

THE RELUCTANT SCHOLAR.

O Mr. Willie's teachers all declare since he's getting bigger it's very strange he does not care to read or write or do anything. But Willie's father said that he has said these things. Through reading things that proved to be extreme exaggerations. And Willie's father said that once his heart was deeply smitten and that he proved himself a true through doing that he had written. And Willie's father further spoke and said he often remembered for something were what left him broken when he sought wealth stupendous. To be effectively employed with some reward should be entered and prudent moderation. And that is why his father, kind Willie's father, "The Willy" observed: "He has a cautious mind. I have great hopes of Willie."—Washington Star.

Out of the Mouths of Babies. Miss discovered a spider web on a small turn. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "here's a big bug in his hammock!" While eating dinner Miss was nearly choked by a spider he encountered in the leg of the children. "Mamma," he said, "look forgot to take the hen's parts off." "Mamma," said little Nellie, "I can always tell when papa has finished his meal." "Why, how can you tell?" asked her mother. "Cause there ain't nothing more left on his plate," was the reply. The Sunday school class was singing "I want to be an angel," and the teacher said to one little fellow who was silent, "Why don't you sing, Willie?" "Cause I don't want to be an angel just now," was the reply.—Kansas City Times.

He Was a Kisser. "Is dat a kisser?" asked Mr. Erasmus Finley. "Does you want to buy him?" inquired Uncle Rasmus Nationally. "No." "Den white de use o' comin' aroun' here axin' useless questions an' temptin' me to spoil my reputation for truth an' honesty?"—Washington Star.

Something Lacking. "Didn't you say," demanded the young man of the captain, "that this ship was equipped with all appliances for human safety?" "I did." "Then how does it happen that I now find myself engaged to a lady I did not know when the vessel left her pier?"—Chicago Tribune.

Faced the Truth. "George," said the wife to her generally unresponsive husband, "how do you like my new hat?" "Well, my dear," said George, with great candor, "to tell you the truth"—"Stop right here, George. If you're going to tell that war about it I don't want to know."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



In Africa. Pelican—There goes Hippo on the way to the jungle. He's masked ball. But why all these spots painted on his hide? Parrot—Oh, that is his ball costume. He's going as a giraffe.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Serious Business. "You should be very careful, my dear," advised the chambermaid. "There are microbes in kisses. Kissing is insubstantial." "I should worry," replied the sweet young thing. "I am not kissing for my health."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

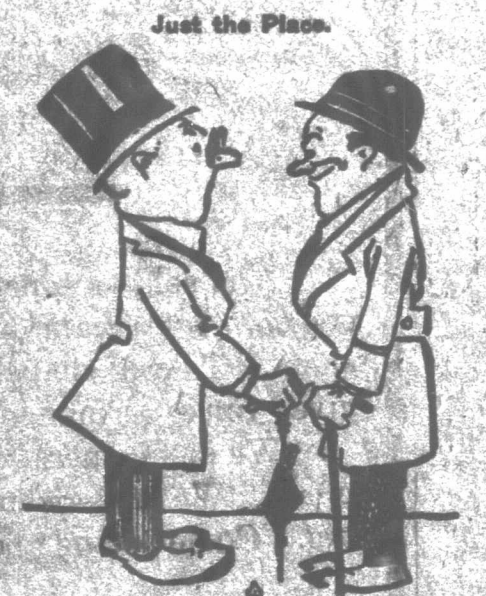
A Poor Site. Salt—For years, we had an awful storm here last week. That lightning bolt was washed away except for a few blocks of stone. Miss—Dear me! Whatever did they build it in such an exposed position for?—Saturday Journal.

Vanquished. "Old Bragart had a bad day yesterday." "What happened?" "He bumped into Booster, who could talk louder and longer about himself than he could."—Detroit Free Press.

The Rational Assumption. "No your admirer is an aviator. I suppose he makes very short cuts when he comes." "Why do you think that?" "Doubt he made flying visits."—Baltimore American.

Just the Thing. "You should by all means have an Italian garden." "All right," said Mr. Nurich. "And we'll plant some spaghetti."—Kansas City Journal.

Trials of Parents. "I haven't had a satisfactory kiss from my daughter since she was two years old." "How's that?" "In childhood she always had molasses on her face, and now her make-up is even worse."—Kansas City Journal.



Just the Place. "I'm sorry about Brown's failure. He's a brick if ever there was one." "Then it's not unnatural that he should go to the wall."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Our Boarding House. "Why do you call that blond boarder Venus?" "She's always at the bath." "And that grouchy boarder. Why do you call him Diogenes?" "Because he lives in the tub."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Handicap. The Slum Worker—You look like a very worthy person. The Flattered One—Oh, I'm all right, ma'am. I manage to get along, first rate. I ain't got nobody to support. I'm a single woman.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Indications. "Take the baby's thermometer, dear. By the way, what sort of weather is coming?" "Judging by the effect of this thermometer there are evidently squalls ahead."—Baltimore American.

Not a Gymnasium Teacher. Husband—Come along! Keeping me here standing like a fool! Wife—Do be reasonable, dear. Can I really help the way you stand?—London Mail.

Did For Popularity. "Do you like Wagner?" Better than I used to," replied Mr. Gurney. "There's a lot of his music that no one would attempt to dance to."—Washington Star.

Unexpected. "How was it you allowed the fire to get such a hold on the place? You've got a fire engine, haven't you?" "Yes, but it's the first day since it came, and the hose was so wrapped up in wreaths from being used to decorate the streets that we couldn't get the water through."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Worldly Wise. He—Would you have loved me had I been poor? She—Yes, dear, but I would have kept you in ignorance of the fact.—Boston Transcript.

Had Piles For Ten Years. And Tried Nearly Everything Except a Surgical Operation Without Obtaining Relief—Tells How Complete Cure Was Effected.

There are reported here three cases of chronic piles. In all three cases many treatments were tried before it was discovered that Dr. Chase's Ointment is about the only real cure for this distressing ailment. Mrs. A. Baker, 24 Guilford street, Rochester, N.Y., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment as a household remedy for over 10 years, and am particularly indebted to it for a cure from piles. I had suffered from this annoying trouble for ten years, and tried nearly everything I knew of. After using Dr. Chase's Ointment a short while I was completely cured." Mrs. Wm. Shantz, 115 Albert street, Kitchener, Ont., writes: "After several years I was troubled with bleeding piles. I tried different remedies for relief without success. I read in Dr. Chase's Ointment of the benefits other people were receiving from Dr. Chase's Ointment, so I sent to your office for a sample box. I found it gave me such relief that I went to a drug store and purchased a full-sized box. I have used several boxes since, and have derived more benefit from it than any remedy I have ever used."

Mrs. F. Casson, Victoria street, Inverness, Ontario, writes: "About two years and a half ago I was suffering from piles. I had tried many different remedies for this distressing trouble, but nothing helped me. Finally I got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and after using it found that I was completely cured and have not been bothered in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to anyone suffering as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, is all dealers or Edmundson, Baker & Co. Limited, Toronto. There are no rivals to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a treatment for piles.

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ROAD WAGON, practically new. SLOVEN WAGON, for two horses. HARNESS, complete for two horses. Real bargains will be given on the above for quick sale. Call and examine them and learn the price. A. G. BAKER Hartland, N. B.

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Depends upon the condition of your Teeth and Gums. Good Teeth and Healthy Gums mean GOOD HEALTH. In having Dental work done have the best and always remember the man with a long experience is the one who can give you the best, as EXPERIENCE is the great teacher. What better do you want than to have a guarantee that all fillings, crowns, bridge work, and artificial teeth put in by Dr. Manzer will wear you 70 years? The next time you require Dental work of a high class, done in a most modern and up-to-date office, come to the office of Dr. Manzer, where there isn't anything to good for his patients. His motto is quality and not quantity of work. Office at his residence, Chapel street, which faces the Post Office and is opposite the Turner House and Armoury Woodstock, N. B. Office hours: any time day or night and Sundays.

THE WINTER TERM of the

Frederickton Business College opens on Monday, January 7, 1918

Pamphlet giving particulars of our courses of our study, rates of tuition, etc., will be mailed to any address on application. Address: W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Frederickton, N. B.

JOHN O.



Percheron Stallion

REG. 4886. This is to certify that C. E. Allen, the barber, at Hartland, is the owner of John O., bred by G. W. Durin, Illinois, foaled May 17th, 1912. C. E. Allen will travel John O. Mondays to Waterville, Wilmot, Avondale to Deerfield, Tuesdays, Jacktown to Hartland, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at owner's stable. Telephone calls attended to. F. TILLEY, Groom. TERMS: Single service \$5.00 at time of service by the season \$30.00 a living colt, \$12.00, \$2.00 payable at first service. All mares at owner's risk. Mares disposed of considered in foal and to be paid by owners at time of breeding. C. E. ALLEN, Hartland, N. B.

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