

The Hint that Failed.

Waiter (looking for a tip): "You aint forgettin' me are you, sir?"
 Rural Guest: "Not by a jugful. I can't jest call ye by name, but I know yer face. Shake! How are ye anyhow, and how's all the folks."

Price 5 Cents

\$2 Per Annum.



Freddie Frog: "Hey! Willie, give me some more leaf, I'm near frozen."

At the Barber's.

At the establishment of a certain hair-dresser the following scene recently took place, to the joy of those awaiting their turn.

Barber (inspecting the victim in the chair): "Your hair is getting very thin, sir."

Victim: "Yes? That's all right. I've been giving it anti-fat; I hate stout hair."

Barber: "It's quite grey, sir."

Victim: "Of course! I'm in half-mourning just now."

Barber: "But you really should put something on it, sir."

Victim: "So I do, every day."

Barber: "Ah! May I ask what?"

Victim: "My hat!" (Silence.)

Regret. (After Shelley.)

O "Judge!" O "Life!" O "Truth!"

O'er whose sad jests forsooth!

Trembling, I weep where I had smiled before,

When will return the humor of thy youth?

No more—Oh never more!

A Disciple of the Great Thomas.

Father: "Reginald, my son, always remember the words of Carlyle, 'All true work is sacred.'"

Gilded Youth (humbly yet earnestly): "Thomas was wight, fothaw. Twust me to wemembah. I shall not pwofanely touch it."

Inquisitive.

"I notice that you put two one cent stamps on each of your letters. Have you a friend who saves stamps?"

"Not that I know of."

"Are you trying to give the post office more work then?"

"Never looked at it that way."

"Well, then, why do you do it?"

"Oh just because two heads are better than one."

Jasper: "I don't think that automobilist really wants to hurt anyone. See what a careful lookout he is keeping."

Jumpuppe: "Lookout nothing. He's just keeping his eye peeled for policemen."

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

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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.

"THERE was a sound of revelry by night"—and by day, too, when William, the German deity, landed on the little island that he still permits his uncle Edward to reign on. (England is a very wet country, you know.)

When the Imperial yacht reached the English coast, Almighty William was discovered engaged in his usual pastime of promenading. Then, at the wave of his hand, a cloud burst, and under the storm's protecting curtain he ate and left his ship—cheered to the echo by his supers, who, it is said, were "dressed." On the shore, crowds of noble-minded Englishmen bellowed their delights that God's special agent should stoop to set his feet upon their soil. Unmoved by this outburst, he made the storm to last, and in the torrents vanished from their sight.

A little while later he appeared at Dover. This time he was mounted on a snow-white horse (how fitting!) to the tail of which Lord Roberts clung. (More fitting still!) Lord Roberts had a "brilliant staff" with him. (Where in—, ah, England did he find it?) In this order they came unto Shorncliffe, where his Imperial Almightyness reviewed the First Dragoons, of which he, some years ago, in a moment of weakness, accepted the honorary colonelcy. After the review, he complimented his regiment on its man-killing ability, and ordered them to give three cheers for their king. They cheered, for is not that what they are paid to do? Then he left them, and turned up at Sandringham, where there was more cheering, and where much good wine was drunk. (There may have been other things drunk, too, but this is not recorded.)

Now, the foregoing may not seem on the surface, instructing, but it is, nevertheless. It shows us how money can be spent, and it shows us how it may be our privilege to spend some of ours, if the efforts of Colonel Denison, Dr. Parkin, and other noble men of their capacity lead to the gratifying of their plans. If we but had Imperialism, we should have the privilege of paying for the board, clothing, beer and arms of these cheering regiments, to say nothing of the other drunks—beg pardon, drinks.

How gratifying it would be to some of us that believe in prohibition, if we were permitted to pay for the whiskey, etc., consumed at Buckingham, besides what we pay for in Canada, to make the consciences of our local politicians easy.

WHAT is really the trouble with the Doukhobors is that they are bored. This country is too monotonously safe. Their life has hitherto been based upon a foundation of trouble which gave them abundance of excitement. Their emotional natures thus fed, they were enabled to adopt an austerity of life which seemed to dispense with all forms of amusement and relaxation. As long as they had their spring persecution to look back upon and their autumn harrying to expect, they led a fairly well balanced life, the exultation of slow martyrdom compensating for the bareness of their daily life. Far away from Russia, in our North West, they are trying to keep up the bareness when the excitement of the persecution is gone. Hence their present emotional indigestion. We in Canada have been good to the Doukhobors in our matter-of-fact English way, but we must draw the line somewhere. We simply wont afford them amusement of the type which the Cossacks were accustomed to provide for them.

THE scandal in England, which is likely to rival in importance the famous Oscar Wilde case, is said to have been disposed of by the King in an entirely original manner, *i.e.*, by declaring that the whole affair shall be hushed up, and the chief criminal in the case banished from the kingdom.

What a convenience it is to be a member of the British aristocracy! If one stands in that social position, one is in no danger of having to face the criminal code; the King can step in and decide that it is much better for the public generally that no publicity should be given to so disgraceful an affair, and that it will be much better to have the guilty party got quietly out of the country, instead of having him go to jail.

Why should an aristocracy exist if the members of it are not to be allowed to indulge in the most disgusting of vices without their incurring the same responsibilities that common persons would incur?

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has given indication of possessing a quality that but few in Canada would previously have given him credit for possessing—namely, the quality of humor. He has appointed Mr. Sutherland to attempt to fill the place recently left vacant by the retirement of Mr. Tarte. While this may not seem funny for Mr. Sutherland, we are willing to wager that the public will have its sense of the ludicrous tickled when it sees the mental emaciation of Mr. Sutherland emphasized by the gigantic space that he is expected to fill.

The Doukhobors started out to meet Jesus, and met Frank Pedley.

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

Portraits by Moonlight.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

Brief Biographies—No. XVII.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Bart., was born at Amherst, N.S., July 2, 1821; graduated Edinburgh University, 1843. Became member for Cumberland, N.S., 1865, in the Local Assembly, defeating the Hon. Joseph Howe. For his services in relation to Confederation in 1867, he was made a C.B.; a Privy Councillor 1870. Succeeded Sir L. Tilly, 1873, as Minister of Customs. Minister of Public Works in 1878, and later Minister of Railways and Canals.

In 1883, became High Commissioner for Canada, with duties in London, where, it is rumored, his commissions came to a nice lump. It is held that a High Commissioner should not get commissions. We hold contra, and think that no person who has earned a commission should be defrauded of it.

He was created K.C.M.G. 1879; G.C.M.G. 1886, and Baronet 1888. He is a D.C.L. of Acadia College; LL.D. of Cambridge, and F.R.S.G.S., Scotland, and later more letters and tags than we have time to tie on. All this time he was Sir Charles Tupper, M.D.—dominating and to dominate. He became Secretary of State under Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and Premier in 1896, after Bowell had trouble with the strikers.

Sir Charles Tupper, Baronet, during a long political career, has been the fighting lion of his party, but has never been the darling. Not love, but fear, has inspired his followers, while hate has been the treasured sentiment of his opponents. He has been bested but once in a political fight, and that so thoroughly as to shake the confidence of one less courageous and pugnacious than the formidable Baronet.

When in the troublous times of '95-6, dissensions threatened to disrupt the Tory party, Sir Charles had to quit the commission business in London, and, sacrificing personal interests, come back to Canada, Home and Duty.

The Manitoba Separate School Bill, known as the Remedial Bill—the legacy of Sir Mackenzie Bowell—was too much for the old Samson. He went down with the wreck, but still had strength to rise and shake the dust of political battle from the soles of his feet, and, cursing the party that could be a party without him, and doubly cursing the Grits who profited by his blunder, retired.

Sir Charles has always been marked by his benevolence. In token thereof be it known that his political friends were always welcome to everything in the way of honors and profits that he couldn't pack in his own grip.

Among the titles conferred on him one at least was not sought for, viz., "Prince of Political Cracksmen," which was conferred on him by the *Mail*. It was not the official organ then. This title does not appear on his visiting cards.

He has been charged with the crime of "Tupperism," his enemies fearing the effect on politics of a preponderance of the family tree. The fear is groundless. Men of his calibre are not found in herds. There was but one Gladstone, one Disraeli, one Lincoln, one Buonaparte, and there will not be another Tupper.

Whatever his political failings may be, he is always courteous and manly, and possesses a face and personality not readily forgotten.

At the Police Court.

The Colonel: "What's your name?"

Prisoner: "Dennis—"

Col.: "Dennis what, what else?"

Pris.: "Dennis Son."

Col.: "Prisoner, you are not here to trifle. You are charged with being drunk."

Pris.: "Faith, yer anner, it's sorry I am to own to a terrible dhryness of the mouth."

Col.: "You admit being drunk?"

Pris.: "I do not, sur."

The Deputy Chief: "He has been drinking—"

Pris.: "That's as big a lie as ye ever tould, ye ould reprobate."

Col.: "Silence! We cannot permit interruptions in *this* Court. It will be a dollar and costs or thirty days."

Pris. (to fellow prisoner): "Is it gettin' on his dignity he is now?"

No answer.

Pris.: "Faith, if it is, I'd like to put a rope around his neck and fasten it to a limb, and I'm thinken' he'd be willin' to let me off to put somethin' more substant'ial under his feet."

Christian Scientist (to Nurse): "How is the patient to-day?"

Nurse: "He is a pretty sick man."

C. S.: "He is not sick, it is the Devil—"

Nurse: "Then the Devil is pretty sick."



Characteristic.

"And the doctor 'e give you this, did 'e?"

"Yus, 'e sez, sez 'e, 'If yer don't 'ave them things I wont answer for the consequences.' Them's 'is words."

"Why, bliime 'e, 'e's gone and forgot the most important part."

"What's that?"

"Why, a steam yacht and a ortermobile."

The Ontario Cabinet Council.

ROSS: "Past three, and only half the Cabinet here yet, when the Council was summoned for half-past two! Gentlemen, this won't do! It shows great slackness at a time when we ought to be vigilant. Where's Gibson?"

Harcourt: "Gone to Hamilton to attend a meeting of the Universal Spoliation Co."

Ross: "Well, it's too bad. I told him positively he must be here. The way he's involved in corporations surely does us harm enough without his neglecting the public business to look after his private interests. And where's Davis?"

Dryden: "He told me that he was to address a meeting of the Liberal Association at Snooper's Corners."

Ross: "This is intolerable! Always thinking of his own petty affairs and looking after votes on the side lines, while questions of real importance to the party—to the province, I should say—are allowed to go to the—
to the dogs."

Latchford: "Davis is just like all those pious fellows—always seeking his own salvation and caring mighty little about what becomes of the rest."

Dryden: "That's a common failing. I don't know that any of you can afford to throw stones on that score. I didn't get much help from anybody when the Tories were jumping on me over that Dakota ranch business."

Harcourt: "Well, you didn't deserve any. You got the whole Cabinet into disrepute over it, and nobody could have made the case any better. The best policy was to say nothing and let it blow over."

Ross: "I think you are ungrateful, Dryden. If we had asked for your resignation about that time it would have been a popular move. You really couldn't expect us to justify your course in view of our policy of 'building up Ontario.' Don't take an unreasonable view."

Dryden: "Well, we're all liable to make mistakes. Where would you have been, I'd like to know, if we hadn't backed you up in your school book monopoly deals, which have done the party ten times the harm that my Dakota ranch investment ever did."

Ross: "My dear man, you overlook this important difference. The school book monopoly involves certain direct and tangible advantages to the Government in the way of substantial contributions to the party funds, which was not the case in your ill-timed Dakota investment."

Dryden: "Well, as you all know, my seat has cost me dearly enough. I've put up more of my own good money to hold my constituency than any of you, and when I try to recoup myself by an honest business transaction, it's pretty hard when my own colleagues endorse, by their silence, the attacks of the Tories."

Ross: "Well, gentlemen, let bygones be bygones. There's an important matter—but where's Stratton?"

Harcourt: "Oh, he had a bank meeting to attend down town. Said he couldn't possibly be with us until about four."

Ross: "Dear, dear! This is most unfortunate. Most inconsiderate on his part! How on earth can we expect to get through this crisis unless the members of the Cabinet attend a little more closely to their duties? Too bad! Too bad! Four—that means half-past, I suppose."

Harcourt: "I think that the Provincial Secretary is disposed to follow the Scripture injunction, 'Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.' There appears to be considerably more permanency about corporation directorships than in public office."

Ross: "I don't see that we can do any business to-day. We may as well postpone the meeting, especially as I have to address the Boys' Brigade in an hour from now."

Latchford: "And so help to breed up young Tories."

Ross: "How do you mean?"

Latchford: "Just what I say, Mr. Premier, though I suppose I can't get you to see it. This Imperialist military business plays right into the hands of the Tories. You might better let them have a monopoly of it."

Ross: "I can tell you it was only my staunch Imperialism which pulled us through last election."

Latchford: "Well, it didn't pull us very far through. Its only a passing craze, and I suppose it wouldn't do openly to oppose it, but you needn't try to out-Herod Herod. I tell you every jingo speech you make is a nail in the coffin of Liberalism. I don't say much on the subject, but like my fellow countryman's parrot I keep up a devil of a thinking. And there are others."

Ross: "Well, we're in for it now, and must play the game for all it's worth."



Rastus: "Good day, sah. Aw see by de ca'd in de window dat yo' makes a speciality ob colored photos, so Aw brought ma fam'ly roun'. Does you chawge accordin' to de numbaw ob pussons in de group?"

From the Man in the Moon To the Moon on the Earth.

DEAR OLD DUFFER: I am sending you a few notes on strikes and industrial troubles in what some would call a light vein. I was in some trouble as to how the copy could be sent you in time for the issue of the 15th. It won't go down to you without being tied to something heavy, and I had nothing heavier than lead. In my dilemma I found a bundle of *Toronto Globe* Editorials and another of *Telegram* Ups and Downs. I will tie my copy to these, pitch them over, and trust that you will get the stuff on time.

Our coal barons here are in no luck, because all their neighbors hold the same title. All anyone has to do to get coal is to dig it out, or dig something else in exchange. He can do that, or dig out. The only fellow here who thought to have a title that could not be duplicated—I think you call it a *cinch*—was a fellow who got a title, from our great grandfathers, to some water lots and a spring. Other supplies becoming scarce, this old villain, whose name had been McTavish, began to call himself M. de Avish, and asserted with a glass in his eye, and another—pure Hennessy—under his vest, that the spring was his *to have and to hold forever*—and that he'd have a yacht built that would beat all Creation, a summer-house at Saratoga, a shooting-box in Scotland, and a mansion in May Fair. The people who hoe and sow,

and toil and broil, being athirst, took of the water that was said to be owned by M. de Avish. Senor de Avish's anger was kindled, and he called on the State for protection. The State, wishing to treat a great man gracefully, sent a company of hired killers to see that no one took of the water from the aforesaid spring without paying *the price* to Monsiignor De Avish. On arrival they also were athirst and took some of the water. De Avish called it mutiny. The judges, having wherewith to slake, needed not of the water, and repeated that it was mutiny, plus treason, plus spoliation: but the jury, who were without means to slake, said "not guilty." Senor de Avish appealed to the Supreme Court. The citizens then appealed to the pump and, filling the horse trough, gave M. de Avish more water than he had enjoyed personally in many moons. At the conclusion of the third dip the noble gentleman said: "Desist friends, I can now see clearly that what is necessary to the life of all should not be owned by some to the exclusion of others." He immediately joined in a crusade against monopoly, and will remain as one of the Crusaders, while his memory of the horse trough lasts.

About the present situation, don't be worried; you will have stuff to burn that might well be burned, even if coal be not scarce. Put a few of your aldermen on the grate, and top it off with a load of legislators. When they are all gone, start on common fools—those who vote for the former, thinking to improve their industrial conditions by sending these gentry to posts of so-called honor, where they may and will talk of what "I done."

No Excuse.

Editor: "What reason do you give for your jokes being so bad?"

Scrawler: "Well, my inkbottle was half full when I wrote them."

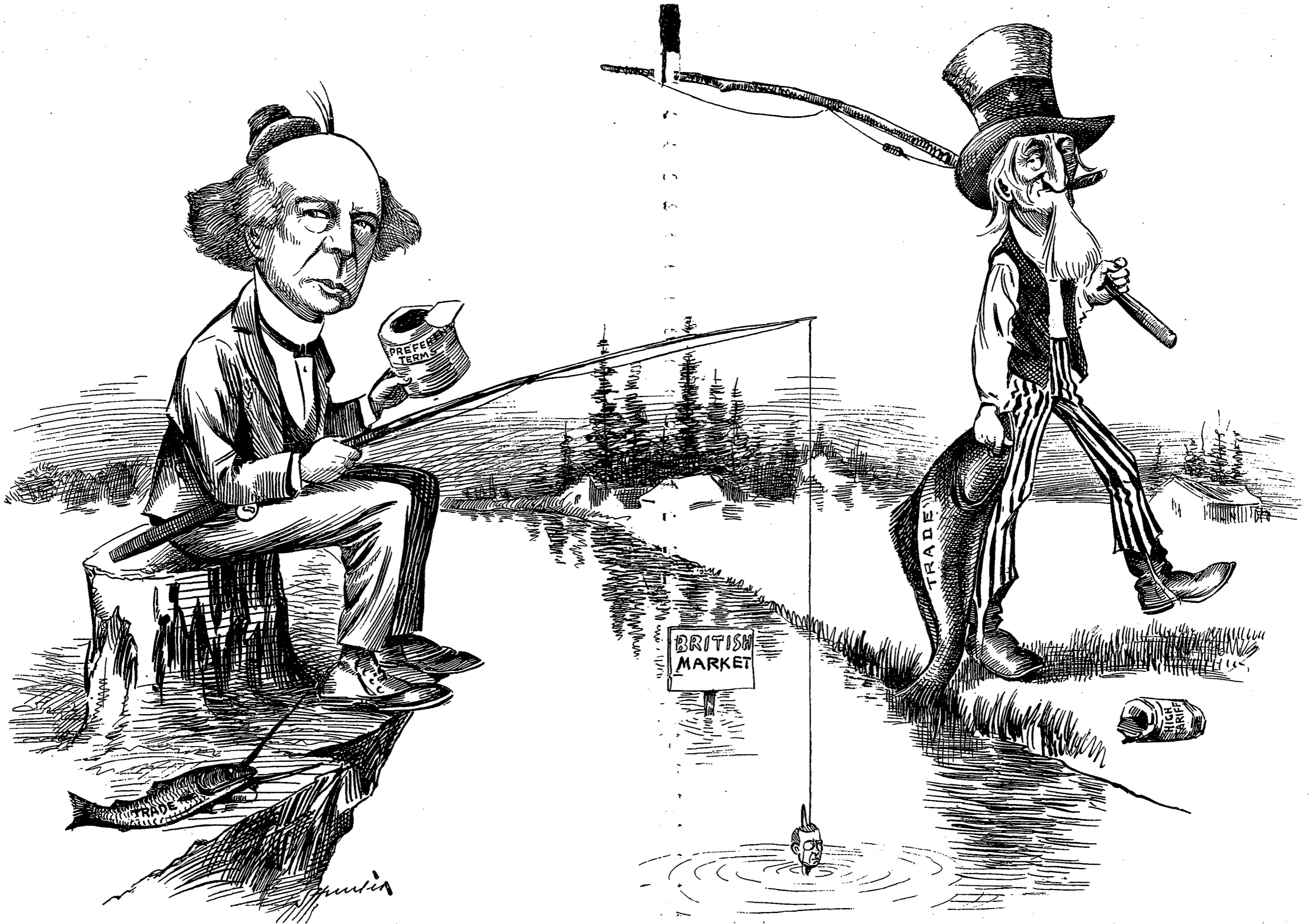
Very Rude.

Mr. Hairbrush: "Mr. Razor is a very sharp fellow."
Miss Comb: "Yes, but awfully stuck up; why the way he cuts that Whisker family when he meets them is awful!"

Fortunately In An Undertone.

Actress (confidentially to her understudy): "As I look into my shaddery future—I shudder."

Understudy (confidentially to herself): "And when she looks into her shaddery past, what does she do—I wonder?"



A PROTEST

MR. LAURIER: "Jonathan pays nothing for fishing privileges here, as I do, and spends nothing for bait—yet he has all the luck."

Pictured Platitudes.



"There is plenty of room at the top."

Heard on the Bookshelf.

THE Historical Novel sat him down and wept. He had been reading the latest reviews of himself.

"Why dost thou weep, brother?" asked the Religious Novel kindly.

"Hoots, mon," cried the Dialect Novel, "Did ye no ken. The critics hae been dingin' at him. Sure it's meself thot knows what thot is, begorra."

"When in trouble, look for the woman," said the Problem Novel darkly.

"I think I've heard you say that before," said the Humorous Novel.

"Yes, but I say it in French usually," answered the Problem Novel. *Cherchez la femme*. It sounds better."

"Golly, dat's so," assented the Dialect Novel. "I try dat game meself. De mo day don' know wot you mean, de mo day tink you mean sometin'."

"Youbetyourlife," said the Wild West Yarn shortly. Meanwhile the Historical Novel wept.

"Our brother seemeth in deep distress," said the

Religious Novel again. "It behooves us to find the cause and try to comfort him."

"Comfort me no comforts," groaned the Historical Novel faintly. Methinks I am beyond thine aid. Beshrew me for a fool else."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Humorous Novel. "How beautifully, excruciatingly funny."

"I don't see the fun," said the Problem Novel sourly.

"You never do," said the Humorous Novel. "That's what makes you so comical,

"Cease this quarreling, brothers," broke in the Religious Novel sternly, "We have here a soul in deep affliction—"

"Oh, my eye," said the Dialect Novel, "just 'ear 'im string it orf."

"You dry up," drawled the Wild West Yarn. "What's eatin' this here—hun—'flicted brother anyway. Hi there, mate, have you got a pain?"

This was a little too much for the Historical Novel. Ramming his kerchief into one of the holes in his doublet, he sprang to his feet.

"Varlet, jokest thou?" demanded he. "Begone, vamoose, get out, or I will g-r-r-rind thee to powder-r-r!"

Instantly the Wild West Yarn slipped a hand to his hip pocket.

"Drop it, pard," he said coolly, "I've got a bead on youse."

"Tut, tut," interrupted the Dialect Novel. "Take it canny, my mon, take it canny. Jist be sinsible now and lets 'ear wots makin' a babby of yer."

"Say, what is he anyhow," asked the Wild West Yarn, sotto voice, "Scotch or Irish or English or nigger or what?"

"Oh, nothing; he's just dialect," answered the Humorous Novel. "Funny, aint he?"

"By my troth," declared the Historical Novel more calmly, "thou art not a half bad conglomeration. Thou wouldst have me tell thee all? 'Sdeath, I don't care if I do. By my halidome, it is a sorry case. The reviewers will have none of me. They hiss me off the stage. I am 'on my last legs'; my 'bloom is off.' I am 'slowly losing favor with readers of literary discernment.' 'The time is coming when publishers shall know me no more.' I am officially informed that I am 'doomed.' Nor can I altogether blame them," he continued sadly. "What am I now? Hacked, marred, distorted, run through cheap periodicals, bound between yellow covers and sold upon the 10-cent counter of departmental stores. Every numbskull has a shy at me. 'Writers' they call themselves; 'scribblers' I call them—Scribbler-r-r-r-s!"

"Go it, pard," interrupted the Wild West Yarn, clapping softly. The Historical Novel paid no attention.

"Othello's occupation's gone," he continued gloomily. "My name is no longer glorious, enshrined with the names of the mighty dead. 'The pen is mightier than the sword.' Gadzooks, 'tis so; for the pen, which placed me on my high pedestal, hath also pulled me down."

"There is more truth than humor in that," said the

Humorous Novel, shaking his head. "It is one of those problems we have to write about," agreed the Problem Novel, "but I am sure there is a woman in it somewhere."

"It's the devil that's in it, that's wot," said the Dialect Novel grimly.

Just then the shade of Marie Correlli passed slowly by. She gazed at the sad group of depressed Novels standing by their weeping brother and sighed.

"The Critics have broken his heart," she said, and, still sighing, passed by.

—HEATHER.

From School Section 13.

THE mound bilders were men that lived when there was too much land. And they had to pile it up out of the way. The Indians didn't bild any mounds. They had more fun killing people. There isn't many mounds left now. We bilt a mound last winter but it melted. There is a little mound near hamilton. I told pa I wanted to be a mound bildler when I grow up. I guess I'll be a engine driver. Pa says the mound bilders all work in sewers now. Perhaps I'll be a real estate man. Pa says the mound bilders were the first real estate men and pa says the real estate men make bigger piles than the mound bilders. Our history says they don't know what became of the mound bilders. Perhaps they went on strike and culdent get what they wanted. I dont think I would like to be a mound bildler anyway cause there all dead. This is all I know about mound bilders.

—W. A. C.

An Efficient Collaborator.

Timkins: "I understand that you have arranged to collaborate with another writer in your next novel."

Sinkins: "Yes; Beeswax is going to assist me. I'm to do the plot and the conversations and the philosophy and the scenery."

Timkins: "Then what will be left for him?"

Sinkins: "The upholstery. He knows the business thoroughly."

Thompson: "Boys will be boys, you know."

Simpson: "Oh, no, they wont. What I am kicking about is that boys will be little devils."

Good resolutions come under the head of goods that should be marked "Perishable."

Most men have to be dead a long time before they become respectable.

Behind the Scenes.

THE dime museum had just closed for the night, and the freaks had sent out for a pail of beer, when the Wild Man of Borneo, who had recently joined the troupe, began to converse in low, earnest tones with the Bearded Lady.

"I have loved you since the first moment I set eyes on you," he said. "The facial adornment which some might deem a blemish but adds an additional charm to those lovely features. Fairest of your sex, will you be mine?"

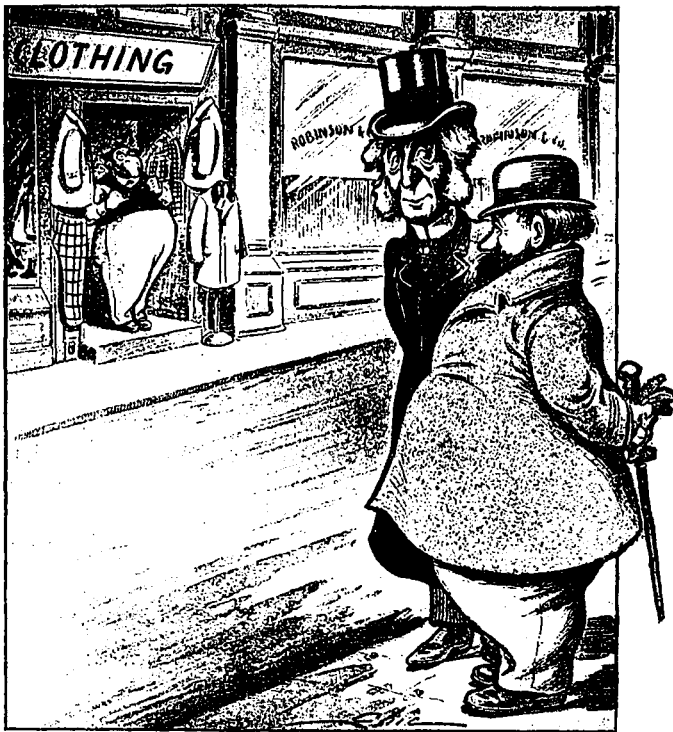
"Oh, come off!" responded the lady. "Guess your batty. If you're on the mash go and chin to the Fat Woman. She's kinder lonesome since the Livin' Skeleton give her the shake."

"Why do you scorn me thus?" he cried in impassioned tones. "Ah, 'tis perhaps my uncouth aspect that repels you. But look beneath the surface; I am no savage."

"Course not, yer durned fool! Nor I aint no woman!"



Shultz: "How many schildren you haf already got, Meester O'Shave?"
O'Shave (thinking): "Will, ef oi hod tree more oi'd hov siven."



"Dear me, Robinson, whatever induced you to rent your next door store to such a party?"

"I wished to test the fireproofness of the building I am in."

A Boy's Essay on the Phœnix.

THE feenix is an anteeek biped fabled in anshunt histry for soreing up out of ashes and other reffews.

I gess it was a kind of a Riveer burd—not like any uther foul or even a sparra. It coodent whistle nor nuthink; it cood only sare and lay eggs. But it cood liv in fires. Maybe its fethers was all made of asbestos, cos they never got skareht. All burds lay eggs eksept roosters, and they aint got no time cos they got to kro and escart the hens arownd.

The feenix, like all other fetherd tribes, is never barn—its just hatched, coming out of a shell when it feels like it. That's dead easy; but nobody nos how it gets inside the shell without braking it. That's a mistry. It all ways comes to life in the fire; there four, that's wot peepeel meen when they alood to the hen wot lays hard-boild eggs. The feenix is the only burd on erth who can do this with out getting burnd. Yew kin see pikchers of it in the inshoreance cumpinies coming off the nest and kroeing, with the nest all afire. Its trooly marvulus.

Wunse, when muther was out, I put 3 eggs in the fire, and cookt um to nuthingk; but no feenix never cum out—not even a chicking. Muther lickt me, same as she did when I burnd a hole in the kettell watchin the steem cum out like Mister Steevinson. All sientists is martars.

villun dye, too? Klowns is difrent; evry boddy nos a klown's only pertending. Say, klowns do all kinds of funny bizness, don't they. Don't you wish you was a klown? I do; but muther won't let me. Muthers is all ways interfeering; yew can't do nuthingk wot you want to. Sum times I wishes I was a orfan like Mickey Dogan; he don't have no boddy to say him neigh—nor nuthingk. But he never sees feenixes, no more than me, eksept in pikchers, and that's nuthingk; any boddy kin see pikchers.

If I was wun of our poetry, Ide lay a feenixes egg, just to see a reel live wun, and then paw wood put me into a mewseum, and all the kids, as well as Mickey Dogan and Bob Burton, wood cum and pay to see me; and woodent I kro!

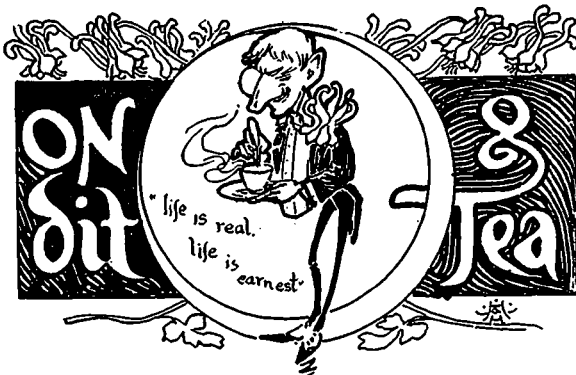
—W. T. J.

Inconsistent.

"Advertising is nonsense," the merchant said,
"The people all know me,
The business has been established here
For half a century.

No use in talking—I wouldn't give
Your paper a single line—"
And he turned away to direct the men
Who were hanging up his new sign.

—P. T.



silk with a sycamore sash. Miss T. Allow Dip was in tan-colored togery with a touch of pomme de terre.

The judges, Messrs. Stone, Wall, Jackson, Ward, Heeler, Brown, and Gladhand Greesor, awarded the prizes, and gave general satisfaction. Miss Fantods took first in fancy walking and brain swinging. Miss Dere Le Dere took first in debutanting and ogling. Miss Saidie Sangso took first in looking sad and soulful. A charming supper—American plan, and hop—European ditto, closed the services. Collection in aid of widow's night.

For Revenue Only.

MISS BEN OLIEL, a lady from Spain and of Hebrew extraction, did our city last week with an Oriental show, thirty Arabs in costume. The show was run under the roof and wing of the Metropolitan Church. Miss Oliel vouches for the costumes being Arabic. THE MOON will vouch for the Arabs being straight goods—genuine Toronto street Arabs. When you hear such names as Benhadad McGillivray, Muzzien Ali Kenny, Mohomed M. Brown, Arabi Angus McDonald, Gehazi G. White, etc., we know that they were the right sort and we have no quarrel with the manager, but we have with the city authorities for their laxity in not collecting revenue.

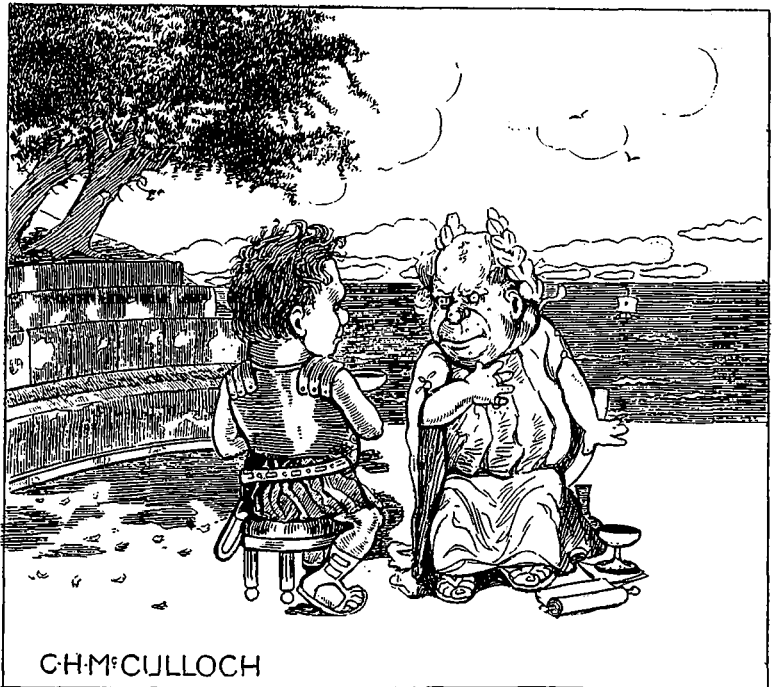
If a circus comes to town and pitches its tent among us, the city fathers see to it that the concern pays a good fee. Why should it, the show, be treated differently if taking cover in a church? The theory of all taxes on passing shows, is, that they take money out of the town and make no return. Miss Ben Oliel is a clever woman and knows a good thing when she sees it. She bears a striking resemblance in one particular trait, to all other Bedouins, she is out for the backsheesh.

A CHARMING little 5 o'clock pink tea, perhaps the most delightful of the season, even better than the same functions that were enjoyed last season, just when the evening's delightfully cool and just enough glooming to make electric lights necessary, when the light on the cut glass adds a charm that otherwise would be lost.

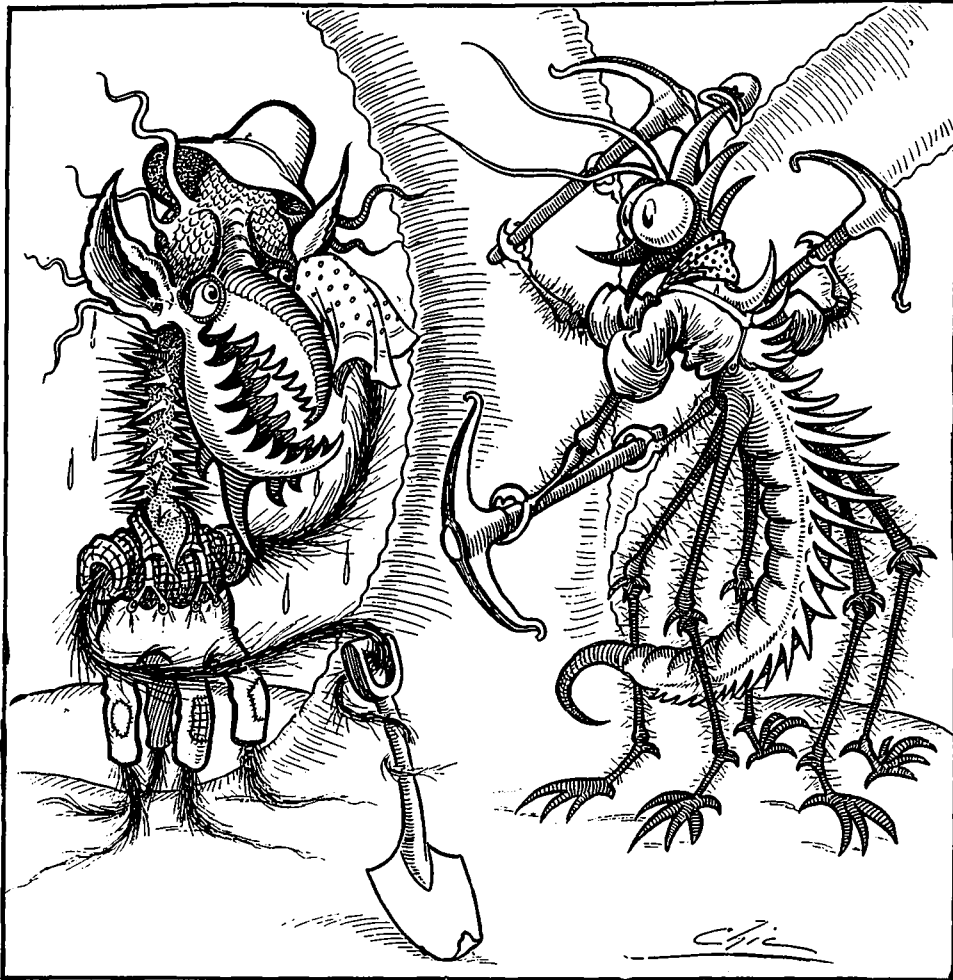
The hostess received her guests in a stiff satin skirt of a skim milk tint, with a train seven feet long, with a buttercup or butternut pattern, we forget which.

BROWN—White.—At the residence of the bridegroom's mother, buy the Very Rev. Dewlap Jowl, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Smoothly, of the First National Church, to Lady Mary Anne Rhodes Burns, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Patrick Carnegie Rhodes Burns, and grand-daughter of the late Patrick Burns, Esq., of Hoddmann's Place, in the 19th year of her age. The happy couple left on the afternoon train for Paree, Frawnce, and tower of the continent. The city hall chimes rang appeal. allowed with costs against vendor Burns.

AT the Fall Stock Show at Stareville, on the 11th inst., there were the finest specimens of imported and Canadian thoroughbreds that ever graced a fair. Miss Mellons was in fawn fantails with fue de joi and jet. Miss No Land was in lisle thread lace trimmed with lentils. Msss En Possony was in suede gloves to the shoulder, with corsage de corsair, with a massage of mignonette. Miss Patsy Pharaoh was radiant in a pure Manchester Turkish rug of recherche pattern. Miss O'Haney de La Ney was in red and yellow with green predominating. Miss Roderick-Howard-Raidy was in ruby-colored



Flavius: "Dost think this hemlock will cure my ills, O Marcus?"
 Marcus: "It will, my Flavius, at least be Ben-hur-ficial."



In Microbehollow.

Johnny Microbe: "We can't even make a dent here."

Billy Germ: "Serves us right, we ought to have known better than to tackle a modern pugilist's talking machinery. Let's get out."

Its Name in Polite Society.

Skraulein: "May I have some more of that stew?" sweetly queried the new resident pupil.

"We no stew here have," reproachfully replied Fraulein, "but you your plate for more of the scalloped mince pass may."

Played on His Nerves.

Miss Chomming Lisper (opening her purse): "And now I muht pay my ekthamination vee."

Dr. Shono Mercee (with nervous haste): "Not a V! Not a V! my dear girl! A ten, if you please!"

Jackson: "Kisses are not the same after marriage as they were before it."

Currie: "No, they are seldom up to sample."

He had it.

Teacher (who is an enthusiastic prohibitionist) improving the shining hour: "Now, my dear children, I want you to tell me, what it is you must all have seen on nearly every street corner, which brings misery into homes, takes the husband from his wife, the father from his children, and causes starvation and distress on every hand?"

Intelligent boy (who is sure he has got it): "Please, m'm, 'Cops.'"

Lord Helpus: "I hear that an American inventor has hit on a plan for communicating with Mars."

Lord Hatewell: "Huh! Isn't it just like a blooming Yankee to want to intrude on the privacy of another planet?"

If Fitzsimmons keeps on he will give a new meaning to that old saying about a man being able to hit 'like sixty.'

Not So Very Piquant.

Samjones: "Say, what do you think? Old Plugwinch has been discovered in a compromising situation."

Chorus of Voices: "When? Where? How?" etc.

Samjones: "He settled with his creditors at 50 cents on the dollar"

Unlike Ordinary Humanity.

Sinnick: "There's a fellow I once helped out of a tight place, and he's acted like a brute."

Beezletop: "Behaved ungratefully, did he?"

Sinnick: "On the contrary, he has shown his gratitude in every possible way."

Perhaps if self-made men could choose their materials, the results would be more pleasing.

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