

SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1908

## The Glidden Automobile Tour.



In the contest for the Glidden tour three cars represent a club and the trophy goes to the club whose cars incur the fewest penalties. Every penalty is deducted from the score of the club, with the exception of the penalty for a lost car, which is added to the individual car making the best showing.

The Pierce team, representing the Buffalo Club, consists of a 1907 Buick, a 1908 Buick, and a 1909 Buick. The team is headed by H. A. Van Dine, president of the Buffalo Club, and includes a 1907 Buick, a 1908 Buick, and a 1909 Buick. The team is headed by H. A. Van Dine, president of the Buffalo Club, and includes a 1907 Buick, a 1908 Buick, and a 1909 Buick.

### TATE GALLERY ROMANCE

A well known portrait group entitled "The Sisters," which hangs in the Tate Gallery in London, has led to a love romance which has ended happily in a wedding.

Nearly two years ago a wealthy mining engineer from New Orleans, strolled into the Tate Gallery while on a visit to England. There he saw "The Sisters," and at once fell in love with the younger of the two young ladies, a fair-haired girl of about sixteen.

His first step was to write to the artist, Mr. Ralph Peacock, and asked if he could get a copy of the painting. In this way a correspondence took place and later a warm friendship.

Then at Mr. Peacock's studio Mr. Titcomb met the original of the painting, Miss Ethel Brignall, who happens to be a sister-in-law of the artist. Mr. Peacock himself had said for the sister in the painting.

When the picture was painted, Miss Ethel Brignall was about sixteen, and she is little changed in appearance since except that her hair no longer hangs down to her waist.

She was also the model for Mr. Peacock's painting "Ethel," a charming school girl study a year or two before which was bought by the Chantrey Bequest.

Mr. Titcomb not only possessed himself of the copy of the younger figure in "The Sisters," he promptly showed it to secure the original, and he became a suitor for the lady's hand in due time.

The lady consented, and her family finding him an excellent fellow, consented also.

Bedington church, near Croydon, was full when the wedding took place on Wednesday, for the family are well known at Wallington, where Miss Brignall resided with a widowed mother at Wiltheden, Blenheim gardens, one of the Queen Anne villa colonies of the Staffordshire.

The bride in white with a dress of old lace and orange blossoms was given away by her brother Mr. Albert Brignall. She was attended by Master Roydon Peacock, her little nephew, who wore a page's dress of white satin of the Stuart period.

An interesting circumstance about the page is that when a baby was the original of the well known painting "Out of everywhere into here."

Lord Fairfax, the "American peer," who was born an American citizen, though holding an hereditary British title, is a friend of the bridegroom, and sent a wedding present, Mr. Egan Shaw also sent a present.

The bride is an amateur actress of ability, with a liking for Shaw plays. The honeymoon will be spent in Canada and the state of Maine.

Peoples - Straub, Driver

Cars Packed for the Night in Market Square

Peoples - Straub, Driver

Peoples - Straub, Driver

Peoples - Straub, Driver

## "NON OMNIS MORIAR"

By HARRIET GAYLORD

Dr. Minot Osborn was an early riser, not so much because he was imbued with the bustling spirit of New York as because he had formed the habit in his boyhood days on an up-State farm.

Consequently at eight o'clock he had already finished his breakfast and was reading the paper at his office desk, when a footman brought in the letters.

Methodically he sorted them into four classes, business, "G. P." friends, unknown, and read them in exactly that order. Occasionally he stopped to make notes on his engagement pad and for his stenographer. The very last letter of all he regarded as the most unimpressive. With a tolerant, whimsical, slightly bored expression on his keen face, he cut open the unquiet blue, heavily-seamed envelope, and began reading indifferently. Suddenly there was a contraction of arrested attention about the muscles of his mouth and eyes.

He turned to see the signature, only to find, as he had expected, that the letter was anonymous. Once, twice, he read it through carefully, and when at last he laid it down his face had grown gray and old. A sudden spasm of pain drew his hand instinctively to his heart. Quickly he opened a small bottle in the shallow front drawer of his desk and swallowed a tablet. Then he sat supporting his face in his hands till the physical agony had passed. His eyes, still dull with suffering, fell on the letterhead of his office stationery—

DR. MINOT OSBORN.  
DR. KEENE OSBORN.

—and his face was furrowed with thought. At last he looked up to the clock and touched the bell for his man. "Has Mr. Keene finished his breakfast?" he asked.

"He is at the table now, sir," "Ask him to come to me directly he has finished."

Once more he read the letter, and then sat thinking until his nephew, adopted son and partner entered the room.

"Good morning, governor. Dawson said you wanted to see me?"

Keene Osborn was as stalwart and good looking as his uncle. His face had much of the same strength and keenness but his assurance was rather that of one whose way has been made easy than for one who had hewn out a pathway for himself. There were lines about his eyes, not of the sort acquired by the expenditure of studios midnight oil. All this Dr. Minot Osborn remarked before he spoke.

"Good morning, Keene. Yes, I did want you. Sit down, won't you? You will be ready to go with me to the hospital at eleven for that big operation."

"Oh, yes." The young man's face lighted with professional zeal. "If that succeeds, governor, no doctor in town can impeach your attitude."

"And you are to assist me. Is your hand steady? You look a bit seedy to me."

Keene flushed.

"I was up late last night doing foolish things, dad. But I'm perfectly fit."

"Doing foolish things?" repeated the older man. "Do you think you can afford to be absent from the hospital?"

"I hope I know my limit. That's the whole matter, you know."

"Yes, if one could be sure! I don't want to preach, my boy. We've always been comrades, rather than uncle and nephew, father and son. I have believed in you wholly and trusted you have not let me down."

"I've been worthy of your trust and sometimes I haven't. That's the truth."

"I suppose so. From the vantage ground of a physician's fifty-eight years one sees human nature as it is. One doesn't expect the impossible. Many a time it is just this—one must occasionally draw up sharply and analyze the situation. One must ask of his work, of his pleasures, his relaxation, disquisitions if you will—what is the little question: 'Is it worth while?'"

Time is tragically limited—one must throw overboard so much which is important, even detrimental, in order to accomplish the work which counts. Do I seem a prig to you, Keene?"

"Prig from it, dad! You know I admire you beyond anyone on earth."

"Oh," protested Dr. Minot Osborn, "but there's Margaret!"

"No," announced Keene with grim incisiveness, "there isn't Margaret any longer."

The older man looked at him in shocked surprise.

course of things I must die and leave the name and work to you. A physician is bound to put the best stuff he's got in him into his work unless he's a poisoner. We are scheduled for saving men's bodies; it humbles me sometimes to realize that we do almost more for men's souls. We've got to have in order to give; we've got to be before we can do. I think you realize this, Keene?"

"I do, governor, when I stop to think. You are playing Hamlet to my conscience with a vengeance. 'Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul.'"

"I want to, Keene. When a man has lived for his work, has staked everything he is or hopes to be on the structure he has reared, it is unswervingly gratifying to be able to say, 'I die, but my life work lives on in my son! Non omnis moriar!'"

Keene's face was very serious, his uncle's luminous. They gazed at each other until both the demand of the one and the vow of the other were registered in high heaven.

"You don't need to speak, my boy," said Dr. Osborn at last, gravely. "It's all right."

He moved in his chair and the tension of the interview was over.

"By the way, Keene," he said, "this has been in my mind to say to you for a long time, but it was precipitated this morning by an unpleasant communication"—he smiled deprecatingly—"from a highly sensitive individual. You'd better read it, I think, though the anonymous writer implied secrecy after the absurdity of her kind."

He handed the letter gingerly from his desk. "Really," he went on, "I'm surprised you haven't noticed the presence of this missive. 'It smells to heaven!'"

At sight of the blue envelope, Keene started and frowned.

"Has she dared to write you, too, dad? Why, that's the trouble with Margaret. She wrote it. It's the spiteful revenge of a scorned woman—that's all."

"Read it, please."

Keene flushed deeply as he obeyed, his uncle watching him closely meanwhile.

"That does put me in a nasty light, doesn't it?" he declared grimly. "The worst of it is one can't stop a woman's tongue. If she were a man, I'd soon find a way."

"I think perhaps we have just decided on the best way possible," said Dr. Osborn quietly. "At your age it is not hard to live down a past. How much of that is true please?"

"Most of it, though it's put in the worst possible form for me."

"Even the gambling?"

"Yes."

"How about knowing one's limit?"

"One has to exceed it sometimes at first, to find just where it lies, dad."

me. The past is dead, I hope."

"Very well, my boy. I know that hope—I believe. Now how about Margaret?"

Keene's face set sternly. "Could anyone blame her?" he asked.

"No, I suppose not. But you are to be blamed if you acquiesce. It is only a small part of you which plotted so shamefully. You know and I know that you are a man! Margaret is worth a good fight. She is young and therefore intolerant. Think draws only sharp distinctions."

"Dad, you're a brick! Thought of your taking it like this. Most fathers would have roared me out of the house."

Dr. Osborn smiled whimsically. "It's all in having a sense of proportion. A man with a chin like yours is bound to win out. Have a talk with Margaret and get her to take you back on probation. It will flatter her youthful desire to be a reformer—and the love of a girl like that is no mean inspiration for a man."

"You're dead right, dad," said Keene gravely.

"Good luck, then!" Dr. Osborn turned to his papers. Then he put out his hand and gripped Keene's. "We'll meet at the hospital. I'll like you to be with the patient during the etherization."

The case had been widely heralded, and the matter was of professional concern to all. Dr. Osborn was crowded with visiting physicians, students and nurses. Keene and two young interns were to assist him in performing an intricate and almost unprecedented operation, the only hope of saving the man's life. The faces of the onlookers were correspondingly serious and intent. Dr. Osborn asked a question or two of the head nurse, then taking the record from an orderly and referring from time to time to the notes, he turned on the previous history of the case.

The man was brought in and placed on the table. Keene took his position opposite his uncle. The older and younger physicians looked singularly alike in their sterile gowns, and with their faces aglow with professional zeal. Dr. Osborn lectured as he worked, until the critical point in the operation was reached. Then a breathless silence fell in the room, broken only by the drip of water and the sharp click of steel instruments.

Just as Dr. Osborn raised his hand to make the final delicate incision on which the success of the operation depended, a sudden gasp spread over his face. He alone knew what that gasp involved.

"Keene! quick!" he gasped, and held out his scalpel, then sank on his knees on the floor.

Keene's voice broke the shocked, suspended silence, clear, calm, reassuring.

"Take Dr. Osborn up; at once and give him restorative," he said to the attendants. "Dr. Warren, who spoke as a physician in the audience—'well you go to my uncle, please; Dr. Marshall—to one of the interns—you will assist me.'"

The pause in the operation was only one of seconds. "Quick!" his uncle's place instantly, controlling his nerve, forbidding heart or thoughts to follow that lifeless form, so that as if nothing had happened when he found it necessary to explain his movements.

the young doctor went on with his uncle's work, displaying unbelievable skill and dexterity and hiding the breathless, shocked interest of the spectators tense and absorbed.

Only when the last stitch had been sewn with every promise of success, he laid his hand carefully applied, did a gasp of awful relief pass through the audience as if it came from a quarry from one heart. Keene drew a deep breath, flushed one's cheeks, awakening glances over their faces, then turned and hurried from the room.

"Where is he?" he demanded. In silence an orderly pointed to the doctors' dressing-room. At sight of him Dr. Warren and a nurse stepped outside and let Keene enter alone.

The gray agony on the face of the man lying on the couch had passed, and Keene gazed down on the motionless body of his dead.

When he came out again Dr. Warren was waiting. Keene's control was still perfect.

"Did he regain consciousness?" he asked.

"For one moment only. His eyes opened and when I leaned down to catch his words he whispered, 'Keene—finish—work.' I assured him you were going on from the operation. Then his heart ceased to beat."

The tears sprang to Keene's eyes at last.

"He meant more than that," Dr. Warren. How is it possible to finish the work of such a man?"

Dr. Osborn's own physician came hurrying down the corridor.

"Where is he?" he also demanded.

"It's all over, Dr. Cameron," said Keene quietly. "Why did you never warn me?"

Dr. Cameron warned the young man's hand.

"I wanted to, Keene," he said, "but your uncle wouldn't hear of it. It has been impending for months. He wouldn't have had it come otherwise than in the course of the day's work."

"I think," a gleam came in the old doctor's eyes. "They tell me you finished the operation as if nothing had occurred, Keene."

"Of course."

"Then I don't think your uncle had much to regret. You are a hero, sir."

"And you praise a man for being decent after living with that man for twenty years!" protested Keene reproachfully.

That night when everything had been done that could be done Keene sat in the library by the side of his dead, appraising the past, realizing the present, trying to focus the future.

"A footman entered silently with cards on his tray."

"Are they waiting below?" asked Keene, after a surprised scrutiny.

"Yes, Mr. Keene."

"I will come down."

When the door had closed he stood looking at the calm face.

"It's Margaret, dear old dad," he whispered. She wouldn't let me beat it alone. Aren't you glad, governor? Tell me!"

Margaret's father stood waiting in the hall below, and gripped Keene's hand.

"My boy," he said, "I have no words to tell you how I sympathize with you, or how I admire your heroism today. Let Margaret speak for us both. She made me bring her to you. He pointed to the reception room door. 'I'll stop into the office and wait.'"

No words were spoken when Keene entered the room. Only Margaret came straight to his arms.

Afterwards, when she came upstairs again he stood—like a man looking down at the magnificent marble face.

"It's all right, governor, all right," he said. "I have Margaret and I have your wonderful life. You won't altogether die!"

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