

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 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 nice 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 sootid."
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and moon-lit groves,
Of warbling birds 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 too 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 sounding
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 cut-
ting your hair for something like
twenty years and more,—haven't I?

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 re-
union.

But the first thing he did, when
he reached home, was to let him-
self in slyly with his night key, and go
upstairs to his shaving-mirror.
Standing in front of it, he first as-
sumed all sorts of expressions, and
then after a while, tired of deceiving
himself, he just let go of his coun-
tenance as the sailors do of the
ropes of a sail, and his features
dropped into their habitual expres-
sion 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 mo-
ments' 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 him-
self are a very small part of the
problem, though it would be a
problem pathetic enough if that
were all. The sorrowful heart, the
quarrelling spirit, the babbling
tongue, the disgraceful scars, evi-
dences of shameful wounds, the
inflamed eyes,—these are the loath-
some credentials of the man stung
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 con-
science, 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 lega-
cies in domestic life is the heredi-
tary influence of this vice, which
often reappears 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 courage-
ous in the fulness of their waters,
but when they strike the hot plains
they sink beneath the sands, to re-
appear with unabated current. So
the appetite for strong drink some-
times does not seem to appear in a
man's children, but running under
a generation, comes up in his grand-
son, 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 drunk-
ard 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 him-
self 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 res-
olution demanding his resignation,
that the city might no longer be
disgraced by his debauchery. Legis-
lation 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 pub-
lic conscience has been seared as
with a hot iron, through the com-
promises 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, Protes-
tant 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 com-
prehends 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 news-
papers 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 occupa-
tions for your sons: Stimulate
their ambitions in worthy direc-
tions. While you make home their
delight, fill them with higher
purposes than mere pleasure.
Whether they shall pass boyhood
and enter upon manhood with re-
fined 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 this 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 mini-
ster 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 mini-
ster 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 bulging in a way sug-
gestive 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
dark, the news boys came around
selling the evening papers, and dis-
tributing hand-bills of some enter-
tainment 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 re-
plied 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 impres-
sion; 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 ac-
knowledge 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
Sassafras. 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 Beck'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 consump-
tion 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 regaining 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 Satur-
day 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 de
fee for yo' kindness out in a co'sah
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 dizzi-
ness 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 Pres-
cription. It dries up the debilitating
drains, heals inflammation and ulcer-
ation and entirely cures female weakness.
There is no alcohol, whisky or other
intoxicant contained in "Favorite Pres-
cription," 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 con-
fidence. 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
Pittman 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 Prescrip-
tion,' and four of 'Golden Medical Discovery,'
and one vial of 'Pellets.' I praise your medi-
cine 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.

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

Nothing is eternal but that which
is done for God and for other
people. That which is done for self
Perishes. Perhaps it is not wrong, but
perishes. You say it is pleasure
well, enjoy it. But joyous re-
lection is no longer joy. The
which ends in self is mortal. The
alone which goes out of self is
God lasts forever.—Frederick
Robertson.

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the profit. We want to tell 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.