



AT HOME

Lady:—"Did anyone call when I was out?"
 Maid:—"Two ladies and several gentlemen."
 Lady:—"Did they leave their cards?"
 Maid:—"No, ma'am. I was in."
 Lady:—"What do you mean?"
 Maid:—"They called on me, ma'am."

A QUESTION OF HEARING

The burly farmer strode anxiously into the post office.
 "Have you got any letter for Mike Howe?" he asked.
 The new postmaster looked him up and down.
 "For who?" he snapped.
 "Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer.
 The postmaster turned aside.
 "I don't understand," he returned, stiffly.
 "Don't understand!" roared the applicant. "Can't you understand plain English? I asked if you've got any letter for Mike Howe!"
 "Well, I haven't!" snorted the postmaster. "Neither have I a letter for anybody else's cow!"



HIGH PRICED

Customer (after reading bill-of-fare):—"Walter, I have only 25 cents; tell me what you recommend."
 Waiter:—"Another restaurant."

ONE ON THE CONGRESS

There was once a poor man who had a son who was anxious to break out of school and work somebody. His father was a good man and wanted to have his son shine, so he bought him a bootblacking stand and some brushes.
 But the boy lacked polish. He went down on his knees for a nickel and went through the knees of his new two dollar pants in order to get forty-five cents.
 Then he went through his father's pants and got twelve dollars without any trouble at all.
 His father was very proud of him and saw at once that the boy was cut out for a burglar. So he taught him a few things and sent him out to rob a house.
 He broke into a cigar store where there was a policy shop, and he took all he could find—\$95 in small change and a policy slip. When he came out he ran into the arms of a policeman, who was going to arrest the boy, but the boy gave him the slip. So you see that honesty is the best policy.
 After the boy had made such a good start and was doing people so well, and while his father's heart swelled with pride, he got mixed up in politics and broke his father's swollen heart by getting elected to Congress—where there is no policy.
 Now, no matter what he does, they can never arrest him again.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

There is a man who fancies he is the head of his house. This particular man has several small children, and it pleases him to discourse a great deal on the training of children. A few days ago he had friends visiting him. His two little sons began to play about noisily. It is one of his theories that children should obey implicitly. He wanted his friends to see how he carried it out in the training of his own children.
 "Johnny," he said, sternly, "stop that noise instantly."
 Johnny looked up in surprise, then grinned a little.
 "Oh, Freddy," he said to his brother, as they went on with the noise, "just hear papa trying to talk like mamma."

Caught a Big Salmon

The first catch on the Lake at Summerland, B.C., was an eight and a half pound salmon, which all the fishermen agreed was a fine indication of a good fishing season.

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 toebobbing 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.

"Austrian manners," he muttered. "I'll 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, 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 obnoxious 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.

Put Out the Unt-Worm.

Cultural methods are the only means of combating the cut-worm pest in large fields. These consist of late deep fall plowing, to turn the young larvae out and expose them to the weather, destruction of brush or rubbish and keeping the edges of a field clean and free from refuse, in order that the moths may not be afforded a suitable place to lay their eggs. For garden plots a mixture of poisoned bran is used. This is made by mixing one pound of Paris green into fifty pounds of bran. Moisten it to a nice paste and sweeten by adding about a quart of molasses. This mixture is sprinkled between the rows of vegetables where the larvae are working. This should be done in the evening, and of course all stock or poultry kept away, as it is deadly poison if eaten by any animal or bird. It is well also not to place the poison close to the crop.

How Doth the Busy Bee

In the light of comparatively recent discoveries of the existence of serious communicable diseases among bees, it is specially urged that only those who are prepared to give the apary proper attention, should undertake to keep bees even if only for pleasure.

The bee has an important work to do as a pollinating agent, and in cross-pollinating the blossoms of many bush fruits. This is done by the bee in the daily routine of work in gathering nectar from the blossoms and converting it into luscious honey, pure and wholesome as food for the human being. They thus save to the profit of man a product that is lost, unless gathered by the honey bee. The amount gathered is surprisingly large and shows the profit and pleasure derived from this source.

Dont's for Hot Days.

Don't walk on the sunny side of the street more than is necessary.
 Don't walk rapidly Stop long enough to cool off.

Don't try to stop the free flow of perspiration.
 Don't drink too rapidly Sip your drinks.

Don't drink too much water — just enough to keep perspiration flowing.

Bottled Gooseberries

Cold Water Method.—Put in glass jars well washed gooseberries, or cut up rhubarb, fill the glass jars as full of water as they can hold, fastening on the lids under water. Gooseberries rhubarb, huckleberries can be canned under water, not taking the jars out until rubber and cap are in place and fastened down tightly. They will be in perfect state until time gooseberries will come again — in other words will keep a year.

Sure Signs Of Kidney Trouble

If your back is constantly aching and if you experience dull shooting pains, your kidneys are out of order. If your urine is thick and cloudy or your passages frequent scanty and painful, your kidneys and bladder are out of order. Neglect quickly brings on rheumatism, diabetes, lumbago sciatica and etc.,

Mrs. John Wagner of 110 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S., says: "Dull shooting pains would catch me across the small part of my back and extend into my shoulders and neck, often causing me to suffer with severe headaches and spells of dizziness. Spots would dazzle before my eyes and everything would turn black. I would fall to the floor and be unable to get up again without assistance. A friend told me of Booth's Kidney Pills and I began their use. The first box gave me relief and I am now well and strong."

All druggists sell Booth's kidney Pills 50c. a box with a guarantee to relieve or your money back. They are the world's greatest specific for Kidney and bladder trouble. Postpaid from the proprietors The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd. Fort Erie. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

Post—"Your rich uncle was set up on by a bull."
 Parker—"Where?"
 Post—"At his country place."
 Parker—"Good, I was afraid it was in Wall street."

A DAILY THOUGHT.

It is true praise
 To bless alike the bright and dark;
 To sing all days
 Alike with nightingale and lark."

New Boarder—"Haven't you got any fancy dishes here?"
 Rural Landlord—"Sure thing! Mame, bring the gentleman that mustache-cup your grandfather used to use!"—Puck.

BEEN SNEEZING LATELY!

Hay Fever Blamed But Few People Get Sneezes From Hay, and There's No Immediate Death Danger.

The alleged "hay fever" season is now operating on full time and sneezing is general in the land, notwithstanding the more or less earnest efforts of the members of the Hay Fever Association which is alleged to have been in operation on the American Continent for close on forty years.

Hay fever is never 'caught', we are told. A victim must have the tendency to develop the sneezing habit. He may develop it at seven and he may develop it at twenty-seven; but if it is in him, he will develop it, sooner or later, depend on that. There is something so dreadfully certain about hay fever. It comes, and nothing can turn it away. Doctors may claim to cure it. The man who has had hay fever thinks they deceive him. Their assertions are delusions, and their cures are snares. They may banish the awful explosions in one's bronchial tubes—corresponding to the explosions in the carburetor of a gasoline engine—for a brief time. But as for permanent relief—never.

Still, there are some consolations in hay fever. It seldom gets worse with age and few people have ever been known to die of it. Now and then you hear of some stout person of appetitic tendencies being overcome by a paroxysm of sneezes, but after all, that kind of person is apt to explode with fatal consequences, one way or another.

The facts of the matter are that people who have hay fever or asthma, which is often confounded with hay fever generally live to a ripe old age. They may sneeze on their death beds, to be sure; but the sneeze will not kill them. Some doctors are even disposed to the possibly cynical belief that hay fever is an indication of longevity.

One might go on through an almost endless list of remedies. Injections of alcohol, cocaine, menthol, adrenalin and margol, air heated by electric lamps, these and many other queer means of relief are all seriously considered, weighed, and endorsed or found wanting, according to the individual experiences of individual sufferers. For the queerest thing of all about hay fever, is the fact that it never affects any two persons in the same way, and no relief, no matter how good it is, has ever proved anything like unanimous in its operation.

But, after all, hay fever any way you look at it, is not what it pretends to be, nine times out of ten. Very few people get the sneezes from hay, and as a conclusive and final indictment of hay fever, the worst that can be said against it is that it is not a native product. It slipped in long ago and it has propagated like the English sparrows. To be exact, in the days when this country was covered by forests, the hay fever particular sneeze was unknown. The red men never did it, and the first generation of colonists probably escaped it. Not because they were "hardy pioneers." The hardy pioneers have always escaped hay fever, not because they were hardy, but because they were pioneers. But with the pioneers came cultivation, and with cultivation came the introduction of the poisonous gases, plants, flowers, and weeds, the pollen of which started the disease, and roads which gave off dust. And then.

A Dairyman's Yarn

A bunch of dairymen were together a few days ago, spinning yarns about the cow when one of them sprung this: "We had a cow once and one of the boys by mistake left a pail of gasoline stand where she could get at it. She tasted the juice and liked it, so, lapped it all up. Some time later we heard an awful commotion in the cowyard. I ran down and saw the cow galloping around, yelling 'Honk, honk, honk, honk!' When I saw the empty bucket I knew that the cow was suffering 'auto-intoxication.' We couldn't get the animal into the barn, so I painted a sign 'garage' and hung it out. In she steered. We had to cut a hole in her hoof to keep her quiet until the effects of the gas wore off. You see, she thought she had blown up a tire when the hoof was punctured."

Poultry Pointers

It is too late to be setting eggs. For this reason it is well to take the male birds out into a pen by themselves.

Throw open the windows every night, but tack some wide-meshed cloth or screen of some kind over them to keep out things that have no business in the house.

Sort the young growing stock as to size, it will give them all an equal chance and you will find they will grow better and less trouble will be experienced.

When there are two pens of fowls in the same house, separated by a partition, the drink dish may be set in the partition so that fowls may drink from both sides. It should rest on a shelf so that it may be easily removed for cleaning and disinfecting.

Fall Plowing Advocate.

It is almost always advisable to plow clay lands in the autumn. If clay land can be plowed shallow soon after the hay is removed in the case of sod, and after the crop is taken off in the case of stubble, it is so much better, as it not only ensures a good reservoir for holding moisture, but also stores up more available fertility than where the soil is plowed but once.

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STONE & WELLINGTON.
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Picnic at Tompkin's Grove,

Lower Jacksontown.

8th District School held their closing exercises and picnic at Tompkin's Grove on Friday, June 28th.

About 40 gathered and after games and supper a programme was given by the scholars, including some excellent recitations, songs and choruses.

Miss D. Clarke, the teacher, made a few remarks at the close, and Rev. W. H. Johnson moved a vote of thanks to the teacher, scholars and all concerned in the success of the afternoon's proceedings and the vote was unanimously carried by three hearty cheers. All joined in the National Anthem.

Mi-o-na

An Excellent Stomach Remedy

Mrs. J. R. Whyte, Killarney, Manitoba, who says, "I have found great comfort and relief from Mi-o-na. I had been greatly troubled for months with heartburn and a heavy burning feeling in my stomach. A fair meal would disturb me so much that I would have to sit up at night—the food would sour on my stomach and form a gas which would cause belching and dizzy spells. These distressing troubles disappeared after using Mi-o-na and I shall always speak highly of this excellent stomach remedy."

Mi-o-na is the best prescription for stomach trouble ever written. It gives quick relief and cures permanently. Mi-o-na is put up in tablet form and is small and easy to swallow. Sold by leading druggists everywhere. 50 cents, with a guarantee to cure or refund your money. Or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. You will search the world over and not find a stomach remedy half so good as Mi-o-na. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.