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Gamey—Indignantly: "There is but one."

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A Possible Inference.

Grant, M.P. for North Ontario : "It would appear, George, that my friend here doesn't require Fostering at the present time."

Gabriel.

THE bright salon was crowded
With a pleasure-loving throng ;
But it echoed not with laughter,
Neither heard was speech nor song.
The guests wore serious faces—
Grim and set and full of wist—
For, though all was play and pastime,
It was old Progressive Whist.

But suddenly there rang throughout
The rich-appointed room
A blare of martial music—
Herald oft of cannon boom.
It was the camp *reveille*,
And the man who sounded it
Stood up and faced the startled throng—
Embarrassed? Not a bit!

"A member of the bugle-band,"
He spoke with smiling look,
"I brought my little trump along
Because I've read the book
On Whist. I trust I haven't much
Put anybody out
By playing what the book says
When you find yourself in doubt.

—TALBOT WARREN TORRANCE.

Literally So—and More.

"The very light of the home, I
should say!" exclaimed the visitor
warmly, as the lovely girl left the
room.
"Light!" echoed the fond father
grimly. "I should say so! And

heat, too. You ought to see the coal
and gas bills I've been paying this
winter. I never thought what I was
doing when I told that young fellow
he'd have to wait a year for her!"

Spring.

Little drops of 'lasses
Shining in a jar,
Little grains of sulphur
Added to them are,
Little Johnny Johnson
Awful faces makes,
As he takes this springtime
tonic
For his little tummy's sake.

—BOB.

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

Vol. 2.

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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.



R. W. F. MACLEAN, M.P. for East York, is a man that serves a most useful purpose, not only through his newspaper, the *Toronto World*, but by means of his striking speeches in the House of Commons. Mr. Maclean is not a classical scholar—in fact he is not a scholar at all—but he directs to the classics the attention of the man in the street.

Few of us that are not men of leisure now have sufficient time to study the masterpieces of Shakespeare; thousands of Mr. Mac-

lean's readers and admirers have never even seen a classic play. Great, then, is the service done by the man that will, in his own personal inconvenience, play the great parts, day in and day out, for a life-time, pausing only to change his make-up.

Despite the fact that he is not a scholar, Mr. Maclean, at the outset of his career, had sufficient acquaintance with the work of the Master to enable him distinctly to see that a great saving of time and energy could be made if he would select but one character for his performances—a character that would give him the widest field for the display of his satirical qualities. He thumbed many play-books—and at last chose *Bottom*. Here was a triumph in selection. What other character could so easily disarm criticism? What other play than "A Midsummer Night's Dream" could so easily prevent his being taken seriously?

Masterly as was his selection, his performance has eclipsed it. Readers of THE MOON will remember the eagerness of *Bottom* to play every part in "Pyramus and Thisbe." They will recall the lines: "An' I hide my face; let me play Thisby, too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice"

"Let me play the lion, too; I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me."

In Shakespeare there are certain defects in the character—defects that Mr Maclean has overcome in his production. *Bottom* was somewhat disappointed in the cast of "Pyramus and Thisbe;" Mr. Maclean gets all the parts.

At present, in the House of Commons, he is playing the lion. His roars fill columns in his morning paper. His roars in this case are directed towards a grey and decrepit old fox, too feeble to snap back. Sir Oliver Mowat's days of usefulness are past; but, unlike the vast majority of Canadian politicians, he has had days of usefulness. Of course it is quite proper that Mr. Maclean should roar in such a case: it is in character. He calls for Sir Oliver's extinction. In so calling, he sounds the true *Bottom* note of Canadian politics. *Bottom* was an Athenian. Our modern *Bottom* is a Spartan.

The Man in THE MOON patiently awaits *Puck* Laurier's reheading of the weaver. How becoming the long ears! How congenial Monsieur Cobweb!

IT is decidedly dangerous to do more than denounce Mr. Gamey—which is quite proper—and to warn the public against forming any opinion that is likely to suggest the possibility of Mr. Stratton's guilt. Unless this fact be borne in mind, you will be put down for all time as a rank Tory.

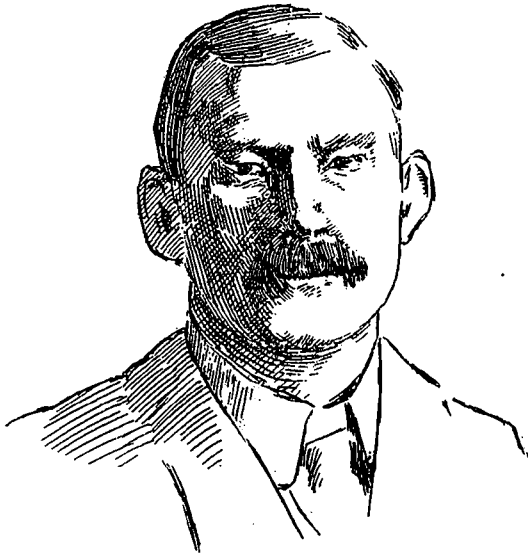
Well, THE MOON accepts the situation. Let the Grit papers defend the Provincial Secretary; let them fold him in their arms; let them make his tactics theirs; let them use every dishonorable device to thwart the course of justice; let them appoint a farcical commission to carry on a farcical investigation; let the whole party daub itself up with white-wash till it look like a newly-hatched saint—who cares? It is but one more revelation of the state of our politics. We tolerate it; we must, therefore, approve of it. It is our whole system of ethics.

DESPITE the fact that Mr. Foster's defeat in North Ontario is taken by the supporters of Mr. Grant as a decided expression of disapproval of the policy of "adequate protection to Canadian industries," The Man in THE MOON must hold to the opinion that he expressed immediately after the election—that the defeat was due solely to a lack of proper appreciation of the sterling qualities of Mr. Foster.

Whether Mr. Foster's policy is right or wrong has no weight in the matter; for the fact remains that the late member for North Ontario supported the policy. Even if Ontario wants no more protection, honest men on both sides of the House must regret that they are not to have the benefit of Mr. Foster's assistance. Those that have the welfare of Canada at heart must desire to have none but the most competent in Government or in Opposition.

Sir William Mulock gloats over Mr. Foster's absence.

Portraits by Moonlight.



MR. R. R. GAMEY, (CORRECTED PORTRAIT.)

Brief Biographies—No. XXXIII.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

IN view of recent revelations in the Ontario Legislature, I deem it absolutely necessary, in order that justice may be done, to correct my biography of Mr. R. R. Gamey, which appeared in a recent issue of THE MOON.

In my biography of Mr. Gamey, I accused him of being many things that he is not; I accused him also of not being many things that he is. I said that he was triplets. Since that time he has become a quartette. I suggested that he was a traitor. He is only an honest spy. I accused him of being a Radical. He is one of the most Conservative of men; the leader of his party could not be more self-sacrificing in the interests of his party. I venture to go further, and to say that even Mr. Stratton would not be willing to don so long a cloak of snow-white (!) martyrdom to save himself and comrades from defeat. And who can deny that Stratton has done much to show his noble spirit!

Mr. Gamey is a hero. He is a young man; the greater part of his life is before him: in the natural course of events he might hope to reach the enviable office of Provincial Secretary, for which position he seems by nature admirably equipped. By one courageous stroke he crushed this golden future underfoot. His party was in sore need of a martyr. Someone must be sacrificed. His fellow Tory members were all inconveniently respectable. Then the *Man* came to the front. Mr. Gamey, the unpolluted youth, cast aside his swaddling cloths of reputation, and crept up the secret sewer of the enemy's citadel, that he might gain admittance for his friends. On his arrival in the midst of the foe, he

was forced to feign desertion. He was washed and fed, and lulled to seeming slumber by the pleasings of the Gritten lute. But when all was still—his hosts all wrapped in dull security—he sprang from his couch and flung wide the gates—the entrance for his friends.

While I write the battle rages. Prayers mingle with curses and groans. Gamey, with the islander's love for seaman's weapons, hurls his stink-pots fast and thick. In the heat of the fight his companions in arms make no effort to avoid him. But this fact does not deceive him. Well he knows that when the fort is won, they will give him a wide berth; his mode of entrance, and the un-savory nature of his weapons, will make his removal an unmeasurable joy. Gamey knows it all; and he smiles sadly when they cheer the throwing of his suffocating bombs.

Yesterday, Gamey was an honest man. Well knowing the consequences, he became a spy, a liar, and a self-confessed knave. To-day, his sentence is being passed. To-morrow he will be figuratively drawn and quartered. Like a plumber's glove, he has served his purpose; like a plumber's glove he shall be cast aside. His greatest service is not his having revealed in Stratton a greater knave than himself, but his unmasking of our whole hypocritical system of politics.

His leader may try to deodorize him by means of the atomizer with which he soaks Mr. Ross. Vain effort. His colleagues may erect a tablet in his memory. Unintentional unkindness. O ye that wish him well, let him sink into obscurity. He has done his work. Let him go to his reward. May oblivion make haste.

The Heeler's Serenade.

Come into the lobby, Ross,
For the carrion bird has flown,
I like to talk to the Boss
In the members' room—alone.
Now hear me a word, and don't be cross,
For I only want a bone.

The cat bird has left the hall,
And Judas has heaved a sigh,
That a Manitou man could give a fall
To one who has soared so high.
But / wouldn't hold his papers and all—
No, sir! You can bet yer eye!

All night has the chamber jarred
With the voice of each fool gossoon.
All night have the Tories talk't 'g'in time,
While us Grits just read the MOON,
Or scored a point at a boozing joint,
Whin Whitney talked like a loon.

I says to meself, I says :
" Ross never done it at all."
Tho' Stratton perhaps kicked over a trace,
The Government shouldn't fall.
An' you'll give me a decent place,
Like you give to Dempsey or Hall?
I *could* talk of things, but I close me face—
Honor comes first of all.

Me principles are me pride,
I always voted Rayform,
But I must have a job or call it snide,
An' you bet I could raise a storm;
But I'll not cross to the other side,
If this side is good and warm.

—D. S. MAC.



Near Enough.

Mrs. Niggles : " So you were at the sacred concert, eh ? Now, George, I don't believe there was anything sacred about it."

Mr. Niggles : " Oh, yes, indeed there was. One of the dancers made a holy show of herself."

Heather's Ladies' Column.

DEAR GIRLS, I have been requested so often to furnish hints for literary beginners that I have undertaken to do so in the following manner, namely, by furnishing specimen chapters in the well-known styles of our most popular and respected authors. The following extract, as you will perceive, is in the manner of our much esteemed Marie Corelli

(This is only *one* of Miss Corelli's styles — there are others). I have called it :



'A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDLINGS.

It was a night of frightful tempest. The rain poured down in torrents, and rushed in cataracts through the gutters, the wind was lashed into a hurricane of fury, tornadoes swept by every five minutes, and cyclones were due at unexpected intervals. The livid lightning permeated everything with a lividness positively ghastly and tremendously awful, and the crashing thunder was doing double duty at the same old stand.

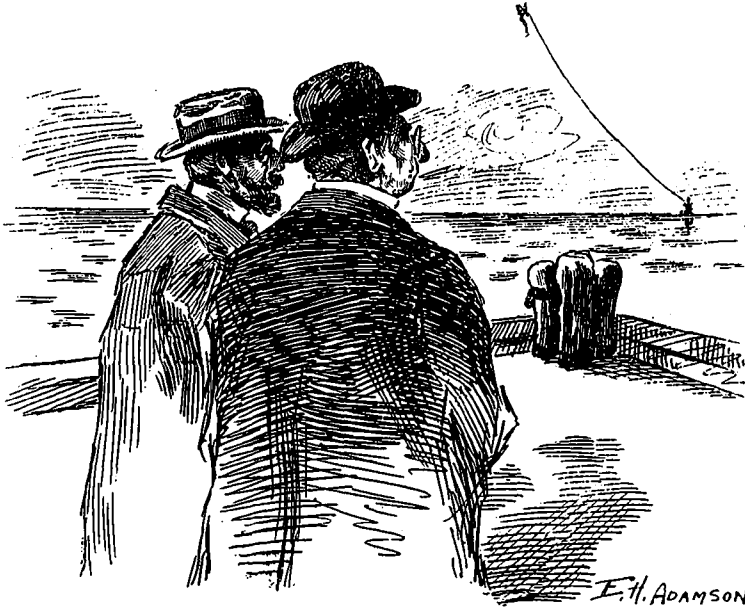
Within, all was peace — or what seemed to be peace ! The firelight fell softly, globes of clouded crystal softened the glow of the electric light, the velvet carpet was soft beneath the noiseless tread, delicious music sweetened by distance came softly to the ear ; but softer than anything was the mistress of this charmingly soft interior.

Surrounded by objects of rare beauty and tremendous costliness, scattered broadcast in the wildest profusion of incalculable riches, shut in from the storm by the velvet sweep of dark, rich voluminous, undulating curtains, reclined the lovely Countess Doesn'tmatterwhatsky. So delicately beautiful was she, so spiritual, so slim, so altogether beanpole that her dressmaker's bill for padding was almost more than she could bear. As she lay there, her high-bred nose sharply outlined against the crimson velvet cushion, one could almost be led to exclaim, " This is too beautiful for earth—chuck it ! "

One little blue-veined hand, resting lightly upon the silken lap, was trembling, the wonderful sardonyx-colored eyes gleamed restlessly, the diamonds in her extremely outré brick-dust hair sparkled fitfully, and the delicate Chicago foot gently tapped the carpet beneath the wise seclusion of her sweeping sky-green robe. It was perfectly evident, even to an uninterested outsider, that the haughty, patrician, aristocratic Vere de Vere soul was stirred !!!

" Prince," she said, in a whisper only just audible, " you have conquered ! I will marry you."

The Prince started. Could he have heard aright ? The ends of his Imperial moustache became unwaxed with very horror. Marry him ! A cold sweat broke out upon his noble forehead, and cold chills chased each other down his august spinal column. Was this to be the end of his quiet little flirtation, his pleasant little tete-a-



Up-to-date Villainy.

"What's that fellow doing out there with a kite?"
 "Why, he's trying to tap the wireless line."

a-tete's, his oily pleasantries and water-coloured compliments? It was a terrific moment, but the high undaunted spirit of an ancient and undaunted race rose to meet it.

Very tenderly he took the blue-veined hand within his own. "Dearest," he whispered, "beloved, adored, and most illustrious Amelia Ann, would that it might be—but no, such happiness is not for me! I am not a good man, Amelia, I am bold and bad. I am fifty years old. I am a gambler, a card sharper, a villain, a blackguard, and a politician!!"

"I know it all," gasped the Countess, hysterically. "But you have fascinated me. You know you *always* fascinate good, gentle, innocent girls like me. I can't help it—it is novelly impossible. I will marry you, adored James William, in spite of all."

Overcome, the Prince Anythingyoulikeskoff turned away. "Not if I know it," he hissed between his teeth (two front teeth). But when he turned to her again, his face was calm.

"I cannot marry you, sweetest and most delicious," he began again. "I will explain. You understand, of course, that we live in a novel by Miss Corelli?"

"Yes," sighed the Princess.

"You understand that I am the villain of the piece?"

"Yes," she answered, a slow horror growing in her eyes.

"You understand that there must be a catastrophe of some kind—a horrible catastrophe—yes."

The Princess gave a stifled shriek.

"Now think, who else can be catastrophed but me. Can the hero? Can the wicked clergyman? Can the stainless heroine? The society flirt? The infant phenomenon? The transubstantiated soul?"

"Oh," gasped the Princess, "Oh, Oh."

The Prince arose, majestic in this moment of moral and novel grandeur. "You see," he said gently, replacing the blue-veined hand and grabbing for his hat, "you see—I cannot marry—I am doomed, doomed—doomed!!"

So saying he slid out by a side entrance and was lost in the cataracts, cyclones and tornadoes which raged outside.

The Princess Doesn'tmatterwhatsky sprang to the bell rope—too late—he had vanished. Wildly she clutched at the diamonds in her outré colored hair.

"Lost," she syllabled, "lost—my last chance, lost—gone—escaped, departed, vamoosed—ha! ha!" And with a frantic laugh she buried her high-bred nose in the recesses of the crimson velvet cushion!

HEATHER.

Hard times—the stone age.



Cause and Effect.

Dear papa wears a placid smile;
 He'll have cash to pay the rent;
 His bank book now may rest awhile,
 For Angeline is keeping Lent.

P. J.

THE MOON



THE QUEEN'S PARK PRODUCTION.

Macbeth : " How now, you secret, black and midnight hags ; what is't you do ? "

F. R. KELLY



Landed.

He: "I believe that young Englishman we met at Van Bullion's is a landed aristocrat."

She: "Yes. Bertha Van Bullion landed him last week."

The Canadian Book of Snobs.

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

CHAPTER II.

—Thackeray.

THE SOCIETY SNOB.

IT is not an easy matter to draw the line between the different phases and manifestations of snobbery. Social snobbery, for instance, is closely interblended with the political snobbery treated of in the last chapter. It is extensively re-inforced and colored by our political relations with the step-mother country, and largely draws its inspirations from Ottawa, where the less creditable and worthy ideals of British society, the worship of caste and privilege and the love of empty and meaningless pomp and display,

are carefully fostered under the auspices of a real live nobleman, specially imported at a handsome salary for that very purpose. Our statesmen are unanimous in the opinion that the only way to strengthen the bonds which unite us to the Empire is to introduce those distinctions of rank which sensible and intelligent Englishmen long since learned to despise, and now only tolerate as survivals of a benighted past. Accordingly, we have set up at Rideau Hall a weak imitation of a European court. Lacking the essential of a genuine aristocracy, with real pedigrees and escutcheons and baronial halls, and that sort of thing, the farce is kept up by the creation of a group of Canadian knights from the best material available in the arena of practical politics. Ribbons, stars and crosses are kept dangling as a tempting bait before the eyes of the ambitious politician, as a reward for sacrifices in the cause of his party and subserviency to Imperial interests.

All this sort of thing, of course, costs money, poor and tawdry though it be. The avowed object of giving the Governor-General a \$50,000 salary, for work that could be done by a clerk at \$1,000, is that he may "entertain liberally," and give frequent opportunities to a mob of snobs, dudes, party heelers and political hangers on to strengthen the bonds of the Empire by guzzling champagne and lobster salad at the public expense. The whole end and aim of the vice-regal function being to give tone to Canadian society, of course all the knights, would-be knights, leading officials and

prominent personages who constitute his *entourage* are expected to follow suit according to their ability. They, too, must "entertain liberally," give dinner parties, balls and other functions. They have a position to maintain. They have social duties to perform. And, of course, the salaries of such of them as are fortunate enough to be in the public service have to be fixed accordingly. The higher grades of officials are supposed to be in "society," and their pay is determined, not by the value of their services, but by the style they have to keep up. As to the lower order of tax-eaters, who desire on a thousand or so a year to ape the extravagance and display of their superiors, they need not despair. Can they not beat their creditors, play the bucket shops, or temporarily "borrow" Government funds?

Social snobbery has received a great impetus in this country from occasional visits of members of the royal



family. The advent of the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General, with the Princess Louise established as the bright particular star of Ottawa society, was signalized by the attempt to enforce more rigid rules of social etiquette. The British "table of precedence," regulating the order of the various social grades at dinner parties and on other occasions was introduced, and naturally gave rise to much comment. A copy of this famous document was displayed in the editorial rooms of the *Mail* office. Somebody called attention to the fact that, although all sorts and conditions of men seemed to have been provided for, there was no recognition of the status of newspaper men. The gentleman, at that time editor, undertook to rectify the omission and some others, by making the following addendum at the foot of the document :

- " Prostitutes.
- " Journalists.
- " Dogs."

It was a very fitting commentary on the absurdity and sycophancy of the whole business. Princess Louise didn't remain long at Ottawa. Her disgust at many of the aspects of Ottawa society culminated when a senator, who had partaken too freely of champagne at a state function, emphasized a not very delicate compliment by slapping her on the shoulder. Naturally she concluded that the attempt to refine colonial manners by insisting on *decolleté* attire and strict rules of precedence had proved a failure—and shortly afterwards she returned to England.

"Society" journalism plays an important part in the development of the spirit of snobbery. The Canadian snob, male or female, is never happy unless he or she is in evidence. If he gives a party, or goes to a watering-place, if he even pays a visit for a day or two to a relative, the whole world must know it. Hence we have, not merely weekly publications expressly to chronicle the doings and dressings of those whose glory it is to pose as members of the smart set, but column after column of space in the dailies, filled with the same sort of flapdoodle. Notoriety of this kind, has, in fact, become so cheap, and the anxiety of the society editor to fill her column so keen, that practically anybody and everybody who cares to figure in the society news can do so. They may be as poor as Job's turkey, and as unfashionable as honesty among politicians, but for a one-cent post-card they can have the delight and glory of reading that "Mrs. Beezletope gave a charming little evening party to a select circle of friends, etc., or, "Miss De Butante is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wagbustle, at Guelph." That there are numbers of people who read this kind of stuff with avidity, exemplifies in a marked manner the prevalence of snobbery in Canadian society.

Tired of Winter.

I am sighing for the Spring,
 And to see the sun each day ;
 When all nature starts to sing,—
 So listen to my lay :
 Introduce me to the fly
 Once more before I die,

Send along the busy bee,
 For it always pleases me,
 Let me see the musquitOE
 Just before I have to go,—
 For I fear my end is near ;
 'Nother cold snap's coming here.

Please forward my straw hat,
 Let me take a look at that,
 The white shoes of sister Nan,
 Her shirt-waist, and little fan ;
 Show me my summer clothes,
 'Fore I take my long last dose,—
 For I fear my end is near,—
 'Nother cold snap's coming here.

Last night I dreamed a dream,
 Saw some strawberries and cream.
 Fetch me them, I pray of thee,
 When I'm gone, just think of me.
 Give me piece of angel cake,
 Ere I sleep to ne'er awake,—
 For I fear my end is near ;
 'Nother cold snap's coming here.

GEORGE EDWARD STREETER.



Particulars Clear Up a Dark Mystery.

The Man reading the paper : "Here's a queer case—
 Tramp arrested for taking a bath."
 The Man listening : "I don't believe it ! What are the
 particulars?"
 The Man reading the paper : "The particulars are that
 it was one of those portable baths, and the tramp took it
 from a back yard, not knowing that the owner was
 watching him."



MARITIME WARBLEMENTS.—A Book of Canadian Poems, by Joy Motorman. Pillager & Co., Publishers, New York.

To be a genuine Canadian poet it is necessary to get yourself born in Nova Scotia or somewhere in that direction, and after having absorbed enough local color during youth to last you for your life time, to head for New York and get into journalism or magazine work—then you want to work the Canadian graft for all it's worth. Americans, like other people, always admire what is quaint or foreign or unusual, rather than the ordinary, every-day, homebred product; they are naturally surprised to find that a Canadian has actually got brains like a white man; and a Canadian poet who can get paid for his outpourings about the wild woods and wet waves and such is so interesting as compared with a commonplace Yankee. Up to this point your own countrymen have probably regarded your claims with indifference, but just as soon as you acquire a reputation abroad, and are able to sell your poetic outpourings for real money, you will meet with a warm appreciation among them, and the newspapers will do you honor by reprinting your verses, regardless of copyright, accompanied by laudatory notices and regrets that owing to the limited market for literary wares you were compelled to expatriate yourself. Thenceforth, whenever you publish a new book you can count upon being able to work off a Canadian edition on the public that buys its books, not on their intrinsic merits, but because it has seen the author's name in print sufficiently often to make it familiar.

Mr. Joy Motorman is one of the best-known of the small New York colony of practical exiles for revenue.

The volume before us, the latest output of his muse, is one that will find an echo in every responsible household—as it were. It is fraught with choice Canadian sentiment and local color, handy for a Christmas present—or future—compact in form, and will also come packed in thick brown paper. A few excerpts will give an idea of the forcefulness and insight, the gladsome and jocund buoyancy, not unflecked with wierdly-sombre undertones, so characteristic of Motorman's style :

COBEQUID.

On Cobequid, dark Cobequid,
The wanton wavelets tap the shore,
The flawed unfolding ledges hid,
Wild clamors thrill, while blent and sere
The darksome portents of the year
Outface the verge which lies before.

Ah ! Cobequid, lone Cobequid,
Where onward, massed in purpling gloom,
Thy panoplied abysses slid
To some seclusion which might seem
Erstwhile to baffle fancy's dream
Of a profounder hectatomb.



Got the Drop on Them.

Boastful Briton : " Hi tell you, when those Venezuelans ventured to defy the British Lion they pretty soon 'eard something drop."
False Friend : " No doubt—quite a number of H's."

What dazzling heights the soul may reach,
 When ecstasy's remoter goal
 Is threaded, yet surpasseth speech,
 Our dooms are devious, soon or late
 With plangent plenitude our fate
 Irradiates each pellucid soul.

Every person of true culture must realize from the above sample, which represents the run of the mine, that the volume is one that ought to lie, placed in studied carelessness, on the centre-table, as a mark of the intellectual status of the household. The following, entitled "Moonlight on the Bay of Fundy," is unrivalled for its subtle *nuances* of introspective thought.

Athwart the glamor of the plenilune,
 In plaintive shadow which perchance may flit
 The swartling swirls in measure opportune—
 Emolient is the dulcet lure of it.

Nor bid the halcyon promise of the morn,
 Which flouts the azure depths in bland array,
 As mute, in cold, incalculable scorn,
 Tumultuous swells the dirge which dies away.

Embalmed in calmer semblances than these,
 Oh, potency of motion, salient forms
 Of livid mien envelope argosies,
 Amid the gladsome revelry of storms.

The world's wild blazon fronts us.
 Doth it seem
 To daunt the aspirations which uprise?
 Like the mirage unfathomed in the gleam,
 Whose chill auroras flaunt the darkened skies.

This is a veritable marvel of word-painting. We could not quote further from this remarkable volume without doing injustice to our readers, who will all secure a copy of the book, but if this brief and imperfect notice of an epoch-making publication shall induce even a small proportion of the forty-nine poets whose verses on the Gamey tribulation now adorn our capacious waste-basket, to seek a wider sphere of usefulness and a fitting starting-point for a poetic career in New York, our object will have been attained.

They Were Good.

Borax: "I am told you have quite a number of good books in your library."

Samjones: "Yes, I think most of them must be pretty good, judging from the way they keep Lent."

Nil Desperandum.

"I pine for histrionic art!" exclaimed the Beautiful Girl. But in vain did she apply for an engagement at the theatre.

Nothing daunted, however, she dropped into a man milliners' show-room and proceeded to enjoy his try-onic art.

Miss Alto: "Oh, Professor, I am so sorry, but I shall have to discontinue my lessons for the season; mother has just died, and during the mourning period it would look bad to continue singing."

Prof.: "Will you cease your enjoyment and study of music entirely?"

Miss Alto: "Oh, no; but as I won't play or sing during the season, we have hired a graphophone!"



"You know that watch you sold me?"
 "Yeth."
 "Well, when I got to Yokohama it stopped and has never gone since."
 "Tor-r-onto—Yokohama, goodness gracious, how much farther did you want it to go?"



Modern Eccentricity.

Mabel : " What an eccentric creature Ethel is !"

Beatrice : " Do you think so? Why, she never does anything to attract attention !"

Mabel : " That's just it. She hasn't got a single fad."

Don't Be Satisfied

until you see the name

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Ceylon Tea on a sealed lead packet.

This is the only Guarantee of the genuine. Sold only in lead packets. 25c. 30c. 40c. 50c. 60c. per lb.

At Madame Dishrag's.

Customer : " Twenty cents ! Liver and bacon is down in your bill of fare at 15 cents."

Madame Dishrag : " Well, but you see we are out of liver."

A Tell-Tale Interruption.

" Stay !" she said, gently but firmly, interrupting his impassioned declaration. " You avow that you adore me. Now, introducing the question of a door, doesn't that imply the possibility of a jar ?"

After a moment's reflection, it dawned on him that her literary taste ran almanacwards.

Penurious.

Plugwinch : " Well, well, what next ? Old Hunks has experienced religion. Wants to save his soul."

Bostwick : " That's just like him. He's always practising small economies, and every trifle counts these days."

THE NEW METHOD

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

This is true, indeed, in many companies to-day.

The Manufacturers Life, however, offers plans, of which this is by no means true, and at the ordinary rates.

These policies keep themselves in force automatically, should the insured by any chance overlook, or be unable to meet the premium.

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Benefits Paid During the Year 1902.

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

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order.

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

Average Benefit Payments, 1902

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

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

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

Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1902... **\$5,261,831.52**
 " " 1st January, 1908... **6,070,663.48**
 Increase during the year 1902 **808,831.96**

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

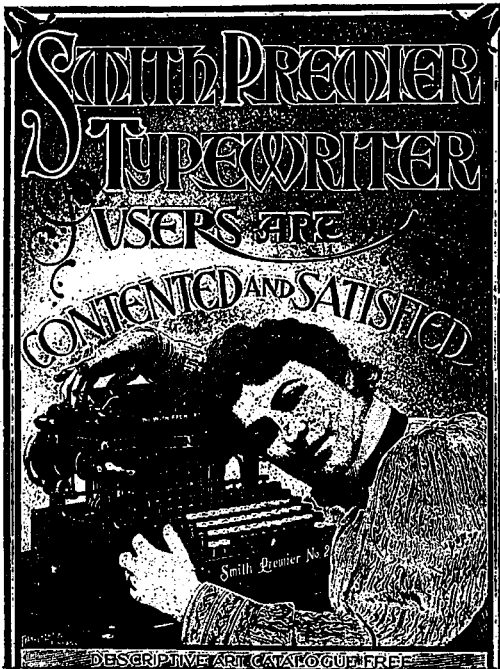
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