

In Lighter vein.

Laisses-Paire

Beneath the softly swaying trees
I love to dream about romance,
And eat the various kinds of cheese
From France.

And while I'm there, my folks in mobs
Come galloping across the lea
To offer simply splendid jobs
To me.

Clerk in a famous downtown bank,
Cashier in Bond street—same in
Wall—
Scribe, editor—I merely thank
Them all.

And then in anger most profound,
In ire that really is the goods,
They gallop round and round and round
The woods.

They quite forget reserve and tact,
They wave their arms like weather-
vanes,
And yet, in spite of all, the fact
Remains—

Beneath the softly swaying trees
I love to dream about romance,
And eat the various kinds of cheese
From France.

The Irishman Scores One.

An American visiting Dublin told some startling stories about the height of some of the New York buildings. An Irishman who was listening stood it as long as he could, and then queried: "Ye haven't seen our newest hotel, have ye?"

The American thought not. "Well," said the Irishman, "it's so tall that we had to put the top stories on hinges."

"What for?" asked the American. "So we could let 'em down while the moon went by."

French Money Didn't Count.

This is a story of an American banker who left his son in Paris and informed his Paris bankers to meet the young man's drafts as they came along. It wasn't long before it became necessary for the Paris bankers to notify the indulgent parent that his account was overdrawn 100,000. The father, who had more or less contempt for things French, sent this reply: "If you mean pounds, send him home; if you mean dollars, tell him to be careful; if you mean those little things called francs, let him have all he wants."

Would Cost Her More.

"You naughty child, where have you been? You have been fighting again with Paul. Just look at your clothes! I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't say anything, ma. You ought to see Paul. I think his mother will have to buy a new boy."

Plenty of Time.

"All the little boys and girls who want to go to heaven," said the Sunday school superintendent, "will please rise."

All rose but Tommy Twaddles. "And doesn't this little boy want to go to heaven?"

"N-not yit."

A Mere Man.

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, red-faced woman. "I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?"

"Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting beside her; "I'd like to see him try to compulse me."

A Miraculous Birth.

A young man was being examined by a life-insurance official as to his family record. Among other questions the following was asked, "Of what did your grandfather die?"

The applicant hesitated a few moments and then stammered out, "I-I'm not sure, but I think he died in infancy."

From Dottyville.

Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over the asylum wall)—"What are you doing there?"

Brown—"Fishing."

Lunatic—"Caught anything?"

Brown—"No."

Lunatic—"How long have you been there?"

Brown—"Ten hours."

Lunatic—"Come inside!"

When Ma Came to Town.

The way in which one Oklahoma editor announced that his mother was coming to visit him may seem a trifle breezy, but it's pretty safe to say that away down in her heart "ma" was prouder than forty queens. This is the way he did it:

"The editor of the News-Republican is going to top up a little this evening. Going to change collars and put on a pair of cuffs, if he can find any. Going to get shaved and going to get our shoes shined and the pegs cut out, so we can walk right peartly. Ma's a-coming down to see us. You know who ma is. Ma is our only ma, and she's a good one, too; one of the old Ohio Quaker sort, you know. Ma lives in Kingfisher. She was our ma when we were born; she was our ma out in western Kansas when we hunted prairie coal; she was our ma when we drank parched corn coffee in old Oklahoma in '89, and she's our ma now. She's the best ma we ever had. "If you see us tomorrow walking down the street with a little woman with a smile on her face, you'll know that's ma. If you never had a ma you should get one—and one like our ma, too."

Irving and His Cats.

A new story is told illustrating Sir Henry Irving's kindness of heart. An old lady came to him asking employment.

He telephoned to his business manager, inquiring if there was any employment at the theatre that could be found for her. The business manager answered, "Absolutely nothing—nothing at all."

Irving suggested that she might look after the cats. The manager telephoned back that there were already three women looking after the cats. "Well," said Irving, "you must find her something. Let her look after the three women that are looking after the cats."

Probably Pleased the Lady.

At an afternoon party in London, the hostess desired a novelty. She engaged a troupe of performing fleas for the entertainment of her guests. The party was a great success. When it broke up a loud wail rent the air. It was the voice of the impresario, frantic with excitement.

"What is it? Tell me, I implore you," said the hostess. "Ach, madam. I have lost vun of my fleas. Vere has it gone?"

At that moment a lady wearing a gray gown brushed past him. "Ach, madam, pardon," said the manager, greatly relieved, lightly picking something from her shoulder. "vun of my artistes."

Shaved the Wrong Face.

An officer of a certain regiment was one morning inspecting his company on parade, when he came to an Irishman who had evidently not shaved for some days.

Halting in front of the man, he said: "Doyle, how is it you've not shaved this morning?"

"Ol have, sorr," was the reply. "How dare you tell me that," said the officer, "with a beard on you like that?"

"Well, sorr," said Paddy, "it's loike this. There's only one shaving glass in our room and there was nine of us shaving at the same time, and maybe Ol shaved some other chap's face."

Not Up in Horse Sense.

The person who advertised for "A man who speaks German and understands horses" was satisfied with the wording of his advertisement until the first applicant arrived. "Vell," said the would-be stableman, scratching his head, "I schpeaks Chairman all right, but I don't know dot I can understand those horses. Vat lanquishes do tey schpeak?"

How Old is Fair Lillian?

"Exactly how old are you, anyway?" asked a friend of Lillian Russell. "I have a friend," replied the actress with apparent irrelevance, "who was born in mid-ocean on an ocean steamer. After she and her mother had landed, the steamer, on its return trip, blew up. So practically she has no birthplace. My age is that," she added after a pause.

The Retort Courteous.

"My dear," said Mrs. Mildly, as she dusted Mr. Mildly's table, "this would be a great deal cleaner world if there were not any men in it."

"If there were not," retorted Mr. Mildly, "the women would do exactly as the Lord did—hunt around for enough dirt to make a man out of."

A Conscientious Workman.

Strong-Arm Tim is employed in carrying bricks on to a barge. His strength is so great that his boss keeps increasing his loads until finally the gang-plank breaks and lands Tim and his bricks in the water. Tim rapidly sinks, but presently comes to the surface and shouts out, "Throw me a rope there, you spalpeens, youse!"

While his companions are searching frantically for a rope Tim comes to the surface a second time and bellows out, "Here, there, youse loafers, if ye don't throw me a rope I'll be after droppin' some of these here bricks!"

A Human Biped.

"Justin, there's a man down here with a bill," called Mrs. Wyss to her husband. "Gee whiz! let's go down and see him, Pop," exclaimed young Austin Wyss excitedly. "He must be a bird."

A Dark Outlook for Miss Simpkins.

At an evening prayer-meeting in a Maine village the senior deacon, Dominicus Jordan, arose to make appropriate scriptural remarks about the death of Miss Simpkins. In conclusion the deacon said: "I respected Miss Simpkins, the members of this church respected Miss Simpkins, the citizens of this town respected Miss Simpkins; but now she's dead and gone to the Lord, and the Scripture saith, 'The Lord is no respecter of persons.'"

He Cancelled His Error.

The man of this story is a very light sleeper, one who is easily awakened and who is a long time getting to sleep. In a Leeds hotel he had at last got sound asleep when a loud rap, repeated, awoke him.

"What's wanted?"

"Package downstairs for you."

"Well, it can wait until morning. I suppose?"

"The boy departed, and after a long time the man was sound asleep again, when there came another resounding knock at the door."

"Well, what is it now?" he inquired. "Tain't for you, that package."

Like Marrying a Title.

Old Auntie Mandy, who did the washing, was such a happy, brave old soul that, although she worked very hard early and late, and must often have been weary, nothing could depress her. In everything that occurred she saw only "good luck" for herself. One day she brought home the washing in a high state of glee.

"Jes' think, Mis' Arnold," she said, "I've goin' ter git married! Isn't dat jes' fine luck fo' poor, ole black woman like me?"

"I shall be very sorry to lose you, Mandy," said Mrs. Arnold, "but I'm glad if your life will be easier."

"Lose me!" gasped Mandy. "Lor! Mis' Arnold, I can't afford to let you lose me jes' now. Why, I've goin' ter marry Br'er Johnson an' his five chillun. I've got ter hustle now, fur sartin'."

"But I fail to see where your good luck is coming in from such a marriage, Mandy."

"Why, chile, if I marry dat man an' his chillun, he's promised me six mo' big washes his fust wife done had! Dat's clar luck, Mis' Arnold, clar luck, 'sides habin' de honor ob marryin' in Br'er Johnson's family!"

Informing Witness.

"Now, madam," said the lawyer for the defence to a little, wiry, black-eyed, fidgety woman who had been summoned as a witness in an assault and battery case, "you will please give your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Josh Bagg! I reckon I do know him, and I knowed his father afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think—"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my questions."

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know 'im though? You ask Joshua Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything about tryin' to cheat a pore widder like me out of a two-year-old cow. Ask—"

"Madam, I—"

"Ask his wife, Betsy Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' into a neighbor's field and milking three cows on the sly. Ask—"

"Look here, madam—"

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his who died in jail; ask 'im about lettin' his pore old mother die in the workhouse; ask Betsy about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last autumn—"

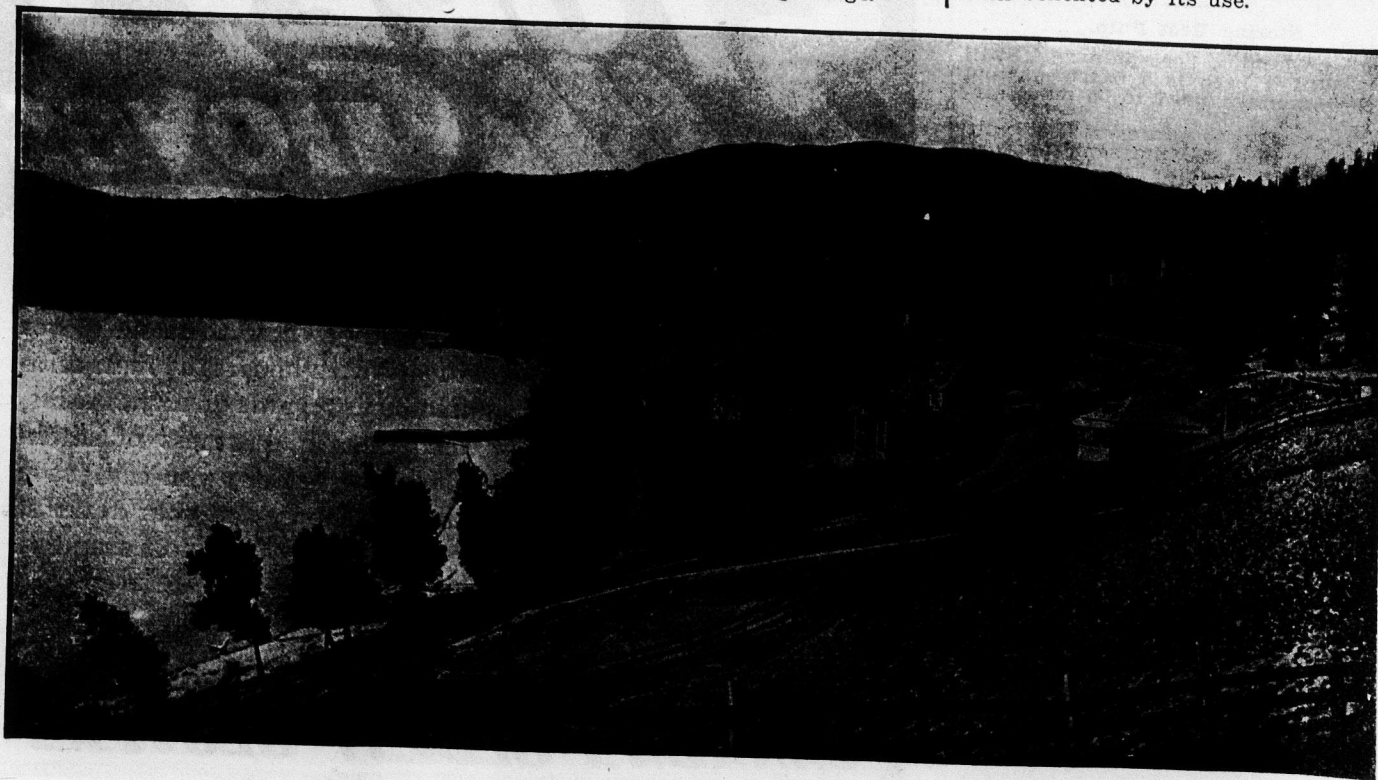
"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to—"

"Then there was old Jimmy Bagg, uncle to Josh, who was chased out of the village for chicken stealing; and Betsy Bagg's brother, who got caught in a neighbor's house at midnight. Ask Josh—"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know a single thing about it, but I'll bet Josh Bagg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is I've owed them Bagges a grudge for the past fifteen years, and I've got myself up as a witness on purpose to get even with 'em, and I feel I've done it. Good-bye."

A bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, taken according to directions, will subdue a cough in a short time. This assertion can be verified by hundreds who have tried it and are pleased to bear testimony to its merits, so that all may know what a splendid medicine it is. It costs you only 25 cents to join the ranks of the many who have been benefited by its use.



Some of the Fruit Farms at Peachland and Okanagan Valley, looking south.