

POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2034

THE STAR ST. JOHN N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 8 1909

THREE

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE

We have the best \$8.75 (Eight dollars and seventy-five) Brown Suit in St. John, all sizes for men from 34 to 42 very latest style; see these suits. You would pay almost double the above price in other stores for as good a suit as this \$8.75 one. Don't delay if you want a Brown Suit for Easter.

THE UNION CLOTHING CO. STORE

26 and 28 Charlotte Street.

Store Open Every Evening Till 8 O'clock

Classified Advertisements.

BUSINESS CARDS

WHITEWASHING AND KALSO-MINING, or general cleaning done by a respectable colored man. Apply 2 City Road. (Rear)

WHITEWASHING and KALSO-MINING done to order. Orders from 40 cents upwards. Orders left at The People's Dairy, Union St.; Central Fish Store, or 9 Union Alley. J. H. GRAYES.

I HAVE 30 TONS GOOD NEW BRUNSWICK COAL will sell for \$4.00 a ton, cash. Delivered. Tel. 41. JAMES S. McGUIVER, Agent, 5 Mill St.

EYES TESTED FREE—Difficult refractions solicited. C. STEWART PATTERSON, 25 Brunswick St.

D. FITZGERALD, 25 Dock Street. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers repaired. Also a full line of Men's Boots and Shoes at reasonable prices. Rubber Heels attached free. 1-4-08.

BLENDA S. THOMSON—Private Tuition in Voice Culture 165 Main Street, City.

W. V. HATFIELD, Mason, Plasterer, Builder, Stucco work in all its branches. 844 Union St. Estimates furnished. Only union men employed. Telephone 1619.

S. A. WILLIAMS, CARPENTER and CONTRACTOR, office 109 Prince William Street. Telephone 201. All kinds of work promptly attended to.

J. D. McAVITY, dealer in hard and soft coal. Delivery promptly in the city. 29 Brunswick street.

WM. L. WILLIAMS, successor to M. A. Phipps, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchant, 115 and 117 Prince William St. Established 1876. Write for family price list.

F. C. WESLEY CO., Artists, Engravers and Electrotypers, 69 Water Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 222.

E. LAW, Watchmaker, 2 Coburg St.

FOR SALE—New Scale Williams piano. Beautiful Mahogany Case. Will be sold at a great bargain if applied for at once. THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., LTD., 7 Market Square.

FOR SALE—Two horses, one a heavy mare; a number of cows; one covered milk wagon; one lumber wagon; one moving machine; one hay rack; and other farming machinery. Apply to SHAND BROS., Mahogany Road, Phoenix West 209-2.

FOR SALE—Buff Orpington Eggs for hatching. \$1.50 per 15. F. H. TIPPET, 45 Prince William St.

FOR SALE—One express wagon. Apply 102 Union St.

FOR SALE—Covered wagon, phaeton and horse. Apply 223 Brunswick street.

SUMMER COTTAGE BUILDING. LOTS—\$2,500—\$50.00 each. Overlooking St. John River, with "Right of Way" to nice sandy beach and C. P. R. Station. Marlinson, faces G. GEO. H. EVANS, 62 Water St. Telephone 716.

FOR SALE—Marble and granite works on Brunswick street, carried on by the late Robert Bardsley, including shop, tools, rough and finished stock. For particulars, apply to JOHN B. BARDSLEY, 179 Union St.

FOR SALE—A number of choice building lots for sale at Renfrew. Apply G. M. HUMPHREYS, 307 Princess St. Telephone Main 2255.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—The person seen picking up a fox terrier on Saturday answering to the name of Alice, kindly return to MRS. GEORGE C. ASHLAND, 347 King St. East.

RING LOST—A gentleman's ring with stone setting, between King St. East and Union St., via Sydney St. Finder will be rewarded leaving at Star Office.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—On the 6th inst. Brown Collie Dog with white breast. Anyone found harboring same will be prosecuted. Return to 227 Union St.

YAMAZAKI

By OCTAVIA ROBERTS.

(Continued.)

With a whistle of dismay from Weston, the party withdrew, leaving Yamazaki the door.

The battle in the kitchen was but a mild foreshadowing of the conflict that was to follow. When Nora appeared the following morning red-eyed and swollen, it was to find breakfast well under way, the house in order and Yamazaki in complete charge.

Jealous of her usefulness, prepared some special duty for her young mistress, he seized it from her unwilling hands and bore it in triumph for her approval. Moreover, he adapted himself to the little household in a hundred ways beyond her powers; he fixed the sewing machine, repaired the electric lights, clambered like a cat to the roof and untangled the wires of the telephone.

He was never ill, he had no friends with whom to gossip. In idle moments he flew to his room and plunged into his studies. Naturally he was the envy of the neighborhood.

At the end of a fortnight Mrs. Weston, overborne by these demonstrations of ability, yielded to his entreaties to undertake all of the work. To her relief old Nora spared her the pains of a formal dismissal, by one evening giving notice.

The following day, under faint protest, she drove away to the country in her brother's old buggy. At parting Yamazaki, in the magnanimity of his victory, seized her trunk, balanced it on his black head and whirled it into the back of the buggy. His flat expressionless face, under his high white cap, was the last old Nora saw of the little household. Thereafter Yamazaki on double pay ran the house.

To the Westons the change was at first a relief. Nora's grief, jealous of her usefulness, prepared some special duty for her young mistress, he seized it from her unwilling hands and bore it in triumph for her approval. Moreover, he adapted himself to the little household in a hundred ways beyond her powers; he fixed the sewing machine, repaired the electric lights, clambered like a cat to the roof and untangled the wires of the telephone.

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comparison. Why, he amuses himself in his leisure with books upon chemistry.

"Why does such a man stay here?" asked Mrs. Fletcher.

"I suppose he likes domestic work. You know many people think it would give us a permanent servant class to open our gates to them. They are content with household work. He'll do anything."

"And studies chemistry for pleasure?"

"Yes, indeed, and mechanical drawing, too. I wouldn't take anything for Yamazaki. I hope he stays forever and becomes the kind of old family servant the colored people used to be."

Mrs. Fletcher was silent but unconvinced, and in an effort at her complete subjection, Ethel Weston persuaded her to come to dinner the coming Sunday. This dinner she ordered for seven o'clock in the proud consciousness at that hour every other family in the suburb was forced to sit down to black tea.

The next evening Mrs. Fletcher, a practical middle-aged woman in the adopted years before, arrived. She kissed her daughter grimly, unmolested by all the pretty display in her house, unawed by the ever present Van Vorsts.

Her first remark ignored the presence. "Why do you do your washing on the Sabbath-day?" In my time I would have expected a rain of brimstone.

"Washing? We don't, what can you mean?"

Mrs. Fletcher pointed to the window where a long line of clothes dangled conspicuously across the garden, still visible by street lamps. He had her daughter laughing unawakened. "I suppose Yamazaki forgot it was Sunday. He never can remember, he always makes the lot."

Yamazaki's dinner was an artistic triumph. The Westons were radiant behind their pretty glass and china and candlesticks. The Van Vorsts were in high spirits too, and kept the ball of conversation rolling briskly. Van Vorst electrified the company by asking them to celebrate with him the completion of an automatic car coupler upon which he had worked in leisure moments for five years. Once patented, he had no doubt and said he would have an easy market. In his triumph he sprang from the table, brought his miniature device from his overcoat pocket and spread it before them. His scientific explanation left them blank but sympathetic. Suddenly, in the midst of further elucidation, Van Vorst began a horrified search for an important part. Only when his hand had increased to frenzy was it discovered that Yamazaki had gathered it up with the coffee cups at the dinner's conclusion.

He was profuse in his apology. "Excuse," said J. Yamazaki. "I thought him no good. You want Yamazaki, I am very sorry. Excuse."

The little company smiled. "There's a treasure for you," said Van Vorst. "That fellow knows his place. He drew a troubled sigh, his mind for an instant on his present run of luck. He never knew where time went when he was again when the coupler is on the market."

The praise for Yamazaki, partly for Mrs. Fletcher's benefit, broke out at intervals during the evening. "The weather though late in October, the moonlight the little fountain dripped and shimmered and the Westons eagerly told of the Japanese turn of mind. A decorative border of moss and stone. Before the little group dispersed they led the way over the lawn to exhibit his handiwork."

Once behind the fountain Mrs. Fletcher was the first to speak. "What do you keep in the basin?"

"Keep? Nothing."

"Something moved, I could swear."

They all drew near. Suddenly from the water's depths a voice floated, a metallic voice raised in cold, uncouth melody.

"Pleasant. I like it if you excuse. Japanese boy all times must have been."

The young people fed laughing across the lawn. Mrs. Fletcher followed in dignified staidness. The moonlight the little fountain dripped and shimmered and the Westons eagerly told of the Japanese turn of mind. A decorative border of moss and stone. Before the little group dispersed they led the way over the lawn to exhibit his handiwork."

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