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The New Year : "I've got to decide it, so here goes."

# THE MOON

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### For 1903

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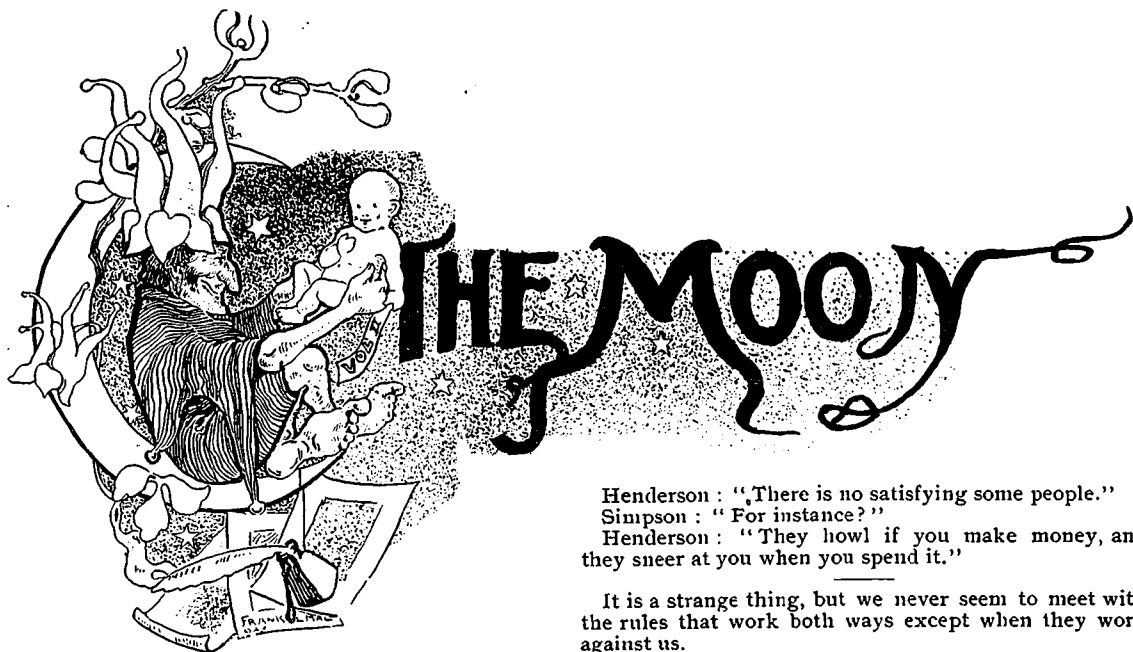
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### The Heeler's Appeal to His Wife.

Let me go to the matin' where Aldermen talk  
Of how each one that's running will win in a walk,  
Where the schooners are tall and the lager doth flow,  
To the mass-matin' rally, dear Sal, let me go.

Let me go where the candidate shakes all around,  
Where the bartender knows me, and rot gut is downed,  
Where the aspirants talk of much more than they know,  
To the ward-matin' rally, dear Sal, let me go.

And, oh, let me go where the ballots they mark,  
Where "schemes" are but hinted, and worked in the dark,  
Where dead men are dug up, tho' covered with snow,  
To the work of me fathers, dear Sal, let me go.

And let me be there when returns are all in,  
Whin I settle me face for a frown or a grin,  
And I "shmile" on the winner, and scowl on the foe,  
Sayin', "Didn't we do it," dear Sal, let me go.

And let me be there whin the stuff is paid out,  
Whin I hand in me book and I shpakes of me route,  
Whin they know that I'm lyin'. but dare not say "No,"  
To the candidates' hold-up, dear Sal, let me go.

—D. S. MACORQUODALE.

### A Difficulty Solved.

Henderson : "Did you hear about Honeymoon's great luck?"

Jones : "No. What was it?"

Henderson : "The week after he got married his mother-in-law got a divorce and got out of the family."

Goodun : "Isn't it sad to think that the world has always stoned or killed its prophets."

Cynicus : "Well, I can't say I blame those who did it very much. I know how it feels when things have gone to smash to have some wiseacre say, 'I told you so.'"

Bighead : "Sanity is a glorious thing."

Cynicus : "Indeed it is. It keeps us just like the rest of the idiots."

Henderson : "There is no satisfying some people."  
Simpson : "For instance?"  
Henderson : "They howl if you make money, and they sneer at you when you spend it."

It is a strange thing, but we never seem to meet with the rules that work both ways except when they work against us.

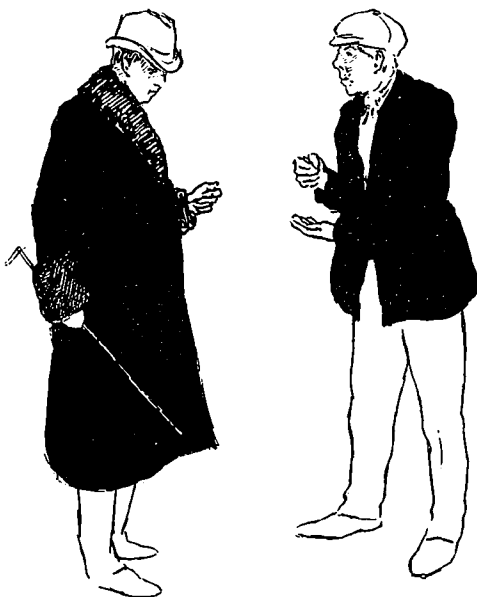
Jones : "This mineral water is named after one of our national heroes."

Frenchy : "Es he deat?"

Jones : "Judging by the taste of the water I should say he was."

Peterson : "What is this "New Thought movement?"

Griggson : "O, it is just a misprint for "No Thought."



C.S.M.J.

### And It Went, Sure Enough.

Tough : "Say, what's the time, pard?"

Wayfarer (looking at his watch) : "It's about—oh—ah—my watch isn't going."

Tough : "Betcher life it's goin'! Hand it over or—"

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

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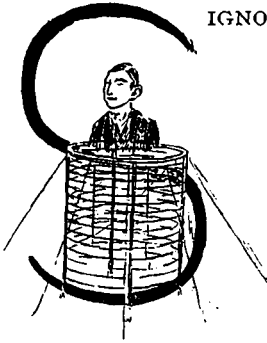
No. 32.

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.



IGNOR MARCONI'S final success in making his system of wireless telegraphy commercially practicable, should be, and is, hailed with delight by all persons that look forward with the hope that the twentieth century will see removed all the great obstacles with which we now must contend.

This may seem to some to be too broad a statement. The persons that form such an opinion of the statement are misguided. It is said!

If Marconi can, at his age, make wires between Canada and England unnecessary for purposes of communication, he should, before he reaches middle age, make wires unnecessary for political purposes also. But his usefulness to society need not stop here. His wireless system will, without doubt, come into general use on land as well as on the sea; nor is it necessary that it be restricted to telegraphy. May we not reasonably expect—nay, may we not be reasonably assured of having—wireless politics, wireless morality, a wireless judiciary, in fact, a wireless general social system?

Try, O people of imagination, to picture in your mind's eye a wireless statesman, a wireless judge, a wireless moralist, a wireless social leader, a wireless school trustee, and a wireless keeper of questionable resorts! Scoff not at the suggestion that these things may become realities; the age of wonders is at hand.

THE necessity for Governmental control of the sale of all things without which life in our country is made impossible is made clear by the present conduct of the coal dealers in all our large cities. The dealers have in their possession thousands of tons of anthracite coal, which they refuse to sell to any but their regular customers. This method they adopt that they may continue to extort famine prices at a time in which no famine exists.

Among the large dealers there is an understanding

that prices shall not be cut below a certain point. This arrangement, of course, prevents the smaller dealers, who get their supplies from the wholesalers, from cutting prices. The result is deliberate and wholesale robbery—quite as criminal as that that is committed in the highway—which the Government cannot prevent.

The public is, to a great extent, ignorant of the true situation; all it knows is that it has to pay an absurd price for its fuel. The reason for this ignorance is the contemptible position of the daily press. All of our dailies are controlled, absolutely, by any person or company that is willing to sign an advertising contract that is large enough to smother the editors' consciences. With the *highly respectable* papers the contract required is for not less than one thousand lines; but there are other papers in which all sense of morality can be put to sleep by the magic power of a hundred lines.

Try writing to a daily newspaper; ask it to publish a letter, in which you call attention to the conduct of our coal monopolists. Your letter will be returned, if the editor be courteous, or, with scores of other communications on the same subject, it will fill the waste-paper basket.

These are the institutions that you support!

QUEBEC needs no missionaries from Ontario. The recent trial and conviction of the Hon. Joseph Burnet, who had been declared elected to the House of Commons as the representative of the St. James division of Montreal, has made this quite evident.

Mr. Burnet's sentence calls for disqualification from voting or holding any public office for a period of seven years. If he had been an Ontario member he would have been reprimanded. His offence would here be considered quite naughty—but cute.

Let Quebec send us a few missionaries.

IT is remarkable with what promptness and willingness the Ontario Government has taken up the investigation of the alleged frauds connected with the recent referendum vote. Mr. Ross and his colleagues are resolved that any person guilty of personation on the fourth of December shall be severely punished. On general principles, this course of action seems most just and commendable; but in this case we hold the opinion that it is unfair, inasmuch as it is inconsistent with recognized Ontario practice.

Mr. Ross first encourages weak and ignorant men to commit the crime of impersonation, then punishes them when they practice it at a time at which he is desirous of having it practiced, only that he may display his discipline, without self-sacrifice, and at their cost. Mr. Ross' conduct reminds one of the owner of a pet dog, who fondles the animal, and lets it lick his face, when he wishes it to perform a trick, and who thrashes it soundly when it, uninvited, springs upon him.

Portraits by Moonlight.



GEORGE FREDERICK MARTER.

Brief Biographies—No. XXIII.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

**B**RANTFORD, Ontario, is honored among the cities of Canada, in having produced, nurtured, and sent forth to battle with the world many men of weight. Not least among the Old Boys of the historic town is George Frederick Marter. An honorable position in public life as Township Clerk was exchanged for a place on the Council Board of the village of Waterford. On moving to Muskoka he became Reeve of Gravenhurst. Depraved associations here marked the broad way, and he became a legislator of note on the Liberal-Conservative side. In '94 he bearded a hitherto invincible lion in his den in North Toronto, and chased Joe Tait into his bake oven by about 800 majority. At this time he succeeded to the leadership of the Opposition.

At this time also, we learned from the *Toronto Globe* that the subject of our sketch was unfaithful to his trust as leader, lacking in legislative ability, and dishonest in his professed prohibition principles; otherwise he was all right.

In 1896 Mr. Marter resigned the leadership of his party. For this, two reasons have been advanced by party papers: One is that Mr. Marter saw nothing worth leading; the other, that the party saw nothing worth following. THE MOON thinks both views somewhat wide of the mark. In the meantime the *Toronto Globe* Iago hinted at alienated party affections and unfaithfulness, and so planted the seeds of jealousy in as noble and manly a heart as ever strangled a Desdemona (however, whose sees

Desdemona in the Tory Party of that date must do so at his own risk).

From that time up to the last general elections Mr. Marter attended strictly to business, his motto being:—"Let your Company's shingle shine before Clergue that fire premiums may multiply."

At the general elections Mr. Marter came out boldly as an Independent Conservative-Liberal, and contested North Toronto, being opposed by Dr. Beattie Nesbit. The *Toronto Globe*, at this time, discovered vast national resources of ability and integrity in the gentleman that were never before suspected by it. Rumor has it that the *Globe's* view was through a thicket of spruce, and it has been broadly hinted that the same obstruction obscured Mr. Marter's view. Whatever are the facts, we would say to all Ontario politicians of prominence, that whoever is without concessions among them should be the one entitled to leave the first pulp log at our friend.

Much has been said by party papers of Mr. Marter's views on the liquor question. We believe that he has stood to his principles in this matter as few Canadians have done, or are likely to do.

His commanding figure on the street beams with a dignity and geniality that heartens at once both friend and stranger.



Hear! Hear!

Si Parkins (First Year McGill) delivers a lecture on Insanity before his village Debating Society.

"Ladies and gentlemen, after listening to my remarks, you will be forced to the conclusion, however unwillingly, that lunacy is decidedly on the increase."

Simpson: "Do you really consider old Gottrox a public benefactor?"

Thomson: "O that is what we call him to his face. Behind his back we call him an easy mark."

Maude: "I really believe I should have been an angel if I had not married you."

Brute: "Oh! No! An old maid."

Biggs: "Carnegie seems to give away a million dollars about once a week."

Giggs: "That's nothing. He gives himself away every time he opens his mouth."

Mr. Brown: "What? Going to church this cold day?"

Mrs. Brown: "Indeed I am! That horrid Mrs. Newly will be there, and I want to get a chance to cut her publicly."

As a rule when a man talks about his knowing his limitations, he is simply making an excuse for his laziness.

time we may possibly allow ours to skip the ground. Yet it was really sad about poor "Lotty," but then she was wearing a train of two yards in length, which is perhaps somewhat excessive. And she was trying to wheel a baby buggy at the same time. It was very careless of her not to have had a nurse girl.

And now, dear ghostesses, what magazines are you going to take this year? If it will not be out of place, let me recommend *Munsey's*. It is really a sweet thing. But even better, perhaps, is the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the pages are so large and there is so much reading in it. A friend of mine told me to-day that she began to read one last New Year's day, and had not finished it yet. Of course she is a busy woman, with not much time for pleasure reading. Mr. Bok, you know, is the editor, a most charming creature! Really there are few that know the feminine heart as he does. His advice as to the bringing up of babies is especially sought after. My friend, who is the mother of six, says that she never reads it without weeping. Then there are the cooking recipes. My friend says that whenever her husband becomes slightly discontented with his daily bread she just puts a few before him and lets him read them. She says the very thought of them is enough to reconcile him for a month. This is surely high praise, and I know of many more equally nice things, if I had time and space to write them. I am told that the circulation of this excellent family journal has already reached a million copies. Is it not comforting to reflect upon the literary taste of the Great Reading Public?

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Sunbeam: Yes, the little story you noticed in the magazine you mention was mine. But you must not flatter me. I really can't believe that I am a better short story writer than Kipling—at least, not very much better.

Contributor: The poem you send me is really unfit for publication. It is very poorly written. I have even noticed that some of the lines rhyme. Surely you forget that this is the twentieth century. The meaning, too, is so simple that a child could understand it—a most amateurish blunder. Study Bliss Carmen, friend.

Enquirer: No, you can never be a journalist. I can not encourage you. I would not encourage anyone. I want to be the greatest and only Canadian Lady Journalist myself. No others need apply. Stay at home and learn to wash dishes, little woman; it is a noble work.

Curious: If, as you say, your article is funny, try some less serious paper than *THE MOON*. I should advise the *Montreal Witness*.



#### Salvation.

"Belong to the army, don't ye?"

"Well, supposing I do; what the deuce has it to do with you?"

"Where's the nearest shelter?"

#### Heather's Ladies' Column.

O we are again entering upon another year. What solemn thoughts the words evoke. Of those whose names used to appear in this column not all are there now. Some of them, alas, never were all there. Only to-day I heard of the death of our dear Ghostess "Lotty." She died a victim of the long skirt habit. It shocked me, indeed, for the moment. I seriously thought of countermanding the order for a yard train on my new gown. Yes, indeed I did, I was so affected. But, of course, it would never do to let sentiment overcome

one like that. One must assume a Spartan heroism, and follow the fashion at all cost. I hear, though, that in Paris the skirts are getting shorter, so that in three years'



**Timid :** Poor little girlie. No wonder your little heart is sore. What brutes these men are. And yet how women bear with them, forgiving everything. And you cried all day, and in the evening all he said was, "What in thunder have you been doing to your nose?" Ah, well, these heartaches are our common lot. Be brave, little woman, and bear it! Use Pearl Powder for the nose.

**Serious :** The quotation you send, "The moving finger writes and, having writ, moves on," is not familiar to me. There appears to be very little sense in it unless it refers to some new automatic writing machine. In any case, "having writ" is improper English. "Having written" is correct. I have also been unable to place your other quotation, "Ah, take the cash and let the credit go." I asked the editor, and he said, "For goodness sake look up the Encyclopedia." I have looked, but to no purpose. There is a new book, which I have not yet seen, called "Letters of a Retired Merchant to His Son." It may be from that. At any rate the meaning is obvious.

**Dot :** What a sweet letter, childie! It has cheered me so. So you are happy, and everybody else is happy, and you hope I am happy too. Bless your sweet heart! That is the kind of letter I like to get. So artless, so innocent, so touching. Thank you, dearie, come again. —HEATHER.

A Sunday School teacher in Muskoka was explaining to her class that Adam and Eve were put out of the Garden of Eden as a punishment for their sin. When reviewing the lesson, she asked what punishment God inflicted on Adam and Eve. A little tot immediately answered: "They were put out in the garden a-weedin."

**Shrewd.**

**Business Man :** "I have an infallible way of getting at the true character of a boy before I hire him for my office."

**Friend :** "What is it?"

**B. M. :** "I send him to the next floor for a looking-glass, and I can tell how much he is stuck on himself by the time he takes in bringing it."

**A Difficulty Solved.**

**Henderson :** "Did you hear about Honeymoon's great luck?"

**Jones :** "No; what was it?"

**Henderson :** "The week after he got married his mother-in-law got a divorce and got out of the family."

**Mrs. Newrich ;** "I have noticed a funny thing about the exclusive sets of society."

**Mr. Newrich :** "What is it?"

**Mrs. Newrich ;** "The less crowded they are the harder it is to get into them."

**Examination Paper for Rhodes Scholarship.**

1. Trace in outline the first missionary journey of G. R. Parkin.
2. Explain in connection with the above how this journey has changed the world's history.
3. State in detail the advantages of English culture as opposed to the crudeness and bad form of the rest of the world.
4. What, in your opinion, would be a practical scheme for Imperial Federation?
5. Write (answers not to exceed 20,000 words) a synopsis of Dr. Parkin's lecture on "Our Ocean Empire," delivered in October, 1892, at Shotover-on-Stoke.
6. Estimate the advantage to American and German students of being trained to wear an eyeglass and a Norfolk jacket.
7. Explain the terms "New Chum," "Herald of Empire," "Cacoethes Dicendi," "Blue-Nose," "Benevolent Assimilation."
8. What book, in your opinion, has done most to mould public opinion in the last fifty years? Why do the majority of people mention "Round the Empire" in this connection?



**Mr. Hooley (to American who has just been boasting):** "Well, there's one good thing yez can't make in yer great country. Yez can't make an Irishman from the old sod."

# THE MOON



C.W. JEFFERYS

TWO YEARS OLD.





### An Economical Device.

Enterprising Citizen of Boomtown: "Say, Mr. Standby, p'raps you wouldn't have any objection to us puttin' up this sign onto your place?"

Standby: "What do you want to do that for?"

Enterprising Citizen: "Well, as you're the only man in town who don't want to sell out, it'll save the rest of us the cost of puttin' up signs."

### Caught by Marconiphone.

SCENE: Awlbannie Club. Assembly of select stalwarts.

WHITNEY: "Now, gentlemen, for the final heat; can we win the byes?"

Organizer Wright: "We ought, with the help of the boys."

Whitney: "Peace, minion, you are not now writing squibs for *Events*."

Nesbit: "We should win two out of the three; in fact, we are sure of doing it."

J. J. Foy: "Which two?"

Nesbit: "We are sure of North Grey and North Norfolk, or else Perth."

Miscampbell: "We are surely sure of North Perth."

Col. Matheson: "We are sure of the three seats if we can prevent the MACHINE from getting in its work."

Whitney: "Gentlemen, that "if" is a very good

word to insert in a wager, but it won't help us. When the Doctor says we are sure of winning two seats, and can't say which two, he means he hopes we may. We want something more definite than that."

Foy: "If we only had a good clear case against the Machine it would give us a lift."

Whitney: "If we only had an organizer who knew as much as Organizer Smith."

A. W. Wright: "I am happy to be able to state that I don't know, and don't want to know, as much as Smith about *some* things."

Whitney: "Did you know enough to send out my last printed speech to those ridings?"

Wright: "Yes, sir, all but about a cord and a half."

Matheson: "Why did you not send the entire edition?"

Nesbit: "He had just learned that the farmers out there were burning their fence rails."

Foy: "No pleasantries, gentlemen, please. What I reflect on now, so confident do I feel, is, what shall be our change in legislation when we take office after the bye-elections?"

Whitney: "The whole body politic needs reconstruction."

Matheson: "Put the Treasury Department on a solid basis,"

Carscallen: "Reform the judiciary."

St. John: "Reconstruct West York."

Miscampbell: "Rearrange New Ontario, so that there shall be something for the boys."

Whitney: "Wright, what do *you* say? If you would but curb your levity, you might give us a pointer."

Wright: "Well, gentlemen, if I might suggest, adopt the Colonel's suggestion. Get us up a little fund—one that will appeal to the good sense of the electorate—and appoint an Attorney-General, *who will be favorable to the Administration*, and we will give Smith the run of his life."

Chorus of Stalwarts: "Wright, you're all right!"

### The Worm Will Turn.

Here is an extract from a letter written by a practising author to a publisher who had accepted one of his books, and proposed advertising it widely:

"I'll put up with a good deal in order to earn my living, but I swear I'll not be 'discovered' by another publisher."

Bighead: "Nothing counts in this world but work."

Gassly: "I believe, though, that there is such a thing as luck."

Bighead: "So do I, but it is always some other fellow that has it."

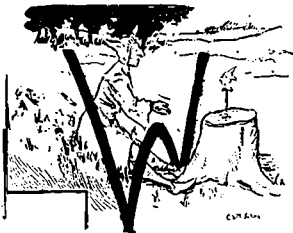
Wouldn't it, perhaps, help to quiet matters at the present time if President Castro would make the time-honored remark of the Governor of South Carolina?



Maude: "Jack is always up-to-date on literary matters. I wonder how he manages it."

Ethel: "That's easy. He chums with the authors, and hears all about their books before they are written."

### The Words of Whittaker.



WHEN thou enterest into the tabernacle take not a seat near the door, for then the congregation will not receive the moral support that thou canst give and which they stand in need of. If thou art late, enter the aisle and wait,

with thy castor held in the left hand, crown up and forward, rim against the fore arm; one glove (the left one) off; cane grasped about seven and a half inches below the top, in the right hand, which should be held in front of, and an inch and three-quarters above, the fob pocket of thy waistcoat. An usher will show thee to a seat well forward and central. When thou hast taken

thy seat the pastor will resume his discourse; do thou then rise and remove thy outer coat, turning the otter lining outward; throw the coat upon the back of the seat, and bow thy head humbly on the back of the next seat for a brief space; from inner recess extract thy handkerchief and with it arrange thy beard, holding thy solitaire so that it may be seen of the choir women. Thus shalt thou do when thou enterest the congregation, that thou mayest be seen of men.

Give not thine alms in the street, and not in coin. When thou givest for the heathen that are in a far country, give by cheque, and let it be recorded, so that nothing be lost. When thou givest to the heathen that are near, see that they sift cinders or shovel snow for it, and let the rate be not more than ten cents an hour, and it shall be well with thee.

If thou have a matter at law with thy neighbor, do not bear false witness against him, but *hire a good lawyer*, that it may be well with the thing that thou takest to church to be cleaned and pressed every Sunday.

As the days become longer in January, so will the faces of city fathers who have sought thy assistance in December.

If thou art elected a city father, keep thy promise of reform, by giving, at the first meeting of council, a notice of motion. Per-adventure, there be two hundred

notices of motion ahead of yours; the matter may not be reached till December come again.

Say not that Robinson, thy opponent, is in league with contractors; just mention that thou hast been told it by a busybody, that thou hopest it is not true, and ask the "boys" not to mention it, as it would hurt Robinson, for whom thou hast great respect as a man, though thou dost not suspect him of cleverness. Thou canst safely gamble that the "boys" will bruit it abroad.

When thou gettest a "tip" on a horse that is only for thine ear, and that thou must not divulge to others, do thou tell it to every one thou meetest and—*play the other horse*.

If one meet thee in the way and say: "I pray thee, kind sir, I have three cents; had I seven more I could get me a bed," then say thou, "A dollar is the smallest change I have," and then wilt thou be astonished when he sayeth, "Thy servant will change it."



Poor Reggie has already been carried two blocks past his getting-off place, but he can't collect nerve enough to move while the other gentleman is so interested in his newspaper.

### Anecdotes of the Ananias Club.

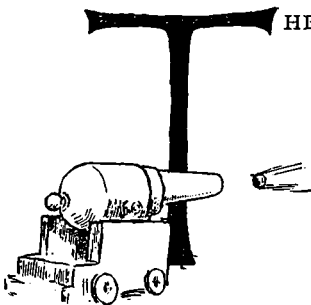
**T**HE chairman said that, as it was the festive season, routine business would be dispensed with. He called on the ship chaplin, the oldest member of the club, to entertain. That gentleman said :

"It was when we were on the China station, and were cruising after pirates off Hong Kong. Those recent gales made me think of it. I had just begun service to the crew on Sunday morning when the captain came to me and said that while it was fair overhead the glass was falling, and I had better cut it short. That suited me, for those common seamen do not really appreciate merit. We started a hymn, and it began to blow a bit. The captain piped all hands aloft. Some of them were singing, and did not hear the order. The captain began to swear; that is he began to try, but the words were blown back into his throat. To save his tackle he ordered the ship put before the wind. For a bit we were safe enough, but soon, when they tried to furl sail, 13 seamen were blown from the shrouds, but so great was our head-way that not one of them feel on deck. One of them told me afterwards

that when he struck the water we were fully half a mile ahead. We were liable to go down any minute, and the captain ordered a gun that had been shotted to be fired aft. *Gentlemen—I state the solemn truth to you*—the gun went off and so did the shot, but it didn't go twenty feet from the muzzle when back it came into the gun, knocked the breech out and wrecked the cook's galley. The captain was swearing, I knew by his face, and signalled to fire the other gun forward. Well, sir, it went off all right. By this time we were nearly out of the water, keel only a few inches in, when the storm, that is, the wind stopped, so suddenly that the air pressure on the sails on the leeward side blew them all to ribbons; the ship stopped with such a jerk that the captain and crew all pitched over the bow and were drowned. Then a strange thing happened: the shot that was fired had been passed by the ship and fell on the deck, and then came the captain's voice saying, "Fire the forward gun, you lubber." It was a solemn thing to think of, and yet I was glad that the captain

had died without hearing his own awful profanity. When we reached Hong Kong, the Rear-Admiral actually doubted my account of the disaster, till I had shown him the broken gun, the ball on the deck, and a hole in a two-inch oak plank in the cabin floor where the mercury from the barometer had penetrated. When he saw that he said, with tears in his eyes: "Rev Sir, you will pardon my seeming doubt, when the mercury fell so fast as that, I can believe all the rest."

"I never was much on sea storms," said the Chicago barber, "but I can tell you a little about a little blow I was in once that aint no lie, I can tell you. Me and Jim Peters went out in Lake Michigan one day to catch a few bass. We had a little bit of a yacht, but she was stocky built and would carry about a half a ton, or maybe three-quarters. Well, we got out by a little island and anchored, and started in about 14 feet of water to haul in the beauties. We started at 3 o'clock and hauled in till 7 o'clock without a let up, and they'd average a pound and a half to two pound. When it was just a gettin' dark we up anchor to get back to the city, but not an inch would she go—got such a load of bass on that the water was up to the "gunnel", you call it, parson, and we was on the rocks. After a bit the wind came up, an' such wind. It blowed all night and steady, no let up to it; and 90 miles an hour at that, and blowed every hair off of both our heads as clean as a jug—just like you see me





### Readily Explained.

1st Tourist (reading placard in Paris): "Libertè"—that's easy understood—but what in thunder do they mean by "Egalitè?"

2nd Tourist: "Why, that means that the Eagle is their national emblem, you know—just as it is ours."

now. The water washed most all the fish out of the boat, an' we pumped out in the morning an' got home. But the funny part of it was, Peters blamed me for losing his hair, 'cause I asked him to go out for a fish.

"Well, sir, I had a little Renovator that I was using on my customers, an' I says to myself that I'd fix him up if it cost me a year's work. I had an old cavalry helmet that uncle Rube left us. I fitted it onto Peters' head with a rubber band for packing, put a valve in the top and fixed a bicycle pump on it with a rubber tube. I rubbed some of the Renovator on his old Sahara of a scalp, put on the helmet, pumped out the air and kept it pumped out for six hours, when off comes the machine flop onto the shop floor, and there was a full head of hair, a good 10 inches long, all over his head, and thick as it could stand. Had to go right to work and give Jim a hair cut right away, and he thought it pretty darn steep when I charged him 20 cents."

"What about your own Sahara of a scalp? Why don't you fix it up?" asked the Chairman.

"To tell you the truth, there's been such a rush for the Renovator, an' the helmet always wanted—rents it out \$1.00 an hour—that I never could find time to do up my own head; but, gentlemen, it comes expensive to get hair by my method, you've got to cut it twice a week or it get's under your feet. Fixed up a lady last summer what had a man up for damages, breach of promise and all that, and he seen her next week after the operation and abducted her. Her case came up in the High Court the week after, and as there wasn't no plaintiff, the case was dismissed, and now her lawyer has entered suit agin me for \$10,000 damages for spoiling his case."

The ex-alderman being called on said: "I have no axe to grind, and don't even own a hatchet, so none of you gentlemen would take me for a Father of his Country. You are right, gentlemen, I am no Washington, and I *could* tell a lie, but I *won't*. I am out, at the request of a large number of prominent citizens, to run as Alderman in the Ninth Ward. I have made a resolve, gentlemen, that, until the last vote is polled, I will not, even in jest, utter a single remark that is not strictly true, no matter tho' I should lose the election as the result of it. No, gentlemen, no consideration will make me forget my duty to our city, my word, and myself."

On an open and unanimous vote the latter gentleman was made Keeper of the Rolls and Grand Chief of the Select Knights.

Thomson: "I am never going to read any more modern biographies."

Bilson: "Why not?"

Thomson: "Because their sole aim seems to be to prove that all the interesting things we know about great men are not true."

### Defined.

Gayboy: "What is faith?"

Philo: "It is that which makes a man contribute his penny to a slot machine, though he knows from experience that in nine cases out of ten it won't work."

Wiggs: "Jones is bound to succeed as a lawyer."

Giglamps: "What makes you think so?"

Wiggs: "He is such a great reasoner. Why that man can convince himself he is busy when there isn't a brief in sight."

### Borax and Samjones go to Work.

"We're late again by that clock."

"'Oh! I don't go by that clock, its fast anyhow."

"You're slow, you are *going by* it now!"

"'Oh! I forgot, one has to be always on the watch for you."

"Pshaw, that's second-hand."

"Well, you're a hard case."

*Exit punning.*



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### The Dark Horse.

My Mayor despises swell plug hats,  
Dress-shirts and flaunting ties,  
All fancy socks and walking sticks,  
Frock-coats or glassy eyes ;  
Disdains to be a Howlan' farce  
Of prim giraffishness,  
Or elephantine dickie-bird,  
A Robin's son—no less—  
Or Party fish—beyond ex-Spence,  
An oyster or a clam,  
No Aldermanic juicy piece  
Of mutton, sheep or Lamb ;  
P'Shaw !! not a monkey, kangaroo,  
Goat, jack-ass, shark or mule,  
But just a simple " Roadster " of  
The good old " gee-gee " school.

### As You Like It.

Smilax : " What nonsense these old superstitions are. I was fool enough to nail a horseshoe over my door last month, and three days after, the place was struck by lightning. "

Borax : " Anybody hurt ? "

Smilax : " Well, no, only shaken up. "

Borax (triumphantly) : " Ah, now, if it hadn't been for the horseshoe you'd all have been killed ! "

### His Preference.

Beeswax : " Very few make money by betting on races in the long run. "

Trotter : " Ye're dead right. These long running races are mighty uncertain. I always prefer trotting matches. "

Editor : " Our Farm and Garden articles seem to lack originality. "

Assistant : " Well, what do you expect? You insisted on having them done by a man that understands the subject. "

### Up to the Times.

Mrs. Culchard : " I suppose there isn't much excitement over the New Woman in your neighborhood, Mr. Wayback ? "

Farmer Wayback : " Aint they though? 'Scuse me, but that's where you make a mistake. Old Jake Snyder took a new woman jest 'bout a month after his wife died, an' the boys gin 'em the biggest kind of a shiverree ! "

Venus : " Have any love messages been sent yet by wireless telegraph ? "

Cupid : " Why, certainly. Have you never heard of Goo-goo eyes ? "

### Those Dear Girls.

May : " Clara is going to be a trained nurse. "

Belle : " That shows that she is long-headed. She makes everybody sick now. "

### Needlessly Verbose.

Sinnick : " And what is to be the title of your novel ? "

Inkster : " " An Unfortunate Marriage. " "

Sinnick : " That's too long. I thought you rather prided yourself on never using superfluous adjectives. "



" There's Jones, the debt collector. He's a lucky fellow. "

" Why ? "

" His work is dun. "

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