

Price 5 Cents

\$2 Per Annum.

“What was the matter, Captain?”  
 “Oh, nothing at all, but the engineer thought the screw was broke.”  
 “Well, no one could see it under the water, so it would not matter anyway, would it?”

# WHAT THE PRESS SAYS

**THE GLOBE, TORONTO, SA**

It should be said for our entertaining contemporary, 'The Moon,' that it is giving us some of the best examples of fine drawing that have ever been offered by a Canadian periodical.

*Editorial comments*

*Presidential Recorder*

The Moon, Toronto, is a moon of a satellite and the whole thing in the comic constellation. You can't enjoy your meals properly unless you take the Moon and see the men in it.

**OUR LADY MOON.**

Toronto has blossomed out recently with a smart little paper called 'The Moon.' It is a weekly, devoted to wit and sarcasm, pictorial and otherwise, which should please the American weeklies of the same kind are clever and amusing, but a Canadian paper dealing with Canadian reasons and events deserves our encouragement. Some of the best Canadian illustrators to 'The Moon' which are contributors to the just and unjust alike for a small consideration per number.

*Montreal Herald*

I am glad to see that our contemporary 'The Moon' has been at the full all these summer months. In fact she has been, in spite of the Man who resides in her, a most capable and amiable creature. I see that she has shot an arrow or two (the Moon-Man, of course) at one "Kit"—which the latter takes—and rightly—to be a compliment. More power to her (the Moon's) horn! Seriously, one may remark that the comic journal in question is one that should find a place in every Canadian household. It is capable, bright, entertaining and wholesome. It is never malicious, though, as it should be, it is brilliantly sharp and telling. No longer have we the need to turn to United States "comics" to find a good laugh. We have it at home, and it is a hearty one. It is but fair to say that the "pictures in the Moon" beat anything of the kind seen by sentimental damsels in the fire.

*—S. Pitt.*

"Did you ever notice," said the who is given to philosophizing over a cigar, "how it is that a woman never sallied with her size? wife may forcing herself to read, and ever

who kind y-sent along a choice cut of "Moon" is brighter and better than every appearance. It is purely original and all its contents are original, really and spicy. If you have not already enjoyed his Moon's rays, you should try 'em.

*—The Anniversary Services of the Presbyterian Church, Toronto.*

together were of pearls, quoesa. ingly, th she said to we greg: teer ba s

**Stratford Herald**

A comparatively new Canadian comic journal is 'The Moon,' a weekly published in Toronto. The jokes are new, and different from it in that they are not at all weekly. This is the only Toronto publication that does not spend its odd moments throwing enough mud in the Mountain. Hamiltonians make claim that the Moon is a good thing that may be tempted to discard that old gender independent hits at politicians and its natures are clever enough and good- rather enough to provoke the laugh- who are hit hardest. Moonstruck, it might be termed. Canadian humor has a greater appreciation of humor than no reason why they should not support a live comic journal.

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Freddie Femur : "Fine piece of horseflesh you have there."

Corporal Drybones : "Yes, sir, that horse went all through the war with me, and, although about half a dozen bullets passed through her, she didn't get hit once."

### Applied Logic.

"Put money in thy purse,"  
One William Shakespeare said.  
One Pierpont Morgan read  
The wisdom of these lines,  
Then straightway did apply,  
With will to do or die,  
His gift to form combines;  
With divers schemes has he  
Encircled land and sea,  
Till two great nations curse.

-P.J.

### A Good Idea.

Smith has got a new plan. He is feeding his hens coal dust, to see if they won't lay egg-coal.

Parker : "How did Squildig get hydrophobia?"

Porker : "He was eating a sausage and came across a tooth, which bit him."

-J.M.J.

### It Might Have Been.

The little girl in Sunday School had the words "servant" and "serpent" somewhat confused in her young mind. The lesson was about the garden of Eden, and when the teacher asked her, "Who tempted Adam?" she promptly replied, "The hired girl."

### Really?

Would-be Joker : "I don't believe the editor of THE MOON reads the jokes I send in."

Friend : "Neither do I. I saw him alive, and in his right mind, only yesterday."

First Small Boy : "Ma's bought a new ringer."

Second Small Boy : "Huh! A new wringer. We get our washing done out."

First Small Boy : "So do we. I'm talking about our electric door-bell."

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

Vol. I. OCTOBER 18, 1902. No. 21.

48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.

All comic verse, prose or drawings submitted will receive careful examination, and fair prices will be paid for anything suitable for publication.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

DOCTOR GILMOUR, warden of the Central Prison, should feel deeply grateful for the admiration that his work and speeches in the interests of humanity have aroused in his friends, and in the public generally.

At the weekly luncheon of the Canadian Club, at which he was the chief speaker, the progressive warden spoke very strongly in favor of the "indeterminate sentence" of criminals. That is to say: a habitual criminal should not be sent to prison for six months, one year, or five years; he should merely be sent down indefinitely.

In the course of his address, Doctor Gilmour made use of many wise illustrations in proof of his doctrine.

"What should we think of a doctor that sent to the hospital for a week, a person suffering from smallpox, and at the end of the week turned him out, to be a menace to society?"

Profound interrogation! The warden hinted that his opinion of such a doctor would not be of such a nature as would increase the supposed doctor's practice.

Of course it was not in the interest of Doctor Gilmour's contention that he should point out the fact that the "habitual" smallpox patient is unknown to us; therefore he wisely refrained from pointing it out. He neglected to mention, also, that there are unmistakable indications of when a case of smallpox is cured, and that there is at present no instrument whereby we can judge when crime has left the human soul. No doubt this omission was an oversight; and—oh, well, it would not have helped the warden's argument in any case. The "indeterminate sentence" is what Doctor Gilmour wants; such a trifle as justice he leaves the Man in the Moon to quibble over.

The Habeas Corpus Act was passed with the object of making it illegal for men to be left to rot "indeterminately" in prison. This was a great mistake, no doubt, and now Warden Gilmour, as the champion of right, wishes to undo the wrong.

Habitual criminals are a menace to society, and as such should be kept herded in prison. In this way they would in time disappear, for in prison they could not

multiply. It is among the poor that the great majority of criminals are produced. The fact that they are poor is complete proof of their weakness. That the rich are rich is clear proof of their strength, and, therefore, of their desirability. Let us protect, then, this desirable class from the annoyances of the undesirable, and they will flourish and be happy altogether! Noble solution of the social problem! Warden Gilmour's humanity should be suitably rewarded.

NOW that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is returned home, the Canadian people look to him with expectancy to see in what manner he will proceed to deal with the Tarte-Sifton squabble.

Of course the conventional thing for the Premier to do, is to request of Mr. Tarte his resignation—and Sir Wilfrid is a conventional man. In this case, however, there is a feature that should cause the conventional side of a premier's nature to shrink into the background, and his diplomatic side to advance. In the dispute Mr. Tarte is the gentleman that has committed the breach of etiquette. therefore Mr. Tarte is the one that should be called to account. Mr. Sifton, however, though backed by almost the entire West, is not so important a factor in the success of the Laurier government as is his *nervous* little rival from the East.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier owes his position to-day to the influence of Mr. Tarte, who holds the Province of Quebec in the itching little palm of his hand.

The work that the Premier has before him is not of such a nature as is likely to excite the envy of his rivals. He is, in fact, "between the devil and the deep blue sea." Easterners and Westerners may disagree in deciding which is which.

To the Man in the Moon it seems to be almost possible that Sir Wilfrid may solve the whole problem in an entirely original manner, by quietly stepping out of the Cabinet, and making place for his impatient French friend.

We soon shall see.

AS THE MOON goes to press it is announced that the great coal strike will be settled this week. Mr. Baer and his colleagues will, no doubt, now think that the punishment predicted for them in this week's issue will be avoided. Let them not be deceived; they are quite as guilty after the strike is settled as they were before. It is too late now to stop the suffering that their greed has caused.

Sir Gilbert Parker writes us as follows:

20, Carlton House Terrace  
London, S. W.

Dear Man in the Moon:

30th Sept., '02.

It is good enough to pay for; therefore here is two dollars, and also one dollar for postage. I never spent money more willingly. I am learning to laugh again—sometimes at myself, which is a sign of health.

I hope you may be successful, though truthful.

Yours truly, GILBERT PARKER.

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



### And Heating Material \$29 a Ton.

"The age of chivalry is not yet dead!" he shouted. "Only to-day I saw a young man warm up a spot on the seat of an open car and then move over and surrender the place to a lady!"

### Brief Biographies.—No. XIII.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

**L**IEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE A. STIMSON, the subject of this brief biography, is a trinity in himself, being known to the Province, nay, almost to the Dominion, in three separate capacities, and in each of these capacities in an absolutely different *role*.

First of all, he is the widely-known and, if Dame Rumour speaks correctly, extremely successful business man. His name is "in all the Exchanges." To the magnates in Toronto's financial circles he is most deservedly *persona grata*. In Montreal his reputation as a capable financier is well established, whilst he is far from unknown in Wall Street, New York, while it would not require many inquiries in Capel Court, London, E.C., to find out who G. A. Stimson, of Toronto, is, and, furthermore, what is of considerably more importance to that astute gentleman himself, what is his standing in the world of finance.

Such is G. A. S. as a business man. Now, let us take him in another and totally different capacity, that of commanding officer of one of the noted militia regiments of Canada. Here he has yet to make his mark, and, to use a homely expression, he has a pretty "difficult row to hoe." But since "Stummy," for so his officers, N. C. Os. and men familiarly speak of him, when he is not there to hear, "first put this uniform on," namely,

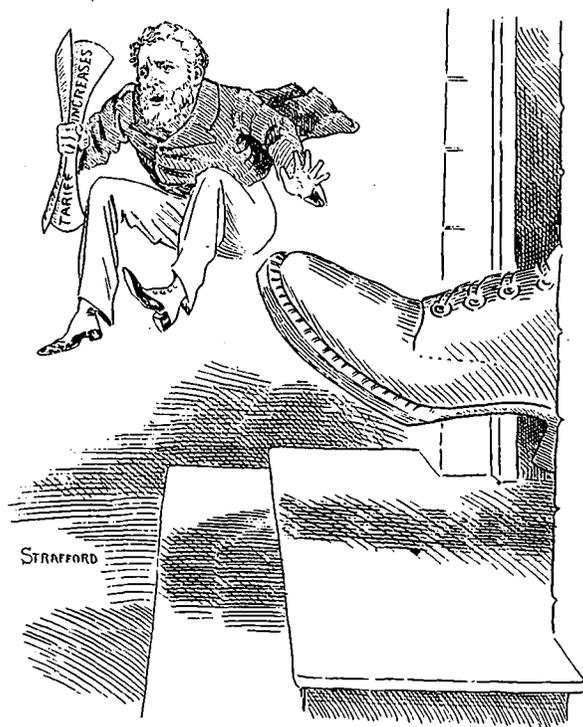
that of the Royal Grenadiers, he has had two things steadily in his mind. The first of these was that it was for the benefit of G. A. S. particularly, and for that of the "Grens" and "this Canada of ours" generally, that he, the aforesaid G. A. S., should command the regiment, and he has now attained his desire. There is but little room for doubt that he will make a success of his term of command. Under the most suave manner and pleasantest of exterior, G. A. S. conceals an inflexible will and the firmest of determination. He will command the regiment himself; will have no one telling him to do this or that. If he makes mistakes, they will be his own mistakes, and if he brings his corps up to the level at which Grasett left it, and which under no subsequent commanding officer has it since attained, his will be the credit. Hitherto in his own career as a soldier the officer now spoken of has been a fair success. As the captain of a company he was well up to the average, perhaps somewhat beyond it; as major of the Special Service Battalion in Halifax, he was a decided success, and, as field officer in the "Grens," he acquitted himself at least creditably.

The third "leading character" in which G. A. S. constantly appears is that of a man of fashion. He is as much at home at a dinner party as he is at a ball, at the Hunt Club or at the Woodbine. To be "taken in" to dinner by Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Stimson is an event greatly appreciated by the lady to whom he is assigned. No lady ever willingly refuses him a dance or objects to "sit one out" with him, while he can fill all the seats of his "four-in-hand" with lovely women and gallant cavaliers when he drives to the races or Hunt Club without even a modicum of trouble.

There are certainly those who say that to George A. Stimson "the only pebble on the beach" is George A. Stimson himself. There may be a grain of truth in the sarcasm, and it is quite possible that if some people could buy G. A. S. at their price and sell him at his own they would realize well on the transaction. All the same such remarks are at least ill-natured, G. A. S. has been the author of his own successes, and very probably had his detractors begun as low down the ladder as he did they would be there yet.

Here we will leave G. A. S. Our good wishes are with him, while we only hope that as time goes on he will continue to remember that he is after all but mortal, and that his "bear skin" will not become too small for his head.

Quite a number of people are likely to coal-apse this winter.



### A Voice from the West.

Mr. Farte claims to have a large portion of the Liberal Party behind him. He has!

### The Correct Formula.

THEY were sitting together on the piazza of the golf club-house watching the sunset. A shade of unwonted reflectiveness settled upon the features of the younger girl as she slowly raised her hand to her forehead, and the look of pleased expectancy which her face had worn died away.

"Why so pensive, Mildred?" asked her companion.

"Was I? Oh, I was thinking, Gwendolen, what answer I should make to George when he asks me if he is the only man I have ever loved. They all ask that, you know."

"Of course. And what'll you tell him?"

"That's just what bothers me. If I say 'Yes,' he may think"—and here a smile flitted across her features—"that I'm deceiving him, and mightn't forgive such an insult to his intelligence. But, if I say 'No,' he'll be frightfully jealous. So I don't know really what to say."

"Oh, you silly! Tell him that several times you fancied you were in love, but that, until you met your ideal in him, you never knew what real, true union of hearts was."

The shadow of uncertainty lifted from Mildred's alabaster brow as she lovingly embraced her comrade. "Oh, you darling!" she said, "that's the very thing.

How clever you are, and what experience you must have had." —P.T.

### Notes from the Hemlock Harp.

UNCLE DAVE RODDICK was out with his horse and cutter yesterday.

Thieves entered the rear of Watson's hardware store last Tuesday evening. They were frightened by the sound of approaching footsteps, and managed to bear away with them \$2.43 in change and a quantity of No. 4 shot. The No. 4 shot was placed where it did the most good.

A meeting of football players was held in the sitting room of the Old Plug Tavern last Monday evening. It was decided to have a club for this year, and the following officers were elected: President, Batty Combs; Vice-President, Hank Price; Secretary-Treachery, Jonas Beal; Umpire for games, Billy Watson; and little Bebe Tracy will carry the ball and act as Maggot for the team.

Alf. Priddle says that although he is older and bald-headed than when he used to play with the Old Hay Makers' Club, yet, if they furnish the "juice," he'd like to play "full" back.

We wonder why it is that Deacon Eldridge joins so fervently in singing "Do Not Pass Me By," down at the meeting house, and then looks at the ceiling while the collection plate passes. —KARL SCHMIDT.

### A Dream.

A BUSY corner, at a busy hour. The air seemed charged with the energy of the hurrying crowds. On all sides was a constant din—the buzz of thousands of footsteps and thousands of voices, the clanging of bells, the shouts of newsboys, the rumbling of carts and the trampling of horses. All was confusion, but a confusion in which a purpose reigned. The set faces of the passing people bespoke an aim for which, hour after hour, the endless stream flowed on.

A shriek pierced the never-ending noise—a shriek that seemed not alone to tell of death, but of some unutterable soul horror. From somewhere high above it came, as it were, from mid-air. Inexplicable, horrifying, it paralyzed the hurrying throng. Dismay, terror, despair gripped at every heart. Every face was drawn and pale. The noise was stilled, the crowd was motionless. To some it seemed the old earth's end had come. To some came pictures, formed before, of the final judgment day. To others came only a mysterious, dark despair. All were dumb.

Alone, amidst that mighty crowd stood one unchanged. His white helmet, his blue clothes, his red, beaming face, all gave him an unnatural look. I saw him laugh—a laugh that seemed to stamp him devil. Fight as I could against it, his face drew me to him, until I saw his laugh was natural, and that mere human amusement caused his face to beam. He saw me approach. He read my questioning gaze. He pointed to the top of a neighboring building.

I read—PAINLESS DENTIST. I awoke. —A.

Portraits by Moonlight.



J. P. WHITNEY.

WAY BACK, October 13th, 1902.

Dear Moon :

I am extremely pained to see that the much-boasted desire for purity of elections has been but idle talk. Five Conservatives have agreed to saw off against five Liberals. Each one of the ten has been charged with corrupt practices by their opponents, on sworn testimony. It is an awful state of affairs when bribery can be so easily condoned. I fervently trust that THE MOON will turn its light on the matter, and give the corruptionists what they so richly deserve.

Trustfully yours,  
(REV.) IGNIS FATUUS.

Rev. Sir :

THE MOON should like to comply with any wish of yours, as all your hope and life work is for the betterment of the world, but we find that your views on the matter are impracticable.

There is no question of corruption that enters into the matter of election petitions. Five Conservatives made charges of corruption against their opponents, knowing that with fair luck they would be able to prove their case. In the meantime, five Liberals took the same course against their opponents, with like chances of succeeding.

What is the result? An even number pitted against each other, with like weapons and very little cover, would it not, most reverend sir, be deplorable that ten citizens be permitted to annihilate each other, and incur not only that cost but the cost of a new election? I trust you will

see the, might we say, extreme folly of such a duel. You, of course, know that dueling is forbidden by law. Nor can we believe that you have forgotten that grand old hymn that has so often stirred the youthful heart to higher things :

" Birds in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a shameful sight  
For children of one fam-el-e  
To strive and chide and fight."

The matter, as treated by progressive people, is purely one of business. The opposing forces, not being able to surprise each other, send out flags of truce and an armistice is agreed on. Then an accountant is called in, who balances accounts by cancellation, just as fractions are reduced to simpler form, when, often, there is no remainder. Could we get better men, after getting these out of the way? We could not get worse ones, but better ones are not popular, and would only be sure of one vote each. Better leave things as they are, and wait a better chance. Privately, we think there has been no corruption. We have the word of both parties that, as far as they are concerned, everything that has been done will bear the light—of the moon.

The Use of a Chaperon.

When Gladys Bates was twenty-one,  
She'd no use for a chaperon ;  
She thought it nicer, far, to go  
Attended only by her beau.

Now Gladys Bates is thirty-three,  
And never out alone goes she.  
She says 'tis much more *comme il faut*  
To have a chaperon, you know.

Moreover, if you'd know the truth,  
A chaperon guarantees her youth ;  
Who, when they such precautions see,  
Would dream her age was thirty-three ?



Goldenburg : " Vat, are you goin' out of beezness? You must be gray to sell ad such a loss."  
Slystien : " Don'd be voolish ; dot sign says vifty zents on, nod off."

# THE MOON



When President Baer and his fellow operators reach Hades.

## Latter Day Legends—No. 10.

## GOOD JACOB AND THE COAL MINE.

IN the early days of erstwhile there was a horny-fisted son of toil, named Jacob, who wearied himself and sweated his brow in the provision shop of a great city.

And he carried oil, and butter, and vegetables from the shop to the homes of the affluent. When there was



"Jacob's old employer was overcome."

nothing doing his employer would say unto him, "Get thee out even into the yard, and there seek out from barrels the good apples from those which are past the days of service. See to it that thou throw away none that are simply enrotted, but only those which can no longer hold together. For those that are overripe we may

put on the bargain counter that the little children may buy them and be made glad." For the employer was a man who loved to see little children enjoy themselves, and he hated to see waste or idleness round about him.

And Jacob, who sweated his brow among the apples, grew up to revere honesty, and know how good a thing it was never to get left. He was onto his job.

As years rolled by, Jacob went forth into the world, and he kept in mind the principles taught him in his early life. He ever saw to it that he had nothing that was simply rotten and worthless left on his hands, while he could find anyone that would give him pieces of silver therefor.



"Fell on his neck."

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He went to his old town, and he sought out his old employer in the quiet of his home, and he told him that

In due time the reward that comes to those who waste nothing arrived upon Jacob. He became a bondholder and a dealer in stocks.

There were some who thought that they had softness to deal with when they were up against Jacob, but Jacob found in his new trade that there were always some little children ready to buy the rotten apples on the bargain counter.

But it came to pass that Jacob got on his hands one rotten apple which he had to keep. A professor of geology was straying through a portion of the land that once had been the abiding place of people, but which had grown up again into forest. In a little hollow place in the ground the professor found a ledge of coal protruding. He broke off a piece of it and took it with him to the haunts of civilization.

He told Jacob what he had found. And

while Jacob talked to him about floating a company he got from the professor the latitude and longitude of the place where the coal was.

Early next day Jacob hied him there, and he found the man who owned the place, and he bought from him the waste land grown up again into forest, for small money.

And when the bargain was completed, and the money paid, the hardy husbandman who had owned the land went with Jacob to see it. And when they came nigh unto the spot where the coal showed through the ground, Jacob said with the innocence he had learned in the grocery trade, "Oh, my, what is that which showeth through the virgin soil?"

And the husbandman said unto him, "Thet? Why thet is the cellar of our old house which was burned down twenty years ago. Thet's a lump of coal that the grass has grown over."

Then Jacob saw that it was good to go home and kick himself.

But the time came when the whole country hungered for coal, and in the town where Jacob had learned the art of sorting ancient apples, there was nigh unto a panic. Then Jacob knew that the time had come to put the rotten apples on the bargain counter.

He went to his old town, and he sought out his old employer in the quiet of his home, and he told him that



"Bowed down before him."

he had bought a coal mine, discovered by the professor of geology, but he had never done anything with it as he had much great things to get busy with.

And he said unto his old employer that he might have a half share in it for one thousand pieces of silver, and dig out the coal and make glad the hearts of the people of the town.

And Jacob's old employer was overcome with emotion, and could hardly believe his ears. He hastened unto the desk, and gave Jacob a cheque for the pieces of silver.

Jacob told him how pleased he was to come to the relief of the poor people of his native town, where he had learned the first principles of business. He said that whenever his mind dwelt on his early days he always had wished that the time might come when he could do something for his old employer.

And Jacob's old employer fell on his neck—Jacob's neck—and wept.

Then Jacob put the cheque in his inside pocket, and while his old employer bowed down before him, Jacob told him that he was only doing unto him as his old employer had always done unto others.

Jacob cashed the cheque next morning, and went once again into the busy marts of commerce.

But it came to pass that when Jacob's old employer took men and horses, and opened up the coal mine, he found that he had purchased a rotten apple off the bargain counter.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

### The Vice of Industry.

OVER-indulgence in industry and steady application to work has been the ruin of many an otherwise worthy and deserving man, who might have occupied an honorable position in society had he but contracted the habit of laziness, which has always been regarded by mankind as deserving of the highest rewards in the gift of the public.

Let us illustrate after the fashion of the moral story-books, which have done so much to furnish successive generations with an outfit of miles of maxims for their guidance in life of an utterly impracticable and misleading character. The business of a moralist has, of course, nothing to do with practical life any more than has that of the preacher. 'Tis his to cultivate a love of the good, the beautiful and the true, at such figures "as the traffic will bear." As the public, despite its stupidity, has in these latter days got onto the game, the financial results are frequently disappointing. To anticipate and discern criticism in advance, the writer may frankly admit that, like the others, he is *hois pour l'ctoffe*, as we say in Patee. But this is a digression. I love digressions because they measure up with the rest of the copy just the same.

George Snogglethorpe and Charley Plugwinch were both applicants for positions under government. Let me hasten to explain that the scene of this little story is not laid in Ontario, nor even in Canada, and that the govern-

ment in question is simply an abstract and ideal government, which never existed anywhere. A moralist can't be too careful not to arouse prejudices at the outset.

Well, these two young fellows started in with about even chances. Each of them had a considerable pull, which was strictly necessary to obtain any government position in—say Utopia. Snogglethorpe's father had spent \$2,000 in buying votes in a keenly contested election—he claimed to have put up \$10,000, but the accounts were never audited, for reasons. Plugwinch's uncle had perjured his immortal soul to save the reputation of a Cabinet Minister, on which account he might, at first sight, be supposed to have the stronger claim. But as he had previously perjured his soul innumerable times in connection with his professional affairs, and as it was a very small soul to begin with, its equity of redemption, so to speak, wasn't worth \$10,000, or even \$2,000.

Singularly enough, there happened to be quite a number of young men with substantial pulls who wanted government positions about that time, and the Premier of Utopia was so beset by them and their friends that he was seriously thinking of having a secret underground passage way constructed, leading from his office to his residence, so that when hard pressed he might have the means of escape. But he knew that the Opposition would make trouble over any appropriation for that



"I am afraid it is not for me, but for my money, that you come here so often."

"You are cruel to say so. How can I get your money without getting you."



"Yes, and the fellow stole the clock right off the drawing room mantelpiece."

"But I thought you always kept the dog in the house at night."

"So we do, but he is only a watch dog."

purpose, and so abandoned the idea. Finally, after much delay, Snogglethorpe and Plugwinch were taken into the temporary staff.

"Holy smoke! Two more!" said the Deputy Minister of the Department of Special Exigencies, to his assistant. "What can we put them at?"

The Assistant Deputy ruminated, "H'm! Ten years ago, if you remember, there was some correspondence respecting the bonusing of the mule raising industry. That correspondence might be tabulated, classified and indexed."

"Ah, just so. Put Mr. Snogglethorpe at it. He needn't hurry over it, you know; the work should be done carefully. Now, as to Plugwinch, you had better let him prepare a schedule, showing the total amount spent for government advertising year by year since 1880, and the ratio borne by such expenditure to the total number of newspapers in the province. That ought to keep him at work for a month or so."

George Snogglethorpe set to work carefully and deliberately. He couldn't have followed the traditions of officialism more closely if he had been a clerk of twenty years' standing. He strolled leisurely to his desk a few minutes after ten every morning, glanced over the paper awhile, chatted with his fellow employees, and then put his writing materials in order with great care and preci-

sion. It generally took him five minutes at least to find a new pen to his liking. If any little question arose, needing only a grain of common-sense to settle it, he would discuss the point with some other clerk for half an hour before deciding. You see, the work had to be done carefully. He left for lunch punctually at noon, and seldom got back to work until 2 o'clock. There was no need to hurry.

Charles Plugwinch was a born hustler. He pitched in just as if he were working in a wholesale store or an insurance office, or something of that sort. He was quick at figures and penmanship, and at the end of a week turned in his schedule, all complete, to the Assistant Deputy, rather expecting, poor fellow, to be congratulated for having accomplished his task so soon.

"What? through already!" said the official, with a worried expression. "Really I don't see what else there is for you to do. I'll see the Deputy about it."

He saw the Deputy, and the latter found him another job, which, with proper care, would have lasted him two months at least. He finished it up in ten days.

"I've nothing more for you," said the Deputy Minister. "Your work was only temporary, you know. Call round in a week, and perhaps there'll be something we can put you at."

Charley called in a week, but the Deputy Minister was out of town. He called the following week, but nothing had turned up. He called several times after, but with no better luck. Then he got tired. He didn't take kindly to kicking his heels in the lobby, and so dropped out of the swim.

Then summer came on, and a lot of the clerks went away on their holidays. The Department of Special Exigencies was running short-handed, when some really important work came in.

"We must take on another man," said the Assistant Deputy to his chief.

"Where's Plugwinch? Better put him on again: he's a good worker," replied the Deputy.

"Haven't seen him for a month," was the answer.

"H'm—well, never mind. Oh, by the way, you might as well get Snogglethorpe to lay aside that work he's on—no hurry for that, you know—and help you out with the returns.

You see Plugwinch meantime was hustling for a job around town, and was out of the way when his chance came. Snogglethorpe got onto the permanent staff by reason of his judicious inactivity, and is there yet. The classification of the correspondence re the mule-raising industry is still unfinished. But, as has previously been observed, the Government is in no hurry about it.

P. T.

### A Question of Degree.

"How does a student pass through college?"

"By 'degrees,' of course."



### Thanksgiving in the Days of Solomon.

AND it came to pass that Solomon sat upon his throne, and he called his wise men and spake unto them, saying: "Thanksgiving Day approacheth apace. Look ye, therefore, and see, ye wise men, what there is to be thankful for, and why we should give thanks."

And the wise men communed with themselves, and one replied: "O, King, live forever."

"Good advice," replied Solomon to the wise men. And then he turned to the royal scribe, who kept the record of the King's engagements, and said, "Remind me to live forever." Then to the wise men he added, "Pardon my interruption. Now, go on."

"O, King, we should be thankful that the game of football has not yet been invented, to the decimation of the young men of Israel."

Solomon nodded his head and said, "It is well. Proceed,"

"The ruler of this mighty people, whose bliss it is to dwell in the sunshine of his wisdom, should be thankful that the automobile is not yet invented, and that the club woman does not yet blot the fair landscape."

"Another excellent cause for thankfulness. Say on," added Solomon.

"An additional cause for thankfulness, O, King, may be found in the fact that golf has not yet become popu-

lar, and thy servants, the children of Israel, are not crazy with stymies, foursomes, and such pestilences."

"Good," exclaimed Solomon.

"Also, O, King, we should give thanks that coal strikes and the Hon. J. I. Tarte are not yet invented."

"It occurs to me," remarked Solomon, when the wise men paused, "that we are wasting much valuable time. Why should we be hunting for reasons for celebrating Thanksgiving Day, when Thanksgiving Day itself has not yet been invented? Ye are a fine set of wise men, not to have thought of that. This seance is now concluded, and I give you wise men fair warning that, if ye don't put more wisdom on exhibition next time a display is scheduled, you can hunt jobs elsewhere."

Thus did King Solomon keep a grip on the wisest-man championship.

—CHIC.

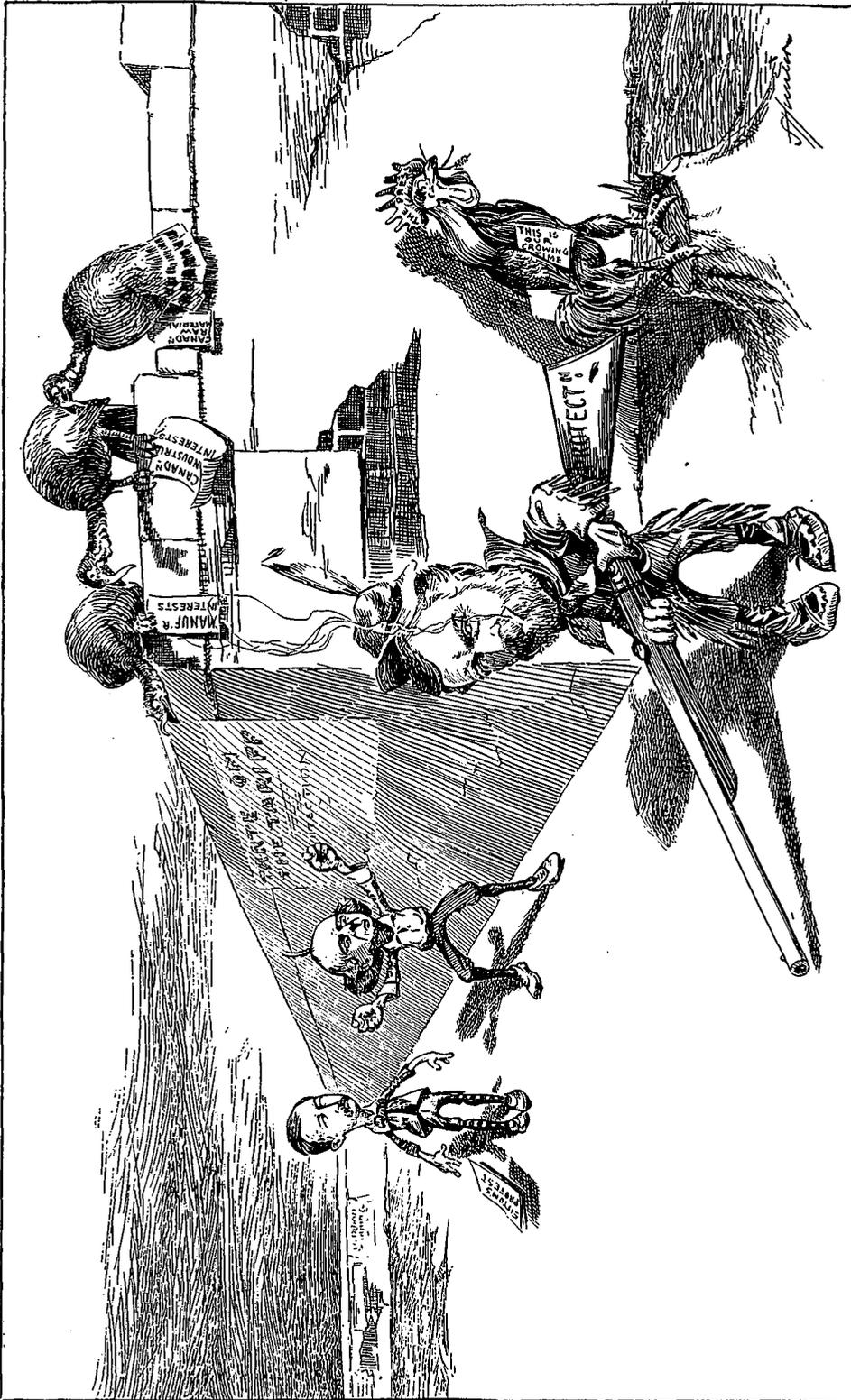
A Toronto paper says it is on the cards that Lord Milner will be the next Governor-General of Canada, and hopes this may be the beginning of the end of "Wooden Governors."

Wooden Governors! What can he mean?

The subject's well worth looking into;

He surely can't refer to Aberdeen—

Ah! Well, perhaps he means Lord ———.



**The New Man Behind the Gun.**

"Busy Izzy" Tarte: "In the interests of our poultry yard, I'm going to take a crack at the great American Eagle, first chance I get, even if I get kicked out of business."

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