Sad Cases of Christians who Believe but a Part of the Bible, of Men Who Doubt Everything and of Self Styled Christians Who Shrink from the Conflict.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 11 .- Among the vast audiences which crowd the Brooklyn Tabernacle at every service are large numbers of young men, many of whom are theological students. Dr. Talmage's sermon morning had a special interest for them. At this time when so many are giving up the Bible, or holding the truth less firmly than before, the eloquent preacher put himself on record so clearly and forcibly that no one who heard him could have any doubt as to his attitude. His text was II Samuel xxiii, 10, "And his hand clave unto

A great general of King David was meazar, the hero of the text. The Phillistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four mer with God on their side are stronger that a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Phillistine army. The cry ran along the host "Fall back!" Eleazer having swept the field throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was embedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop his sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who field had no trouble in ropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their sword. But Eleazar's hand dave unto the sword.

Oh, my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the gospel wea-pons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the bruth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has these baskets over the rocks they sang: been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the store, or the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazer's grip, hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of , and you give up pardon and peace and

THE NOTHINGARIANS' CREED. I see hundreds, perhaps t ousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good and it is the sworn enemy of all that is ad. An eloquent writer recently gives an neident of a very bad man who stood in the cell of a western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel," and the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!'" This Bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, held on to it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say,, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively; and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen." That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen."
Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grin of the sword in the battle against sin nd for righteousness, 1 come to the concluof God's eternal truth, the sword of right-

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of his sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did

not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hill might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into Chris-

tian conflict with the spirit of self-abnega-tion. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or per-secution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazer did not think whether he had a hand, or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievements. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacles. Just after the battle of Yorkton, in the American Revolution a musician wounded was told the battle of Yorkton, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him and he said, "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and with this grand march of Jesus Christ and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot for-get ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturba-

THE ENDURANCE OF HEROIC MEN. We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadfantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we venture for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazer, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not

Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas? What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation,

or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more painful in anticipation, they were put in bas-kets and swung to and fro over the preci-Jesus, lover of my soul.

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Then they were dashed down to death! Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ! We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soit plush, the way, made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up to enter the golden city. We sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint, and all the bandages, and all the salve, for our hand is while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazer and his three companions-drove back the army of Philistines that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, armed Philis-tine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right names.

IMPERATIVE NEED OF AN AWAKENING. We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indigna-tion against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergishites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the the modern transgressions which need to sword and the hand stuck together, and the the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massaore of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church to-day. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we mus go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, put-ting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he

will not surrender. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshipper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "And his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull oven the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and pull back the thumb; but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the

clave unto the sword."
You and I have seen it many a time.
There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church rec-ords the word opposite their names is "emeritus," or the words are "a minister without charge." They are an heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sun-You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand aleve unto the sword." it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

Oh, if there ever was any one who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they destinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at the flag of old General Joshua! On it Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag the sun and the moon sprinkled on the flag the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, one hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry and a rallying cry from the Lord of Hosts as he says. "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfil his promise concerning Level." His

fulfil his promise concerning Isreal." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elm-wood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh no His lest that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom-"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

SPIRITS OF THE MARTYRS. I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react and while you take

the sword, the sword will take you.
You noticed that the officers of the northern army a few years ago assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the southern army assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve and says, "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I your breast to aim at. have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." Oh, my friends, when the or in carte, as this point is called. What have been here a year, and can truly say I shot fracture. battle of life is over and the resurrection has come and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars of bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the foot, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look on those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the places where the tooth and the paw of the lion seized him in the Colisseum; and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first schorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. M'Millan and Campbell and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys

struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidence of earthly exhaus-tion. And Christ, with his scarred hand waving over the scarred multi-tude, will say, "You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven. And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant and St. John will play, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in the battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus, rouse us up to thy service.

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die; They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with the eye.

When the illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

THE ART OF FENCING

The First Principles of the Art-Four Cardinal Points-Some of the First Com-

binations and Simple Tricks Necessary

for the Beginner to Know. exercise. It enlarges the chest, strengthens

practice each day.

Buy a fair set of foils, say \$2, and two

cessful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time.

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LESSON NO. 1. Take the foil in your right hand, holding it in the position of carry arms; head up, heels together, left hand at the side. Now make a half face to at the side. Now make a half face to the left, bringing the right foot to the hollow of the left, and look at me across your right shoulder. Step forward about four-teen inches, with the right foot, keeping the left in the same position; bring the left hand up over the head, so that it forms a curve from your left shoulder and the hand is about four inches above your head. Now bend your right arm, hand opposite right shoulder, palm up, elbow resting against side and point of foil at the height of your eye.

You are now in the base position, "On Guard," as it is called. Bend both knees slightly, as the lower you can sink your body the more perfect will be your guard, since you expose less of your body for a target to the opposing foil.

Now, fencing is divided into two sections

-lunging or thrusting out to hit your opponent, and guarding against attack from his point. As the lunge is the hardest to acquire let us begin with that at once. Straighten the right arm, palm up and on a level with your chin, which will bring the point of the foil a little lower. Now straighten both legs, throwing your weight on the right and leaning as far ferward as possible without moving your feet.
At the same time straighten the left arm so that it points straight up from the

LESSON NO. 2.

That is your first lesson. Practice it before a mirror until you can execute the lunge and recover in one following movement, and by that time your thighs, right arm and chest muscles will cry aloud for

FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.

As you stand facing your opponent or your own reflection in the mirror you will notice that there are four points at which "Increase of Crime by Reformatory you may direct your thrust. These are Prisons" in the October Forum: called the four cardinal points, and are as follows:—The left breast, the right breast, the left and right sides of the abdomen. In the same way your opponent has these same four points upon your body which he may attack at will, and which you must made to him: 'I have got but two months, guard against his point. To lunge at these four points and to protect them against all it altered for me. I want all four months thrusts and combination thrusts constitutes that I was sentenced for.' Again: meeting

As his blade glides across yours turn your wrist so that the thumb is uppermost and bend the hand toward the advancing blade. This simple movement will save you from the prison library are entertaining, and I any thrust in carte, for it turns the advanc- am very fond of dominoes and checkers, and blade away from your breast, no matter with what force your opponent lunges.

Now for the right breast or tierce. if you would save a point. Turn your wrist clear around until the back of your hand is uppermost, and at the same time bring your hand close in to your right shoulder, the foil pointing straight up. What has all this done?

I will tell you. Your opponent, finding that he cannot touch you in carte, drops his point under your blade and lunges for tierce. The turn of your wrist deflects his point from your right breast, and when you draw your hand close to your shoulder you virtually steer his point clear, so that it passes by you. These are the two principal guards, and by that I mean they are the most used in a

fencing bout. Many experts indeed rarely lunge at any other point, relying almost entirely upon their quickness to hit a man in either tarce or tierce. TRICKS TO BE LEARNED.

There are many tricks connected with simple carte and tierce thrusts. First, by reason of its simplicity, comes "the beat." You are engaged with your oppenent in carte, let us say, and have tried repeatedly to touch him on that side of the blade; but, try as hard as you may, you fail.

Then you resort to "the beat." That is, you beat his guard away from carte, throwing it out of line by a sharp throw of your wrist, and lunge at his exposed carte point. Now, it is simply a question which is the quicker of you two. You have the advantage, however, since his blade must be brought back to the carte guard, while your point is travelling straight for his exposed breast. If, on the other hand, your opponent tries this same beat on your blade don't lose your head, but make the carte guard as quickly as pos-

The double disengagement is a favorite trick with old fencers. The double coupe is simply a variation of this artifice, to still more deceive your op-ponent's eye. You cut over his blade to tierce, and, as he makes the tierce guard,

from carte to tierce, then cut over the posing blade and lunge in carte, or coupe to tierce, disengage to carte and lunge in carte. You see the combinations are almost endless. There is one thing to be borne in mind, however, while learning these movements, and that is this-a straight lunge Fencing develops and strengthens uscles that are hard to reach by any other xercise. It enlarges the chest, strengthens ments, and that is this a straight large will often get home while the opposing blade is executing coupes and disengagements. Bear this fact in mind, and if you the lungs and puts pulmonary diseases to flight. It develops keenness of sight. It cultivates decision of mind. It produces an easy, graceful carriage of the body. Can you learn to fence? Oh, you're interested, you learn to fence? Oh, you're interested, ment are all right, but beware how you are you? Certainly you can learn the art.
Your progress, however, will depend upon your hand from the guard position you lay

the number of minutes you give to your yourself open to attack.

Above all things watch your opponent's eye, not his point, and you will soon wire masks; put the latter at \$2 more, and to read there what he intends to do. When there you are. Insist on buying perfectly plain foils and masks, then if you snap a blade fifty cents will replace it.

Wear a thick woollen shirt underneath an ordinary sack coat, because these less and better than all the rest your temper Wear a thick woollen shirt underneath an ordinary sack coat, because these lessons are to be on an economical basis, and this rig will protect you quite as well as a \$4 plastron, and, if you are very particular about your hands an old kid glove will be just as serviceable as a fancy gauntlet.

Just one more word and then we will get to work, and that is about shoes. As good a fencing shoe as even the greatest fencer.

Just one more word and then we will get to work, and that is about shoes. As good a fencing shoe as even the greatest fencer.

Harald

RATTLER AND KING SHAKE. Long and Desperate Battle Which Re-

Some thirty years ago a gentleman who was walking on a country road on a hot summer day heard a rustling in the dry leaves, and, going into the thicket, found a king snake and a rattlesnake engaged in a Sullivan-Ryan fight-to-the-death slugging match. The rattler was the bigger, but the king snake had the advantage in length and suppleness. The king had his jaws fastened like a vice at the back of the rattler's head and was coiled around the rattler's body. The king was trying te squeeze his antagonist to death, and it goes without saying that the rattler was struggling desperately to avoid his fate. It was sulted in the Former's Defeat. gling desperately to avoid his fate. It was about noon and the spectator, who wanted his dinner as well as to see the result of the battle, got a pole and, thrusting it between the entangled bodies of the serpants, carried them to his home, not less than half a mile distant when the king would recover his breath and strength in some degree he would begin to tighten his folds again and the conflict began anew. And it continued thus until 10 or 11 o'clock that night, when the king relaxed his jaws and withdrew. His

The victor lay stretched out at his ease for a considerable time and then began to lick the rattler's body. Beginning at the head he plastered the rough coat down even to the end of the tail. Then, going back to the head, he began the swallowing process. for a considerable time and then began to Now step forward with your right foot about fourteen inches, holding right hand and foil in the same position as before, but bringing the left hand forcibly to the side and keep your left leg straight and firm. The left arm as it is brought down sends you forward, adding to the force and accuracy of your lunge; this arm also aids you in the recovery which naturally follows every lunge. rattler was inside the king. Next morning there was only one serpent in the barrel, To recover the guard position press with the right foot and step back to the base position, bringing the left arm back to its curved position above the head. The right arm comes back to its old position against the side as your body swings back to guard.

That is your first lesson. Practice it here. down-town to get a drink, the barrel was gently turned down and he crawled off into a big patch of hog weeds. And this is no joke, says The Sunny South, but a truthful account of an actual occurrence.

Here is a very suggestive passage taken from William P. Andrew's article on the

the whole art of fencing.

Now you are on guard, we will say, knees bent, right arm close to the right side, all your weight thrown upon the left leg and your weight thrown upon the left leg and your right shoulder toward your opponent, so that he may not have the full front of your breast to aim at.

He said, 'It is a great mistake you fellows make in thinking you are inflicting punishment when you send men here. I punishment when you send men here. I have here a year, and can truly say I 1891. TIME TA feel sorry if my pardon is not obtained. enough to do to amuse me. The novels in find some first-class players among the men. Now, if it strikes me in this way, who have been accustomed to every luxury, how must Here you must be quick of hand and eye it be to the poor devils who never have a square meal outside? Do you wonder that that they flock by hundreds and thousands to the jails in winter? My only surprise is that you can keep any of them out at all.' This is the opinion of an educated man who has experienced the benefits of the system in his own person, and finds them 'delightful'-a life from which he is loath to part. But it is evident that it is far from the 'austerity and severity' which once did 'pervade the prison place;' and it will be hard from this to realize the good man's desire of 'impressing the prisoner with the idea that the way of the transgress is

Feminine Tact.

In a little episode of village life we had lately another interesting instance of feminine tact. Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a village church the bridegroom signed his register with his x mark. pretty young bride did the same, and then, turning to a young lady who had known her as the best scholar in school, whispered to her, while love and admiration shone in her eyes: "He is a dear fellow, but he cannot write. He is going to learn from me, and I would not shame him for the world."

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THE ART OF FENCING.

tierce, and, as he makes the tierce guard, thereby exposing carte, you cut back to carte again and lunge at his exposed breast. If he tries the same tricks upon you only quickness will save you from a hit.

ACQUIRED,

ACQUIRED,

Last of all come the combinations of these movements. For example, disengage from carte to tierce, then out over the combinations of these movements. For example, disengage from carte to tierce, then out over the combinations.

The First Principles of the Act. There are the combinations of these movements. For example, disengage from carte to tierce, then out over the combinations.

The First Principles of the Act. There are the combinations of the com

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6.00 a.m. Mixed direct to Port Hope via Bethany, from Lindsay.
11.00 a.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Whitby, Port Perry and Toronto.
7.55 p.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Toronto. GOING SOUTH-WEST. 9.15 a.m. Express direct to Toronto, from Port Hope

2.00 p.m. Mixed to Toronto, from Port Hope via Peterboro.
2.00 p.m. Express to Toronto from Port Hope via Peterboro.
Passengers for Port Perry and Whitby via Manilla Jc. connect on either 9.15 a.m., or 6.05 p.m., trains. GOING NORTH-WEST.

6.20 p.m Local for Coboconk, connecting at Lorne-ville with Express for Orillia and Midland SOING NORTH.

8.00 p.m. Mail for Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and 10.80 a.m. fail from Haliburton, Kinmount, Fench on Falls, etc.

9.85 a.m. Lo zai from Coboconk, Midland, Orillia, and Lo neville.

12.45 p.m. Mixed from Toronto to Lindsay.

2.15 p.m. Local direct from Port Hope via Bethany.

City Harness Shop, Lindsay.

JAMES LITTLE, - PROPRIETOR

Having extended my business, the last move being to purchase from MR. JAMES LOT LALL his entire stoce and the good will of his business, who now retires, I am prepared to give all my old customers, and as man y new ones as favors me with their patronage, satisfaction in all orders with which I mad be entrusted. My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises

is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand made collars a specialty Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money well invested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose from, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being lower therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in your orders at once and don't miss this gopportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888:-1619.

JAMES LITTLE.

mile distant. He put them in the bottom of an upright empty flour barrel, and the contest continued. The king would become exhausted every few minutes, and his coils would relax. But he never loosened his jaws. Both snakes would then lie panting and resting. Each pause gave the rattler a new lease of life. But when the king would recover his breath

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COMMENCING MONDAY, SEPT. 21st

THE STEAMER

STURION Lindsay, Sturgeon Point and MARBLE WORKS. Bobeaygeen

Will discontinue double trips and run as follows: Leave BOBCAYGEON daily at 8.00 a.m. Leave LINDSAY . 3.00 p.m. Calling at Sturgeon Point each way

Excepting on Saturdays when the steamer will leave Lindsay at 8.20 p.m., (instead of 3.00 p.m.) upon arrival of Toronto train. Single Tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon

Single Tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon 75 cents, return tickets \$1.

Single Tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point 35 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

Single Tickets between Bobcaygeon and Sturgeon Point 40 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

Family Tickets and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates can be procured at the POST OFFICE, BORCAYGEON, and on the boat.

Affarrangements can be made with the Capt. for calling at points on the Lake for grain.

Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms for Excursions of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips of the boat.

For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. N. Co., Bobcaygeon

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Marble Table Tops, Wash Tops, Mantel Pieces, etc., a specialty.

Being a practical workman all should see his designs and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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House of All Nations for Blood. Have been through the fire, but now for blood. The

That were ever offered in the City of Norland. Seeing is believing, come and see. It affords me much pleasure in showing goods, if only to show and compare prices. No doubt you will wonder why I sell cheap? Simply because I do my own business, buy right, buy for cash, sell for cash, have small profits and quick returns, which keeps the expense down, and my customers reap the benefit. Use economy and have blood by coming to

CARL'S.

And see if you don't be better off, especially in hard times. Ask for a pair of ORR HARVEY'S boots or shoes, which are the cheapest and best value that are manufactured. Don't to home with the headache on account of not buying a pound of my 25e. TEA.

Extra No. 1 Flour, \$2.60; coal oil, 20c.; 16 lbs. sugar, \$1.00; new al wool suits, \$5.00.

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HATS and BONNETS trimmed on short notice, cheaper than the cheapest.

Flour, Pork and Feed of all kinds, at lowest cash prices. Terms Cash. Farm produce taken in exchange.
Trust is dead, strictly no credit. A. B. H. CARL,

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