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JOSEPH PHILLIPS, - - President.



**Out of the Fashion.**

He: "Miss Placid is just a wingless angel."

She: "Then her milliner can't be up-to-date."

**Hobo and the Saw.**

GENUS Hobo came yesterday to our home by the sea. Now, Genus is a genius in his own way, and sometimes in other people's way. He is genial and warm in the summer time, but in winter he is likely to be chilly, because of his highly ventilated apparel.

What Hobo came for was a lunch, and he got it on the condition that he would saw us some wood with the wood-saw. Near by was a sea-saw which had been rigged up by the children.

Genus did not saw any wood, but he left on the wood pile a folded piece of paper with the following verses written:—

I saw the sea, I saw the saw,  
I also saw the wood;  
I saw the sea-saw and I saw

The wood-saw would saw wood.

You see I did not saw the wood,  
I could not saw the sea;  
I could not saw the see-saw wood,  
Nor could the sea-saw see.

If I would saw the wood-saw wood,  
The wood-saw would not saw;  
If I would saw the sea-saw wood,  
Then would the wood-saw saw.

I would the wood-saw would saw wood,  
While on the wood sea-saw  
I would sea-saw and see the wood  
That that wood-saw would saw.

—JIM WILBY.

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*Medical Building, Cor. Bay and Richmond  
Streets, Toronto.*

*THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2 00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.*

*All comic verse, prose or drawings submitted will receive careful examination, and fair prices will be paid for anything suitable for publication.*

*No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.*



THE MOON to-day enters upon her second year. To those persons that are unfamiliar with the heavens the awful importance of the event may not be evident; it is the members of the select inner circle, who have during the last year more than a score of times passed through the trying ordeal of the last quarter, that contemplate the second grand revolution with fitting humility and modest confidence.

The year just completed has been, because the first, the most eventful in the history of this disk of reflection. That the second revolution will be so rich in incident is scarcely to be expected, nor is it altogether to be hoped. THE MOON has shone upon some never-to-be-forgotten spectacles, and, let us hope, upon some never-to-be-repeated incidents. In a word, it may be said: she has seen the country prosper, despite the almost total lack of public spirit; she has seen the Dominion respected and courted, despite the unsavory aroma that surrounds her *House*. For the national events of the last year have been but a series of unpleasant, though successful struggles, for supremacy between unrighteousness (to use a word made familiar to the public by the *Globe*) and predestined national greatness.

As the duty of THE MOON is to illuminate the fields of these battles, she has had great opportunities for reflecting. Whether or not she has always cast a clear and searching light is for the spectators of the just to say, for it is they that buy the tickets—it is they that provide the purse. If foul blows have been struck and passed unnoticed, the fault rests, not with THE MOON, but with the clouds; if she has ever shone too shrewdly to please the more ardent partizans, it is because her lamp was never trimmed, which sometimes will produce a flare. If, on the other hand,

there be those that hold her service to be good, her beams steady, her focus impartial, her color reliable, she may congratulate herself that her work has been performed in accordance with her purpose; that her shafts are cast with good effect; that her rays are still appreciated and desired: then will she increase her reflecting surface, and so illuminate a larger field.

THE difficulties in independent journalism are innumerable, for the object of independent journalism is the pleasing of everyone but the journalist—unquestionably an object impossible of attainment; and, despite heroic attempts to disprove the fact, which are being made every day, to attempt to accomplish that which is impossible begets difficulties that increase "as the square of the distance." To please everybody has heretofore been my dearest wish. It has just occurred to me that there may by chance be some few with whose ideas I have not jumped in harmony. This week I shall turn over a new leaf. Henceforth I shall try to win the favor of politicians only. And, after all has been said to the contrary, is not that the object of ideal journalism? Here goes!

The outrageous, scoundrelly and totally unfounded charges made by that villain Gamey against the Honorable the Provincial Secretary have at last been declared by two of the grandest judges that have ever sat upon a bench to be absolutely false, slanderous, absurd. How any sane or honest man could for a moment have placed credence in them seems at this hour impossible to understand. Mr. Gamey, the heroic member for Manitoulin has earned, not only the thanks, but the life-long gratitude of the entire province. But for his noble self-sacrifice political corruption would have continued to flourish, and bribery, larceny and perjury would ere long have taken their places in the light of virtues. And now will some vile Tory explain why it is that the whole painful affair is not dropped? Why must we be further insulted by being forced to listen to abusive speeches on a matter that has been disposed of? Mr. Ross's masterly and statesman-like address when he rose to move the adoption of the Royal Commission's report was the only real pleasure that the public has derived from the case since last Mr. Ross spoke on the subject. Mr. Gamey is a master. He is full of surprises. His arraignment of the Government and of the two judges that lent themselves to be the tools of Ross, Stratton and their gang of criminals will go down to succeeding generations as the greatest oratorical effort of the nineteenth century. Mr. Gamey is the coming man of this province. Let us hope that he will not confine himself permanently to the provincial arena, however. When he shall have finished his work here, and has turned the infamous gang of boodlers adrift, let him sweep on to greater triumphs in the House of Commons. Anyone that had the privilege of hearing the Honorable Mr. Stratton's modest and straightforward repudiation of Gamey's vile charges could not but be convinced of the Provincial Secretary's untarnished character.

Vive le Premier : a bas l'Opposition !

Vive l'Opposition : a bas le Premier !



**A Plaint Heard in Queen's Park.**

The Good Old Tree: "Save, O save me from the Grafters!"

**Another Silly Thing.**

Cui vellus album, candidius nive  
 Agnus tremendae Stultiitæ obsequens  
 Ultra sequebatur vagantem  
 Virginem heram fatuoque ritu.

Mary had ein little lamb  
 Mit fleeee just like some wool,  
 And everywhere where Mary used to went  
 That lamb he go like one tam fool.  
 (From the German)

**Sampling the Lot.**

"Muldoon: An' f'what's the fare to the Thousand Islands?"  
 Ticket Agent: "Ten dollars sir."  
 Muldoon: "Tin dollars! Holy Moses, I cant shtand that!  
 Tin into a thousand ud be jist a cint apiece, wudn't it? Here's  
 a dime, an' I'll take in tin av thim anyway."

**Anything for Coolness.**

Borax: "It's awfully hot. Lets go to the club."  
 Samjones: "It ought to be cooler there. Some of the  
 fellows have shady reputations."

**Nothing Unusual.**

Capt. Binnacle: "Yes Miss, during my last voyage in the  
 South Pacific we discovered an island not on any of the charts,  
 where to all appearances the foot of man had never trid."  
 Miss Flippe: "Why it must have been a summer resort."

**Needs no Vacation.**

Si'nick: "You Ministers are all off for your summer vacations,  
 but the devil keeps at work just the same."  
 Rev. Hooper Rupp: "Oh, but he doesn't feel the heat, you  
 know."

Funera post septem nupsit tibi Galla Virorum,  
 Picentine; sequi vult puto Galla viros.  
 (Martial).

The amorous widow weds again,  
 Her hope an early heaven,  
 When number Eight has done for her  
 What she did for the Seven.

It is hard to say which is most worthy of commendation, the  
 pious wish of this most indefatigable widow or her unshrinking  
 heroism.

**In New York.**

Prof. Oldfyles: "In the old Knickerbocker days political  
 power was mainly in the hands of the patroons."  
 Flipjack: "Not much change, Professor. Now it's in the  
 hands of the Pat Rooneys."

**Only Partly Correct.**

She: "Oh, John, I hope that when we visit Uncle Hayseed  
 next week we can get a through train and not have to stop off  
 at Wayback Corners. A country tavern is a perfect bug-bear."  
 He: "Well hardly, Amelia--at least, you're not likely to  
 meet any bear there."

**Sometimes Jealous.**

Simpson: "There's no appropriateness in the term 'grass  
 widow.' I never knew one of them who had anything green  
 about her."  
 Thomson: "That depends. Just wait till another woman  
 tries to cut one of them out and then you'll see."

**Just too Contrary.**

"Overlook my shortcomings," the lover exclaimed,  
 "Be mine, all my faults I'm outgrowing."  
 Said she, "Your shortcomings I never have blamed,  
 What vexes me is your long-going."



**At the City Reservoir.**

She: "Does it ever run dry?"

He: "Shure! on Saturday nights, when de peoples takes dere baths."

## Big Journeys to the Seats of the Mighty.

BY LUNA.

**I**N view of the startling nature of his latest Birmingham speech it was only to be expected that I should be commissioned to interview Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Ever since his South African tour, I had kept an eye on him, that I might know where to find him at a moment's notice. When his now-famous speech on Imperial Federation came, therefore,

but eight hours elapsed before I was in the city of screws. (It is scarcely necessary to explain that my European headquarters are in London.) On my arrival at Mr. Chamberlain's seat, I at once took a hansom to the factory, where, on presenting my card (I had taken the precaution to have Dr. Parkin endorse it), I was admitted to his presence.

I found him at the anvil, pounding a ball of steel. From his shoulders hung, like a Roman toga, "the flag that braved a thousand years, etc." He had cast it from across his breast, that his arms might have the greater liberty; this revealed his under-garment—the British coat-of-arms.

"Madam," he said, "you are welcome. Salaam the door, as my man Kipling would say," he added, as I hesitated on the threshold.

This slippancy somewhat reassured me, so I boldly stepped forward. But a thundering roar arose—and I collapsed at the foot of a little iron throne. The roaring continued, and it was now accompanied by a stamping and snorting, which came from the farther end of the room. My heart stopped, and my teeth chattered so that I bit two inches off the end of my pencil. I had stepped on the tail of a lion that sat on his haunches beneath the work-bench. The snorting and stamping came from the unicorn, which grinned and winked familiarly at me as I turned my eyes in its direction. But the mighty man raised his hand, and silence fell again. The lion stretched out lazily and went to sleep, while the unicorn carelessly threw a foreleg over the corner of a shield and, unscrewing its horn, proceeded leisurely to pick its teeth with it.

The great man smiled. "You are not used to my pets, I perceive, madam," he said gently. "But you soon shall be," he added, wrapping his flag around him with a flourish that would have filled Sir Henry Irving with envy.

At this signal the lion dashed to the other end of the room, sprang up before the unicorn and seized his corner of the shield; the unicorn quickly replaced its horn—and lo, the picture was complete. I turned again to the master. His left hand now grasped the lever of the bellows, which, I noticed, was carved in the form of a sceptre; in his right he held the hammer, the head of which was a chilled steel crown. The picture was so striking that I made a rough sketch then and there.

"Yes," he repeated, after holding the tableau for the regulation time, "but you soon shall be. The offspring of my lion and my unicorn shall soon o'er-run the world."

I could not help thinking what a funny hybrid the offspring would be, but I was too much carried away by the oratory to continue the speculation.

"My Empire shall yet stretch from pole to pole and wrap the globe about. My whelps shall play among the palms of Mexico and the vines of Texas; for have I not had written: Dominion over palm and pine!"

He suddenly ceased to speak, and started to pump the bellows—and the deep and glorious strains of the "Recessional" swelled out and filled the room, while *THE MAN* raised his right hand and waved the Imperial hammer with the grace of a Sousa. Then for the first time I noticed that a calcium light, concealed above the throne behind me, had burst into brightness and gave to the cold features of *THE MAN* the wondrous look of inspiration. And when the first stanza of the hymn was finished, the way he put down the hammer and took



"I made a rough sketch then and there."

another reef in the flag! It was just too pretty for anything! The graceful way it hung filled me with envy. What a cute idea for a kimono, I thought.

"Oh, here they think I have taken a radical step by announcing my campaign for Imperial Federation," *THE MAN* resumed. "Haw! haw! They shall see! They shall see! Why, madam, I have but started. My henchmen, Denison and Parkin, have made their reports. All is now ready. In another year Canada, Australia, South Africa and Egypt shall be paying tribute to me, such as I, in my days of youth, rendered unto Caesar. The time is ripe. I have set my life upon a cast, and I shall stand the hazard of the die."

He gave his flag another flap, and the "Recessionist" swelled forth again. The lion yawned and dozed, but the unicorn poked him in the ribs, so he was all attention when *the message* was resumed.

"Oh, glorious future!" he started in once more, when the second stanza was ended. "Our fleet shall be doubled, our army be multiplied by ten. And Canada, your home, madam, she, I know, will be first to snatch at the coveted prize—a voice in the councils of the world. Oh, what a glorious right arm our Canada will be! When I stood upon Brock's Monument at Vancouver, and from its height gazed down upon the noble St. Lawrence as it flowed majestically into that Emperor of lakes, Superior, my heart filled with gratitude for Wolf who wrested it from the savage Afghans, that it might become the proudest—ah—the—ah—proudest—" His eloquence had carried him past the time, so the bellows thundered out again.

"There shall be no more 'Made in Germany,'" he said, as the music ceased; "but Birmingham and Manchester shall be

the stamps. Canada, Australia, and South Africa, the homes of the raw material, shall remain so. Too many cooks but spoil the broth. England shall be the cook for all.

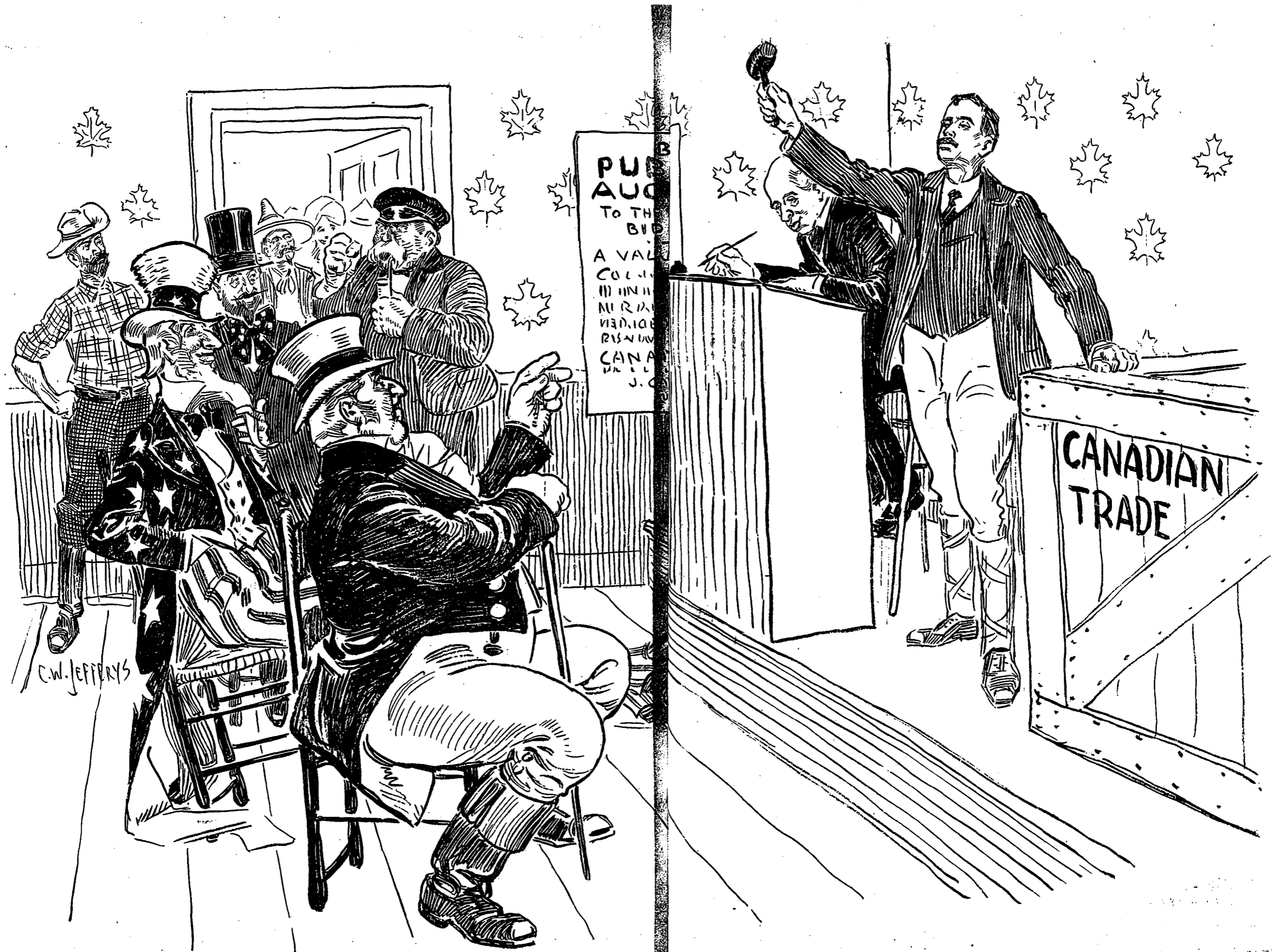
"And now, madam, you must leave me. I must finish this globe, on which I am changing some of the continents." He pointed to the iron ball on which he had been working when I entered. "Tell your people that their hopes are soon to be realized. Tell them of my work and words. Tell them to perform their part. Tell your premier—ah—ah, Roosevelt, isn't it—to remove his duties on all English goods, that England will manufacture for us all. Tell him that I shall let him know how much I need for men-o'-war." He threw back his toga and pumped furiously at the bellows once more.

As I reached the street, I heard the lion roar terrifically. It must have been the "Amen."

### A la Mode Limerique.

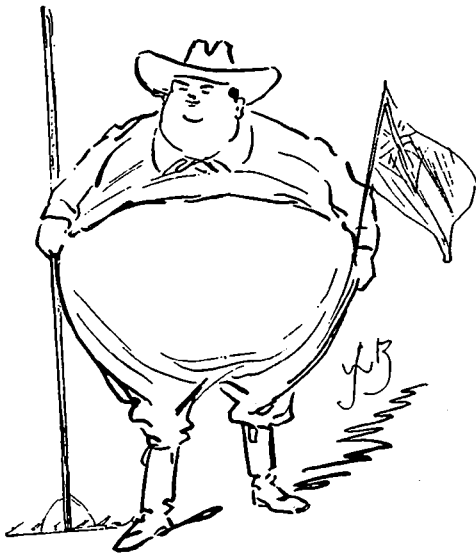
A maiden from Riviere-du-Loup  
Exclaimed as she sat on the stoop,  
"My hose! Ventre bleu!  
Dame! Ciel! et Mon Dieu!  
If he sees 'em we're both in the soup."

Here the story should certainly stop,  
Lest all the mock-modest should flop—  
The hole in each stocking  
Considered so shocking  
Was found to be one at the top.



AUCTIONEER JOHNNY CANUCK ;—Now make your bids, how much am I offered ?





**Jack Canuck.**

Revised Portrait in view of the prosperity  
of the Great West.

### A Page From My Catlog.

BY THOMAS CAT.

(An extract covering the afternoon of June 1st.)

2 O'clock.

**R**UDELy disturbed by house-maid, who roughly exp<sup>u</sup>stulated with me for sunning myself on table-cloth, bleaching on grass in back yard. Think rib must be broken. Oh, well—no good to be sore over it—time for dinner.

2.15 O'clock.

Entered Mary's bed-room window, via kitchen roof—looks like hand of Providence—Mary's canary hanging just above my head—glorious opportunity—dinner and revenge, combined. Will just sit on dresser, and lick my lips—tempt appetite and get canary rattled.

2.20 O'clock.

Thunder!—Lost my hold on cage—deuce of a racket—better retire to await developments.

2.21 O'clock.

Bad luck turned good—heard Mary coming—dug for under dresser—went slap, bang into old man's dachshund pup—inconvenient dogs, those—sailed into him—he went—yelped in great style. Just my salvation—Mary saw cage swinging, and whacked pup a dozen times while passing—deuce of a racket—great joke—Mary closed door to keep pup out. Now's my chance—oh, this is Providence, all right.

2.45 O'clock.

That was a very nice canary indeed—and so tender—much

prefer canaries to robins—too bad they're not more plentiful. Great sport, too—gamey little chap—gave me great run for my money. Took fifteen minutes to corner him, after I got on cage. Had to pull little beggar apart to get him through wires. Don't like these feathers scattered about—have rather suspicious look. Guess I'll retire till storm blows over.

4.00 O'clock.

Wakened with start—little Willie pulling my after-thought—confound those youngsters. Wonder why everyone is down on cats—remarkable.

4.05 O'clock.

Knew that kid would monkey with me once too often—pulled my whiskers, and I did him up—laid his face open and took chunk off ear—don't like kid meat—too soapy. Awful screams—time to move.

5.00 O'clock.

Novel experience—out nesting, and ran across very odd nest—no visible opening in it—touched it up a little, and got into hot time—wasps—very active—quite severe—personal appearance ruined—great disadvantage for this evening—awfully inopportune.

5.30 O'clock.

Met namesake of mine—guyed me about my looks—thought it safe because one eye is closed—challenged him for to-night at ten—his back roof.

### Optimistic Grammar.

**T**HERE once was a rut in the road and our forefathers plodded on like oxen. They marched stolidly. A light burned here. They feared to enquire why. A light burned there. They dared not approach it..... Goodness will ever be discovered by he or she who seeks."

—CHARLES F. RAYMOND in *The Star*.

*"Ridicule hoc dictum mage quam vive existimo".*

(Phaedrus)

"By he and by she"! What grammar!! O Gee!!!

King Eddie will get a bad jar,  
Now his English is kilt by the infamous guilt  
Of our optimist friend in *The Star*.

Once Pops, the Ox, plodding, in sad need of prodding,  
Saw two lights, (that's one on each hand),  
But to ask what this meant or why that was sent,  
Poor devil, he hadn't the sand.

If our fathers were oxen, then we must be calves!  
(The wisest of animals known)

That of One that's the Truth, and by no means by halves,  
Our Author too clearly has shown.

—OLD BOY.

### The Slothful Potato.

The Beef Heart said, as it cooked in the pot,  
And knew that the meal was late,  
"Now everything is piping hot  
But my old pal - pitate."

—J. P. II.

## Medical Notes.

**I**T is the desire of the writer to warn the readers of the **MOON** against some of the more malignant and more prevalent forms of disease that flesh is heir to. A careful study of the following synopsis will prove of great value to those who seek to keep their systems free from contamination :

**HOPE**, a disease, severe attacks of which are only experienced in extreme youth or among the feeble-minded. This disorder is almost invariably cured by age and a little contact with the world.

**HEALTH**, a very rare disease. No treatment is really needed to effect a cure in the generality of cases, as it usually wears itself out in a very short space of time. However, should the recovery of the patient be retarded from any cause, I should advise applications of a certain medicine easily found in any of our larger cities. It is called "The Pace."

**MORALITY**, very common in Canada; indeed there seems little hope that it will ever be thoroughly stamped out in this country. The cure which has been found most effective in acute stages of this disease is frequent applications of Wine, Women, and Song.

**CONCEIT**, a disorder which is very prevalent among our more important citizens and, indeed, among the same class in almost every country in the known world. This disease may be easily detected, as it is almost always accompanied by severe swelling of the head. It may be rapidly cured by heart to heart talks with one's dearest friends.

**GRIEF**, at present epidemic among stock brokers and speculators, also among the followers of the "also-rans" at the Woodbine. A complete cure may easily be effected by weekly applications of the **MOON**.

**POLITICS**, very malignant, very common among the Irish in Canada. Cure, a Commission.

**LOVE**, a disease common to both sexes and all ages and nationalities, more virulent in youth than in later years, seldom fatal in results, and not often of long duration. The best known cure is constant association with the cause of the attack.

**LIFE**, a malady from which we all suffer from the cradle to the grave, but in various degrees. It is sometimes hard to discover the symptoms of this disease in the inmates of messenger agencies. No woman can suffer from it without continual conversation being plainly discernible; in fact some contend that this symptom has been known to be apparent even after a complete cure had been effected. On a canvass of a large number of the members of the profession, it was given as an almost unanimous opinion, that by far the most severe cases of this disease, and in which a cure was most difficult to effect were to be found among creditors.

**DEATH**, commonly contracted in old age, though severe attacks have been known to follow sudden contact with trolley cars, even in the extreme youth of the subject. There is no known.

—DR. M. BEAM.

**NOTE.**—**THE MOON** has succeeded in securing Dr. Beam's promise to contribute a series of papers on the subject on which he is so eminent an authority. **ED.**

## A Quandary.

**C**AN you offer a suggestion  
Which will answer this my ?  
Can you help to a decision  
That will lead to a +  
Of my thoughts which wildly tangle  
Into ev'ry crook and L  
Into which a thought can get in manner rash,  
  
Can the cares which now entwine us  
While our bank account is —  
And which have no ||  
Anywhere except in—Well,  
Is there anywhere to 'scape them we may —



## Ye Lament of ye Maiden.

Where is my wandering boy to-night,  
The boy with the young moustache,  
The boy who once hugged me with all  
his might,  
Ere his uncle did leave him cash ?

Oh! Where is my boy to-night ?  
Is he holding another tight ?  
Is't Mary or Rose? Oh, Lord only knows !  
Oh! Where is my boy to-night ?

## Sport.

BY BILLY WILLIAMS, one-time Sporting Editor of the "Fortnightly Beam," and sparring partner of the Man in The Moon.

### BOXING.

THE manly art of self-defence and the battering of our fellow men is truly a venerable institution, famous in song and story. Since the birth of time there have striven in the hearts of men two great desires, the desire to escape punishment and the desire to administer it—both strong, both wise and prudent. Evidently the latter has been the stronger, as the prize ring is still an institution.

It must not be thought that in this noble sport the only idea is completely to demolish, or as described by the elect, "put away," one's opponent. It is far otherwise. This is truly the object in chief, but it must be accomplished with due regard to what is known as "form." No unseemly slugging will be tolerated. There must be "form" the whole form and nothing but the form. To batter the person of our fellow-man in all the horrible rowdyism of a street fight is crude, a return to savagery, but when done under properly organized management and with police supervision it is sport.

Even the ring, the gloves and the police supervision only render the proceeding sport of a very doubtful character, in the minds of some of our citizens, but the writer has every confidence that the day will come and the day will not be long in coming when sparring contests; at least those held within the confines of this fair Canada of ours, will be opened with prayer and closed with a benediction. Then will this noble pastime, this recreation much abused and little understood, be beheld of all in its proper worth.

A word or two on the conduct of these gladiatorial contests may not be out of place, or out of season. It might be well to put the people wise—excuse me, it might be well to instruct the populace therein.

The contestants enter the ring and step to what is known as the "scratch," where they shake hands, each beholding in the other the man who may be the last whom he shall meet in this mortal life; the referee calls "time," to keep their minds from brooding upon eternity, which is so near—and behold the ball is opened. They are at it hammer and tongs for the space of three minutes, when a rest of one minute is allowed. This is repeated till one or other of the combatants is disabled and lies prone upon the floor, when, if he is unable to rise before the referee has counted ten, (to show that he is an educated man and no common tough) the decision is awarded to his opponent, and the fight is closed, as is this article.

### Poor Thing.

A modest young woman of Clayton—  
The last you would think had a date on—  
Came home blushing red,  
When the folks were in bed,  
From driving alone in a phaeton.

T. H.



**Adamant.**

"I defy any Judges on Earth to change MY opinion about it!"

### The Fable of How Maggie Made Good.

IN a one-horse town, where the houses were all lined up along the road to see if anyone went by, lived a Sweet Thing, who had been dubbed Margaret when she got the sprinkle, brim full of innocence and giggles. She was quite merry, because she was not wise to the fact that they now use straight fronts and habit backs, that upholstery is the main squeeze in the make-up box, and that she would need some tall hustling to catch up with the push. Old Lady Nature had done the decent by her in the way of looks, and as nothing not booked in the fashion plates of "The Old Ladies Farm Journal" had been seen in the burg she passed muster.

One day a wicked Drummer blew into the hamlet with a grip full of glad rags and chicken fixings. The Sweet Thing happened into the focal departmental store just as the Drummer was shooting hot gusts at the Main Guy to convince him that the hurray clothes in his grips were the goods, that they would shew off his stock of cabbages, and how with a small outlay of the long green he could increase his trade until friend Timothy E's little shop would look like a wayside bar with prohibition on the books by compare.

Maggie saw the rags and they took—it was all off—Deadville might stay and decay; she, Maggie, was off to the City where the girls looked to be built in two sections and coupled at the middle. She froze to the Drummer and he put her next that by holding down a counter and dishing out such rags she could collar enough to lose herself in giddy gossamers.

Maggie lit out for the wicked City, where she squeezed into the game of handing out wings for the society grist of butterflies. She had been on the job some time, but the good stuff did not seem to be crowding her any. Although she had tumbled to

the way to light her windows she could not figure that she was moored to any dandy stunt.

One day a Gilded Youth fluttered into camp and lit on the branch of the finery tree where Maggie was dealing the gloves. He was in to bleed for a pair of gay mits for his lady friend, but when he saw Maggie—to him no more search—. He twittered a while to Maggie, and shewed her how this bitter world was dumping her. When he went Maggie was not there to draw her six per any more.

No one seems to doubt that Maggie got a raise. She flashes glad rags galore and her hair is now golden.

Moral:—There is no moral to this fable; in fact it is rather immoral. —S. LANG.



ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE. By E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. With illustrations by Somerville. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

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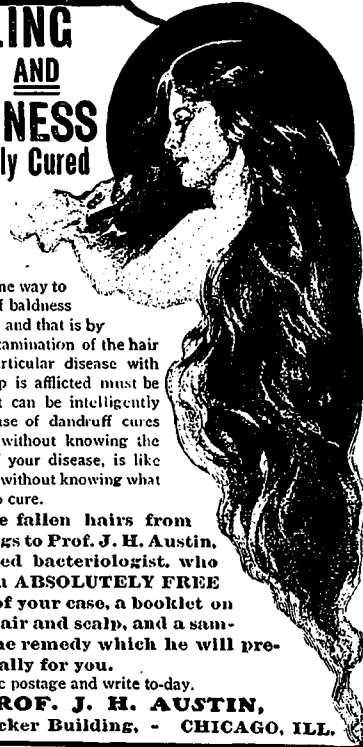
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