

LAUGHING JACKASS

Many years ago, before steamboats were so plentiful as they are now, a certain Wellington Smith paid a visit to Australia in order to hunt the kangaroo.

When he woke up the first morning he stood at the window, which looked out upon the garden, and, as his custom was, went solemnly through his breathing exercises.

Suddenly, just as he was performing the feat of touching his toes, he nearly fell over himself with surprise and anger, for out of the shadow of the trees there came a deep, rollicking laugh. "Ha! ha! ha! ha! What a joke! ha! ha! You do look a sight!" the laugh seemed to say.

"Ha! ha!" it went on, and Wellington Smith got quite purple with fury. It had never dawned on him before that a stout man trying to touch his toes must be a rather funny sight.

"Australian manners," he muttered, "teach 'em to make fun of me!"

And now a second laugh had joined the first, and the whole house seemed to ring with the mocking, teasing sounds. "Ha! ha!" roared the first voice; "Ha! ha!" roared the second, and Smith cut short his exercises and dressed as quickly as he could. After breakfast he mentioned the matter, very stiffly, to his host; but what was his surprise when the Australian, after looking at him for a moment with open mouth, burst into a great laugh himself—laughed and laughed until he had to hold his sides.

"Come out," he said, taking his astonished guest by the arm, "and I will show you the fellow whose sense of humor has been tickled so much."

They went out into the garden, and there sitting solemnly on a branch of a tall she-oak was a big bird with a huge bill, almost as big as its body.

"There's your jester," said the squatter. "It was the laughing jackass you heard. He does love a joke."

"That!" said Smith. His surprised face caused the Australian to burst into another laugh, and lo, "Ha! ha!" the bird joined in as if enjoying his victim's amazement.

"I suppose you thought a jackass was a kind of donkey?" said the squatter. "So did I until I came out to Australia. Isn't it wonderful to find a bird that can laugh like that? Those fellows can see a joke as well as you or I."

"Nonsense!" said Smith, feeling a bit nettled. "It's just the noise they make. It's not a real laugh."

"Oh, isn't it!" said the squatter. "Very funny thing, then, they always seem to laugh at the right moment. You wait till you know them as well as I do."

But Wellington Smith was not content with knowing the bird in his native wilds. Nothing would satisfy him but that he must capture one to take home to England.

Hunting the kangaroo quite paled beside the excitement of catching a jackass, and at last his wish came true.

By means of a special cage containing a bait that was quite too tempting for Mr. Jackass, Wellington Smith became the proud possessor of the bird that had dared to laugh at him.

But once inside the cage there was no laughter from the jackass.

"What did I tell you?" said the squatter. "He doesn't see the joke of losing his liberty."

"Of course he will pine a bit," said Smith, "but he will get used to it."

So he went back to England, taking the jackass with him, intending to show his prize to all his friends.

But that jackass was a failure from the show point of view. That annoying bird kept up an obstinate silence the whole time, and nobody would believe he really could laugh just like a man.

Wellington Smith spent all his spare time in front of the cage "ha-ha-ing" with all his might, but the jackass only winked solemnly out of one eye at him, and did not even smile.

At last, one day when Smith was showing the bird to a party of visitors, he lost his temper.

"Laugh, you wretch! Laugh! Laugh! Why don't you laugh, you wretch!" he cried, and struck the cage door with his fist.

The catch slipped, the door flew open, and in a trice out came Master Jackass.

Out he flew through the open window into the garden, and perched himself on the topmost branch of the tallest tree in the place.

Out came Wellington Smith, out came his friends, and out came John the Gardener, with cage and ladder.

The gardener's son joined in the chase, and climbed the tree like a squirrel, but when he was halfway up the jackass had skipped to another.

Hot and perspiring, angry and excited, the group below tried to entice him back to the cage.

But Mr. Jackass was one of those beings who profit by experience.

There was to be no more cage for him!

Then as he looked down upon the scene, and saw all the preparations that were being made to catch him again, the jackass, for the first time since he had left Australia, burst into a rollicking guffaw. He laughed and laughed and laughed till the little crowd looking up at him could not help themselves. They were forced to join in, and anyone passing that garden would have seen the strange sight of several respectable members of society rolling on the grass, holding their sides, unable to stop themselves from laughing, while foremost in the merriment was the erring jackass.

Even Wellington Smith was so triumphant that he had at last convinced his friends that the bird could laugh, he almost forgot his anger. Still laughing, the Jackass gaily flew away, and his parting guffaw echoed through the trees.

Wellington Smith never saw him again, and he admitted at last that the jackass certainly did seem to understand a joke, and that in this case at least the joke was all on his side.

A BIRTHDAY CIGAR

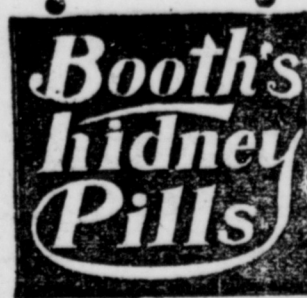
"Willie, didn't I tell you I'd whip you if you put another piece of india-rubber on the stove?"
"It isn't me, mother; it's father—he's smoking one of those cigars you gave him for a birthday present."

WOMEN SUFFER

More than Men

Women have more than their share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity. They must keep up," in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, etc. Mrs Edward Calwood of 123 S. Harold Street, Fort William, Ont., says:

"I suffered with dull, miserable pains, soreness across my back and in my sides for months. They would catch me so badly at times that I could scarcely move around. I would have dizzy spells and altogether, felt generally run down. After using a number of remedies without finding relief, I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and found them an excellent remedy. They not only relieved me of the miserable pains and soreness in my back but cured me of my kidney trouble."



Booth's Kidney Pills cure Back-ache, Dull Shooting Pains, Thick and Cloudy Urine, Gravel or Stone Rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

All druggists and dealers 50c. a box or post paid from The R. T. Booth Co. Fort Erie Ont. If you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Could we say more? Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

England Trembles At Loss Of Secrets

London, Aug. 12.—A mysterious case involving the disclosure of plans of fortifications at strategic points along the south coast of England is in a criminal court here.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, a well known pioneer in motoring and aeroplaning and the Editor of The Car, was approached a year ago by a man giving the name of Montagu, who revealed a plan for making maps for aviator by means of photography. Lord Montagu was so impressed that he set up with great secrecy special photograph studio grounds at his house in Beaulieu Abbey New Forest. There Mr. Montagu was installed and carried on work several months developing his scheme in a way that immensely pleased the Lord. He produced contour maps more perfect than anything yet invented for aviators.

Just when the first batches of maps were ready, there was a fire in the studio. Not only was the cause of the fire a mystery, but Lord Montagu was struck by the fact that his namesake reported things as having been burned that were practically unburnable.

It appears that the War office and the naval authorities had given Lord Montagu great facilities for mapping the dockyard ports of Portsmouth, Devonport and Southampton the Solent forts and those on the Isle of Wight. The model of these maps were missing after the fire. Search having been made everywhere without success is surmised that it was sold to some foreign power, to whose air fleet it would be of enormous value.

Lord Montagu had his namesake arrested and the latter is now awaiting trial for theft. The evidence against him is only indirect and the authorities here are frantic over information indirectly disclosed. It is believed that Montagu, the photographic expert, was a spy in the pay of a foreign power, that the whole scheme was carefully laid and that when trouble recently threatened Europe his employers insisted on a premature closing of the deal in order to get possession of the model.

Lord Montagu's inquiries into the antecedents of his photographic expert are said to strengthen his suspicions.

Cholera Not Dangerous Says Prof. Metchnikoff

Paris, Aug 20.—The possibility of an outbreak of Cholera in France has led Prof. Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute in Paris to express his opinion on the subject. Among other things he says:—

The Buckley Guarantee ensures Satisfaction—or a new hat free.

A hat needs a guarantee. More easily than any other article of apparel, a hat can deceive its purchaser—look right without being right. Clothes, or shoes, or ties, you can "size up"—a hat, you can not.

For instance, almost everyone knows enough about tweeds to tell whether a suit will wear well.

With hats it is different. Who can "size up" a hat? Who can tell whether it will wear three months, or "look seedy" after one month?

Few can tell a hat's real worth without knowing what goes into its making. None can tell exactly but the manufacturer. He knows better than anyone how long his product will wear—and, if he believes in his hats he ought to be willing to guarantee them.

Buckley Hats are guaranteed. The men that make them believe they'll wear longer than any other hat that's made—and in proof of that belief the makers attach their guarantee for four months. If you buy a Buckley hat to-day, and, any time within the next four months, you find your hat losing color or showing signs of wear, take it to your dealer and he will cheerfully, unhesitatingly exchange it. The Buckley guarantee, moreover, assures you against hat accidents — it's so sweeping as to include even that contingency.

Union made, and of highest grade felt, it is produced in a wide variety of styles to suit all physical types and to conform to latest fashion tendencies. The price is only \$2.50.

GUARANTEE	
No.	The Color and Wear of this hat are absolutely guaranteed, and any hat which will not give entire satisfaction, will be exchanged at any time within four months after purchase. We also agree to exchange this hat, if same is damaged by accident during the said four months.
DATE SOLD	BUCKLEY & SONS, Manufacturers

BUCKLEY HATS

Going OUT OF BUSINESS

All Goods Must Be Sold Within The Next Ten Days Regardless of Cost.

Prices Cut in Halves

Goods consist of Ladies' Waists, Underwear, Collars, Belts, Ladies' and Children's Hosiery and Fancy Articles and Everything usually kept in a First-Class Ladies' Emporium.

These Goods are all Fresh and up-to-date. Don't Fail to take advantage of this Closing Out Sale.

These Goods Are All Going To Be Sold At Some Price.

MISS A. L. LEE.

LADIES' EMPORIUM

"Cholera is not dangerous. It is easy to protect oneself from it. I have lived in contaminated areas and never felt the least fear. The measures taken by the government are excellent, but I must confess I have only a moderate confidence in them. The only measure to be taken are individual measures."

"The strictest hygiene must be observed; one must wash often, but above all, all drinking water must be boiled and all fruit scalded. People who say that raw fruit is dangerous make a very great mistake. Let people eat

their melons without fear; they run no risk. The only essential precaution is to plunge the melons in boiling water for a minute, for the rind may have fragments of earth on it contains the germs which propagate cholera. These germs will die at once. The same is true of all fruits. Cholera and typhoid fever can only contaminate any one by means of the digestive organs. The hands must therefore be kept perfectly clean and all foods carefully sterilized.

"Another mistaken idea is that boiled water is easily contaminated. That is

not so. Boiled water keep its properties for a very long time. It is quite enough to keep it in a properly covered jar. Personally I prepare my supply of boiled water in sufficient quantity for two days."

He who keeps Christ knocking at the door of his heart is as wise as the shipwrecked sailor who asks the life-boat captain to come again to-morrow.