

I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.

Some find work where some find rest, And so the weary world goes on; I sometimes wonder which is best; The answer comes when life is gone.

A DUTIFUL NIECE.

After an absence of more than 30 years, Silas Thornton found himself again in his native land. At the end of a week's sojourn in London, he began to wonder whether he had made a mistake in coming home.

Silas had succeeded in his mission, although not without a very severe struggle. He had wandered far and wide, and often lived from hand to mouth, before he "struck it" in the Western States of the Union.

Many things, gnat among them, made Silas Thornton think he might do worse than wind up his affairs at San Francisco and settle down in Susan Mann's home.

These reflections were cut short by his cab pulling up at Waterloo station; and they left a pleasant glow on his broad ruddy face, which beamed with good humor as he entered the booking-office and took a first-class ticket for Jersey.

Presently his attention was riveted by a group of three persons—two ladies and a gentleman—who came and stood at the door of his carriage with the evident intention of entering it when it suited them.

"Well, we're in plenty of time after all," she said, addressing the gentleman and lady, who had evidently come to see her off.

Kitty, "Oh, dear, I wish I could have stayed with you both for another fortnight." "I wish you could," said the gentleman. "Annie and I owe the old ogre, as you call him, a grudge for taking you away."

"What an unnatural girl!" thought Silas Thornton. "I am thankful my nieces are not like her!" "When do you say you expect him?" inquired the gentleman.

"Next week, Mr. Dacres; but of course we are anxious to get our dance over first." "But why?" queried the gentleman. "Perhaps the old fellow would like to see the fun."

"Ugh," exclaimed Kitty, "and disgrace us by wearing a suit of clothes made in Oregon! Thanks—we won't give him the chance! And, besides, what's the use of mother writing and saying we're so poor, when we can give a dance, and Sue and I appear in cream satin?"

"Kitty and Sue! Surely those were his nieces' names! Silas Thornton felt dazed, but continued to listen." "Well, I confess, Kitty, you don't look much like an object for charitable relief!" said Dacres, laughing.

"But Sue and I mean to look like objects for charitable relief when our uncle is with us, I can tell you. We mean to wear our oldest dresses; and I have a split umbrella that I shall flaunt under his nose every day, in the hope that he will give me another."

"Kitty, you are an incorrigible sinner!" declared Mr. Dacres depreciatingly. "What would your uncle say if he could hear you?" "Lucky for my chances of a new umbrella that he can't!" retorted Kitty.

Silas Thornton gave a grunt of intense disgust. He had not the slightest doubt now that this odious young woman was his niece; and his kind heart sank within him. He was half inclined to jump out of the train and put off his visit to Jersey; but, while he was undecided, Mr. Dacres spoke to him.

"May I ask if you are going to Jersey tonight, sir?" "Well," replied Silas, dubiously, "I have a ticket for Jersey."

Mr. Dacres seemed to consider that a conclusive answer, for he said— "Oh, well, then, may I ask you to render any little service you can to this young lady? She is travelling alone."

Silas Thornton was compelled to say "Certainly," and the obnoxious Kitty stepped into the carriage. She was delivering voluble messages and kissing her hands, when the guard slammed the door, the engine whistled, and they were off.

Silas Thornton gazed out upon the soot-begrimed chimney-pots of Lambeth and Vauxhall in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Could his sister Susan be as cold-hearted as this girl? Surely she had not forgotten their childhood in their Lancashire home! He would try to draw Miss Kitty into conversation, and get her to talk of her mother without betraying himself.

"Have you ever been in Jersey?" "No; I—I merely want to look at the place." "Ah a tourist! There are lots of them come in the summer."

"Then you are a resident?" queried Silas. "Oh, yes—ever since my father died! My sister and I have grown up there. It's rather a jolly place," she added, after a moment's pause—"there's a regiment there."

"How should I know? I could see nothing but a beard and a broad-brimmed hat on the top. He had had it done in some out-of-the-way place in the Rocky Mountains. He said he should shave before he came to see us; so his features will be quite a surprise. But his clothes—shall I ever forget them? That waistcoat!"—and Kitty threw up her hands and turned her eyes to the roof of the carriage.

"I see—if a man would win your friendship, he must look more to the cut of his waistcoat than to the goodness of the heart that beats beneath it?" Kitty laughed nervously and said—"Oh, now you are breaking out into heroics! But, seriously, I do think it the duty of every man and woman to make themselves look nice and fashionable, if only for their friends' sake."

"So that is your idea of the whole duty of man?" returned Mr. Thornton. "Jeremy Taylor took a different view when he wrote his book on the same subject; but no doubt he is obsolete."

Kitty was spared the necessity of making a reply by the train's stopping and the guard's paying them a visit to inspect their tickets. She was not sorry at the conversation being interrupted; for, though she despised her companion as rough and half civilized, she did not like the tone of satirical rebuke he had adopted towards her. She resolved that the subject should be dropped, and chatted on rapidly, explaining that they were being detached from the rest of the train, which would go in o Southampton Station, and they would be dragged by horses into the dockyard close to the water, and would only have to step out of the train on to the steamer.

Silas Thornton listened as though he were in a dream, and when he got out of the carriage the cold night air made him shiver. He looked at the black shimmering water below him and the steamer puffing and panting to be off, and he felt inclined to turn round and get into the train again. Why should he go to Jersey and face these relatives that despised him? While he was hesitating, two officials promptly assisted him on to the little drawbridge which spanned the gap from the quay to the steamer, and the next minute he found himself on board.

"Good night," said Kitty; "it is too cold to stop on deck. I am going down to the ladies' cabin; and I advise you to go to the gentlemen's, and turn in. I shall come up in the morning before we get to Guernsey, to see if there's anybody nice on board to talk to."

She slipped lightly down the stairs; and Silas, descending in heavier fashion, saw her vanish into a large cabin from which issued the wails of two or three disconsolate infants.

When Silas at last stretched himself on his hard, red couch among his fellow-passengers, he fell into a deep, untroubled sleep, and did not wake until they were in sight of Jersey. Then he rose and went on deck, and saw Miss Kitty deep in conversation with a youth of about 20, who was assiduously sucking the knob of his cane.

The old man did not approach Kitty and her cavalier, but leaned against the gunwale on the other side of the vessel. Leaning there, he could not help reflecting how different were his anticipations of his trip to Jersey from the reality. He was hurt, mortified and disgusted by the facts that the unconscious Kitty had revealed to him; and he made up his mind that on landing he would go to an hotel for the night, and return to England the next morning without going near his sister Susan; and then he would go down into Devonshire and see Maria Crosbie. Maria had been a play-fellow of his and Susan's in their childhood; and, if he gave him a cold welcome and sneered at him because of his waistcoat—well, he would turn his back on England forever, and feel that there was no place for him in the old country.

"I have come to show you the manor-house where Mrs. Langtry lived for a year soon after her marriage," said Kitty at his elbow, at the same time pointing out a square house embowered in trees half-way up the hillside.

"It is prettily situated," replied Mr. Thornton. "We shall be in soon, I think?" "Oh, yes—there is St. Helier's Harbor straight in front of us! I feel quite jolly this morning! Mr. Lovell here has been telling me of so many parties and picnics that are coming off! We must go to them in spite of twenty uncle Silases!"

"Will the old fellow object?" asked Mr. Lovell. "Oh, well," replied Kitty, "he may expect us to show him the island! And, if there is one thing I hate, it is scenery—except at a picnic, you know; and I am sure he'll think us very frivolous, and quite the reverse of what mother has painted us in her letters. She always said we were so good and useful, while in point of fact we never do anything but amuse ourselves;" and Kitty laughed heartily.

"All very clever and very fine to try to take your uncle in like that," said Mr. Thornton; "but take care you don't get outwitted yourself some day, young lady!" Kitty looked up at him with a questioning glance, and immediately changed the subject as was her habit when she was at a loss for a reply.

"If you want to know about hotels, I think you'll find Bree's the best, now the Jesuits have bought the Imperial and turned it into a college. I don't know that I am likely to see you during your stay in Jersey; the residents never do come across the tourists."

Silas booked his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and said: "No, I venture to say that you will never see me again in this world!" Kitty looked as if she doubted his sanity, and exclaimed: "Why, you are quite melodramatic!" The next moment she was tripping across the gangway, escorted by her youthful swain.

Silas was among the last of the passengers to leave the steambot. He took Miss Kitty's advice, and put up at Bree's Hotel for the night, and returned to England by the early mail the next morning. The outcome of his trip to Jersey was the following letter, which he wrote to his sister soon after his return to London: "MY DEAR SUSAN,—You may be surprised to learn that I have abandoned my intention of visiting you. Believing that you and your girls were the warm hearted, frugal, but very poor people you wished me to think you, I had intended—if the arrangement was agreeable to both parties—to make my home with you for the rest

of my life, and to settle twenty thousand pounds on you now, and to leave twenty thousands pounds more to your children at my death. For the reasons which made me change my mind about all this I refer you to your daughter Kitty. I thought I would take you by surprise, and visit you sooner than I named; and I had the privilege of crossing the Channel with Miss Kitty, and hearing the frank and candid sentiments of herself and family with regard to your humble servant. They opened my eyes to your deceit; and the result was that I returned to England the next day, sore and bitter at heart, and went down to Devonshire to see if our old school-fellow Maria Crosbie had grown too proud to know me. My meeting with her was the first gleam of pleasure I have known since I came to England; and I hope we may make each other happier still in the future, for Maria and I are going to get married. Miss Kitty is very sharp, but not quite sharp enough. Tell her that her affectionate uncle hopes she will find her cream-satin dress and the ball ample compensation for the loss of twenty thousand pounds. "I remain yours truly, "SILAS THORNTON."

The old man chuckled as he thought of the effect his letter would produce in the Mann household, and what a bad time Miss Kitty would have when her mother and sister came to know how her tongue had lost them a fortune.

As time went on, Silas's good wife Maria tried to soften his heart towards his relatives; but, though on all other matters he yielded to her wishes, on that point he remained inexorable. The wound was too deep to be healed.—Hilda Rolf in Toronto Saturday Night.

For Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Cramps and Pains in the Bowels, there is no remedy that can be more relied upon than Kendrick's Mixture, for children or adults.—Advt.

Can This Be So? If one quarter of the current reports are true, a section of Halifax "society" especially in that commonly known as "military circles" is reeking with rottenness. The names of women, young and middle aged, who belong—or belonged—to highly respectable families, are daily dragged through the sewers of scandal and are a chief theme of gossip in every circle of life—in families, in clubs, in bar-rooms, and in worse places. If some of the men of Halifax whose wives and daughters are the subjects of so much scandalous talk—which is apparently justified by their scandalous conduct—lived in any other part of the world, there would have been a dozen assassinations or suicides long ago.—New Glasgow Enterprise.

Would Make John Kerr Tired. The fireman in Jerusalem are soldiers, and carefully don all their uniform before going to a scene of conflagration. Four men lead off the procession, each armed with a battle-axe. Each soldier is fully armed. When they reach the fire, they parade around the burning building until it is destroyed, uttering aloud the ejaculation, "Allah is good!" But they throw no water on the flames.—Fireman.

等委利臣庇厘專辦上等名茶舖在聖轉準上

PRIZE OF A CADDY OF CELEBRATED 5 o'clock Tea

will be given to the person that first sends a correct translation of the above hieroglyphics to T. WILLIAM BELL, Wholesale Dealer in Finest China Teas, 88 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

"A Dry Cough"

Is dangerous as well as troublesome. It renders the patient liable to the rupture of a blood vessel or to other serious injury of throat and lungs. To allay bronchial irritation and give immediate relief, the best medicine is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I was recently troubled with a dry cough which seemed to be caused by an irritation in the throat. My physician prescribed for me, but no relief was obtained. A little over a week ago, my attention being called to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I concluded to try it, and purchased a bottle. After taking this medicine only one day, I could see a change for the better, and, by the time I had used it a week, my cough had entirely disappeared."—H. W. Denny, Franklin square, Worcester, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral leads all other medicines as a sure, safe, and speedy cure of throat and lung troubles. —W. H. Graff & Co., Druggists, CARSON, Iowa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE ACCIDENT R.W.W. FRANK 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET JOHN N.B. STEAM BOILER INSPECTION & INSURANCE.

FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, Fredericton, N. B. COLT STAKES.

Foals of 1888 to be Trotted in 1890.

Foals of 1889 to be Trotted in 1891.

The Directors of the above Association would announce the opening of the following:

COLT STAKES, to be trotted for on their Track. Stakes will be open to Colts, either trotters or pacers, that have been bred in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island.

Stake No. 3. Open to Foals of 1888, mile heats, two in three in harness; to be trotted at the FALL MEETING of the Association in 1890.

Stake No. 4. Open to Foals of 1888, mile heats, two in three in harness; to be trotted at the FALL MEETING of the Association in 1891.

General Conditions. All nominations must give name and description of foal, and breeding of foal named, and also the names and addresses of the breeder and owner.

Board of Directors. F. P. THOMPSON, President. D. F. GEORGE, Vice-President. J. A. EDWARDS, M. THOMAS, J. M. WILBY, HARRY BECKWITH, W. P. FLEWELLING, Sec'y.

REMARKS. The Directors think it advisable to continue these Colt races. While there is no money in it directly for the Association, the Directors think that it must be encouraging to breeders.

50c. A WEEK. Lounges, Tables; Wringers, Hanging Lamps; Pictures, Plated Ware.

F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street. HORSE BLANKETS, Harness Leather, Barn Lanterns, Sled Shoe Steel, Tested Chain.

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RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing October 17, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

7.00 a. m.—Accommodation for St. Stephen and intermediate points. 3.00 p. m.—Fast Express for Houlton and Woodstock, and via "Short Line" for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West.

18.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 12.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16.00 a. m., Parlor Car attached. 11.20, 7.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

Intercolonial Railway. 1889--Winter Arrangement--1890. ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.30 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.10 Fast Express for Halifax, 11.30 Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.20 Express for Sussex, 16.35

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, 8.30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11.10 Fast Express from Halifax, 14.50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 19.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave, 23.30

Buctouche and Moncton Railway. On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows: Leave BUCTOUCHE, 8.30 Leave MONCTON, 15.30 Arr. MONCTON, 10.30 Arr. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30

TICKETS MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

HOTELS. ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMÉ, Proprietor.

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