

THE SAIL IN A STORM.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S LESSON OF THE INCIDENT OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Christ Hushing the Tempest—Necessity for Christ on the Rough Voyage of Life—Nothing to be Frightened About—The World Moves.

New York, Sept. 22.—In his sermon for to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage discourses on a dramatic incident during the Saviour's life among the Galilean fishermen and draws from it a striking lesson for the men and women of the present day.

The subject was "Rough Sailing," and the text Mark iv, 35, 37. "And there were also with him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind."

Tiberias, Galilee and Genesareth were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great beauty. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many hanging gardens of beauty.

No other gem ever had so exquisite a setting as beautiful Genesareth. The waters were clear and sweet, and thickly inhabited, tempting innumerable nets and affording a livelihood for great populations.

On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set it in range with the hills of heaven.

The sailors prophesy a change in the weather. The boat, caught in the storm, is tossed about like a cork in the sea.

The disciples are sleeping. The boat is tossed about like a cork in the sea. The disciples are sleeping.

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What you can do by the utmost tension of body, mind and soul, that you are bound to do.

You stand on the bank of the sea when the tide is rising. The almanac says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point and then it recedes.

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of the boat, and I look on Christ's sleeping face and see in that face the story of sorrow and weariness.

When I see him come to the prow of the boat, and they do not outride a storm. After while the packet is tossed abeam's end, and it seems as if she must go down with all her cargo.

I speak to young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and of darkness, of arctic blast and of tropical tornado.

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Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fully scared.

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BATTLEFIELD OF SEDAN.

How It Looks After Twenty-Five Years of Peace—Chat With Widow Bourgeois.

To-day (August 31), writes a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette, I made acquaintance with Widow Bourgeois, the one survivor of the one surviving house in the once prosperous village of Bazelles, which bore the brunt of the fight on August 31 and September 1, 1870, before the famous retreat which brought to the French that terrible scene of carnage known as the battle of Sedan.

"And where were you all through those two awful days?" I queried. "Down in the cellar with the children; but my husband, and I, and the French soldiers were quartered in this village, where they were surrounded by the Bavarians. The whole village was set fire to in the course of the fight, and our house which stood somewhat apart, was the only one left standing. They call it the battle of Sedan, but really the main struggle took place here, and it began the day before, as the advancing Germans came upon the French Marine Infantry who had posted themselves in the village street."

"That I have read; it is generally admitted that Bazelles was the most creditable feat of arms performed by the French on that dreary day." "Yes," went on Widow Bourgeois, "the day was determined stand here. My husband could have told you all about it, but he's gone. He did not die of his wounds, they weren't serious; it was rather a broken heart that he carried off with him when he was shot a hand to hand fight, when the last shot was fired."

The widow's little house remains just as it was a quarter of a century ago. The parlor has been converted into a museum, where some 5,000 relics of the famous battle are stored. It looks like a miniature armory, hung with bayonets and swords, sabres and pistols, helmets and bombs.

Back across the main road and down a lane to the right the cemetery is reached, where foremost in the main path is a small monument the Germans have been allowed to raise to the 800 Bavarians who fell in an around way. Or, perhaps it was an error conducted us down a corridor on the right side of which, in a series of vaults, the bones of the French are ranged, while to the left the German bones are piled in the same array.

Very Frank. Some novel facts about stowaways are related by a writer in Chamber's Journal. As showing what a number of voyages can be made by one stowaway within a short space of time, a good illustration is on record, and is as follows:

The individual in question began at Glasgow, and concealed himself on a boat about to start for Liverpool. Upon reaching that place, he shipped himself on a liner bound for Boston, Mass. This vessel had to bring him back again by direction of the United States officials. Again an Atlantic liner was patronized; but he was discovered at Queenstown. Some of the passengers, pitying his wretched appearance when brought on deck, subscribed sufficient money to pay the culprit's passage to New York. Two or three more times he managed to reach Liverpool, subsequently having his fare paid, before again reaching American ports. This game, however, got played out, and he set out for the Far West, traveling as usual free of expense. Arriving at San Francisco he stowed himself away on a ship loading for Melbourne. Thence he got to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malacca, Bombay, Port Said and Malta. At each place he landed and traveled by another vessel. At Malta, this enterprising stowaway actually concealed himself aboard a British warship—H. M. S. Seraph—and given into the hands of the British Consul with directions that he be sent to England. This was done; and in due course the prisoner was brought up to a London, all the foregoing facts were elicited. Were the incidents not so well authenticated, it would be very difficult to credit such a story.

In addition to being a nuisance and expense, stowaways incur great danger of a violent death. In one instance a man hid himself away in a chain-locked, and when the anchor was hove up the unfortunate creature was crushed to death, the noise made by the stean-which and the rattling of the chain drowning his cries. Upon another occasion a man was found dead under the main hatch of one of the National Line of steamers. He had concealed himself before the vessel left Liverpool, and died of suffocation. Curiously enough, in his pocket was found a novel entitled "Doomed on the Deep." In a third case, a man hid himself in the forepart of a steamer bound for London. While proceeding up the River Thames she collided with another steamer, and the stowaway was crushed to death."

No Ironed Rules for Milkings. There should be no ironed rules for milking; but improper handling will spoil a good milk cow quickly. Note that a careful and level-headed person should break in a heifer to milk. Learn that cows' natures vary, and that they cannot all be treated alike. The cows can learn your whistle as well as dogs can; keep the dogs

LINCOLN AS A LOVER.

How He and His Sweetheart "Made Up."

A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald says: C. C. Brown of Springfield tells the following story, which he has every reason to believe is absolutely true. "Sometime in the autumn of 1840, after Lincoln and Mary Todd had been 'keeping company,' and after it was understood they were engaged, some trouble arose between them, and they became estranged. Each was anxious for reconciliation, yet neither would make the initial advance. Indeed, Miss Todd felt herself so much aggrieved that she had once or twice repulsed Mr. Lincoln's overtures.

"John J. Hardin, of Jacksonville, Ill., a friend of a number of Springfield people were invited. Among them was Mary Todd. Lincoln did not accompany them. After dinner all the young men brought around saddle horses and took the young women for a gallop to the places of interest in the vicinity. So skillfully did Mr. Hardin and his wife manipulate the start that the whole party had arranged itself into couples mounted and prepared to ride, before it was discovered that Miss Todd was not escorted.

"Deeply chagrined, but in perfect control, she disclaimed having had any intention of going with them, and, rallying her woman tact, speeded them gayly.

"Then she sat down on the porch in no very pleasant mood, and Hardin and his wife left her alone. While she sat there Lincoln arrived, entirely without a suspicion of his coming so far as she was concerned. And it was there their differences were arranged; when the party returned, they thought they understood why Mary Todd had refused to go riding with them.

"In the following November Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married; kissing in Assault.

"Kissing a person contrary to his or her inclination is an assault and battery," said Judge Carter of Chicago. The statement was made in the decision of an Indiana judiciary, which decided that kissing was an assault. The case was first brought up in a Packerton, Ind., justice court, which found a man named Schaffer guilty of kissing Mrs. Charles Brown. Schaffer's defense was that Mrs. Brown was willing, as shown from the fact she forgot to speak to her husband in regard to the matter until August, although the kiss was inflicted in March.

The justice decided that Schaffer was guilty of assault and fined him. Schaffer appealed to the Circuit Court, and the jury, without leaving the box, decided that kissing was no assault, and in any event, Mrs. Brown should have complained earlier.

Chicago judges were a unit in deciding kissing, without the consent of the second party, constituted an assault, although in the Indiana case it clearly appeared the defendant was innocently, because, if Mrs. Brown did not actively consent, she did not depose the affair without delay.

"Kissing is an assault," repeated Judge Carter, "under our statutes, although I do not remember any case of this kind ever coming up in an Illinois court. But the statute plainly says that an assault includes every touching, however trifling, in any angry, rude or revengeful manner. Now, then, kissing a woman against her will is certainly an assault, and therefore is an assault within the meaning of the statute."—Chicago Tribune.

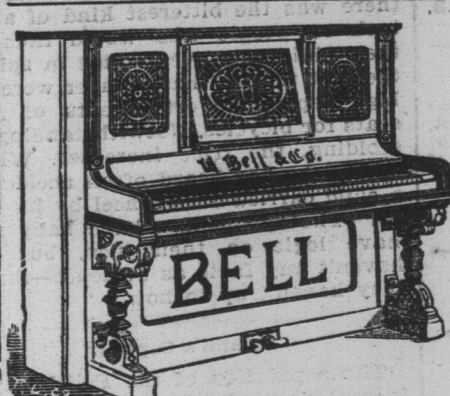
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MRS. JOHN DINWOODY, Fisherton, Ont. Wordworth speaks of "An old age serene and bright, and lovely as a Lapland night." And elsewhere this same writer talks of "An old age, beautiful and free." These are conditions that come to the man or woman, though their years may border close on to a century, when in the enjoyment of good health. In fact it is difficult to think of some of the old men and women on the stage of life to-day as old people, there seems to be such a perennial youthfulness about their every movement and act.

Does someone tell you that cases like this must be the exception and not the rule with those who have approached to or gone beyond the allotted three score years and ten? Not so, if they have become acquainted with the virtues contained in South American Nervine. Be- tained in South American Nervine. Be- fore us in this sketch is the picture of Mrs. John Dinwoody, of Fisherton, Ont., a resident of that town for forty years. No person in the town and country side around is perhaps better known than this lady, and none more highly esteemed. Three years ago it was her sad lot to lose a daughter who had been all the world to her. This loss sustained by this event completely broke up the system of Mrs. Dinwoody. She supposed, her end had come. She doctored for one year with three doctors, and they gave her case up, saying that it

There is nothing wonderful in the fact that Mrs. Dinwoody would proclaim to the thousands of old people throughout this broad land, that with old age does not necessarily come decline, decrepitude and disease. Why should we not live into the eighties and nineties, and cross the border of the century? South American Nervine, whether the person be young or old, gets at the nerve centers, and when they are kept in proper condition the system is as well able to withstand disease at eighty as at thirty. With this prospect in view who would not live to an old age and enjoy the pleasures of family, friends and society, and take a part in watching the marvelous progress and developments of these closing days of a wonderful century, which marks as not the least of its wonderful discoveries, the discovery of South American Nervine.

P. MORGAN, - DRUGGIST,

Agent for Lindsay.