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The Moon



The Summer Girl of 1902.

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

Vol. 1.

AUGUST 2, 1902.

No. 10.

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.

LATEST information from South Africa shows a restored public confidence and trade revival which augurs well for the future of that country. But who, think you, are reaping the benefit of this altered and much to be desired condition of things? Is it Mr. Bull or his Boys who brought it about—and at so terrible a cost? No. There were conspicuously two gentlemen who stood afar off and mocked and called vile names while that road to Peace and Prosperity was being pushed through and the rocks removed. Their names were Jonathan and Fritz. And to-day, thanks to that benevolent old Free Trader who has constituted himself roadmaker to the world, they, Jonathan and Fritz, unhampered by tariff or toll gate, are reaping the benefit.

It is magnificent—but is it business? Is it fair to the British tax-payer, or is it likely to fire the Boys with any wild enthusiasm for future road work.

THE most active man in the Dominion Cabinet at present is our volatile, title-less, but up-to-date compatriot Tarte.

The way in which he buzzes about with his dredge the “J. Israel,” and says things and does things is a perpetual joy and surprise.

But then Tarte always was a surprise. He was, we believe originally a “bolt” from the “Bleu.”

THE refusal of our leading party papers to pass over or condone the late ballot thieving and election debauchery, and their straightforward denunciation of the same, may be considered as “one of the hopeful signs of the times.” The manly acknowledgment of the *Globe* that the party (Tory party) has done those things which it ought not to have done and left undone considerable that it should have done, together with the *Mail's* frank and sorrowful admission that many elections were shamelessly stolen by the party (Grit party) and that too many Grits are still out of jail, are cases in point.

Let us thank heaven for a pure and fearless press.

MISDEAL, is the term to apply to the recent Ontario elections. Mr. Ross shuffled the cards—some are so low as to say that he stacked them—and dealt them; but the game, by some mischance, was blocked. Now the only thing that is left for a man of Mr. Ross's sensitiveness is to call for a new deal. We may therefore expect to see in the papers any morning that fresh general elections will be held in the immediate future. In fact, even now the sensational Tory press is openly stating that the elections will, most assuredly, be held. Of course it is absurd for the Tories to make any such positive statements, for how can they know anything of the government of the country?

Of course there is one difficulty in the way of a new election, *i.e.*, Sir Oliver Mowat. It was reported yesterday that he was in sympathy with the Ross government. Very well! but tomorrow he is likely to be a staunch Tory. Who can tell what Sir Oliver will do at any moment? Even the strong minded Sam Blake had a bad “turn.”

Then, again, what would happen if the new elections should result in another dead-lock? What could Mr. Ross then do but hold yet another election, and so on *ad infinitum*? In the meantime who would govern the country? Who else but Sir Oliver? But, ah! Sir Oliver, you know—. Yes, yes, to be sure, we know! Poor Ontario is a laughingstock already.

LAST week the editors of the Toronto daily papers made the startling discovery that George N. Morang & Company had placed a long, three-column advertisement in their sheets—beg pardon, papers! In their hysterical excitement they seized pens and screamed—letterly of course—that Morang & Co. had produced a most wonderful set of books.

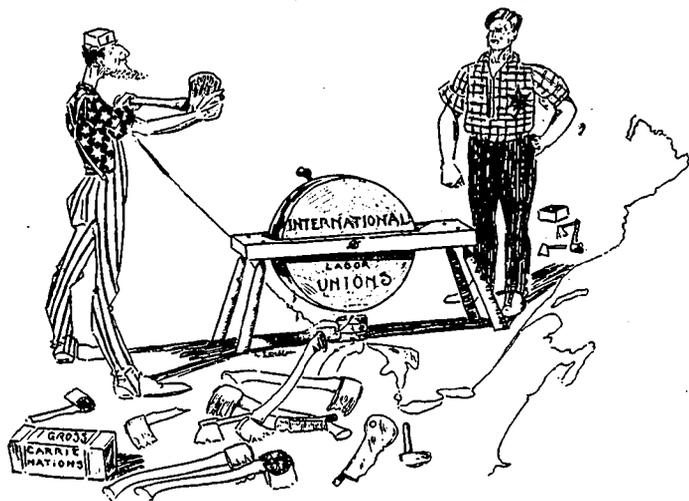
Now, if the books themselves had been sent to each of these papers, they would not have attracted much attention—possibly none. But a three column ad., which runs three-quarters of the way down the page, is suddenly thrust under an editor's nose; how can he refrain from starting? And when an editor is once startled, the only means that he has at his disposal for relieving his nerves of their overload of vibrations is flowing ink.

Some prying persons have wondered and surmised what could have made the press so unanimous in their praise of a geography that looks like an arithmetic. These persons should be suppressed. Are they so small-minded as to suppose that Morang & Co. would be so mean as not to assist these hard-working writers? Surely not, when they have their literary factory running in full blast, and the dog-days on hand! To be sure the editorials were all alike; but why not?

Judge Tallbrow: “Isn't Judge Snooper very lenient to automobilists.”

Judge Strait-tip: “Of course. He is trying to butt into society.”

Everything in THE MOON is original. There are no stealings



The Way it Looks.

Yankee Labor Union: "Keep her going, Jack, and when mine are all ground I'll let you turn it for those little things of your own."

The History of a Crime.

THE watchman plodded his weary way along the lane. He paused and waited for the electric light's first twinkle, for he was not due till then, and a watchman's motto bravely reads, "Better late than ever."

The light twinkled. He annihilated a fly with extract of nicotine, and moved on toward the warehouse. Suddenly he halted; then retreated a step, and stood staring: his eagle glance had detected cinders scattered carelessly along the lane!

"Ha!" he muttered, and his fingers stole with a rustling sound through his spinach. "There has been foul play," he thought aloud; "these ashes I have not seen ere this."

He stooped and examined the depth of the wagon tracks, which had ground the cinders into the soil. He discovered that the depth of the tracks was about eight inches—clear proof that the cinders had been put there recently; for had they been driven on for a year or more, the tracks might have been nine, or even ten, inches deep.

As he thought these thoughts thoughtfully, the necessary policeman sauntered down the lane. At the same moment a rustle of paper was heard, and the ballet of reporters tripped daintily around the corner.

The constable and watchman joined hands, and, crouching low, stole forward. The reporters locked arms and danced behind; and while they danced they sang:

"We are the sleuths of the press,
We insinuate guilt—and we guess;
We turn out rank fiction,
In mighty poor diction,
And it sells for the truth in the press."

Near the end of the lane stands the Evans' warehouse.

Within the warehouse a clerk was finishing some extra work that he wished to leave done that night. The fatal song of the newspaper sleuths broke in and fell in fragments on his ear. To him it was a death-knell, for he well knew that a man had died there the week before; and he also knew that, if he should be found there alone, the sleuths would weave a tale that would lead to his arrest for murder. He dashed to a window, but the song of the *Globe* man hurled him back. He rushed to the front door, but there he heard the policeman knock. He crept to the other side of the building, to try the other windows, but the dapper little men were swarming along the walls, singing shrilly as they came. The *Mail and Empire*, the *Star*, the *World* were there. He fled to the next story, determined to jump through a back window for his life. Alas! the war-whoop of the *News* repelled him, staggering! He clapped his hands to his ears, swayed for a moment—and tottered backwards to his death.

The besiegers swarmed into the building. They wrote five columns each—then chuckled, and withdrew. Their



I know why this fish wiggles
When caught by Willie Ray,
Flopping on its little scales
It tries to get a weigh.

The real difference between a society favorite and an actress is that one employs a secretary and the other hires a press agent.



Hesitation.

editor, "but it lacks breadth and feeling. I'll leave it to Imrie, or our lunar idiot. It also lacks length, I'll leave it to Bengough. This is the true poetic touch :

"He felt it, as they hissed and spat,
Their caterwaul was loud and clear,
He'd rather lose a mug of beer
Than to have missed that Thomas Cat."

And then the editor in chief looked grim, seized the ink pot and intimated that if there was any more of this the flying brick episode wouldn't be in it.

Fly Time.

Now comes supernal summer,
With it's days of dust and heat :
And the busy little hummer,
The fly, from his retreat
Blooms forth, like summer roses,
And with his trunk reposes
On our unoffending noses,
Till we cry,
"Confound the thing!" and with
frantic gestures try
To kill that fly.

Now see the busy servant
With her duster, how she looks
With her piercing eye observant
O'er the picture frames and books,
For those little round black spots
Like so many polka dots :
They're the fly's forget-me-nots
Ever there.
For they leave their dirty foot-prints
everywhere,
I do declare!

The hairless man sits at his ease,
And doses o'er his paper :
But very soon, the flys they tease,
And o'er his bald head caper.
See him start between the naps,
As his itching cheek he slaps,
And his shiny pate he raps
Till they're sore :
And he languishes for winter, when this bore
Shall be no more.

—MALCOLM J. MCCARTHY.

The Equality of Man.

Hothead : "I claim that I am as good as any man."
Bighead : "That's not the point. Do you admit that you are no better than any other man."

Thomson : "Holidays are not holidays for actors and actresses."

Henderson : "Why not?"

Thomson : "They have to act naturally, and that is the hardest kind of work for them."

Modern children would be more endurable if less attention were paid to bringing them up and more to keeping them down.

chorus came trembling through the night—and reached THE MOON :

"We still have another mystery,
We still have another mystery,
We still have another mystery,
Which we will spring later on."

And The-Man-in-the-Moon chewed the end of a beam, and reflected.

A Cat-Amount of Verse.

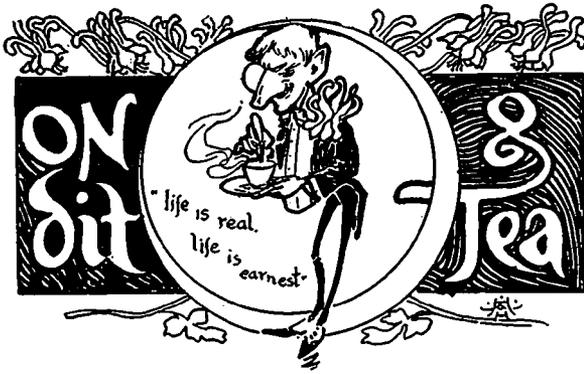
"This truth seemed clear, whate'er befall,
I felt it as they spat and hissed—
'Twas better to have fired and missed
Than never to have missed at all."

So sang the horse editor, as he fired a boot and half a brick.

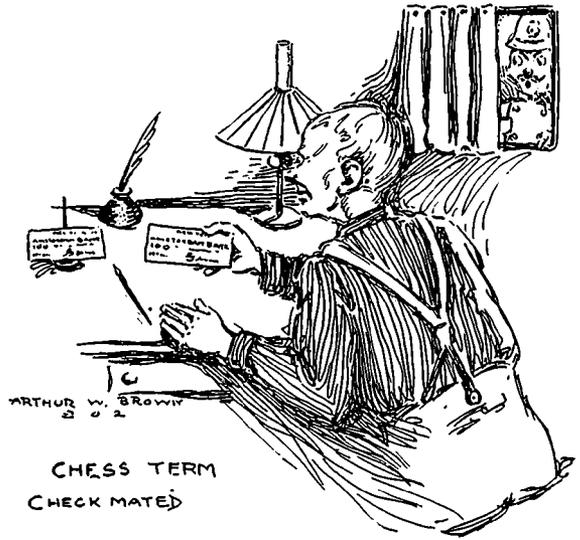
"Your verse is as bad as Tennyson could write, and nearly as bad as your aim ; it should run thus," said the foreman of the composing room :

"He felt it, as they spat and hissed,
This truth seemed clear whate'er befall,
'Twas better not to fire at all
Than to have fired a brick and missed."

"That's all very well for an imitation," said the society



A CHARMING "Green Tea" was given last Thursday evening, at the residence of Madame Lard-Oil, of Jarvis Street. The reception rooms and the spacious tea room were prettily decked with sea serpent green bunting. The limbs of the tables were draped with pea-green gauze. The hostess received in an overskirt of bottle green grass cloth with emerald ornaments. The gentlemen all wore green silk breeches and wore charming bouquets of green peas. The refreshments included green tea, green seal champagne, real



imitation green turtle soup and green duck eggs *a la* in their shells. The green bush band played selections from Handel's "Green Grow the Rushes O'." The dancing was kept up to an early hour on the green.



A Purely Commercial View.

Strenuous Evangelist (proffering tract): "My weak and erring brother, do you not realize what a blessed gain would be yours were you at this moment one of us?"
Tough Tomson: "Well, if you mean was I one of you preachers, I s'pose I'd be ridin' half fare same 's yours fellers, and not had to bust meself gettin' out to Winnipeg."

AT Riverdale Baptist Church on Thursday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the marriage of Mr. Augustus Pipp to Miss Laura Libby, was solemnized by the Rev. Hosiah Bigely. Miss Susan Libby, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, while the groom was supported, or rather braced, by a couple of stiff glasses of brandy. The bride was superbly arrayed in her own elegant auburn hair, which was newly crimped for the occasion. The groom's expression of exuberant imbecility became her admirably.

Coals of Fire.

She had once been fair, while he had been henpecked. She now lay dying and made her last request.
"My last wish, John, is that you let my mother ride with you at the funeral."
"My dear, as it is your last wish I will grant it, but you have spoiled my day."

The Editor looked young and fresh; the office bore was.
O. B.: "Say, Mr. Editor, does it take any brains to be a literary man?"
Mr. E.: "Oh, no, the thing is quite easy, you could be a literary man yourself!"

Guide: "See that duck over there in the rough clothes?"
Rustic: "Um-huh."
Guide: "Well, he's a rich banker on his holidays. Now I think if you go over and let on you take him for a farmer he'll be so tickled we can work him for a ten-spot."

THE DON



HE'S DISENGED NOW.

JOHN BULL (after victoriously emerging from his troubles): "Helloys! What did you stop blackguarding me so suddenly for?"



Midsummer Resolutions,

And the circumstances under which we are induced to make them.

Skweejwah.

The Biography of a Potato Bug, by One who knew him. A Sugar-coated, Scientific Study of Wild Life.

SKWEEJWAH lived in the third potato plant of the seventh row from the western end of the patch. He knew it was the western end, for he took his bearings by the sun, and he knew it was the seventh row because he had learned to count by the stripes upon his back.

When he was two hours old his mother, with that touching maternal instinct so noticeable in the potato bug, selected for him the juiciest leaf in the bunch, and left him to cut his infant teeth upon it. At first Skweejwah found it hard work; his gums pained him dreadfully, the leaf was so big and so slippery and his hold was feeble. Every time a breeze shook the plant his little

heart stood still with fear, and his buggy little brain grew dizzy.

But as he chewed manfully away, he felt his strength coming upon him. Hour by hour he increased in wisdom and in stature, and by the time the leaf had all disappeared he felt that he was good enough for a thrilling magazine story with illustrations. With each bite he felt himself absorbing the very life and spirit of the plant; he became one with it; he felt the sap rising in him as in the humble vegetable, and intellect and ambition awoke within him. He remembered his mother's parting words, "There is plenty of room at the top"; he set his teeth, and cried "Excelsior," and he climbed.

Thus the hours passed—happy hours they were—climbing and eating, harmless and innocent and beautiful. He got away with a dozen fat leaves ere the level rays of the sinking sun warned him to seek a shelter for the night. Evening came, and fear fell upon poor little Skweejwah. It was the first time he had gone to bed in the dark, and for a long time he lay quaking with terror. Think of it, parents of happy children tucked safe in bed, and teach your little ones to be kind to the orphaned potato bugs. Poor little Skweejwah! No one cared for him, no sympathetic author was near to interpret the longings of his more than human soul. Thompton-Seson hadn't got down to him yet; Phraser hadn't heard of him; he was

very, very lonely. He mingled his tears with the fast-falling dew. At last he cried himself to sleep.

The dawn awoke Skweejwah. He was hungry and stiff and shivery, but the beauty of the morning was not lost upon him. He gazed with rapture upon the kindling sky, and when he saw the sun rise between the potato stems, with a bursting heart and an empty stomach, he turned to the nearest leaf and joyfully took up the day's work.

But he had swallowed scarcely a dozen bites when a shadow fell over him. He looked up and saw the gigantic form of a farmer towering into the sky. Ruthlessly an arm was raised, there fell a shower of Paris green; like Fate, again the Deluge came, and Skweejwah fell writhing to the earth. The farmer watched his dying agonies for a moment, and at the sight of that beautiful, wild, free existence which he was so wantonly destroying, a wave of remorse swept over the man. He set his heel swiftly upon the bug and turned away with a solemn vow never again to hunt potato bugs with a watering can. He had read all the animal stories in the magazines, and resolved in future to use only his camera.—C.W.J.



Broad Scotch.

Brief Biographies.—No. III.

By Sam Smiles, Jr.

DR. G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G.

IT was indeed a fortunate thing for our glorious Empire (then on its last legs) when in 1846 the distinguished subject of our sketch condescended to be born in its midst. He selected New Brunswick as a sufficiently obscure background for a really great man. The authorities were glad, since the exports had hitherto consisted of mere lumber while for the future a large output of loyalty was assured. The Imperial infant gave early promise of his future course. He refused to go to sleep except to the strains of the National Anthem, and at the age of two waved the old flag and demanded the usual appropriation, which, also as usual, was granted. He read the Royal Gazette while teething, and exhibited every symptom of violent attachment to the Empire.

George (we call our distinguished friend George in no spirit of insolent familiarity, but merely because we love to be on terms of intimacy with the great) then became a schoolmaster and taught the young idea how to shoot (needless to say at the enemies of the Empire). Having made New Brunswick thoroughly loyal to the Government—no matter which one—George moved on to Oxford in order to stir the old place up a bit. He infected Milner, Rosebery and several other chaps with his views, so that Oxford became really dizzy with enthusiasm. Having put Rosebery in the Premiership and selected Milner for South Africa, George went on a lecturing tour for the Imperial Federation League.

The organization died shortly after, but the jury, upon carefully weighing the evidence, returned a verdict of "not proven." Our really distinguished friend now turned to the *Times*, a daily sheet then (and even yet,

we believe) issued in London for the purpose of providing a superior wrapping medium for the parcels of the Empire and for the curing of obstinate cases of insomnia. The *Times* having had enough, our still really distinguished friend has settled in Toronto to become Principal of Upper Canada College.

Principal Parkin has written several valuable books, including "How I Rounded Up The Empire," "The Laws of Empirics," and a charming volume of reminiscences, entitled "Me and Milner." He is an admirable *raconteur*, his stories being all well known. As an after-dinner orator he has few equals for brevity and wit, seldom speaking for more than four hours at a stretch. We are authorized to deny the rumor that he ever spelt his name Jaw-rge. Intensely fond of animals, especially the British Lion, which has been known to roar loudly at the mere sound of his voice. Principal Parkin is also a keen sportsman being an adept at tuft-hunting and other field sports. Fishing, too—he is a C.M.G.—is a favorite pastime.

Pillbox: "It is a great honor to be chosen the surgeon to the King."

Sawbones: "True, but it has its drawbacks. Just think of having every other expert in the world criticising your bluff."



McPedal's Mistake.

Guide: "It's old McPedal who was warned at th' hotel afore goin' out that it was agin th' law t' keep any bass less 'n a 'foot' long. He's ben ketchin' bass all day, measurin' 'em by his own foot and throwin' 'em in agin."



Road Making in South Africa.

Jonathan, a commercial drummer: "Waal, old man Bull and his boys certainly air 'easy.' Fritzzy and me just sot back and guyed and roasted 'em when they was makin' the road, and then after its done—why, we nachally jest comes over and uses it.

The Just Steward.

THE sun shone through the office windows of Eatem & Co. The magnate came in, looked over his letters, then pressed a button.

In answer came a man with a devout and devouring look, fishy, shifty eyes, bull neck, scant foretop and ample stomach.

"Skinem," said the magnate, "We cut off a good many hands when the dull spell came. We must replace them. I trust that you will give due attention to new applicants and give them what they can earn, but do not exceed it. We rely on your judgment and devotion to our interests, We look to you to earn your salary in *your* work."

Skinem went to his den and soliloquized, "He relies on my judgment and devotion to his interests. His interests be damned! I will look to mine. My salary shall be increased, for my wife would be seen at receptions in a gown by Worth. While I would that she were away that I might see some girls at Saratoga. I must please the beast. Now for the pruning knife."

The applicants came in batches. The weak, the bold, the self-reliant were not wanted. The young, strong and submissive were the kind to buy like cattle.

"How much do you want? I see you worked for Fleecem & Co.?"

"Yes sir," said the blooming girl, "I got \$5 at Fleecem's, but they are in the dull season now."

"Yes, my dear, but Fleecem didn't give you such chances as we will. If you improve and are diligent, we will advance you. We will start you at \$3.50, 8 to 6, and every night and Sunday to do as you like, and a free dinner at Christmas if you stay."

At the week's end Skinem appeared before the magnate.

"Oh, Skinem, how do you stand on employees?"

"We have taken on 500 new hands, all young and strong, at reductions on their former wages of from \$1.75 to \$3.50 per week, say \$2.50 all round, or a sum of \$1,250 per week."

"Very good, Skinem, we have always felt that you were devoted to the interests of the firm and should get some slight recognition, even if it comes out of our pocket.

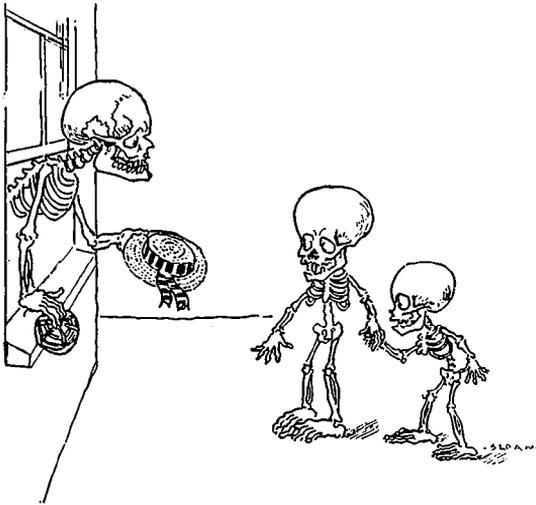
We will give you an advance of \$200 per annum, and trust that you will continue to see to our interests."

As Skinem went out the magnate said, "I feel in my bones that Skinem is a scoundrel, but times are bad and we must keep him sweet."

He then gave \$25 to the W.C.T.U. and \$25 to foreign missions, and calculated that he was over \$1,000 a week ahead.

May: "They say Belle is terribly destructive when in a temper."

Clara: "I should say she is. Why the other night she got into a tantrum and broke all her engagements."



"Come, children, and git your hats, or you'll be sunstruck"

"Why, ma, we have our knee-caps on!"

Examination Papers in Cram University.

Senior Fourth.

ANSWERS. A triangle is a figure on paper, or a slaight which has a + b at the corners and isn't square.

An axiom is something that might be so.

A theorem is a thing that isn't so.

A problem is how to prove that a theorem is so.

Habeas Corpus is the body of a native which is not of foreign birth.

Multum in Parvo was a roman General which was at war with the Parvoites or Parisites.

A parachute is one who is in the habit of killing his father.

Locomotor attaxia is the crime of being run over by a motor-car.

Excelsior means a kind of coffee mill, and a new sort of baking powder, and a kind of soap.

The Druids are old stones set up in Britain.

Marathon was a old greek general who was always after the battle.

An adverb is a word put before or after a noun to show the extent of its meaning, as—John London's book.

Cathay was an ocean celebrated for being sunk in Atlantis.

The Sahara an oasis in Africa ; the chief products is caravans.

A Protectorate is a country of savages who is allowed to pay their own taxes, and the other fellow's too.

Lazy.

May : Don't you think Hattie is lazy?

Belle : She is the laziest ever. Why she even refuses to eat any but pre-digested foods.

Sung by Wun Lung.



Ah Wong
This is pong,
This is ping

On chingee-changee—
Velly soon there won't be any ;

If they workee off their joke-ee

In this little game of soak-ee ;

Wow, Wow, Holy smoke-ee,

This poor Chinee will be broke-ee !

Hoi, Toi,

Muck-a-hoi,

Hi to check-ee, shirt-ee, collar,

If they tax-ee fifty dollar.

Ah Sing,
Ting-a-ling
Ling-a-long.

To wishey-wash-ee ;
Must be something up, by Gosh-ee ;

Up-ee now all day and night-ee,

No kick come-ee, all-a-lite-ee—

But good heben, Lor-le-might-ee,

Want-ee bleed a Chinee whit-ee ?

Hoi, Toi,

Much-ahoi,

Hi and muck on man that hollar,

Tax-ee Chinee fifty dollar.

—T. C.



It Did.

Uncle Amos (blissfully unconscious of the kingfisher):
"I told mother afore comin' out I'd ketch the biggest perch o' the season—and say, I guess this feller 'll jest about fill the bill!"



A Confession.

He kissed her on the balcony—
It was a dreadful sin;
The roses tried their shame to hide,
Folding their blushes in!

He kissed her on the balcony—
The very moonbeams quivered;
While Mars turned red, Orion fled,
And Venus fairly shivered!

He kissed her on the balcony—
I thought to see her faint,
This modest maid with look so staid,
That I had dreamed a saint!

He kisssd her on the balcony—
Ah, how can I tell—alack!
The direful truth of woman's ruth—
I—saw—her—kiss—him—back!

—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Trust Principle.

It is easier to rob a million men of a dollar each, than to rob one man of a million.—*Life.*

"Mercy! where did you get all the books?"

"Why, I'm trying to read up a few of them so as to know what to take away to read when I leave for my summer vacation."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Bah Jove! All the girls around here smile at me."

"Well, that shows they have some manners. Anywhere else they would laugh outright."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Lone Arrival (at summer resort): "What are your terms here?"

Hotel Clerk: "Um—you will have to wait until the through express gets in. If it is loaded, our terms will be \$10 a day. If it is empty, we will pay you twenty-five cents an hour to sit on the porch and look happy."—*New York Weekly.*

The *Living Church* quotes this extract from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Doctor S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork, and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"—*Exchange.*

It was not long since the young women in the cataloguing department of the Astor Library were laughing at a beginner there who catalogued Greek roots "botany." But some of the mistakes made by beginners elsewhere are just as amusing. Many years ago a young woman who had not yet learned all the intricacies of her work was cataloguing a set of works under "mill." So she wrote:

"Mill on Liberty."

"Ditto on the Floss."

That is one of the historic mistakes that librarians quote, and a newer one is just as amusing. This was the result of a young librarian's inexperience, and read:

"Lead—See Metallurgy."

"Lead—Kindly Light."

"Lead—Poisoning."—*New York Sun.*

Husband: "I've been looking over your engagement book, dear."

Wife: "Well?"

"Can't you postpone that quarrel you are going to have with me to-morrow for another week?"—*Life.*

"There goes the most popular man in this town."

"That so? Did he make his money himself or inherit it?"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

If you can really know a man it means that he is so shallow he is not worth knowing.



Appreciation.

"You ought to 'ave seen me as 'Amlet. I 'ad the 'ole 'ouse in a roar."

The Thomson Engraving Company

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