

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B., AUG. 27, 1887.

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DIAMONDS AND PEARLS THOU HAST.

Diamonds and pearls thou hast,
Life's joys upon thee point,
And thou hast eyes most beautiful—
My love, what wilt thou more?
My heart has given undying songs
Like waves upon the shore,
And all to praise those eyes of thine—
My love, what wilt thou more?
And with those wondrous eyes thou hast
Tremored me full sore,
And made of me thy captive slave—
My love, what wilt thou more?
—Charlotte S. Holmes, from the German.

A JAPANESE LOVE STORY.

At one end of the long street forming the village of Morioka, in Japan, stood the low thatched cottage in which the sisters O-Suba and Niya lived with a widowed aunt. Their father had fallen in battle, and his wife soon followed him to the grave, committing her children to the care of their only remaining relative. O-Suba, the elder, was a brunette, with sparkling black eyes and white teeth that shone between full, ruddy lips. She was taller than Niya, who was fair and slight, with mild blue eyes and a soft voice.

For over a year O-Suba had been betrothed to Kampei, the son of a neighboring farmer. Their parents had arranged the matter. Though it was not made formal by an exchange of presents, the young people regarded it as settled; and the marriage was deferred only until Kampei returned from a campaign against a rebel prince, in which he was to follow his lord, his father being too old to take the field.

When the young man called on the sisters in order to say adieu, he was mortified by O-Suba's manner, which seemed to show that she regarded his absence as a relief; and his face betrayed his feelings. "Do not look thus, good Kampei, before your commander!" she said laughingly. "He will think you a coward. Go and win glory and come back covered with honors. Who would not be a soldier rather than a mean farmer?" she cried with animation. "A warrior is a gentleman, his pocket full of bright silver and is esteemed by his lord. Go, Kampei; I shall despise you if you hesitate!"

Kampei was stung by her tones and rose hastily. A deep sigh reached him, and on turning around he saw Niya sitting in a corner of the room, her face buried in the loose sleeves of her robe.

"Farewell, Niya," he said.
A soft rose in the girl's throat as she replied, "Farewell, Kampei. And remember, 'Farewell' is not a word that belongs to you, I—we shall be broken hearts when you return."

"You will not forget me, O-Suba? It will cheer me to know that."
"I shall not forget you," she said impatiently; and the young man left, catching a glance as he closed the garden gate of O-Suba waving a gay token, and of Niya with her face hidden in her hands.

One day, a few months after Kampei's departure, his mother called at the cottage, and after relating a pitiful tale of hardships, poverty and debt, said that her husband, who was in feeble health, would be sent to prison if she could not obtain eighty ryos, and she begged O-Suba, as her son's betrothed, to at least lend that sum to her. O-Suba trembled; she refused the money and reminded her visitor that as presents are not yet exchanged their marriage must not be regarded as certain.

Niya in vain urged her aunt to apply a portion of her little fortune to the father's relief. Her relatives were old and infirm; the old woman was going away sadly, when the younger girl sprang up, thrust her feet into her sandals and hurried after the visitor, overtaking her before she reached the gate.

"When must you have the money?" she asked.
"Within three days, Niya."
"You shall have it," said the girl; and escaping from the thanks and blessings of the old woman, she returned to the house. She threw herself on the mat in a corner, clasped her hands and pucker her brow thoughtfully.

Suddenly she uttered a joyful cry. The screens were drawn back, leaving the whole front of the house open; and Niya saw a pair of swallows fly into the room and perch on the space between the wall and the ceiling, chirping and chattering together busily.

"See, sister, the pretty birds are going to build; good fortune will be ours. Sh—! Dear O-Suba, do not disturb them!" and she laid her hand imploringly on her sister's arm as O-Suba laughed at her enthusiasm.

Niya sat there eagerly watching the movements of the birds and their many flights to and fro while building their nest. Her relatives went out soon after and Niya, after a long look at the still busy swallows, dressed herself and went out. Her father came to see about the money, but Niya was not at home and it was long before they saw her face.

When the army to which Kampei belonged was disbanded his comrades gave themselves up to revelry, while he, eager to see O-Suba and anxious to see about his parents, of whose troubles he had heard, hastened homeward.

He was within a short day's journey of his native village, when toward sunset he reached a tea house appearing on one of the posts the sign "Chaya of the Verdant Cherry Blossom." The screens forming the front were thrown back, showing the whole inside of the house, divided into apartments by movable partitions; and in one of the rooms a number of "gentlemen retainers" sat drinking, their songs reaching the passers by mingled with the noise of their quarrels.

As Kampei cast away outside the veranda his dusty sandals some of the female attendants ran out to meet him with cries of welcome.
"Good afternoon, sir! Be good enough to walk inside and rest, sir. The sun is hot, the roads are parched and you must be weary. We have liquor of Tensui and Satsuma tobacco and fragrant tea." With many bows they led him into an unoccupied room, and when food and drink were placed before him he was left alone. He was soon waited on by another girl, who came to inquire if he wanted anything more, and Kampei was astounded to recognize in the new comer Niya, but not the Niya in quiet attire, with the downcast looks, whom he left behind at Morioka. She had gay clothes; her hair was adorned with large gold-headed pins and her face powdered.

Niya drew back in confusion on seeing Kampei; then, collecting herself, she danced, and, pretending not to recognize him, said: "A gentleman of the army of chastisement is welcome to the tea. We are thankful that he deigns to honor our humble house by stopping here."

The girl hung her head but did not answer. Had he been merely scornful at her loss of caste, she could be dull; but he was evidently sorry for her.

"Why have you done this, Niya?" the young man exclaimed reproachfully. "You were not in poverty; you were happy; why, then, did you leave home for such an occupation as this?"

Niya looked at the man silently. Her lip quivered, the blush that mounted from her throat to her forehead faded away, pursued by a deadly paleness, and her limbs trembled so much that she dropped on the ground and hid her face in her broad sleeves.

An old man entered from the veranda, and, after bowing to Kampei, described the girl motionless, with her head leaning against a partition.
"How!" he cried, angrily, "moping in this way with the house full of guests—troublesome fellows, too, like these samurai, who curse and threaten if they are delayed but one moment. Up this instant, I say, or I shall use my whip on your shoulders!"

Niya seemed glad to escape from Kampei's questions, and she withdrew, followed by the old man. Drunk with the tobacco stand toward him Kampei filled and lit his pipe, and while smoking puzzled himself in endeavoring to explain Niya's presence there. The singing in the adjoining chamber grew more boisterous, and sometimes Kampei heard the clash of swords, the voices of the frightened attendants, and the entreaties of the proprietor. It all jarred on the young man's feelings, and he was it possible he would have left the place.

But there were very miserable villages between the chaya and Morioka, and, apart from his fatigue, the way was lonely and dangerous on account of robbers.

He strolled to the back of the inn, and pursued a little flagged path toward a rustic summer house erected on an artificial mound. A slight railing on either side divided the path from the garden, where the summer chrysanthemums, the peonies and pinks were bursting into bloom, while the garden was a little in a few delicate flowers. Some late violets peeped timidly from the shadow of a large rock; around the lattice work of the summer house vine tendrils struggled with dainty elegance, and cherry blossoms, from which the house was named, bloomed in gay profusion everywhere.

Sitting there in the silence of the evening, the soft landscape spread out beneath him, the old man of the garden mounting to the arbor, Kampei almost forgot his recent annoyance and indulged in pleasant thoughts of the future. Drunk was advancing, when he was startled by seeing Niya, who had approached noiselessly, standing in the doorway. She uttered a little scream on finding the summer house occupied, and was about to go away, when Kampei recalled her and invited her in. She obeyed, the blood meanwhile mounting indignantly to her forehead; and when Kampei looked severely at her she hastily brushed away the traces of recent tears and said defiantly:

"Frown not thus, good Kampei! I am not O-Suba's betrothed! I am only Niya. Are not my parents dead? And who, then, will dare to reproach me if I do what I please? Go to Morioka, Kampei, and let you and O-Suba forget the wretched Niya, who will never return to home!"

She rose to her feet while speaking and was about to leave, when Kampei again stopped her and said sorrowfully: "You have chosen a mean calling that your parents would have rejected as vulgar and disgraceful; they would not have permitted you to pray before the god shelf with a peaceful mind. There was a time when I loved Niya more than O-Suba, and now—yeh, yeh!" he continued scornfully, after a pause, "get away, you low creature! You are longer anything to me but the miserable tea house attendant!"

He turned away from her with a gesture of anger. She clasped her hands to her side and staggered against the frail wooden work, making the whole structure tremble, and overcame her indignation, she uttered a heartbroken cry and rushed down the path, past the house and across the broad road.

Kampei followed the girl with his eyes, and when he saw her climb the bank on the roadside and spring into the ether, he slowly beyond, he muttered to himself: "The death of a dog is good enough for one with so mean a soul!"

But he thought quickly came, and he determined to try and save her. Niya rose to the surface of the water, and he did not struggle, but kept her hands thrust into the sleeves of her robe. She sank again in the smooth current, and she sank again, and he hurried her fortitude deserted her, and she threw up her arms with a stifled shriek.

The bubbles that marked the spot where she sank were almost gone when Kampei reached the bank, divested of his sandals and outer garments. He sprang into the stream, and succeeded in seizing the drowning girl, who, though nearly insensible, grasped him tightly about the neck, and clung to him with her arms.

He found the place shallow, put his feet upon the ground, but to his terror they sank deep and deep, and he felt the water gradually rising upon him. He strained every muscle, but the water still mounted until they were both covered. A roar as of thunder filled his ears, and his head seemed about to burst, but he managed to preserve some coolness. By a violent effort he loosened Niya's frantic embrace, and still grasping her clothing, struggled out of the mud and gained a firm foothold, exhausted and gasping for breath.

Though his strength was almost gone and his knees tottered, he held Niya to his breast, looking anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, and her head fell heavily on his arm, the hair, from which the fastenings were gone, falling over his shoulder in a thick mass and floating on the stream.

The incident had been observed from the chaya, and a number of men now stood on the bank in safety. When Kampei had seen the girl restored to animation and given in charge of the female servants, he was forced to join the other guests, by whom he was clasped on the shoulders and praised as a hero.

He slept soundly until awake by the harsh sound of the shutters being moved in their grooves and by the sunlight pouring in through the semi-transparent screens. Being desirous of avoiding Niya he did not wait for breakfast, but set out at once.

Kampei was overjoyed on reaching home to find his parents well and happy, their only trouble since his departure being that caused by the avarice of the landlord. He was pained to hear of O-Suba's unfeeling words on the occasion of his mother's visit to the cottage, and the old lady's story made it evident that the subsequent sending of the money was

chiefly due to Niya's intervention. Then it occurred to him that the girl's present position might be owing to a quarrel with her relative on this very subject, and the idea made him remorseful. Finally he was informed that, despite her engagement to him, O-Suba had during his absence found another lover, a European trader at one of the ports, with hair and beard golden as the tresses of the sun goddess, and that there were rumors of their approaching marriage.

His thoughts turned to poor Niya, neglected by her relatives, insulted by him, and left to battle alone with a world that is so cruel to the weak.

Kampei long lay awake that night, and the result of his meditations was made known to his parents when he sprang from his mat soon after daybreak. The old couple approved of his proposals, and went to the veranda to say farewell, and to watch him fondly as he walked with a light step towards the highway, tying under his chin as he went his conical broad-brimmed straw hat. Before he had gone far his father called him back. "Take my purse, son," he said; "chaya keepers are very hard to deal with unless they see the money bag in your hand. You will find in this the gold pieces you brought home yesterday."

The sun was still high in the heavens when Kampei stopped at the "Chaya of the Verdant Cherry Blossom," and, after exchanging salutations with the proprietor, begged to see the girl Niya. She was brought into his presence, looking pale and alarmed, and casting timid glances at the young man from under her long lashes. Her hands played nervously with her robe and she looked about anxiously for a place as far as possible from Kampei.

"Niya," he said, "I am not angry with you, but I want to know why you left home."

A faint cry was her only reply.
"Had I any connection with it—I, Kampei!"

The girl hung her hands and turned her face away, looking distressed, without, however, uttering a word.
"Would you like to come home again, little Niya?" he went on in encouraging voice.

"Yah, yah! you are too fast, young sir!" broke in the hostess, who was sitting on the veranda smoking, and listening to Kampei. "You are too fast. She is mine for two years. I have the agreement signed by herself, with her receipt for the money."

"Money?" cried Kampei. "She has sold herself, then. But," he continued more calmly, "I am willing to pay you back again. See," and saying this he drew out his purse, showing to the master of the house a number of gold coins.
"How much was it, I pray you, good sir?"
"Eighty ryos," said the hostess.

"Eighty ryos," echoed Kampei, a light dawning upon him.
"Why," the hostess went on angrily, "that is the very price in which I gave the girl the money, and yet you pretend not to know that she is bound to me! What is the meaning of this deceit?"

Kampei recoiled. All was now plain to him. To save his parents from ruin, his father probably from this date, this poor girl, tenderly reared, sold herself into virtual slavery, even stripes, would be her lot, if he had almost allowed her to drown herself when driven mad by his taunts! Poor Niya! And she did this for—was it for his parents or for him? The question made him thoughtful.

Meanwhile Niya, her forehead pressed against the partition, sobbed. The moment she learned that she had arrived, Kampei now knew why she was there, knew that it was for his sake she had left her dear village. Yet she was frightened. What business had she to interfere in the affairs of grown people? What did she know of the world? What should she do? She was only a few feet from her, looking at her most intensely—she knew it without turning around; she felt his gaze pierce her, and was Kampei and what should she do?

Kampei rose, moved to Niya's side and whispered: "Was it for my sake you did this, Niya?"

"Why should I do it for you?" she replied, evasively.

"Niya," he said, looking sharply at her, "I am no longer affianced to O-Suba; she is a fair-haired foreigner, and is about to marry him."

She turned quickly, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling through tears like the sun through mist, and in the happy smile that lit up her face Kampei read her secret.

"Then you love me!" he cried, and Niya's smile and blush said "Yes."

"You did not consult the girl's relatives," said the young man, turning to the host.

"She told me she had none," stammered the other, alarmed for the legality of his agreement.

"Destroy the indenture, and receive back your money, good sir, I beg," said Kampei.

The tea house keeper agreed, and, while the two men drank a cup together, he confided to Kampei that he was not sorry to cancel the bargain, as the girl did not suit. "She moped too much," he said; "she had some hidden grief—the cause of which," he added, with a smile, "I can now divine."

O-Suba and her husband left Morioka, and went to live in one of the open ports; and Kampei and Niya after their marriage occupied the cottage formerly tenanted by the sisters. They now have three children, whom their relatives combine to ruin by indulgence; and the eldest, a sturdy boy, already speaks of the time when he will wear his father's sword, and take his place in fighting against the enemies of the mikado.—Cassell's Sanitary Magazine.

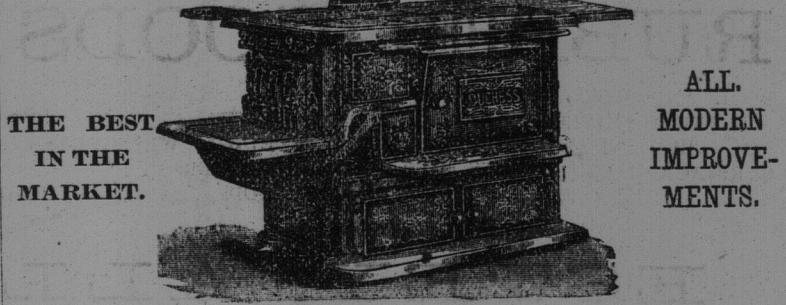
Sound Philosophy.
A doctor said to his patient on his first visit: "You are a very sick man. If you have any business to do, anything to put in order, it will be well for you to do it at once." "Doctor, you don't think I am going to die?" "Yes, there is little hope for you." The man had sense enough not to be frightened to death, and said: "Well, I've had a great deal of trouble in my life, and most of it never happened. He defeated the doctor's prediction."

Waiting in Europe.
A writer in The St. James Gazette says that there are hardly two nations in Europe that dance the waltz in similar fashion. The differences are in rhythm, time and style, so that a cosmopolitan dancing party suggests a resemblance to the fan chorus in Bob Sawyer's room, when every one sang the tune he knew best.

How to Stand.
A Pennsylvania veteran soldier says that by throwing the weight of the body forward upon the balls of the feet, one-half of the weariness accompanying long standing will be avoided. His advice is, "Don't stand on your heels."

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MRS. W. H. MOORE,
South Farmington, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.

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