

We Have Special Bargains

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Union Clothing Comp'y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Opposite City Market.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

COLONEL AND CABBY

Father Finally Forgave Son and His Wife Whose Wedding Displeased Him

There was something to be said for the colonel. Fate had certainly treated him badly, and had done her best to sour his temper. His wife, the one softening influence of his life, was dead. That confoundingly idiotic war office had almost unjustifiably placed him on half-pay. There was nothing left for him to do but play country squire, and marry his only son to the daughter of the owner of the adjoining estate—to the great advantage of all concerned.

His misanthropic son had spoiled that plan forever by running away and marrying the orphan governess of his aunt's children. And, worse still, the impertinent young wretch had disregarded all his father's angry letters, and with the calmest, coolest cheek in the world had written that morning to say that the honeymoon being over, he intended to bring his bride to be introduced to his father-in-law.

Frank Leadforth had rather a shock when the butler told him his orders were to shut the door in his face. However, Frank had always been a favorite with that worthy, and he was in no hurry to carry out the colonel's command. His resistance was only half-hearted when Frank pushed past his portly form. And he made no effort at all to stop Miriam, who followed, blushing and trembling.

The colonel was in his study. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, when Frank burst in upon him unannounced. "What the dickens do you want here?" He turned to the butler, ignoring his son's hand and his son's wife. "Porson," he said sternly. "You leave my service at once."

"Col. Leadforth," she said spiritedly, "that's not fair. Frank forced his way in!" The butler threw her a glance of gratitude. "Pray, madam, be so good as to leave me manage my own servants," said the colonel coldly.

Miriam bit her lip beneath the snub, and Frank made a desperate effort to right matters. "Come, father," he said pleasantly, "jump off your high horse! Shake hands with me and kiss your daughter-in-law. What do you think of her? Don't you envy me?"

"Such infernal impudence as yours I've never heard of!" he cried to his son. "What idea of calmly bringing your wife home like this. You must be mad!"

Frank looked at him, unmoved by this outburst. "You owe my wife an apology," he said. "Apology?" spluttered the colonel. "Apology! Get out of my house—the pair of you. I never wish to see or hear of you again!"

Miriam burst into tears, and her husband seized her arm. "Come darling," he said, "we can do without him."

"Pleased to hear it," sneered his father. "Not a farthing will you ever have from me." And with that Frank and the colonel parted.

On the way back to London in the train Frank and Miriam discussed the problem of what they were to do now. They counted their money and found that between them they had only \$80.

Frank, of course, had not been brought up to any trade or profession. He had wished to enter the army, but his father had demurred, thinking that the hash he had made of things might prevent his son's advancement. So Frank had spent his time in hunting and loafing about the paternal estate, with the result that he knew little of farming and a great deal

about horses, but nothing at all about earning his bread and butter.

All that seemed open to him was a clerkship. But his soul revolted at the thought of a desk and a stool in a stuffy office. His life had always been spent in the open.

Something had to be found which required no previous experience. A cabman he would be, and the cross, rude colonel might keep his silly old money to himself.

He had driven a cab three years, and it had made a man of him. Living in furnished lodgings at first, they had saved enough to gather a home together and to migrate to a tiny six-roomed villa, with quite 20 feet of garden to grow roses in. Resolutely they had cut themselves off from the old world, and lived in their wonderful happiness together. They had a little boy—an imp of mischief 2 years old—and they loved each other as deeply as ever.

All the economies, the makeshifts of this life, they looked upon as jokes, and they discovered what is perhaps life's most precious secret—that very little matters or hurts if only you laugh at it.

They spoke often of the colonel, and Miriam several times tried to persuade Frank to write. But he was too proud to run the risk of being thought to be hankering after "the old man's money."

One day, however, when he was jumping into his cab outside Liverpool street station and bade him drive to the United Service Club, Frank was amused. The possibility of such a thing had occurred to him before, so that he was not so surprised as might have been expected.

He had not the slightest intention of making himself known, and no fear of being recognized. Even if his face should remind his father of his son, it would never occur to him that Frank was really earning his own living as a London cabman.

The cab turned into Piccadilly and suddenly a stick was thrust through the trap door and he was commanded to stop. Col. Leadforth leaned out and called to a man on the pavement.

"Hallo!" he cried. "Why, it must be five years since I saw you!"

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



"AND SOME IN A VELVET GOWN."

This frock is of black Lyons velvet, with vest and collar and revers of pale blue moire overlaid with rich crochet with touches of embroidery in black and blue. The skirt portion is laid in alternating box and side pleats, the long waist pleated

back and front, showing a full vest of silk. There is a broad sailor collar and small revers, also of the silk, with trimmings of Irish crochet. Motifs of the Irish crochet are disposed on the bottom of each box pleat, and several rows of stitching finish the bottom.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway Pine Tree, skillfully combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. It is a pleasant, safe and effectual medicine for Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all troubles of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose will convince you that it will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and start you on the road to recovery.

Be sure and do not accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents.

Miss C. M. Woodcock, Kinmount, Ont., writes: "For some time I suffered from a lingering cough. I was afraid it would turn to consumption, and, as I had tried many remedies and found no cure I asked my father to get me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. When I had taken that bottle I was so much better I got three more, and I am now completely cured."

SMOTHERED TO DEATH

Pictou Man One of Three Victims in a Western Accident.

Toronto, Nov. 24.—Three men were smothered by gas in a well on the farm of James Allen, near Aylesbury (Sask.). Richard H. Craik, of Pictou (N. S.); William J. Forfar and Lewis Riswold, local men, are all dead.

COMMITTED SUICIDE

Aged Man Hanged Himself at Norton on Saturday.

Hampton, N. B., Nov. 24.—John Elkins, a man more than ninety years of age, who has been living for some time past with his son-in-law, Dennis Meigher, at Norton went from the house to the barn on Saturday afternoon, obtained a rope and after securely adjusting it over a beam and around his neck deliberately hanged himself.

Mr. Meigher, who is the section foreman on the line of the N. B. Coal & Railway Co., was away from home attending to his duties and Mrs. Meigher, the old man's only daughter, was the only one about the premises at the time and the shock of finding that her father had made away with himself was almost overpowering, for she has for a long time suffering from heart trouble.

The deceased was a resident here up to a year or two ago. Fifty years ago he owned and worked a farm on the Smithtown road. Subsequently he removed to a property at Passakeag and finally he took a farm on the Woodpecker Hall road, a mile or so out from Hampton Station, now owned and occupied by Thomas E. Smith.

In his best days he was known as the most expert road maker in the parish of Hampton. For a time after the death of his wife he led a lonely life on his little farm but finally accepted a home with his daughter, Mrs. Meigher, which she and her husband had long before offered him and urged him to accept.

So far as can be learned he gave no indication by word or act of his intention to end his life nor would any one who knew him suppose that he would be likely to take any person into his confidence. Miss Beulah Meigher, who has been keeping house for her sister, Mrs. Daniel Desmond, at Hampton Station, during the latter's recent illness, and Miss Agnes Meigher, who is living in St. John, went to Norton on Saturday night to minister to their mother in her sorrow and distress.

The question of an inquest and fuller enquiry will probably be decided tomorrow.

Manchester, Vt., Nov. 24.—The Congregational church in Dorset, was burned early today, causing a loss of \$10,000 upon which there is an insurance of \$6,000.

Catarrh

Invites Consumption

It weakens the delicate lung tissues, deranges the digestive organs, and breaks down the general health. It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, and affects the voice.

Being a constitutional disease it requires a constitutional remedy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Radically and permanently cures. Sold by druggists everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar.

TEMPERANCE ADDRESSES

Interesting Meetings at the Every Day Club Yesterday Afternoon and Evening.

The Every Day Club hall would not hold all who sought to enter last evening to hear the male choir of St. Paul's church, and the address on temperance by Rev. E. B. Hooper. While the house was filling, B. L. Sheppard kept a large gramophone, loaned by John Frodsham, rendering a fine series of sacred solos.

The platform was not large enough to hold the choir, so they grouped around it, with T. Percy Bourne at the organ. Oh Worship the King was sung as solo and chorus by the choir, after which Mr. Gandy sang Thy Will Be Done.

Rev. Mr. Hooper, who said that it was his sixth service for the day, delivered a very impressive brief address on temperance. He said that more suffering and loss are caused through intemperance than through any other single evil in the national life.

He was an advocate of temperance for three reasons; first, because he was a minister of God; second, because he was a Canadian and loved his country; third, because he was a family man, with wife and children very dear to him.

There were, he said, three methods of dealing with the evil. The first and lowest was by legislation; it was necessary to legislate in the interests of the weak men who could not withstand temptation. The second and a higher method was education, and it should begin at the cradle. He was glad that temperance lessons are now given in the schools of the country. The third and most effective method was for the individual to seek the help of Almighty God.

The speaker said he might be accused of "talking shop," but this was the method he counselled in his own personal work for temperance among men, and no man earnestly besought the help of God in vain. Mr. Hooper expressed cordial sympathy with the work of the Every Day Club, and said that it deserved the support of the people.

Mr. Ruel then sang Crossing the Bar, and after the president of the club referred briefly to his work and his need of earnest men to aid in that work the choir sang a special adaptation, solo and chorus, of Now the Day is Over. All then joined in the doxology. At the close members of the club personally thanked Mr. Hooper for his admirable address. The excellent music rendered by the choir was greatly enjoyed.

Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock a temperance meeting was held in the club rooms. There was sacred music by gramophone and solos were sung by Miss Colwell and Mr. Chisholm. The speakers were George McLaughlin, William McAuley and R. H. Colther, who set forth the evils of intemperance and dwelt upon the value of personal and individual work such as may be done through active membership in the club.

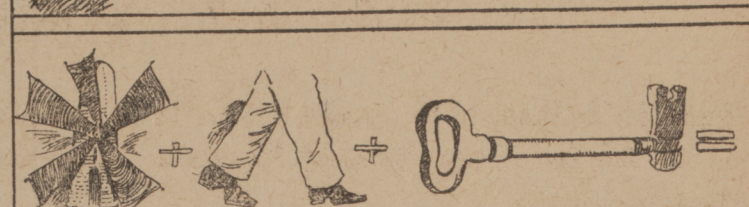
Mr. McAuley pointed out that the desire for companionship led many into drinking habits. He had found the club a good place for pleasant companionship and commended it to other men. As a working man he protested against giving greater prominence and publicity to the evils of drinking among these men than among men higher in the social scale.

Smith Got Wise

A sore corn, he said was bad enough, but to have it stepped on was the limit. He invested in a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and now he wears a happy smile. Corn is gone, enough said, try Putnam's yourself.

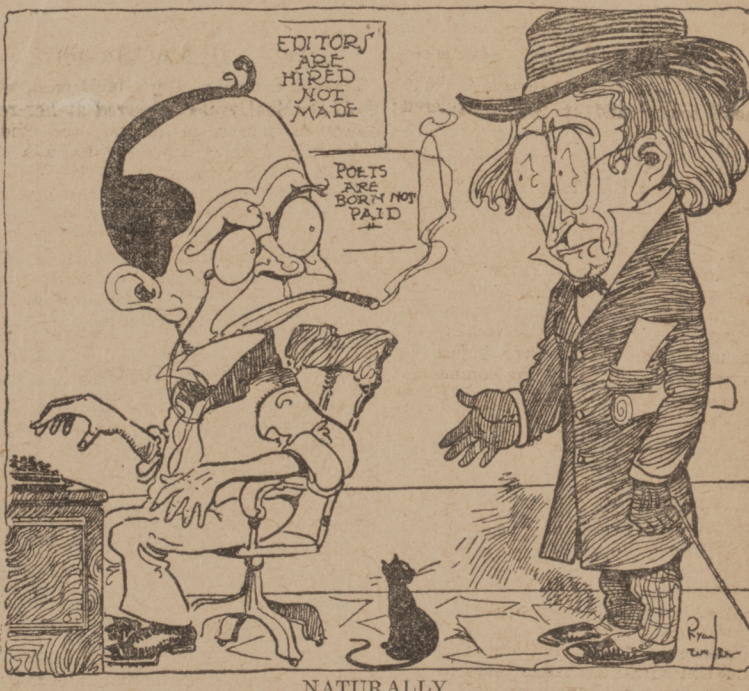
Borough of Lambeth, London, has 2,590 empty houses.

Two Mathematical Puzzles.



The first is a large planet.
The second is a large city of the United States.

Thanksgiving Rebus



HOME PAPERS THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences BY CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.

THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

Renovates the entire system. Is palatable and can be easily assimilated. Cod liver oil is nauseous—Knocks out the stomach, So that very few persons can take it.

Take a dose of "Brick's Tasteless" And note how pleasant it is—Starts you eating at once—relieves That tired feeling which Every one speaks of from time to time, and the Languid feeling disappears immediately. Every bottle taken is guaranteed to show improvement; So why should you hesitate to take it? See your druggist today about "Brick's Tasteless."

Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle \$1.00