

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

Henry I. Taylor,
M. B. C. M.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and Residence, PARKS BUILDING,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

C. C. Alexander,
M. D., C. M., MCGILL
Physician and Surgeon,
Residence, - Russell House,

DR. E. M. WILSON
DENTIST
Will be in St. George the third week of
every month

J. D. P. Lewin,
LAW OFFICE,
Canada Permanent Building,
St. John, N. B.

Long Distance Telephone,
House 161,
Office 127.

N. MARKS MILLS, L.L.B.

BARRISTER AT LAW,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

John A. Lunt
MANAGER
**New Williams Sewing
Machine Co.**
LORNVILLE, St. John, N. B.

Machines sold and delivered on
easy terms

Eastern Steamship Co.
INTERNATIONAL DIVISION.
Coast-Wise Service.

Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a. m.
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
for Lunenburg, Portland and Boston.
DIRECT SERVICE.
Commencing Tuesday, July 2nd, the
new Empress Turbine Steamship YALE
leaves St. John Tuesdays and Saturdays
for at 7.00 p. m. for Boston.

RETURNING: Coast-Wise Service.
Steamers leave Union Wharf, Boston,
at 9.00 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and
Fridays, Portland same days at 3.30 p.
m., for Lunenburg, St. John and St. John.
DIRECT SERVICE.

Commencing July 1st, the new Em-
press Turbine Steamship YALE leaves
Union Wharf, Boston, at 12.00 p. m. Mon-
days and Thursdays, for St. John.
All freight, except live stock, insured
against fire and marine risk.

W. G. LEE, Agent,
St. John, N. B.

**New Brunswick Southern
Railway.**

St. John, St. George and St. Stephen.
American Express Mail Train.
(Daily, Sunday Excepted.)

On and after Monday, Sept. 16th, 1907,
trains will run daily (Sunday excepted)
as follows:

Leave St. Stephen 7.00 a. m.
Arrive St. John 11.00 a. m.
Leave St. John 2.45 a. m.
Arrive St. Stephen 6.45 a. m.
Atlantic Standard Time.

Railway connections at Calais with the
Washington County Railway; at St. John
with the intercolonial and Dominion
Atlantic Railways.

Baggage and Freight Office, 58 Water
street, (East side), St. John.
Tickets sold and Baggage Checks
East and West Side Offices.
Special Ticket Office, 97 Prince Wm.
Street.

FRANK J. McPRAKE,
Superintendent.
St. John, N. B., Jan'y 1st, 1906.



Western House,
A. & M. J. WILSON, Proprietors.
Favorite Hotel for winter port employees.
Private Boarders on Reasonable Terms.
Modern Improvements.
Hotel for Summer Tourists; near the
Favorite Bathing Beaches. Heated
throughout with Hot Water, and Lighted
by Electricity.
RODNEY STREET,
WEST ST. JOHN.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

I must say that I envied them both--
both Crawshaw and Tarrington. But
chiefly Crawshaw. Most people, indeed,
would envy a man who at the age of 40
was making his £5000 a year as a K. C.
Obviously, Crawshaw was a man to be
envied.

My reasons for envying Dr. Tarrington
were scarcely so potent. He was a fat
little man with a shiny bald head and a
genial smile, a moderately successful
general practitioner in the Kensington
district. Compared with the brilliant K.
C.'s position, the little doctor did not
count for much. Still, he possessed in
his wife one of the most delightful
women in London.

In a sort of brown study, I gazed at
Tarrington's shiny head. "I wonder
how the dickens you have managed to
make a success," I said, scarcely aware
that I was speaking aloud.

"Eh, what's that?" he inquired, turn-
ing briskly upon me.

"It has always seemed to me that a
man owes his success or his failure in life
to some particular trait in his character,
to some virtue or to some vice."

Crawshaw interrupted: "A man owes
success entirely to luck."

Tarrington began:--
"I set up in a small way at Stoke-on-
Tritham. It was such a small way that
it was practically not a way at all. Do
you know that for two years I didn't
make a tenner? My governor lived a
few miles out, and that's why I began in
that infernal hole--one of these horrible
north-country towns, all fog and smoke
and black clothes and drunkenness on
Sundays. My father made me a small
allowance, enough to live on and all that
but I was bored to death; there was
nothing to do. I got tired of waiting for
patients who didn't come, who might
never come. There was no society in
the place. I am humble enough in all
conscience, but there was nobody in my
own walk of life for me to associate with.
The evenings were to be tedious. Simply
to kill time I got into the habit of going
round to the King William.

"It happened that one of these auction-
eers--Tatham, I think his name was--
had a birthday, and he celebrated it with
gin punch." At the recollection of the
gin punch, it seemed that a suggestion of
pallor overspread his rufous counten-
ance. "Gin punch," he repeated, "it is
the worst stuff in the world. How much
I had I don't know. But as luck would
have it, I was sufficiently master of my-
self to understand that Mrs. Meadows,
my housekeeper, was tapping me on the
shoulder. Automatically, I seized my
hat and umbrella, and followed her into
the street. It appeared that the mayor,
Mr. Cumberbatch, the richest man in the
town, and quite the vulgarst and the
stupidest, had suddenly been seized with
an attack of some sort, and had sent for
me. As I preeluding the wet pavements
by the side of Mrs. Meadows, I felt that
my walk was not a suitable walk for a
medical man. I was not so drunk as a
lord, but I was far too drunk for a
commoner.

"A heavy palefaced man servant opened
the door. He seemed to recognize me.
"Will you step into the library, sir."
With great elaboration I placed my hat
on the rack and my umbrella in the
stand and followed the man.

"In the library I found the mayoress,
whose face was white with anxiety. In
the presence of that pretty, frightened
little woman I felt myself a brute. I
knew that only three months before old
Cumberbatch, a widower, had married a
second time. The delicate little figure
before me was that of a girl scarcely more
than 18. With a great effort I bowed to
her. My fists were tightly clenched.
I'm sure that I stood absolutely bolt
upright. I knitted my brows and glared
hard at her. From her expression of
alarm I fancied she considered that, even
without seeing the patient, I had assumed
the worst.

"Oh," she said, with her hands held
out pleadingly toward me, "he was taken
ill at his club. At least, he came home,
and I thought he was dying. I just man-
aged to undress him. I sent round to
our doctor, but he was away. It's a
matter of life and death. For heaven's
sake go up at once, doctor. I will show
you the way." All this she said in a
breath.

"By the light of a gas jet half turned
on, I saw the face of the mayor above
the counterpane. It was a pallid, heavy,
face, from the cheeks of which sprang a
set of coal-black whiskers, projecting
over the sheets like bookmarks. The
mayor was groaning heavily. No, he
was not groaning, he was snoring. Then
I lost all self-control, and dropped into
an armchair limp as a rag. My hands
fell by the sides of the chair, and I knew
that I was contemplating my patient with
glassy eyes that saw nothing but whisk-
ers. The room began to swim round
me. There were moments when I could
not see my patient. There were again
moments when the right whisker seemed
to move across the face and change
places with the left. There were mo-
ments when I could distinguish only one
whisker.

"Heavens! I thought, suppose his
wife were to return and find me motion-
less and incapable in this chair! With
a great effort I roused myself. For two
or three seconds I felt that I was balanc-
ing my body on my hands. I succeed-
ed in standing erect. There was but one
idea in my mind, and that was to fly
silently from the house. As I reached
the hall I saw that the library door was
open. In ten seconds, I estimated, I
could reach the hatrack. But she had
heard me.

"Oh, doctor, it seemed like hours.
You have only been up there a quarter
of an hour, and it seemed like hours. Tell
me, is there any danger?"

"My own view was that I had only
been up there three minutes. I shook
my head.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she ex-
claimed, and there were tears in her
eyes.

"Have you given him anything?"

"While plucking up courage to speak,
to say something--heaven knows what I
was going to say--I made some move-
ment on my left wrist with my nervous
right hand. She interpreted the move-
ment."

"Morphia?"

"I nodded.

"Must you see him again tonight, doc-
tor?"

I shook my head in negation.

"Can I go and see him?"

Again I shook my head.

"You will come first thing in the
morning, tomorrow?"

This time an affirmative nod.

"She held out her tiny hands to me.
She took my right hand in hers, and her
grateful little soul went out toward me.
I believe you have saved his life."

"I believe I bowed. The door closed.
Overcome by the tension of the thing, I
fell a huddled heap down the wet steps.
How I picked myself up and how I got
home I couldn't remember, even when I
woke up the next morning.

"I was aroused from my torture by
Mrs. Meadows. She entered in great ex-
citement. Doctor, doctor, the mayor is
in your consulting room. So he was not
dead. But what was he coming to say?
What was he coming to do? Had he
brought a hatchet with him?"

"Mr. Cumberbatch stood by the mantle-
piece facing me, a strong burly north-
countryman looking pale--but alive. He
moved a step toward me, and in the
pompos manner of the ideal mayor,
held out his hand. His hand was hot
and flabby. Although this was my own
room, he commanded me to sit down.

"You are a tactful young man and will
go far. You are quite sure that you said
nothing to my wife?"

"Nothing, I replied.

"No; I'm quite sure," he answered,
you said nothing.

"As I afterwards learned from her.
We were both right. I had said nothing,
and he was quite sure I had said nothing.

"She says that you gave me morphia
last night. Oh you are a very tactful
young man! She thinks that you saved
my life last night. Oh, young man, you
will rise to the top of the tree.

"I could neither make head nor tail of
his appreciation. However, I nodded.

"Was I very drunk, doctor?"

"Then I saw daylight. It was with
great difficulty that I restrained myself
from shrieking with laughter.

"You were drunk, I said, shaking my
head, very, very drunk.

He heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Then I think I had a wonderfully
narrow escape. I give you my word,
doctor, that I have no recollection of
what happened after I got home from the
club. My wife, my dear Nellie, tells me
that I faintd.

Very earnestly he spoke. Oh, it would
have been an awful thing if she, the
daughter of a minister, very strictly
brought up, knew that her husband, only
three months after marriage, had come
home drunk from the club. He became
even more pale at the horror of the idea.
It would have been a terrible thing.

"Yes, it would have been bad, I agree.
"It would have broken her heart," he
said, as though contradicting me. I tell
you it would have broken her heart. My
first wife--who was very strictly brought
up too, though not the daughter of a
minister--told me that I was raining her
life.

"He seized me with both his hands.
You're a devilish good chap," he said--
what a wonderful tact. I admitted that
I was possessed of wonderful tact, and
by that admission showed, at any rate, a
certain amount of it. He shook me with
enthusiasm.

"By Jove!" he cried, "it's a deuced
lucky thing that Dr. Nicholson my own
man, was not at home. He's an infernal
talker, and the whole thing would have
been all over town in a twinkling. But
you are the tomb. I swore that I was the
tomb's and have been till now."

The K. C. laughed.

"I suppose you succeeded Dr. Nichol-
son in the Cumberbatch home?"

"I was the mayor's medical adviser un-
til he died, but I couldn't keep him off
drink.

"What a pity!" I said. What a terrible
thing his decease must have been to poor
Mrs. Cumberbatch, who loved him so
well. Did she die of grief?"

"Certainly not," he replied, hastily.
"I married Mrs. Cumberbatch and
bought a practice in Kensington."

A tickling cough, from any cause, is
quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough
Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless
and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers
everywhere to give it without hesitation
even to very young babes. The whole-
some green leaves and tender stems of a
lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish
the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's
Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and
nothing harsh used to injure or suppress
the sore and sensitive bronchial
membranes. No opium, no chloroform,
Simply a resinous plant extract, that
helps to heal aching lungs. The Span-
ish name for this is "The Doctor
uses," "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr.
Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all
Dealers.

DIDN'T CATCH ON
A proud young father telegraphed the
news of his new responsibility to his
brother in this fashion: "A handsome
boy has come to my house and claims to
be your nephew. We are doing our
best to give him a proper welcome."

The brother, however, failed to see the
point, and replied: "I have not got a
nephew. The young man is an im-
postor."

"COME IN"
A story of extraordinary deafness was
unfolded at a recent meeting of a med-
ical society in Philadelphia, says Harper's
Weekly. An elderly woman, exceedingly
hard of hearing, lived near the river.
One afternoon, a warship fired a salute
of ten guns. The woman, alone in her
little house, waited until the booming
ceased. Then she smoothed her hair
back in a quaint manner and said sweetly,
"Come in."

A Word to the Boys.
If boys and young men could only re-
alize how much comfort and pleasure it
means to their parents when they are
steady, reliable, honorable and obedient,
and how much pain they cause by dis-
obedience, reckless living, idleness and
the like, we believe there would be fewer
of them with the latter habits. When-
ever you hear a father speaking proudly
of his son, there is something to him.
Mothers are often blinded by their de-
votion, but the old man generally sees
things as they really are, and only gives
credit where it is due.--Atchison Globe.

REMOVAL

We have moved our Ladies' Fashionable Tailoring parlors to the former
Central Store in the Moore Building on Water Street
Opposite T. L. Ham's

We will be pleased to see all our old customers and many new, and will assure
of an honest effort to meet your requirements in the making of Ladies' Fashionable
Garments of all kinds, and for all seasons. You can select cloth from us of all
descriptions or will make for you from any goods you may bring to us. Satisfaction
as to workmanship, style and price guaranteed.

We believe it will be to your advantage to call upon us before placing your
orders elsewhere. Courteous treatment always assured.

NICOLL & LEVY, Fashionable English
Ladies' Tailors
ST. STEPHEN



Kennedy's Hotel, St. Andrew's, N. B.

To Enjoy Good Health, DRINK
**OLD HOMESTEAD
GINGER BEER.**

AND USE
VALENTINE'S
FLAVORING EXTRACTS,
MANUFACTURED BY
THE INTERNATIONAL DRUG CO., Sr. Stephen, N. B.

WORRIES

are conquered easily if
ATTACKED BEFORE
THEY ARE
"GROWN UP"
AND BECOME
"TROUBLES OR CALAMITIES."

Now in order to overcome, please take advice from one that has your cause at
heart, and buy your goods at

The Economy Store.

this avoiding worry so common to the thrifty housewife.
If you cannot come yourself, mail or telephone your orders. We have every-
thing you need, and will deliver free of charge. Remember the place.
REMEMBER THE PLACE. "ECONOMY STORE."

ANDREW MCGEE,
Back Bay, Charlotte Co., N. B.

NOTICE

If you want to buy a

Horses, Wagon and Harness

is the time to hit us up. We have several horses and a few of all kinds of
teams. Also a good line of Harness and will give extra good trades for the next
few weeks. If you want a team, now is the time to buy and you will save money if
a buy from us. Come or write for particulars.

E. GILLMOR, - - Bonny River.

**For 20 Years
SEAL BRAND**

has stood for all that is Best in Coffee, because
it has been cultivated in clear, pure, cool
mountain air. It has been properly roasted
and scientifically prepared under our own
supervision.

CHASE and SANBORN MONTREAL