "If God spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things!" "For I am persuaded that neither height nor depth, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come," shall take from us, into final captivity, the Gospel of my blessed Lord

Again, the Gospel well, like the one spoken of in my text, is a well at the gate. The traveler stops the camel today, and gets down and dips out of the Valley of the East some very beautiful, clear, bright water, and that is out of the very well that David longed for. Do you know that the well was at the gate, so that nobody could go into Bethlehem without going right past it? And so it is with this Gospel well-it is at the gate. It is, in the first place, at the gate of purification. We cannot wash away our sins unless with that water. I take the responsibility of saying that there is no man, woman or child in this house today that has escaped sinful defilement. Do you say it is outrageous and ungallant for me to make such a charge! Do you say, "I have never stolen, I have never blasphemed, I have never committed unchastity, I have never been guilty of murder?" I reply you have worse than chastity, worse than theft, worse than murder. We have all committed it. We have, by our sin, re-crucified the Lord, and that is deicide. And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of heaven will be impaneled as a jury to render a unanimous verdict against us; guilty one, guilty all. With what a slashing stroke that one passage cuts us a way from all our pretensions-"There is none that doeth good; no, not one." "Oh," says some one, "all we want, all the race wants, is development." Now I want to tell you that the race develops, without the Gospel, into a Sodom, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It always develops downward and never upward, Continued on page three.

Jesus Christ.

# SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

--INOUR---

New Ties, New Scarfs, Cashmere and Silk Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs, Linen Handkerchiefs, Buck Mitts, Kid Mitts, Buck Gloves, Kid Gloves, Knit Gloves, Socks, Collars, Cuffs, White Dress Shirts; Top Shirts, Flannel Chirts, Cardigan Jackets.

### UNDERWEAR UNDERWEAR!

Our whole stock offered at Prices that will Clear Them Out.

Come and see us.

# F. X. COUSINEAU & CO. WALSH & STEAGY

Are now showing some Special Great Bargaius in

### - NOVELTES

PRICES VERY LOW.

Children's Fancy Colored Border Handkerchiefs 2, 21-2, 3. 4, 5 to

Children's White Lawn and White Linen 2, 3, 4 to 8c. Ladies' Colored Border Handkerchiefs 6, 7, 8, 10, 12 1-2 to 20c. Ladies' Plain Linen and Hem-Stitched 5, 6, 8 to 30c. Gentlemen's Linen 10, 12 1-2, 15, 20, 25c. 200 Colored Silk Handkerchiefs at Half Price.

### WALSH & STEACY.

# RSPENCER

Has removed to

It being larger and more commodious premises, work will be executed on shortest notice. The Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Raw Material to choose from.

### UNEQUALLED FOR LOW PRICES!

Having secured the stock at 50c on the Dollar you should call and secure a Bargain in a Fall Suit and Overcoat.

Remember the Place, 79 BROCK STREET.

# R. SEINCER.

### THE GREATEST BARGAINS YET OFFERED.

### SPENCE & CRUMLEY

WILL OFFER THIS WEEK One Lot 40c All Wool Dress Goods for 30c per yard. One Lot 40c All-Wool Plaid Dress Goods for 30c per yard. One Lot 27c All-Wool Estamane Dress Goods for 20c per yand. Heavy Melton Dress Goods at 8, 10, 121 and 15c. Great Bargains in Mantle and Ulster Cloths.

NEW MILLINERY!! NEW MILLINERY!

Leave your orders early in the week. Clearing Sale of Tailor-Made Jackets and Ulsters this week.

THE LEADING MILLINERY STORE,

183 and 134 PRINCESS STREET.