

BILLY SUNDAY'S SERMON

Text—His name shall be called Wonderful.—Isaiah 9:16.

In olden times, all names meant, or stood for something and this is still the case among Indians, and all other people who are living in a primitive way. There are 256 names for the Lord, Jesus Christ, and I suppose this is because He was infinitely more than any one name could express.

Of the many names given to Christ it is my purpose at this time to briefly consider this one. "His name shall be called Wonderful." Let us look into it somewhat and see whether He was true to His name, which was given Him by the prophet 800 years before He was born. Does the name fit Him? It is such a name as He ought to have.

A man once asked: "What's the secret of your success, Mr. Sunday?" I said: "I've got something to say and I say it." And that isn't egotism. I never say "disintegrated," but "rotten," you're not a "prevaricator," but "liar." I like to see a fellow preach so all can understand him, no matter if he is a skunk, a jackass or what he is.

Find the place in this world that comes nearest to being like hell itself, and you will find it filled with those who are haters of Jesus Christ, and find the place in this world that is most like heaven, and you will find it filled with those who are in love with Jesus Christ. You can't argue with Jesus Christ. You can't argue with Jesus Christ. You can't argue with Jesus Christ.

If I was running a glue factory in hell and the devil would bring you dead carcasses, I'd tell him I couldn't use you because I don't have deodorizer and disinfectant enough.

It is wonderful in that He prophesied it Himself. He foretold He would die and when He would die. It was wonderful that He should have been betrayed into the hands of those who sought His life by one of His own trusted disciples, and wonderful that He should have sold for so low a price. Wonderful, too, that He should have been condemned to death in the way He was, by both the religious and civil authorities, and on the testimony of false witnesses, in the name of God, when all the laws of God were defiled in the trial.

It was wonderful that He was tortured and tortured so cruelly before being sent to the cross and that He was crucified on the day of the passover, thus Himself becoming the real passover to which the preserver lamb has so long pointed.

The great wonder of His death was also wonderful. It is doubtful if any other death was ever witnessed by so many people. Hundreds of thousands of people were in Jerusalem, who had come from every part to attend the passover. The sky was darkened, and the sun hid its face from the awful scene. A great earthquake shook the city, the dead came out of their graves and went into the city, appearing to many, and the voice of the people was rent from top to bottom. And remember that up to that time no eye had been allowed to look behind that veil except that of the high priest, and then only once a year, on the great day of atonement.

He had foretold it to His disciples, and had done so frequently, always saying whenever He spoke of His death, that He would rise again on the third day, and yet every one of them appeared to forget all about it, and not one of them thought of going to the sepulchre on the morning of the third day, except the women, and they only to prepare His body more fully for the grave. Womanhood has always been on the firing line.

An angel rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre as quietly as the opening of the buds in May, and the women who were early there found no disorder in the grave, but the linen clothes with which they had tenderly robed His body were neatly folded and tidily placed. And when how wonderful were the recorded facts so different from what man would have had them. He appeared to every one of His friends, and to His best friends, but not a single one of His enemies got to see Him. I know that the story of the resurrection is true, because none but God would have had things happen in the order they did and in the way in which they occurred. Had the story been false Jesus would have been made to go to Pilate and the high priest, and to the others who had a part in His death, to prove that He was risen.

He is a wonderful Saviour, too, because He can save so quickly. Quicker than you think He can give you life. It is only look and live. As quick as you can come He receives, and as quickly as you could receive a present you have been wanting for years you can have salvation. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." To as many as received Him, to them He gave powers to become the sons of God. No need for taking very much time for that.

"You want to choke a person to death?" He inquired severely, appearing at the end of the porch, a cobweb upon his brow. And, continuing, he put into practice a newly acquired phrase, "You better learn to be more considerate of other people's comfort."

Slowly and gravely he withdrew, passed to the sunny side of the house, reclined in the warm grass beside his wistful Duke and presently sang again. "She's sweeter far than the flower I named her after, And the memory of her smile it haunts me yet! When in after years the moon is softly beaming, And at eve I smell the smell of mignonette, I will re-CALL that—" "Pen-rod!"

Mr. Schofield appeared at an open window upstairs, a book in his hand. "Stop it!" he commanded. "Can't I stay home with a headache one morning with the office without having to listen to—I never did hear such squawking!" He retired from the window, having too impulsively called upon his maker. Penrod, shocked and injured, entered the house, but presently his voice was again audible as far as the front porch. He was holding converse with his mother, somewhere in the interior.

"Well, what of it? Sam Williams told me his mother said if Bob ever did think of getting married to Margaret, his mother said she'd like to know what in the name of goodness they expect to—"

"Bang! Margaret thought it better to close the front door. The next minute Penrod opened it. "I suppose you want the whole family to get a sunstroke," he said reprovingly. "Keepin' every breath of air out of the house on a day like this!" And he sat down implacably in the doorway.

PENROD



CHAPTER XI. Music.

BOYHOOD is the longest time in life—for a boy. The last term of the school year is made of decades, not of weeks, and living through them is like waiting for the millennium. But they do pass somehow, and at last there came a day when Penrod was one of a group that capered out from the graveled yard of ward school No. 7, carolling a leavetaking of the institution, of their instructress and not even forgetting Mr. Capps, the janitor.

"Good-bye, teacher! Good-bye, school! Good-bye, Cappsie, darn old fool!" Penrod sang the loudest. For every boy there is an age when he "finds his voice." Penrod's had when he "changed," but he had found it. Inevitably that thing had come upon his family and the neighbors, and quoted frequently the expressive words of the "Lady of Shalott," but there were others whose sufferings were as poignant.

Vacation time warned the young of the world to pleasant languor, and a morning came that was like a brightly colored picture in a child's fairy story. Miss Margaret Schofield, reclining in a hammock upon the front porch, was beautiful in the eyes of a newly made senior, well favored and in fair raiment, beside her. A guitar rested lightly upon his knee, and he was trying to play, a matter of some difficulty, as the floor of the porch also seemed inclined to be musical. From directly under his feet came a voice of song, shrill, loud, incredibly piercing and incredibly flat, dwelling upon each syllable with incomprehensible reluctance to leave it: "I have lands and castles pow-wow. I'd give all for a now-wow. Whi-list setting at my-y-y dear old mother's knee-ee, So-o-o rem-mem-bur whilst you're young!"

Miss Schofield stamped heartily upon the musical floor. "It's Penrod," she explained. "The lattice at the end of the porch is loose, and he crawls under and comes out all bugs. He's been having a dreadful singing fit lately—running away to picture shows and vaudeville, I suppose."

Mr. Robert Williams looked upon her yearningly. He touched a thrilling chord on his guitar and leaned nearer. "But you said you have missed me," he began. "I—"

The voice of Penrod drowned all other sounds. "So-o-o rem-mem-bur, whi-l-list you're young. That the da-a-y's to you will come When you're o-o-old and only in the way. Do not scoff at them bee-cause—" "Penrod!" Miss Schofield stamped again.

"You did say you'd missed me," said Mr. Robert Williams, seizing hurriedly upon the silence. "Didn't you say—"

A livelier tune rose upward. "Oh, you talk about your fascinating beauties, Of your dem-o-sells, your belles, But the little dame I met, while in the city, She's par ex-cel-lens the queen of all the swells. She's sweeter far—" Margaret rose and jumped up and down repeatedly in a well calculated area, whereupon the voice of Penrod cried chokedly, "Quit that!" and there were subterranean coughings and sneezings.

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The serious poetry of all languages was omitted the little brother, and yet he is one of the great trials of love—the immemorial burden of courtship. Tragedy should have found place for him, but he has been left to the hap-hazard vignettist of Grub street. He is the grave and real menace of lovers. His head is sacred and terrible, his power illimitable. There is one way—only one—to deal with him, but Robert Williams, having a brother of Penrod's age, understood that way.

Robert had \$1 in the world. He gave it to Penrod immediately. Enslaved forever, the new Rockefeller rose and went forth upon the highway, an overflowing heart bursting the floodgates of song: "In her eyes the light of love was softly gleaming! So sweetly, So neatlay, On the banks the moon's soft light was brightly streamin'." Words of love I then spoke to her, She was purest of the pish-er: 'Littil sweetheart, do not sew, Do not weep and do not cry, I will build a littil cottage just for yew-ew and I!'"

In fairness it must be called to mind that boys older than Penrod have these wellings of pent melody. A wife can never tell when she is to undergo a musical morning, and even the golden wedding brings her no security; a man of ninety is liable to bust loose in song any time.

Invalids murmured pitifully as Penrod came within hearing, and people trying to think cursed the day that they were born when he went strutting by. His hands in his pockets, his shining face uplifted to the sky of June, he passed down the street, singing his way into the heart's deepest hatred of all who heard him.

"One evening I was strow-ling Midst the city of the Dead, I viewed where all a-round me Their peace-full graves was spread. But that which touched me most—" He had reached his journey's end, a junk dealer's shop, wherein lay the long desired treasure of his soul—an accordion which might have possessed a high quality of interest for an antiquarian, being unquestionably a ruin, beautiful in decay and quite beyond the sacrilegious reach of the restorer. But it was still able to disgorge sounds, which could be heard for a remarkable distance in all directions, and it had one rich califone tone that had gone to Penrod's heart. He obtained the instrument for 22 cents, a price long since agreed upon with the junk dealer, who falsely claimed a loss of profit, Shylock that he was! He had found the wreck in an alley.

With this purchase suspended from his shoulder by a faded green cord, Penrod set out in a somewhat homeward direction, but not by the route he had just traveled, though his motive for the change was not humanitarian. It was his desire to display himself thus troubadouring to the gaze of Marjorie Jones. Heralding his advance by continuous experiments in the music of the future, he fancied upon his blithesome way, the prattling Duke at his heels. (It was easier for Duke than it would have been for a younger dog, because with advancing age he had begun to grow a little deaf.)

Turning the corner nearest to the glomared mansion of the Joneses, the boy jongleur came suddenly face to face with Marjorie and, in the delicious surprise of the encounter, ceased to play, his hands, in agitation, falling from the instrument.

Bareheaded, the sunshine glorious upon her amber curls, Marjorie was strutting hand in hand with her baby brother, Mitchell, four years old. She wore pink that day—unforgettable pink, with a broad, black patent leather belt, shimmering reflections dancing upon its surface. How beautiful she was! How sacred the sweet little baby brother, whose privilege it was to cling to that small hand delicately powdered with freckles.

"Hello, Marjorie!" said Penrod, affecting carelessness. "Hello!" said Marjorie, with unexpected cordiality. She bent over her baby brother with motherly affectations. "Say 'howdy' to the gentlemen, Mitchy-Mitch," she urged sweetly, turning him to face Penrod. "Won't!" said Mitchy-Mitch, and to emphasize his refusal kicked the gen-

tleman upon the shin. Penrod's feelings underwent instant change, and in the sole occupation of disliking Mitchy-Mitch he wasted precious seconds which might have been better employed in philosophic consideration of the startling example just afforded of how a given law operates throughout the universe in precisely the same manner perpetually. Robert Williams would have understood this easily.

"Oh, oh!" Marjorie cried and put Mitchy-Mitch behind her with too much sweetness. "Maurice Levy's gone to Atlantic City with his mamma," she remarked conversationally as if the kicking incident were quite closed. "That's nothin'," returned Penrod, keeping his eye uneasily upon Mitchy-Mitch. "I know plenty people been better places than that—Chicago and everywhere."

There was unconscious ingratitude in his low rating of Atlantic City, for it was largely to the attractions of that resort he owed Miss Jones' present attitude of friendliness. Of course, too, she was curious about the accordion. It would be dastardly to hint that she had noticed a paper bag which bulged the pocket of Penrod's coat, and yet this bag was undeniably conspicuous—"and children are very like grown people sometimes!"

Penrod brought forth the bag, purchased on the way at a drug store, and till this moment unopened, which expresses in a word the depth of his sentiment for Marjorie. It contained an abundant 15 cents' worth of lemon drops, jawbreakers, licorice sticks, cinnamon drops and shopworn chocolate creams.

"Take all you want," he said, with offhand generosity. "Why, Penrod Schofield," exclaimed the wholly thawed damsel, "you nice boy!" "Oh, that's nothin'," he returned airily. "I got a good deal of money nowadays."

"Where from?" "Oh, just around!" With a cautious gesture he offered a jaw breaker to Mitchy-Mitch, who snatched it indignantly and set about its absorption without delay. "Can you play on that?" asked Marjorie, with some difficulty, her cheeks being rather too hilly for conversation. "Want to hear me?" She nodded, her eyes sweet with anticipation.

This was what he had come for. He threw back his head, lifted his eyes dreamily, as he had seen real musicians lift theirs, and distended the accordion preparing to produce the

wonderful califone noise which was the instrument's great charm. But the distention evoked a long wail which was at once drowned in another one. "Ow! Owowah! Wawohah! Waow-wow!" shrieked Mitchy-Mitch.

Thereafter did Penrod—with complete approval from Mitchy-Mitch—play the accordion for his lady to his heart's content, and hers. Never had he so won upon her. Never had she let him feel so close to her before. They strolled up and down upon the sidewalk, eating one thought between them, and soon she had learned to play the accordion almost as well as he. So passed a happy hour, which the Good King Rene of Anjou would have envied them, while Mitchy-Mitch made friends with Duke, romped about his sister and her swain, and clung to the hand of the latter, at intervals, with fondest affection and trust.

The noon whistles failed to disturb this little Arcady. Only the sound of Mrs. Jones' voice—for the third time summoning Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch to lunch—sent Penrod on his homeward way. "I could come back this afternoon," he said in parting. "I'm goin' to Baby Remondale's party."

Penrod looked blank, as she intended he should. Having thus satisfied herself, she added: "There aren't goin' to be any boys there." He was instantly radiant again. "Marjorie!" "Hum?" "Do you wish I was goin' to be there?" She looked sky and turned away her head. "Marjorie Jones!" (This was a voice from home.) "How many more times shall I have to call you?"

Marjorie moved away, her face still hidden from Penrod. "Do you?" he urged. At the gate she turned quickly toward him and said over her shoulder, all in a breath: "Yes; come again tomorrow morning and I'll be on the corner. Bring your 'cordion!" And she ran into the house, Mitchy-Mitch waving a loving hand to the boy on the sidewalk until the front door closed.

Continued next week

What Ails You?

Have you become run-down, weak, emaciated, pale after a long siege of colds? Does the skin show that the blood is thin and watery? Spring is the time when vitality is at its lowest ebb—clean house now—by ridding the body of its accumulated poisons. Refresh the blood with a stimulating tonic.

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little, ploughed right storm the least of ner t so with many of our continuous roll, dip and had not worked in many a stomach, the t that when I went d 9.30 p.m. I found the d with life, but not So many were experi- sickness common to and weren't they sick? I could, but very lit- best, and priding my- at least, could benefit up without the trouble ik, but "pride goeth ill," and that same on had another vic- morning. I did not til I got out of bed, t the least dizzy had my bath, but going to breakfast, I k into bed, and there I remain until I was my meals again. That left for something and was good enough to a glass of lemonade gar and I enjoyed it, ay, I was not just layed in my bed, but wanted something to ed myself, had my dinst there ended my The sea was still very ading to my idea, but t? It is far calm, uneventful sur- hoped for a rough was having it. Most of were feeling better. the evening found al- our crowd right out forward deck. The Thursday, January 6 that and clear, and af- physical drill we were y the sunshine and the boat's log showed 1.132 credit, pretty fair passed on our port side steamer about 6.30 p. s showed quite plainly could imagine she was five miles distant. I doubt, in communica- by wireless, though seagers, knew nothing name or nationality. He chaper helped in a in in the third-class the evening and then went out forward, sit- glorious moonlight things past and pres- mising as to the future. in going to leave off t. I will forward this will pick up my narra- I leave off Thursday y 6. I was warned ard over our cargo of valued at six million n men, for a Friday, rather a monotonous somewhat interesting. In will tell you of our and continue right in the Deaham camp, of our the cruiser convoy e danger zone, and all

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