

Glove Snaps!

Friday and Saturday only we will sell
2 pairs of 50c. English 25c.
Worsted (2 Fingers) Gloves for
ONLY 2 PAIRS TO A CUSTOMER

NOTE: These Gloves sell regularly for 50c.
Every pair guaranteed perfect and worth the regular price.

Remember, Friday and Saturday, 2
pairs for a quarter.

UNION CLOTHING CO.,

Opp City Market. 26-28 Charlotte Street.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

A Strange Hallow'een Happening

BY MAUD WALKER.

It was a cold October morning, the day before Hallow'een, and the great city awoke to look upon the first suggestion of winter. From an old untenanted tumble-down building—which had been condemned as unsafe for people to live in—came a little boy of perhaps ten years of age. His face was dirty, his hair uncombed and his clothing thin, ragged and soiled. He raised a pale, sad face towards the sky which was only to be seen by looking upward, for the tall buildings cut off all the firmament save that directly overhead.

"Ugh, it's cold!" And the boy shivered and turned up his coat collar. "Wonder what I'll do for a warmer coat this winter. But how hungry I am! I must hurry up to the newspaper office and get my papers. But if business is as bad today as it was yesterday there'll be little to eat on. Gee, but I've had a hard time since my dear mother died and my father was taken to the hospital all cut up by a street car! It was a year now since dear mother was taken away from us, and over a month since poor old father was hurt so that he'll probably die. Let's see—today's visitors' day at the hospital. I can go and see him between three and four o'clock this afternoon. Well, I must get to selling papers, or I'll not eat this morning."

So saying, the little boy, whose name was Neddie Smith, hurried off down the street which was being rapidly filled with pedestrians, all of them shivering, hurrying, miserable-looking beings, out early in



His face was dirty, his hair uncombed and his clothing ragged.

quest of work. It was yet too early for the regularly-employed to be out. But soon the better-to-do class began to mix with their wretched brothers and sisters, and the day advanced rapidly. Neddie Smith got his bundle of papers counted out to him and with his small stock in trade tucked under his arm he went down the street crying his wares: "First edition, papers! papers! all about the horrible train wreck—papers! first edition, papers!"

Neddie had not long been a street newsboy. As you have learned from his morning colloquy, his mother was dead and his father seriously injured and lying in

of his poor injured father that he forgot

he had nothing to eat and nowhere to

sleep or shelter himself for the night.

But at last tired-out nature asserted itself.

As the darkness fell Neddie's weary

limbs gave out and hunger cried aloud

within him. He had no blood relatives

to whom he might apply for immediate

help. He was too proud to go to

strangers who would doubtless call him a

beggar. So he hunted about for some

place where he might creep for the night.

On the morrow he would hunt for work.

By chance he found the old tumble-down

tenement house that had been condemned,

and which stood silent, empty, waiting its

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



SMART TAILORED WAIST OF WHITE FLANNEL.

The white flannel shirtwaist made on the lines of the plain tailored linen model is a new model in waist departments this season. Very light weight, plain and striped and checked flannels are used, the all whites being considered better style than the colored. A very good model adapted to almost any figure, is that having two broad pleats either side of the centre front and back. In the back these are stitched flat to the waistline, while in the front the stitching terminates at yoke

depth, giving the necessary fullness over the bustline which is drawn in easily be-

neath the belt. There is a centre front

pleat stitched one half inch from the

edges and on either side is white silk

soutache knotted to form loops for the

buttons of flannel which fasten the waist

on one side only. The sleeves are long,

full and finished with a wide turn-back

cuff. With this waist is worn a high stiff

embroidered collar, and a bow matching

the color of the skirt. Plaid silk bows are

very pretty and worn by many.

country. His father had told him to leave

the cruel city—to go to the country where

some good soul would care for him.

That night Neddie lay in the shelter of

a haystack, eating one of the cakes he

had kept from the morning's meal. When

the dawn broke he rose and started to-

ward a farm house near by. But the

barking of a big dog sent him on down

the road, away from the farm. He walk-

ed all day, resting at intervals on the

roadside. But everywhere the farm houses

looked so fine and big that he feared to

go to their owners to ask for a home

where he might work for his board. He

knew that the prosperous and well-fed

could not understand his deplorable con-

dition, and would call him a young

tramp and send him about his business or

turn him over to the county authorities

to be sent to the poor house. Once inside

he could not bear the thought of be-

coming a dependent.

And so another night—Hallow'een night

—found Neddie still a wanderer. He had

entered the outskirts of a little town at

dusk and had felt so lonely and sad that

he sank down near to a big barn to rest.

When he awoke in the moon light he

wondered what would become of him, for

he was high upon starvation. Hearing

something crawling in the grass near him

he got up and climbed into a covered

wagon—a wagon such as grocers deliver

their goods in to customers. Once inside

he hid himself beneath the seat and an

old blanket. Being worn out he

soon fell into a profound sleep from

which the noise of merry-makers did not

wake him. Boys and girls, as well as many

grown-ups, were out in force to celebra-

te the gay occasion of Hallow'een's revels.

A group of boys raided the barn in

whose shed Neddie slept so

soundly in the delivery wagon. They

saw hold of the wagon's tongue and

drove it down the street, yelling and

laughing gaily as they went along. But

throughout his ride Neddie slept on, dream-

ing that he was in a warm house and

enjoying a good supper.

The merry-makers drew the old wagon

into a beautiful lawn, yard to a handsome

private house. Right up to the front

door they drew it and left it standing

there. Then they went away, laughing

and shouting as they went. And Neddie

was left alone in the wagon, dreaming

that he was in a warm house and

enjoying a good supper.

About seven o'clock on the following

morning Neddie was awakened by a

hand on his face. "Why, it's a little boy,

as sure as I'm alive!" It was a woman's

voice, a sweet, motherly one. Neddie

opened his eyes and thought he was dream-

ing. Sitting up he said: "Oh, I must be

dreaming all this. I never saw this place

before. Oh, I hope it was all a dream

about dear father dying." Then tears

well up in his eyes and he said to the

surprised lady who was looking in on him:

"I don't know whether or not I'm awake.

I left the city last night—after my father

died. I was so—so—lonesome and—and

had nowhere to go."

The lady looked pityingly into Neddie's

face, saying: "Come little boy, come into

the house and tell me how you came to

be here. You are awake and not dream-

ing. Last night was Hallow'een, and

doubtless you were out merry-making with

the town boys and got in here to hide,

and so fell asleep."

Neddie went into the house with the

lady and soon she had heard his pitiful

story, told in detail from the date of his

mother's death. After Neddie had finish-

ed she put her arms around his shivering

little form and said through her tears:

"Yes, dear little boy, your father was

right. You have found the soul who will

take care of you and give you a good

home. You were brought to us in a very

strange way—a veritable Hallow'een gift.

And here you shall remain. My husband

will be delighted for you shall grow up to

take the place of a dear little son we lost

a year ago. Only yesterday we were dis-

cussing the advice to adopt a little

son, and here he is this morning—

right at our front door. So come, and

meet your foster father, then you shall

have something to eat. After that comes

a bath, some nice new clothes and—

home and LOVE."

Teacher—"Willie, why don't you keep your

hair combed?"

Willie—"Cause I ain't got no comb."

Teacher—"Why don't you ask your mamma

to buy you one?"

Willie—"Cause then I'd have to keep my

hair combed."—London Tribune.

THINK RIGHT; KEEP HEALTHY

Many Thousands of Homes
Wrecked by Ill Health.

There are probably very few people in the world who could not be perfectly well and strong if they had known the secret of right-thinking in their youth and had practiced it through life, says Success. That a right life must follow right-thinking is as scientific as the laws of mathematics. Unfortunately, some of us were not taught this. All sorts of discordant, weak criminal thoughts played havoc with our minds before we learned what devastation was being effected in us. Habit had fixed the trend of life and the tendencies of action, that we were almost slaves to it and to our environment.

How many thousands of homes have been wrecked by poor health! What tragedies have been wrought by shattered nerves and broken-down constitutions, even in the lives of good-intentioned people! "Mentally able but physically weak" would make a good epitaph on the tombstone of many a failure.

If we only knew the secret of thinking ourselves into health, into a success sphere, or how to surround ourselves with a healthful, prosperous atmosphere, we should know how to solve the greatest problem of life.

The brain gets a great deal of credit belonging to the stomach and to the muscles and the lungs. A single talent in a strong physique, with a good will back of it all, will accomplish more in life than ten talents in a weak body. What we need is a strong, vigorous vitality, which will stand a tremendous strain.

Who can measure the disaster to the individual and to the world which is caused by bled-out work, due to ill health? Health is the very mainspring of life, for without it, dispositions are ruined, lives are darkened and made wretched, efficiency is destroyed, freshness and enthusiasm and the zest which comes from normal living are all gone. What a blessing it is to feel that equipoise, that splendid balance which exists between a sound mind and a sound body!

COLLINS MUST DIE

Insanity Plea Fails and Murderer of Mary Ann McAulay Must Go to Scaffold.

Ottawa, Nov. 6.—James C. Sherren, of Moncton, arrived here today with a petition for clemency on behalf of Thomas F. Collins, sentenced to be hanged on the 15th instant for the murder of Mary Ann McAulay. The prisoner is now confined in Albert county jail.

Mr. Sherren said the officers of the department of justice and put in a strong plea in favor of a commutation of the death sentence on the ground of insanity. There was no such plea put up at the trial. It is since then that this has been raised.

Mr. Sherren was told that his representations would be taken into consideration at today's session of the cabinet and he would get a reply tomorrow morning. It is understood that the case was considered at the cabinet meeting in the afternoon and that, although no official announcement has yet been made, the decision was not to interfere with the sentence of the court. In other words it is said that it was decided to let the law take its course and in that event Collins will have to answer for his crime on the scaffold, according to the sentence of the court.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAM & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Springfield mines having again commenced work the coal barges which have been laid up here, will go into commission again at once. Barge No. 4 cleared for Parrsboro yesterday afternoon and will be towed there by the tug "Flushing."

C. P. R. steamer Lake Michigan landed passengers at 3:15 Wednesday morning at Quebec.

C. P. R. steamer Empire of Britain, inward, was reported 185 miles east of Cape Race at 1 a. m. yesterday, due at Quebec Friday noon.

Donaldson line steamer Alcides, in command of Captain Rankine, came to her berth at the new city wharf yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock, and commenced to discharge her cargo from Glasgow.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the heavy advertising in Saturday's Times we are compelled to ask those who require advertisements changed Saturday to send copy in before 6 p. m., Friday. *The Times cannot guarantee the insertion of any regular change in Saturday's paper, that is not handed in Friday Afternoon.* We trust that advertisers will co-operate with us and *prepare Saturday advertisements early*, thus enabling us to work our composing room Friday night, if necessary, to properly handle all changes.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES

Lady Sybil Grey Interested in Tombola to Raise Funds—Tickets on Sale in St. John.

Lady Sybil Grey is taking a very deep interest in the "Tombola," which is an effort gotten up to aid in the building of a hospital for consumptives. A large number of valuable prizes, as shown here, are to be drawn for by means of tickets. These tickets are 50c. each, and five books of them have been sent to St. John. Purchases can be made at the following places: Barnes & Co.'s, E. G. Nelson & Co.'s, J. & A. McMillan's, A. C. Smith & Co.'s and Oak Hall, and the sale will close on Saturday, Nov. 9, when returns for all sales must be sent in. The five books referred to were sent to the Schofield Paper Company, Ltd., by Mr. Rowley, the president of The E. B. Eddy Co., to place in St. John. The prizes are: Return ocean ticket to Liverpool (donated by Allan line); Railway ticket from Montreal to Vancouver and return, Canadian Pacific Railway; Martin-Orme piano (value \$350)—donated by Martin-Orme Piano Co. Ltd.; Picture—donated by Sir Wm. Van Horne; Cow (value \$100)—donated by Hon. Sen. Edwards; Driving horse (value \$200); Oil painting by Vicars; A saddle horse; Steel kitchen range; Grandfather's clock; Umbrella, \$25.00; Bath room scales; Sleigh; Washing machine; Three pairs of skates (man, woman and child); Carpet bag; Photo frame; Refrigerator; Cane (Partridge wood, inlaid with silver); Household scales (several pair); Flask; Set of Shakespeare; Stole and ruff (Fox); Fur rug; Picture; Cane; Gentleman's bag; Kitchen range; Jewel case; Linen (assorted articles); Tankard of Russian brass; Evening robe, lady's (value \$30.); Furniture; Bronze figure; Furs; Bourienne's Napoleon (4 vols.); Lawn mower; Carpet, 9x10 1/2, Wilton; Kodak No. 1, Eastman Pocket Folding; Thermometer; Photo (4 feet, Sir Galahad); Picture; Grandfather's clock (several).

JAPS WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO LAND

Three Thousand Coming From Honolulu Will be Turned Back

Ottawa, Nov. 6.—The federal government has received no advice as yet confirming the press despatches from Honolulu stating that United States Senator Chillingworth and others are arranging to send to British Columbia in the near future several shipsloads of Japanese, aggregating 3,000. If the despatches are correct and an attempt is made to land these Japs at Vancouver it is not improbable that they will be turned back in view of the fact that they will not have passports from the Japanese government. The immigration law of Japan provides that passports obtained under false pretence, as to destination, are illegal and if, as is suspected, the Japs coming to Canada from Honolulu are brought there first with the intention of sending them thence to Canada, the Japanese consul will be asked to so inform the Mikado's government and co-operate with the Canadian government in putting a stop to this method of circumventing Japan's understanding with this country relative to the restriction of immigration to the dominion.

SEVERE PAINS IN THE GROIN

Trying Experience of a Well Known Citizen in St. John, N. B.

The case of Mr. Chas. F. Olive, for years foreman in the "Gazette" of St. John, N. B., is a striking evidence of the power of Ferrozone.

No remedy has such a record for restoring sufferers from acute stomach and kidney trouble; it invariably does cure.

"For several years" writes Mr. Olive, "I have had kidney trouble and until quite recently I suffered torture. A few months ago my condition assumed a very serious form. I consulted several city doctors, used different pills, but without the slightest benefit. I suffered from an intense pain in the groin, and the increasing seriousness of my trouble prompted me to try Ferrozone. It gave me quick relief, and a half-dozen boxes cured. Ferrozone I can recommend as a specific for disordered kidneys."

Won't you try Ferrozone too, 50c. per box at all dealers in medicine.

The International Paper Company has chartered the Norwegian steamer Bygland to take the place of the Fortuna until the closing of navigation in the provinces for the winter months. The Bygland has been engaged in the coal carrying trade during the summer and is now loaded with pulp wood at Chatham and is to leave there this week.

British bark Sirdar, from New York, is now at Ingram Docks (N. S.) loading.

WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO?

The first question asked by a general advertiser. The *Telegraph and Times* reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go first hand from the publishers by carrier and not through street boys to be left in office or instore by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that *every paper* passed into homes direct *will be read*. The *Telegraph and Times* are home papers. Do they contain your advertisement?

"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."