

Price 5 Cents

Jim Pliny Whitney—"Sunny Jim,"
 Who lately danced with such a vim,
 Has lost some ridings, which, of course,
 Means that he now has much less force;
 His smile is gone, no more he jumps,
 He's now Jim Pliny Whituey Dumps.

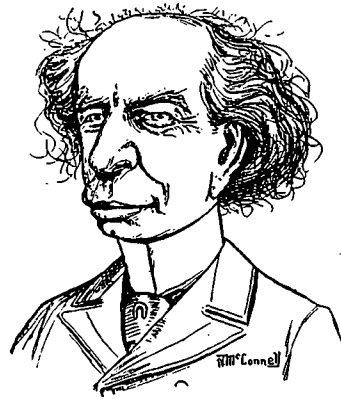
\$2 Per Annum.

Current History in Caricature

MR. W. T. STEAD

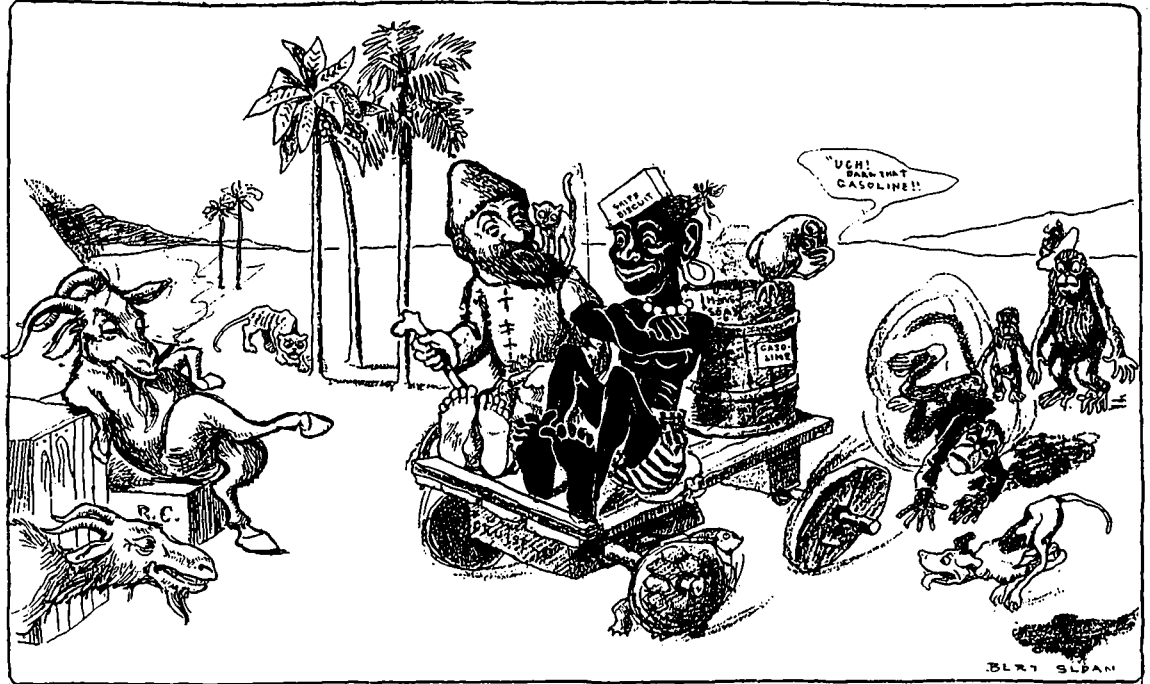
In the *Review of Reviews* (English) for October, under the above heading, reproduces five cartoons from *THE MOON*, and has this to say : * * * * *

I AM delighted to introduce my readers to some of the cartoons this month from the *Moon*, a comic weekly published in Toronto, in whose artist (Mr. C. W. Jefferys) we welcome a valuable addition to those who with pen and pencil illustrate the contemporary history of mankind. The first of the *Moon* cartoons calls attention to a grievance of which the British publishers have good reason to complain. It is to be hoped Mr. Austin Chamberlain will bring a fresh mind to bear upon the great question of according to periodicals the same postal



Two of the Cartoons referred to.

advantages which are enjoyed by the heaviest of circulars and advertising sheets which appear under the semblance of trade organs. The *American Review of Reviews* can go anywhere by post in the American continent for about one-fifth the price that the British *Review of Reviews* has to pay if it is sent by post from London to the Dominion of Canada. The natural result follows : the publications of the United States simply monopolize the Canadian market. Here is another of the cartoons from Mr. Jefferys' pencil, which gives an entirely new and Canadian impression of our Jingo Colonial Secretary. Mr. Jefferys is not the only artist on the *Moon*. He has a colleague in Mr. N. McConnell, whose caricature of Sir Wilfred Laurier would seem to indicate considerable skill in exaggerating the salient feature of his victim."



Crusoe : " Mr. Gorilla is an old friend of mine."
Friday : " Deed sah, dat's de fourth old friend you've run accross to-day."

Resquiescat in Pace.

And Iurrie's gone.

A humble printer,
Who sang of summer,
Flowers and winter.
His meed of praise—
Just call him "Scot."
His hope, to raise
Man's fallen lot.
Modest his mien,
No fawner he ;
Not to be seen,
Nor yet to see ;
Only to live
An honest life,
His best to give
For bairns anil wife.
At duty's nod
His head he bent.
He worshiped God—
The one he "ken't."
Softly ye gentles,
Draw down the sheet,
Flowers on his temples,
Wings on his feet.

Flaggie Wi' the Lichtsome E'e.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Maggie wi' the lichtsome e'e,
Oh, she gaed blithely doon the brae,
She didna gie her loof tae me,
An' oh ! my heart is sair an' wae.

Vest're'en I gaed a waefu' gate
An' tak three gills o'usquebaugh,
Ma conscience ! but I wasna blate,
I gart auld Donald pay for a'.

Auld Donald is o' Hie'and bluid,
An' aiblins he has twa three kye,
Hech mon ! The world is name too guid,
Wha kens hoo he has come thereby ?

Maggie wi' the lichtsme e'e,
To kirk wi' me she winna gang,
An' aye the word she spak tae me
Was " Hech, the noo I'm unco thrang."

I haena gotten gowd nor gear,
The mavis lilt aboon the heath,
It disna tak sae muckle lear
To ken he couldna lilt beneath,

The mavis lilt as I hae said
Aboon the heath baith loud an' lang,
For ilka bardie I hae read
Aye pits a mavis in his sang.

Maggie wears a kirtle braw
Wi siller buckles in her shoon,
She tint her gate among the snaw
Wi'in a mile o' Embro toon.

I speired he ance—I speired her twice,
As in the gloaming she cam ben,
Her mither said, " Take my advice,
An' dinna fash wi feckless men."

Auld Donald is a drouthy chiel,
His usquebaugh is guid tae pree,
Sae gin he were the muckle de'il,
I'd taste wi' him the bairley bree.

Maggie wi the lichtsome e'e,
Waes me her tocher is but sma'
But, oh, my luve can never dec,
For I hae nae bawbees ava !

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

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

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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.

IT will be interesting, no doubt, to the people of Canada to learn that we are encouraging a piece of snobbery that has not even the stamp of European approval. Of course, any form that wears the English hall mark must not only be tolerated, but supported. The snobbery to which THE MOON wishes to refer in particular is that which Lady Aberdeen introduced to Canada when she assumed the title, "Her Excellency." Before Lady Aberdeen, the wife of no Governor-General had so dubbed herself—but, of course, Lady Aberdeen is a person of some weight; and so she could not be guided by the customs of her predecessors.

At the time of the assumption of the foolish title, quite a little flutter of giggling went the rounds of the tea-tables. This giggling was not meant to be derisive, you must understand—oh, no! the giggle means nothing; it is caused by a purely mechanical process, *i.e.*, the vibrations of the brain, which, becoming withered, falls into the throat, and behaves much in the same manner as does a loose cork in the neck of a bottle. All that is needed to persuade the newspapers to take up a cry is one of these tea-table giggles. The press at once fell down and worshipped "Her Excellency"—and Canada had made a gain of one step on the ladder of respectability; for the majority of us reason that if we stand firmly when supported by our feet only, how much stronger will be our position if we place our heads between our feet—thus increasing our base—in fact, by standing in this position we become largely *base*.

When Lady Aberdeen had once become excellent, no one thought of referring to her successor, Lady Minto, as to one less excellent: In this way we have managed to obtain two imported "Excellencies" for the price of one! Think of that as a stroke of good fortune!

There are some saving citizens of our country that object to our paying fifty thousand dollars a year for even a most excellent Governor-General. Others there

are that insist that we should have a brand new one every year, at the price.

The Man in THE MOON is unfortunate enough to know one person that is so bold as to say that no Governor-General is more valuable to Canada than is a stuffed hen to a museum. Rank heresy! What we should have is a King! We could easily import one from England, one that would not in the least endanger our British connections. They have, over there, princes to burn, so why not make use of them? Will some mathematician please calculate what a King would cost us, when a Governor-General costs fifty thousand dollars a year?

In the solving of the above problem it must be remembered that there is a possibility that the wives of future Governors-General may not wish to assume the "Excellent" degree unless an extra fee be allowed. This might set a dangerous precedent, and so induce the wife of our proposed King to demand a consideration also.

IN an interview with the daily press, Prof. Goldwin Smith admits that he, in a moment of thoughtlessness, made the rash promise that Cornell University should have his brain when he has finished with it.

Some men leave directions in their wills that busts and monuments shall be erected, that their names and features be not lost to future generations. This practise has become conventional. Goldwin Smith, always *different*, will leave directions that his intellectual machinery shall be preserved for the satisfying of the curiosity of the morbidly curious.

Surely Prof. Smith cannot fear that his works will be so short-lived that it is necessary to assure himself, in this questionable way, of his name's surviving.

To the Man in THE MOON it seems that it would be quite as pleasing to the public if Prof. Smith were to leave instructions that his body be preserved in alcohol and placed in some museum for the amusement of persons that have become blasé.

Prof. Smith has earned some reputation as a person of taste. Such a reputation seems to have become irksome to him. The desire to be *odd* amounts almost to a passion.

THE Man in THE MOON wishes to express his sympathy for Mr. Sifton in the hour of his bitter disappointment. When one takes into consideration the trouble and expense (of scheming) that the Minister of the Interior went to, before he succeeded in landing the Doukhobors in Canada, one must, if he have a heart, sympathize with Mr. Sifton. Think of the number of votes that he expected to get out of these harmless simpletons, and then see how their very idiocy has dashed to earth his fondest hopes.

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



Jiggerson's Tip.

Mrs. Jiggerson: "What makes you think the Welsh rarebit will disagree with you, Henry?"

Mr. Jiggerson (gloomily): "I have inside information, my dear."

EDITOR OF THE MOON.

Kingston, Nov. 17th, 1902.

Dear Sir: I see by the *War Cry* that they have got Old Man Stewart fer counterfittin, an I suppose he'll soon be here wich I expect soon not to be.

Its a leattle hard to git the noos here, witch I think is rong, as it makes it hard to keep up with the times. Ye see I was sent down fer thee same job as heel be, which makes me intrestd, so I rite to say if you feel like incurridgin onest industry ime yer man. I ken turn out as purty bills as ye ever seen, en silver to. We oncest hed a little plant arunnen here, an done very well fer a time till one ev the screws got so alfred greddy that he wanted to pay all his bills with the stuff en he got turned up. Its allus that away wen ye take er fule inter yer conferens. But ime adriftin from my subjeck. Wat I want to no is, hows the chances fer bisness in toronto? ive ben hear so long now that ive lost trak ev my best pals, an as THE MOON is allus brite an up ter date I thot ye mite like to git inter the bizness. I tell yer wat thers nothin pays like it if yer only keerful. The hul thing is not to git guv up, an that yer don't need to be if yer do the bisness yerself. Thats a good skeam of Stewart's to lithigraft em, an if yeve got the rite kind of pals, I ken do the rest. Ye see if they are turned out in a reglar jam up offis like THE MOON, nobody wont suspect. Its these leattle one hoss consarns thats allus suspishioned.

Ive hed ofers mailed me from sum of the forrardest perlitikel papers in Canada to do the job with them, an ive even had hie government men intervoo me *re* the matter, but I woodnt tutch em with a ten fut pole, Cos why. Enythinck in the government or politicks is got so rotten that no respectible man cant afford to be indentifide with em. Jest think ov a government givin the banks a sinch on the money bisness. Our money'll be jest es good es theres—thats perviden ye come in—es long es its not noan. The buty of this bisness is that ye dont never need to hurt nobody by it, thats perviden ye turn out a good artickle as weer sure to do. Ye see it jest passés around from one to another an keeps peeples from gittin inter det an misery, and a good artickle never gits turned up till sombody gits it wat gits scart—an that kind we wont deal with—or till the banks want to swamp some feller fer trien ter stay outen sum of the combines. Wen he dont swamp es soon es they think he had orter, they no hees gettin muny outside them, and they git jellus, an hev im arristed. Ef hees onto his job he ken git off, cos theres allus a way of dealin with the coarts if yer willin to do the squar thing by the officels, and if he comes here its better than trien to fight the trusts. They no jest as well as we do that the banks aint hurt by the ishue of good counterfit money, cos there bills is only a promis to pay, an ours is the same. As long as they only hev to promise its all rite, an if it cums te puttin up the gold, weer just about es likely to put it up es they are. If it comes to a shodown with the banks, they cant show no more asets to the squar inch than old man Stewart baked by his onest son-in-law. They go inter lickificashen an it licks me that all the peeples they ruin dont hang em.

Now Mister editor, if ye think faverable on my vues on the mony question, you can let me no by sendin me a copy of THE MOON, in care of Holy Joe—thats the prodesten chaplin here. Better not adres it to the pen, cos it woodnt do to let evryone no you was communicatin with me, so send it to portsmouth, and drop Mister Cartrite a letter an ast him how yer brother Hank is, an that ye hope he is progressin spiritooly, an i'll no by that yer faverable. If yer havent got the nerv yerself, ye mite tell me of someone wat has, and Ill see im when I get out.

Allus send THE MOON reglar after this, we like it better than the *War Cry*, an its the only perlitickle paper wat we can trust te tell the truth.

Yours fer the mum,

HANK.

A Guilty Conscience.

Thomson: "I am afraid Lusher² is going to break loose again. I saw him going home with a bottle of whiskey last night."

Simpson: "Why, I saw him going home and all he had was an innocent looking box."

Thomson: "Ah, but didn't you notice that every now and then he involuntarily hid it under his coat?"

Henderson: "Money makes the mare go."

Johnes: "Yes, and automobiles make the money go."



These "Trusts" (monopoles, in fact)
 Must starve the needy;
 They from the poor life's blood exact
 With death not speedy.
 Bread, iron, coal and such they seize,
 For who dare cow them?
 And they'll keep up the price of these—
 And other matters if they please,
 While YOU allow them!

The Ontario Cabinet Council.

ROSS: "Well, gentlemen, I am glad to see that you are all present. We have a most important matter to consider. Allow me to present to you Judge Ult and Mr. Egan, representatives of a syndicate of Chicago millionaires, who want to purchase 2,000,000 acres of land in New Ontario. You have probably met them before."

Judge Ult: "I think I've met all you gentlemen. Fact is this deal's been hanging fire for some time, and now we either want to put her through or drop it. We mean business. We've got the stuff, and we'll undertake to boom the country on the other side and rush in settlers. We pay you the regular rate of fifty cents per acre. What we make out of the settler is our business—you understand?"

Stratton: "Oh yes, we understand! You'll charge them about \$3.00 an acre."

Egan: "Well, we aint exactly into this thing for our health, you know. What does it matter to you what we make so long's you get the settlers?"

Davis: "Just so! But the fact remains that you are going to make a very good thing out of it, and to help

you do that we shall have to incur considerable odium and run some risks. Our policy, as I've frequently told you, has hitherto been 'the land for the settler.' What will the public say if we allow a group of middlemen to step in and tax him five or six times the regular price?"

Gibson: "Yes, why should we deviate from our policy to put a million or more in your pockets? There should be—ahem—reciprocity in these matters as it were."

Ult: "Now, gentlemen, let's talk straight business. You've been giving us the put-off for about a year instead of coming to the point. Of course, in a big deal like this there's got to be something for the boy—you've got to have a little rake off. Now, how much do you want?"

Ross: "You seem to appreciate the situation. There are some bye-elections shortly to be held, and it will require a great deal of money to carry them. If we lose office, of course this transaction may fall through. Now if we come to an agreement on the terms you indicate, how much are you willing to

put up to help us?"

(Ult and Egan confer apart.)

Egan: "Well, how would a hundred thousand catch you?"

Gibson: "Pooh, pooh! That's ridiculous! Do you realize, gentlemen, what a bargain you're getting, and the danger we run in giving it to you? It will give the Opposition a big handle against us."

Egan: "Well how much do you think you ought to get?"

Stratton: "To put it straight, we want to be in on the ground floor?"

Ult: "How d'ye mean, Stratton?"

Stratton: "You know well enough, Judge, there are wheels within wheels. As soon as this deal goes through your syndicate will unload on a big company, and clear at least a million dollars on the transaction."

Egan: "Oh, that's an extravagant estimate."

Gibson: "Not at all. It'll seem cheap at that to your people."

Ult: "Then your proposition is—"

Ross: "That some man representing our interests should be taken into your syndicate, and get one-half of the advance at which you sell to the company."

Ult: "But how do you know that we shall sell to a company?"

Gibson (smiling): "Gentlemen, this is a business administration. There are enough of us here connected with corporations to know how these things are done. It would be against all business principles to give ordinary stockholders the benefit of such a deal as we are making with you."

Ult: "But be a little reasonable. You're asking too much. Why, you want one-half the rake-off. (Aside) Great heavens above, and we thought these Canucks were easy!"

Egan: "It don't go!"

Ross: "You lose sight of political considerations. It's not as if we were asking this money for ourselves. We shall have hard work to reconcile our followers to the transaction. We shall have to make things right with the press. Some of our supporters in the House may have to be conciliated. The people are already indignant at the hold corporations and monopolies have got on the country. One way and another it'll take every cent to buy our way back to office."

Ult (aside): "And these are the people that put on airs and talk of the corruption of American politics."

Gibson: "Well, what do you say, gentlemen?"

Ult: "We can't give you a clear half—simply can't do it. There ain't enough into it. You see we have promotion expenses, and the press to fix, and all the rest of it. Say a clear two hundred thousand cash, and I guess we might conclude the deal. But its got to go through before we put up the stuff."

Ross: "And supposing some of the bye-elections come on in the meantime?"

Egan: "That's your look-out. Supposing we put up and you get left at the polls, where do we come in?"

Stratton: "Oh, there's no danger of that! Horse races an' politics are two things that are mighty uncertain. We ain't buyin' any gold bricks."

Ross (hotly): "Do you intend any reflection on our good faith, sir?"

Ult: "Not at all, not at all, sir; but if the people give you the throw down we lose our good money all the same."

Ross: "I think that we have now got fairly to understand each other. I don't see that we can go much further to-day. We will consider your proposal as modified by your latest offer, and if we can agree satisfactorily on

details, I've no doubt we can close the transaction in a week or so. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

Small Boy and Paw on Elections.

"PAW, what are elections?"

"They are votes cast for members to represent us in Parliament?"

"What do they do in Parliament?"

"Oh! I don't know, lots of things."

"What things, paw? Do they have a good time?"

"They make laws to define other laws that were made before."

"An' do they make other laws to fix the last up?"

"Yes."

"Then the job will always last, will it, paw?"

"Ye-e-es—I suppose it will."

"Who pays them, paw, for their work?"

"Oh, they pay themselves, but you are too young to understand these things."

"At's why I'm askin', paw; what do they pay themselves wif?"

"Oh, they draw their money out of the Treasury."

"An' is there lots of money in the Treasury?"

"Sometimes."

"Oh say, paw, wouldn't it be nice to be an election fellow and get in the Treasury and take heaps of money? If I was one of them fellows I'd take all they was. I wouldn't leave none for nobody."

"That wouldn't be right, and it would get you into trouble, you should always leave some for the other fellows so that they wouldn't tell on you."

"Oh yes, that would be nice; but say, paw, is there elections now?"

"The elections are over; there are only a few bye-elections to come off soon."

"What is buy-elections? Who buys them?"

"They are just a few that, for some reasons you cannot understand, have to come off later than the general elections."

"An' do they buy anything?"

"Oh, sometimes they might buy a few votes so that wicked and corrupt men might be kept out of Parliament."

"Who are the wicked men, paw?"

"You see, my son, there are two parties: the Government and their supporters, and the Opposition. The two parties are nearly the same in number, and which ever side wins most of the bye-elections will be the Government, and the others will be wicked and corrupt, or the people would have voted for them."

"Oh yes, I know now, but which side will get most of the elections?"

"The side with the most money."

"Then it's wicked not to have lots of money, paw?"

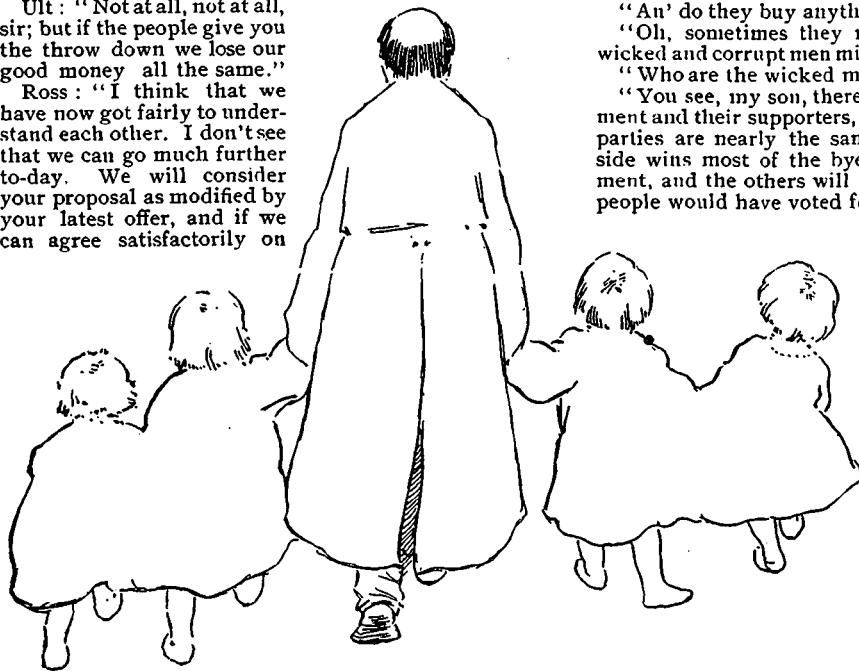
"It looks that way, my boy, but it is time for bed."

"Well, paw, if I was a Government fellow I wouldn't be wicked, paw, would I?"

"I hope not, my boy; always remember it is wrong to buy votes."

"Oh yes, I know; so if I was the Government fellows I would take all the money out of the Treasury so's the wicked men couldn't buy votes, and then I'd buy the elections, good night, paw."

—IBID.



"Pas de Quatre."

THE MOON



The Man with the Elephant on His Hands

But this elephant cared not for law,
And like a porker pulled the other way,
He couldn't understand, why the people of the land,
Wouldn't let him only tramp, sing and pray.

And this elephant would not vote,
And this elephant would not pay,
He would not fight, he kicked with all his might,
And grew crazier day by day.

The former owner of this jay,
Is enjoying the fun as well he may,
And the man who got him cheap, thinking many votes to reap,
Prays for some philanthropist to take it far away.



Deer Hunting in Dummer Township.

Near-sighted Sportsman (as Mr. McCracken's calf, "Pearl," enters the "run-way") :
 "Bless me hies ! I've seen larger stags at 'ome—but, s'y—look at the bloomin' spread of
 hantlers on 'im."

The King's Jester Loseth His Job.

TWAS merry in the dining hall of Windsor Castle, where a noble and gallant company were assembled to do honor to Emperor William of Germany. As the royal party entered hungry after the fatigues of the chase, where they had been sitting on camp stools without any backs to them, waiting for the beaters to drive the tame pheasants within a few feet of them, they were greeted after the German fashion with a cry of "Hoch ! Hoch !"

"Thank you ; I think I will have some since you are so pressing," said the Jester.

"Wilt have what, quotha?" asked his Majesty, with the air of one seeking enlightenment.

"Why hock, of course," replied the Jester, holding out his glass to the attendant. "Gut heil ! Ah, dot vash betterish !"

"Don't you dink dot man vas pooty fresh?" said the Kaiser to the King in an undertone.

"'Tis our ancient English custom, cousin," replied Edward. "The fool hath ever a license not permitted to others of our entourage, yet methinks he pusheth it too far at times. 'Tis a goodly gathering in thine honor, cousin," he said aloud.

"Yaw, it ish an august assemblage," replied Wilhelm.

"'Tis ill to gainsay a monarch and a guest withal," replied the Jester, "but thou speakest not sooth."

"How now, sirrah?" said the King.

"Why because the month as thou wottest is November, so our assemblage cannot be August."

"Huh, dot vas fool-

ishness," said the Kaiser.

Then the band discoursed several national airs, winding up with the "German Fatherland," in honor of the illustrious guest.

"'Tis a right stirring tune," said the Jester. "I have e'en writ me some verses to the same refrain, which an it like you, sire, I will give you."

The King nodded assent, and the Jester, keeping an eye on the door, proceeded to recite the following :

WO ISH DAS DEUTESCHES VATERLAND?

Wo ish das Deutesch Väterland ?
 Vere lager vlow on efery hand,
 Vere bipes are schmoked dill all ish blue,
 Und Limburg kase vash eaden doo ;
 Where Wilhelm bulldozes der growd,
 Und beoples daresn't talk oudt loud,
 Vere Anarchistic blots vash blanned—
 Dot vash das Deutesch Väterland.

Wo ish das Deutesch Väterland ?
 Vere all free dought und sheech vas banned,
 Vere chains and brisons glaim der brave,
 Whose only vreedom ish der grave ;
 Vere liberty's an empty name,
 Vere patriot cheeks plush red mit shame,
 Vere Wilhelm rules mit iron hand—
 Dot vash das Deutesch Väterland !

"Silence instantly, knave," shouted King Edward.
 "By my halidome, varlet, this is too much ! Resign
 thine office and begone instanter. Such unparalleled pre-
 sumption and insolence cannot be tolerated !"

"I lay down mine office all the more willingly, sire,
 since I have just received a wire from New York asking
 me to take the lecture platform, and offering me \$200 a
 night for a season of six months. This little episode will
 give me the full advertising necessary for a
 good send-off," so saying he laid down his
 bauble and quitted the room abruptly.

"Mein Gott," said Wilhelm. "Must you
 let dot man go free ? Vy you not ten years
 in jail gif him, don't it ?"

"Softly, softly cousin, 'tis not our English
 fashion—not as yet," replied the King.
 "But, as things are progressing 'tis like
 that an I reign ten years longer I shall be
 King indeed, and able to doom such knaves
 to the gallows, as my ancestors were wont
 to do. If the English people were but as loyal
 as my Canadians oversea, 'twould come
 quickly, and there would be the stocks and
 whipping post on every village green for
 every varlet who dared wag his tongue
 against our royal prerogative to do as we
 list. Our good liegeman, Chamberlain, will
 never rest until monarchy hath its old time
 power. 'Tis ever your renegade democrat
 that maketh the staunchest king's man.

—P. T.

Ludwig and Hogan.

THE following conversation between
 Hans Ludwig and his friend, Pat
 Hogan, is said to have been overheard
 the other evening at the foot of Yonge
 street.

"Tole me, Padrick, vot is all dose noise
 vot they are makin' 'bout all dose bolitical
 monkey-dootle business vot is ? The more
 so as I shall study him, and the more so as I
 vil misunderstand her."

"Arrah ! Be japers, Hans, an' ye see it's just loike
 this. The Liberal parthy are in power now, an' the Con-
 servative parthy are out of power. Now, ye see a mumber
 of the govermint goes 'round speechifyin' an' gits in
 trouble, an' the Premier gits mad an' throws him out.
 So whoile the iron is hot the Conservative parthy try t'
 git into power, an' the Liberal parthy try t' stay in power
 an' keep the other parthy out. De yez see, Hans ?"

"Och ! So fool vot I am. I vill it so plain now see,
 as dot 'lectric light oudt Yonge sdreed on. The pardy
 vot is on the inside in vill their vorst dry to on the inside
 sday ; und the side vot is on the oudtside oudt vill like
 the devil vorking to get on the inside in. Um ? Und the
 side vot is on the inside vill like the devil drying to keep
 the side vot is on the oudt oudtside, oudtside oudt. Um ?"

At this stage of the conversation Hogan fainted, and
 only regained consciouness long enough to mutter :

"Arrah, be japers ! an' if the inside gits outside, an'
 the outside gits inside, an' both sides git in the middle—
 inside outside, outside inside—pwhat is J. Israel Tarte
 goin' t' do ?"

May : "Bell seems to be very fond of playing 'The
 Lost Chord,'"

Clara : "Yes, she used to have a string on a fellow
 and he got away."



C.S.M. Johns

"I wonder why she does not love me ?"



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

THOROUGHBREDS, by W. A. Frazer, is pronounced by the *New York Sun*, "The greatest racing story ever written." That is quite as high praise as if the reviewer had said that Mr. Frazer is the greatest man that Smith's Corners has ever produced, is it not?

Seriously, we think that "Thoroughbreds" is a book that will be widely read when Shakespere is forgotten—not before.

FOOL'S GOLD, by Annie Raymond Stillman. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.25. A handsomely bound book, well printed, on good paper; but these are not its chief values. The difference between spurious and genuine human metal is shown in such a way as to be remembered, even when the title of the book may be forgotten. It is a book for the winter evenings—coal is scarce.

TWO WILDERNESS VOYAGERS, by Franklin Welles Calkins. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.25. A story of life and trials among the American Indians. It is not a novel in the accepted sense. The girl Zintkala and the little brother, Etapa, have all the love, hope, fear, pity, honesty and love of home, that white children could have. If the reader will peruse Chaps. 13, "The Little Nurse"; 8, "The Eagles Provide"; 20, "The Grief of Fire Cloud"; he will not rest till the whole story is—in ashes.

AUNT ABBY'S NEIGHBORS, by Annie Trumbull Slosson. Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.50. A tale of the neighbors by a neighbor. The tale is told in a garrulous way that might look light and cheap on a superficial glance. Looking deeper the reader finds a story of simple joys and sorrows, which throws light on lowly life, told with a naiveté seldom matched. The book lover will read with a healthy enjoyment that will be reflected in a love for the author.

THE BLACK DIAMOND MEN, by Wm. F. Gibbens; Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.; is a book that will be widely read and appreciated. The almost inhuman conditions under which the miners exist appeals to the sympathy of the reader, while his resentment against the

Coal Barons is restrained by the account of the reforms in which they are interested. The book is fairly well written, but the reader is likely to wonder whether it was intended to improve the conditions in these districts or to establish friendship between the Church of England and the Salvation Army.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE, by Mary Adams. Cloth only, \$1.25. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

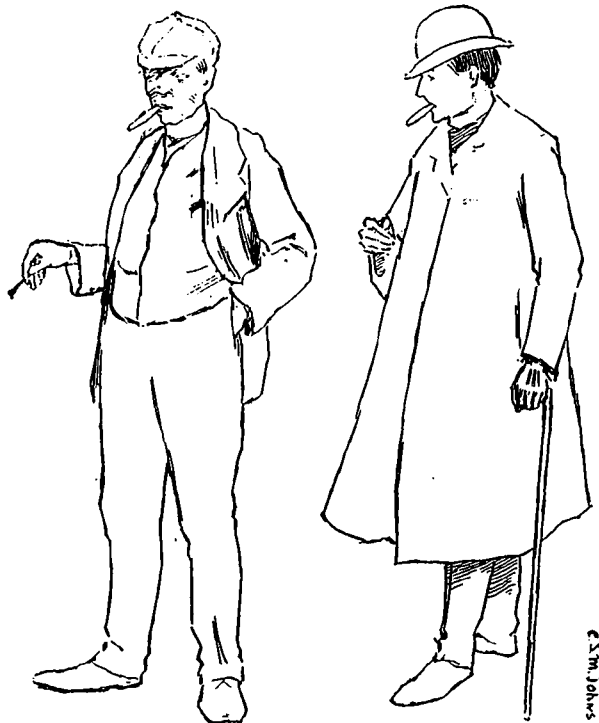
Anyone who buys this book with the idea of getting something a little spicy—that ought not to have been published—will be greatly disappointed. There is nothing in the book but what is eminently proper. It is a cross between the Englishwoman's Love-Letters and Elizabeth. It requires the confessions of the husband to complete the story.

THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD, by J. M. Barrie. Cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

This book is a departure from the usual lines of Mr. Barrie. He has caught the animal-story fever. Result, a delightful little fairy-story for children. An appropriate Xmas gift for either girl or boy.

OVER THE BLACK COFFEE—The best brand of Coffee Literature on the market. Coffee History, Coffee Anecdotes, Coffee Verse and Coffee Recipes. Compiled by Arthur Gray; illustrated by Geo. W. Hood. \$1.50 net. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

This little book is very daintily bound and enclosed in a jute coffee sack. The man or woman who would not be pleased with it ought to be "sacked." Prohibitionists might make good use of this book, by distributing it amongst wine-bibbers, as campaign literature.



"After you, please."

"After me, of course; it's my match."



She: "You bachelors should be taxed."

He: "You are right. From what I have seen of married life, bachelorhood is a luxury."

More "Confessions of a Wife."

Oct. 1st, 1901.—We are married! Oh, I am so happy, so blissfully, tumultuously, variegatedly happy. He is mine. I am his. Oh, the delicious, delirious wonderfulness of it! No one will ever see this book (unless I can manage to advance the money for publication) so I can say what I please. Moses knows just what I feel. Moses is my dog. He is jealous; he has torn a piece out of the trousers of my beloved. Naughty Moses! Was there ever a fate like mine—Oh—glorious, glorious!!!

Oct. 5th.—Has he tired of me? I can scarcely write. I am drowned in tears. My ink is half water. We have been married five days. This morning he neglected to hand me a toothpick! Oh, what shall I do, what shall

I do? I could not conceal my feelings. I ran from the room. I shut myself in my own apartment. I have eaten nothing. He came to the door and wanted to know what was up. "What was up!" Oh, Moses, Moses, he is neglecting me already!!!!

Letter to my husband (pinned on his coat-tail in the hall):

My beloved Adonis—I can stand this no longer. I will forgive you. I will try to believe it an oversight. No one shall say I am not generous.

Your despairing Wife.

Oct. 10th.—At last I know it. I am sure of it. He has wearied of me! To-day he bowed to the girl who lives across the street!! I saw him. I made no sign. I have not seen him since. I sent down word that I was indisposed. He came to enquire. I burst into tears. I threw myself upon his breast. I grabbed his hair wildly. I told him all that was in my heart. What was my reward? He muttered something about "unreasonableness!" Ah, well! it is over. Oh, Moses, Moses, you are the only one who loves me now!

Oct. 25.—To-day I tried to win him back. I put on my old tea gown, which once he said he liked. It is the one the soup was spilled over, and Moses has torn the lace in several places. I thought it might suggest sweet remembrances. He said only, "Say, Amanda, why can't you dress a little more tidily?" I will try no more. My heart is broken!

August, 1902.—He has left me! I am still alive!! I will live for my blessed babe—and Moses. He has got an appointment—somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole. It was only a pretence that he wished to enlarge his experience. He went because he knew I could not go—the North Pole would not agree with baby (or Moses.) The doctor has forbidden us to go. The doctor is my friend (oh, friendship, what a curious thing art thou). At the last I gave way. I wept, I implored, I entreated. I had hysterics. I wore my old gown with the soup stains—all to no purpose. He went.

Aug. 20th.—To-day the doctor has been here. He used to be in love with me before I was married. He is in love with me still. We call it friendship. It sounds better. He was with me five minutes to-day and he did *not* ask me to run away with him. He did not even suggest a divorce. What a NOBLE MAN. I did not think

such a heroic spirit existed outside of old-fashioned fiction. He is a saint in disguise. Moses loves the doctor. He appreciates a NOBLE MAN.

(Note by the Author) I put that last in to fill up. I don't know how to make this story end. Shall Adonis repent and return, or shall he die and the doctor have an innings? The latter would be most agreeable, but the former more artistic. Oh, well, let us be artistic or die.

Sept. 20th.—He has returned. He is a wreck, broken in health and spirits, but he is here. The doctor is doctoring him. I am not afraid of the doctor poisoning him. He is a NOBLE MAN. I have wept and wept. Adonis is so changed. Even Moses is reconciled to him. He lets me sit by him and hold his hand. He is quite rude to the girl across the street. He never forgets the toothpicks now. He actually noticed the babe yesterday, and asked what her name was. O, I am so happy !!!

(Note by the Author) I don't know what to do about the end. I hate to shut the Doctor out altogether. Perhaps it would be wise to leave a loop-hole.

Sept. 30.—I have seen the doctor. He says, "Adonis is improving, but—" I did not ask him what he meant then, but I did to-day. I said, "Speak out, Doctor, is there—?"

He said, "There is. It may be either way. Who can tell?"

I have not told Adonis, I will leave it to fate. To-day my husband said, "Amanda, old girl, you haven't been a bad old chump after all."

This is enough for me. I am happy. Oh, I am so happy !!!!!

AMANDA,
Wife.
—HEATHER.

SOCIAL.

BARONESS BLACK, nee Coal, gave a delightfully recherché reception at her castle on Blower street, it being the advent of her daughter, Ste. C. Sidier's, debut. The Baroness looked lovely in the dearest little core-sage in the world, scalloped at the right and left top corners. It was trimmed with ostrich feathers, in which nestled a dainty bunch of orchids, artistically pinned with the cutest cupid's bow set in turquoise and pearl. The back was cut *comme il faut*; the train was ecru satin slashed at the sides and cut on the bias, with puffed insertions of pale rose silk, crossed with flossy silver grey silk

corde, shamrock pattern, fastened to tortoise-shell baby buttons. Her beautiful daughter wore a diadem and tiara, with an Indian silver filigree buckle, from which suspended a chatelaine of curios mounted in aquamarines, which harmonized with the quiet tints and shadows in the folds of the draperies. Ornaments, flesh-colored coral, cats' eyes, feldspar amulets, with lava pendants. Her silk hosiery were magnificently hand painted on a black ground, and were the latest importation from that master in feminine attire, Plaster, of Paris.

MR. J. Ginger returned from his three months sojourn in Jamaica on the 7th and feels quite tough enough to spend a winter north, he having got perfectly tanned down there.

A Precaution.

Jackson: "Why does Rodd take a trolley every time he goes on the street, even if he is only going a block.?"

Currie: "Why, that is the only way he can get past a saloon without stopping to take a drink."



MOTHER - Now dont cry tommy
thats the boy. Look out of the window
and watch the trolley kill somebody.

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