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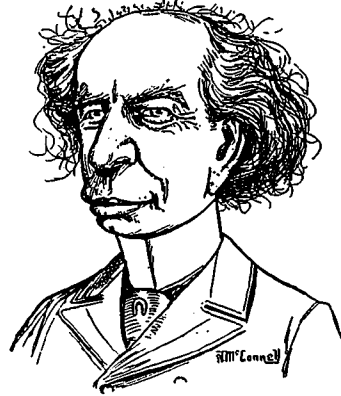
"At Loggerheads."

\$2 Per Annum.

## MR. W. T. STEAD

In the Review of Reviews (English) for October, reproduces five cartoons from THE MOON, and has this to say:

"I AM delighted to introduce my readers to some of the cartoons this month from the *Moon*, a comic weekly published in Toronto, in whose artist (Mr. C. W. Jefferys) we welcome a valuable addition to those who with pen and pencil illustrate the contemporary history of mankind. The first of the *Moon* cartoons calls attention to a grievance of which the British publishers have good reason to complain.



Two of the Cartoons referred to.

Here is another of the cartoons from Mr. Jefferys' pencil, which gives an entirely new and Canadian impression of our Jingo Colonial Secretary. Mr. Jefferys is not the only artist on the *Moon*. He has a colleague in Mr. N. McConnell, whose caricature of Sir Wilfred Laurier would seem to indicate considerable skill in exaggerating the salient feature of his victim."

## The Moon

A POLITICAL, Social and Literary History of 1902, with Cartoons by the following famous artists: Racey, Jefferys, Hunter, Bengough and McConnell, together with comic pictures and jokes by a number of well-known contributors.

### Vol. I, May to November, 1902, Now Ready.

Cloth Binding, gilt stamp, net \$2.00.

A very short supply of these volumes is obtainable, and we urge our readers to send back their numbers for binding. Cloth binding, put on the subscribers own numbers, 60c.; half leather, \$1.00.

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Gentlemen,—

I enclose Three Dollars, for which please send me THE MOON from current number until end of 1903, together with Vol. I in cloth binding.

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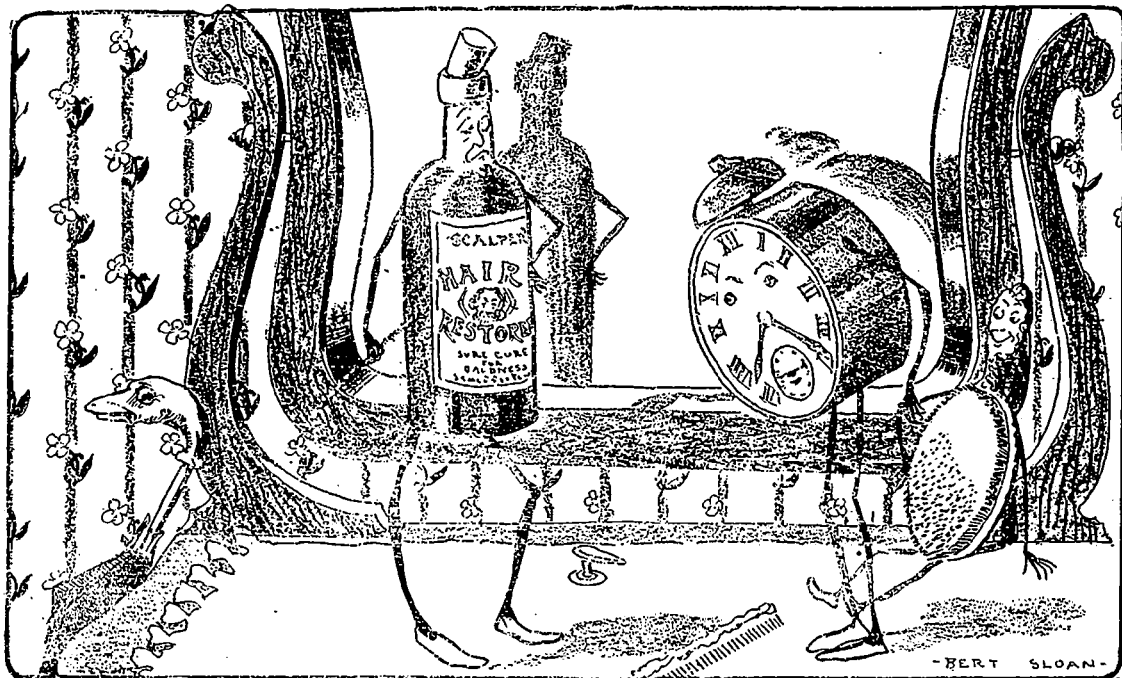
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THE MOON PUBLISHING CO.

48 Adelaide Street East

TORONTO



The Clock : " You needn't be so stuck up, old man."  
 The Bottle : " That's part of my business—putting on hairs."

### The G 1 Little Girl.

O, Nellie, come over and play with me ;  
 How I wish you could stay with me ;  
 Please ask your ma,  
 Or your sister or pa,  
 If you may come and stay the whole day with me.

I am so glad you have come to me ;  
 You're as dear as my own little thumb to me.  
 What did you bring ?  
 Not the least little thing—  
 Not even some chewing gum to me ?

O, Nell ! I think that's too bad of you ;  
 I thought there was more to be had of you ;  
 And I'll tell you to-day,  
 That the neighbors all say  
 Your folks make a regular gad of you.

I want you to go to the cellar for me ;  
 Get that pie—that's a brave little feller, for me.  
 If ma tries to find out,  
 Why, a dog's been about,  
 And I know a fine tale you can tell her for me.

You want half ? That's awfully cool of you ;  
 Your folks make a regular fool of you,  
 And 'Lizabeth Grimes  
 Says you're flattered sometimes,  
 When people's just making a tool of you.

Don't go ! I only was funning with you.  
 That pie ! Oh, that was so cunning of you !  
 Now get some jell  
 From the cellar—O, Nell !  
 I declare that's really stunning of you !

O, Nellie ! I know such a treat for us ;  
 I want you to get something sweet for us.  
 It's candy and cake,  
 And you've only to take  
 Some pennies and go round the corner for us.

There's pennies in there on the bureau for us.  
 Me ? Dear little Nellie ! Now you go for us !  
 There's nobody there,  
 And it aint a bit fair  
 If you don't, cause you're company, you know, for us.

What, Nell ! Couldn't find ? Not a penny for us ?  
 I'm sure they were there, a good many for us,  
 'Cause I went and seen,  
 And I think you're just mean !  
 There were six, and you didn't find any for us.

Ma says I oughtn't to play with you ;  
 You've got such a sneaking way with you—  
 Are you going ? Good-bye !  
 Don't tell, Nell, and I  
 Will come over to-morrow and play with you.

—JIM WILEY.

*"There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know."—Dryden.*

Vol. 2.            NOVEMBER 29, 1902.            No. 27.  
48 Adelaide Street East, 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.*

FOR some years a certain part of the people of Canada has been keeping up the cry that there is a menace in our friendly relations with the people of the United States. The persons that form this disturbing part of our population will never be satisfied till we are engaged in a war with the "hated Yankee." No reason is given for this absurd bitterness. But then, reason is not an important part of the disturber's character. The cry is: "The Yankees desire to annex Canada!" Our neighbors—despite their natural excitability—have heretofore been possessed of sufficient sense of humor to prevent their becoming seriously hysterical over these accusations; but now their nerves—because of the coal strike, no doubt—seem to have become disordered. Like the bees in a crowded hive, they are said to be "swarming." In thousands they are hastening into Canada. (There is more buzzing than there are bees, to be sure, but still, they are coming.)

It would seem that the tables are turned on our excitable alarmists. No landslide of the Northern half of this continent has occurred, but the "hated Yankee" is coming into our country, and is becoming a Canadian. He will soon be as good as we are—and will have as much to say! Dreadful calamity! Even Mr. Tarte—always cool, calm and collected!!!—is becoming alarmed at the danger.

"We must do something to stop this," say those that would have us to retrograde.

"Why?" we ask.

"Because this country is ours."

"That was the argument of the Boers."

"Oh, well! But the situation here is different."

"Yes, different. We are Canadians and they are Boers. We should, therefore, lock up our country, now that we have forced the door of theirs"

A little common sense would save us from a great deal of ridicule. What we need is population. Let us get the best we can. What people besides those of the United States are familiar with our ways? What other people understands our methods of farming? Of course, we are willing to admit that there are the Doukhobors—but, then, they don't seem to approve of us.

IN view of the fact that Premier Ross is so poor a man—he getting (visibly) something less than ten thousand dollars a year—a subscription for the purpose of raising fifty thousand dollars is about to be started by his friends.

Of course, these friends deny that the raising of this fifty-thousand dollars has anything to do with the bye-elections. Who but a Tory could entertain such a villainous thought? The money is for the purpose of keeping Mr. Ross out of the poor house, after he leaves the shelter in Queen's Park.

The Man in THE MOON longs to see the names affixed to the subscription list. He would like also to know the relations of the subscribers, for he has a dread that a Gooderham, a Clergue, or an Ault might suddenly be touched by pity for Mr. Ross's poverty.

The President of the United States is not allowed to accept any of these "presents;" over there they are thought to be a menace to the public interests. Here we are not allowed to bribe a Premier (not if we call what we give him a bribe), but we can rescue him from starvation, when he gets (legally) less than ten thousand dollars a year, out of which he has to pay fifteen dollars a month for a house that is worth only six hundred dollars a year.

Let us cast our bread upon the waters—when we have our scoop-net ready for the fish.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY has decided to follow the admirable example of the C. P. R. It will, therefore, permit its officials to apply to the Laurier Government for a charter, giving the road permission to embark in a business of wholesale philanthropy, with the Canadian public as its—victim. We have in Canada many large corporations that are but waiting for the Government's permission before they become similarly charitable.

The Man in THE MOON wonders what view the Senate takes of the Grand Trunk's serious attack of enlargement of the heart.

THE apathy of the people of Canada on all matters of their own interest is one of the most disturbing characteristics of the time.

THE MOON has repeatedly called attention to the disgraceful conduct of the Education Department in deliberately breaking its promise to see that no text book that was not of purely Canadian authorship and workmanship should be authorized. The Minister of Education has now authorized text books that are written by Yankee authors, illustrated by Yankee artists, and are filled with Yankee prejudices against Canada. To make the combination perfect, a Yankee publisher has been picked out to supply our Canadian children with this Yankee product. There is little reason to doubt that Mr. Morang used Yankee methods to enable him to get his privileges.

## Portraits by Moonlight.



HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND.

## Brief Biographies—No. XVIII.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

**H**ON. JAMES SUTHERLAND, M.P., Minister of Public Works, is the son of Scotch parents, and was born in the County of Wentworth in 1849.

Being of that much-maligned and down-trodden people who hail from North of the Tweed, he has had his feelings soothed by a Cabinet portfolio.

The new Minister has always felt that he is a born statesman, as he proved himself such by "keeping store" in the town of Woodstock. He began the practise of his legislative profession in Woodstock as town councillor, afterwards becoming mayor. He entered Parliament for North Oxford in 1880, as an Independent Liberal, but became the chief whip of the Liberal party at Ottawa in 1892, which office he held till he became a Cabinet Minister. He did the work of his master, and has received his reward. By far the most useful part of his work was the passing of the hat.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has said of him: "A good man and true, we call him at Ottawa—the shepherd of our flock. To us, his sound judgment, cool head and strong character have been most precious, and a prize invaluable in directing the destinies of the Liberal party." In the light of what has been said of others who have served the same Hon. gentleman till their usefulness was gone, and were then dropped, we take it that Sir Wilfrid has looked on the Hon. Jim as a handy party hack. The destinies of the country are forgotten, or else there was nothing found good to say on the subject. Hon. James Sutherland now wears Tarte's shoes. We hope no one will ask how he will stuff the toes so as he can wear them without danger of losing them in the political mud.

Whether the Premier wished to please a section of

Western Ontario by the appointment, or whether Western Ontario's views have been met, the appointment meets with the entire approval of Hon. James Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland is a celibate, and, aside from politics, has a host of friends to whom he is, and always will be "Jim," because of his cordial and generous manner—that quality that tends to make him meet a man as a man, without any reference to his cloth or financial standing.

## As Others See Us.

"I MUST tell you, dear people," said convert Smith, "what a wicked man I have been. I have committed almost every crime in the calendar."

Convert Brown: "I can testify to the truth of brother Smith's statement. He has been my near neighbor for years, and a meaner and more contemptible neighbor I never had. As a tale bearer and chicken thief, it would be hard to get his match."

And now there is a suit on in the courts, Smith vs. Brown, slander and libel; damages claimed, \$10,000.

## At the Tramps' Lodging House.

"Rah fur Prohibition!" shouted Weary Watkins, as he searched through his ragged clothes for a few crumbs of tobacco to fill his empty pipe. "'S blamed good thing. Aint got no vote, but ef I had I'd give it to the bloomin' referendum, jiggered if I wouldn't."

"Oh, say, fellers, hear to that now," said Danny the Duffer. "Yer gone clean off yer chump, Weary—why yer half full now."

"Jest wish I was full to me neck, boys, but all same I know a good thing wen I see it. Rah fur Prohibition! rah! rah! whoop her up boys!"

"Oh, come out of it. Cheese that or we'll chuck yer out," said Peg-leg Peters. "Feller that makes sech a break as dat kaint travel wid dis gang. Wot d'yer mean by it anyway? Wots yer game?"

"No game at all, Peg-leg. Man can't be thinkin' on business all the time. I was jest expressing my sentiments. I likes Prohibition cos yer see it never works. Give us a match somebody."

—P.T.

## Reporters' Aid.

WHEN YOU HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR MAN.

The impression prevails.

Well-informed quarters.

It is understood.

Prominent officials.

It is rumored.

A well-known citizen.

Did not wish his name mentioned.

While, of course, nothing definite—

However.

Mr. —, who would not be seen last night.

As yet.

Henderson: "Most great men are pessimistic."  
Thompson: "Yes, and when ordinary men hold the same views it is attributed to biliousness."



"Oh, Mummy, look at Bluebeard!"

### The Ontario Cabinet Council.

**ROSS:** "Things are looking rather more hopeful for us. We are getting into pretty good shape for the bye-elections, and I've no doubt we shall have five or six majority when the House opens."

**Gibson:** "I suppose we're all right, so far as money is concerned; but we shall need more than usual to overcome the effect of the South Oxford revelations."

**Stratton:** "Yes, damn it all—beg pardon, gentlemen, when a man's been talking with Yankee promoters as much as I have lately, he gets into loose and careless ways of speech—as I was about to say—what was I saying, anyway?"

**Harcourt:** "You had got as far as 'damn it.' I entirely coincide with you in that sentiment."

**Stratton:** "Oh, I was about to say that these exposures will give everybody the idea that there's lots of money going, and they'll all want some of it—even the quiet, respectable men, who usually vote right without being paid, will wait to be bought. It'll cost us three times as much as usual."

**Davis:** "It's the moral effect that I'm most afraid of."

**Stratton:** "Oh, you're always afraid of your own shadow. That's all poppycock. There ain't any morality in politics. If a man is a real good Liberal he can stand it—if he ain't you've got to buy him, or go without his vote."

**Ross:** "What has disgusted me more than anything else in the business is the treacherous and ungentlemanly course of that man Sutherland of South Oxford. His exposure of the confidential negotiations we entered into was a shameful breach of faith."

**Gibson:** "I can't help thinking there must have been a want of tact in the way in which he was approached. The negotiator should have felt his way gradually."

**Ross:** "Ah, we miss Preston's fine Italian hand in these matters. He would have managed better."

**Stratton:** "Yes, he was a clean skater. Smith can't hold a candle to him."

**Davis:** "Preston is a good man and zealous in well-doing. Some of you are always sneering at religion, but you must admit that Brother Preston's earnest Christianity did not interfere with his political usefulness, but rather aided it."

**Gibson:** "Yes, he could go straight from the Sunday School conference to the party caucus, and use a season of prayer to put through a sharp political deal. Oh, I admit that religion has its uses."

**Davis:** "Yes, I have often suggested to Smith that if he would take the same active part in religious work that his predecessor did he would be of more value to us. It would give him a better standing with the public. When a question of veracity arises, the word of a religious man is apt to be taken before that of another."

**Dryden:** "Do you think, Mr. Premier, that we can thoroughly depend upon all our followers in the House?"

**Ross:** "H'm—yes, with possibly one exception. You know whom I mean."

**Gibson:** "Evanturel? Why he hardly dare go back on us, since he took the platform at last election. He'll have the speakership again, of course."

**Ross:** "Yes—if he'll take it."

**Harcourt:** "Why, is there any doubt as to that?"

**Ross:** "The only doubt is as to whether he can get anything better. He'll never rest until he gets into the Cabinet. And, as you know, Whitney has promised that there shall be a Frenchman in his administration. Evanturel is the only Frenchman in sight for the position. Fact is, he's been worrying my life out to take him in with us, and threatening to go over if we don't."

**Gibson:** "Treacherous hound! We can't do it."

**Stratton:** "Don't see how we can. That would maketwo Catholics in the Ministry, and would raise the religious cry."

There's one consolation—the Tories daren't do it either. The Orangemen wouldn't stand it."

Ross: "There you are mistaken. They'd stand anything to get office. Look how they swallowed Sir John Thompson."

Gibson: "Yes, and J. J. Foy. Ah, no, Whitney wouldn't have a bit of trouble in reconciling the Orange element to the move."

Ross: "Whereas, the Presbyterian and Methodist Liberals would be up in arms at once. No, gentlemen, Whitney stands in a far better position than we do in that respect. Besides, what have we to give him?"

Harcourt: "We might make him a Minister without portfolio."

Ross: "He wouldn't accept that. There's not enough in it."

Gibson: "How'd it do to cut Davis' department in two, and constitute a Department of Colcnization?"

Davis: "I certainly should object to that. Stratton might give up the management of the public institutions."

Stratton: "What—to that greedy Frenchman? No, sir. I'd sooner see a new department altogether established—say that of Commissioner of Railways."

Ross: "I'd be afraid to trust him with it. The risk would be too great. We should have scandals that would wreck any Government. No, I don't really see our way to satisfy him."

Gibson: "Do you think he really means to go over?"

Ross: "It all depends on our majority. I feel certain he will, if we have only two or three. He can take the other French members with him—and get the backing of the entire French vote."

Harcourt: "I don't think so. They were elected as Liberals."

Ross: "My dear sir, the French have no politics but that of race. That's just our danger. Any Government that gives a Frenchman a Cabinet position will get their support. If Evanturel came to terms with Whitney to-morrow and was taken into his Government, every Frenchman in the Province would applaud him and rejoice because they had been recognized. Don't make any mistake—they'll go which ever way the cat jumps. Our only safety is to get such a majority that Whitney can't form a Cabinet, even with their assistance."

Chumps: "What a beautiful dancer your wife is. Do you dance?"

Dumps: "Yep—attendance."

**Wasted Opportunities.**

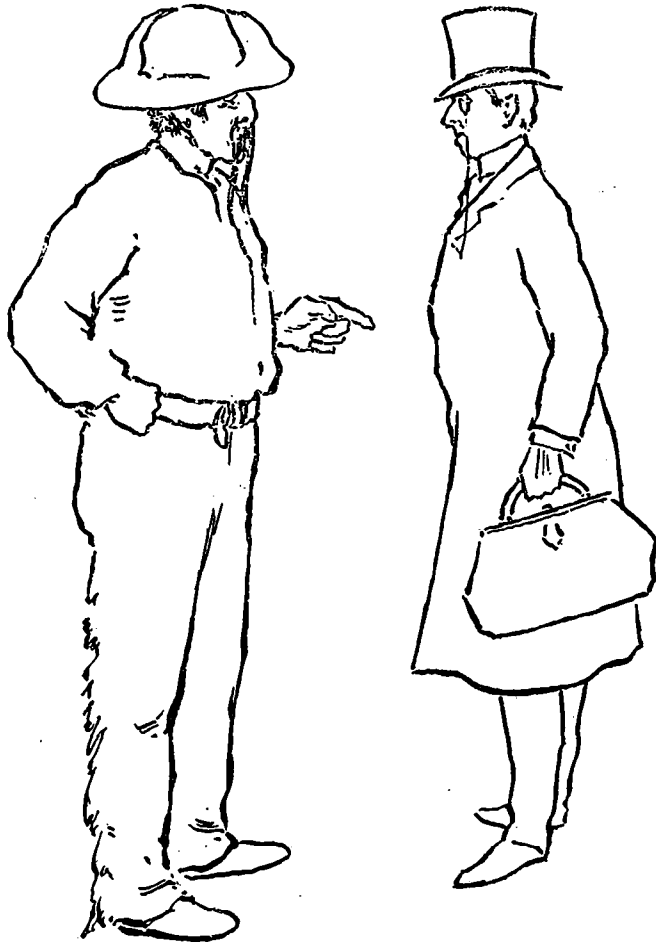
Jones: "I often wonder that Bighead has not made a success of life."

Smith: "Why?"

Jones: "He has had more disadvantages than any great man whose autobiography I have read."

**Mutually Deceived.**

"Two souls with but a single thought,"  
We frequently may note,  
When persons of a different sex  
Their energies devote  
To get the money each has not,  
But which they think the other's got.

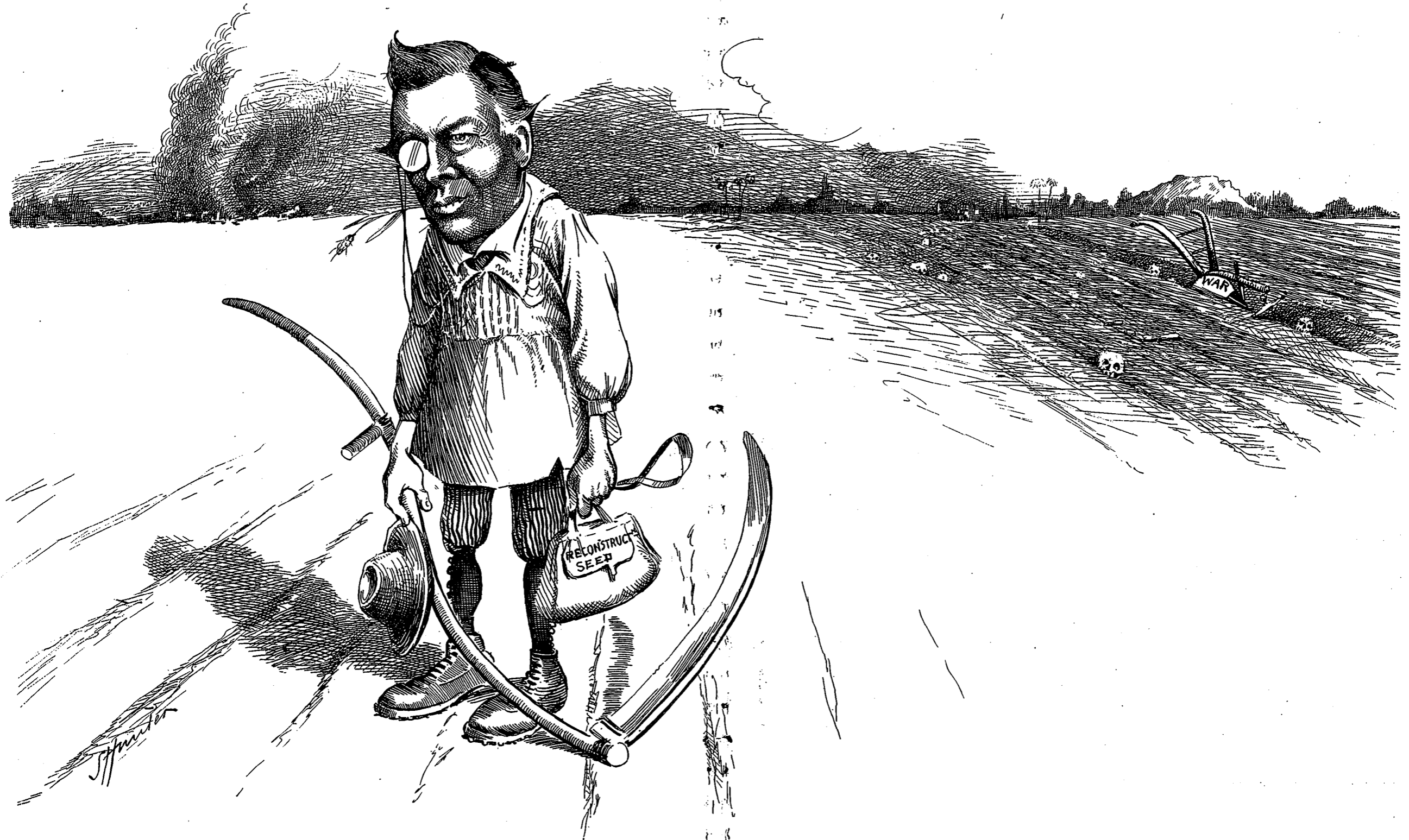


C.S.M. Tolson

Tenderfoot: "I am told it won't be safe for me to wear a tall hat in your town. Had I better change it?"

Arizona Hank: "Not at all. Safest kind ye kin wear, stranger. Ye see, there's lots of room thar fur the boys to put a few balls into it an' never touch ye; but ef ye wear another kind, some durned chump might shoot a leetle too close ter be pleasant."

# THE MOON



## STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.

HODGE-CHAMBERLAIN: "Kitchener 'e coom'd out to plough—and I be coom'd out to zow and reap."





Trying to Make Him Hear.

Jimmie Whitney, to Mr. Bye-Elector, who is sometimes a little "deef": "She's our cow, mister. She was stole from us. Aint yeh goin' t' help me git the bars down."

#### Anecdotes of the Annanias Club.

UNDER "Good of the Order," Brother B. L. Zeebub said: "I have very little to entertain the brethren to-night, but a few curious scientific facts might be related that would be instructive, but all the more curious because true. You all know that there is no such thing as positive cold. Ice is said to be cold, but it is only relatively so. Compared to hot water it is cold, which in turn is cold when compared to melted lead. Ice is warm

when compared to frozen mercury. It in turn is warm when compared to liquified oxygen. They are only less warm relatively one than another. Ice, therefore, has heat, which I had the pleasure of demonstrating once to my cost.

I had an ice boat and took great pride in it, and tried to beat all competitors. I tried steel shoes for runners, and by means of large sail area ran so fast that the friction between the steel and the ice caused the timber to which the steel was attached to take fire. Fact, gentlemen, and when I tried to save the wood by putting asbestos, which is a non-conductor, between the wood and the steel, when a high speed was developed (not more than one or two hundred miles an hour) the steel got so hot that it melted ruts in the ice. We had to get out of the wet, and shifted our sail to get more wind. Then we had trouble. The heat from the steel could not spread quickly, the steel melted, the wood took fire, our sails went up like a flash, and we were actually burnt out on the ice, and had to walk seventy miles to the shore!"

Baron Munchausen: "I mooch pleasure haf to listen ven our bröther he told so much truth on der atrocities of skience on der subject of heat mit its ogzentricities. I haf seen de same ding happens in der same way only some different, aint it? I feeshing vas on der riffer unt eels vas so blenty dey notings haf to eat. I tells Jake to pull oop shtream unt I holds der line pehind der shtern mid some limburger on der hook. Vell, a pig veller he shmells der bait unt he comes for it. I vonts to see how much fast der eel he can come, unt I says: 'Jake pull.'

Jake he vos a bretty good poy unt knows how to punch der bag mit all der other pushners, unt Jake pulls. Vell, der eel he comes and Jake he goes, unt py and py der bees some shpeed unt der trees unt farms dey goes py like blitzten, unt ven Jake he begin to be warm, der eel he gets warm too, unt, vell, shust as sure I always shpeaks der truth, dat eel he get so hot mit der friction of der vater vut he gomes to der top gooked to a turn. Me unt Jake pulls on der bank unt haf a fine lunch!"

"It was at the time of the Indian Mutiny," said the Corporal. "I was at the Siege of Lucknow, when it was in the hands of the Mutineers. The heat was something terrific, and we had only hard tack and bad salt meat. Well, after we had bombarded the place for a couple of days, we took it by storm. The rebels had their goats and pigs underground beneath the breastworks, to save them from our shells and from the heat. Our boys were wild for fresh meat, and when we got in, the Highlanders let some of the animals out. Well, sir, a big Highlander out with his dirk and after one of the pigs. The pig ran round inside the fort—the soldier after him. Well, the third round—lap you call it here—he caught up to the pig as it fell down, and he stabbed it to the heart. Do you believe it, gentlemen, the pig wouldn't bleed! It had run till it died and was roasted to a turn with the heat of the sun!"

Chairman: "The hour for adjournment has arrived, gentlemen; it is now 10.30 p.m. The saloons close at 11 o'clock. For myself I would prefer to listen all night to these interesting and truthful tales, rather than adjourn to a saloon. What say you, gentlemen?"

Members "adjourn." The usual ballot was cast to find out who, in the opinion of the club, had deviated most widely from the truth.

The Chairman won by a large majority.

### A Costly Acquaintance.

Plugwinch: "That man Coatsworth we met at the club is a fine fellow. By the way, what's his business?"

Bullymore: "He's a tailor."

Plugwinch: "Tailor! Great heavens I'm ruined! I've introduced a dozen people to him."

Bullymore: "Don't be a snob. What does his trade matter?"

Plugwinch: "Oh, I don't care anything about that, but think of the financial responsibilities I've incurred."

### Convenient.

Temperance Agitator: "Just think of it! There are no fewer than six saloons within a stone's throw of my house!"

Jaggers: "How mighty convenient for you!"

Temperance Agitator: "What do you mean, sir? Do you dare to insinuate that—"

Jaggers: "Oh, not at all; but you can heave rocks at 'em from your own doorstep."

### A Poor Prospect.

Fisher Vane, after the honeymoon: "\$700.00 for a seal skin sacque, coal at—why, what has become of the money I gave you as a marriage gift? You must take me for a gold mine."

Owner: "Well, the money is all gone."

Fisher Vane: "Where?"

Owner: "Working the mine."

"Mr. Monck Hide, the leather merchant, has been ostracized from society and expelled from the Automobile Club for traveling too fast, and having been discovered (so it is alleged) dealing in a skin game."

"In spite of all his money Rocky doesn't appear to be happy."

"That's because he spends so much of his energy living down his past that he hasn't time to enjoy himself."



Herbert: "Will you be my wife, Maud? Remember I ask it for the last time."

Maud: "Thank Heaven!"

**Treasonable Trash.**

She *Birched* the boy upon  
the *Beech*,  
The while that he did  
whine,  
The truant she was bound  
to teach,  
No matter tho' he *Pine*.

She *Hemlock* stitched his  
jacket's slack,  
Because he said he knew  
That she had kissed the  
parson back,  
He said he *Cedar*, too.

He'd rather sail before  
the *Elm*  
Than in his class be good,  
He would the cannibals  
o'erwhelm.  
She answered "*Cotton-*  
*wood.*"

"*Willow* be good?" she  
did demand.  
He shook his collar loose.  
"Now, Bob," she said,  
"hold out your hand,  
I'll trim you down with  
*Spruce.*"

An *Ash-y* paleness o'er  
him spread,  
He whimpered like a cur,  
And with his hands above  
his head,  
"Miss, try a *Douglas Fir*.

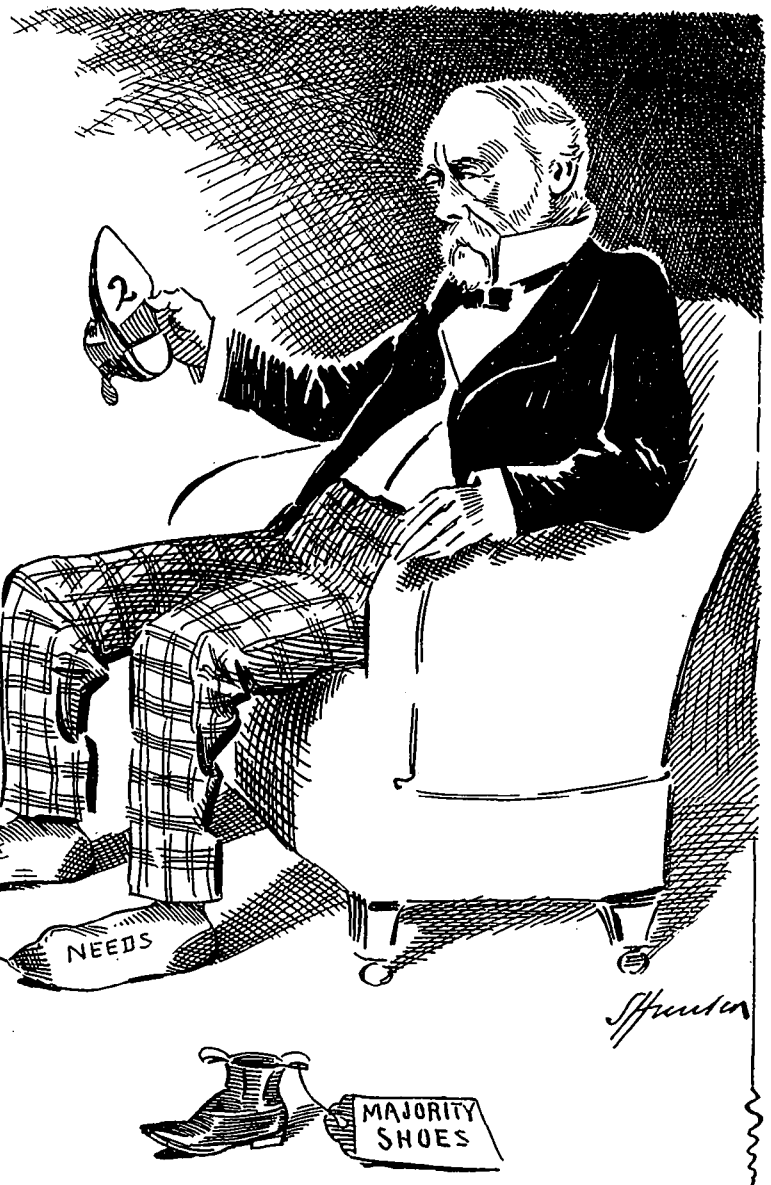
But, if you let me off  
this time,  
I *Walnut* run away,  
You're sweet as blossoms  
of the *Lime*.  
Your stature like the  
*Bay.*"

"*Oak* um," she said,  
right rosilie,  
And straightened up her  
back,  
"That speech a *Chestnut*  
is to me,  
You great big *Tamarac.*"

At this he felt himself a  
*Man*,  
His fist o'er hers he shut,  
"I will not go, my dearest  
Nan,"  
She said, "You'd *Butter-*  
*nut.*" —ANON.

**A la Burns.**

James Anderson my jay, Jim,  
When first we two did meet,  
Your hair was red as cherries,  
Your nose red as a beet ;  
But now your head is bald, Jim,  
Your nose still red to-day ;  
But blessings on your tough old skull,  
James Anderson my jay.

**A Trifle Small.**

Mr. Ross : "Ye're a braw wee pair o' shoons—but, certes, ye'll no suit a number eleven fut."

James Anderson my jay, Jim,  
We've had our bouts together,  
And many a telling punch, Jim,  
I've landed on your leather ;  
But now we're getting old, Jim,  
We'll drop the good old way,  
And drink a drop of lemonade,  
James Anderson my jay.

JIM WILEY.

Giddypate : "It is the ambi-  
tion of my life to be able to read  
people like a book."

Bighead : "Well, if you ever  
attain it you will probably find  
that most people should be taken  
as read."

Read THE MOON'S offer on  
page 2.



Between now and Christmas **THE MOON** will devote a column weekly to the reviewing of new books.—*Ed.*

**D**ONOVAN PASHA, by Gilbert Parker. Cloth, \$1.50. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. This book is made up of fifteen short stories of unusual interest. The only object of the author seems to be to entertain, and in this he succeeds. "Also" is a useful word, but there are few sentences in which it should be given the place of honor. Sir Gilbert rates it too highly.

**MUSINGS BY CAMP-FIRE AND WAYSIDE**, by W. C. Gray. Cloth, \$1.50 net. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. You could not find a more beautiful gift-book than this volume of musings by a free-and-easy, chatty, old man, whose love of nature the reader cannot but absorb. The paper, binding and illustrations make it one of the prettiest books that we have seen this year. The diction is bad, but the modern reader gives little evidence of objecting to this.

**TOM MOORE**, by Theodore Burt Sayre. Cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: The Musson Co. A romance, after the play of the same name, which deals with certain happenings in the life of Ireland's greatest poet. If one wishes to read a delightful little story, filled with flashes of wit and dainty touches of pathos—a book that keeps one smiling through a mist of tenderness—let him read "Tom Moore." Where is the man or woman that does not desire to make a closer acquaintance with the author of "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Believe Me, if all Those Endearing Young Charms?" In "Tom Moore," the romance, he lives and breathes and sings. The book is not exceptionally well written, but it is most entertaining.

**THE KINDRED OF THE WILD**, a Book of Animal Life, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull. Cloth, \$2.00. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. This book is not new, but comprises a number of short stories that have previously appeared in magazines, all of which are interesting to young people, and grown-ups who are fond of animals. The book is a handsome one—the illustrations being very attractive. It is full of pathos and tragedy and fiction.

**BY ORDER OF THE PROPHET**, by Alfred H. Henry. Cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. A story of Salt Lake City and the Mormons. The time is the middle of the last century, when Brigham Young was having things pretty much his own way in his salt valley. The story is well written, vigorous and fascinating, besides being original and highly instructive.

**THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE**, by Ellen Glasgow. Illustrated by Henry Troth. Toronto: Musson Book Co. We were curious to discover justification for the title of this book, and are still in doubt whether it is to be found in the proceedings of a Democratic State Convention, in the privately expressed opinions of a few individuals, or in a fatal gunshot from a mob of masked lynchers. The scene is in Virginia. The story tells of "uncles" and "mammies," white trash, first families, love, law, poverty and politics; and, we judge, presents a fair picture of some phases of social life in the Old Dominion after the war, and before recent developments of industrial enterprise. The book is clean and interesting; and the artist has embellished it with many admirable illustrations of scenery and local views.

"Professor, I thought your lecture charming. I never before so fully realized why we descended from apes."



Maude: "Jack, why are you like the British Empire?"  
 Jack: "Not the remotest idea."  
 Maude: "What you have you hold."

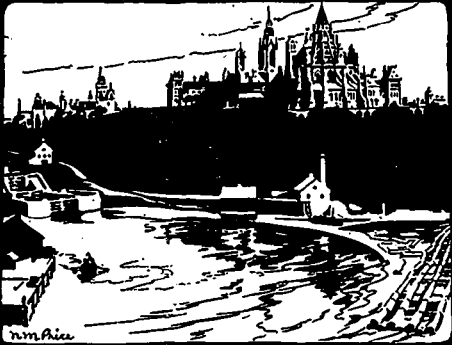
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She: "What! You have been engaged twice before!"

The Naval Officer: "But, dear, they did not count. One was from the South Sea Islands, and the other a Japanese."

"I wonder who originated the scheme of splitting the difference?"

"I guess it must have been Solomon when he offered to divide the disputed baby."

Waldo (reading): "What is meant by 'dry wit,' father?"

Father: "Prohibition jokes, my son."

Promoter: "I have here a scheme for starting an egg and poultry trust."

Capitalist: "It's no good. I lived in the country as a boy, and know there's nothing harder to corner than a hen."



What is this thing with vacant stare,  
Made in some semblance of a man,  
For here are collar, coat and hair—  
The latter parted with great care—  
Mouth, nose and eyes, the general plan.

But has it ever served its kind?  
Of love has it ever felt the thrill?  
What does it know of thought or mind?  
Why this great gloss unless it's blind?  
'Tis but a living frame to fill.

Or trick it out in gloves and cane,  
And robe in garments to admire,  
For this it's only use 'tis plain,  
Sans feeling, manhood, nerve or brain,  
A fitting subject for the fire.

#### An Impressive Phenomenon.

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, Johnnie, can you tell me why do the heathen in their blindness bow down to wood an' stone, as the hymn says?"

Johnnie: "'Cause, marm, a wooden stone would be a miracle."

#### Wasted Opportunities.

Jones: "I often wonder that Bighead has not made a success of life."

Smith: "Why?"

Jones: "He has had more disadvantages than any great man whose autobiography I have read."

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