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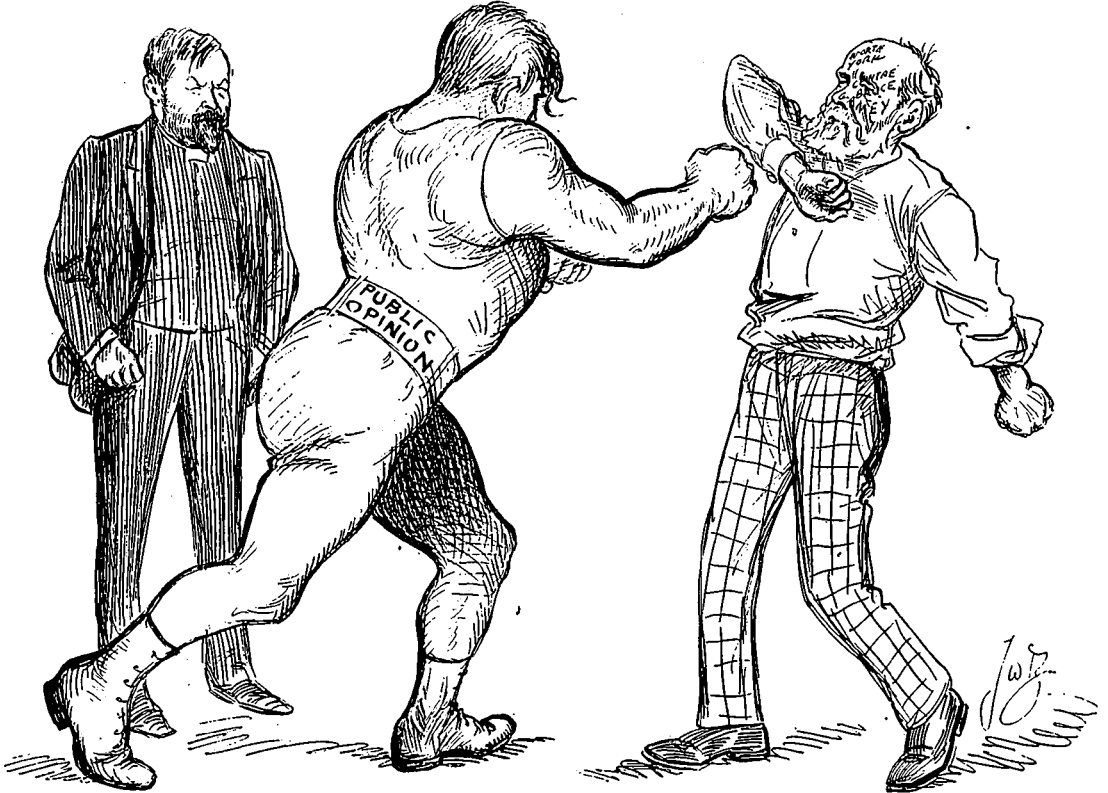
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Downey's Story Illustrated.

"The Government's position reminds me of that of the Irishman who was engaged in a fight and was getting much the worse of it, having received a succession of severe blows. His friend, who stood by, asked him why he didn't stop those blows. 'Bedad,' said Pat, 'I don't see any of them goin' by me!'"—Downey, M.P.P., in debate.

Legal Light Lyrics.

HAIL, legal spring, or be it snow,
Deponent saith not, nor can
know,
But maketh affidavit here
That spring hath come by time of year,
And further, solemn doth declare
That redbreast rouseth from his lair,
With thrilling note the bluejay
shrieks—
There won't be corn for many weeks—
And that, whereas the gardener spreads
Some fertilizer on his beds
And looketh up his rake, or rakes,
And by himself or agent makes
Changes in beds as thought inclines
For benefit of his assigns:
Now, therefore, be it known that this
Is known as 'spring, and time of bliss,

Wherein the housewife, armed with
broom,
Or other weapon, clears the room,
And calleth in the paper man
On cosy spots to place a ban,
Clears out the furniture, to wit:
On which to eat, or sleep, or sit,
Leaving the good man naught but woe
On which to meditate below—
Therefore our muse doth prune his
wing.
Hail, as aforesaid, legal spring.

A Welcome Alternative.

Fothergill: "They say Miss Passay
has become one of the New Women."
Miss Flippy: "It's about time.
She was rapidly becoming one of the
old ones."

More Truth than Poetry.

Boozey: "It was fully three this
morning when I sought my couch."
Pilgarlic: "How poetical you are
getting!"
Boozey: "Not at all. It's a solemn
fact. I swear the blamed thing kept
dodging me for ten minutes before I
found it."

Easily Explained.

Employer (severely): "How is it,
Mr. Flipjack, that I smell whiskey on
your breath?"
Flipjack: "I think I can explain
that, sir. Probably you haven't had
your usual morning drink."

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

Vol. 2.

APRIL 4, 1903.

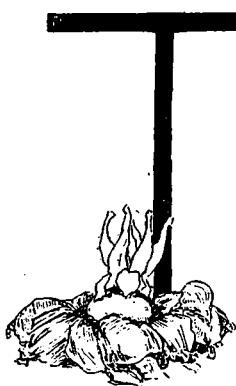
No. 45.

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.



THE side issues of the Gamey affair are every day becoming so much more interesting, that the original charge against Mr. Stratton will, in the course of time, become so wrapped in obscurity, that its bursting will pass unnoticed. This is, of course, as it should be. This is the object of those that wish Mr. Gamey's bomb-like egg to produce no second uproar. All faithful supporters of Mr. Ross and his methods fall to and—while publicly professing that their only object is suitably to honor so important and

serious a lay—wind yard after yard of crepe and bunting round it, and place it in a wool-sack nest. Then, over all, red bags and columbine are thrown. This incubator is not supposed to bring forth a warlike bird—oh, no; it is hoped by those that provide the nest that the product will be a duckling—and a lame one. Their hopes are likely to be realized.

Mr. Ross is an experienced poulterer and bird fancier. He knows how to hatch, and how not to hatch, all kinds of eggs. Why should he not know? He has been keeper of a parrot-house for years. His treatment of the Gamey egg was masterly. Despite the owner's cackling, he had the courage to hatch it artificially. And, remember, he had to justify himself in the eyes of his employer. But the egg was so important; he feared the Manitoulin bird might eat it—and his parrots might not give it a fair show! The wool-sack nest is so much safer! And that red, white and blue bunting gives it such a national look! (Its suffocating qualities are conveniently unmentioned.) Who could resist such arguments in favor of the innovation? Certainly, not the unsentimental and not too highly-principled employer. Oh, no! Old Man Ontario lets the troubles of the poultry-yard adjust themselves—he has lost the enthusiasm of youth.

The poultry-yard is to be closed during the hatching process—the fowl might disturb the incubator. Even

the parrots are to be shooed away. But the keeper and his assistants will remain.

That much-denounced, but highly-popular literature—the dime novel—is at last about to meet its fate. For decades it has held its sway; but now it seems doomed to sink into oblivion. It has filled its place in the grand scheme of evolution. Its work is done; it must make way for a stronger moral force, which will carry humanity farther along the road on which the famous yellow-back has set us travelling. The new moral stimulant is the real rifle, the real bayonet, and the real chimpanzee uniform—cute little monkey bonnet and all. Lord Minto says that every boy should be trained to use the rifle—he should go into camp, drill, shoot at targets, and, no doubt, (though Lord Minto has not mentioned this) get drunk every night—in short, emulate the soldier, and so make himself a useful and respected member of society.

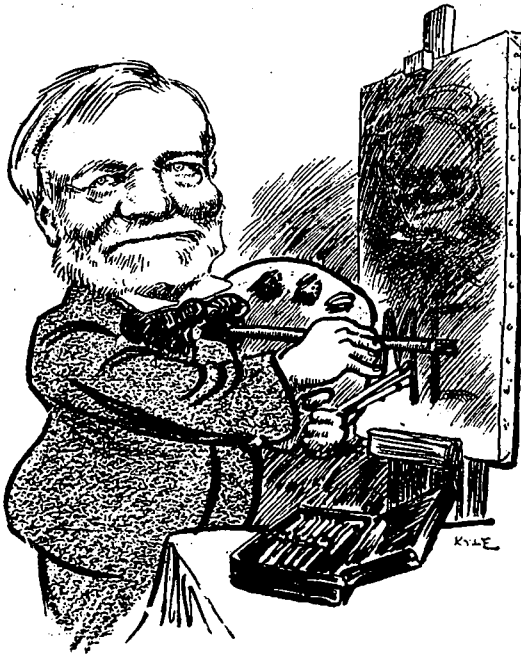
One can easily see at a glance the advantage of this system over the theoretical culture provided by the yellow-back. This is the day of practical training. Highly-colored literature is well enough, but it often fails to accomplish the purpose for which it was designed. We know from sad experience that many of our young men have passed through a whole course of dime-culture without acquiring in the slightest degree the manly spirit which our Governor-General and our statesmen most earnestly wish to encourage.

The Man in THE MOON, while registering his disapproval of the appointment of a commission of judges to investigate the Gamey charges, wishes his readers clearly to understand that he has not the least desire to be disrespectful to the Bench. Well does he appreciate the fact that such an offence is greater, far, than high treason, perjury, abduction, highway robbery, assault, or the unpardonable sin. He wishes, also, publicly to state that he holds Judges Boyd and Falconbridge in quite as high esteem as that in which he holds Messrs. Ross, Gibson and Stratton.

THE MOON has had from young men and women many requests for homely advice that will assist them in their efforts to become “Literary persons.” The Man in THE MOON takes this opportunity to advise such persons, once and for all.

Young man, waste not your time in senseless study; study is very well if used properly, but it is used properly as recreation only. The thing that is essential to your success is reputation—and, like all other essentials, it is extremely difficult of attainment. But everything has its price; a reputation can be bought. Engage a journalist to refer casually, once or twice a week, to your masterly style, etc. After a while, when you can afford it, add to your staff. In time you will not need to pay; by this you will recognize your triumph. This is the only way. Trust not in knowledge nor in art. Art and Reputation have dissolved their partnership, and Reputation holds the purse. Reputation is more to be desired than art, yea than much fine art.

Portraits by Moonlight.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Brief Personal Sketches by Famous Americans.

I am one of the greatest of living Americans. Elbert Hubbard has said it, and he knows. Those taking second and third rank are Thomas A. Edison and Hubbard. Edison is great because he does great things. Hubbard is great because he says great things. I do both.

I am a self-made man. What I have made of myself proves the greatness of the maker. I rose from the low plane of the commonalty to the heights of multi-millionarism and educo-librario benefactorism by my own efforts, and I did it without destroying my health or my conscience. I have shown the world that it is possible to acquire great wealth without acquiring dyspepsia. I have lived well without destroying my liver. I have built up great industries without taking Greene's Nervura or Celery Compound. I have dispensed millions for the benefit of people who did not help me to acquire them, without dispensing with my honor. I have passed by others who helped me to win my fortune, without passing by a chance for extending my notoriety. I have acquired obesity of the pocket-book without atrophy of the conscience. I have reduced my fortune without reducing my adipose.

I was born in Scotland, but early in life I became convinced that there were greater opportunities for the aspiring in America. America was the Land of Liberty, and I knew if there was any place in the wide world where genius would be allowed to run amuck and invention feed upon the product of toil, it was here. So I

came to America, and made my home in Pittsburg. A first I was but a bobbin boy, then a messenger boy. It was while a messenger that I acquired my great passion for books. To be a successful messenger requires extreme leisureliness. To make myself the best messenger boy in Pittsburg, I practiced slow walking until one had to hold up a plumb-line to see if I was moving or standing still. I always carried a book with me, and usually finished a volume with each errand. I look upon this as the foundation of many libraries.

Later, Tom Scott called on me to help him run the Pennsylvania railroad. I was soon running the railroad and Scott, too. It was while connected with the P. R. R. that I originated the Block system of telegraphing trains. It was an ingenious system. I have since used the block system in other lines of industry, and have successfully blocked a number of rival plans and menacing interests.

Still later, the U. S. Government wanted me to help along with the Civil War by looking after transportation matters. I responded, and the war proved a success.

After this I became interested in horticulture, and set out some steel plants in the vicinity of Pittsburg. They were nourished by oxygen and phosphorus by a new method, and thrived wonderfully. I used to take great delight driving around every day, watering my plants.

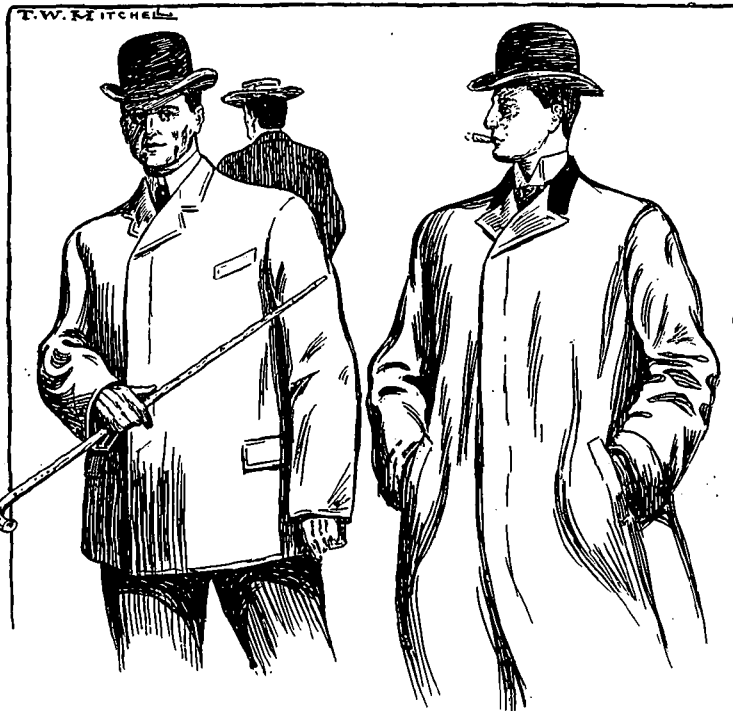
I have always taken a great interest in libraries. They are a good thing. Churches are a good thing, too, spreading as they do the wonderful glory and fame of the giver of Carnegie organs. But libraries are my greatest pride. On them I depend for my future immortality.

It is seldom that financial ability and literary ability are both highly developed in one mind, but I have them both, besides other kinds of ability. I could easily be a great statesman if I should try, and I might have succeeded wonderfully as a lawyer or an editor. But I do not want to monopolize greatness. Monopolies should be regulated and stripped of all undue powers. Now that I am devoting myself to giving rather than acquiring, I want it understood that I am theoretically and indescribably opposed to such special privileges to organized capital as will result in the accumulation of greater fortunes or fame than mine.

I am the author of a number of books. "Round the World on Carnegie Steel Rails," was published in 1879; "Our Roasting Grip," in 1880; "Triumphant Plutocracy," in 1876, and the "Emperor of Business." The last book represents myself as the Emperor, and is my best work. Some of the subjects treated are: "How to be Useful Though a Millionaire;" "Best Methods of Seering the Conscience;" "How I Raised the Smoke at Pittsburg;" "The Road to Royal Success;" "How to Win the Favor of Legislators;" "How to make the most Profit from the Labor of the Individual;" "Successful Charity."

I am now well along in years, and it is quite probable that I shall some day die. But before that time comes, I intend to give away the greater part of my fortune, retaining only enough to charter a special boat across the Dark River and to establish a Carnegie Library in Heaven. If I do not succeed in getting rid of my money fast enough as the years go by, I shall, as a last resort, establish a fund for the support of superannuated and demented American poets. Then I know I shall succeed.

N.B.—If THE MOON desires a Library or a fund for the Reduction of Hunger, address Carnegie. No application considered unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope.



"Isn't that Rufus Potter? I always thought his hair was red."
 "Yes, but his girl didn't like it, so Rufe dyed for love."

Heather's Ladies' Column.

HINTS TO LITERARY BEGINNERS (*Continued*)

CONTINUING my "Hints to Literary Beginners," I give, this week, a few sample dialogues in the well-known style of Anthony Hope. These are, I admit, somewhat in the nature of light literature, but, coming after the deeply emotional and severely classical extracts from Miss Corelli, they form a pleasing variety.

Mr. Anthony Hope's style is perhaps a little illusive, that is to say: you think you are going somewhere, and you never get there, but it is not, nevertheless, without charm. Take, for instance, two of his most quoted sayings:

"Economy is the art of writing a book with as little in it as possible, in case that some day you may possibly wish to write another book, which you probably won't write." And—

"O Swell House Opposite," I cried, "O Very Aristo-

cratic House Opposite! What is a man's wife's own two-storied, two-windowed, corner-verandahed home compared with that Patrician House Opposite! If only a man might satisfy his wife by taking her, to dwell forever in that favored House Opposite!"

DOLLY DIALOGUE.—No. 1.

"Really, you mustn't!" said Dolly, with a charming smile.

"Mustn't what?" I asked eagerly.

"Mustn't *really*," she said.

"Well, I won't, then," I answered sighing.

"Won't what?" asked Dolly innocently.

"Won't *really*," I said.

"Oh," began Dolly with a dimple, but just at that moment Lady Mickleham was announced. She looked at Dolly, then she looked at me. She frowned. I wilted, but Dolly only giggled.

"Well, I must say," declared her ladyship severely, "that this is *really*—"

And, after all, that is just what it was, you know.

DOLLY DIALOGUE.—No. 2.

We were walking together upon the terrace.

"After all, you know, it does," said Dolly with conviction.

I laughed. "Oh, does it?" I asked with levity.

"There is no doubt about it," declared she.

"Well, let me catch it at it!" I answered grimly.

Dolly dimpled.

"You couldn't," she giggled. "You are too old."

I hate to be reminded of my age, and I said so. Dolly laughed again.

"Archie," she called, as the much enduring Mickleham passed the terrace steps. "Archie, come up here! Mr. Carter wants your opinion. He says it doesn't, but it *does*. Doesn't it, Archie?"

"Well—er—really—don't know, I'm shuah," said Archie, blissful, but shy. "Don't quite understand, ye know."

"Archie always was a mucklehead!" said Dolly commiseratingly. "He never *can* understand anything unless there is something to understand. But it *does* just the same."

"It doesn't," I insisted firmly.

"Archie," said Dolly gently, "I don't think we can ask Mr. Carter to stop to dinner."

"Oh, in that case," I assented hurriedly, "it does."

"It is sweet of you to say so," said Dolly kindly,



She : " I don't know that I should have accepted this invitation from you. I fear you are but trifling with my affections."

He : " Well, what's the use of making a fuss over trifles !"

" because, of course, everybody, with a grain of sense knows that it does *not*."

Which, when you come to think of it, was exactly like a woman !

- DOLLY DIALOGUE.—No. 3.

" You know you do not mean it," I said reproachfully.

" I do," said Dolly,

" In that case——" I began.

" I mean, I do know that I do not mean it," explained she courteously.

" Oh, in that case——." My tone was despairing.

" But if I had meant it?" she asked, with a tantalizing dimple.

" Oh, in that case——"

" No, don't tell me!" cried Dolly, a little frightened.

" Take some tea."

" I will take nothing," I said firmly. " I——"

" Lady Mickleham is coming," said Dolly inconsequently.

" Oh, in that case I will take something."

" Tea?" asked Dolly.

" My leave," said I.

And the butler announced " Lady Mickleham."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Philistine.—No; Elbert Hubbard is not the author of the Aurora Borealis.

Careless.—No; it is incorrect to say, " My tulips are *more forwarder* nor yourn." Say, simply, " My tulips are *forwarder* nor yourn." "*More*" is superfluous.

Tearful.—If the man is as ugly as you say, and the dog bit him, it is certainly not the dog's fault—the man should not have looked at the dog.

—HEATHER.

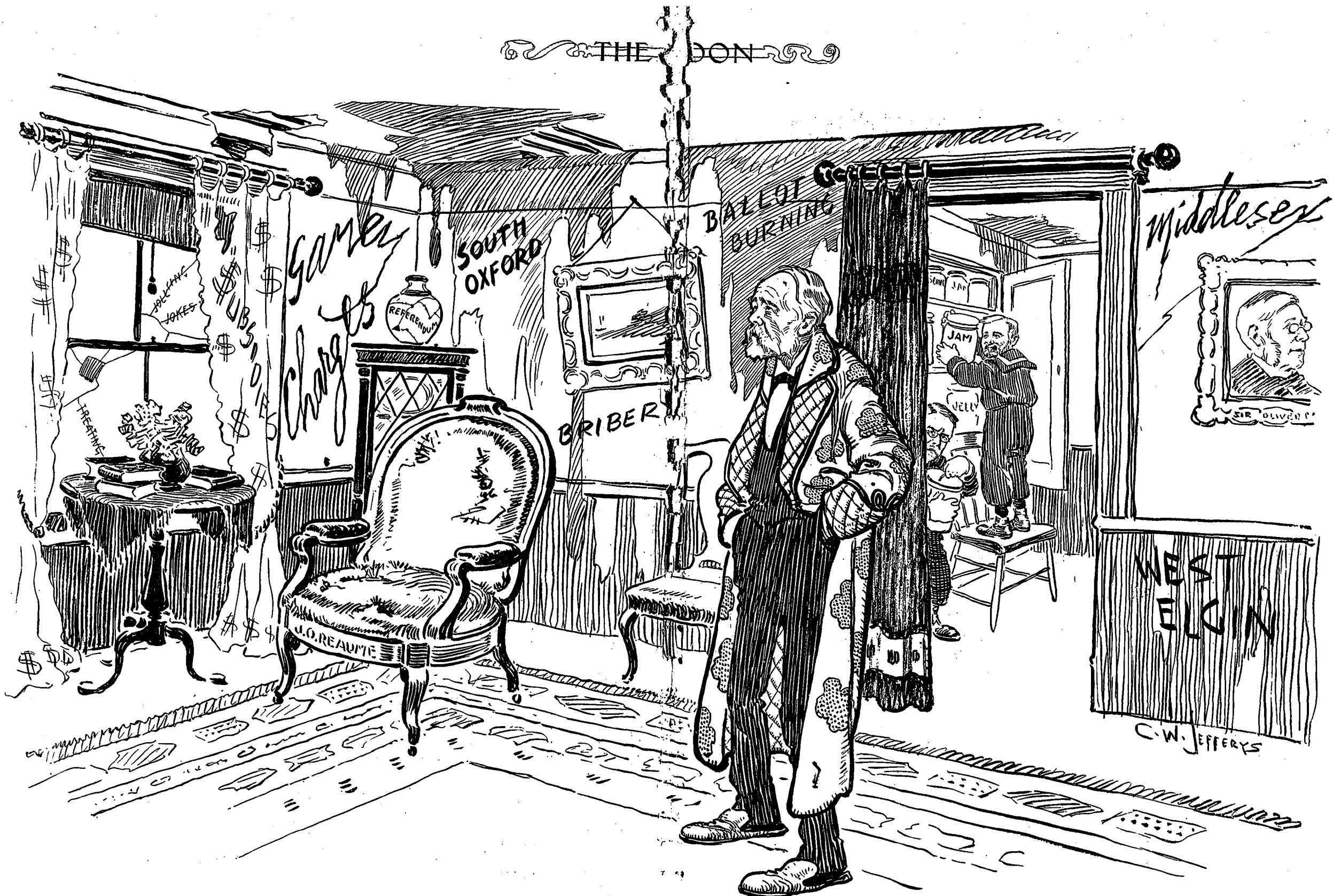
Alfie : " Did you hear about the good joke on Chollie?"

George : " No, by jove, I haven't seen him at all to-day."

Alfie : " Well, you know, he consulted the doctor, and the doctor advised him to throw out his chest, and when he went to the hotel he threw it out of the top storey window. Now the hotel-keeper has Chollie arrested 'cause he thought Chollie was trying to skip out."

Billson : " Do you consider Friday an unlucky day?"
Hardup : " Yes, it's bargain day."

THE DON



A SEASONABLE PROBLEM.

The Man of the House: "Now, I wonder—do we have to move this spring, or shall we just clean house and kalsomine the walls so's we can stay another year in the old place?"



Bill's Luck.

"There's the ambuerlance taking Bill to the 'ospital."
 "And 'im on strike."
 "Lucky, aint he?"
 "Aye—"

The Canadian Book of Snobs.

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

—*Thackeray.*

CHAPTER III.

THE BUSINESS SNOB.

THE business snob is very much in evidence in commercial affairs. There is a vast amount of empty pretentiousness, humbug and sham in the business world, much of which it is true is due to the necessities of the situation, and must be set down to the account of the competitive system. Where five or six times as many people as are really required to do the work are struggling and pushing to get ahead of their rivals, a considerable amount of dishonesty, untruthfulness and general mean-

ness is the natural result. A strictly honest and truthful merchant simply wouldn't be in it. But as this is not a treatise on political economy, this phase of the question is merely incidentally touched on as one inciting cause of snobbery. A certain pretentious assumption of superiority and a disparaging depreciatory tone in speaking of your competitors are undoubtedly aids to business. Most people are prone to take things at their face value, hence the bumptious self-assertion, and the repeatedly made claim to superiority characteristic of the modern tradesman, really constitute a business asset—a fact that goes far to justify the old-time British aristocrat's scorn of trade. A successful tradesman, in fact, is almost necessarily a snob in some respects. He has to vaunt the superior qualities and cheapness of his goods, to trumpet forth his own reputation for honesty and fair dealing, and to keep forcing his establishment upon public attention. These things are as the breath of life to him. As the sage hath it: "He who bloweth not his own horn the same shall not be blowed, but he which bloweth his own horn the same shall be blowed even with great muchness." Hornblowing is the life of trade. Incidentally it may be mentioned that THE MOON is without a rival in the sphere of comic journalism. Pardon this digression.

There are some phases, however, of wholly gratuitous and superfluous snobbery among Canadian business men. For instance, the haughty inaccessibility of many of them, who think it adds to their dignity and standing to keep people who wish to see them at a distance. They retire into inner offices and barricade themselves behind desks and counters, and the interviewer may think himself lucky if he gains admission to the presence of the little-great personage after waiting for an hour. Without exaggeration, it is quite as important and formidable an undertaking to secure five minutes' talk with some of Toronto's business snobs as it is to see a member of the Government. When you do run the gauntlet of several consequential and imitatively snobbish understrappers in the outer office your reception is frequently the reverse of courteous. You are, of course, made to realize your insignificance and the extreme condescension of the Personage in being willing to see you at all. The chances are that unless he regards the matter you have come to see him on as one having a direct bearing on his own personal interest he will cut you very short. There are persons in positions of trust in connection with business firms whose manner of receiving a visitor is in the last degree insolent and exasperating.

Some years since the writer had occasion to call upon a number of leading business men in American cities to ask their views touching a question in which they had no sort of concern. The persons interviewed included merchants, bank managers, professional men, leading financial magnates and others having important interests in charge. He found them, nearly without exception, accessible, courteous and ready to oblige, and could not help contrasting their affable and gentlemanly demeanor towards an entire stranger, with the snobbish and insolent treat-





Young Lord De Liverus : "Ah, Miss Gwendolen, you are blooming like a rose this morning. Do not you find the air beautifully fresh?"
Gwendolen : "The heir is rather too fresh sometimes to suit me."

ment frequently received at the hands of Canadian business men whose time was not a tenth part so valuable. American business men have their faults, but snobbery is not one of them.

A frequent manifestation of snobbery in an offensive form is the display of placards in business places to the effect that "pedlars and canvassers are not admitted." The pompous business snob is always in his element when a canvasser approaches him. Here is a man who can be insulted with impunity. He can't display too much insolence towards his employees in these days—they might strike or seek a job elsewhere, and just now labor is in demand. To sit on a newspaper man is pleasant, but not safe. Sooner or later he will have a chance to get back at you in print. It always comes to those who wait. But the unfortunate canvasser is a mark for contumely and insult at the hands of the snob. "No time to talk to-day—don't want anything," will probably be the mildest form of repulse he will encounter. "Don't you see that notice?—we can't bother with peddlars—get out," or words to that effect, comes rather inconsistently from the man who perhaps has half a dozen travelers out trying to force goods upon the country retailers.

Snobbery of this kind doesn't pay in the long run. The canvasser may not always be a canvasser. It is quite possible that in a few years he may have risen in the world and be a possible customer or an energetic rival of the very men who once despised and insulted him, and he will be very apt in his dealings to put a big black mark against those who snubbed him in his humbler days. The business snob should remember that courtesy is profitable, and assume the virtue that he doesn't naturally possess.

Cram University

LEAVING EXAMINATION PAPERS.

EQUINOX was the name of a sort of horned horse that became extant before the post-glacial epoc. The name is derived from two greek words which is "Equa" a horse; and "oxus," a cow.

Lent was so called because it is the anniversary of when the Hebrews borrowed from the Egyptians.

Frederick the Great was the son of Peter the Great and became celebrated by inventing and introducing Wellington boots into Europe.

"Habeaus Corpus," is a corruption of the old English saying "Have you the carcass?" which the sheriff asked the jailor every time a man was hanged.

The pillows of Hercules was too low hills in the south of Spain and one of them was in Africa so that he could step across.

The "Modus Vivendi" is the way a person eats and drinks, and other things, and is called, Hygiene.

Yule tide is the high tides that takes place in Britain when the moon and everything else is full.

Emancipation was the law enacted by Lincoln so that black men were condemned to be free.

Representation by population is an old Canadian law so that the person who gets the most votes gets left.

Sages Exchange Ideas.

Reflector : "I've often reflected that not many women have an impediment in their speech."

Observer : "That's so. But, at the same time, I've often observed that quite a few have a stop age."

Query From a Suburbanite.

Why is it that when a man goes in for raising hens his neighbors always go in for gardening?

Modern Methods.

His Satanic majesty doesn't tempt people with apples any more. He finds that letting them beat the street railway company out of a "fare" is easier and quite as effective for his purposes.

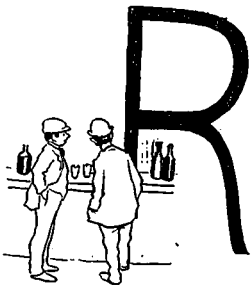


Contrary to His Experience.

Hostess: "I think, Count, that Miss Hytones will sing for us this evening if you will press her a little."

Count Lothario: "I zink not so, Matame. I did press her hard ze odder evening an' she make no noise at all."

The Ontario Cabinet Council.



ROSS (wearily): "Oh, dear! The strain of this fearful struggle is beginning to tell on me. I can't sleep at night for thinking of it. I'm tired out."

Stratton: "Nothing like about three fingers—or say four—of Scotch whisky for insomnia. O'Brien has a very fine brand on hand. Better try it, Mr. Premier—medicinally, of course."

Ross: "Well, I'll see what my physician says. If he were to recommend it, I might feel justified in taking some. I do need something to sustain me."

Davis: "Health is, of course, the first consideration. There are times when a tonic of that character has a bracing effect. I feel a good deal worried myself over

the vindictive course of that man Lennox in protesting my election. You were saying that O'Brien had some of this—ahem—preparation."

Stratton: "Yes; I'll have him send a bottle of the best round to my apartments. If it went to the Crown Lands somebody might talk, and I think we have quite enough scandals on hand at present, eh?"

Ross (groaning): "Ah, me!"

Gibson: "Cheer up, Mr. Premier; we've got matters in excellent trim. There's really no reason to fear the result."

Stratton: "Gentlemen, we're all right if we stick together. I am glad that a better feeling seems to prevail among us. I think you all realize that what I did was in the common interest, and not for my own personal benefit (hear, hear). Now, I think I have a proposition which will settle the whole business satisfactorily, and take the wind out of the sails of the Tories."

Ross: "Let us hear it."

Stratton: "This session is going to be a long one. It'll run till August, or later. Well, let us start an agitation among the members for an increase in the allowance to \$1,200—just double the regular figure. You know how eagerly the fellows on both sides will fall in with the scheme. If one or two of our leading followers give the tip that the Government is ready to double the indemnity, provided it's asked for by a round robin signed by members of both parties, they'll catch on greedily."

Gibson: "But how would that help us?"

Stratton: "Help us? Why, it'll be our salvation! Don't you see that the "salary grab" will be pretty nearly as big a scandal as the Gamey business, and both sides will be involved. People will forget all about the Gamey charges, and those that don't will say: 'Oh, what's the use of putting out the Grits to get in Whitney. One party is just as

bad as the other.' Who's going to take in their prate about purifying politics when each man of them goes home with a big wad of boodle in the seat of his pants? Whenever one of 'em gets up to talk somebody'll shout 'salary grab,' and knock him cold."

Ross: "Mr. Secretary, I always said you had the makings of a statesman. It's an excellent idea."

Gibson: "But don't you think Whitney and Foy will refuse to walk into the trap?"

Ross: "I don't think they could hold back their followers when it's a question of getting an extra \$600. Besides, suppose they do oppose it, that will introduce dissension in their ranks. It's certainly worth trying."

Stratton: "It'll be best to approach the private members first and get them committed."

Harcourt: "It will have to be carefully managed. I would suggest that it should be done through John Lee or Sam Clark. They are both humorists, and can say the proposal is a joke in case the Tories don't bite."



A Sceptic.

Mokeyby : " Say, Mistah Johnsing, does you carry a rabbit's foot fur luck? "

Johnsing : " No sah. Taint no good. "

Mokeyby : " Wa—at? "

Johnsing : " Jest wat I tell yer. Ef de rabbit's foot wuz good luck, reckon you nebber could kill no rabbit, kase he cairs fo' ob dem. "

Ross : " That's the very idea. It commits us to nothing. If the rank and file of the Tories fall in with the proposal the game is in our hands. "

Latchford : " Why, the whole Province will ring with the ' salary grab, ' and Gamey will have to take a back seat. I think we've got 'em. "

Ross : " Ah, I breathe more freely. Thus out of the nettle danger do we pluck the flower safety. "

Stratton : " Excuse me while I use the 'phone. Hello, O'Brien, is that all right? Gentlemen, the medical prescription I spoke of is now at my rooms. Shall we adjourn thither? As a remedy for insomnia, dyspepsia, heartburn, lassitude, varicose veins, malignity, lint on the lungs, general inaptitude and a host of other disorders to which those in public life are particularly liable, it has been pronounced an excellent specific. Lead the way, Mr. Premier. "

Gibson (slapping Stratton on the back):

" For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow, etc. "

(Exeunt omnes, singing.)

Judging from some of the stories we hear, we should have an appropriation of public money to light up the avenues of success.

A Letter to the Editor.

Mr. Editor,

Dear Sir,—Noone on earth can answer these questions; can any one in THE MOON do so?

Why has not proud flesh aristocratic blood?

How do men have a hot time with a cold bottle, but get cold feet in a warm game?

Is the wicked flea that no man pursueth found on'y on dogs?

Why have well-read men often large growths of black hair?

Why can a man with a life sentence not see he is having a good time?

If the good die young why shou'd we respect old age?

What are firemen training for?

How can a vaudeville artist do a straight turn?

How can a man who worships moneys call a dollar note " Bill " ?

How can a man who rushes the growler be afraid of dogs?

How can a short man reach a high-ball?

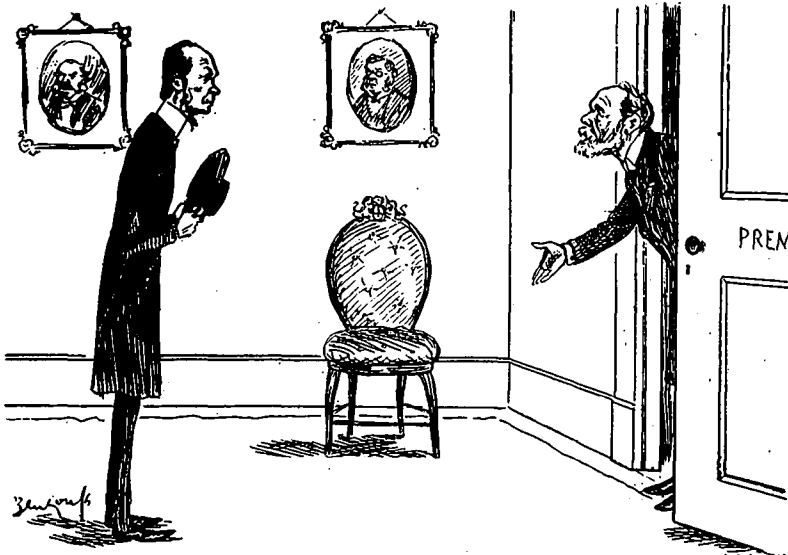
How can a crook drink a whisky straight?

What kind of hen lays egg noggs?

That's all ; my pipe's out.

Yours enquiringly.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.



The "Waiting" Room.

Mr. Ross : " Ah ! You've called about that Prohibition Bill, I presume. Please be seated; I am engaged for the present upon an er-unforseen matter."

Their Rival Claims.

The Grit Nominating Convention for the County of Squigglechunk had just opened with a full attendance of delegates, principally self-nominated. There was a keen contest for the honor (and incidentally the emoluments) of representing the riding between Ananias Limberjaw, K.C., and Dr. Pigsnuffle.

An enthusiastic supporter of the former was the first to obtain the floor.

"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I beg to nominate Mr. Limberjaw as a fit and proper person to represent this constituency. I feel sure you will all agree with me when I say that, in addition to his brilliant intellectual qualifications and standing in the community, he has a confirmed habit of treating (applause), which will enable him to extend generous hospitality to the electors during the campaign without endangering his seat, should he be returned."

Then Pigsnuffle's heeler got the floor and put his leader in nomination. "Without at all attempting to depreciate the undoubted qualifications of Mr. Limberjaw," he went on to say, "I think I may fairly claim that those of the gentleman I have the honor to nominate are superior. He has a confirmed habit of joking. He is recognized as the greatest jollier in two counties. Why, he can promise every elector an office or anything else he wants, and then if there's any protest on the ground of corruption, pass it off as a joke (applause); and then think, too, how useful he will be to the Government when he is elected."

A Rare Book.

Lady : "Have you the book of Enoch in English?"

Bookseller : "Enoch? Never heard of it, ma'am. Are you sure that's the name? What kind of a book is it?"

Lady : "Why, it's a religious book. Our minister was preachin' last Sunday about the translation of Enoch, an' I made up my mind to have it."

Getting Too Popular.

Peawick : "Now, here's a little book that renders the principles of theosophy so intelligible that the most ordinary intellect can understand them."

Kulchard : "Does it? That's too bad. I shall leave the society if it's to be vulgarized in that fashion."

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Dun : "I am a collector of accounts, sir, and I have called—"

Ardup : "Delighted to meet you, I'm sure. So you collect accounts? Well, I've quite a number I can let you have, as I've no use for them."

THE NEW METHOD

It used to be that if by any chance a man was unable to pay his insurance premium, his policy became void.

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Benefits Paid During the Year 1902.

CLASS OF CLAIMS	NUMBER	AMOUNT
Insurance or Mortuary	1,272	\$1,452,068.03
Expectation of Life	2	1,600.00
Total and Permanent Disability	148	97,367.50
Old Age Disability	130	17,600.00
Sickness	8,774	166,882.64
Funeral	259	12,832.88
Totals	10,585	\$1,748,351.05

Average Benefit Payments, 1902

Average Daily Payment for Benefits During the year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays) **\$5,585.78**

Average Hourly Payment for Benefits During the year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays) allowing 10 working hours to the day. **\$558.57**

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order.

Insurance or Mortuary	\$10,621,823.59
Total and Permanent Disability	532,706.76
Old Age Disability	53,970.28
Sick and Funeral	1,523,155.84
Grand Total	\$12,731,656.47

And while these Magnificent Payments were being made the **BENEFIT FUNDS CONTINUED TO ACCUMULATE.**

Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1902	\$5,261,831.52
“ “ 1st January, 1903	6,070,663.48
Increase during the year 1902	808,831.96

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to any officer or member.

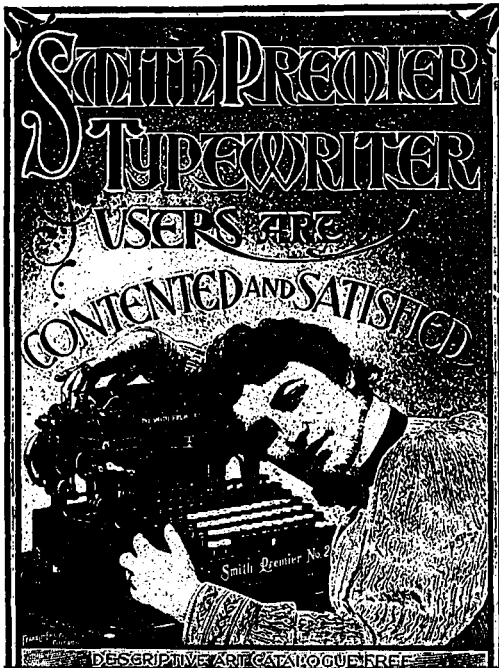
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