

POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2 3 4

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1908

THREE

Great success at our MID-SUMMER SALE and now we find lots of

Odds and Ends

which we are clearing out at very low figures to effect a thorough clearance. Come in and see our bargains, they are too numerous to mention in this limited space.

Union Clothing Co.,

26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John N. B., Opposite City Market.

ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

Classified Ads.

ONE CENT PER WORD per issue is all it costs to insert advertisements like those appearing below in the lively columns of THE SUN or STAR. This ensures them being read in 6,500 St. John homes every evening, and by nearly 8,000 people during the day. SUN and Star Classified ads. are veritable little busybodies.

6 insertions for the price of 4

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Field of standing hay. G. F. MATTHEW, 48 Summer St. 29-7-4

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Eight roomed house with barn, 205 Duke St. (West). Rent \$12.00 per month. J. W. MORRISON, 50 Princess St. Phone 1513-22. 29-7-4

FOR SALE—Farm for sale, 50 acres, house and two barns, 1 1/2 miles from city. Apply to C. H. Ferguson, bar-bar, 29-7-4

FOR SALE—20 Good Laying Hens, cheap. Also 2 Cooked and Dog Pups 11 months old. Color, 1 Golden Straw and 1 jet black. Enquire at 51 Broad Street. 29-7-4

FOR SALE—Gordon Printing Press. Print 10 by 15 sheet. Apply JOHN T. MCGOLDRICK, Lower Cove. 29-7-4

HORSE FOR SALE—10 years old. Suitable for grocery express or farm work. Also one good milk cow five years old. Inquire 145 Elliott Row. 29-7-4

FOR SALE—A handsome cabinet grand Steinway piano, but three months in use owner has good reasons for selling at low figure. Address Box 442, Star Office. 29-7-4

ROOMS AND BOARDING

BOARDING AND ROOMS—MRS. SHANKS, 12 Chipman Hill. 29-7-4

LODGING—20 Brussels, near Union. 29-7-4

FURNISHED ROOMS at 20 Horsefield street. 29-7-4

GOOD FURNISHED ROOMS with or without board, 27 Coburg street. 29-7-4

PARTIES DESIRING first class accommodation in central locality, apply 85 Coburg St. 29-7-4

ROOMS AND BOARD—Apply 148 Union street. 29-7-4

ROOMS WITH BOARD—15 Paddock street. Telephone 187-13. 29-7-4

TO LET—Two furnished rooms, heated. Apply 18 Peter street. 29-7-4

BOARDERS WANTED—Gentlemen can be accommodated at 10 and 12 Charles Street. 29-7-4

THREE FURNISHED ROOMS—Heated. 24 Orange St. 29-7-4

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET—At Rideau Hall corner of Union and Prince William Sts 19-5-4

MISCELLANEOUS

TOM HUM has bought Hong Kong Restaurant, 54 Mill street, and will not pay bills contracted by former owner. 29-7-4

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS visiting Boston will find nice rooms at 47 Appleton St. 29-7-4

SITUATIONS VACANT — MALE

WANTED—A first class cooper. Apply Trainor's Cooperage, Peters Wharf. 29-7-4

WANTED—Two boys to learn tin-smithing and plumbing. Apply MITCHELL, the Stove Man, 204 Union St., opposite Opera House. 29-7-4

WANTED—Sixteen for Carlton Presbyterian Church from Aug. 1st. Reference required. Apply to S. D. WILSON, Woodville Road, West End. 29-7-4

WANTED—Experienced canvasser (man or woman) for St. John. To a worker, one half of gross sales will be paid as commission. Address Box 403, Star Office. 29-7-4

GOOD SITUATIONS for good cooks, housemaids and general servants; also men. At Grant's Employment Agency, 78 St. James street, W. E. 16-4-4

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Lady's gold watch between Brussels street and Willow Grove. Liberal reward at Star Office. 29-7-4

LOST—Between Adelaide street and Cedar Theatre, or in Cedar Theatre, a DOUBLE BAR PADLOCK BROOCH. Finder please leave at or notify Sun Office. 29-7-4

WANTED

WANTED TO RENT—Small furnished country house, within fifteen miles of city. Apply giving particulars and terms to Box 490, Star Office. 29-7-4

WANTED—By a young woman (excellent to earn a college education) a position as collector. A. C. D., General P. O. 29-7-4

WANTED TO PURCHASE—Gentleman's cast-off clothing, footwear, furs, jewelry, diamonds, musical instruments, fire arms, tools, etc. Call or send postal. H. GILBERT, 24 Mill St., City. 29-7-4

WANTED—From 150 to 200 feet of garden hose. State price and time in use. Address Box 409, Star Office. 29-7-4

BUSINESS CARDS

CHIMNEYS AND FURNACES CLEANED—Prompt attention to all orders left at 144 Mill St., 13 Dock St., and Hall's Book Store, 57 King St. JAMES HAPPEY, is Drury Lane. 29-7-4

FIRST CLASS DRESSMAKING, 157 Queen street, left hand bell. 7-2-4

Let me have your order for fresh mined Broad Cove Coal, daily expedited. delivered promptly. JAMES S. McGOVERIN, 5 Mill St. Telephone 42. 29-7-4

W. V. HATFIELD, Mason, Plasterer, Builder, Stucco work in all its branches. 2444 Union St. Estimates and Retail. Only union men employed. Telephone 1618. 29-7-4

S. A. WILLIAMS, CARPENTER and CONTRACTOR, office 109 Prince William Street, Telephone, 2031. All kinds of work promptly attended to. 29-7-4

FIREWOOD—Mill Wood cut in stove lengths. For sale in City \$1.25. North End, P. O. Pay the driver. This wood is just from mill MURRAY and OREGORY, LTD., Phone 231. 29-7-4

J. D. McVINTY, dealer in hard and soft coals. Delivery promptly in the city, 29 Brussels street. 29-7-4

WM. L. WILLIAMS, successor to M. A. Finn, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchant, 110 and 112 Prince Wm. St. Established 1870. Write for family price list. 29-7-4

D. FITZGERALD, 28 Dock street Boots, Shoes and Rubbers repaired. Also a full line of Men's Boots and shoes at reasonable prices. Rubbers Heals attached 35c. 1-1-07-4

HOUSE PAINTING—Now is the time to arrange for your spring house cleaning. I am prepared to give estimates on all kinds of house work. Paper Hanging, Tinting, Painting and Graining, Whitewashing, etc. All kinds of Sign Work a specialty. Prices low Good Work guaranteed. F. W. EDDLESTON, 63 Sydney street; House 10 Haymarket Square, Telephone 1611. 29-7-4

F. C. WESLEY Co., Artists, Engravers and Electrotypers, 59 Water street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 282. 29-7-4

E. LAW, Watchmaker, 3 Coburg St. 29-7-4

BAGGAGE TRANSFER

S. J. WITHERS, GENERAL CARTAGE Agent, 50 Germain street, Phone 1666, West side Express. Furniture packed, moved, stored. 29-7-4

SITUATIONS VACANT—FEMALE

WANTED—Woman to put on neck bands. Apply, at once, to UNGARS' CHELL, the Stove Man, 204 Union St., opposite Opera House. 29-7-4

WANTED—Experienced lady stenographer desires position; references. Apply Box 10, Star. 29-7-4

WANTED—Two girls, AMERICAN STEAM LAUNDRY. 29-7-4

WANTED—Girls, hand sewers, wanted at once. Apply Kaplan, Shaw and Co., 71 Germain street. 12-6-4

TO LET

TO LET—Pleasant bedroom and bath furnished. Apply at 80 Portland St., after 6 p. m. 4-7-4

TO LET—Pleasant furnished rooms. 29 Elliott Row. 29-7-4

ARTICLES FOR SALE

PERFORATED SEATS DIFFERENT shapes and sizes, bring pattern. Varnish, Stains, Shellac, Oils, Turpentine, Enamels, Paints, Glass and Putty, Shell Hardware, Dental 17 Waterloo Street. 29-7-4

DE-WAY



The Noted Palmist,

25 CARLETON ST.

Your Real Life Told at Last.

Starting predictions for everybody. Almost beyond belief. Prof. DeWay, the most remarkable Clairvoyant and Palmist that people exclaim: "Truly the days of the ancient prophets have returned." He of modern times. So marvelous and dumbfounding are his readings of human life, the object of your visit, gives names, date, location, etc. concerning any one or anything. He develops mediums unites the separated, causes a speedy and happy marriage with the one of your choice, develops personal magnetism and the power to control and influence others, even though miles away. His information is clear and acute on health, business, love, marriage, divorce, changes, courtship, lawsuits in small family, family difficulties, etc. His predictions are authentic and his advice reliable. He may be consulted by any one in the trouble or doubt of any character, concerning any important matter of life. His information and advice are clear, concise and to the point. 25 Carleton street. Tel. 1322-3. 29-7-4

DOMESTICS WANTED

WANTED—For one month at Westfield, someone to do light housework in small family. High wages, and a chance to go to Boston in the autumn. Apply at T. R. D. Office, 11 Ward St., St. John. 29-7-4

WANTED—A maid in a family of two. Apply 115 Elliott Row. 29-7-4

WANTED—One kitchen girl and second cook at CARLETON HOUSE. 29-7-4

WANTED—Three table girls. KENNEDY'S HOTEL, St. Andrews. Telephone. 29-7-4

WANTED—At once, girl for general housework. Apply 46 Waterloo St. 29-7-4

WANTED—Immediately, girl for general housework in small family. Apply at 247 Charlotte street. 29-7-4

WANTED—A respectable elderly lady in small family. Apply 448 St. John. 29-7-4

WANTED—To take for New York, capable girl for general housework in small family; references required. Apply by letter only to MRS. A. T. STRIDER, care of Mrs. John M. Robinson, 11 Carleton St. 29-7-4

WANTED—At once, girl for general housework; small family. No washing; good wages. Apply MRS. L. D. MILLIGAN, Millidge Lane, off Rockland Road. 29-7-4

WANTED—Housemaid. Number 1 Chipman Hill. 29-7-4

WANTED—General maid for Westfield Beach, highest wages. References required. Apply 47 Sydney St. 29-7-4

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply to MRS. GEO. H. NIXON, 132 Queen St. 29-7-4

WANTED—Girl to assist in kitchen work. Apply at once 50 Coburg street. 29-7-4

WANTED—AT CLIFTON HOUSE, two dining room girls. 10-7-4

MAKING STEEL PENS.

Briefly described steel pens are made as follows: The steel is rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches in width. The strips are heated to a bright red and are then allowed to cool gradually, which tempers them. They are next rolled to the necessary thickness and are cut into blank flat pens, and the pens while flat are usually stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. To shape the pens is the next process. The rounding makes them feel the ink and distribute it more evenly than could be done if they were flat. To harden them they are heated to a cherry red and then suddenly cooled. This not only hardens them, but makes them elastic. The polishing, pointing and finishing comes next, and then they are ready for use. The little holes in the pens at the end of the slit serve to make them more elastic and to facilitate the flow of the ink. 29-7-4

SHAMBLESS.

Persons belonging to the higher walks of life are to be seen promenading in short jackets and chimney-pots hats without the slightest symptom of awkwardness or shame. London Tailor and Cutter. 29-7-4

HIS DREAM.

Towne—Do you believe in dreams? Browne—I used to, but I don't any more. Towne—Not as superstitious as you were, eh? Browne—Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition, I was in love with one once, and she killed me. 29-7-4

EXPLAINING HIS POSITION.

"You know," she said frankly, "that I am not the helpless people suppose me to be. In fact, my face is my fortune." "Excuse me," rejoined the titled European, reaching for his hat. "In that case I am no fortune hunter."—Hous-ton Post. 29-7-4

COME ONE, COME ALL

To the Editor of The Star.

Sir—On returning to my native city in company with some American tourists, I naturally was desirous that my visiting acquaintances should receive favorable impressions of this old town and winter port and of its general management, and civic officials, etc., to the extent somewhat approximately, of the description of the same to the visitors. Fancy how disagreeable then the experience when within fifteen minutes of arrival I heard the jibes and laughter of not only my friends but a number of other persons, at the appearance of the lot at the S. W. corner of Duke and Prince Wm. Streets next to the Custom house. The frowning, if it may be called so, the patching, the deplorable display of a lack of decency and civic respect. A condition of affairs to disgrace the most poverty stricken and slovenly bush town side of (Tophet). Several snapshots were taken of it by the strangers for future use or illustration. His information is clear and acute on health, business, love, marriage, divorce, changes, courtship, lawsuits in small family, family difficulties, etc. His predictions are authentic and his advice reliable. He may be consulted by any one in the trouble or doubt of any character, concerning any important matter of life. His information and advice are clear, concise and to the point. 25 Carleton street. Tel. 1322-3. 29-7-4

VERY PATIENT.

A doctor, now eminent, was at one time serving as interne in one of the Philadelphia hospitals as well as holding his own with a coterie of rather gay friends. On a certain morning the physician awoke to find that he had sadly overslept. Sleepily donning his attire, he hastened to the hospital and found a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all!"

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling behind his patient and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing soon a stalwart young Irishman claiming his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith