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WANTED

D-Junior for matting and with opportunity to learn sice. Apply by letter, stat- ing grade and reference, to Mrs. J. Box 314, City.

D-Girl to operate passen- ger, afternoons only, hours 1 to 4 (Saturday and Sunday ex- cepted) Apply The Standard, Ltd., 100 St. John, N. B.

D-First Class Stenograph- ical, State ex- pected salary. Box 314, City.

D-Experienced hardwood floorer. Good mill and living work continues all win- tering, apply giving referen- ces expected to "Millman," 100 St. John, N. B.

D-Principal wanted.—Principal desired teachers wanted for B. superior school for term beginning January, 1919. Apply by letter and experience. John Secretary to Trustees.

D-Boy 16 to 18 years to be a messenger. State ex- pected salary expected. Box 314, City.

D-Night Engineer. Saint John Hospital, East Saint John, N. B.

D-A Second Class Teach- ing salary to Alex, Me- ckenzie Point, N. B.

D-BRUSH MAKER wanted charge of factory at Men- ton, N. B. Good chance to learn brush making. Only cap- able need apply. Applications confidential. Advertiser, 2554 St. John, N. B.

D-WANTED for Automatic work. Apply to F. St. John, Robb Engineering Co., 100 St. John, N. B.

D-Young women, 18 to 20 years, for sewing. Apply to St. John Hospital, East Saint John, N. B.

D-Harness Makers, Camp- tion machine or raters, and makers. Apply High Car- riage Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

D-Second hand Perfection all stove with two burners and oven. Call 275 Main Street, N. B.

D-Experienced Sprinkler F. St. Pierre, Sprinkler Robb Engineering Works, 100 St. John, N. B.

D-Second Class Female Secretary to A. D. (case) Secretary Queens Co., N. B.

D-Teacher for District No. 10, Hamstead for next term. Apply to St. John Hospital, East Saint John, N. B.

D-Bright, active boys to go and town in New Brunswick. pocket money by a occupation. If you are am- bitious at once to Opportunity, St. John, asking for par-

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RIPPLING RHYMES

THE GRAY HAIRD MAN... The gray haired man one coming back for duty they're smiling, the man who one time got the sack because they were too old.

Just Folks

HOME AND THE CHILDREN.

What is home for, any way, if it's not for children's play? What's the use of rugs and chairs if they cannot call them theirs?

PEPPER TALKS

BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

Do You Like Surprises?

Exciting and thrilling as life may be made, and as it is to many who make it so, still there creeps into all our lives a kind of dull mon- otony, at times, that is anything but cheerful.

OUR SHORT STORY

THE PUSHER DOWN.

Every seated man in the crowded trolley dove headlong behind his newspaper as Fluela Nonkomm entered and energetically seized a strap.

The Powerful Katrinka Got Her Arm Wedged Tight in That Opening You Reach Through to Work the Gate Latch.



THE EVENING STORY

THE IDEALIST

(Copyright, 1918, by W. Werner.)

Olivia Laird was thirty-six when she made a strong discovery about herself. This discovery was an over- whelming surprise and she was fright- ened by it.

would never marry, because marriage was the great destroyer of romantic fancy and she could not bear to be more disillusioned than she was.



Olivia Was Delighted.

It was because of that she began to seek about for a reason. And she found it in herself.

RANDOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN.

OTHELLO.

Othello was a violent specimen of brunet manhood who was written up by W. Shakespeare after he had departed this life, and it was safe to do so.

WHAT THAT LITTLE SHIMP TO CHIMP AT OUR WEDDING - NOT ON YOUR TINY FEET!



Othello objected in his boorish Moorish manner.

Mr. Shakespeare states that Othello and Desdemona would have lived to a ripe old age if it had not been for one Iago, who was a coarse person with the rank of first ser- geant.

Late that afternoon the train reached Sharruck and paused. Just as it was moving on Olivia looked up and saw a man filling the car door.

"I believe it's Westend," she told old Mrs. Cheney. "People have lived in Westend so long that they've got mean and narrow. I like everybody I meet here."

"Hum," coughed old Mrs. Cheney. "But within four weeks Olivia was singing another song. She knew now all the ins and outs of her new ac- quaintance and life with them was just as soiled and unendurable as any she had seen."

"They left the seashore and went to the mountains. This particular mountain resort was very lively, and Olivia was charmed.

"I'm glad to see you," replied the young man. He glanced at Olivia, who was smiling quite cordially. "I guess the reason you're glad to see me is because I'm from home," he hinted.

"Well, we've come back now to stay, I guess," said Mrs. Cheney. "And Olivia was really surprised to find how glad she was to see Cyrus and to hear about Westend and what had happened there in her absence."

"We've missed you a lot," Cyrus said. "Seems to me people have to go away to be appreciated."

after which he fell on his sword and expired with an annoyed look.

The life of Othello should warn wives not to provoke their husbands to jealousy, especially in view of the large number of coy affinites who lurk on every corner.

It was forty miles from Sharruck to Westend. Mrs. Cheney went to sleep twice in that distance, but Cyrus and Olivia kept on talking all the way.

"If we don't call you," said Olivia, "you might drop in tomorrow to see how we—how Mrs. Cheney stood the journey."

"I was going to, anyway," Cyrus Blaine had gone Mrs. Cheney asked suddenly: "You knew he came to Sharruck to meet us, didn't you?"

"No," Olivia said. "I thought it was just accident." After a moment she inquired: "How did he know when we would be there?"

"Why, I wrote him," confessed Mrs. Cheney. "I always thought a lot of Cyrus, and I've known for a long time that he was fond of you."

Olivia said nothing. That night she wrote in her diary: "It's very incon- venient being an idealist. However, Mrs. Cheney says I shall outgrow it by the time I'm seventy. She must know. But it's going to be a long white before I'm seventy, and in the mean time I'm awfully lonely. Cyrus Blaine can build a fire beautifully. Mrs. Cheney likes him exceedingly. I like him, too, and I'm tempted to trust to Mrs. Cheney's opinion rather than my own. I suppose an idealist should never marry, but if Cyrus should want me—"

Can Stay at Home. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody some good," remarked the after dinner speaker, wearily.

"What's the matter now?" "I've just been notified of five han- quets I won't have to go to because of the Spanish influenza epidemic."

The tongue twisting type of song that began with "She sells sea shells on the seashore," is the song of the day in London, where its latest man- festations, sung by the American comedian Jack Norworth, runs: Which switch is the switch, miss, fo Ipswich?

It's the Ipswich switch which I re- quire. Which switch switches Ipswich with this switch? You've switched my switch on the wrong wire. You've switched me on Northwich, not Ipswich. So now, to prevent further hith, If you'll tell me which switch is Northwich and which switch is Ipswich, I'll know which is e'wich.

Get the Hook. "Uncle St.—What became of that voteville actor chap you had workin' on your place?" "Farmer H.—Fired him. He seemed to have the idea that farm work was a twenty-minute sketch an' then a two-hours' rest up.

"CAP" STUBBS.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL.



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YOU NEVER CAN TELL.



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