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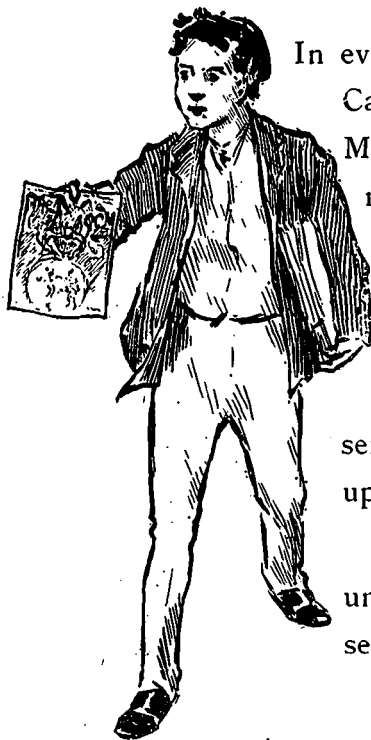
Price 5 Cents

Mr. Steinstejn : " Ain't this joost lovely ?"
 Mr. Samstejn : " Peautiful ! I like anything vot I can go up in."

WANTED

GOOD BRIGHT BOYS

COW-BOYS, SCHOOL-BOYS OR TOM-BOYS



In every CITY, TOWN or VILLAGE in Canada, to secure subscribers to THE MOON. We allow very liberal commissions.

We also want bright, energetic boys to sell THE MOON each week. Are YOU one of those boys? If so, write to us to-day, and we will send you papers enough to start you up in business.

YOU NEED PAY US NOTHING until you have made a profit for yourself.

THE MOON PUBLISHING COMPANY

LIMITED,

MEDICAL BUILDING, COR. BAY AND RICHMOND STS.

TORONTO.



Too Light for the Place.

The Tory Party: "Jimmy, I'm afraid you won't do. You are not big enough to handle such a case, or to carry out the bundle, and your temper is just a little too waspish."

Rags and Whisky.

A paper, the "Armoury," gravely relates
How whisky is made out of rags in the States—
And the statement appears somewhat risky—
But then it goes on to express a belief
That it knows to be true—very much to its grief—
Rags are frequently made out of whisky.

Sad, indeed, is the vista thus opened, alas!
And the toper who buries his nose in the glass
Sets the onlooker busily thinking;
For whilst he imbibes with a zest that ne'er flags,
And drinks himself into a new suit of rags,
He his old suit of rags may be drinking.

—J. WILDE.

Soul (?) Take Thy Ease.

Horses and women, new turn-outs invented,
Flock to the show both from cities and farms.
Each in their turn have their good points commented,
The beast and the beauty displaying their charms.

What of the old horse a-plowing the furrow?
What of the woman a-scrubbing the floor?
Wealth in self-worship refuses to burrow—
"Toil and its troubles," we show it the door.

—D. S. MAC.

Once our forefathers used to say:
"Marry in haste, repent at leisure;"
The adage now might run this way:
"Marry in haste, divorce at pleasure."

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

Vol. 2.

MAY 2, 1903.

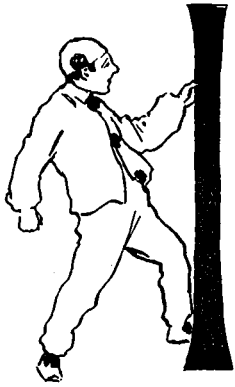
No. 48.

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

*THE MOON is published every Week. The sub-
scription 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.*



IN Germany they have a law—terrible there and much enforced—which seems to be designed chiefly to contribute to the amusement of those lands that boast of liberty and independence. The humor of Germany is wholesome, sparkling and sincere, yes, even serious. It's the playfulness of Lese Majesté that tickles our fancy. In Canada we run to satire, irony and biting wit. Here our proudest boast is independence. We shudder at the thought of slavery, we ridicule becoming

dignity, we sneer at what we call unrightful inequality, we proudly boast the liberty of all, the superiority of none—and at the same time stamp these high-sounding professions with the seal of satire when our theory turns to practice. Oh, we are the people of the pungent wit! Any fool can sneer at others; it takes a well-seasoned cynic to ridicule himself. Some incidents connected with the never-ending Gamey-Stratton scandal, needing no elaborate argument, will serve as proof of our contention.

Before the explosion of the 11th of March we proudly boasted of popular government; no tyranny would be endured—we still boast!

Our constitution calls for investigation, of such charges as were made that day, by a committee of the House; we have boasted of constitutional government; but a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate—and we still boast!

We have always boasted of the impartiality of our courts of law; but, before this Royal Commission, lawyers were permitted to conduct themselves in a manner that would have stamped them as blackguards, had they given their exhibition in any less awful place—and yet we boast!

For a hundred years we have boasted of the freedom of our press; we have spun out long-winded rhapsodies on

its glorious privilege as the mouth-piece of an independent people; but only the other day two editors were summoned to appear before the August Commission for the heinous crime, contempt of court—but murmurs are drowned in the flood of boasting. O Glorious People, that can wreath your face in smiles while the shivers count your vertebrae!

"In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds."

WHEN a business man with many jealous competitors and customers attempts to show his special friendship for one of them, he must be prepared for trouble. When a government, placed in a like position, displays a like mark of esteem, it does not expect trouble—for the government is Canadian. A Canadian government expects no retaliation for any of its legislation that may be offensive to nations, for Canada is but a child, and so cannot be taken seriously. This, till Germany surprised us, had been an important part of our national faith. We had fondly believed that Miss Canada was recognized throughout the world as a giddy young thing, full of whims and fancies, light and airy, bright and frivolous and inconstant, whose impolite remarks—seldom impersonal—were, like those of all other young ladies, to be taken as cute, and, as such, to be laughed at. She cultivated the hoyden manner to some purpose; she could with her fan tap the nose of a bald-headed old gentleman with rare grace and charming giggles; she could pull her uncle's whiskers and poke her cousin in the waistcoat most bewitchingly; she could sail with this one and ride out with that, while the gay old boys would strut and twist their moustaches and jab each other with their thumbs and gurgle "Egad!" and "Dem fine gal," to their hearts' content. This was all very well when the young lady's skirts just touched her boot-tops; but skirts must lengthen "even as our days do grow." There came a time when the lady could no longer pass as a child, when her horse-play called forth no approval. That was indeed a shock when the fat German gentleman fetched her to her senses. He called her sharply to account for her marked preference for Mr. Bull, with whom her conduct was most undignified and indiscreet. Her well-wishers cannot but regret that the years of pampering and petting had rendered Miss Canada incapable of gracefully accepting and profiting by the well-deserved rebuke. She has indeed been ill-advised, for her councillors at Ottawa have encouraged her, not only to persist in her display of unreturned affection for the free lance, Mr. Bull, but to snub the German past all hope of reconciliation. As could have been expected under the circumstances, Mr. Bull, after this development, waited but a few days before publicly declaring, for the first time in years, that he is; and ever will remain, "heart whole and fancy free."

THE *Globe* is always so bright and fresh! One simply cannot help learning from its brilliant pages. The latest gem of knowledge that it serves up is the hitherto-unheard-of fact that Shakespeare has been accused as a "literary imposter masquerading in the garb of Bacon." We had heard that Shakespeare was Bacon in disguise, but until the *Globe* informed us, we were not aware that Shakespeare is accused of posing as Bacon. Will wonders never cease? *Nux vomica nix.*

A MAN filled with the confidence that springs from his knowledge that right is on his side, is never supersensitive. Apply this as you will.

Portraits by Moonlight.



REV. MR. BARR.

Mr. Barr's features are not seen to advantage in the moonlight.—ED.

Autobiographies of Great Men.

MY name is Barr—the Rev. Mr. Barr. My early training and education was intended to fit me for taking holy orders. I took a few, but business was slow. I did not, in the language of the street, chuck the job, or cut it out, but I switched. Taking orders means either salary or commission. I get my commissions, but the orders are secular. I do more real good in the world to the public—and I may say it myself—than if I had taken holy orders. I get larger audiences, make more converts, and—hum—aw—larger stipends than I could in any other field of missionary work. My work is very simple, because I do it in a systematic way. I first find out what the Canadian Government will give a head for able-bodied taxpayers; and find that it is five dollars; said sum of five dollars to be paid to the missionary. I then make the best terms possible with the steamship companies—a beggarly seven dollars a head. That is a mere pittance of twelve dollars on each. To make it satisfactory from a financial standpoint, I require to bring a good batch of them. I look up a patch of land in the North-West, have it reserved for my flock and then proceed to gather my flock in Britain. I tell them what kind of a country they are going to, and what wages they can earn working for others while their own crops are growing, of the game they can shoot for food, of the coal that sticks out of the ground, waiting to be

burned, of how each one of them can settle near a church, a school and a general store. I don't have to lie to them personally—I furnish them with Government reports. Then, as a clergyman is going to risk life and limb by going out with them, they conclude that it cannot be so very bad—and, lo, I have them hooked.

I do a great deal of work in all this and really help many of them to better themselves, and I get very poor thanks from some people. There are merchants in Canada, whom I could name, so ungrateful as to refuse me a rake-off on sales made to the colonists. All I want is 10%, while many of the merchants make much more profit on their goods than that. They fail to see that in bringing immigrants into Canada I am bringing them customers. I shall make it my special business to offer prayer for those misguided merchants, that they may see the error of their ways and render unto Barr the things that are Barr's.

The movement here is popular with all those that have things to sell and fares or taxes to collect. It is popular in Britain with those of the working class that remain, as it will increase their wage rate.

My motives are purely humanitarian and patriotic, but I leave it to my peers to say whether or not "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

I forgive all my traducers and will continue in the good work, and offer prayer, for the colonists that have come, for the steamship companies that have done the square thing, for a liberal Government, for all merchants that have paid me commissions, and for more colonists that don't know enough to come out without the help of

Rev. Mr. Barr,

Immigration Broker.

What's in a Name ?

MY little daughter, Erland, aged six, had been playing with her cousin, Helen, of same age. After Helen had gone home we were sitting quietly at tea, and Erland says: "I don't like Helen—she always calls me 'Erl.' If she calls me 'Erl' again I'll just call her 'Hel.'" —A CORRESPONDENT.

A Forcible Simile.

Beeswax: "Hello, Bostwick! Back from Philadelphia, eh? Found it pretty slow, I suppose?"

Bostwick: "Slow! I believe you. It's as slow as a bar-room clock on a Saturday night!"

A Thoughtful Bride.

Arabella: "Oh, my dear, whatever induced you to marry Mr. Sawder?"

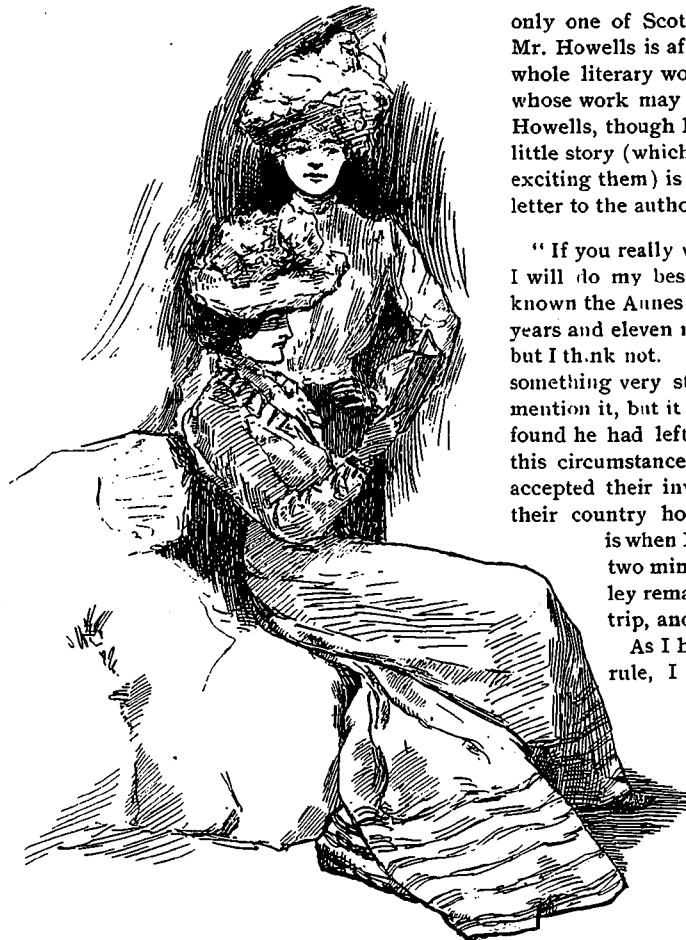
Mrs. Sawder: "Well, Bella, you know he has such a persuasive way with him."

Aracella: "But you're not the woman to be imposed on by a smooth tongue."

Mrs. Sawder: "Me! I should think not! But I knew he'd always be able to persuade a servant to live with us."

Grumbler: "All professions and trades seem overcrowded."

Excelsior: "Not all. There is only one place in this city where they take in children to wash at ten cents each or seventy-five cents a dozen."



His Only Business.

Mildred: "De Sappie is a charming fellow."
 Millicent: "Yes, but he's always talking shop."
 Mildred: "How can you say so? I never heard him talk anything but society gossip."
 Millicent: "Just so. He's a professional society man."

Heather's Ladies' Column.

IN studying this little sketch after the manner of William Dean Howells, it must be remembered that Mr. Howells is, above all, a realist. He has no use for anything but "real life," which he finds to perfection in His Own and Miss Austin's novels; therefore, he has no use for any other novelists, unless, indeed, you except Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Meredith, who are sometimes guilty of indulging in flights of imagination. Mr. Howells has no use for imagination, and would sooner die than take any kind of flight whatever. Mr. Howells has no use for Dickens or Thackeray, and "Midlothian" is the

only one of Scott's which he considers it worth while to notice. Mr. Howells is afraid that literature is at a very low ebb. In the whole literary world to-day there is but one really serious writer whose work may be looked upon as promising—this writer is Mr. Howells, though he says it himself as shouldn't. The following little story (which may be read to nervous invalids without fear of exciting them) is in his best manner, and is given in the form of a letter to the author, which device makes it so much more "real."

"If you really want my version of this affair, Mr. Dear Howells, I will do my best to give it to you just as it happened. I have known the Annesleys for six years, or, to be more exact, just five years and eleven months. It might have been a week more or less, but I think not. You know they are a peculiar couple. There was something very strange about their marriage. I hardly like to mention it, but it is a fact that upon that occasion the groom's man found he had left the ring in his other pants pocket. In spite of this circumstance I have always been fond of the Annesleys, and accepted their invitation to visit them with delight. I arrived at their country house on Saturday night at six fifteen—at least, that is when I was supposed to arrive, but the train was exactly two minutes and three-quarters late, a fact which Annesley remarked. Mrs. Annesley asked if I had enjoyed my trip, and I replied that I had not, it was so beastly cold.

As I have said, the Annesleys are peculiar. Now, as a rule, I don't like spoony people, people who parade affection after marriage make me sick. But with these people it was different. When Mrs. Annesley rose to retire in order to dress for dinner that evening, Annesley got up and kissed her several times forcibly upon—well, to be exact, upon the nose. She returned his caresses, murmuring such words as "lovey," "ducky," "wucky," "didems," etc., a display of affection which you may think rather obvious. Yet I did not seem to notice it at all. You may explain this fact scientifically—I can't.

And now comes one of the remarkable parts of this story. I do not credit it myself, I think myself a tremendous liar for crediting it. I don't ask you to believe it or to expect anyone else to believe it, and yet it really happened.

We were sitting there quietly when Annesley suddenly sprang to his feet. "Excuse me," he exclaimed, "my wife wants me. She is having trouble with her back hair," and immediately left the room. When he returned he said, "You must have thought me abrupt, but the fact is there is a wireless telegraphic communication between my wife and myself. I can't explain it, but I *always* know when she wants my help to fix her back-hair. You see we are not rich and she dispenses with a maid."

"But my dear fellow," I cried, "surely—"

"Hush," he said, "here she is."

At that moment his wife entered, and I noticed that her back-hair had indeed been very elaborately coiffured.

I stayed with the Annesleys two days, but nothing happened except the things which always happen in your novels, my dear Howells, and which you can fill in for





Ballade of Jane.

SWEET Margery, Beatrice, Tess,
 Millicent, Mabel and May,—
 All these I have loved, I confess,
 All these I have wooed in their day.
 And posted sweet verses to say
 That life is one long lover's lane.
 But sonnet or gay roundelay
 Won't do for a maiden named *Jane*.

I'm hopelessly tangled, I guess,
 But muses refuse to be gay;
 In vain do I sigh for success,
Jane holds inspiration at bay,
 In sooth, there's the devil to pay—
 This "ballade" will drive me insane—
 You know that a lyric or lay
 Won't do for a maiden named *Jane*.

There is no solution, unless,
 ("And where there's a will there's a way!")
 She changes her first name to Bess
 Or Dolly—my hair's turning gray—
 She's winsome, a fairy, a fay;
 But hope remains dormant, inane;
 Sweet sentiments cribbed from some play
 Won't do for a maiden named *Jane*.

L'ENVOI.

Dan Cupid! you can't cry me nay!
 Send to me, ere love's on the wane,
 Some verses; remember that they
 Must do for a maiden named *Jane*.

STACEY E. BAKER.

yourself. The next time I heard from them I was in Rome, when a telegram from Annesley announced that his wife had left him (gone to visit a second cousin of her aunt's half sister, in fact), that he was very lonely and needed me. I returned at once. It took me exactly two months and six days, and when I arrived Mrs. Annesley was still visiting. I did not try to console Annesley, I just left him alone and he told me all about it. He said that Mrs. Annesley was expecting to come home that day week; she was looking forward to it with joy, as she had made all arrangements for spring house-cleaning. "Then why," I asked myself, "does he look so glum?" It is strange, but over and over I found myself asking that question, until I finally decided that the spring house-cleaning idea might account for it. But it was not that. One evening he spoke out.

"Old man," he said, "you remember the little incident of the back hair."

I said I did.

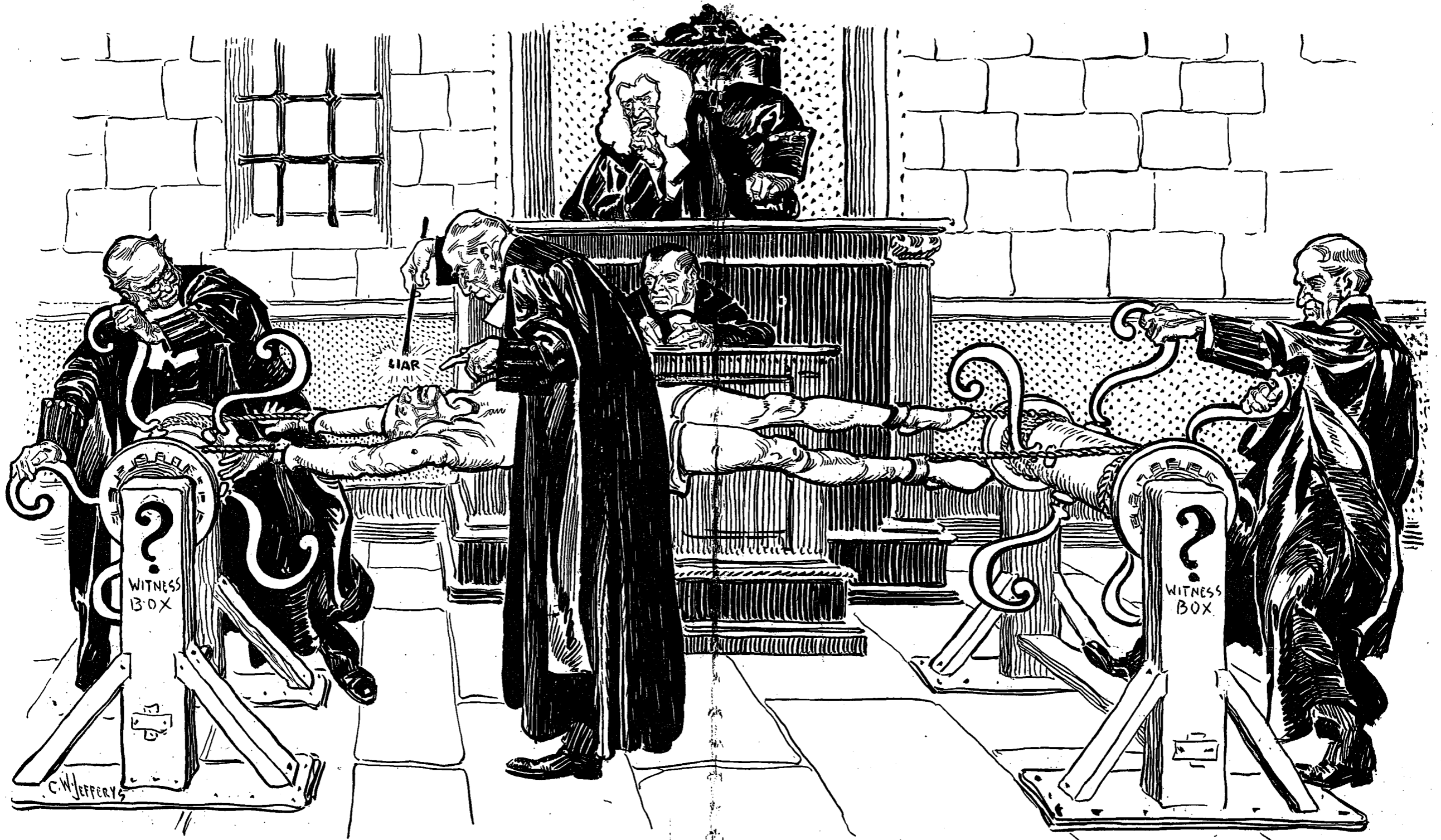
"Well," he said, "I have the same feeling, intuition, fore-knowledge, now. I know that Mrs. Annesley will not return from her aunt's-half-sister's-cousin's upon the day set!"

Now, my dear Howells, let this be the climax of the story. Let it stop here; the remainder is all very well for real life but it is too tremendously exciting for fiction. Let me warn you not to use the remainder of this story. It is too incredible. Your reputation as a novelist of sanity and conservatism and realism will be destroyed, if you do. No one will believe it. I don't believe it. Annesley himself has had doubts about it, and yet the thing really happened! That week slipped by. We lived through the awful suspense. The day came. We went to the station. The train came in—and there was no Mrs. Annesley on board! I can't explain it scientifically, but there is the fact!

Nor is this all! I have since ascertained beyond doubt that Annesley did of a surety know that his wife was not coming. I hesitate to write it, I am ashamed of myself for crediting so stupendous a wonder, but the thing really did happen—he knew his wife was not coming home because he had not sent her the cash to buy a return ticket!!!

—HEATHER.

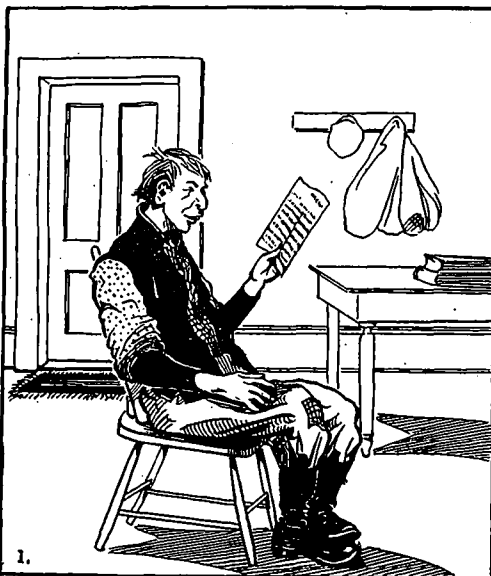
THE MOON



The Modern Future Chamber.

Hypnotism By Mail.

DEMONSTRATING THE EFFICIENCY OF THE
MODERN METHOD.



No. 1.—Henry (Reading the "Professor's" letter.) "Dear Friend: A specimen of your handwriting having attracted my attention"—I wonder where he saw that now, h'an't wrote a letter for four years—"I read from it that you have wonderful, though undeveloped, hypnotic talents." Well, well!

The Man Who Would Work for Others.



“**Y**ES,” he said, as he sank into the nearest chair, “I am working for the Socialist Equal Labor Reform Land for the People Rights of Labor Party. Long name? Well, I should rather think it was, and, if there are other terms known to you, by which you could signify one who is down on Monopoly and against classes while in favor of the Masses, let us have it. Call me Anarchist, Radical, Democrat, Communist, Nihilist, or what you will, it is one to me. Call me anything, but don't ask me to desert my fellows in the class struggle. Why should I care? What a question for a sane person to ask! Why should I not care, when men, born even as we, should get a title to the best parts of the world we live in, without considering the rights of others.

How, let me ask, do the rich men of the earth, the Carnegies, the Rockefellers, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Asters, get their money? Do they earn it? Can any man in a lifetime produce enough goods at ordinary prices to make the sum of one hundred million dollars?

That's right, they can't. Now, how do they get it? By gift? No! They have exploited the earth and its toilers *and taken of their labor for their gains*. They have taken a slice of the *unearned increment*. Every dollar that the employer of labor gets out of the laborer, above the laborer's wages and cost of maintenance, is unearned. Realizing this fully, we have decided to establish "The Rights of Labor," and, until we can get ourselves more fully established, we must contract for the printing of it and would like to get your price per thousand copies. Oh, your price is too high, far too high. What? Pay union wages? Men are expensive and must get good pay? That's all right, when they can get it, but they won't get it out of us. Oh, that's all right, if you must have your price, why you must, but you don't have to print our paper. No, sir! We are not such spring chickens as to pay the first grasping monopolist that we meet his price because he asks it. If we can't get prices right, we will hire a plant and employ apprentices and girls. With a good, sharp foreman, who is well paid, we can get more work out of girls for less wages than out of the best journeymen going. We are not in this thing just for our health, and we would not pay you or anyone else one dollar for work that we can get done for forty cents. A girl don't need as much pay as a man, for they can live cheap, and it would be only encouraging



No. 2.—“I feel a strange interest in you, and therefore write you this personal letter, giving you a chance to take advantage of our marvelous course of reading, which is sure to make you a great hypnotist. You have those rare qualities possessed by but few mortals.”—Always told Dad that he ought t' send me to business college.



Thy noisy grievances are freely aired
 When thou art only just a little scared.
 Though from the garden with thy comb all flushed,
 With flying sticks and objur-gations free,
 Thou oftentimes are rushed,
 Yet, simple hen, one truth thou teachest me :
 That those who early go to bed and rise
 Are not invariably rich and wise. —WOODPECKER.



Proudboy, to next door neighbor : " Say, old man, have you heard my daughter play the piano ?"
 N. D. N. : " Yes. I hear her every day from my room."
 Proudboy : " What do you think of her execution ?"
 N. D. N. : " Well, I'd like to be there."

He : " Did your brotuer get the legacy left by your uncle ?"
 She (severely) : " My brother received \$10,000 from uncle's estate. A limb-acy, I think it was called."

Joker No. 1 : " That was mighty poor land Jones had. Why, he could not even raise a disturbance on it."
 Joker No. 2 : " That reminds me of the fellow who lives opposite ; he is so sleepy that even his curiosity cannot be aroused."

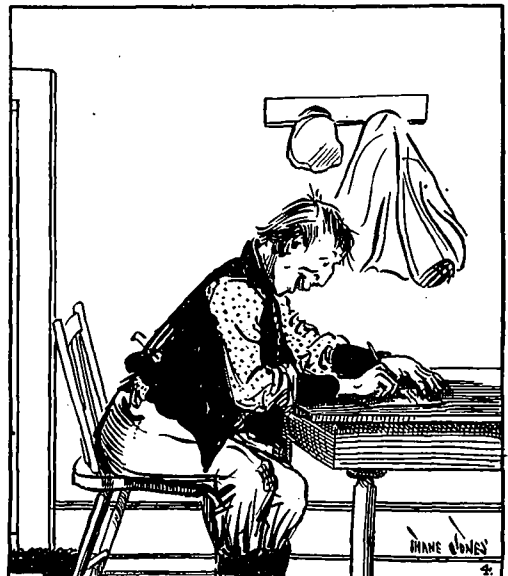
Smith : " That man makes me hot."
 Brown : " Why, he gives me a chill ; in fact, I think he has a very cold look, an almost freezing air."

No. 3.—" A golden future awaits you ; you will succeed. Don't fail to accept this last chance to become a master mind. For the sake of developing your miraculous, but dormant, powers, I am going to give you our complete \$40.00 course for the ridiculously low sum of \$4.00, if you will keep it a secret. Write to-day."

vanity to more than—"
 We had been growing restive during the last few remarks of our friend, the Labor Reformer. The ink pot was near and our hands itched. We threw argument to the winds, and ink-bottles, paper-weights and stove-irons at the intruder, and when the dust had settled, most of our office furniture lay at the bottom of the stair, and underneath the debris lay a god of reform whose head had been of brass but whose feet were of clay.
 —D. S. MACORQUODALE.

To a Hen.

O thou who eatest grubs and corn and scraps
 Of all sorts from the table, blent with weeds,
 Or grasshoppers perhaps,
 Or copperd milk with pepper, lime and seeds,
 And from this senseless nothing dost evoke
 A daily egg with oft a double yoke,
 Hadst thou to mathematics turned thy mind,
 Or merely learned to count, thou'dst surely see
 That only fools and blind
 Could hope to raise so large a family.
 Thou layest three-score eggs, and then, unknown,
 Goes off for weeks to sit upon a stone.
 Yea, to my thinking, thou'rt as destitute
 Of common sense as we poor mortals are.
 Though always proudly mute
 When freezing or half-starved, yet from afar



COMPLETE HYPNOTIC STATE !
 No. 4.—Henry (Writing to the " Professor") : " I send you the \$4.00, etc."



Not Biting.

Fisherman Cartwright (wearily): "The fish don't seem very eager to swallow that protection talk bait of mine. Strange; others use it with success."

Retribution.

A TRAGEDY OF THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE
IN TWO SCENES.

SCENE I.—Entrance to a palatial mansion in Society Row. Curtain rises, discovering Sherlock Pinkerton Hawkeshaw, police reporter of the Evening Inkslinger, standing on the piazza, attired in a loud checked suit, pearl fedora hat jauntily set on one side of his head, flaring red tie, white shoes, an air of assurance and a masher's smile.

Hawkeshaw: Confound the stupidity of my city editor! The idea of asking me, the star criminal reporter of this or any other city, to do a wedding. Humph! Serve him right if I mixed the report of it with my chronicle of the police court proceedings,—

Mrs. Gothrox (within): Leave him to me, my dear Muriel, I'll settle him.

Hawkeshaw: —and it would be nothing more than this old moneyed society dame deserves if I burlesqued the marriage of her daughter to that wealthy but empty-headed young coxcomb, Charles Julius Adolphus Jupiter, an excuse for a man, who does not know a piece

of blank verse from a soap advertisement. Well, here goes for a scene.

Enter Mrs. Gothrox, a dame of about sixty, stout, florid, with an accentuated pretense of refinement, a rustling black silk dress, a pair of double eye-glasses and a sarcastic smile.

Hawkeshaw: Mrs. Gothrox, I presume. Charmed I am sure to meet one of your noted brilliance and beauty. I have called to get a few particulars for my paper regarding the marriage of your daughter, Miss Muriel Evangeline Arabella.

Mrs. Gothrox: Well, I like your (Hawkeshaw smiles and bows) assurance (the smile gradually fades and is succeeded by a stare of mingled amazement and wrath). You call yourself a reputable journalist, and are not aware that Mrs. Don-It, of the Snail and Vampire, is the paid press representative of my family. It is to her that you should go for particulars. She has had typewritten descriptions of the event for her own and the other city papers in her possession for the past week.

Hawkeshaw: But she refuses to furnish copies to the evening papers till the morning papers have used it, and besides, my editor positively refuses to use copy supplied by the syndicate of Mrs. Don-It and Mrs. Blit Blat.

Mrs. Gothrox: I am very sorry, young man. I desire that the event be chronicled in your journal, otherwise it will be necessary for Mr. Gothrox to cancel his subscription, which is not more than five years in arrears (Hawkeshaw turns pale). So unless you are desirous of incurring the displeasure of your editor by losing an influential subscriber, you would do

well to take my advice and obtain your information from the proper source.

Hawkeshaw during the conversation gradually works his way round to the library window, which is open, observes a book labeled "Invited Guests," lying within easy reach, watches his opportunity and seizes it.

Hawkeshaw: So you refuse to give me any information?

Mrs. Gothrox: Yes, except through our press representative.

Hawkeshaw: Very well. Then I must submit to the inevitable.

Mrs. Gothrox (icily): In doing so you display more wisdom than I gave you credit for. Good afternoon.

Exit Mrs. G.

Hawkeshaw (shaking stolen book at retiring figure): This is another time that the newspaper man comes out best. Me go to your press syndicate? Not if I know it. Reggie Blackie, who is to be best man, is a friend of mine, and a first-rate fellow when not sober, which is nearly always. Aha, my lady, this is one time that a nose for news wins against the egotism of a money-made aristocrat and a paid press agent.

SCENE II.

Hawkeshaw's private office in the establishment of the Evening Inkslinger at 5 p.m. next day. Desk, chair, waste-paper basket by desk and blue envelope on desk. Enter Hawkeshaw with wet towel bound round his head.

Hawkeshaw: By all the maledictions of the temperance cranks, I never had such a head. What a pace Blackie set me last night. Wonder how I ever got to police court this morning without the assistance of the patrol wagon. Wow! This room is spinning round like a pin-wheel. Hope I did not get my copy mixed.

Enter Mrs. Gothrox in gala attire and a terrible temper, carrying that evening's issue of the Evening Inkslinger.

Mrs. Gothrox: Oh! You wretch! You knave! You double-dyed villain! I'll have you horsewhipped through the streets! I'll have you discharged! How dare you do such a thing? Ugh! I'll have you placed behind bars for criminal libel! Oh! My poor child! My poor child! (*weeps*)

Hawkeshaw: My dear madam, why this passion? What has happened?

Mrs. G., placing paper before him with her finger pointing to an article headed "Notorious Drunk again in Police Court": You did this—you—you—wretch!

Hawkeshaw takes paper and reads: "As Magistrate Devision called out her name, that notorious drunk, Miss Muriel Evangeline Arabella Gothrox, wearing a handsome gown of crêpe de chine, trimmed with real point lace, and carrying a bouquet of American beauty roses, floated up the aisle, escorted by P. C.'s Grogan and O'Raffert, who experienced considerable difficulty in keeping her on her feet because of her intoxicated condition, while the groom waited expectantly in the prisoner's dock to hear the words pronounced which would make Governor Van Zant her custodian for the next sixty days." I—I don't understand. Great heavens, madam, I didn't write this! They have got my copy mixed!

Mrs. Gothrox: You did it, you—you—mean, contemptible wretch! You got your refreshments mixed! I'll have you discharged—horsewhipped—arrested, that's what I will! I'm going to police headquarters now—you—you—wretch!

Exit Mrs. Gothrox.

Hawkeshaw, dazed, turns over paper and reads: "Fashionable wedding—one of the society events of the season was the marriage at high noon to-day of Nora Phelan to—, she was picked up on York Street last night by Patrol Serg't Durkin—" Great heavens! What's this? "The invited guests were—" *Throws down paper, turns towards desk, sees for the first time the blue envelope, hurriedly opens it and reads*: "My dear Mr. Hawkeshaw, after your colossal blunder to-day, you will doubtless not be surprised to learn that your

services are no longer required. The list of guests you furnished were those that attended the wedding of Mrs. Gothrox forty years ago, and ten of them who are still living and are of the first families of the city have cancelled their subscriptions. Mr. Gothrox makes eleven. Besides this, Hon. Alexander Gullible Grabbal, K.C., has withdrawn his advertisement, which reduces the income of the advertising branch by \$8.69 per year. This, to say nothing of the prestige we lose by the withdrawal of so many of the elite from our subscription list, is, or ought to be, a sufficient cause for your dismissal."

Hawkeshaw (sinking into a chair): This is retribution!
—PETER JOHNSON.



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Mr. Backlots: "I'm thinkin' sum of takin' a cake of that sugar home, Josiah."

Little Josiah Wesley: "What! Be you gettin' crazy, pa?"

Mr. Backlots: "No, not a mite more'n usual, boy, but it's th' time o' year when that school-marm that boards over to Jacob White's allus comes over and tells us, while she's eatin' several pounds o' sugar, about th' glowin' beauties o' spring fillin' her buzum with a sort o' vaag feelin' o' poetry. Just thought I'd like t' try a little o' this on her."

The Canadian Book of Snobs.

"A snob is one who meanly admires mean things."
—Thackeray.

CHAPTER VI.
THE PROFESSIONAL SNOB.



THE traditions and training of the legal and medical professions are eminently calculated to encourage snobbery. It has for long been the policy of the governing bodies of these professions to make them as exclusive as possible, and instead of throwing open the door to all aspirants who give evidence of the requisite skill and competency, to raise entirely unnecessary barriers against the entrance of all who are unable to undergo the costly and tedious routine necessary to give them a recognized status. What can be more absurd—more snobbish, in fact—than the rule that a young man in training for the law shall not be permitted to follow any gainful occupation during the five years which he must study under articles? It is perfectly right and reasonable that he should be required to pass a rigid examination before he is admitted to practise. But so long as he can satisfactorily prove his familiarity with the principles and practise of law, what difference does it make whether he studied five years or six months, or whether he lived on his parents during the time, or provided his own means of support? The rule is intended to make the profession a special preserve for the sons of well-to-do people who can afford to lay out money for their education and maintenance, at a time when young men in other callings are self-supporting. It practically rules out the poor youth who has to make his own way in the world. The same may be said as regards medicine. The requirement of a specified time or course of study is a stupid, unreasonable provision. Make the examinations as severe as you please—but why, unless it is deliberately designed to exclude youths whose parents are poor, should an expensive and protracted term of study be insisted on?

American history is full of examples of men born in the humblest circumstances who rose to eminence in the professions and in public life, who, if they had had the misfortune to be born in Canada, would have found the doors of advancement closed against them by these arbitrary provisions.

Judge-worship is the legitimate outcome of legal snobbery. The prevalent doctrine, not only in legal, but in lay circles, that a judge is infallible and must not be criticized, is a curious survival of the superstition as to the divine right of kings. It would be a little less ridiculous if judge-

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ships were hereditary and their occupants had never been known to the public in any other capacity. But the whole world knows who judges are and how they are made. When some political hack, whom every journalist in the country was free to berate to his heart's content, has lost his grip and has to be shelved, it is about an even chance whether he is boosted into the Senate or to the judicial bench. If the latter is his destiny, straightway he becomes invested with the halo of impeccability, and the very newspapers which formerly threw dirt at the politician, have nothing but fulsome adulation for "His Lordship," the judge. It doesn't matter how unjust or how inconsistent his decisions are, he is immune from criticism, unless at the risk of the dire pains and penalties incurred by contempt of court. He belongs to a privileged caste.

The tendency of counsel to bully and browbeat witnesses by asking insulting questions is a frequent form of snobbery, to which attention has been lately directed. The evil has grown to such proportions that, despite the patience of the public, there are signs of a healthy reaction against it. The press have been tardy in coming to the rescue, but seem to be roused at last, and the legal snob who continues to indulge in the practise is likely to be effectively called down in the future. It is noteworthy, however, that hitherto the class feeling of the judges has led them to tolerate a degree of abusiveness and insolence on the part of lawyers which would have been sternly rebuked if ventured on by less favored individuals.

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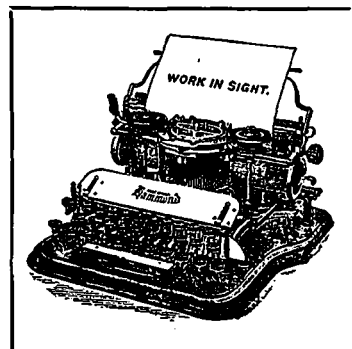
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