



Shepherd "Wull ye te'l me, why yon's ca'ed a wund unstrument?"  
 Piper: "Hoots mon, ye're stupit. It's because it tak's a Gael to blaw't!"

**TO ADVERTISERS**

To insure insertion of advertisement in any week's issue, copy for same should be in our hands not later than Tuesday morning.

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 (3 columns to page.)

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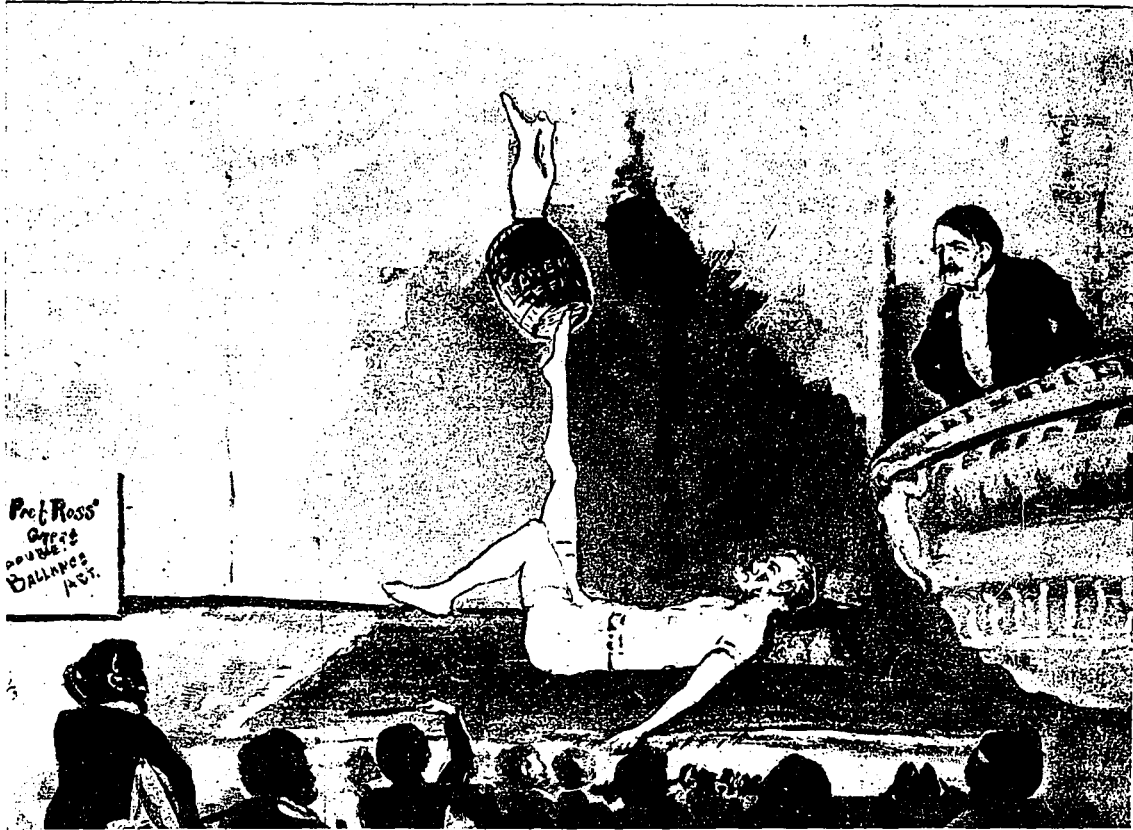
**The**  
**York County**  
**Loan and Savings Co.**



HEAD OFFICE

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,  
 TORONTO.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, - - President.



Prof. Ross, in his Great Double Balance Act.

Gentleman in Box: "Eh! Well, there is nothing new in that; it's the same old feat. The shadow on the wall impresses me more. Politically, it resembles a dead duck."

**Content.**

**J**UST a little yellow dog,  
Full of fleas, am I,  
But I have a jolly time,  
Never need look spry;  
  
Never have no collar on,  
Like some pups I know;  
I am never carted off  
To no bloomin' show.  
  
It is fine to be a perp,  
Have no breed at all;

Just play roundmaus in' kids,  
Winter, spring, and fall.  
  
There is some looks down on me,  
Lordy! I don't mind,  
While my nose is out in front  
And my tail behind.  
  
Folks could learn a thing or two  
From a pup like me;  
Learn just to be satisfied  
With their lot—d'you see.

--BILLY WILLIAMS,

"Have my body cremated," said the dying husband, "and earn my commendation and gratitude."

True to her promise, the fond wife did so, and urned it.

There had been constantly a jar between these two, and she did not propose to have the continuity of the thing broken at this stage of the game. Furthermore, she reflected, all her husband's commendation and gratitude had been, to that time, carefully sealed up and kept within himself.

What an example of wifely fidelity and womanly consistency in this short tale!

Vol. 2.

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No. 52.

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Streets, Toronto.*

*THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.*

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

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



**M. R. CHAMBERLAIN** is a much-abused man. Those persons that are responsible for his announcement of Imperial preference have, at the critical moment, deserted him. As long as orators could find in Imperialism material for eloquent orations, everything was well; that is to say: as long as the orators could see no possible chance of Imperial Federation's becoming a reality, Mr. Chamberlain,

the fountain from which flowed the tips, was all that is great and wise and good. But the very moment that the Colonial Secretary gave sign of setting seriously about the task of introducing legislation that would bring about that happy state which the orators, while under the influence of their pipes, had described to their spell-bound audiences—lo! the platforms are deserted, and Imperialistic editors chew their pen handles and move their desks a little farther away from that of the cable editor. Yes, Joseph, the man with the coat of many colors, the man that, so lately, had to “shoo” enthusiastic Colonial Imperialists from his door-step, that he might have entrance and exit, is to-day viewed from a distance. The position in which he is left by their heartless desertion is one that must excite any honest man's pity.

Until this unexpected stampede occurred, the Man in The Moon, it may be remembered, had not been one that could—without Mr. Stratton's injunction to Mr. Hammond being employed—be called a Chamberlain enthusiast. No, not exactly. But now that he is in trouble, all true men must rally to his side, that justice may be done. Mr. Chamberlain is in sore need of a friend. His trouble is caused by no fault of his own, but by the treachery of his friends. “A friend in need is a friend indeed;” so here goes:

Canadian Imperialists, we have long been opposed to each other; think not now to come round to the side of the Antis. Opposed we were before; opposed we shall be still. You have turned against Chamberlain; now that you can have Imperialism, you cease your shouting for it, and turn your faces away. But you shall have it; whether you will or will not, a united

Empire shall yet be an accomplished fact! Imperialism must triumph; the country will swiftly run to ruin, otherwise. It is our only salvation. We are threatened from all sides. Cuba has appropriated six hundred millions of dollars to be used in building a fleet that will enable the island to annex us: Spain is preparing for war: Switzerland is adding to her standing army; Chili is warming up; Turkey is devilled by ambition; Haiti is shooting hateful glances in our direction; Greece is preparing for some smooth work. Is it necessary to enumerate further? Surely not!

The necessity for Imperial Federation must be clear to anyone of fair and normally-balanced mind, Mr. Chamberlain is a seer; his late followers are traitors. A British Empire is to be a myth no more. As a poet's dream it shall cease; as a glorious reality it shall stand for all time. Scoff not, you unbelieving, for a sneer is but the criticism of fools. Onlookers and contemplators, stand not idle; idleness in the face of such a glorious opportunity is a crime. Our very existence depends upon our haste. Let there be no delay. Let us put to shame those men that trumpeted the doctrines of Imperialism abroad, and then, when Imperial Federation became possible of realization, forsook the Moses that would lead us to the promised land. (The figure in a foregoing sentence may be more eloquent than elegant, but Mr. Ross's Minto banquet speech reached this office only an hour ago; it is impossible so soon to shake off its influence.)

**T**HERE are several members of the Ontario Legislature who possess the qualities that are essential to the successful politician, but who, unfortunately, have not yet escaped from the influences of youthful idealism.

One of these men is Mr. Joseph Downey, of Guelph. He is a brilliant speaker, an aggressive fighter and a level-headed man of business. His only weakness is his persistent idealism: he has been in the House almost a whole session—and he still believes in the rights of the People! Mr. Downey, this will not do. It is very pretty in literature and in election oratory, but in practical politics—no! The Connec Act may be very unfair, but it pleases the man of means. The robbing of widows and orphans by wealthy loan companies is, we grant you, not in accordance with good morals or religion—but widows and orphans have not the making or breaking of Cabinet Ministers, and wealthy corporations have. Reform, Mr. Downey; there is still time.

Another of these promising men is Mr. Kribs, whose future seems not so hopeful. Mr. Kribs permits his rights of the people ideas to carry him far, very far, beyond the bounds of prudence and even of common sense. His bill to make vaccination optional, in the absurd freedom that it confers upon the public, falls but little short of lunacy. It would offend nine-tenths of the doctors in the province. Think of the fees that the medical profession would loose if such a bill were carried! And, besides, what would be the effect on the public health? Small-pox would be rampant. How can one escape small-pox unless one is vaccinated? How can one escape typhoid unless one makes oneself immune by living for a time in sewers? How can one avoid immorality but by associating with criminals, and so profiting by this awful example? If we desire to bring up a pure and refined daughter, do we not give her at least a six months' course in the slums? How, then, can we ever hope to defy small-pox unless we make our blood so vile with vaccine that any enterprising smallpox germ would look on it as an unpromising and commonplace field, in which the opportunity for creating a sensation is nil?

**Sport.**

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

**LACROSSE.**

LACROSSE, our national game, is one of which all Canadians may justly feel proud. Some nations are famous for their conquering armies, some for their invincible fleets, but we stand or fall by our games, and our Gameys. Enough has been said elsewhere of the latter; I will confine myself to the former.

It is greatly to be desired that every true patriot should not only be acquainted with the fundamental principles, but that, in addition, he should be versed in the intricacies of the finer points of the game.

Lacrosse is played upon a field between two teams of twelve men. Each player is provided with a crooked stick with which to flay his opponents. Incidentally there is a network of gut upon this weapon which enables him, should the occasion arise, to handle a small rubber ball which is used in the game.

The game shall be won by the side which succeeds in disabling the greater number of its opponents. In old times this was not the case: there used to be a foolish rule in force under which the object of the players was to put the ball through the goal of their opponents; but lacrosse, like everything else, has moved forward on the tide of advancing civilization, until at last the ball has become merely an object about which to centre the combat. However, there is still to be found among the most amateurish of amateurs some slight inclination to adhere to this old custom, and it is most humiliating to have to state that even within the last decade, in this the home of lacrosse, games have been played and admission charged in which not a single man has been sufficiently battered to necessitate his retiring from the field. This may fill the hearts of lovers of this noble game with apprehension, but the writer hastens to reassure them. I have seen the first game of the season played on the island oval, and if the standard there established is kept up none need fear for the game.

The game is started by a referee when each player has ranged himself alongside his "Check" (the particular antagonist whom he has chosen to slay.) Immediately upon the sounding of the referee's whistle the fight shall commence and shall continue for twenty minutes, which shall be called a quarter, because, until the end of that time, no quarter shall be given or expected. At the close of the quarter a space of five minutes shall be allowed for repairs. There shall be four quarters of twenty minutes in every match, with five minutes rest at the intervals. On no account shall the progress of the game be interrupted unless to allow the removal of the slain or to enable the referee to refresh himself from a flask which he must carry in his pocket.

There shall be two generals or overseers, one for each team, whose duty it shall be to direct their respective teams in the battle, to urge them on to more vigorous efforts and to instruct them in the use of their weapons. These generals are known as "Field Captains."

To those not versed in the ways of sport this may seem a somewhat strenuous pastime, and it is even so, but behold: its advantages are legion—it hardens a man, heart and hide. In fact, let him choose what calling he will, and if he has played the game in his youth, of a very truth in maturer years shall he reap the fruits of his toil. Should he enter the Church, he will be strong under persecution. Should he follow politics, he will with a cool head outwit his opponents—and probably his allies. It renders him, as I have said, cool and determined, so that he may see the weaknesses of his fellow men and profit thereby. Morgan was a great lacrosse player in his early days.

**Nothing New Under the Sun.**

"Pa, what will the funny men do when they have made all the jokes there are?"  
 "Just what they do now, my son—keep right along making them over again."



**An Inherited Failing.**

Montreal Infant, (as nurse hands him "baby-comfort"):  
 "Not on yer life! You don't play me for no sucker! If you want to 'knock' me off th' booze 'gim'me th' Gold Cure same as the old man."

## Boozey's Competition Poem.

"I have wandered afar amid scenes of delight,"  
That's a mighty good start as I think.  
There's nothing like getting the opening just right.  
I shall capture a prize if I keep up this style  
And I must, for a miss is as good as a mile ;  
Suppose I for luck take a drink.

That's better, I now feel in excellent trim  
After that little trip to the bar  
And a glass of good lager filled up to the brim.  
T'was a thoughtful idea to fill up my flask,  
To nerve myself up for my difficult task—  
To proceed : " I have wandered afar

" Amid"—amid something—" enjoyable scenes,"  
No, no, 'twasn't that, for the metre don't go,  
I had it before and I had just right—  
Oh yes, I remember, 'twas "scenes of delight."  
I guess the Committeeman doesn't know beans  
Who wont give my poem a show.

Line second : " And now to my home I return—  
No—" now I return to my home,"

The other sounds awkward, prosaic and flat,  
" I return to my home—as a  
good rhyme for that  
I of course can ring in the  
word room.

But the third line must rhyme  
with " delight,"

As it must,  
Or I'm bust,  
And I can't think of any that  
might,  
Not quite.  
I feel rather dry  
And perhaps if I  
Took a nip, just a sip, I  
should get it right.

Ah !  
When you are writing poetry  
There's nothing like a drink  
between  
The stanzas when they fail  
to come  
To stimulate your think-  
machine.

I'm a poet,  
They shall know it,  
Now I'll go it—

" I have wandered afar amid  
scenes of delight  
And now I return to my home  
I've thought of Toronto by  
day and by night  
Wherever abroad I did roam  
And now to Toronto return-  
ing once more—

Returning—returning — I'm stuck ;  
This findings of rhymes is a terrible bore—  
Returning—Oh yes, " from an alien shore "

That's all I can think of,  
But just one more drink of  
Old rye will I fancy inspire my muse—  
Let me booze—

Hocpla ! Now by thunder—  
I'm ready—

(Hic) shteady !  
Returning onshe more .

From alien shore—

Hip-hip hooray !

Glad shee old town look sho gay—

'S long time shince been way—

Canada's country for me—

Land 'f brave an' home free—

Don't you shee the Beaver float'n' in the air ?  
Maple Leaf f'rever ! Johnny comes marshin' home !  
Glad shee boyse 'gain. Fellers, put it there !  
Nev' more—foreign shore, all abroad I'll roam.

Take 'nuther drink, boysh ! good Canadian rye.



### The Buy-emese Twins.

Mr. Hays : " This matri-money-ial venture of mine has it's difficulties as well as it's advantages. I didn't even hear them remark, ' This is so sudden,' when I made my subsidy ' proposal,' but while they appeared quite eager to assume my household duties, they insist upon my ' jollyng' them and buying them chocolates separately."

Beaver tree's a blooming. Hlist good ol' flag!  
Shee the stars an'—Maple Leaf shoarin' in sky  
Whash matter, fellers? B'lieve I got a jag.

But even if shuppose I be,  
Can't feller comin' home go on shpree?  
Now guesh better finish up thish rhyme.  
I'sh great—fush rate—red-hot time  
Home 'gain! drunk 'gain! aint that right!  
Whash matter with Toronto? Whoop! Good night—  
Good night—bad night—all shame t' me!  
Whoop'er up—let'er go—big jamboree!

**What's In A Name!!!**

"What's in a name?" A rose of red  
Or white or any other hue,  
Our honoured William Shakespeare said  
"Would smell as sweet"—perhaps 'tis  
true—  
"By any other name," but then  
You'll find this logic does not hold  
When 'tis applied to maids and men.  
'Twas this I learned when I made bold  
To call a fellow-man a liar;  
For then my friend, alas! alack!  
He turned on me in frightful ire  
And smote me flat upon my back.  
And once I also rashly dared  
To call an ancient dame a "cat";  
She was too close and overheard,  
Now there's a bald spot 'neath my hat.  
So, my dear pal, if you are sane,  
Be warned by me right hear and now,  
'Mid many things wrapped in a name  
Are prospects for a proper row.

— PETER JOHNSON.

**The Baffled Philosopher.**

The Philosopher had solved and clearly explained ninety-nine difficult problems in human life and experience.

Then this was submitted: "How does it come that any day in the year a \$12-a-week young newspaper reporter can sit down and blithely, cheerily and unenvyingly write up an interview with a \$20,000-a-season young horse-jockey?"

The Philosopher, alas, failed to score his century.

**A Clear Give-away.**

"But how did they first suspect she was a woman disguised as a man?"

"Well, the clue came from her boarding-house. You see the landlady discovered that she had changed her suit on Sunday without emptying the pants pockets of the week-day clothes."

**Two Sides of a Profound Argument.**

First News-boy critic: "De plain joke-item does me! Don't want no blooming pictur mixed wid my favorite skits—see? De artist is jest a supe. If it wa'n't fer de funny-man where'd his job be?"

Second News-boy critic: "Dat's where yer off de base. Skinny! Ask me where de public'd be if it wasn't fer de guy dat does the pictur racket! Why, de public wouldn't be doin' a ting but readin' last season's joke-items yet, an' wonderin' wot dey mean! Say, it's you dat ain't on de line, Limpy!"

—TALBOT WARREN TORRANCE.

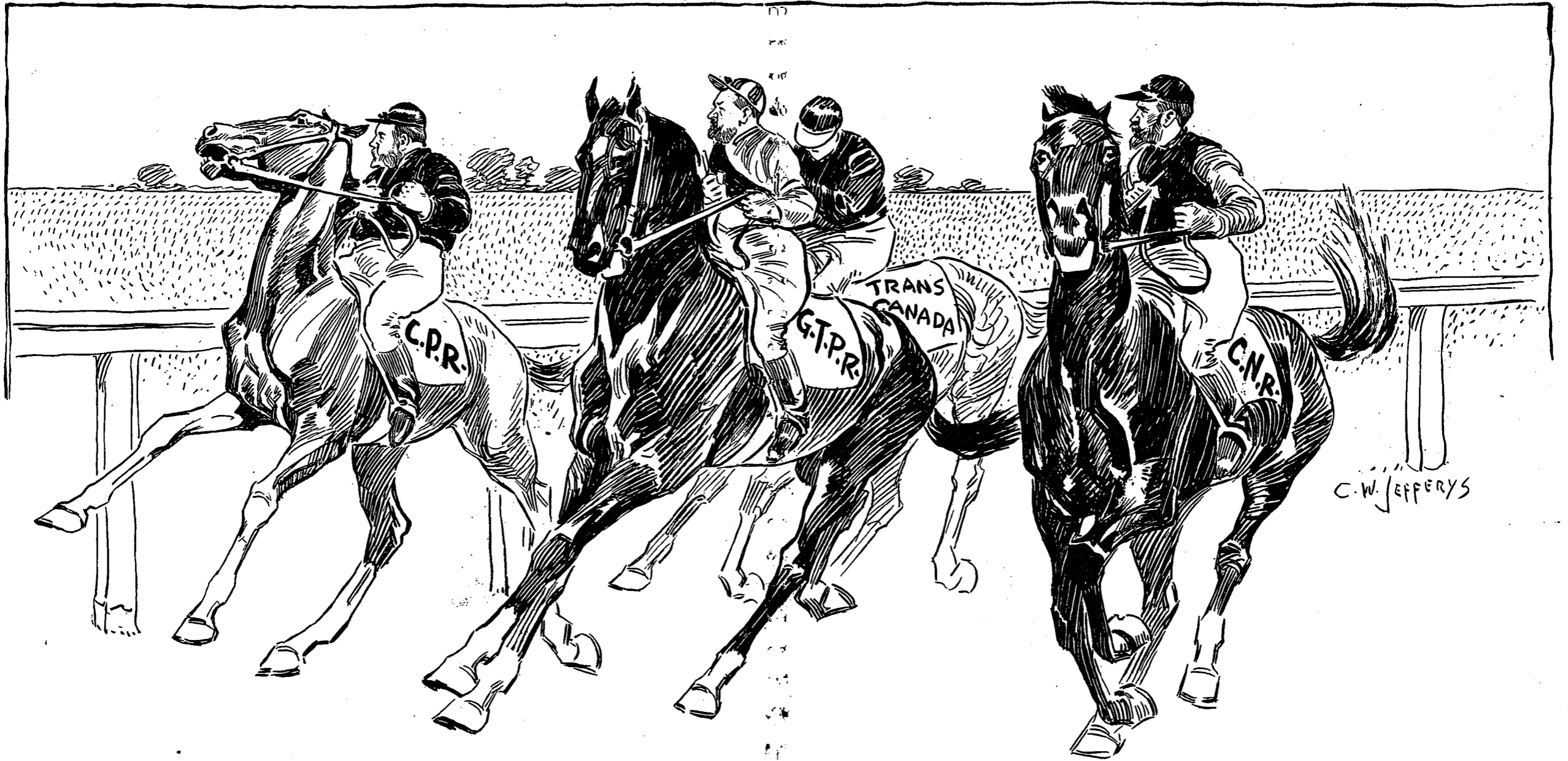


**An Irresistible Inducement.**

Maud: "However did Jack Skinflint come to join the church?"  
Ethel: "Well, the revivalist told him that he could have salvation free, and he never loses a chance to take anything he can get for nothing."

**For Future Consumption.**

"Old Sniplin poor? Why, my dear fellow, he's got money to burn!"  
"Ah, then, that easily accounts for his intense parsimoniousness!"  
"How so?"  
"He wants to take it all with him."



**The Race for the Pacific Stakes.**

Jockeying for the Rail.





"No, gentle reader, this is not one of our Doukhobor fellow-citizens, neither is it a Salvation Army captain, 'tis but a military man in up-to-date uniform.

### Twice-Told Tales.

#### THE HARP AND PESAL-TREE SERMON.

**J.** B. GOUGH, the Temperance lecturer, owed much of his success to his apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdote. Nearly every point he made was illustrated by a story, humorous or pathetic as the case might be. In all his varied repertoire there were few to equal the "Harp and Pesal-tree" story, which never failed to draw roars of laughter from his audience. It is long since out of print, if it ever was in print, which is doubtful, and will be new to the great majority of present day readers. The narrative runneth thus :

A Hard-shell Baptist minister, of the old school, was one day holding forth as to the superfluity of a college education as a qualification for the ministry. He insisted that if a preacher had a genuine "call" to the work he ought to be able to open his Bible at random—pick out the first text which met his eye and preach extempore upon it, without any sort of preparation.

"Now for instance, brethren and sistern," he went on to say, "I, ez you all know, I hain't got no college education nor nothin'—glory be to God! Don't want none! I jest preach accordin' to the inspiration uv the moment, same ez the 'postles done. I jest take up the sacred volume (suiting the action to the word) open her any place and take the fust text I strike.—'We praise thee with harp an'—scuse me, brethren, the print ain't very good, 'p, s, a, l, t, e, r, y—pesal tree, 'We praise thee with harp and pesal tree.' That's a glorious text my brethren—a most beautiful an' inspirin' text. We praise thee with harp an' pesal-tree,—hallelujy! Think uv the consolation this text hes brung to thousands of sorrowin' hearts. Think uv the sick an' the dyin' wich it has soothed an' supported—ah—ah. 'We praise thee with harp and pesal-tree.' Ah, there hes been much discussion an' controversy over the meanin' uv this text, mybrethren, an' the churches has been all tore up over it an' martyrs hev been burned at the stake on account uv it. Hallelujy!

Now mebbe thars lots uv yer book-larned preachers and yer college-bred men that if they wuz axed to give what they call a diagnosis nv this text couldn't explain it 'cause they don't know nothin' about it—ah. 'We praise thee with harp an' pesal-tree.' But we wich hez a genuine call an' is strong in the faith—the good ol' hard-shell Baptist religion—we kin explain it without no trouble at all. You mout ax any uv them college puffers what a pesal-tree was an' they couldn't tell ye—not one uv them. Well, my brethren, the pesal-tree was a tree that growed numerously around Jerusalem an' the neighborin' townships—a beautiful an' elegant tree, my brethren, whose fruit waz ez apples of gold in pictures of silver an' whose top did reach unto Heaven an' the fowls uv the air did roost in the branches thereof, so the darkeys couldn't git 'em. An' it so happened that ther was one uv these here pesal-trees a-growin' in the door-yard uv King David's royal palace, with its branches right agin the fourth-story winders. An' one fine summer mornin' when all Nature was gay an' rejoicin' in the gladsome sunlight, King David arose refreshed from slumber an' he took his harp uv a thousan' strings—speerits uv just men made perfect—an' he clumb outen the winder an' onto a limb of the pesal-tree, an' then an' thar settin' a-straddle uv the limb he lifted up his voice in an' anthem uv rejoicin' an' thankfulness, 'We praise thee with harp an' pesal-tree.' Selah."

### A Page From My Catlog.

BY THOMAS CAT.

(An extract covering the eventful morning of June 1st, 1903.)

5 O'clock a.m.

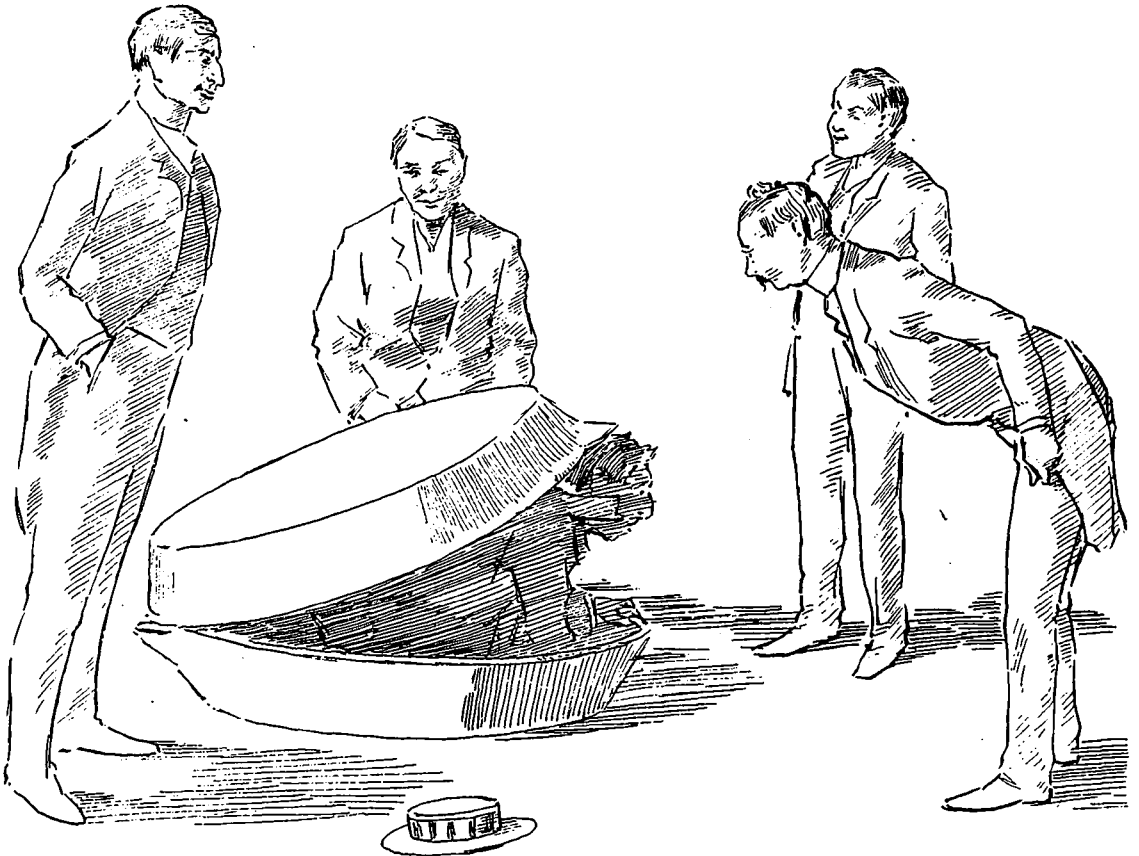
**W**AKENED by Milk-man's dog; took to tall timbers. Feel pretty rocky—out all night—devil of a time. Air in tree fresh and bracing—gives a fellow an appetite. Smell something fresh. Thought so!—young robins—three! Delicious! Feel much better now.

6 O'clock.

Fooled with milk-bottle half an hour. Paper plug stupid thing. Milk smells sour—think I'll let it go—two-thirds water, anyway.

6.30 O'clock.

Heard Mary coming. Got ready, and made rush. Met that fool Pug—soaked him one—rough house—Mary screamed and



The Man between the Bath Tubs: "Hush, boys—hic!—don't disturb—hic!—me. Can't you see—hic!—that I'm a bloomin—hic!—oyster?"

stepped on my anti-climax. Got rattled—made escape, and took to drawing-room curtains. Extremity very sore—fear appendicitis. Pug down in window-seat, giving me the laugh. Just wait till I get back my nerve—I'll put Mr. Pug out of business.

6.45 O'clock.

Pug gone to sleep. Big, fat beggar! Snores like a blooming pig. Position on curtain pole cramped. Think I'll descend, and make toilet.

7 O'clock.

Ah! Had delightful wash. Gad! How my hair is going! Coming out in chunks! Too late hours—too swift a pace—must cut it out.

7.10 O'clock.

Toes itched—feels like rain. Scratched a little varnish off piano leg. Feel better now. Guess it's time for a nap.

7.15 O'clock.

By Jove! Struck a great snap. Found band-box in Mistress' dressing-room—cover loose—pulled it off—fine, fluffy,

chiffon hat inside—ideal spot for a snooze. Oh, say, this is too easy—it's a dream—a tin-can cinch!

8.30 O'clock.

Je-e-e-rusalem! What a start! Thought a whole kennel had me. Only Mistress, shaking blazes out of me—on her ear about her new hat—between shakes, asked me how I ever got into the band-box. Tried to jolly her—told her I *feline*—no go; she didn't tumble. Of course that darned Pug had to scramble up-stairs to see what the row was about. Used Pug as excuse to get back at Old Lady—very much scared (nit)—ran up her arm—sunk claws in at every step, and "fit, fit, fitted" in her ear. Mistress got hysterics—knocked a serenade silly. Pug nearly choked—thought he'd have apoplexy. Old man came in in his pyjamas—room blue—atmosphere thick—kicked stuffing out of Pug—sprained toe—room purple—air suffocating—pew! Stars and fireworks! Ripped his arm before he shook me loose, out of window.

9 O'clock.

Just came too. Head in awful state. Deuce of a drop that! Badly shaken up! Another life gone! That makes five! Only four left! I'll be broke if this falling market continues!

## Portraits by Moonlight.



HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD MINTO.

### Brief Biographies No. XXXVIII.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

**T**HE RIGHT HONORABLE GILBERT JOHN, EARL OF MINTO, is the fourth Earl of Minto only because his father was the third Earl. I wish this to be clearly understood, for his lordship is not in any sense to be blamed; he could not help it, whether he Minto or not. He made his first appearance in London in 1845—with this fact before you, you might easily expect to find him a giddy young thing still. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; in spite of which training, he entered the army, by way of the Scots Guards, in 1867. With nothing in his favor but his splendid ability, and despite the disadvantages of his humble origin, he rose in rapid succession to the ranks of Captain, Colonel, and Brigadier-General. In 1871 he made a flying trip to Paris, a town in France—and, lo! the Communist rising was crushed. In 1874 he undertook the arduous task of acting as war correspondent for the London *Morning Post* in the Car-

list army in Spain. Anyone not posted on the *Morning Post* will not readily appreciate this display of heroism on the part of Lord Minto. For the benefit, then, of such uninformed persons, permit me to explain that his lordship's duties were to describe, in detail—quite as accurately as if he were one of the paper's London reporters—the costumes, food, and recreations of the troops of friend and foe. To be sure, he was treated with all the respect and delicacy to which his office entitled him—a *Morning Post* correspondent must always be treated as a lady; but even granting this, the employment was one that few men would care to accept. In 1877 he bombarded Nikopolis and crossed the Danube. In 1879 he was on the staff of Lord Roberts in the Afghan campaign. In 1881 he filled the office of private secretary to Lord Roberts, while that unfortunate officer was chasing himself around South Africa, looking for trouble, which he did not succeed in finding. In 1882, I learn from the invaluable Morgan, his lordship descended to the humble position of Captain of Mounted Infantry, in which capacity he served in the Egyptian campaign of that year. There is no record of his being in command of the Condor, at the bombardment of Alexandria; nevertheless, the place was taken. He was wounded at Magfar, and, consequently, was mentioned in despatches, and was thanked by the Commanding Officer, on his withdrawing from the front to take command of the mounted infantry at Cairo.

Lord Minto's first appearance in Canada took place in 1883. For this, as for much else that has occurred in the life of the noble earl, his lordship cannot be held responsible. The blame rests with Lord Lansdowne, by whom the Right Honorable Gilbert John was imported, that he might act in the capacity of Military Secretary to the Governor General. It took the news of his lordship's arrival two years to reach the banks of the Saskatchewan, but when it did strike that distant shore there was the dickens to pay—Louis Riel rose in rebellion, and a large part of the North-West was devastated before peaceful tribute would be paid. The warlike Louis would have been fighting yet, but for the fact that General Middleton, with a foresight surprising in a British officer, induced Gilbert John to accompany him on his tour of subjection.

In 1886 John (I call him John that I may have a scoop, for the editors of the social columns have not yet thought of calling him the Rt. Hon. Jack) left us for a while, and, lo! bad times and bubble booms fell heavily upon the land. And then, at last, we got him back again—this time in the full-fledged glory of a viceroy of a King! O fortunate country, O happy people, ours! By Predestination he was Minto, by Providence he was sent to, rule us! O sinners that we are, what have we done to merit this! But let us cease to wonder. "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your biology." How true those words of Hamlet's; Ah, yes, true, true!

But let us not weep; rather let us, in concluding, return to lighter thoughts. Where was I? Ah, yes—Lord Minto. John is still with us—dear old John!—and will be with us for another year. Why should we look into the future, why contemplate his departure! Let us rather romp, tumble and sport with him while we may, for all too soon the time comes in the lives of nations, as in the lives of men, when we must put away childish things, when we must turn to the hum-drum seriousness of life.

**Not Chief of Sinners,  
By Any Means.**

"Nellie," said the mother gravely to the four year old tot who had been guilty of some act of insubordination, and was repentant, "I cannot forgive you until you have knelt down and asked God's forgiveness for being a naughty girl. Now go up to your bed and do so!"

The child obeyed.

"I've done it, mamma!" she exclaimed on returning, her face all aglow.

"That's a darling!"

"And do you know what God said, Mamma?"

"What did he say, dear?"

"He just said: 'Great Scott, Nellie, dere's lots of wuzzer girls dan you in de world!'"



**A Sure Sign.**

Fond Mother: "How was dear son George's first lecture received? What does he say? Did he have a large audience?"

Cynical Father: "Huh! I guess not. This press clipping he sends says he had 'a distinguished and appreciative' one."

**Patsey the Proprietor.**

Tax-collector: "And that dog I heard barking as I came along isn't yours, you'll swear?"

Mrs. Crogan: "Shure, I will that!"

"And it doesn't belong to anybody in the house?"

"Troth it doesn't!"

"I'll have to take your word for it, I suppose. But, probably the neighbors will tell me the facts. Good day."

"Faith its a hape av information he'll get from me frinds, the Rafferty's. What a blissin I sint Patsey' to the grocery just afore the thafe av the wurld kim to the house! I do be saved doin' pinance for a downright lie!"

And Mrs. Crogan went back to the wash tub.

**Schoolroom Humour.**

(Teacher to class) "Now children remember that General Brock was killed at the Battle of Queenston Heights in 1812."

(Small boy enthusiastically) "They didn't get his monument anyhow, for I saw it the last time I was there."

**The Reporter was a Trifle Late.**

"Here," said the Celestial Superintendent of Waterworks to the Dove from the Ark, "take this green cutting back to the sender of the collect message of enquiry and tell him to wear it in his button-hole as token of the kind of newspaper man he is. Why, my dear bird, the break in the main was repaired several days ago. What a first-class, glazier-action journal you must be on, to be sure!"

And the Superintendent flapped his wings and uttered a harsh, discordant laugh.

**Has it ever occurred to you**

That "to make a long story short," a blue pencil is about the right thing?

That the crank "stands to reason"?

That, "to make it clear," you shy your boot-jack at the midnight cat.

That the wicket keeper's muffs remind you "by-the-bye"?

That, "to come to the point," you'd better use a pencil-sharpener?

That "the conclusion to be drawn" is sometimes difficult without the explanatory reading matter of the cartoon?

That in conversation with certain persons "between you and me" isn't far enough?

That the d aulting cashier usually "goes without saying"?

That "it is understood" when, in truth, the writer only wants it to be so?

**Simia Sensations**

"Can this be love—this racking pain  
That tears the regions of my heart?"

Thus sighed the moody, city swain,  
While taking breakfast a la carte.

"Ah, no, it cannot be," said he,  
"For I'm heart whole and fancy free.  
I have it now! Yes, by the rood,  
It is that pre-digested food!"

# CANADIANS SHOULD READ THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1903.

**Current Comments.**

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**His Choice.**

She: "Are you fond of tea?"  
He: "Yes; but I like the next letter better."

**A Snap.**

"I've got a better job than you, Smyth."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, two of our firm have died within three weeks."

**Absurd.**

Rollingstone Nomoss: "Here's a piece in de paper wot says de great trouble wid de American people is dat dey eat too much."

Hungry Hawkins: "Hully gee! An' people gits paid fer writin' t'ings like dat!"

**Reason Clear.**

"Wife: "I wonder why the birds never come around any more? I used to feed them bits of my sponge-cake on the window-sill."

Husband: "That accounts for it. They are either dead or disabled."

**Very Likley.**

Professor: "Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on getting into his bath; why had the principle never before occurred to him?"

Smart Student: "Probably this was the first time he ever took a bath."

**The Difference.**

Assistant: "There is a woman in your studio who wishes to know what is the price of your last picture."

Artist: "Tell her a hundred dollars."

Assistant: "And she says she is a connoisseur."

Artist: "Well, tell her a thousand."

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**Thoughtful Papa.**

THE watchful father comes upon his daughter and her lover as they are about to elope in an automobile.

"One moment, my children," he says.

Startled, they look guiltily at him.

"Let me suggest," he remarks with a bland smile, "that you elope by the aid of two horses and a carriage, and I will pursue you in the auto. The horses, you know, are sure not to break down."

Kissing her father, and blessing him for the good, thoughtful, generous papa he is, the girl bids him farewell, and soon the old gentleman is hiring a farmer to haul the played-out automobile back to town, while an expression of rare satisfaction beams from his visage.

Spotter on street car: How's this, Patrick, you have only 13 fares rung up and there are 14 passengers on the car?

Patrick (Recently landed): Is that so? Well, one of thim's got to git off!

Lend me fifty dollars, Arthur, will you?

No, I won't.

Why not?

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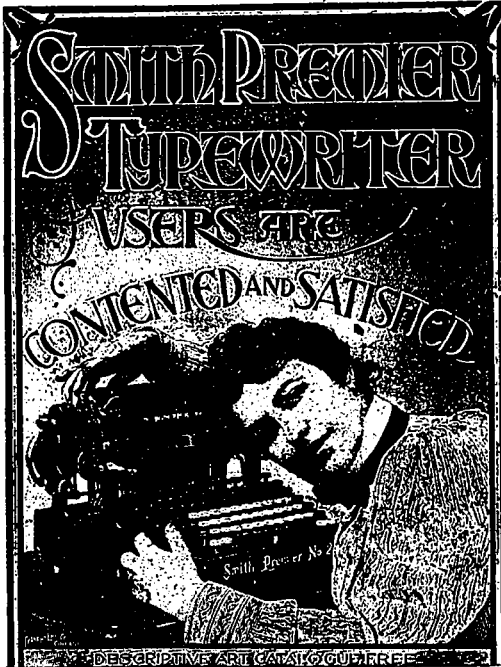
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