

THE SUMMER CAR.

Along with the blossoms and briars,
 Along with the red berries sweet;
 Along with the frogs in the mires
 That croak for the thunder and heat;
 Along with country-pike riding
 And thoughts of the seashore far,
 Comes out of the barnshed gliding
 The fresh-painted Summer car.

Like a coach bedecked for the races.
 With polish and brightness agleam;
 And new rows of lithograph faces,
 With ever the same smiles beam.
 The girl with expression confiding.
 The man with a new brand cigar;
 And they never seem weary of riding
 Aboard the big Summer car.

And then, of course, there are others,
 The people who grumble and snap;
 The end-seat hog and the mothers
 That thrust their kids in your lap,
 The man who complains of the weather,
 And crushes your corn at each jar,
 You will find them huddled together
 Inside of the big Summer car.

THE PARTING GIVES HIM PAIN.

"A parting," so the poet wrote,
 "Is the sweetest kind of sorrow;"
 But he didn't refer to money and
 The fellow of whom you borrow.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

Myer—"Your friend Pennington idealizes too much in his books."

Gyer—"Yes; but he doesn't realize much from their sale."

Ida—"Some one has discovered that the Smith family existed 2,000 years ago."

May—"I wouldn't be the least surprised if Adam's last name wasn't Smith."

THIS MAY NOT BE A JOKE.

Stranger (to shabby individual)—"Are you the janitor of this building?"

Shabby Individual—"No, sir. The gentleman with the big diamond pin and silk hat who just went up in the elevator is the janitor."

Stranger—"Then you are one of his assistants, I suppose."

Shabby Individual—"Yes, I suppose so. I'm the owner of the building."

HER IMPRESSION.

"And one regiment," said the man who wore a red coat in Africa, "stood six feet in their stockings."

"What a pity they had no boots," remarked the old lady who stood listening.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

"Great excitement up my way this morning."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, indeed; a man was seen rushing wildly around the roof. Everybody thought he was going to dash himself below. Finally an officer lassoed him from an adjoining building."

"Did he give an explanation?"

"Yes, said he was merely up there trying to get the dust out of his eyes and hair. Said he had been assisting in house-cleaning."

SAFE!

Pearl—"The grandmothers of Baltimore will remain in good health this Summer."

Ruby—"Why so?"

Pearl—"That city has no baseball team."

EXERCISE YOUR OPTICS.

"Those that expect to see all av th' Poris exposition," said the janitor philosopher, "had better put in a little toime watchin' a thræeing circus."

SPRING RACES.

He read returns from every race,
 Did Gibbons, Eddie Gibbons;

And then he left his counter place
 No more to measure ribbons.

He left to bet on racing heats,

He was a green beginner;

He saw the first race from the seats—
 He didn't pick a winner.

They saw him rushing wildly out—

Across the track like crazy;

"Two hundred down!" they heard him shout,

"Two hundred down on Dalsy!"

And then they watched his anxious face,

His pocketbook was thinner;

They heard the bell, they ran the race—

He didn't pick a winner.

It nearly broke him up, but then—

A "book" had tips to cheer him;

They saw him stake his last green ten—

The "book" was standing near him.

Last week I met him on the street,

He begged me for a dollar;

He said: "My downfall is complete—

I didn't pick a winner."

Wm. Ralph...

Dealer in.....

THE FAMOUS STOVES and RANGES.

All Correspondence carefully attended to.

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