

Wanted—A Minister.

We have been without a pastor Some eighteen months or more, Though candidates are plenty; We've heard at least a score, All of them "tip-top" preachers, Or so their letters ran; All of them sure to please us, Each one a splendid man.

The first who came among us, By no means was the worst; But then we didn't think of him Because he was the first; It being quite the custom To sacrifice a few, Before a church in earnest Determines what to do.

The next, a smart young fellow, With serious, earnest way, Who but for one great blunder Had surely won the day; Who left so good an impression, On Monday one or two Went round among the people, To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion Had not a fault to find; His clear and searching preaching They thought the very kind; And all went smooth and pleasant Until they heard the views Of some influential sinners Who rent the highest pews.

Of these, his pungent dealing Made but a sorry hit; That sort of Gospel teaching Was quite too tight a fit; Of course, his fate was settled, Attend, ye parsons all! And preach to please the sinners, If you would get a call!

Next came a spruce young dandy, Who wore his hair too long; Another's coat was shabby, And his voice not over-strong, And one, a noted young student, Was worse than all of those; We couldn't hear the sermon, For thinking of his nose.

Then wearying of candidates, We looked the country through, 'Mid doctors and professors, To find one that would do. And after much discussion On who should bear the ark, With tolerable agreement, We affixed on Dr. Parke.

Here then we thought it settled. But were amazed to find Our flattering invitation Respectfully declined. We turned to Dr. Hopkins To help us in this lurch, Who strangely thought his "College" Had claims above "our church"

Next we despatched committees By twos and threes, to urge The labors for a Sabbath Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge, He came; a marked sensation— So wonderful his style— Followed the creaking of his boots As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting, His gestures so divine, A lady fainted in the hymn Before the second line. And on that day he gave us, In accents clear and loud, The greatest prayer ever addressed To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon, And gave us angels' food On such a lovely topic, "The joy of solitude," All full of sweet descriptions Of flowers and pearly streams, Of warbling birds and moon-lit groves, And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance, He nothing had to say; He rounded all the corners, And smoothed the rugged way— Managed with great adroitness To entertain and please, And leave the sinner's conscience Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary We gave in former days, We thought it very liberal, And found it hard to raise; But when we took the paper, We had no need to urge To raise a cool two thousand For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all our efforts, We had no chance at all. We found ten city churches Had given him a call; And he in prayerful waiting, Was keeping all in tow, But where they bid the highest, 'Twas whispered, he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers, We ask your earnest prayers, That God would send a shepherd To guide our church affairs; With this clear understanding, A man to meet our views Must preach to please the sinners And fill the vacant pews. —Selected.

Getting Old.

BY CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D.

Simpkinson had seated himself in the barber's chair, and fallen into a fit of abstraction. While the lather was brushed over his face he had a sense of creature comfort, but nothing more. When the barber began to run the sharp razor over his skin, rub him with witch hazel, and finally lay the dry towel over his face and pat it softly, Simpkinson was conscious of a righteous sense of respectability. But even then his thoughts went bounding on their dim and hidden way over the problems how he was to get enough money together by to-morrow morning to cancel a note at the bank, pay off his hands at the mill, get Mary a new bonnet, and

send a check for a hundred dollars for Bill's tuition at college.

These were hard problems, and they made him knit his already corrugated brow.

Just as he was in the deepest part of the business, and had heaved an unconscious sigh, the barber stepped on the lever and gave the chair an upward tilt. Simpkinson rose with it, and in the most absent-minded way in the world, looked straight ahead of him. His eye caught sight of a man, not very far away, who attracted his attention curiously, and, after bestowing upon him a quick and searching glance, he said to himself, There's a fellow who is beginning to show wear and tear, and if he don't look out, he'll be an old man directly.

And then, with a lightning-like flash, he recognized in that way-worn-looking wretch his very own self, William Simpkinson!

The shock it gave him almost took his breath away. He muttered a queer word, and then began to lay the blame on the mirror. He had just opened his mouth to say to the barber, I'd think that a fellow who was doing the business you are would have a better mirror than that, when the barber spoke first, Hair's getting a little bit gray, Mr. Simpkinson. I can remember when it was as black as a raven's wing. Been shaving you and cutting your hair for something like twenty years and more,—haven't I! We're getting old, and no mistake.

Mad! Well, Simpkinson was mad, and no mistake. But he bit his lip and kept still, although it cost him the greatest effort of his life. But what he withheld from the barber he uttered to himself: I'd think a man would know more than to throw business away, as this old fool does, by such talk as that. Just because he's getting old himself he wants every one else to be. Nice kind of an envious spirit!

But the experience struck in, and, when he got out of the chair, he stepped up to the glass and took a good look. While the boy dusted his clothes he stood up straight as an Indian, and when he went out into the street he stepped off so briskly that, from a rear view, you would have thought that he was just home from his freshman year in college, instead of getting ready to go back to his twenty-fifth reunion.

But the first thing he did, when he reached home, was to let himself in slyly with his night key, and go upstairs to his shaving-mirror. Standing in front of it, he first assumed all sorts of expressions, and then after a while, tired of deceiving himself, he just let go of his countenance as the sailors do of the ropes of a sail, and his features dropped into their habitual expression of seriousness and care.

No use. I'm getting old, he said to himself with a pathetic sigh, and then sat down for a few moments' quiet reflection. After a little while he rose, took another look in the glass, and said, as he set his lips, There's a lot of work in the old man yet. I am going through to the end, and I am not going to get melancholy about it either. I have got to get old, but I don't need to get sour. There are Mary and the youngsters to be looked out for. I mustn't darken their lives.

When he went down to supper, he looked so big and strong and fine that Mary fairly blushed, and, when he put his arms around her and walked into the sitting-room, she said, Tom, I never saw you look so handsome in my life!

You don't tell me! Why, it wasn't more than an hour ago that the barber took my breath away by telling me that I was getting old.

Old! The dunce! I would like to have him say that to me. You don't look a day older than you did when I married you.

And then the children heard a queer sound in the hall, and the whole band ran out there, shouting, We caught you! we caught you!

The Legacies of Intemperance.

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

In dealing with the question of intemperance, the personal woes and miseries of the drunkard himself are a very small part of the problem, though it would be a problem pathetic enough if that were all. The sorrowful heart, the quivering lip, the babbling tongue, the disgraceful scars, evidences of shameful wounds, the inflamed eyes,—these are the loathsome credentials of the man strung by the adder, and torn by the fangs of intemperance. But terrible as this is, it is only an insignificant part of the picture that is painted in heart and life by drunkenness.

Isaiah truthfully declares that one of the results of the use of strong drink is to cause one to be oblivious to the rightful claims of God and man. It sears the conscience, and stupifies the soul in selfishness. One of the reasons why

the drunkards can go on spreading broadcast the sorrow which his career causes is because of this paralyzing selfishness, which is one of the results of this sin.

The immediate influence, the first legacy, of intemperance, is to the family of the drunkard. His wife and children and his relatives, be they ever so pure and innocent themselves, must share his disgrace and shame, and they must often endure it after he has ceased to feel the shame and ignominy of his position. This bitter legacy brings usually the curse of poverty, the fruit of twin branches of idleness and waste which grow on the drunkard's tree, to make still more horrible and repulsive the poisonous draught.

One of the saddest of these legacies in domestic life is the hereditary influence of this vice, which often reappear unto the third and fourth generation. The thirst for strong drink acts not infrequently like some of the rivers in southern California, that come down from the mountains, strong and courageous in the fulness of their waters, but when they strike the hot plains they sink beneath the sands, to reappear with unabated current. So the appetite for strong drink sometimes does not seem to appear in a man's children, but running under a generation, comes up in his grandson, a very lurking devil of evil, so that the unfortunate youth, from early boyhood, never hears the clink of the glasses, or sees the glint of the sun on the bottles in the saloon window, or catches a whiff of the fumes from a gro-shop door, but that inherited appetite for strong drink cries out in his very blood for gratification.

But black as the picture is when looked at in the staggering drunkard himself, and in the widening trail of misery in his family, it does not tell all the story. For this drunkard and this family are citizens, and their influence reaches up into all the avenues of power and authority. The drunkard himself may sit in the seat of power, handcuffed by his evil habit, until law is helpless in his nerveless fingers.

Only last year, in one of our young American cities, the mayor was so given to drunkenness that the city council passed a public resolution demanding his resignation, that the city might no longer be disgraced by his debauchery. Legislation has known the slimy touch of the drunkard's fingers, and judges robbed of their brains have disgraced the judicial bench.

Even this is not all, for the public conscience has been seared as with a hot iron, through the compromises made by the State in licensing for gold the spreading of this moral, social, and political plague among the people. The Christian youth of the world have received this horrid legacy from the past. But they have force enough, if in all churches, Protestant and Catholic, in all lands, they would join in heart and hand together, to drive the liquor traffic from the earth, and forever purify from the fumes of intemperance the atmosphere of God's world.—C. E. World.

How to Save Your Sons.

The mother who studies and comprehends the restless, aggressive nature of her growing boys will understand something of what is necessary upon her part if she is to save them from forsaking their home for demoralizing influences and evil companionships. Mothers ought to understand the nature of developing manhood. A writer in one of the magazines says: It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons: Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions

depends on you. Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—Lutheran Observer.

The Wedding Fee.

The experiences of ministers are varied regarding the wedding fee. Sometimes the reward for services rendered takes strange forms. Sometimes it is unexpectedly large, and again it is disappointingly small when the minister is led to suppose that it will be large.

This was the case with a minister living in the suburbs of Boston, who married a young couple at his home one evening not long ago. The couple arrived at the parsonage without any previous arrangement regarding their coming. The minister was at home, and in a few minutes they were made man and wife. Then the bridegroom handed the minister a large white envelope, its contents being in a way suggestive of possible and even probable bank bills. Hastily tearing open the envelope, the minister drew forth a sheet of paper folded many times, on which was written:

"Many thanks for your kind efforts in our behalf, and may we meet above."

At another time this minister married a young couple at the home of the bride. The wedding was a very pretentious affair with a supper served by a caterer and a general indication of prosperity that led the minister to hope for something handsome in the way of a fee. Just before the departure the bridegroom took him aside into a little hallway and said:

"Sorry, parson, that I'm not fixed so that I can do the regular thing by you, but this marrying business is mighty expensive, and—er—er—say, would it be convenient for you to loan me a five until a week from Saturday night, when I will come around and pay it sure pop!"—July Lippincott.

Confessing Christ.

Some years ago, a company of travellers were sitting, one Sunday afternoon, in a balcony of the Planters' hotel in St. Louis. About dusk, the news boys came around selling the evening papers, and distributing hand-bills of some entertainment at the Opera House. To one of the group this was evidently a welcome relief from the monotony of a dull Sunday, for he eagerly read the hand bill, and then called out, This is a good play. I've seen it in Denver. Let's make up a party and all go together. Then turning to one who sat next to him, he added: You'll go, I suppose?

But the young man addressed replied with a little hesitation, No. I don't go to such places on Sunday. I want to go to church to-night.

This answer made a deep impression; and a tough looking fellow called out, Good for you! I think I'll go to church myself.

The name of Jesus was not mentioned in this conversation, and yet I believe this is what Jesus meant when he said: Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

To confess Christ before men when we join the church is an easy matter. Every instinct of gratitude and honor prompts the saved sinner to confess the Saviour before men, and in the first glow of his new hopes and experiences, there is little temptation to deny him. But to confess Christ in society, to acknowledge him always as our guide and pattern, requires the courage and the training of a veteran.—North Carolina Presbyterian.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.—L. E. London.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.—Saville.

HEADACHE ALL GONE.

Mrs. Melbourne Parker, Torbrook, N. S. writes: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders, and after taking one or two felt better at once, and was able to get up and go on with my work." Price 10c. and 25c., all dealers.

Remember this: No other medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. When you want a good medicine, get Hood's.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bock's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

When the hair has fallen out, leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, here is a chance for restoring the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

New Instalment Plan.

A bridegroom once came to the minister to engage him to perform the wedding ceremony, and after all the arrangements had been made the bridegroom-lect said frankly:

"I'll tell you right now that I can't pay all in one lump the three dollars I am planning to give you for the job. I have had a cut in my wages, and I won't have the three dollars to spare all at one time. I'll give you a quarter after the wedding, and then I'll come around to your house every Saturday night and pay you a quarter until I am square with you. I don't like this here getting married on the instalment plan, but it is the best I can do."

Said a Southern minister:

One of the queerest fees I ever received was from a young negro bridegroom for whom I performed the wedding ceremony at my own home. At the close of the ceremony and just as the bridal party of five or six were about to depart, the bridegroom said: You will find fee for yo' kindness out in a co'sh ob de po'ch, sah. I followed the party out on to the porch, and when they had gone on their way I looked in a corner of the porch, where I found a pair of fine fowls tied together by the legs. They set up a lusty squak as I picked

Some women don't know what it is to sleep well. In dreams they are haunted by the pains they bore through the day. There is no rest and no refreshment for them even in sleep. This condition is only one feature of many consequent upon forms of disease peculiar to women. The head aches often, or there are "spells" of dizziness or faintness, there is pain in the back or side, with bearing down pains. These are but symptoms of womanly disorders. Let the cause be removed and the pains will pass, and sleep will bring only dreams of happiness and love.



The most effective remedy for diseases of women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It dries up the debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and entirely cures female weakness.

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant contained in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It is a strictly temperance medicine. Accept no substitute.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., free of all charge. Each letter is treated as a sacred confidence. Every answer is sent in a plain envelope without any printing upon it. Write without fear and without fee.

"I want to praise your medicine," writes Mrs. Sarah J. Burney, of Crescent, Putnam Co., Fla. "I have been sick for twenty years and have been almost in bed five years, and now I am able to work all day. I have taken eight bottles of Favorite Prescription, and four of Golden Medical Discovery, and one of Pellets. I praise your medicine to all. I had the headache but it is gone. My throat is well and cough gone and all my old troubles are better. I tried many other kinds of medicine and four doctors."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets help Nature to help you.

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JULY 18TH

SUMMER REDUCTION IN

Blouse Waists.

In order to effect a speedy clearance of all our Blouses, we have marked them all at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00. The former prices were from 85 cents to \$2.25. During this sale no Blouse will be allowed out on approval or exchanged. You may take them upstairs and try them out. Remember these prices are for cash only.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

them up. The bridegroom had as he went down the steps they were ob his own rail in, never felt quite sure of that—pincott.

Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and for other. That which is done for self perhaps it is not wrong, but perishes. You say it is pleasant, well, enjoy it. But joyous reflection is no longer joy, which ends in self is mortal. It alone which goes out of self God lasts forever.—Frederick Robertson.

POCKET MONEY

People in your town are constantly sending for Rubber Stamp. You could get the orders and make the profit. We want to tell you about it; you will be interested. WALTON & Co. Sherbrooke, P. Q. and Derby Le Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada

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A Little John do not even know his lineage, or his yet he lives in d from the Gospel people round th the sick, the poor stands distinct fr little fisher lad cannot guess wh that those five lo fish he may be carries on his waits with pati the hungry crowd fish are here, th and yet what use all he has his then it must Master took, a and wrought his child heart the perfect way t happy hands th The Master deign lose the lad am No more of him if his life were Nor what is joy sly in one record The veil is backw let that innocen Smile on us from ns to an age of One lesson more the fair deeds live Are only known