

Hotel Directory

HOTEL MOSSOP
Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

THE NEW RUSSELL
Ottawa, Canada
250 rooms
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements.

LA CORONA HOTEL
(Home of the Epicure)
Montreal
uropean Plan

John Hea

European Plan \$1.50 up.

John Healy Manager.

Was KING EDWARD HOTEL Toronto, Canada
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

GRAND UNION HOTEL
Toronto Canada
Geo. A. Spear, President
American Plan \$2—\$3. European Plan
\$1—1.50.

PALMER HOUSE
TORONTO : CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.

Free 'Bus to all trains.

H. L. Stephens, Prop.

NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

St. James Street, Montreal
European plan. 150 rooms, with baths
d every modern accommodation. Rates
.50 per day upwards. Restaurant one
the largest and best equipped on the
ntinent.





The Scrap Book

Trial Marriage.—"T'anky, sah; t'anky!" gratefully said a ramshackle-looking coloured citizen who had per-

t'anky!" gratefully said a ramshacklelooking coloured citizen who nad percolated into the office of a prominent
attorney of Polkville, Arkansas. "And
dis yuh am what yo' kin do for muh,
cuhnel, if yo' please: I wants to git
dis trial marriage dat I's into busted
up so's I kin git out'n it ag'in."

"Trial marriage—?" echoed the
legal luminary.

"Yassah! Dat's what it's done
been—a trial—fum de beginnin' twell
plumb yit! Trial, sah—trial and
tribbylation!—all de time! And I
knowed how' twould be befo' I got
into de trap. Didn't want to marry,
nohow; allus was uh-skeered o' de
marryin' notion, and now—"

"Well, then, why did you marry if
you didn't want to?"

"Who?—me? Uh-kaze I hatter,
sah! Hatter do it; dat's why! Dar
wa'n't no way 'round it; 'twuz de
law! When dat 'ar yaller lady feli
into de creek at de picnic an' I
plunged in an' drug her out at de risk
o' muh life, right dar, sah, I got up
a'gin de law—de marry-law! De
young white men told me 'bout it,
soon's dey found out what I'd done;
hadn't u-told me I'd u-gone 'bout muh
bidness like a fool twell I landed in
de penitenchy for muh ignunce. Dey
done told me what I was 'bleeged to bidness like a fool twell I landed in de penitenchy for muh ignunce. Dey done told me what I was 'bleeged to do—man saves a 'oman fum drowndin' he's sho' gotter marry her. Fo'ced to do it, sah, an' I done did it. An' now, cuhnel, for goodness' sake won't yo' please tell muh how to git out'n de scrape? Kin I git a divo'ce, or suppin', or must I take de lady down to de creek whuh I drug her out, an' th'ow her in ag'in?"—Puck.

Silenced Him.—At a well-known club in New York the other day one of those bores who are the bane of all those bores who are the bane of all clubs drew his chair up to Robert W. Chambers' and said genially: "Chambers, you are writing at the rate of two, and somet'mes three, novels every year, to say nothing of your annual sheaf of short stories. Aren't you afraid that a time will come when you will have written yourself out?"

"My dear sir," Mr. Chambers replied, "I have no such fear. Just look at your own case. You have been talking for more than sixty years and yet you haven't talked yourself out, have you?"

* * *

Something in That.—Irish Doctor—"Well, I've knocked the fayver out o' him, anyhow."

wife—"Oh, doctor, do you think there is any hope?"
Doctor—"Small chance, I'm afeard, madam; but you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that he died cured."
—Detroit Saturday Night.

A Knowing Child.—"Mamma, I want some water to christen my doll," said Ethel.

"No, dear," answered her mother, reprovingly, "it's wrong to make sport of such things."

"Then I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough to have something done."

Chance to Get Good One.—"I've advertised for a reliable, careful chauffeur."
"Do you expect to get one?"

"Yes, indeed. All the reckless daredevils seem to be employed."—De-

troit Free Press. So He Didn't.—"He told her that he would gladly die for her."
"The same old bluff. Did it catch her?"
"No. C"

"No. She told him she would gladly let him."—Houston Post.

Church Coldness.—To illustrate the "offishness" of some churches Rev. John Timothy Stone told a story of a man who sat through the service one Sunday morning wearing his hat. When requested to do so by an usher he removed the hat smilingly.

preat handkercampaign

Higena

Both these handkerchiefs are manufactured of the very finest materials. The Higena is a handkerchief of pure white bleach, put up in sealed packets to ensure immaculate cleanliness. No other handkerchief has been sold to the public before in this novel and commendable manner, and the advantages of buying a handkerchief which is guaranteed to be always hygienically pure will be quickly appreciated by the buying public. The Silkana has a finish like the purest silk and on account of the tremendous range of colours and patterns, will be a ready seller.



