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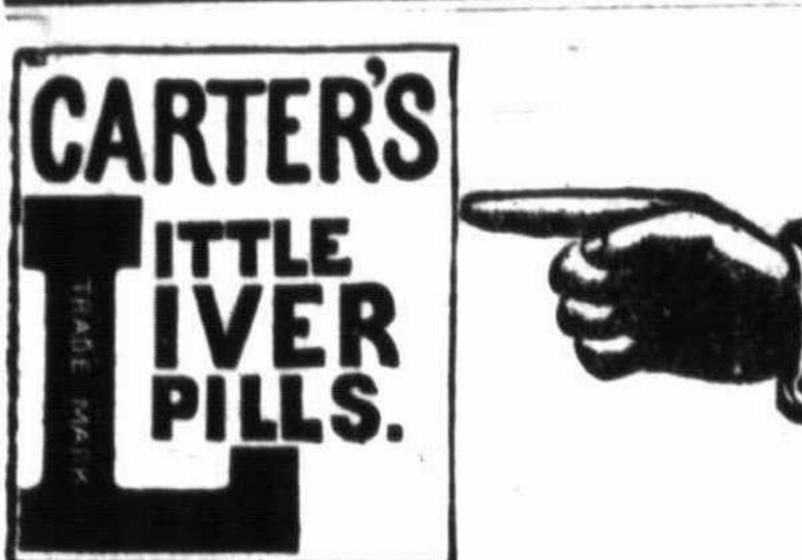
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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are

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

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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 Prince

FOR SALE CHEAP.

5,000 BUSHELS PEAS.

OPPOSITION GRAIN WAREHOUSE,

KINGSTON.

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 different remedies, inhalants, douches, 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.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

TALMAGE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

It Was Not Accident That Christ Was Born in a Stable-The Alleviator of Brutal Suffering as Well as the Redeemer of Man.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25. -Services today at the Brooklyn Tabernacle were jubilant. Professors Browne and Ali, with organ and cornet, were unusually powerful, and Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox sang three solos. The thousands of people who packed the church and all the approaches seemed to join in the great chorus: He shall reign from pole to pole,

> With illimitable sway; He shall reign when, like a scroll,

Yonder heavens have passed away. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his sermon, "The Barn and Its Surroundings." His text was taken from Luke ii, 15: "The shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass." Dr. Talmage said:

One thousand years of the world's existence rolled painfully and wearily along, and no Christ. Two thousand years, and no This Powder never varies. A marvel o | Christ. Three thousand years, and no Christ. Four thousand years, and no Christ. "Give us a Christ," had cried Assyrian and Persian and Chaldean and Egyptian civilization, but the lips of the earth and the lips of the sky made no answer. The world had already been affluent of genius. Among poets had appeared Homer and Thespis and Aristophanes and Sophocles and Euripides and Alexis Æschylus, yet no Christ to be the most poetic figure of the centuries. Among historians had appeared Herodotus and Xenophon and and Thucydides, but no Christ from whom all history was to date backward and forward-B. C. and A. D. Among the conquerors Camillus and Manlius and Regulus and Xantippus and Hannibal and Scipio and Pempey and Cæsar, yet no Christ who was to be conqueror of earth and heaven.

But the slow century and the slow year and the slow month and the slow hour at last arrived. The world had had matins or concerts in the morning and vespers and concerts in the evening, but now it is to have a concert at midnight. The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah

At last the world has a Christ and just the Christ it needs. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried on canvas to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael in three different masterpieces celebrated them. Tintoret and Guirlanjo surpassed themselves in the "Adoration of the Magi." Corregio needed to do nothing more than his "Madonna" to become immortal. The "Madonna of the Lily," by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. Murillo never won greater triumph by his pencil than in his presentation of the "Holy Family." But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna." Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's "Madonna" and Luke's "Madonna," the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute. creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new born babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should during the first few days and nights of His life on earth be surrounded by the dumb beasts whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the their wrongs? It did righting of not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a wornout horse on towpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer He heard in their pitiful moan He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in

this world as we have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadruped the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watch dogs. And who can tell what the world owes to horse, and camel, and ox for transportation? And robin and lark have by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its creator, and you insult the Christ who, though he might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken his first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that he might be the alleviation of brutal suffering as well as the redeemer of man.

Standing then as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, Look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Ferget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crum's

enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are terturing a cat or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robbin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four prima donnas of the sky in training: And in your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when he said, "Consider the lilies," than he showed sympathy for the ornithological when he said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when he allowed himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle pen have mercy on the suffering stock yards that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our Am rican households.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Christ might have made his first visit to our world in a cloud. In what a chariot of illumined vapor he might have rolled down the sky escorted by mounted cavalry with lightning of drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up, why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch him down? Or, over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had his mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces. Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millenial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say "It is only a child." Rather say "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star and ages quadrillennial God has infinite resources and He can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gifts to a household he looks around all the worlds and all the universe, and then gives a child. The greatest present that God gave our world he gave about 1887 years ago, and he gave, it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adjourned for a recess, and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap gazing into the face of its mother. It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan, was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ sat in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall yet be so domesticated that a little child shall lead them. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation, in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg and this, reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And the child of today is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child's cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as a child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child's hair? Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three

wise men kneeling before the divine infant? Not boors, no ignoramuses, but Caspar, Belthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied everyuning. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries. and all the observatories, and all te universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living, lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Huchinson, and Rush, and Valentine Mott, and Abercrombie, and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospel, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat, and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks," Today the greatest doctors and lawyers of Brooklyn and New York, and of all this land, and of all lands, revere the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to say so before juries and legislatures and senates, All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. And physiology and anatomy will join hands and say, We must by the help of God get the human race up to the perfect nerve, and perfect muscle, and perfect brain, and perfect form of that perfect child before whom nigh twenty hundred years ago Caspar, and Belthasar, and Melchior bent their tired knees in worship.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say; "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are, come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that might in Bethlehem and Jerusalem woring in deep sleep, and there were said

Continued on page three

to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy

We have determined that everything in our Large Stock of HOLIDAY GOODS must go before 12 o'clock on Saturday.

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