



\$2 Per Annum.

The Adopted Child.

Price 5 Cents.

Mr. Roosevelt: "It'll be some time before he's fully developed, but I expect he'll be big enough to help me in 1904, in the Presidential fight."

What the Press Says

THE BRIGHT MOON.

"The Moon" of last week has some very bright beams. The cartoons by Hunter, Racey and Jeffreys are admirable, while the smaller skits and sketches are bright and clever. "The Moon" is essentially Canadian in spirit and ought to prove a good antidote to the blatant stuff poured into Canada from the United States. "The Moon" is said to have made a very good start already. It certainly merits a generous patronage in Canada.

Brookville Times

THE MAIL AND EMPIRE.

I make my bow to the Moon. I saw her in the full and over my left shoulder. Great, therefore, shall be my luck this month. Frankly, I am delighted that we are going to have a comic paper of our own. Life is such a biting, sneering little rat of a paper at all things concerning our British Empire, our flag, ourselves, that I am glad to see we are starting a "comic" of our own, and as the Moon is so very far above Life, she can see all the joke of it, the folly, the satire, the melodrama of the little snail called earth. Again, my bow to you, O Moon, also one small subscription, for, to tell the truth, I am a trifle afraid of you. The paper is a capital one and spares nobody—while it is genial in its satire. All the same, I tell you a snowball from the Moon is calculated to give us a shock now and then. Did you see the Magnates on the first page? If not, why not?

Kitt

THE MOON SUINES
 "The Moon," of Toronto, the new comic weekly, has a good issue for last week. The title-page cartoon shows Sir William Mulock behind the post-office wicket holding the letters for myself. I got the one-blower skates and a quantity of bright reading matter by the bunch of let-tribute. There are eighteen or twenty in this way contributed and in original work which prevents mono-

—The man in The Moon (published weekly in Toronto) evidently knows his business, and The Moon gives out a good many things that are not moonshine.

A NEW MOON
 Welcome to the New Moon! A brand new luminary has appeared in Laughter Land. Toronto is its home, but it will shed effulgent rays of wit and humor all over this broad continent. Different from our old friend, the Lady Moon, this New Moon sports no borrowed rays. "New Goods and Cask down," is its motto. "A neat little magazine, full from cover to cover, of bright, clever, Racey (beg pardon!) racy fun, and Canadians should join in a practical welcome to the first and only Canadian comic magazine. It is a real jolly, "new" Moon. What will it not be, when it is a "full" Moon!"
 "It has been discovered that the man in the Moon is not so far away as we thought."

The Moon FREE for one year

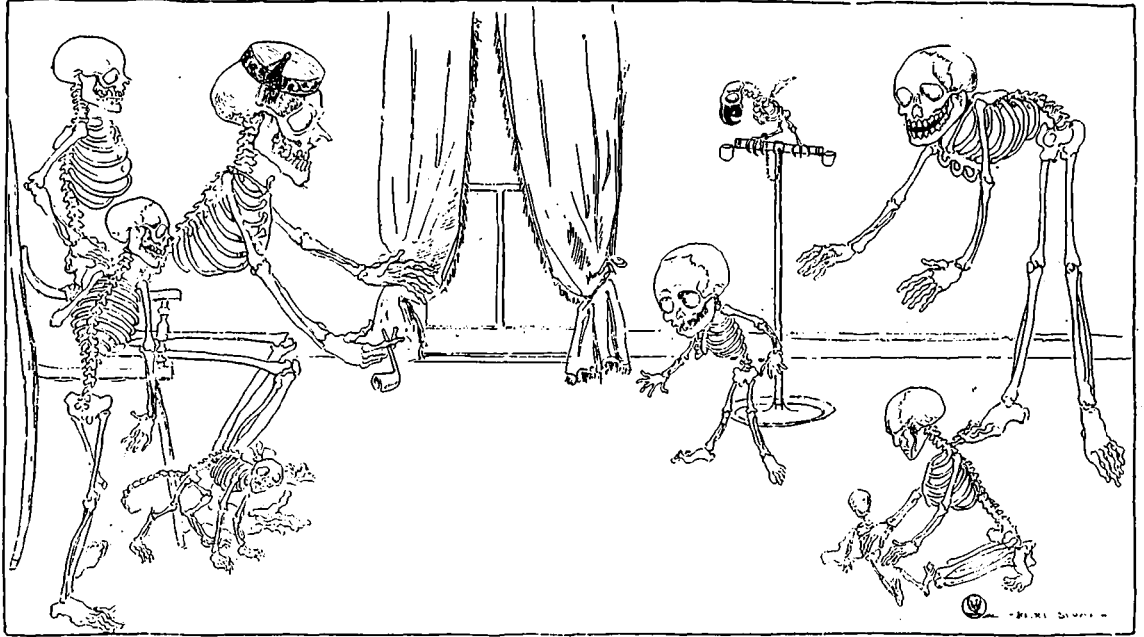
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- Sample copies and subscription blanks on application.
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48 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO.

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 Please enter my name as a Subscriber to the MOON, beginning with Number.
 I enclose Dollars, for Subscription.
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PRICE,—5 Cents per Copy ; Two Dollars per Year ; One Dollar for Six Months.



"Come to papa!" An X-ray in the home.

No Better and No Worse.

Great men had better ne'er been born,
 Than live to meet the withering scorn
 With which their sacred thoughts are hurled
 Forth in derision by the world;
 This glittering age of arrant pride
 Knows Virtue only to deride;
 To it Truth's false and False is true,
 To take a pessimistic view;
 And all this world of men are liars,
 Consigned to singe in sulphurous fires.
 But then the optimist will say
 'There never was a better day.
 But he who goes to no extreme—
 And who is nearest right, 'twould seem—
 Refuses aught to bless or curse;
 Says 'tis no better, and no worse.

—PETER JOHNSON.

There are Others.

"There is many a slip
 Twixt the cup and the lip"
 So some sage of the ancients has said;
 But he knew when he spoke
 That when one cup is broke
 There's another for use in its stead.

To the Laird.

Dundonald o' Scotia
 Right proudly we ken
 You're famed as a leader
 O' brave-hearted men,

But didna your dignity
 Suffer a blow
 In posing—a feature—
 For Toronto's show?

From fighting fierce foemen
 In van and on flank,
 'Tis a gey serious drop
 To a plain mountebank.

Struck Simultaneously.

Wearily the city cousin scanned the "joaks" in the old yellow almanac.

It was of the vintage of '83.

The big clock in the farmhouse kitchen struck two, arousing her from her apathy.

She yawned and gazed again—this time less reproachfully—at the almanac.

"Well, this is something like "Life," she said.

The resemblance was striking too.

—A. L. W.

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

Vol. 1. SEPTEMBER 13, 1902. No. 16.

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.

NOTHING more touching than the recent reference of Hon. J. R. Stratton to that ingrate, "Mr. Ontario," have we seen in many moons.

"We were in power," he says in effect, "and there were swelling bank accounts, bursting granaries, good bass fishing, a satisfactory birth rate, and the assurance—by us—of another bumper harvest. Yet, with what looked almost like black ingratitude, we were brought sore nigh unto defeat, or as Cap. Sullivan has so beautifully expressed it, 'We was blank near trown down.'"

But give Ontario another chance. He was deceived. He was misled, good, guileless man. He was taken behind the barn and "fixed" by the unspeakable Tories. At heart he is no ingrate. He has since seen his error, and with wet cheeks and contrite heart he but awaits the bye-elections to return to his own political Uncle Pumblechook, his "earliest benefactor and founder of fortins."

MANAGER Hill, of the Toronto variety show, cannot this year complain that the city, the weather, or the guileless have failed to provide liberally for himself, his relations, and his friends.

Mr. Hill and the board of directors deserve every credit for their phenomenal success in keeping the citizens so close to the soil. In these days of animal literature, and bran breakfast foods, what can be nobler than the work of this self-sacrificing Family Compact to keep Toronto in its present delightfully primitive state of rusticity?

How pleasant and smiling even the sidewalks appear, as they peep from under the modest and retiring high-water trousers! They seem almost to wink at each other from across the streets, and to sigh their satisfaction at this glorious return to a state of nature.

Our benefactors—the Hill family—have, of course, met with their share of the disapproval that is always heaped upon the heads of those that strive to accomplish any noble purpose. Some disturbing "progressives" say that it is time that Toronto should give up her little country fair, and leave to the rustics the work of entertaining themselves by the inspecting of cattle, hogs, hens, churns, and threshing machines at the fairs held in their own villages. Glaring absurdity! What would become of us? What would the Hills' fate be? We should lose at least one sense; the nose would soon cease to perform its functions, and so in time would disappear. The Hills, perchance, would starve. But this would not be all. Those persons that object to attending attractions that come under the heading of

"vulgar," when exhibited upon the stage of a theatre, can now avail themselves of the opportunity that our little show affords for seeing the same "high-class" performances on a much larger scale, and this without the faintest prickings of conscience! But if the exhibition should be abolished, these persons might so far fall from grace as to attend the theatre. Dreadful calamity!

If anyone, after reading the preceding paragraphs, has the faintest doubt that the country fair does not exercise a highly beneficial influence, we refer him to Manager Hill, whose answer, we are sure, will endorse our statement.

Constant fleecing, from earliest youth to old age, is the greatest moral force known. It develops credulity, simplicity, and humility, in their highest degrees.

THE daily papers have been making much of the difference of opinion that exists between Mr. Tarte and Mr. Sifton, stevedores of our ship of state.

How easy it is to advertise oneself in these days, when the most highly-respected of our daily papers can be bought and nuzzled for a ten-line advertisement!

Mr. Tarte wishes it to become widely known that he will not be turned from his purpose to protect the manufacturing interests of the country. (The constituency that gives Mr. Tarte his seat in the House is composed very largely of manufacturers.) Mr. Sifton is equally desirous that his heroic efforts in behalf of the farmers should become known. (Mr. Sifton's constituency is made up of farmers.)

Neither Mr. Sifton nor Mr. Tarte is blessed with sufficient sense of the ridiculous to save him from making this cheap public display. When papa Laurier is away, the boys cannot resist the temptation to attract attention.

MR. ROOSEVELT, President of one of the republics to the south of us, in speaking of the uselessness of attempting to control the trusts, made the statement that, "You cannot dam the Mississippi." Now, if Mr. Roosevelt meant the Mississippi to be considered as representing the trusts, his statement is nothing more nor less than a contradiction of fact. The trusts are most heartily and universally damned, morning, noon, and night.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us if Jimuel Briggs is still in the land of the living, and, if he is, why THE MOON does not engage him on its staff.

Our reply to this is: The famous Jimuel is very much alive, quite as vigorous as he was thirty years ago—and more witty. The discerning who were reading newspapers in the "sixties" will recognize in THE MOON regular articles from the pen of the gentleman from Coboconk University.

WE Canadians have never fully understood nor appreciated the glories of our winters. Thanks to the coal strike, however, we are likely to make a more intimate acquaintance with the resources of our country before spring. Do not be downcast; everything is for the best.

Everything in THE MOON is original. There are no stealings.

Scenes from Shakespeare.



"So fowel and fair a day I have not seen."—Macbeth.

The King's Jester.

"**B**ESHREW me," said his Majesty, as he quitted the reception room of a Mayfair mansion, where a brilliant function was in progress, and sought refuge in an ante-chamber, "but our royal hands have for the last hour been so be-slobbered by American heiresses and the wives and daughters of colonial title-hunters that they reek of chocolate caramels and vanilla ice cream: What ho, servitor! Bring hither an ewer and a basin until I lave."

"Which reminds me, Ned—," began the Jester.

"Prithee forbear, fool, I know, I know," sighed the monarch wearily. "It reminds thee of the Irishman who being told to take his master's horse to the river and lave him there, straightway returned without him. 'Tis a right merry jest, but palls with repetition. Where is our Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal? I would e'en have a word with him."

"Here, your Majesty," said an elderly gentleman, who approached making profound obeisances.

"Dost not see the cuss toadyin', Ned?" said the Jester.

"Since 'tis your Majesty's pleasure that we of your *entourage* should be subjected to the coarse and brutal

insults of this person, it must e'en be borne," said the Lord Keeper, trying to wither the Jester with a glance of scorn, to which the other replied with an appropriate grimace.

"Nay, nay, my Lord Keeper, be not wroth. 'Tis an ancient and honorable usage of our court. But what thinkest thou of this fair assemblage?"

"'Tis indeed a magnificent display in your Majesty's honor. So much beauty and fashion have rarely been assembled."

"And yet there is something home-like about the scene," said the Jester. "Doth not the attire of the dames, who so lavishly display their charms, recall the domestic suckle, as it were. 'Tis a dazzling sight, I ween. Had it been ever before me in mine infancy, I had not weaned so easily."

"Surely this is overweening presumption," murmured the Lord Keeper.

"Well capped, my lord! Our Jester's wit is somewhat contagious," laughed the Monarch.

"I assure your Majesty I hadn't the least intention—," stammered the official, horrified and confused at having made an unintentional joke.

"Nay, re-assure thyself, man, an 'twere a jest, it was in truth a very little one, as the romancer hath it. Tell

thy good lady, I never saw her looking better. Her gown is very becoming."

"Sayest thou so, Ned?" said the Jester. "It may indeed be coming, but it hath not all arrived yet it seemeth."

The Lord Keeper did not trust himself to say anything, but bit his lip, as he bowed in acknowledgment of his Majesty's gracious compliments.

"A truce to thy quips for a while, fool," said the King. "Now hark thee apart, my lord, for I have matters of state for thine ear."

And the Jester, being left alone, improved the time by drawing from his pocket a well-worn spelling book, which he opened at a page headed, "Words Spelled Differently but Pronounced Alike" whence he frequently drew inspiration for some of his most successful gags.

—P. T.

Politician: "I see you have come out with an interview after all."

Statesman: "Well, I could stand it as long as I had to put up with only the attacks of my enemies, but when my friends began to defend me, I had to take up the cudgels for myself."

Examination Papers in Cram University.

ANSWERS. Habeas Corpus was a great battle in which King John the 3rd defeated general Runnymede, but lost a lot of barons whose bodies was in heaps and means in Latin, Heaps of bodies.

Malefactor is a masculine bailiff or overseer.

Hamlet the Moor of Venice was so called because he was harbour master and wouldn't let nobody moor their boats till they'd paid the harbour dues.

Carnal is a kind of red color made out of vegetable dies.

William the Conqueror was so called because he licked the Spaniards at the battle of Armada in 1492.

Retrospection is looking ahead to find out the best way.

Henry the Eighth was so called because he married eight wives successfully.

Sick Semper Tyrannus was a old roman Emperor what was awful cruel.

Interlocutor is a turnkey in a jail and locks all the sells.

Starboard is the hind end of a ship.

King Lear was a play written by Romeo and Juliet about a monarch that squinted with one eye.

A monocle is an instrument of torture to put on the insane.

A monologue is a thing a English gentleman puts in his eye when he don't want to see a person.

Richard le Gallie=One.

There's a certain man of letters we all know,
He styles himself a critic and a poet;
He's a sort of modern Edgar Allan Poe,
And naturally he's quite inclined to show it.
But wherever he may go, the people seem to know

That he's rather more a jack ass than a poet.
—C.A.B.

Beelzebub: "Satan seems rather under the weather, doesn't he."

Asmodeus: "Yes. Do you know, I think he smokes too much."

Dr. Fourthly: "Where is brother Goodun?"
Mrs. Goodun: "O, he hit his thumb with a hammer a minute ago and is out in the shed indulging in the exhilaration of mild profanity."

Dedbroke: "Pass me the bill of fare."
Jumpuppe: "Why? You are going to order pork and beans anyway."

Dedbroke: "I know I am but I want to read it and work up an appetite."

Jack: "Cholly sent her a lovely pug, but she jilted him after all."

Tom: "Yes. She accepted the pug and rejected him. She said one puppy was enough in the family."

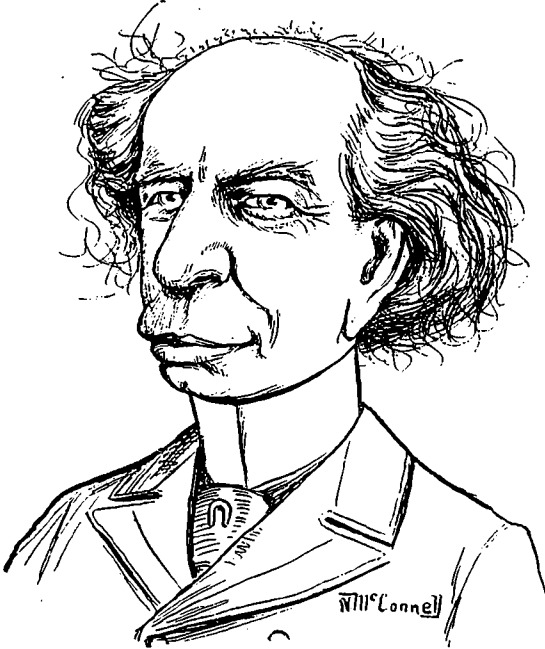
A Positive Negative.

The Photographer: "Step inside, lady, and have your picture taken."

The Lady: "No sir, not on your tin type."



Portraits by Moonlight.



Sir Wilfred Laurier

Brief Biographies—No. IX.

SAM SMILES, JR.

HON. JOSEPH ISRAEL TARTE was born in the Province of Quebec, but his affection has always been especially lavished upon Ontario. At a very early age he proceeded to teach his teachers how to teach. He has been teaching people how to do things ever since, demonstrating the folly of merely scientific knowledge. When an engineer makes him a plan, Mr. Tarte tells him he doesn't know his business and makes one himself. He is ever ready to give audience to the public, and proceeds upon the principle laid down by Mr. Bumble for the relief of paupers, "Always give them exactly what they don't want, and they'll get tired coming."

The motto of his political life was embraced in an address to the electors of Quebec Centre in 1875, when he first voluntarily placed his talents at the service of his country. He then declared himself "the uncompromising enemy of jobbery and corruption." He remembered about the magistrate who immediately dismissed an accused upon his pleading not guilty. "What's the use of holding him; he told me himself he was not guilty." For this reason the above-quoted motto was embalmed and is utilized in every biography of the great statesman he has any control over. At the time it was made, the people evidently did not want so good a man, and he retired before election day. He became organizer of the Conservative party, and later held the same job for the Liberal party; is the founder of the phrase, "Elections are not made with prayers." When he and his Conservative associates had a row

which furnished fat fees to a large and representative gathering of lawyers during a dull summer season, and more mud than a Montreal street in the springtime, he was solemnly relegated to the Liberal party, which he has kindly taken charge of ever since. His former party friends spent a certain amount of time and money in the effort to prove that his motto about corruption was but a fleeting indiscretion of youth, and that he was a sufficiently practical politician for all the purposes of modern warfare.

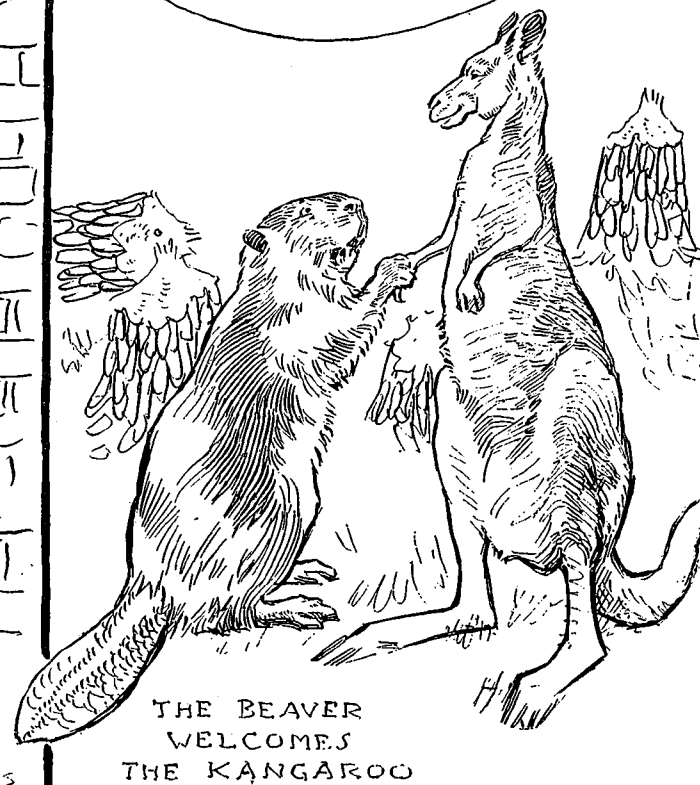
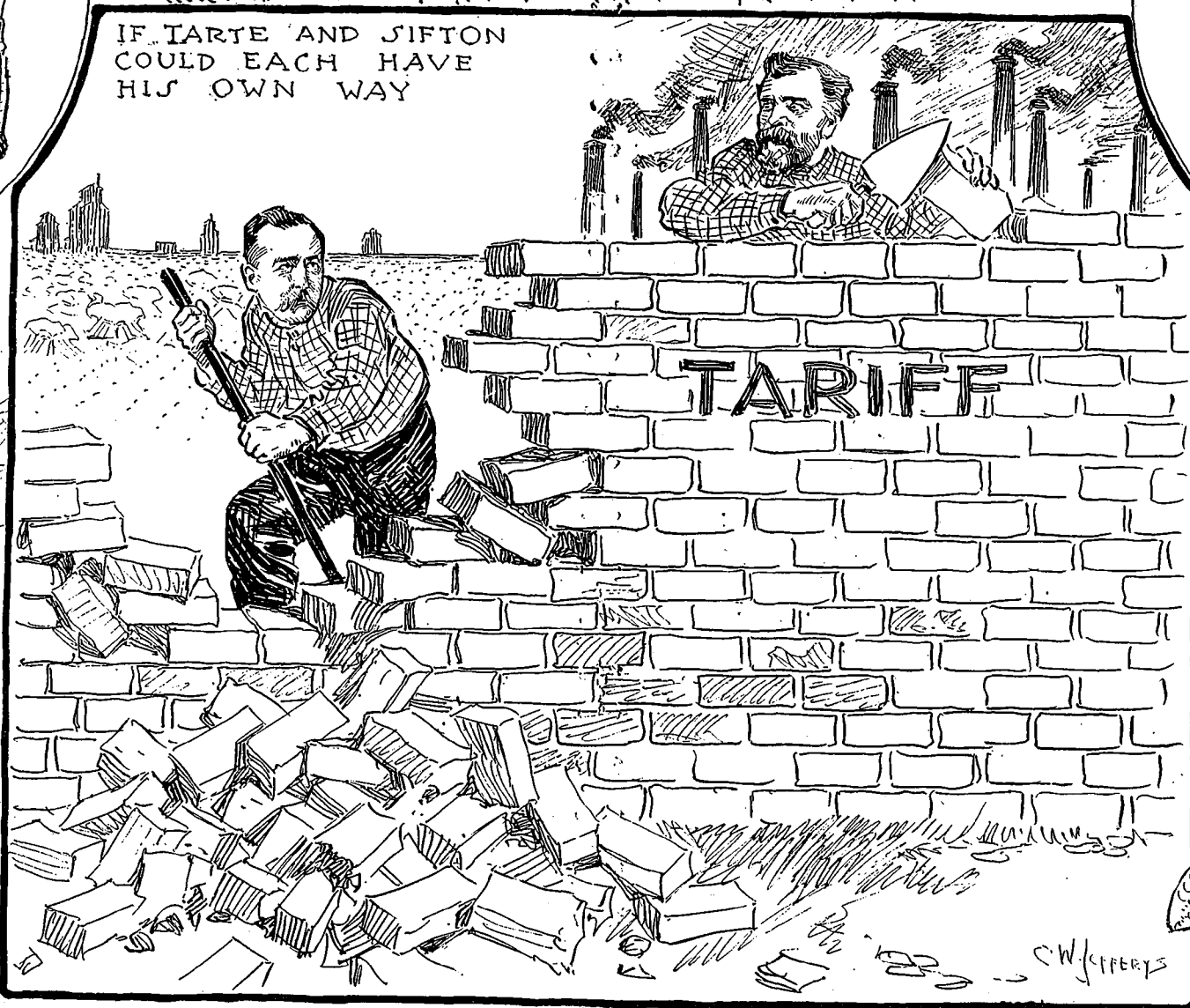
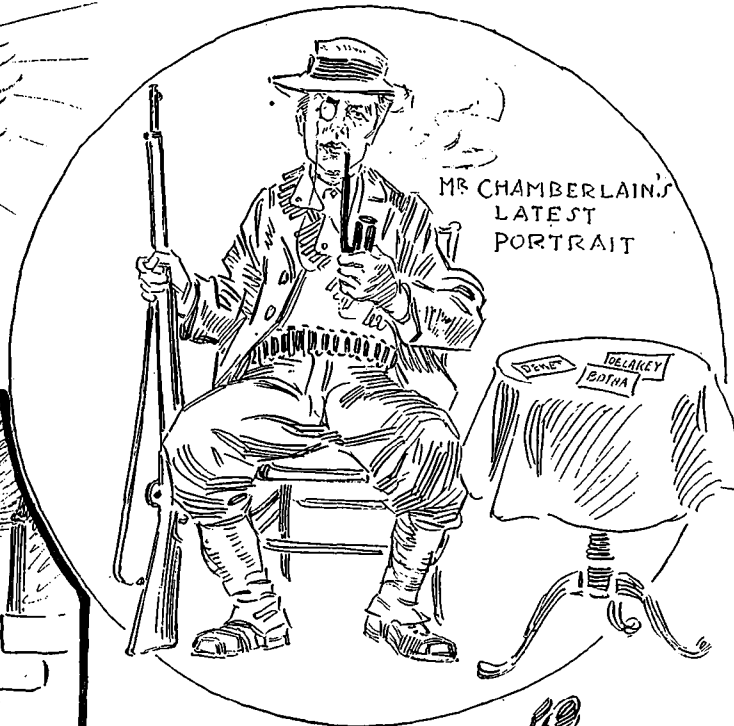
He is also announced in a semi-official biography, to be in favor of "total prohibition of the liquor traffic." He is known to be the most influential man in the Province of Quebec, and the vigorous stand he has taken against political corruption, and in opposition to the liquor traffic explain the notable purity of all elections in that Province, and provoke the awful hostility of Mr. Larry Wilson—to his (Mr. Tarte's) political opponents.

He has dreams, and among them is one that France will once more hold sway in Canada, and another that all Tories are sitting up nights thinking thoughts against him. Exactly what his real political views are even the family *Patrie* does not seem to be always certain, but in both parties he was always noted for being "agin' his Government." While the *Globe* has lately been telling people that what the country now needs is a return to the old policy of Free Trade, Mr. Tarte has taken occasion to emphasize the fact that he is going to have more extreme Protection. He is a saint in the midst of sinners, a Protectionist in the midst of Free Traders, a Prohibitionist in the midst of Bacchanalians, a good provider and a merry talker. When he gets well under way he fairly rains forth eloquence. At least those in his immediate vicinity have been heard to say that there is nothing dry about one of his speeches. When the Conservative leaders in Quebec succeed in their present able effort at convincing the people there that Sir Wilfred Laurier is "too English," Mr. Tarte will become Premier of Canada.



Nay, cynic, do not jeer, nor virtue! (faith) despise;
"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

THE MOON



What the Man in THE MOON sees this week.

Latter Day Legends.—No. 5.

THE RICH UNCLE AND THE SWEET BOY.

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful lady, with nut brown hair and eyes of limpid sweetness, and she had an uncle who owned many broad acres.

This uncle had a bunch of money which came to him through furnishing much work for the poor, and selling much poor work to the rich.



She called her chief servitor.

At a time when some great philanthropists wished to build rail-ways, that those who toiled in the fields might bring their corn and wine to the markets, this same uncle was a contractor. He gathered un-

to him the hobo and the dago and the negro and every-thing that was poor, and he gave them work.

He loved to see the labourer labour, and when the dago and the hobo and the negro had done eleven hours work he always allowed them for eight. He lodged and fed them in sheds, and gave them all the delicacies that were to be found in the market, which the wasteful market-men would have thrown in the garbage pile just before the health inspector came around.

And the only sheets that were used in his board-ing houses were the time sheets; and the only bills the dago and the hobo and the negro ever saw were board bills. For it came to pass that at the end of each week the labourer owed the contractor money.

Yet, being a kind man and a pious, he let them continue



Willie went unto the merchant.

to work. He knew that idleness was wicked and full of temptations.

When ten cubic yards of work had been done he always charged the philanthropists who owned the road for fifteen cubic yards, For behold, he was a modest man, and might have charged them for fifteen. He knew there was no kick coming, for the philanthropists always multiplied the cubic yards by two when they drew the subsidy from the Government who helped the good work along.

Now the rich uncle had no children, and when he went to visit the beautiful lady with the nut brown hair, she did not despise him because he had a wad.

She called her chief servitor unto her and said: "Make me a great feast, and let there be a salad of lobster, rich with oil and spices and fine herbs."

When the day was far spent, the chief servitor called unto her the beautiful lady's son, whose name was Willie, and she told him to hasten forth into the city and bring oil, that a great salad of lobster might be made that should make glad the heart of the rich uncle. For, behold, there was no oil in the house.

So it came to pass that Willie went forth unto the merchant where he had gone for oil before, though it was something he loved not himself, and he brought a goodly bottle back to the chief servitor.

Thus it was that a great feast was made for the rich uncle, and the beautiful lady told him that the salad had been prepared for him alone. Then he smiled and felt that it was good to be there.

Willie, the son of the beautiful lady, marvelled greatly unto himself when he saw the rich uncle eat of the salad. When the great man had helped himself three times, the beautiful lady saw that her little son was strangely silent, and she said unto him: "Wherefore art thou so thoughtful, my pretty babe?"

"He's had three awful big doses of castor ile, and you ain't give him one spoonful of jam yit," responded the little cherub, with a sweet and winning smile lighting up his infant face.

And when the rich uncle recovered from a great illness which came upon him, he made a will, leaving all his substance to the missionaries. The beautiful lady took in borders, and her little babe became a notable newsboy.



"He's had three awful big doses."



"He called me a barefaced liar."

"Oh, well, never mind, everyone knows you're *not that*."

Our City Temples.

HOW THE BLASE VISITOR IS DEPRESSED.

(With apologies to "Jon" of the "Saturday Blight.")

LAST Sunday evening, the heat, which for some weeks has prevented my attendance at church, having modified, I decided to resume my visits to, and discussion of, our city churches.

At half-past six sharp, I entered the door of old St. Jonathan's, expecting, even at that early hour, to find it difficult to get a seat. To my amazement, it was empty. The present pastor has, apparently, none of the crowd-fetching genius of his predecessor, Rev. Sanderson McLannaghan. After a prolonged wait, I was greatly gratified to see several people pour into the building, most of them, like myself, taking seats in the body of the church. It was evident that we should be able to have a service. A lady with an overloaded Gainsborough hat sat in front of me, and annoyed me greatly by incessantly whispering to a man in the gallery. She seemed to have no sense.

Promptly at seven o'clock, the Reverend Algernon Swinburne McFiggins entered the pulpit and sank gracefully into his chair. I could not help thinking that he was trying to strike attitudes for my benefit, but I may have been mistaken. He has an eager way of looking up when anyone enters, and a trick of tugging at his hair which cannot be called edifying.

The Reverend Algernon plainly believes in catering to the Scotch element in his congregation, and to the lower type of Scot at that. For instance, in giving out the first hymn he spoke thus: "Ma freends, we will now sing

hymn feefty-four," repeating the "feefty-four" several times in an ingratiating manner.

After the singing of the hymn, the collection was taken up, only three persons contributing. I put in five cents—the price of a "Saturday Blight." The men with the plates looked worried—and Dr. McFiggins flushed painfully when eleven cents was conveyed to the altar.

The minister succeeded, however, in regaining his composure, and, after reading and prayer, proceeded to preach a sermon. He appears to be Irish as well as Scotch. His text was one which would ordinarily be read, "Strike while the iron is hot," but he delivered it in this way: "Sthroke whoile th' oiron's hot." This may be pleasing to the policemen of his parish, but, to a cultivated mind, such barbarisms are depressing.

The reverend gentleman preached a fairly able sermon, though he rather spoiled the coolness of the evening for me by dwelling at too great length on the *heat* of the iron. Moreover, he has the egotistic trick very bad, and persistently parades himself in his discourse. *His* experience with hot irons, *his* cleverness in striking them, *his* adroitness in not getting burnt were impressed on the visitor *ad nauseam*, till one wondered whether the coolness of Algernon Swinburn McFiggins or the heat of the iron were the more important topic. It was unfortunate that a comparatively cool evening should have been spoiled by so heated a subject. I must say that if I wished to learn the answer to the old, old question, "What must I do to keep cool?" I should go elsewhere.

After the sermon an anthem was ably rendered by the choir. The choir consists of small girls. Instead of surplices, they wear fichus made of white silk organdie. They look very sweet and innocent. So much for looks.

The congregational singing is good, though lacking in volume. It is not to be expected, however, that eight voices could fill a church meant for three thousand; besides, I didn't sing.

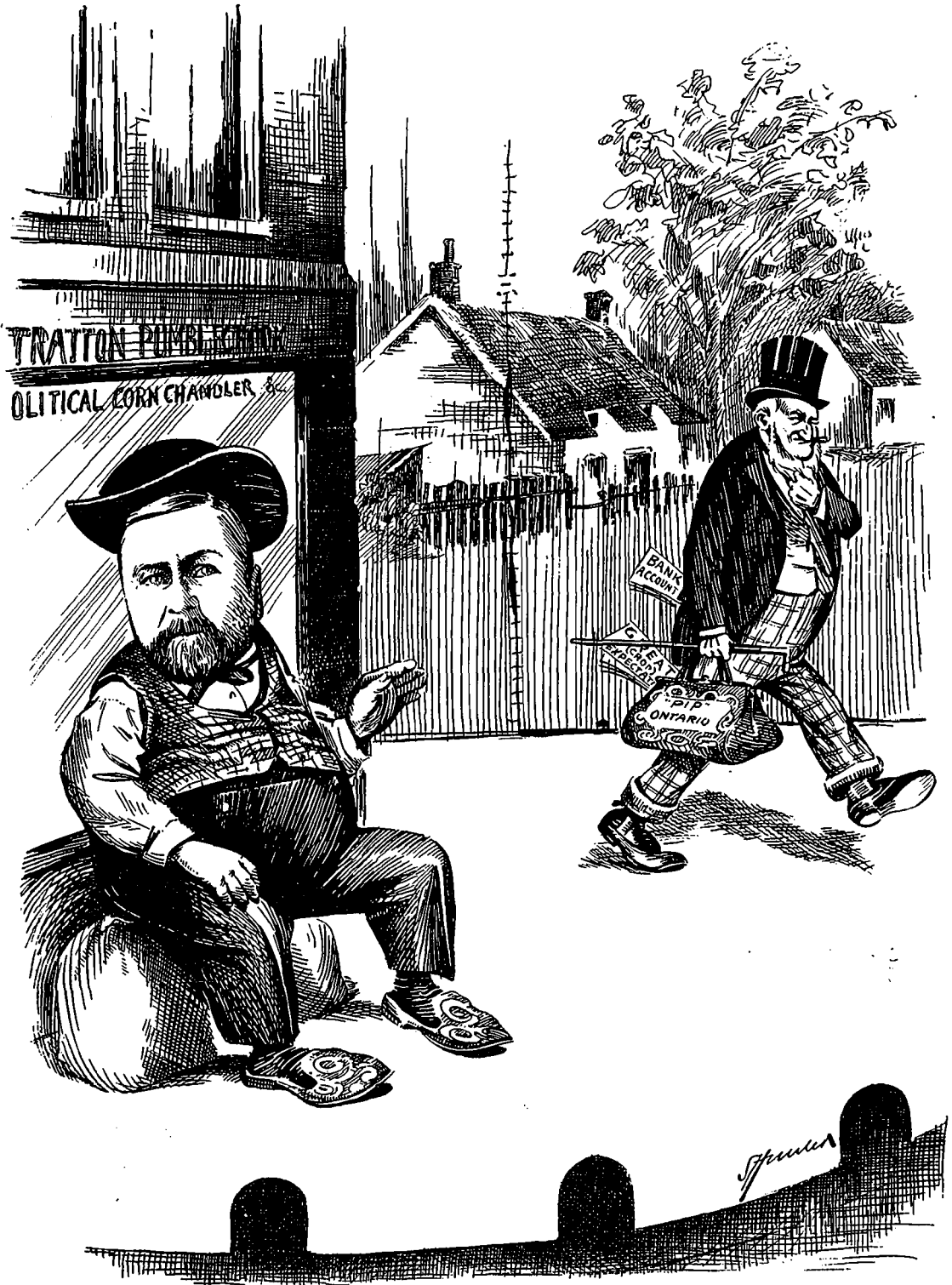
It may be added that the church building is an imposing one. The coloring is good, and it is prettily decorated—with mortgages.

Next week I shall discuss a sermon by Dr. Jefferson Herbert, the Chillitarian minister. At my request he has promised to talk of something cool.

After that this series will cease—attending church depresses me. —JON.

"Mrs. Brainly is a very level-headed woman."

"Yes, and a perpendicular-chested one."



"Great Expectations" at the Provincial Theatre.

Mr. Stratton (as "Uncle Pumblehook"): "It's 'ard to believe, and I refuses to believe, that that young man Pip can continer to show ingratitude to them which was his earliest benefactor and the founder of his fortun's."



PRINCESS—“*San Toy*.”

“Rich brocades, fine linen, silks and satins — all glittering with gold and silver embroidery—dazzle the eye.”—*Toronto Daily*. It's absolutely careless. What if the modern savage should get wise and give the haughty monocle to these merely scenic displays? It is on that *if* that the play-maker does his little banking. So long as it can see and wonder, the mob care not a hang whether or not the libretto is audible. Otherwise the so-called first theatre of this town of old women's rule would be worthy the name, rather than a remodelled music-hall, and a bum one at that. “*San Toy*” is said to be a musical comedy. If so, why not a greater splurge on voices and less on clothes? As to the comedy, it is the smaller half of the skeleton of an improbable and sentimental love affair, with a few pretty faces and swell gowns stuck here and there to cover up its nakedness.

SHEA'S—“*Vaudeville*.”

Cut Malta-Vitae and the other gruels and follow out an old saying, “Laugh and grow fat.” Lew Sully is contributing a few jolts twice a day, and there are a score beside him to raise the gurgles. Fanny Rice has a miniature theatre, wherein her own face animates a wee dummy character. There is a simon pure Bowery take-off, a funny musical farce, some fair club twirling and heavy gymnastics. The Doherty sisters are termed clever comedienues. Their turn is a trifle strenuous and they are not always intelligible. Mr. Shea has a really good card this se'nnight.

GRAND—“*Busy Iszy*.”

There is more than one facial contortion to be had for the price this week. No pretense either at continuity or the serious. Simply a couple of hours of nonsense. George Sydney has improved on Ward & Vokes.

TORONTO—“*The Limited Mail*.”

A fierce melodrama from the pen of a man who knows the difference between a headlight and a coupling pin. Quite realistic and good of its kind. One little damsel shuffles about pleasingly.

NEXT WEEK.

- Princess—“*Princess Chic*.”
- Shea's—“*Vaudeville*.”
- Grand—“*A Prince of Tatters*.”
- Toronto—“*At the Cross Roads*.”

Nothing in it.

Brightun : “I have a great idea.”
 Manager : “Well?”
 Brightun : “You know how successful plays based on books are?”
 Manager : “Yes.”
 Brightun : “Well, I propose to dramatize my pocket-book.”
 Manager : “No good Tragedies are not popular just now.”

Reversing the Proceedings.

First Celebrity : “That reporter over there said I wore flaring red boots. Had he any right to proceed to *such* extremities in describing my attire?”
 Second C. : “Certainly not—insulting *in the extreme*.”
 First C. : “How can I get even?”
 Second C. : “Hum—let me see—I have it—couldn't you make your flaring red extremities proceed to him?”
 —A. L. W.

Shallowpate : “Men can't drink as much as our forefathers did. We never hear of seven bottle men nowadays.”
 Wizun : “Nonsense! The change is in the women. They boss their husbands, and the poor fellows have to account for their jags by saying that they just had three drinks with a friend.”

“An incredible thing happened the other day.”
 “???”
 “A rich man died and left more money than he was credited with by the yellow journals.”



“That woman of Hannigan's leads him the devil of a life.”
 “Sure, she's a howly tirror; barrin' this owld scythe, there aint her aqual in the township fer timper.”

Ware Prof. Loeb.

From Cupid we may look
For articles polemical,
Since scientists have shown
That love and life are
chemical.

In Olden Times.

Rebecca: "Please don't
go and tell Isaac that bad
news."

Messenger: "Why not?"
Rebecca: "He will im-
mediately 'rend his gar-
ments'" and I'll have to sit
up all night patching and
mending."

May: "Alice always tries
to be up-to-date in every-
thing."

Belle: "I should say so.
She was the first this fall to
get a cold in her head."

Tottie: "What is May so
mad about?"

Mollie: "She bleached her
hair so as to catch young
Rounder, and then discovered
that he is color blind."

Michael: "Why is Saint
Peter so sore on Americans?"

Ithmriël: "They are so
familiar. The latest arrival
wasn't here half a day before
he was calling him Petey."

**No Wonder He Got
Mixed.**

Foreman (calling down
the speaking tube): "The
scare head copy got mixed.
Do you want it to read 'The
Journal Thanks God for the
Relief given,' or, 'God
Thanks the Journal,' and so
on?"

Wife: "The price of coal
has gone up five dollars a
ton."

Poet: "Then that means
that the sonnet henceforth
must contain eighty lines so
as to bring in the extra five."

**He Remembered the
Whale.**

Barnum: "What do you
think of submarine vessels?"

Jonah: "They are all
right unless they happen to
get sea-sick."

Bimly: "The courts will
cast a flood of light on Gay-
boy's conduct."

Jimly: "Scandal light, I
presume."

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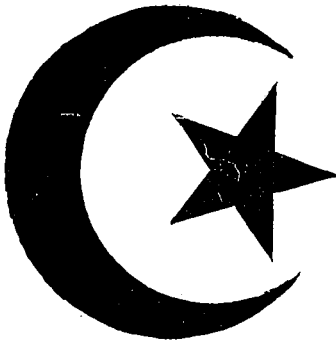
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