



“BROKERAGE.”

Aunt Maud—Why, Harry, what are you doing—making such a row, and breaking everything in the room?

Harry—I’m only playing “broker”; this is what pa and the other men do down town at the Stock Exchange.

TIMELY WARNING.

I beg to announce that unless there is a change in this matter I do not intend to pay my taxes next year, and I will advise all my brethren in the Protestant ministry to do likewise.—*Rev. D. J. Macdonnell.*

I WILL not budge an inch,
And unless Archbishop Lynch
Pays taxes on his income same as me,
I will not pay *mine* next year—
I *won't* pay it—do you hear?
You'll have to send the bailiff in, you'll see!

SUKSESSFUL PREECHERS;

OR, HOW TO GET THE BEST KALLS,

BI THE REVEREND PETER PUFFER, WHO GOT THE APPOINTMENT IN PUFFERVILLE LAST KONFERENSE (\$2,000 AND 2 MOS VAKASHIN).

PUFFERVILLE, December 20th, 1887.

In mi previous eppissels tu mi poor, weak brotherin in the ministry, I revealed two grate sekrets in ministereel suksess, viz., namely,

- (a) a singel aim (toward the biggest churches)
- (b) a ability tu trade serkets or swap appointments.

I might remark insedentially just here that letters kontinyoo to pore in bi the hundred entreating me to go on with mi diskourses on this subject.

One chareman writes: Yure letters in GRIP air meetin a long felt want on mi districkt. All mi preechers aspire to be sitty ministers.

Another chareman from the west rites: Yure letters in GRIP air egerly perused, I intend tu have 'em put on the korse in study fur yung preechers next year.

A layman rites yesterday tu say that every preecher on his districkt has declared his intenshin of becoming a sitty preecher. Thay say if old Puffer kood get a kall tu the Pufferville Church whi kant we?

(Nothin sed, you notiss, about difference in nacheral ability, genuis, tallent, or edyukashin).

Then last week twenty kountry preechers wrote tu know if I wood swap appointments for one sunday (with a view to more permanent exchange).

Nineteen out of the twenty offered to vote for me for chareman next year if I wood use mi infloons, etc., and one rote me he kood pledge me 10 votes wich he kontrollod in konferense if I kood get him into Pufferville Church.

I refused every one * * * * (N.B.—I want to say tu every brother who like me has got a good kall—don't fool it away. *When you git there, stay there.*

This brings metu the subject I want tu impress on mi brethren.—*Takt.*

Some preechers set a big store on edyukashin some on sermonizing, some on piety, but for getting the best kalls give me *Takt.*

In this day of keen kompetition in the pulpit profession *Takt* is as necessary tu the preecher who expects to riz as advertizin is tu Barnum. The pollytishin might az well expect to get there without electioneerin, or the Alderman to be elected without kissin babies and soft sodder, as the preecher to rize to \$2,000 salary and two mos. vakashin without *Takt.*

What is takt? Why I shoold say it waz: a ability, parshelly nacheral, and parshelly akwired bi which a man is able to bekum all things tu all men. It is prinsipelly needed in dealing with men—and more espeshelly with women. It konsists in knowing on wich side yure bread is buttered—and keepin on that side. It enables you tu diskover (bi instinkt—so tu speke) the leeding man in every church and pleze him, avoid steppin on his korns, and how to bekum, thro' his unfloons, solid with the quarterly konferense wich gives the kall.

(I know the world attributes most uv mi unparalleled suksess tu mi sooperier genus, tallents et settery, but I owe a good deel after all tu *Takt*). I kloze with one illystration. I wuz preecher in — one year and had okkupide the best church (\$1,500), and wanted to get bak again. Their quarterly konferens and mi own were to meet one Tuesday evening, and they had resolved on kalling Rev. Perkins. I changed mi konferens tu Monday nite, got it tu kall Perkins and so I got bak to the best church. *Takt*, bretherin, *Takt* wins the day.