

WHY SHOULD NOT IT?

It was Jean Farman's second day in Yokohama, and it seemed a great pity that it should be Sunday. So Mr. Farman, who was a seafarer and had been in the Grand Hotel on Saturday evening, was interpreter at the mission, and also a distant relative of Aunt Emily's, and had gone off to the steamer to meet them. He further offered to be their "guide, interpreter and friend" while they were in Yokohama. He asked what they would like to do on Sunday. Aunt Emily, who was still feeling the motion of the vessel, wished to rest for a day. But Jean expressed a desire to visit a Japanese church. Mr. Farman raised his eyebrows in surprise, although he said only: "I shall take you with pleasure." Accordingly, on Sunday morning, Mr. Farman and young Howard Ashton, son of the consul at the treaty ports, conducted her to a meeting of Japanese Christians in the church near the wharf. The devotionists, who were of various nationalities, were gathered in the church at the close of the service. A steamer from Bombay had just come in, and was discharging her cargo. Sailors, such as the worst for the whiskey, were returning to their respective ships after a holiday on land. Jean and her friends hurried across the large square in front of the wharf to the pretty street beyond, the Bund, with its semi-oriental houses on one side, and on the other Yokohama Harbor, where the blue waves were dancing in the bright October sunshine. A crowd had collected on a corner where a street led into the city, said Mr. Farman.

"It's only a drunken man," said Mr. Farman. "You caught a glimpse of a fair-haired boy with bloodshot eyes and flushed face, struggling with dark-skinned, short-statured Oriental policemen. She shuddered. "Do they always drink like this when they come ashore?" "Always," replied Mr. Farman. "It is their idea of a good time."

"If I had a brother," said Jean, "I should never let him go to see a mission. It isn't so bad while they are at sea. It is coming ashore in an open port where they can get a drink in any language that meets them. It is much better for them to be on a ship than to be on land here."

"And is there no good influence?" asked Jean. "Precious little, besides the jail and the consul's admonitions, that reaches down to such cases. This Howard Ashton spoke. "There is the Seamen's Mission."

"What is done there?" asked Jean. "Why, there is a pleasant room for the sailors to drop in and play games or find something good to read instead of being drawn away to the ships and held captive on Sunday. There is a lady, a very sweet singer, who does as much good as the preacher, they say."

"What a good work!" exclaimed Jean, as Howard related in simple and plain words the mission work. "Well, Miss Farman," said Mr. Farman, smiling, "shall I send you to the mission as a volunteer worker?" "Don't laugh at me, please," said Jean. "I would not do anything so useful. I might help in singing, and I might be able to read on a shipboard that I should be glad to give, but I could never be a missionary."

"At least we shall write you as one who loves her fellow men, even sailors!" "I am afraid you are pleased to be sarcastic."

"Indeed, I am not, Miss Farman, I only wonder at your interest." "It is then so remarkable?" "Very," answered Mr. Farman coolly. "The ordinary traveler has no time to waste on missions when there are the curiosities of all Japan to be explored."

They listened attentively to Mr. Farman's remarks as he spoke of personal influence and the effect of witness bearing. Then he asked Jean for a solo. She remembered only one that she could render without words or notes: "Ashamed of Jesus!" Standing with her eyes fixed on the dancing waves and forgetting that the audience was composed of illiterate sailors, Jean sang as she had never sung before, and certainly she never had a more appreciative audience.

All that week they were sightseeing, and the next Sunday found them in the lovely mountain retreat, Nikko. Some steamer acquaintances were "doing" the place, and they made excursions in company. On Sunday morning Mrs. Wendt said to Jean: "We are all going to Chusen on horseback, have lunch there and walk back this afternoon. Can you be ready in three-quarters of an hour?"

"But this is Sunday," said Jean. Mrs. Wendt laughed a little apologetic laugh, and said: "There is no church and we must do something. Sunday makes no difference to the Japanese anyway."

Jean thought of last Sunday on the ship and answered gently: "Thank you I think I shall not go out today, but I hope you will have a pleasant time."

Mrs. Wendt answered: "Very well," in a manner quite different from her usual cordiality, and went off with her party, saying: "This little Puritan is much too good for us."

A Japanese house has thin partitions, and the remark with the laugh that followed came back to Jean. Her heart was rather sore under the constraint of a party had subsided. Then she discovered that one young lady had remained behind. This friend smiled over at Jean across the balcony.

"I must prefer staying quietly in today to going off with that gay crowd, but I was not brave enough to say so until you set me the example."

And the rest of that day was peace. Some time later Jean was in Yokohama again, on the eve of her departure from Japan. She had just come in from shopping one day when the "boy" told her that a sailor wished to see her. She went down stairs wondering what it meant. It was a mere boy, scarcely 17, freckled and homely. The moment Jean entered he began eagerly: "I know it's a great liberty, ma'am, but ever since you sang on our ship I have been thinking about the words of the piece. I have looked for you every time I came ashore and when I saw you in your jinkies just now I chanced you to the hotel. I want to ask you something."

"What is it?" "I will help you if I can," said Jean. "I don't want to ask you for anything, but I am afraid you are pleased to be sarcastic."

"Indeed, I am not, Miss Farman, I only wonder at your interest."

Miss Carter couldn't stand it any longer, and just gave her a piece of her mind. Lucy heard her aunt talking about it at the table. "But what is this plan for her birthday?" asked Mrs. Motherwell, as Dolly stopped to take breath.

"Well, mamma, I don't know as you'll like it, and I don't—exactly—though I couldn't help laughing when the boys and girls were talking. They're going to send a lot of presents, not nice ones at all, and they've elected a committee of five to see that they get to her. Grant's chairman. He's going to give her some candy with pepper in it, and Kitty Palmer says she'll make her a cake that looks lovely on the outside, frosted with her initials in pink, but inside it will be stuffed with cotton."

"At the thought of Dolly's birthday an involuntary laugh gripped her mother that her little girl should be so thoughtless, but, controlling herself, she said quietly, as she put the last pan of cookies in the oven: "We must make it more than a party. But I want you to ask the committee to stop here on their way home this afternoon, and I'll show them how to get the best kind of 'fun' out of Miss Carter's birthday. But here comes Mrs. Motherwell with her party."

"I wonder if mamma really approves of our plan?" mused Dolly on the way back to school. "Somehow I don't believe she will. She'll say I can't quite make out from her what she's thinking about. But I'm sure the committee will stop in to see her. I do believe they'll do whatever she asks them to, they're all fond of her."

Mrs. Motherwell smiled, well pleased. "I am glad that thought suggested itself to you, dear Dolly. But just what was it?" "I thought of the way we all combine to bring a day of sunshine into Miss Skinner's poor, darkened life."

"We'll like to," cried the three girl visitors and Dolly, but the two boys hesitated. "I don't feel like playing tricks upon the old woman after what Mrs. Motherwell has said," said bright-faced Grant suddenly, indignantly. "But to keep kindness upon her after all her means to be so kind to us?"

"Ah, Grant, I'm sure the very way to lead her out of that wretched, loveless life! Is it not worth the trial? Think of that verse we sang in Sunday school a week ago: 'Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that grace can restore. Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.'"

"I give in," said Grant, impulsively. "And so do I," cried in his faithful following Mrs. Motherwell. "We'll make you our chairman, Mrs. Motherwell," Grant went on, looking at the others, who nodded an eager assent. "I'm sure the whole school would follow me. Now just say what you want to do!"

"Oh, dreary me! It does seem as if I had trouble enough without that stove carry-on as it's done every day for the last month! I'm sure we're out, like myself! Whatever am I to do with it when the cold weather comes?" Half choked with the smoke, and ready to cry, Miss Skinner then open her kitchen-door to let in the fresh air. It was the loveliest of June days, yet her eyes took in none of the beauty of the earth and sky. Indeed, the sunshine and fresh breeze seemed to aggravate her woe.

In black and white!" said Grant, looking at a card fastened to the stove. "Will you please show us where to put it?" The bewildered woman led the way in silence to the kitchen, followed more slowly by the boys, encumbered with their burden.

"You'll get smut all over you!" she exclaimed, as they began to take down the old stove. "Oh, it's early yet! We'll have plenty of time to clean up before school," said Jim Andrews cheerfully.

The old stove was carried out to a shed, and while Grant kindled a fire in the new one, joking with Miss Skinner the while, Jim kept bringing in mysterious boxes and parcels, which he deposited upon the table. He was so short of time that the old woman did not notice him at first, but at length she turned abruptly.

"What are you about there? What does all this mean? Stop, boys, stop!" as they were running off with a merry "Good morning," Jim spoke so imploringly that Grant paused for a moment.

"Why, Miss Skinner," as she repeated her question, "we boys and girls and some of the older folks thought we'd like to give you a birthday party, and wish you many happy returns of the day!"

He was off now like a shot, while the old woman stood like one in a dream. "My birthday? So it is, but that plucky old stove had clean put it out of my head. Who told me? That Miss Carter, and I don't thank her! But there, I won't be ugly, I won't! The folks have been very kind to me, and how nice they boys are, putting up that stove! Who sent it, I wonder?"

She looked the card up from the floor and absorbedly deciphered the writing: "To Miss Skinner: From the boys and girls of Lynden Academy. Many happy returns of the day!"

"And I made such a fuss about their play!" in that tone, and the poor woman, and then, hiding her face in her apron, she broke into tears.

That birthday was the beginning of the happiest years of Miss Skinner's life. Outraged by the kindness shown her, she was ready to acknowledge that there was a great deal of love and forbearance stored up in human hearts, and through their tenderness she was led gradually into the sunshine of the "love that passes knowledge."—The Examiner.

OVER THE HILLS. Over the hills and far away, A little boy steals from his morning play And under the blossoming apple-tree He lies and he dreams of the things to be!

Of battle fought and of victories won, Of wrongs of right and of great deeds done— Of the valor that he shall prove some day, Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away! Over the hills and far away! Over the hills and far away! Over the hills and far away!

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Help Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Special Attractions: Fireworks every night, grand band, etc. The Association will be pleased to receive all contributions for the fair.

Intercolonial Railway. OF AND AFTER MONDAY, the 8th inst. (Sunday) the following trains will run:

Trains will leave at St. John. Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Montreal (Monday included) 6.00

Trains will arrive at St. John. Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Montreal (Monday included) 6.00

Trains will leave at St. John. Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Montreal (Monday included) 6.00

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**  
GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1889  
Highest Award  
WORLD'S FAIR  
1893  
Sunlight Soap  
It makes the water white and bright, and it keeps the clothes white and bright.

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