

Johnny Canuck : " Well, I've got the money, anyway."

TO ADVERTISERS

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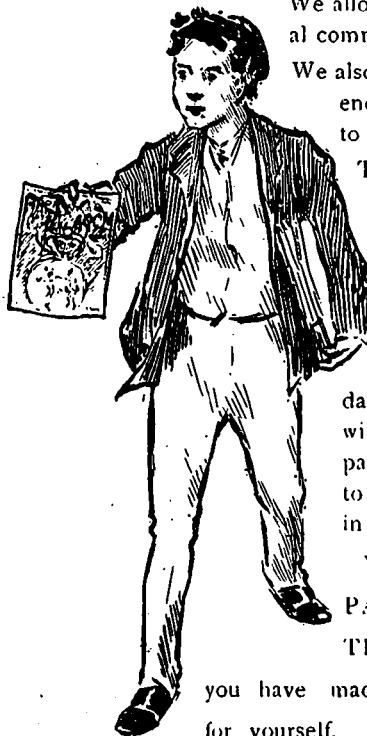
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"THE MASTER OF WARLOCK."

It is needless for us to say any more about this delightful and most charming book. Those who have read "Dorothy South" will look forward to this latest work of Mr. Eggleston's.

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HEAD OFFICE

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,
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Those Children.

Vera: "Isn't you going to ask us, Mrs. Simpkins?"

Mrs. Simpkins: "Ask you what, dear?"

Vera: "Mamma said if you asked us to stay for lunch we would stay."

"The World went very Well then."

IN my dream I stood in ancient Rome. Among all the sounds of clanking armor and lumbering chariot wheels was one that seemed familiar. Yes, I was not mistaken. The pounding and buzzing became louder, and in a few moments a trolley car dashed by. Immediately afterwards darkness fell upon the street. I looked and lo, a proud Roman, transfer in hand, scowled unutterably after the fast disappearing car. He had failed to attract the notice of the conductor, whose proper place at intersections was, as even a Roman knew, on the rear platform. "Aha!" I said, "when you have 'just missed' a few cars you will get used to little things like that." There, however, I was wrong. It seemed but a few minutes till the same car dashed by again. On the rear platform stood

the wronged Roman, the wicked light of triumphant vengeance in his eye, for, below him, the negligent conductor, tied by bell ropes, was limply dragging and pounding on the track allowance. The sight moved me strangely. And now, as each day brings an experience similar (in beginning, though, alas, not in end) to that of the Roman of my dream, I find myself saying, "Of a truth, the good old days are gone forever."

W. A. C.

The Oracle Speaketh.

The man who waxes strong and great,
Who rules mankind and guides the state,
Is not the fellow who chews the rag,
But he who carries the boodle bag.

Vol. 2.

MAY 30, 1903.

No. 57.

Medical Building, Cor. Bay and Richmond
Streets, 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.



It always has been, and it always will be, a cause of wonder to the observer, how ready the public is to accept effervescence as a sign of force. True, effervescence is a sign of force, but of force wasted, not of force employed. Water in a boiler will bubble and hiss and foam—but to what purpose, if the vapors be not restrained? And if the vapors be restrained sufficiently, the effervescence will be diminished—yes, it will even disappear. “Of course,” you say, “we know this to be true; why, then, take trouble to state it?” Yes, we all know this to be true in hydrodynamic; why do we not recognize the fact in “humanics?” We profess to see through the man that bubbles and sputters and vaporizes and attracts attention, but do we see through him? Perhaps!

If he be a common street faker, we do. If he be the fellow that bubbles through letters to the Press, we do. If he be a showman—a circus manager, or Museum orator, we do—sometimes. But if he be a full-fledged politician, or, better yet, one that dignifies himself by the name of “Statesman”, we stand open-mouthed, and with uncovered heads, in admiration for this “Force.”

What better example of this rumbling, sputtering effervescence can we get than Joseph Chamberlain? Here is a man whose whole life has been taken up in fermenting. He has “worked” and bubbled and hissed—and has produced what? More “working” and bubbling and hissing, a great deal of sputtering and spouting and fuss, but no head of steam that will drive the Ship of State! And yet how many there are that take this man seriously! How many rate him as a great force! How much more we hear of him than of Balfour! How many take a true estimate of him to be akin to sacrilege! How many there are that rate him even above Dr. Parkin! All of which must fill one with wonder, because it is so manifestly absurd.

Mr. Chamberlain's latest display of effervescence is his kite-flying speech in favor of Free Trade within the Empire. The surprisingly serious way in which the man is taken is made evident by the excitement that the speech caused. Columns of the daily papers are devoted to it even now. The folly of the proposal seems to escape notice. Free Trade between Canada and England would be as fatal to Canadian manufactures as a reward for incendiarism could possibly be. The lunacy that we call the Preferential Tariff is bad enough; but Free Trade! Idiocy, pernicious idiocy, aggravated by suicidal mania!

TRUE to the human policy of promoting that which we denounce, of accomplishing that which we claim to abhor, the “poor man” is heroically putting forth every effort to make high protection a reality. We often become impatient with the laboring man, and denounce his inconsistency. This is a mistake. True, he is inconsistent; but what of that? His inconsistency is one of the great forces that are accomplishing our salvation. If men were consistent, our country would soon be a wreck. If, for example, the members of the Ottawa Government had made their conduct consistent with their opposition professions, we should to-day have Free Trade, or something akin to it. Their unhesitating appropriation of the Tory fiscal policy assured, not only their existence, but the nation's. The laborer is at constant war with the manufacturer; he clamors for more wages, he “strikes,” he boycotts—and what will be the inevitable result? High protection for the manufacturer. Every strike, every increase in wages, makes it but more difficult for the manufacturer to compete with the importer. The time is fast approaching when imports must carry a heavy handicap if our goods are to have a chance. And it is the poor man's inconsistency that will bring this happy state about.

IT had been suspected that Canadian journalism was drifting into a position where it would be little more than a tool for wire pullers, boodlers, fake promoters and other semi-criminals; but until the “Can't you forget” episode no one was cynical enough to believe that it was the professional mouth-piece of criminals. But now we must accept the fact. *The Globe* has set the fashion. If anyone that has become blasé desires to read the most degraded example of journalism extant, let him select the editorial entitled “Can't you forget,” which appeared in *The Globe* of Thursday, May the twenty-first. With preachers and women it is “whole hog or none.”

GEORGE N. MORANG & CO. are suing Mr. J. Castell Hopkins for damages for breach of contract in failing to continue the editorship of the Annual Register, which Morang & Co. publish. In court, the other day, Mr. Morang stated that another suit against Mr. Hopkins for damages is pending. This second action arises out of Mr. Hopkins' failure to deliver the MS. of the *Life of Sir Charles Tupper*. The man in *The Moon* begs leave humbly to suggest that, should the court find that Morang & Co. have suffered loss by the non-fulfilment of the contract, the Government not only pay the assessment but set aside a day of thanksgiving and sacrifice.

DESPITE the legality of the action of the opposition, the public's sense of decency revolts against the unbroken succession of heartless knocks that the Tories are so mercilessly administering to the remains of the old war-horse, saddle, and mount. Scarcely a day passes, but the sensitive heart is turned faint by the sounds of the “dull sickening thuds,” as the blows fall upon the battered, mortifying flesh of the corpses. Can nothing be done to remove this offence to eye, ear and nose? Will not the Humane Society demand that the Lieutenant-Governor officially pronounce the Centaur dead? The report of no Royal Coroner's Jury is necessary; the nostrils of the public have rendered the verdict. Let the carcass be hauled to the glue-factory, that political typhoid may not become more rampant than it is.

Recessional up to 1903.

(With apologies to none.)

God! but our bluff it must be bold
If sweets of office still be mine.
Ross, by whose wiley hand we hold
Dominion over spruce and pine,
And, Hammond, you'll be with us yet—
If you forget—if you forget!

Our flunkies are not willing spies;
The Caps and Sullivans depart,
Still standing for the needed prize
And ready, aye, to say their part;
So, Hammond, man, be with us yet—
Try to forget—try to forget!

Far-fetched, *The Globe* works out its cue.
On this last dump we stake our pile;
There's nothing left for me and you
But make denials all the while.
Judge of Commissions, spare us yet—
Hammond, remember to forget.

If drunk with hopes of pow'r we choose
Tales wad mak' Ananias sma',
Such lying is of little use
Unless reporters hold their jaw.
So, Hammond, you'll an island get—
Only remember to forget.

The heathen Tory puts his trust
In ballot-box with iron barred,
Which ours the duty is to bust
And call upon *The Globe* to guard.
Therefore, friend Hammond, you're a bird—
If you'll forget my every word.

—D. S. MACORQUODALE.

Wanted to Live.

The "Ladies' Home Mission Society" met the other day to decide upon a question which had weighed upon their minds for the last two weeks.

Jerry O'Leary, a boy about fifteen years of age, had just returned from the reform school. Jerry was a tall, light-haired, blue-eyed boy, and to look at him anyone would think him anything but a thief. But a thief he was, and a bad one. The members of the society decided to have an interview with him, so they started for his home.

Jerry was sitting upon the back porch when the ladies called upon him. Mrs. Mason, the president of the society, stepped up to him and placed her hand caressingly upon his shoulder.

"Jerry," said she kindly, "you know that you are a very bad boy. Why are you such? Why not straighten up and be a man? We want to let our

children associate with you, and want to help you along. Will you not try to live right and be a good boy?"

"Well, I'll tell you, mum," said Jerry, looking up at her. "My pa read to me one day about the good a dyin' young. I just use cussedness as a sort o' life-preserver—see?"

The ladies silently and thoughtfully walked away.

—SAMUEL E. McDONALD.

Frank Sullivan must be a witness after Stratton's own heart. He forgets things so easily that he actually failed to remember that Gamey borrowed a thousand dollars from him.

Those Good Old Days.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Ananias, haughtily, "I have told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and, hark!—here come the gentlemen that will bear me out." Sure enough, they did.



A Disguised Aristocrat.

Farmer Hendershot: (to newly imported hired man) "Say, what did you say yer name was agin'?"

Hired Man: "Marmaduke Smithson."

Hendershot: "Gosh, that's a big soundin' kind of a front name."

Hired man: "It was given to me on account of our family connections."

Hendershot: "Family connections, eh? Oh, I see. But, honest though, wuz your marm-a-duke?"



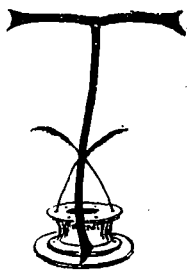
Quite a Difference.

Mrs. Peasley: "Why, I hear that Louisa has had an offer of marriage!"

Mrs. Wagbustle: "Well hardly. She had the offer of a summer engagement."

Heather's Ladies' Column.

HINTS TO LITERARY BEGINNERS (continued).



THIS week, in following up our studies, it might be well to take a look at detective literature after the manner of Mr. Conan Doyle.

One evening, several years after the death of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I was sitting quietly in my study when I heard a familiar step on the stairs.

"Really," I thought, "if I did not know he was dead I would be sure—"

"It is a bad habit, Watson," said the well-known voice of my deceased friend, as the door opened to admit him. "Never be sure of anything."

"But," I stammered, "I thought—"

"Just so, Watson," said Holmes, taking a seat, "you should never think. You should deduce."

"Weren't you dead?" I asked, trying to get at it in another way.

"I was," replied Holmes, "Now what do you deduce from that?"

I began to feel natural again.

"I deduce that you have come to life again," I said, shaking his hand heartily.

"You are right, Watson," said Holmes.

"How did you do it?" I asked curiously.

"Oh it was very simple, not much of a problem. I happened to overhear some tourist remark that the sales of the Strand Magazine had gone up hundreds of thousands."

"Well—?"

"Well—don't be stupid, Watson, I deduced that I had come to life again. So here I am."

"Remarkable!" I cried.

"Elementary," said Holmes calmly.

"Things have happened since you died," I began

"Oh yes, I know you have a baby," said Holmes, "a boy I believe. Teething, isn't he? Poor little chap, why don't you give him some soothing syrup?"

I fairly gasped. There was not a sound in the house. My wife and our boy were away on a visit. How did he know? Holmes laughed. "Don't look so scared my dear fellow," he replied, slapping me on the back, "you know my methods. Try to apply them."

"I give it up."

"Well, leaving all the numerous other things out of the question, your face told me all before I had been sitting here two minutes. You have the "proud dad" face, my boy. I have made a special study of it. There are sixty-five varieties. I will enumerate them—"

"Pray don't!" I cried.

"Well, then, I won't. I spent seven years before I could distinguish them at a glance. It may interest you to know that yours is number 47."

"Very interesting," I murmured.

"Of course if it had not been for the face I could have told by a dozen other things,"

continued Holmes. "For instance, you used to have this room decorated with Indian trophies. Now I notice you have a choice collection of 'cry-stops,' otherwise 'comforts.' All the comforts of a home," eh Watson? Excuse the joke."

"But how did you guess he was teething?" I asked.

Holmes gazed at me dreamily.

"You may not know it, Watson, but you have a curious rubber thing tucked carefully into your vest pocket—the watch pocket—ah, I thought so."

I pulled the thing out angrily and flung it on the table. "And the soothing syrup?" I asked.

"My dear Watson, why will you insist—it is so very simple. The lines of care upon your face, the look of sleeplessness, combined with your well-remembered objection to opium—there we have it."

"Remarkable!" I ejaculated.

"Elementary!" said Holmes.

"I was referring to the baby?" I said stiffly.

"Oh," said Holmes, "quite so." But I could see he was ruffled.

"Mrs. Watson coming back soon?" asked Holmes.

"Yes," said I, "how did you—?"

"Really," interrupted Holmes, "I quite despair of you."

What is a man to think when he comes into a friend's house, that friend a married man, and finds a two foot square of plaster knocked off the wall at the turn of the stair? Either he has sold the piano or his wife has been having her trunks carried down. Now in this case I glanced into the drawing room and the piano was still there, therefore—

"But perhaps the plaster was knocked off by her trunks being carried up stairs, when she returned," said I slyly.

"Holmes smiled. "Oh no," he assured me, "if she had returned there would be two squares of plaster knocked off."

I groaned. I knew what he said was too true.

"At first I was sure—I mean I wasn't sure, but I thought—that is, I deduced that you were a ghost," I said. "But now I am perfectly certain that you are not."

Holmes frowned.
 "Never be perfectly certain of anything, Watson," he said sternly. "In order to point my remark I will—" He vanished.

—LEATHER.

Ode to the Season.

A GAIN has come the season when the heart
 Of Nature throbs and beats,
 And on the earth's sun-lighted stage does start
 To do some wondrous feats.
 She gently waves her magic wand,
 And lo! o'er all the smiling land,
 Leap myriads of flashing blades
 Till valleys, hills, and forest glades
 In glittering array
 Are armed as for a fray.
 Now comes upon the scene the milk-eyed cow
 To show us how
 To swallow without harm
 The flashing blades that arm
 The hills and valleys; and, anon, the calf
 Contrives to make us laugh,
 As in the full milk pail his head he jams,
 And wildly rams
 His nose against the bottom, while he tries
 To drink with ears and eyes.
 Waived by the lightsome breeze,
 The orchard trees
 In gay attire of green and white
 Do laugh and rustle in delight;
 And ringing all around,
 Is heard the rich, delightful sound
 Of singing birds in field and glen,
 And squealing pigs within the pen,
 The rooster on the garden wall,
 The solemn mule's unmeasured call;
 While, from the swamp, upon an ancient log,
 Does croak the pious frog.
 Now the stout farmer stalks about the fields,
 And slowly wields
 The implements of labor; and he grunts
 To do his annual stunts;
 While through the field the farmer lad,
 Attired in jeans, just like his dad,
 Does guide the plow; anon he strikes a rock,
 And with a vicious shock,
 The plow does knock
 The lad into the furrow wide,
 And there he does abide
 Upon his back
 Till he regains his usual knack
 Of breathing the pure air
 That hovers everywhere.
 Soon from the soil where seeds are planted deep,
 The corn does peep,
 The squash will lit its head,
 The onion in its bed

Will soon be "wed;"
 The aspiring bean with clinging grace,
 The beanpole in its wrapped embrace,
 Will climb apace.
 Instinctively, the gentle hen does seek
 With her demeanor meek
 The farmer's favorite garden patch
 And calmly scratch.
 Adown the long potato lot,
 Where shadows darken not,
 The branching vines will grow,
 And greenly shining, row on row,
 Will lure the lazy hoe.
 In dainty coats of brown and gold
 The modest bugs will hold
 High festival upon the green,
 The while, between
 The shining rows, the farmer boy,
 With purpose to destroy
 The bugs so coy,
 Will shake into an old tin pan
 What bugs he can.

—JIM WILEY.



Re-Assured.

Prinxit: "There was a great crowd around your picture at the gallery to-day, old man."
 D'Auber: "Bah! Do you think I paint to win the applause of the ignorant mob?"
 Prinxit: "Re-assure yourself, they were not praising it, but wondering what on earth it was meant for."



The Ontario Steeple-chase for the People's Purse.

AND THE WATER-JUMP.

Government's Jockey Stratton up.

Opposition's Jockey Gamey up—at even money.

C.W. JEFFERY'S

Portraits by Moonlight.



MR. PETER RYAN.

Brief Biographies. No. XXXVII.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

PETER RYAN, a phenomenon in nature, was first observed to occur in the form of an Irishman, in the Scottish town of Carlisle, which is situated in England. Morgan informs us that the first evidence of verbal activity was noted on the twenty-third of August, 1842. Mr. Ryan takes his name from Ryan's Town, County Down, Ireland, a place for ages celebrated for its production of the original brand of Ryans, and for its no less remarkable non-production of Orange-men. It has been in some quarters stated that Ryan's Town derives its name from Peter Ryan. Much as I should desire to hold this view, I am forced, after diligent research in the Archives of the British Museum, to announce that the claim is not only erroneous but entirely absurd; for I find that the founding of Ryan's Town preceded the occurrence of Peter Ryan by many, many years.

Like all other Irishmen, the subject of my sketch was born with a strong taste for Irish whisky; but, being born in a Scottish town, he was also endowed with an equally strong taste for the Scotch brand. These conflicting tastes worked his salvation; their possessor could never bring himself to drink either brand separately; mixed they dissolve glass or metal, and explode gunpowder: result—a life-long total abstainer.

At an early age he came to Canada and at once set about the task of inducing a part of Canada to come to him. The first

step that he took for the accomplishing of this purpose was the accepting a position with the Joseph Hall Agricultural Works, at Oshawa. This bold defiance of Fate—he was the first white man to set foot in Oshawa—fetched success to his side. He became the darling of Fortune. The Gods led him to higher things—and he entered Ontario politics. From 1879 (A. J. 188) he suffered from a relapse, which confined him to an Alderlyatic Ward in the City of Toronto. In 1880, Dr. Beatty being unable to secure a pace-maker in the race from West Toronto to Oshawa, Mr. Ryan volunteered his services, which proved to be of great benefit to Dr. Beatty. As a political organizer and speaker, he has many imitators, but few equals. He is endowed with a fund of wit, and with a bluff frankness of manner that have made his services invaluable to the Reform Party of this Province. In Toronto, this hive of benighted Toryism; his friends are unnumbered—and friends of an organizer are more precious than gold, than much-fine gold—or even timber limits. It was a great loss to his party, and a gain to the public, when, in 1890, he was appointed to the office of Registrar of Deeds for East Toronto, which office he still holds.

Mr. Ryan is a vigorous writer and an earnest student of history. On history he has made some thoughtful and valuable comments. One example I may give.

"The Battle of Bannockburn," he says, "has stood for centuries, and will continue to stand till the end of time, a disgrace to every man that calls himself a Scot. The Russian Massacres of the Jews cannot equal it in savagery. The English army, under the mighty Edward, marched into Scotland in a spirit of trusting friendship and good will. No war was intended nor provoked. In trusting confidence, and with consciences free; they pitched their tents and wrapped themselves in the slumber of innocency. Then, from the surrounding fastnesses, crept the murderous savages of the North; they fell upon their sleeping guests—the strangers within their gates—the dagger of Macbeth, their weapon; not the manly claymore of Romance. And this they call victory; this they call glorious war! Let Caledonia blush with shame!"

I am inclined to believe that Mr. Ryan was to some extent carried away by his own eloquence in the above paragraph, else he is illogical; for he holds the opinion that no war is glorious; provoked or unprovoked, it is a crime against humanity. He is an advocate of universal peace. He also hopes to see the day when Canada will be an independent Republic.

In religion, Mr. Ryan is not a Methodist.

Nothing Incredible.

Pulsifer: "Say, do you believe the story that old Tibephist gave his niece a cheque with six figures on it as a wedding present?"

Huxtable: "Oh its true enough, the date line read May 15th, 1903."

Mrs. M. Boupoint: "Really Mr. Flipjack was most insulting last night, I ought never to speak to him again."

Mrs. Beezletop: "Why, what did he say?"

Mrs. M. Boupoint: "Oh I asked him at what age he considered a woman at her best and he looked straight at me and said, 'About forty' as if he intended to be complimentary. The idea!"



“Painting the Lillies.”

House-keeper Gibson, of the Ross household (anxiously): “As I told ye’s afore, George, them ‘Niagara Power Plants’ ain’t at all handsome and shouldn’t be allowed to develop. That’s a heavy rain comin’ up, and you ain’t in no condition to stand a soakin’.”



THE time has come, even the season when the truly “smart” array themselves in many and brilliantly-colored garments, and hie them forth over hill and dale to chase the elusive ball in the cultured and time honored game of Golf. Of a truth some are born unto Golf, some attain unto Golf, while there be some who have Golf forced upon them. For those, then, who strive to attain proficiency, and for those who have the game

forced upon them, I extend these words of advice. I offer them much wisdom, at little cost, which was gained by the sweat of my brow and at the expense of much toil, for with much culture cometh great travail. Yet it is indeed a jewel well worth the seeking, even as I have sought it, tramping wearily over rugged steeps, again trudging through sodden fields and through swollen torrents in the early spring. Therefore, if you would acquire merit and attain culture give heed to my words and follow the teachings of my lips.

First and before all things else I charge you that you seek diligently after the proper language of the game and that you master the accent of it. Without these twain all else is as dross; but the proper accent covers a multitude of sins—and poor strokes. Next, let your efforts be directed toward the

designing of strange clothes such as never man beheld, for thy career upon the links may be blighted from the outset by the wearing of *common clothes*. The writer would suggest that if you be of his own sex you might wear an accordion-pleated coat of the approved scarlet, a pair of mauve silk bloomers, with plaid stockings of mouseline de soie. One must have the plaid; for the rest wear what you will, so that it be *striking*. Should the reader be of the gentler sex—Ah, well, the apparel of *Lovely Woman* is fearfully and wonderfully made. I will risk no suggestion further than to say again, in her case as in the case of mere man let it be *striking*.

And now, in due course we come to the game, its rules, and the various niceties thereof.

The game is played upon territory called links, so-

called because the disciples of this sport are bound as with chains and in playing many and devious will be thy paths. Verily it is well that a man should set his affairs in order when starting for a game; for of a truth you go forth but may not say when you shall return.

The game has many forms. There are among many the “Single,” played between bachelors, “Stroke” competitions between paralytic and the “Three Ball Match” in which the competitors must be Hebrews.

Provide yourself well with clubs, with a “Driver,” a “Cleek” a “Brassy,” a “Putter” and with a “Lofter,” which is a long club carried in sections and is used for extricating the ball from any hay loft or tall tree with which it may have become entangled. Then you must have a “Caddy,” which is a small boy who smokes cigarettes, gets in your way and grins when you miss a stroke, certainly you must have a “Caddy,” but forget not a flask to strengthen the heart against fatigue and the temper against the “Caddy.” Then, O ambitious one, remembering well the points which I shall now set before you, go forth with a bold spirit, and now attend—

A “Hazard” is where a player in a red coat risks the crossing of a Cow-pasture.

“Addressing the ball” shall mean the act of hurling language at the whitened spheroid (which is throughout the game your arch enemy) after the player has made more than three unsuccessful “swipes” at the ball, or when he has torn up more than

a square yard of the innocent turf in his unavailing efforts.

"Out of bounds" shall refer to the language of any player addressing the ball.

The player may place his feet firmly upon the ground in addressing the ball, and may then, if there be no ladies other than his wife within earshot, use what language he pleases, provided his caddy keep his fingers crossed.

A ball shall be considered "Lost" when it has not been seen for more than three days, and a player after five days, when an organized search shall be instituted.

A "Penalty Stroke" is when a player is hit, through carelessly getting in the course of the flying ball.

The "Honour" is given to the player with the largest check in his trousers (whether in the pockets or the material), being the first drink when a stop is made for refreshments, and the "Odd" shall be the odd drink and shall be given to the player with the next largest check.

A "Loose Impediment" shall mean any dog, sheep or untied grazing cattle upon the course. Beginners are warned against all loose impediment of a hostile character.

If any grazing cattle or other loose impediment, shall swallow the ball, the player shall drive such impediment to the next hole, and the number of strokes administered in such driving shall be the number of strokes counted the player for such hole. On arriving at the hole the ball may be recovered medicinally or by surgical operation, at the option of the owner of the impediment.

"Casual Water" shall mean rain water which has just dropped in on the course.

No player shall, either by himself or by his caddy, attempt to remove any such casual water by drinking the same, but a pug dog may be kept for that purpose.

A "Rub of the green" is a grass stain upon the apparel of any player.

A "Fore-caddie" is one who runs ahead of any player to warn all who may be on the links of the on-coming ball.

No player, caddie or onlooker shall move, talk or blow smoke across the links during a stroke, or, as it is called by the elect, a "swipe."

Players are advised to have their caddies run before to have the baggage passed when crossing into the territory of a foreign power. Indeed this was the original duty of the fore-caddie on all such occasions.

Having given these few hints on the rules of the game and the terms thereof, we may conclude our instruction with a word or two on what is the true inwardness of the game—the culture and the decorum to be maintained in all its vicissitudes. For instance, how much more consistent with the ancient dignity of the game, that one should in calling to his caddie speak in this wise—"What ho, my tardy vassal, haste thee hither," than that he should be heard to shout "Hustle up, you brat."

Then, too, in addressing the ball as we have shown, how pleasing to the cultured ear, to hear the irate golfer, calm even in his rage, give voice with stately mein, to this, "Ah ha, thou accursed sphere, thou mockest me"—how far better than that ear and sense should be shocked by such plebeian utterances as



Labour Delegate: "We've just made a terrible discovery about Mulock."

Workman: "Hivins! Wot is it?"

Labor Delegate: "Th' hat thro' which he spakes t' the workin' min has no Union Label on it, at all, at all."

these," "That damn ball was giving me the laugh."

Ah, Culture, the recreation of great souls, truly thou art found among the grassy slopes, fair valleys—ay, even in the cow pastures of the links.

—BILLY WILLIAMS.

To a Votary of Fashion.

Why mourn, my love, for lack of clothes to wear?

Why sit about with sad and tearful eyes?

Shake off conventionality; surprise

Society's false modesty and snare

The hearts of all with your naive fashion rare.

Go forth—the season's early yet for flies,

The weather's warm, be brave, my love, be wise;

Than beauty unadorned there's naught more fair.

I'm sure the minds of all you would impress,

As you meandered through the common throng,

With this new fad—the total lack of dress:

You'd be the limit as you strolled along,

If you wore nothing, there'd be none with less,

And triumph sure to you would then belong.

—BILLY WILLIAMS.



THE SOUTHERNERS. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

ANOTHER story of the great American Civil War; another tribute to the glory of slaughter. It would seem that the American novelist is born and brought up with the unchanging belief that the "Great American Novel" must have the Civil War for setting; must have a Federal hero and a Confederate heroine; must have hero chum, bunk with and coach every General or Admiral that he runs across; must have heroine, in the end, go North; and, above all else, must have Abe Lincoln tell a coarse story and pronounce the benediction. It is to be regretted that Mr. Brady should have neglected the last of the essentials, for in all things else he has fulfilled the requirements. We regret that there have been so many "Great American Novels" before "Southerners," for if this book had a clear field it would be a winner. Though there is a little too much prayerfulness before battle about Mr. Brady's soldiers to make them seem real, when they are once in the thick of the fray they stand out as the rough and bloody heroes that they were. Mr. Brady is one of the few living novelists that can write—that is to say, one of the few that have any idea of the proper use of the English language. If his story were even dull—but it is very highly interesting—it would be the duty of the public to buy it, merely that they might encourage the artistic use of our much-abused tongue. The book is beautifully illustrated in colors.

THE MYSTERY OF MURRAY DAVENPORT. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

HERE we have Mr. Stephens in a new field. For years we have known him as the chef in the café where the hot swashbuckler is served up with tomallis and tobasco sauce. Now we meet him as a dealer in mysteries,

carrying on the neglected business of one Stevenson, a vendor of Hyles, et cetera. In "The Mystery of Murray Davenport" we have a story of modern New York, a story of modern young men and young women, a story of strikingly modern plot. Little can be said of the story without spoiling it for the reader; and the mystery is too ingenious to deserve betraying. Mr. Stephens has written this book for pure entertainment only. He has well accomplished his purpose.

ASA HOLMES. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Toronto: The Musson Book Company, Limited.

TO one that enjoys the rural philosophy and sweet sentiment of fiction, "Asa Holmes" should make strong appeal. Asa is one of those delightful old fellows that, in books, constantly smile in the face of adversity, and let fall cheerful proverbs without provocation. He is a harmless old chap, and, in spite of all that we know to the contrary, may be a real type. There are, we believe, many to whom the old man will appeal: for there are many that raved over Eben Holden.



Historical Research.

Tourist—(Viewing the ancient Canadian chateaux): "So this is La Salle's old residence?"

Habitant Tenant: "Ah non! Pierre Labonté leevé here—dat's me."

CANADIANS SHOULD READ THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1903.

Current Comments.

Sir Oliver Mowat (with frontispiece.)

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Following Directions.

Mrs. Hogan: "Phat do yez mane Pat, by climbing into the bath tub ivery toime yez take a dose of that narve tonic?"

Pat: "Sure, didn't the docthor tell me I was to take a spoonful, three toimes a day in wather."

Deceitful Man.

"The lips that touch wine
Shall never touch mine,
So choose!" she exclaimed to her lover.

"You," he answered, "till death,"
Adding under his breath,
"Just wait till the wedding is over."

Something Just as Good.

Mr. Noolived: "Did you remember to buy some bacon for breakfast, Isabelle?"

Mrs. Noolived; "Yes dear, but the grocer was out of bacon so I got some bakin powder. That will do as well wont it?"

An Evidence of Culture.

Rudford: "How did Prendergast ever get the *Polymathic Review* to accept that stupid article of his on the Eastern question? He knows nothing about it."

Boswick: "No. But he always spells Czar, "Tsar"

Detoudit agnum, delicias meras,
Quocum solebat ludere junior,
Auctum lates ex more summo
Vellere postposito refertas.
[ADDESIPOTA]

Mary had a little lamb
With whom she used to tussle,
She pulled the wool from off his back
And crammed it in her bustle.

The fact that this anonymous fragment has escaped the wreck of time is evidence of its intrinsic vitality. The pathetic dignity of the original is almost entirely lost in translation. T. M.

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The Only Man There.

They stood beside the sad sea waves
At twilight's witching hour,
He drew her close, they felt the spell
Of love's entrancing power.

"And do you love me, sweet?" he said.
She gave a poignant pout.
"Why yes, of course, I love you, Fred,
There's no one else about."

"And do you love but me alone?"
He smiled and murmured low.
"I love you best, but I must give
The other girls a show." —P.T.

He Wanted To Know.

Little Eric had never been to the country so that when his family took up their summer residence in the rural districts, he found dozens of new and unknown delights for each day. Shortly after his arrival, he happened to be over on the next farm at milking time, a process which he viewed in wide-eyed amazement. A day or two later, Mr. Bunning, the farmer, sent over a quart of cream. Its arrival brought forth Master Eric's comment on the milking operaton.

"Mamma," he questioned, "which 'stop does Mr. Bunning turn when he wants cream?" —HUBERT JOHNSTON.

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