

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Little parties of four in a canoe are now being rescued from a watery grave.

The sum which we have put by for a rainy day was absorbed by a sure winner at the Woodbine.

A gentleman named Dove has been accused of forging his marriage lines. He cannot be the harmless Dove of whom we have read.

Chilian Dreadnoughts are to be built in Great Britain. Thus does Britannia help to rule the waves.

A Hamilton young man has walked in his sleep. The Toronto newspapers wonder that he was noticed.

The Toronto Globe declares that both political parties are preparing for a general election. Isn't it the wise old owl?

The Kaiser's daughter has stated her British preferences. Prince Eddy murmurs sweetly: "This is so sudden."

A Peterborough editor wants the children in our schools trained in civic economy, so that they may be ready to become aldermen. Juvenile crime will then be on the increase.

The Georges of Ontario cannot be called prodigal sons.

The Imperial Conference is having menus to burn.

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Well Rebuked.—Don't make needless remarks about the weather or you may run into a rebuke similar to the one neatly administered to a Toronto man on a recent sunless day.

"This is a horribly dull day," he remarked to another man.

"Yes," was the reply, "but that's a bright remark."

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Answers to Correspondents.

Gertrude: "What is the luckiest month for a wedding?"

We really could not say. You might try September—but one does not like to recommend any particular season. Write to Lilian Russell or Nat Goodwin.

EPISCOPALIAN: "What is the meaning of the ne temere decree?"

We regret that are hardly in a position to answer this question either. You might refer to a committee composed of Messrs. Peter Ryan and Samuel Blake.

IMPECUNIOUS: "What is the figure of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's fortune?"

It is variously estimated—but conservative calculators say that he is able to make both ends meet and tie in a handsome bow. The wolf has never even punched the electric button at his door.

HOUSEWIFE: "How shall I get rid of the fly?"

There are various methods of ridding the household of this pest. One that is absolutely sure is to whistle "Annie Laurie." Flies hate this air and hasten to leave the home for the outside world.

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The Worst Yet.—A few days ago, two Canadian citizens were observing a man seated on a water cart who was munching ham sandwiches with relish.

"That chap isn't suffering from indigestion," said the first citizen.

"Having his meal a la carte," was the startling reply.

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A Domestic Policy.—Two Canadian housewives were discussing problems of management and the eternal domestic servant question.

"The trouble I find," said Mrs. Briggs, "is that Susan will not understand that I want the best linen and dishes used everyday. She is always trying to put away some of the best cups and saucers. Now, I believe that the best is none too good for my own family, and I don't want any partic-

ular difference for company. Everything is to be used."

"I once had a maid like that," said Mrs. Twiggs, "and I cured her beautifully. Whenever she would protest against a certain piece of glass or china being put on the table for 'just ourselves,' I would say: 'Well, Lucy, I don't want the second Mrs. Twiggs to enjoy any of my beautiful china. I'm not going to save anything for her.' It appealed to the eternal feminine every time."

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Fore!—Miss Dorothy Campbell of Hamilton town went over to Ireland and did them up brown. In golf she is champion, so Britain declares—Just watch haughty Hamilton put on the airs.

Success in Advertising.

If you've something to sell
And you'd make it go well,
If you wish to succeed in a trice
And you're wise in your day,
Close attention you'll pay
To this same little bit of advice:

Put a girl in your ad.
And be sure she seems glad,
Make her smile as though freed from all cares;
Have her satisfied look
Saying more than a book
As to how she's impressed by your wares.

If you sell things to eat
Or good goods for the feet,
Or if your line's something to drink,
The girl will pull trade,
And your fortune be made
In about the sixth part of a wink.

Put a girl at the wheel
Of the automobile,
For she'll cast o'er the public a spell;
Put a brush in her hand
If the paint trade you'd land,
Put a girl on the sofas you sell.

To sell pickles or rope,
Also tooth paste or soap,
To sell aught that we "can't do without,"
Put a girl in your ad.—
A sweet girl who looks glad—
And success will be yours without doubt.

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A Good Retort.—Dr. Rutherford, Live Stock Commissioner for Canada, who used to be in politics, got back neatly at a member of Parliament, a short time ago.

The doctor was under examination in the agricultural committee, and in speaking of Canadian cattle he produced an old photograph which he stated he had obtained in the Province of Quebec. He said that he had found it in the barn of a farmer, and he smilingly related how, by a little careful manipulation he had managed to carry it away with him.

H. H. Miller, the member for South Grey, thought he saw a chance to take a fall out of the doctor, so he interrupted with the comment, "I hope you left the barn, doctor."

"Yes," said Dr. Rutherford. "You see, I've been out of politics for some years."

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A Candid Doctor.—A man who was brought up in a prosperous section of Western Ontario says that that section is noted for producing a large number of cases of appendicitis.

"Is there anything there that should cause the district to have a larger number of cases of that trouble than other places have?" he asked a Toronto doctor.

"Well, they have very good surgeons up there," was the doctor's answer.

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If He Were Rich.—Most people have at some time or other told what they would do if they were wealthy, and one of the best answers to the puzzle was that given by a young clerk of Toronto.

"If I had all kinds of money," he

said, "I would get a fine yacht and go to some beautiful southern lake. I'd tog out in flannel shirt and duck trousers, sit in a big comfortable chair and have a green drink in a long glass on a table right at my hand. And I'd have a coloured man behind my chair fanning me and saying, 'Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir,' whether I was saying anything or not."

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Striking Definition.—A Toronto school boy recently gave a requested definition to which additional point is lent because the boy's father is a milkman.

The teacher had asked for a statement of the difference between an island and a peninsula, and the boy said, "The difference is the same as between a fly in a bowl of water and one in a bowl of milk. The first fly is surrounded by water, and the second is partially surrounded by water."

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Deceptive Appearances.—Wherever he has gone, the private secretary to Hon. George P. Graham, Canada's Minister of Railways and Canals, has always appeared in immaculate dress.

When Mr. Graham and his secretary were in London, England, some time ago the secretary wore the conventional dress of London—frock coat and silk hat. Mr. Graham wore a soft grey hat and tweed suit.

In the corridor of the Cecil Hotel a couple of men at a distance noticed the Minister and his secretary.

"Who is that man over there?" asked one of the other men.

"That's Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways in Canada," was the answer.

"Oh, I know him," said the questioner, "but who is that man with the slouch hat who is talking to him?"

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Fine Good-bye Advice.—"Well, be good" is an oft-heard form of farewell between men, but a commercial traveller, who covers quite a number of places in the northern section of older Ontario, used one the other day that seems to be a considerable improvement on the other.

This drummer and another man of that calling happened to be passengers on the same train, and they talked for quite a time on the best methods of salesmanship. When they were parting, the first man said to the other, "Good-bye, Bill. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

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Farmer Politicians.—Every member of a group of Parliamentarians who were sitting round the table of the House of Commons cafe a few days ago put forward a claim to be considered a farmer. All of them got away with it nicely except Honore Gervais, one of Montreal's representatives in the House.

"Mr. Gervais, did you ever learn to milk a cow?" asked Roderick Mackenzie, secretary of the Grain Growers' Association.

Before Mr. Gervais could answer, C. H. Lovell, the member for Stanstead, said in his well-known deep base voice, "What's that got to do with it? Any calf can milk a cow."

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Plenty of Practice.—"I am quite surprised, Mr. Meeker, at your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law." "She? Great Caesar! Hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last fifteen years?"

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A Good Dog Story.—One would have it that a collie is the most sagacious of dogs, while the other stood up for the setter. "I once owned a setter," declared the latter, "which was very intelligent. I had him on the street one day, and he acted so queerly about a certain man we met that I asked the man his name, and—"
"Oh, that's an old story!" the collie's advocate broke in sneeringly. "The man's name was Partridge, of course, and because of that the dog came to a set. Ho, ho! Come again!"
"You're mistaken," rejoined the other suavely. "The dog didn't come quite to a set, though almost. As a matter of fact, the man's name was Quayle, and the dog hesitated on account of the spelling!"

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