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He Cometh Not.

Mrs. Canada, tearfully: "Oh Wilfrid, Wilfrid, are you *never* coming home?"

# 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 blarney 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 anthill 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?

*Kit*

### THE MOON SHINES

"The Moon," of Toronto, the new comic weekly, has a good taste for last week. The title-page cartoon shows Sir William Munk behind the post-office window holding a bundle of letters marked "K. C. M. G." and saying: "I got this bunch of letters for myself by the last or (twelve) day of the month." There are eighteen or twenty bright sketches and a quantity of tributors. "The Moon" accepts contributions for contributed matter, and in this way gathers in some very snappy original work, which prevents monotony in style.

—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.

*Godrich Journal*

**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 brilliant 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 cash down," is its motto.  
 "As 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 shot so far."

## The Moon **FREE** for one year

To anybody sending us **FOUR** subscriptions accompanied by Eight Dollars.

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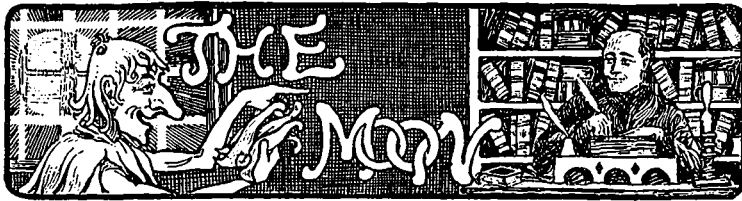
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**Mr. Ross and the Member for East Scrubville.**

In the good old days. Ross : "He's only one."

Times are changed since then. Ross : "He may be THE one."

**His Reply to Goldwin Smith.**

Oh ! Why should I resign, why should I cry "enough" ?

The place I hold is mine, and I rake in the stuff. I make as much a month as once I made a year, My daily crib just now is twenty dollars clear. I could not earn a tenth in other place I'd fill, For poetry means poverty—my legal lore is *nil*. I couldn't qualify on brains, for there, I guess, I'm out,

The only place for me is one where I've a chance to shout.

For I can talk to beat the band ; it's this is Whitney's fear,

If go I must, then go I will, and start as auctioneer.

**Forehanded.**

Lotos : "I tell you a publisher has to be wide awake to get along nowadays."

Grolier : "I should say so. He has not only to find and publish successful books, but has to publish all possible imitations of them before anyone else gets in the market."

A financier is a man who has succeeded in doing up a great many would-be financiers.

"What Ho!" rehearsed the farmer boy, member of the village dramatic club, before a piece of mirror.

"The old hoe with the spliced handle," replied his father through the door, "and *you* had better attend to the onions first."

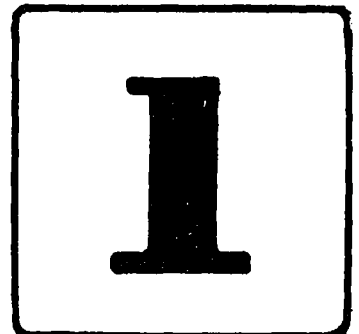
Gayboy : "I am disgusted with life."

Slowboy : "Why?"

Gayboy : "To think that a man with my capacity for borrowing should be forced to circulate among ten dollar lenders when there are men in the country who might be touched for millions."

May : "I wonder why tucks are coming into fashion again."

Belle : "Because lots of people are making their own clothes, and they are useful to hide bad fitting."



In the square above you will see Ross's majority. Find Whitney's.

If you don't see what you want, ask for it.

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

Vol. 1. SEPTEMBER 20, 1902. No. 17.

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.

**M**EGALOCEPHALUS. Vulgarly, this form of indisposition is known as swelled-head. The first man of any note who was troubled thus was, as a matter of course, a Scot. His name was Cannore or Kenmore, for he used to say I ken (*i.e.*, I know) more than any other man. This is just what every swelled-headed man says, or thinks. It is somewhat odd, however, that the disease most noticeably affects civil servants, bank clerks, and insurance clerks. Sometimes a man takes it when he has been promoted, say, from a common M. P. P. to be the Hon. Mr. Soandso, or from an every-day clerkship to—well, let us suppose, an inspectorship of ground-hogs, or of 'coons, or something. He then becomes barely on speaking-terms with anyone but himself. He cultivates the pompous swagger. He endeavors to wear a Jovian frown. He imitates the manner of some superior official, or he even goes the idiotic length of delivering platitudes in an *oro rotundo* tone. That he parts his watch-guard and his hair in the middle are instinctive necessities—efforts on the part of even a weak nature to provide ballast.

He seems to forget that he is only a servant as we all are. He is gruff to subordinates, and sometimes even to his equals, but mawkishly subservient to his superiors. Inquirers for information he is paid to supply, leave his presence with feelings of resentment. Those who know his family and official history regard him with disgust. Many who have business dealings with the creature long for a good opportunity to tweak its nose, or to kick it somewhere else!

It appears to think snobbery a virtue, and common courtesy a deadly sin, while it fails to perceive that no gentleman ever conducts himself like an egregious ass, and that an egregious ass can never pass for a gentleman.

Incipient cases of megalocephalus may be benefited by a course of treatment at institutions in Brockville, Kingston, Mimico, Hamilton, London, or at Queen Street West in this city, but for confirmed sufferers; for those who are lost to all sense of common decency, who have become obnoxious official prigs—a menace to the society of man and beast, the only place is Orillia, and for life at that!

**T**HE Tory press has at last discovered the profit of bating a man that was once a follower of Sir John Macdonald. For years the *Mail and Empire* has been scratching and digging at Mr. Tarte with a rusty old pen, till he looks like a poorly made zinc etching, and feels like a deviled crab. In his agony, Mr. Tarte shrieks for *protection*. The *Mail*, blinded by party prejudice, interprets his plea politically, and steps between her victim and the angry *Globe*.

That cry for *protection* commits Mr. Tarte. The *Mail* takes advantage of the Frenchman's unfamiliarity with the English language. The Minister is too proud to explain. The *Globe* frowns still, and shakes her clumsy head. She thinks that the case needs Siftin'.

**T**HE progress that has been made by the people of the United States is nothing short of phenomenal. In one hundred and twenty-five years they have accomplished things that it has taken the great nations of the world many centuries to accomplish.

In 1775 everyone within the boundaries of the States were born again, "free and equal;" the second birth of the negro element, however, seems to have been delayed for about eighty-five years. This, in itself, is a striking proof of the absolute independence of the United States, even as early as 1775. The country was not subject even to consistency.

In 1865 the slave was regenerated by act of Congress and the bullet, and became eligible for the presidency.

Since then (wonderful transformation!) the social system of the country has completed another cycle, and the negro is again born into slavery. Judge Davis, of Kentucky, has sentenced a negro to be sold into servitude for one year, for the crime of vagrancy!

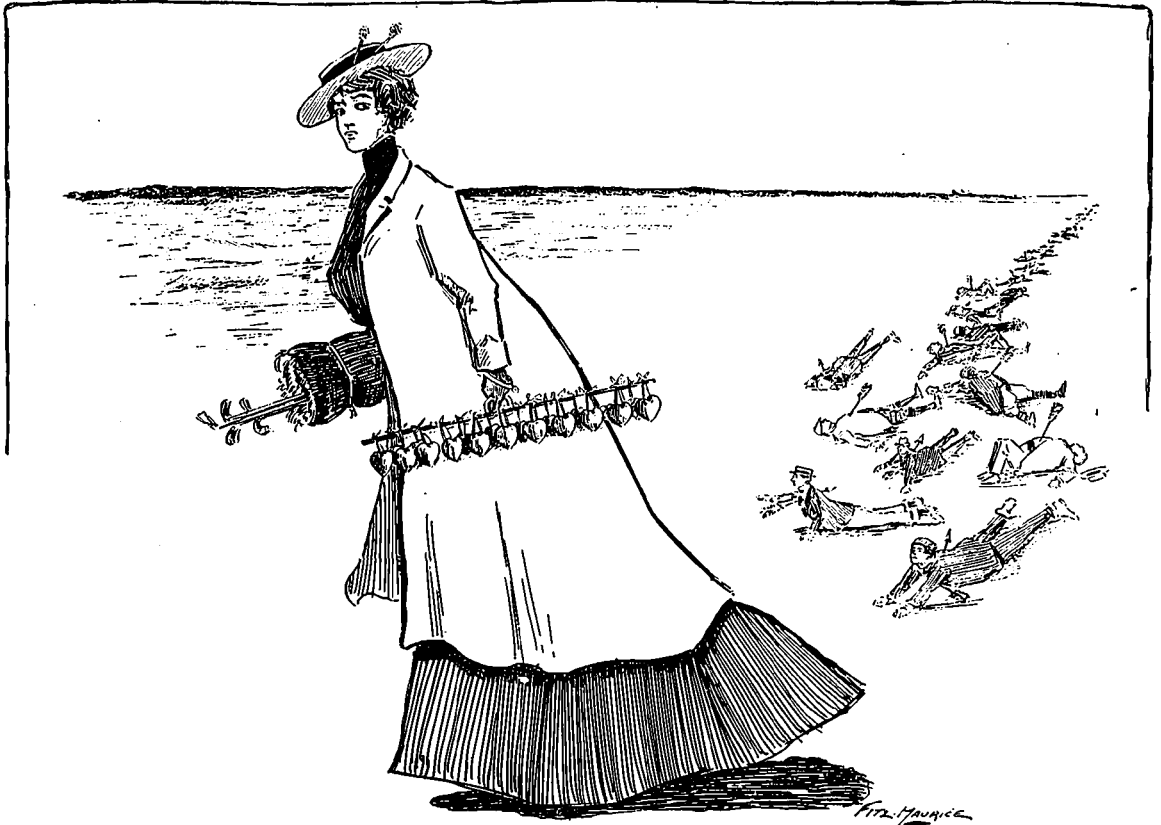
How envious of the progress of "God's country" some of our progressive police magistrates must be!

**T**HE first pitched battle of the school-book war was fought last Saturday evening at Toronto Junction, when the army of patriots, under its imported leader, George N. Morang, attacked and routed the "Divine Rights," who had taken up their position in the form of a *ring*. At the time of our going to press it is said that General Morang is besieging the seat of Government, in Queen's Park.

This whole civil war could have been averted if King Harcourt had not seen fit to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Crooks, who authorized two or three different readers,—after which act he died of paresis. It will be interesting to observe whether or not Mr. Harcourt follows Mr. Crooks around the *turn* in the road.

**T**HE MOON wishes to express its thanks to the *Evening Journal*, of St. Thomas, Ont., for the Journal's kindness in reproducing THE MOON's large cartoon on the coal strike, without holding THE MOON responsible for it in any way.

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



The Trail of the Summer Girl.

### The King's Jester at Rehearsal.

THE Jester was seated in his private apartment in Windsor Castle, deeply engaged in the studies required by his arduous profession. In one corner of the room stood a small but well-selected library, containing the works of Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Tom Hood and other eminent humorists, together with bound volumes of *Punch*. Prominently displayed on the wall was a lengthy typewritten document, bearing the heading, "Index Expurgatorius," containing a list of prohibited jokes, prepared by the Lord Chamberlain in accordance with the King's command. Among these were included the names of all the Boer and British generals and other personages and events connected with the South African War, the mother-in-law joke, the summer girl joke, the tramp joke, and many other old and popular gags.

"Gossip Ned, as he insists on my calling him, is a hard man to satisfy," soliloquized the Jester. "He's been such a rounder in his day that he's onto all the music hall and variety show wheezes of the last forty years. You can't ring in any chestnuts on him but he'll find it out. Now, he wants a lot of bran new jokes

for to-morrow's dinner party, and I'm about at my wit's end."

"His Majesty summons you to his royal presence," said an attendant, and the Jester, with a sigh, obeyed the command.

"Ha! about to-morrow's function," said the King. "Hast thou anything prepared? It occurred to me that we might have a rehearsal. It would make things go off more smoothly."

"I—I don't think I have anything ready just now. Let me think. Oh, yes, you might say, 'What ho, there, without!' and that will give me my cue to reply, 'I didn't notice any hoe; you'd better ask the gardener.' Doth it like thee, gossip Ned."

"We may as well drop the mediæval business as between ourselves. The joke is not brilliant, but it will pass. What else?"

"If I knew what topics were likely to be discussed, your Majesty, it would be a help to me."

"Just so. Well, it is probable we shall touch on the Eastern question. Will that give you an opening?"

"Yes, indeed. Your Majesty might ask my opinion. Then I reply that I jest not on that subject. 'Wherefore not, fool?' your Majesty will ask. 'Because 'tis a



### A Great Aid on the Road to Fame.

Partyman: "Here's old Dubb who's looking for the party nomination. How's a mental lightweight like that to arrive at political prominence?"

McPhun: "By followin' his nose, sure. The political cartoonists are certain to take hold of a beak like that."

no-pun question, I answer."

"That will do fairly well," said the King, making a memorandum of his part.

"Then if the conversation were to turn upon the extent of Russia and the advances she was making, that would give me a chance to say that the country was going ahead with rushin' steppes."

"Is that strictly original?" asked the King. "I think I've heard it before."

"I wout vouch for it in that respect, your Majesty. It is probably too obvious to be new."

"H'm—well—don't use it except as a last resource."

"And before you leave the subject," continued the Jester, "something ought to be said about Siberia and the convict system. Then I can say that the Russians treat their prisoners very humanely. They are not kept shut up all the time, being frequently taken for a-knouting."

"Anything further?"

"Yes, I might remark on the paradoxical nature of Russian political institutions. They have no free elec-

tions there, but are frequently called upon to rally at the Poles."

"Rather far fetched those," said King Edward. "Not up to your usual style by any means, but, if they are the best you have, it can't be helped. Study your part well in advance, with the customary archaic forms of dicton, and it will go off well enough. You may now withdraw."

—P. T.

### Books.

THE *New York Times* Saturday Review states that the fall crop of novels is likely to be very short. This is especially true of the work of new writers. Howells, Crawford, Hope, Corelli, etc., seem to have formed a corner in fiction.

This is bad. But we must remember that with abundant crops and a generally "bull" market, some lines may get overdone. If every country has plenty of wheat, wheat will take a drop. The book factories will feel the pinch a bit if production is general. There will be a fall in price for a time. This, as is clearly shown by the *Globe* man on economics, will stimulate consumption, and that, in turn, will reduce accumulated stocks, when the factories will again have to run overtime.

We don't like the idea of the fourth year men getting all the trade. It is very well for Doyle and Parker and Howells, but we must think of the general public if we are going to live up to our democratic ideals. Literature is an infant industry, and should get a little assistance—temporarily. Suppose the Ottawa Government were to pay a bonus of a dollar per ton on what is entered for home consumption, and two dollars when the work is for export. The arrangement should be confined to Canadian citizens, with a partial British preference. Laut, Fraser, Roberts, Carman, and Parker could thus be encouraged. We sincerely trust that the whole list will, under the new arrangement, receive the full royalty of \$2 per ton.

In return for the British preference, the Imperial authorities should add their encouragement for the best copyist—"plagiarist" is obsolete—in the form of graded titles. Had this been done in the past, and their merits recognized, Parker would now be a count, though now of no account, and Fraser would be a peer of the House of Lords.

Of course this would bring down the price of books, which is just what the toilers of Canada need. We have now to pay 25c. for a decent Howells, and about the same price for a Doyle or a Correlli. Fraser's "Mooswa" is high just now. Some of the dealers are sold quite out, on account of the cold July spell, but they are not down to a fair price yet. I got some copies of genuine Marion Crawford's, but they wouldn't warm the library grate. The dealer said they were all right, but they wouldn't go without kerosene; had been dry, but got damp. We want to see them down to 8 for 25c., flat rate, in which case we'd recommend Howells, as they give a bright flame and lots of gas. If we get them down to that we can send our defi to the Billionaire Coal Barons, of Pennsylvania, and help a great Canadian industry at the same time.

—ISHMAEL.



### At the County Fair.

Silas (speaking of the cow): "Gosh, ain't she fat? How much do you think she'd weigh?"

Mrs. Portly (who is sensitive about her weight): "George, if you're a man, you'll not allow any insulting strangers to make personal remarks about me."

### Brief Biographies—No. X.

SAM. SMILES, JR.

**H**ON. RICHARD HARCOURT, M.P.P., K.C., B.A., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., etc., etc., Minister of Education, Ont., is the son of Michael, who was a member of Parliament before Confederation. Richard was originally intended for a parson, but heredity and environment made him a politician. Now he is a Minister and a Statesman.

At an early age he foresaw his future greatness and at once put himself in suitable training for his after career. In his youth he was taught arithmetic, grammar, and morals, by a clergyman. At the University he studied Metaphysics and Ethics, with a view to the Treasurership of Ontario. After getting his degree he taught a High School for some time, and subsequently practised, for several years, as Public School Inspector, thus walking in the footsteps of the illustrious Ross, whom he was destined to succeed as Minister of Education.

Meanwhile he was called to the bar, and, in 1890, was made K.C. *honoris causa*. As P. S. I. he cultivated the concessions and sidelines for votes in such a husbandman fashion that he was, in 1878, elected to represent Monck in the Ontario Legislature; and by diligently pursuing the same course, during recess, he has been able to hold the seat ever since. With courage unabated and faith unflinching, he toiled in the ranks twelve long years before he reached the next rung on the ladder of advancement.

As Provincial Treasurer his budget speeches evoked unstinted praise from his friends, who said they rivalled, in that line, the best efforts of the late W. E. Gladstone. They were printed by the Queen's Printer, and distributed gratuitously on account of their undoubted educational value.

R. H. is a great speaker. His style is strictly academic. When he addresses a farmer's picnic, his hearers are delighted. "Man, what language he do use! But I'm hanged if I knows what he mean," is a remark frequently heard from admiring but perplexed auditors. On these occasions R. H. always contrives to make himself solid with the women. He is essentially, but of course unconsciously, a ladies' man.

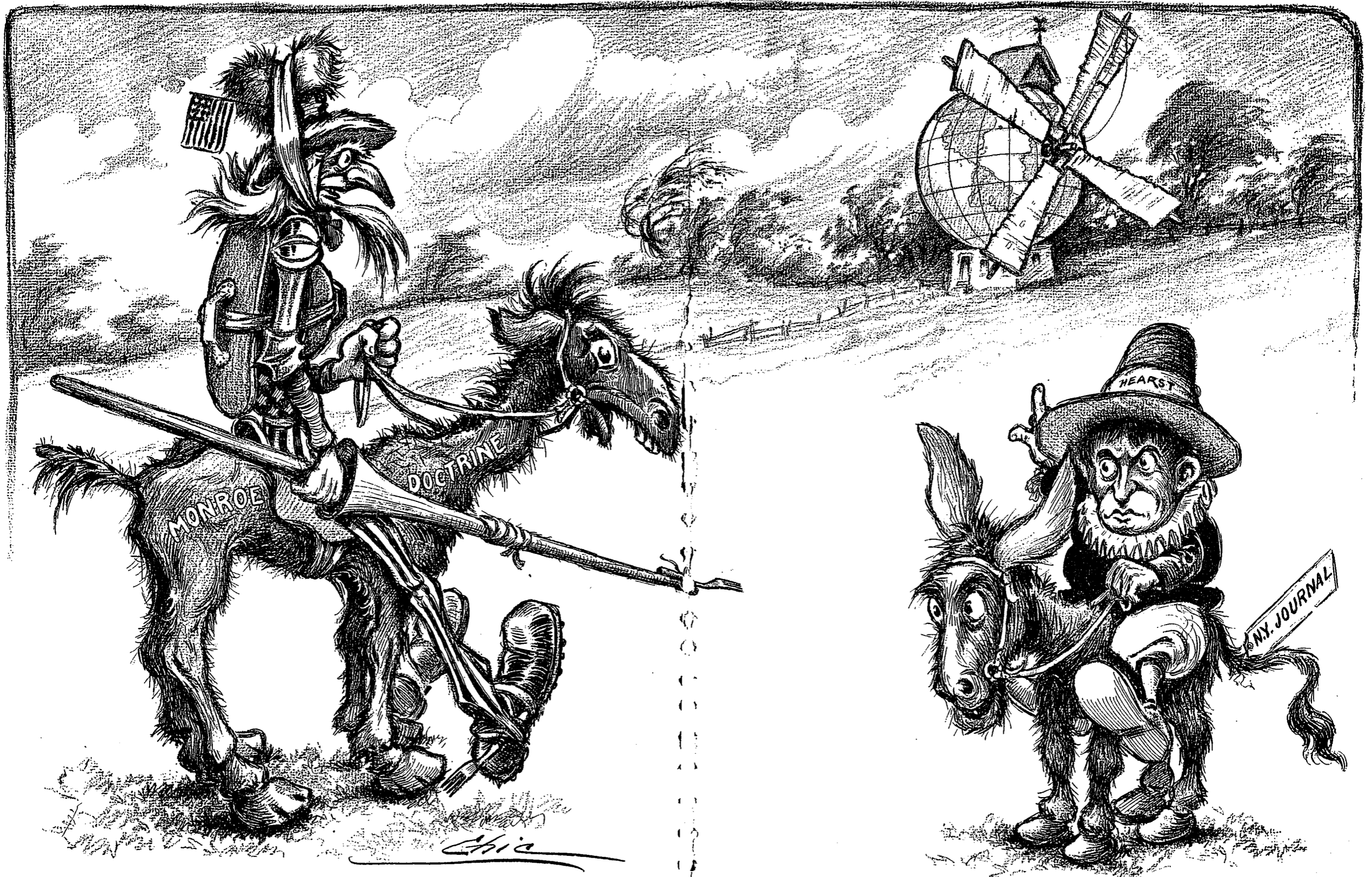
Richard is very neat in his attire. He invariably wears, not a "watery smile and educated whisker," but neatly trimmed whiskers and a carefully cultivated smile. He wears the same old whiskers he had thirty years ago—they are well preserved, and show few signs of age and use; but his stock of smiles is large and very judiciously assorted. In fact he has a whole cabinet of them, labelled for specific occasions. For example: smiles for the Premier; for colleagues (various); for political friend whom he means to gratify; for P. F. whom he is pained to disappoint; for deputations (various); for interviewers (various); for school-marns and pretty typewriters (various and easily adjusted), etc., etc. Although so prodigal of his own smiles he has never been known to take a smile—publicly.

Born about the middle of last century, R. H. is still quite young and his eye for the beautiful is still undimmed. Having studied philosophy to some purpose in his college days, it is not surprising that he has the reputation, among his intimates, of being an ardent Platonist.

R. H. is a Seneca Chief. His Indian name is Pow-wow-wit-an-nee, the meaning of which is not known outside the tribe.

If society cannot bleed a man it will very often cut him dead.

# THE MOON



DON QUIXOTE

Sancho Panza and The Windmill.



## Latter Day Legends.—No. 6.

## THE WISE GUY AND THE WEATHER.

ZACHARIE, the son of a mother who had seven toes, was a worker of hoodoos.

He produced them to order at so much a hoo. When he wasn't working at his profession, he waited for a slack market.

He had a wife who worked at washing, and was ignorant of astrology. She could no more cast a horoscope than she could cast a horse shoe.

The leaders of society came and talked over the situation with her. She talked over the fence to them, and said the "old man" was good, but the trouble was that when he took a lemonade on the side, he went around and asked people to smell his breath.

Thus it was that Zacharie acquired the reputation of being a drinking man, when he often



"The leaders of society came."

hadn't the price.

The leading elder of the church even went unto Mrs. Zacharie, and told her how wicked a course Zacharie was pursuing. He gave her a select assortment of texts that it was her duty to spring upon him.

She said that Zacharie was no ordinary person, and his intellect was too great for his fellows to grasp.

The elder told her how much better the ordinary returns of day labour were for the regular requirements of rent and food than were the dreams of genius.

But she had faith in the man who held the destiny of the village in his right hand, and was content to keep the house in such food as



"Leading elder of the church even went."

his wife's charwork could provide.

One day the great first magistrate came unto Zacharie and asked him what he thought of the prospects of the corn crop. Zacharie told him that was a subject which had been occasioning him much sleeplessness and worryment.

All he would care to divulge was that if the proper seed had been sown at the right time, that a crop would come. If the rain fell there would be no drought. If there was not enough rain it would be owing to the insufficiency of moisture that the corn would be poor and few in the cob.

For, behold, Zacharie was a wise guy, and knew that there were many green things besides those which grew out of the earth.

The great chief magistrate reported what Zacharie had said; and the community was divided into those who were believers in hoodoo, and those who still pinned their faith entirely to manure and hoeing.

And, behold, the rain came in large quantities, and the corn waxed fat, and the ears bulged out through the whiskers, like the lips of a fat choir-master at a Sunday school concert.

Then straightway Zacharie said: "I told you so," and from far and near they brought him chickens and stalled squash, and prize mangold wurtzels, and even those who had jibed at him and reviled him brought him their children, and paid him pieces of silver that he might charm away their warts.

And when the leading elder was no longer allowed to carry around the collection box at meeting, while Zacharie could buy real coal by the bushel, they saw that you never can tell which side will win out in the last inning.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

## In the Sere and Yellow Leaf.

"When Knighthood was in flower"

Oh men were brave indeed;

But with trimmers now in power

We have knighthood run to seed.

—P.T.

"Dear me, what is this place coming to? I hear that Mr. Gaybuoy was held up last night when he was coming home."

"Well! If he was coming home from the club it was nothing unusual."

—H



"Dinner is ready, Uncle."  
 "Well, why are you staring at me like that?"  
 "Where are you going to put it?"

### The Vice of Economy.

PEOPLE who in these days of progress undertake to regulate their lives according to the old-fashioned maxims and precepts of fifty years ago, generally come to grief. There is no vice more insidious and fatal to its possessors than the evil habit of economy—once lauded as a virtue and still practised by some otherwise intelligent and well-meaning persons. Almost invariably it brings ruin and disaster in its train.

Let us point the moral by a story of every-day life.

James and John started life together as schoolmates in a leading city of Ontario, and at an early age developed the traits which characterized their future career. James was of Irish extraction—consequently he could not have been economical if he had tried. John was English, and in addition to being handicapped from the outset by the penny-saving habit, lacked those qualities of adaptability, clannishness and a readiness to seize favorable opportunities which sometimes offset and counterbalance that fatal propensity. James spent his pocket-money freely in candies and cigarettes. John put his in the savings bank, and gloated in secret over his pass-book.

Grown to youthhood, they entered the same mercantile office. They were both fairly industrious and competent, and soon were in receipt of good salaries. James spent his money as soon as he got it—often before he got it. He joined a club, he frequented the theatre, did the jolly good fellow act with the boys and went in for a good time generally. He was always in debt, but like a sensible man he let his creditors do the worrying, and when their patience was exhausted ran more bills elsewhere. It goes without saying that he was popular, and his dashing free-and-easy style was much admired. No party or social gathering of his large circle of acquaintances was complete without him. "James is a little bit careless, but an awfully good fellow, you know," was the general verdict.

Meanwhile, John had set his heart upon saving money. He economized in every way. He dressed shabbily. He studiously shunned dissipation of every kind—dissipation

costs money. Instead of a club, he joined the public library, which costs nothing, and read instructive books, whereby he learned a lot of things which would have been of no possible use to him, even if they had been true—which most of them were not. He fought shy of subscription papers and presentations. Consequently he made few friends, and was generally despised as a mean, unsociable fellow.

In due course both men married. James' showy qualities and judicious extravagance secured him a handsome wife with a little money and good social connections. John married an insignificant, but healthy and hard-working girl, of similar temperament and vices to his own. He had saved enough to buy a home and had something left. They continued to plod and save, while James and his wife launched out into greater extravagance than ever. They were "in society," and had to keep up a certain style of living.

Shortly afterwards James asked for a considerable increase of salary. His employers grumbled a little, but James' social connections told in his favor, so in the end he got it.

Then John wanted a raise. "H'm," said the chief, glancing at his seedy coat and frayed necktie, "I think you are getting all you're worth—all I can afford to give, at any rate."

"But living expenses have increased."

"Oh, I think you can live easily on what you're getting. You own your house, you know, and have no rent to pay."

"But you gave James an increase lately."

"That has nothing to do with it—that's—that's different altogether. Oh no, I couldn't think of it—not at present. We'll see in a year or two."

You see the firm had shrewdly calculated that a man of John's habits would stay on and take what he could get, especially after he had bought a house. Whereas James simply *had* to have more to keep up his style of living, or he would leave. Unfortunate John had no particular style of living—he had merely a method of existence.

A year or so afterwards the firm failed, and both James and John were thrown on the cold world. James wasn't rattled a little bit. He didn't retrench—he didn't go round looking shabby, or put advertisements in papers ending with "employment an object rather than salary," or anything of that sort. He owned up among his friends to being "a little shy"—borrowed ten dollars here and twenty there, on the head of which he stood the drinks with his usual liberality. "By the way, old man," he would say in an off-hand tone, "if you happen to hear of any opening in my line, I wish you'd let me know." And pretty soon all his friends and his wife's relatives and connections and the people he owed money to were interested in finding him a situation—"he is such an awfully good fellow, you know. It's a pity he's in hard luck." Presently a vacancy occurred, and with a little wire-pulling on the part of his numerous friends, James was soon in a better position than ever. He will never be rich—but he will always have a good time, no matter who pays for it.

Poor John, on the other hand, went steadily down hill. Nobody interested themselves in him. "Oh, John," people said contemptuously—"he's a shrewd one, he can look out for himself." He had neither friends nor creditors to use any influence for him, and the more desperately anxious he showed himself to get something to do, the less disposed people seemed to employ him. His little hoard slowly diminished and his homestead was in danger of being sold for taxes. Finally he got a job at a starvation salary, and is never likely to retrieve himself.

Moral.—Eschew economy, practice judicious extravagance, cultivate popularity and a social pull, if you would succeed in life.

—P. T.



### Peace, Blessed Peace!

Washington, July 4th, 1902.

To the People of the World and the rest of the United States:

We are pleased to announce that peace, order, and good feeling have been established in our island possessions, heretofore known as the Philippines. Paganism, monasticism and every ism except Americanism are at an end.

ROOSEVELT.

Manila, July 7th, 1902.

To Roosevelt, Washington:

Sent two batteries of artillery, four companies of infantry, native employed scouts and a troop of cavalry to drive back the enemy who attacked a village a mile and a half away, where some of our forces were located, and did great destruction last night.

CHAFFEE.

Manila, July 15th, 1902.

To Miles, Washington:

Ammunition running short; hurry up new supply, or we will be unable to maintain peace much longer. Just sent battery of artillery and cavalry, with mounted scouts, to drive off the Moros who have been gathering in force on our fortifications to the left.

CHAFFEE.

Manila, August 7th, 1902.

(Press despatch.)

The gallant troops of the United States, in a stand against the Filipino forces last week, killed one and a half millions before the enemy fell back. Much gallantry was displayed, and several of Uncle Sam's invincible soldiers earned the Croker Cross. The rebellion in Mindanao is spreading rapidly, and the smoke of the American artillery and infantry hangs over the land like a funeral pall, covering the hopes, ambitions and prospects of those who still remain in the field. The news that peace has been proclaimed has been received from Washington, and is well received here by all except the enemy.

Manila, August 28th, 1902.

(Press despatch.)

Actions against the enemy, who persistently violate the peace proclaimed from Washington on July 4th, are increasing somewhat. This is, however, only owing to the fact that the number of rebels is increasing. It is deemed advisable to maintain the present forces in the interests of peace. The reported loss of life in the various engagements this week was six hundred and fifty-two, but official information only gives six hundred and forty-two.

Manila, Sept. 9th, 1902.

To Roosevelt, Washington:

Have ordered a column of eight companies of infantry, two troops of cavalry and a battery of artillery to proceed against certain Moros of Mindanao, who have been troubling the peace of the island.

CHAFFEE.

### About Right.

Goodun: "According to Dante the inscription over the gate of hell reads: 'Abandon hope who enters here.'"

Badun: "Well, according to me the inscription over the other place reads: 'Abandon fun who enters here.'"

### For Sale.

A WINDSOR Uniform, made right in this city for use at the coronation. Was worn by the owner when officiating in the choir in Westminster Abbey. As Knighthood was not in flower for the wearer on that occasion, said wearer has no longer any use for it. Any good offer will be accepted.

Apply personally, if you want a fit, or send your chest measurement and thigh girth, to

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(Agent for the proprietor.)

\*Keeper in Custody of Members' Garments.—ED. MOON.



THAT anyone should criticize the ways of "us Romans," should, in fact, have the presumption to strike at our time-honored theatrical institutions with the chicken-mannered axe, is too, too much. There is reason for the existence of so-called abuses which embittered and nery personages have overlooked. Not moral short-comings, oh, no! merely physical, as it were. It must be granted that the uncertainty concerning any dialogue, not whispered through a megaphone, is half the charm of the thing—and bad acoustics are a providential and unrivalled opportunity for the training of the auditory organs, an offset to evolutionary diminutions. Imagine any interior furbishing beyond the orthodox charity-paint! Why, the immense elaboration of stage effect must not be overshadowed by any outward magnificence before the foot-lights—besides the light-discovered contrast between the acts re-assures the patron as to his value-getting. That eternal zephyr playing refreshingly about the head and shoulders simply saves the whole business. With the luxury of a too-solid comfort, someone might fall asleep and miss the place where the hero foils the villian in his purpose, and annexes the person of the enchanting damosel-in-distress. Then, of course, the curtain or something would have to drop. Really though, it would not do to alter anything. Rome might slip and hurt herself. Excitement is not always healthy.

**PRINCESS**—"The Princess Chic."

Several successive weeks of musical apologies towards the close of last season and, apparently, a like surfeit to open the ball this go. Well, finish 'em off, and be done with fancy diet for another twelvemonth. "Chic" is expressive and appropriate. Just what it is. Other things have happened that have been worse, and a few better. De Wolfe Hopper toes scratch next week. Sounds better.

**SHEA'S**—"Vaudeville."

Above tirade, in all justice, only partially applies. A week of comedy acts—three of 'em—all funny and well done. Scott and Wilson worry through labored dialogue, but do some clever gymnastics. Macarte Sisters not half bad. Some old gags, bargains, Lew Bloom's perpetrations. Bright singing novelty, some fair voices, one good.

**GRAND**—"A Prince of Tatters."

Circular says, "Tale of Old New York, pivotal period

of our American History." Oh, is it, though? And where does little Canada figure? Time printing was done in Canada, and that U. S. touches were cut out. If impracticable stay "to lum" with the play. Big company. Stage pictures, costumes, colored lights and vocalizing galore.

—MOONSTONE.

Precisely: "You say you had a streak of good luck. Why do you call it a streak?"

Golightly: "Because it came like a streak and went like a streak."

Editor: "What is the excitement?"

Assistant: "The fellow that writes all the squibs about Jewish fires had a blaze in his flat and is trying to explain."

**Gray, with Seasonable Variations.**

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Internal anguish quenched his erstwhile mirth,  
For melon-colic marked him for her own.

—P. T.



From Boston.

"It is essential that there should not be a superabundance of pork."

"Exactly, merely sufficient to accentuate, as it were, the irresistible piquancy of the bean."

**The Sunday After.**

Mrs. Biggleswade: "I wonder what was the reason of the great rush to Rev. Hooper Rupp's church today. Why the people were turned away by hundreds."

Mr. Biggleswade: "He announced a special service of praise and thanksgiving for the close of the Industrial Exhibition."

**Hard on the Ladies.**

She: "But women are allowed to change their minds."

The Brute: "Good thing for them. Most of them need to."

**Depends on the Kind of Insurance.**

Binkerton: "Do you believe that honesty is the best policy?"

Samjones: "H'm—that depends. Are you wanting to insure your life or your soul?"

Jasper: "We have the best of evidence that little hazing is done in any of our colleges."

Jumpuppe: "What is it?"  
Jasper: "The object of hazing is to take the conceit out of students, and—well—just look at the average student."

"A cold deal"—A transaction in ice.

**A New Departure.**

Friend: "Commuting now, are you?"

Author: "Yes, studying the brakemen's and conductors' dialect for my new novel."

Mr. Askit: "Vivisection has never been tried on human beings has it?"

Dr. Tallbrow: "Well, we occasionally have some very interesting operations."

**Doubtful Compliment.**

Contributor: "I'll send you in some more verse next week, if you think you can stand it."

Editor (absently): "All right, send it along. I can stand a lot."

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AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY VERNON."



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