

Napoleon Whitney : "Those Grits are unreasonable fellows, they don't know when they are licked."

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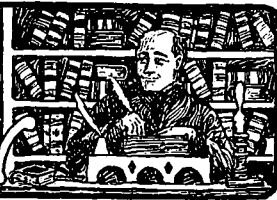
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Good Reason Why.

He : " These are nothing like the cakes my mother used to make."
She : " I suppose not ; but then you don't put up the dough as your father did."

Mignon.

Mignon came in with easy grace,
I caught and sat her on my knee;
Against her neck I pressed my face,
Her neck, white, warm and velvety.

I whispered that I must arrange
The silken ribbon that she wore ;
Methought its folds awry and strange
The while she paused at yonder door.

There met me timid, startled look
From eyes that had a wondrous glow,
As with deft touch the band I took
And fashioned quick a dainty bow.

A gentle hand in light caress
I laid upon the queenly head ;
My bearded face I bent, " Noblesse
Oblige," I slowly, softly said.

She shrank as though my touch were
rude,
Like frightened fawn she sought to
flee ;
I caught her, ere she could elude,
And once more held her on my knee.

" Ah, non, ma chere, a ci du jeu
Il serait un si grand malheur
Si vous allez ! Que voulez-vous ?
Ne suis-je pas sans reproche et
peur ?"

She struggled 'gainst my ardent hold,
In vain resisted my embrace ;
Was ever man as I so bold ?
Until—she fiercely scratched my face!

She scratched my face with desp'rate
dab,
My ardor cooled, alone I sat
And felt to hate the treacherous tab,
My Mignon—yes, and every cat !
—T. W. T.

To Maintain Their Professional Status.

Smilax : " What was the row in your church choir about ?"
Borax : " Oh, something had to be done. Everything had gone on so quietly and harmoniously for years that people began to say we had a lot of inferior talent."

Not Much Difference.

Goodley : " What made you laugh, Tommy, when the minister gave out his text this morning, ' And if he ask bread will ye give him a stone ?' "
Tommy : " I was just thinkin' that the tramp ma gave the home-made loaf to yesterday wouldn't hardly know the difference."

A Distinction With a Difference

Simpson : " Isn't Sloggers a prize fighter ?"
Thomson : " Oh, no, he's a pugilist."
Simpson : " Well, it's the same thing."
Thomson : " Hardly ; Sloggers never fights."

" Hack, Sir ?"

Samjones : " I tell you what he says goes in this town."
Jones : " You surprise me. Who is he, then ?"
Samjones : " A hack driver."

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

Vol. 2. JANUARY 31, 1903. No. 36.

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.



THE return of Geo. E. Foster to the House of Commons, which is now assured, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Since the wreck of the Conservatives on the Manitoba School Question, the House has not had an Opposition. After the wreck it was impossible for Sir Charles, under whose captaincy disaster had come, to retain the confidence of the people. Then when he was finally defeated, and when he left public life, Mr. Foster, the bright light of the party, went with him. This made our Parliament into a farce. If the Opposition seats had been unoccupied, it could scarcely have been worse than it is. But Mr. Foster is a whole Opposition in himself, when he has no millstone round his neck; so we may now look forward to Parliamentary sessions that will be filled with life and interest. Mr. Foster's return should be welcomed by the whole people, for no government, however honest its members may be, can keep itself in a healthy state without a vigorous Opposition to put it on its metal.

EVENTS, of Ottawa, becomes quite excited over a paragraph that recently appeared in THE MOON, which referred to the opportunity that a new country like Canada offers to the subsidy-hunter. THE MOON, it may be remembered, mentioned the fact that in England such grabbing, or stealing, as is common in Canada is unknown. EVENTS holds a different view, it would seem. That paper informs us that such talk as we indulge in is "mischievous." It tells us that Canada has the best set of public men in the world, and that we would be wise not to hold England up as an example, for in England they have had some highly interesting scandals of late over certain army contracts, et cetera. EVENTS is good enough to explain why the casting of moon-beams upon our public men is "mischievous." Here is the explanation:

"We are pretty rapidly educating the public mind into

the belief that the public life of this country is rotten, and that our public men are thieves." How shocking! "Under such circumstances it would not take long for a class of men to secure public office to justify statements such as we have quoted." Oh, horror! "If we are determined to make public life corrupt, men will be found to say that they might as well have the game as the name, and such as will not say so may drop out of the arena in which they receive nothing but showers of mud."

Are we to take that last sentence as a threat? It sounds as if Mr. Hays might have written it.

So it is "mischievous" to state the truth. This is the view theologians of the past generation took of higher criticism. If we criticise the stupidity or knavery of any of our public men, it may destroy our faith in all of them? Is that the idea? We must eat our peck of dirt anyway before we die, and we must not stop to measure it. Now that strikes one as being eminently reasonable, and it saves so much time and annoyance! What we don't think about can't worry us, eh? Keen logic!

Again we quote from EVENTS:

"Sir John Macdonald gave away more subsidies and concessions and offices than any other Canadian politician, and yet he died leaving an estate worth only about \$100,000. If our public life was corrupt he would have been worth ten millions."

Canadian politicians, take notice: When you die, see to it that you leave not more than one hundred thousand dollars. You have the assurance of EVENTS also that you cannot be held responsible for permitting companies to rob the people, unless you share the spoils *in cash*.

EVENTS concludes:

"We had better let English public life take care of itself and we will certainly not improve Canadian public life by indiscriminately slandering Canadian public men who have neither been convicted nor even accused of any dishonest or dishonorable act."

We cannot understand how anyone that read our paragraph could accuse us of holding up English public life as a model. We merely stated that in England they cannot steal subsidies because they have all been stolen. Strange as it may seem, we still hold to our views on this point. Did we indulge in any "indiscriminate" slandering? We hope not. But when EVENTS states that our public men "have never been convicted nor even accused of any dishonest or dishonorable act," we must raise our hat of Columbine in honor of such simple blindness and deafness as EVENTS displays.

The whole article in EVENTS is a splendid example of one of the chief characteristics of the Canadian people—self-righteousness. While our daily press is constantly denouncing and defending the political knavery of the country, a great part of the people thank Heaven that we are so much better than our neighbors. EVENTS, by its own words, stamps itself as a Pharisee of the first class.

Portraits by Moonlight.



J. S. WILLISON.

Brief Biographies.—No XXVII.

By SAM SMILES, JR.

ON the 28th of November last, the feature in the *Toronto World* was the resignation of Editor Willison of *The Globe*; it was the feature of the other dailies in the large cities on the succeeding day. That, of itself, was a tribute to the man, which one of average standing in the newspaper world would not have commanded. Mr. Tarte's surrender of a portfolio and assumption of the editorial control of *La Patrie* were scarcely more canvassed than Mr. Willison's withdrawal from the control of the chief Government organ. These two facts show how a powerful journalist can impress his personality upon the people, and how much, notwithstanding a lingering attachment for the impersonal in newspaperdom, the personal element is becoming a factor in successful journalism, notable instances being W. T. Stead and T. P. O'Connor, not to allude to such public men as Greeley and George Brown.

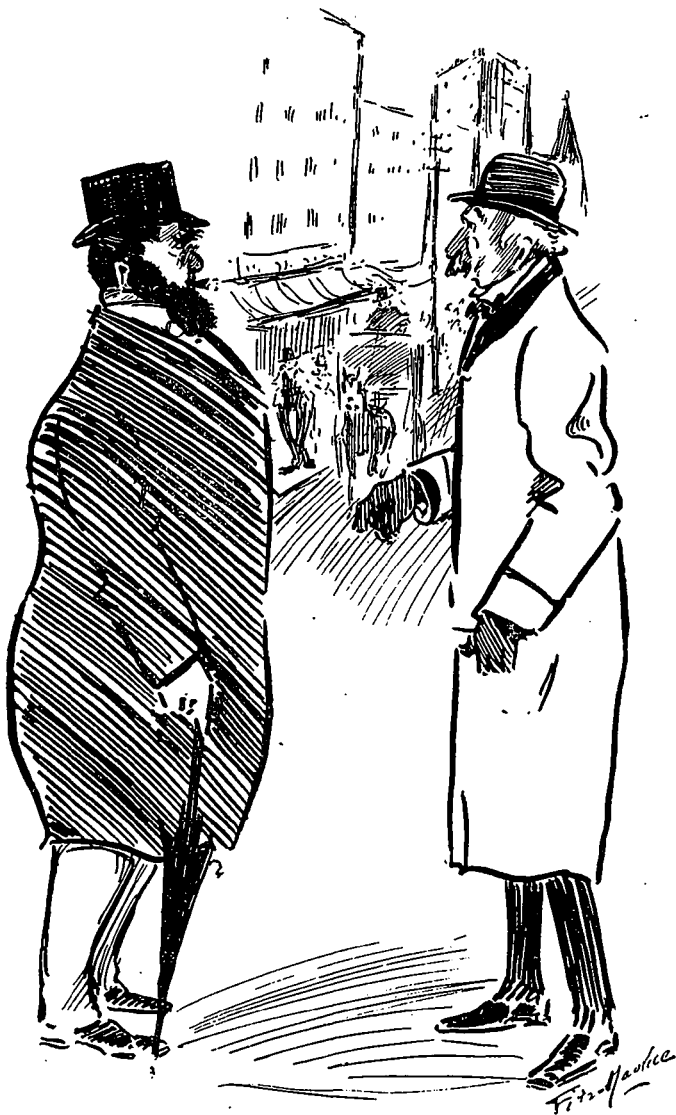
What Mr. Willison accomplished while Managing Editor of the *Globe* is enough to stamp him as an able and alert journalist. During his regime the paper rose from being a burden on the shareholders to be a dividend-paying concern which enjoyed the respect of the public. He took John Cameron's place on the paper. Cameron

was an experienced journalist, well equipped for the position, but generally supposed to lack one element most necessary to success in a struggling business, viz., firmness of will. He could wisely direct a staff; he could not control a scratch board of directors. Mr. Willison served under Cameron; saw and profited by Cameron's mistake, and with whatever he may be charged, weakness is one thing that cannot be predicated of him. Whenever the public saw his hand, it was an iron hand; there was no mistaking its grip. He had not been very long in control of the *Globe* until Sir John A. Macdonald's last general election came on. Farrer had left the *Mail* and joined the *Globe* staff, and most people regarded him as the big gun of the paper. Sir John's campaign powder was the famous Farrer pamphlet, the proof of which had been mysteriously supplied to the Tories. The sensation following Sir John's spectacular exposure would have overwhelmed a weak man. But Mr. Willison was equal to the occasion. He told his readers that he, not Farrer, ran *The Globe*, and that the Liberal organ and the Liberal party were not responsible for the scheme of annexation contained in the ex-Tory Editor's pamphlet. That was his first serious political campaign, and fighting against great odds, he did well. An admirer of Laurier, he has had the countenance of that courtly leader, and probably Sir Wilfrid's appreciation and friendship have upheld him more than anything else, in maintaining his opinions and ideas. That many friends found him obdurate, and considered him head-strong, simply means that he had ideas of his own; that his energy and talents do not collide with his ambition simply shows that he has appraised his life-work according to his own thinking; and that he occupies his present onerous position is a justification of his judgment.

Under his direction the *Globe* improved in many respects, and if it be true that it does not owe more to him than he does to it, as true is it that he leaves it better than he found it, and that he carries with him a reputation greatly enhanced.

His latest venture is too recent to pass upon. He has not begun as he will end. It is evident that he is experimenting and has not touched rock bottom. His point of view, thus far, is all right; but the *News* is not what it might, could, would, or should be. Good ideas must be clothed in modern garb, and exhibited in modern setting. Progressive journalism, must, first of all, be bright, adroit, agile, then strong, impressive, exuberant. The daily paragraph makes but one thrust; it ought to reach a vital spot. But doubtless the present desiderata will arrive by and by. Mr. Willison has appeared on the political and social platform with equal success. He can score an opponent by piercing raillery, or beguile his friends at the festive board by brilliant badinage, or he can discourse on railways, transportation, and other great questions of the day with knowledge and facility.

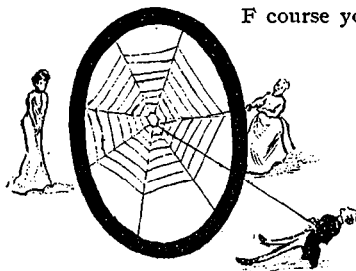
He is of Scottish decent, born in the county of Huron, he mastered the principles of business before he joined the staff of the *London Advertiser*, on which paper he began his life-work.



"I thought you said that dog you sold me would not bite anybody he knew."

"That's so, but he's awfully particular whom he knows."

Heather's Ladies' Column.



Of course you have all heard of the coming Riche-
mann — Prettigirl marriage, and will be quite prepared to envy me when I tell you that I was one of the select few (only some seven hundred in all) who received

invitations to view the presents at the bride's home. Indeed, I don't mind telling you that I had to do some hard angling before I managed to get my invite, but all things come to anybody who will fish long enough.

Frankly, I have never seen anything like it. I spent half a day looking around, and then did not see everything. The drawing rooms are entirely given up to the gifts, all ordinary furniture having been removed, and the walls lined with show tables for the smaller articles. In consequence of this, the ceremony is to be performed in the hall, where the guests will be accommodated with seats upon the stairs. The bride and groom will stand before the tastefully decorated umbrella rack.

About the middle of the afternoon, as I had just reached the far end of the first drawing room, and was engaged in counting the carving knives (of which there is a choice collection) Miss Prettigirl and her mamma, together with Mr. Riche-
mann, entered the room. I was so delighted to get a good look at her. I saw her quite close, and, really, she isn't at all good looking. I have *heard* her called handsome, but that's all nonsense, and her eyes are green, distinctly so, I assure you! Mrs. Prettigirl, the proud mamma, was so pompous that the butler had to make a special lane for her through the presents for fear of her knocking things over. But the poor groom has a hunted look. In fact I heard him say, in reply to some remark of his fiancée, "But, Belinda, consider, we will have to return all these! It will cost a small fortune--." (No wonder he looks frightened to death, poor man.) Belinda flushed up very red, and remarked, "Oh, Archie, *please try* not to be so *bourgeoise*—to think of *money* at such a time as *this*." And mamma, who was quite purple, declared in a stage whisper, "I am *surprised* at you, Archibald, when you know dear Bella is *so* sensitive."

I only wish I dare take space to tell you about some of the most notable gifts, but I cannot. I understand they are to be displayed for a week in the basement of Straight Street Church. Admission five cents, proceeds to go towards the pastor's salary (he is going to leave if they don't pay up).

Only one thing I must mention (or I lose my com.) and that is the beautiful tiara of Parisian Pearls and Diamonds, the gift of the bride's grandpapa. They are quite as good as the real gems, and anybody would think they were first water if it were not for the fact that everybody knows old Prettigirl could not buy them if they were.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Careful One.—You should not say "them are those." Say rather, "those are them." "I hadn't ort to" is also

incorrect. It is better to say, "I find it inadvisable to do so."

Mother.—These things should not be trifled with. If you think the baby is troubled with her eye-teeth, consult an experienced oculist at once.

Debater.—If you are on the affirmative in the debate, "It is the name that sells the article," I would advise you to mention "The Intrusions of Peggy" as an example.

Scot.—No, I don't know why the *Globe* is called the "Scotchman's Bible," unless it means that they use it for swearing purposes.

Tearful.—My dear little girlie, it is your plain duty to break off the engagement at once. No one can blame you. When you promised to marry him he was worth \$3,000 a year, now he is worth scarcely \$300. Under the circumstances society can expect nothing else.

Wifey.—Have patience with him, dearie. He is a man, they need a lot. The next time he grumbles at your dry-goods bill, do not stamp and say you will go home to your ma, but throw your arms about his neck and say, "Did 'im grudge 'ims ownest ducky wucky some clothesy wosies, then?" He will be quite lamblike after that.

Bashful.—It is quite proper for you to go to church with your brother-in-law, especially if your sister accompanies you.

—HEATHER.

Striking an Average.

Husband: "I'm surprised at you, Maria! How could you have the face to tell the judge you were twenty-four when you were forty-eight last month?"

Wife: "Well, dear, I told him the truth. I gave my average age."

A Reformer of the Old School.

Oh, loud he cried on the toiler's side,
That the millionaire should cease,
That the idle lord in his haughty pride,
No more should the peasant's neck
bestride;
Better war than a shameful peace.

The widow's fears, the orphan's tears,
Down trod by a tyrant's law,
Cried out to a silent God for years;
But the dawn of a better time appears,
When clipped be the vulture's claw.

"No more shall the tyrant labor rob;
Let the sweat-shop horrors cease!"
Thus spake he once to a frenzied mob,
But he's taken a job with a purse-proud
snob,
And he taketh his fee in peace.

—D. S. MACROQUADALE.

Scripture Endorsed.

Jiggersnoot: "Hello, deacon! It's a cold day. Come and take something."

Deacon Postlecreed: "Young man, I never drink. Remember how the Scripture denounces the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth."

Jiggersnoot: "Quite right, too! Drinking out of the bottle is a low-down, dirty practice. I always offer my friends glasses."

At the Town Meeting.

Councillor Beeswax (who has been ruled out of order): "But, Mr. Chairman, I submit--"

Chairman: "Oh, ye do, do ye? Then why don't ye set down an' shet your mouth?"



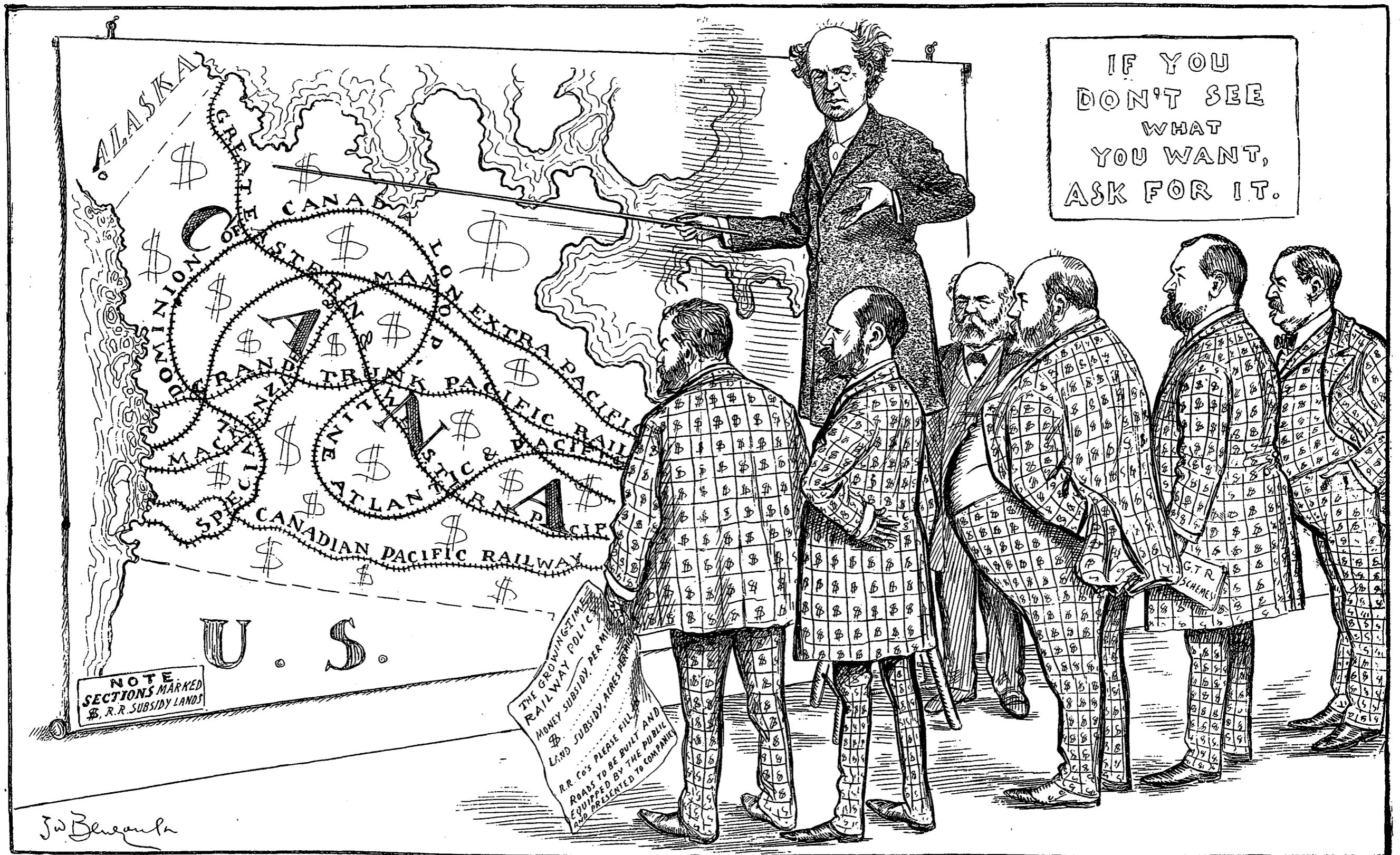
Sort of Political Call Boy.

Mr. Bull, proprietor of British Commons Hotel: "Want a job 'ere, eh? Bless me 'eart, what could a little chap like you do in a big 'ouse like this?"

Our own Israel: "Wake 'em up."

NOTE.—A Montreal despatch revives the rumor that Mr. Tarte would not be averse to a call to the British House of Commons.

THE MOON



THE GROWING TIME FOR TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

The Premier: "The People pay for and give you the Railways, and make you a present of the country;—but what do they get as a quid pro quo?"
Chorus: "The People—as represented by the Government—will get—er—pur vote and influence, you know."

The Higher Criticism Explained.

"SAY, what do they mean by this thing of higher criticism, anyway?" asked Josh Weedlesnick, of his neighbor, Silas Hendershot, who had come over to borrow a cross cut saw. "We hed a parson from the city last Sunday, an' he gin us no end of chin about the higher critics. I allow they're a pretty bad lot, ain't they?"

"Likely," said Silas, discharging a mouthful of tobacco juice at a chip lying in the snow, and missing it by about eight inches. "Them newspaper fellers mostly is. But its this way, ef ye wanter know. Ye see fellers which writes books and sech gits the newspapers to give 'em a write up so folks'll buy 'em. Some of these here critics jest does that kind of thing fur fun or to git put onto the list of subscribers fur nuthin'."

"I see, jest like young Jake Bradley, of Hikers' Corners, 'at fools away erbout half his time writin' stuff fur the Squiggledunk Herald, an' never gits a durned cent fur it. Ef he wuz my boy I'd give him a right-down good lickin'."

"Jake's all right. He wrote up my barn raisin' last fall in good shape. Said I wuz one in the most prominent and enterprisin' residents of the township, an' orter be elected reeve next year. He'll git thar yit ef he keeps on talkin' sense like that, an' don't switch off onto poetry."

"Gin us a chew, Silas. Thankee. But what erbout this here higher criticism?"

"That's jest what I wuz comin' to when ye put in about young Bradley. Ye see these here fellers that jest writes fur fun, or to put in the time, are kinder careless-like and slouchy about thar work, so 'at when the papers want it done up in good style they have to hire men fur the job an' pay 'em durned well too. Why they tell me that them that's regularly into the business kin make about twicet as much as they could workin' onto a farm."

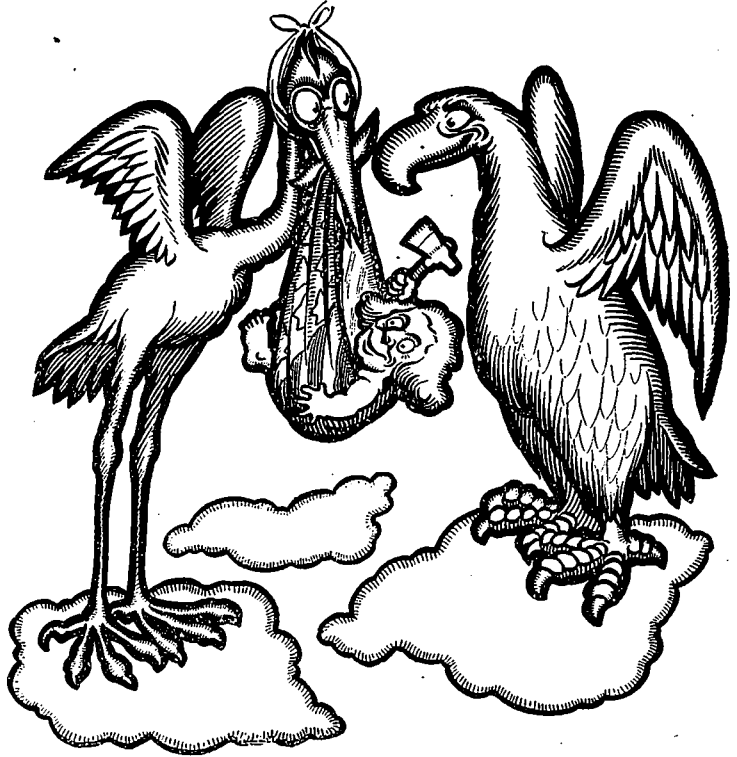
"Gosh! yer don't say? 'Taint no wonder the boys want to go to the city. I bl'eeve I'd try myself ef I wuz about twenty years younger."

"Well, ye see, these chaps that's his hired to write is the hire critics. That's all they is to it."

"But the parson says that they allow the Bible ain't no good, and is all infidels an' sech. Why is that?"

"Durn my skin, Josh Weedlesnick, don't ye know nothin'? Kaint ye see a hole through a grindstone? As I wuz tellin' ye, it takes heaps of money to hire a critic, and these here authors and fellers which have books an' sewing machines an' patent medicines ter sell, puts up the stuff an' then the hire critic jest whoops her up fur all he's worth. Spose a man writes a book about pirates or Injuns, or what didn't happen somewhar in Europe, way back in the 'leventeenth century, he hunts up the hire critic, an' hands him a five or maybe a ten, an' says, 'Now jest let yerself out, an' gin her a good send off.' An' then the critic writes that the book everlastingly lays over any other book that ever wuz wrote, begosh, an' had orter be in every household."

"I guess that's the way of it," said Josh, thoughtfully,



No. 1

How the Eagle Came to be the American National Bird.

"Will fly a message for me, friend Eagle, the toothache troubleth me to-night?"

"Right, heartily, friend Stork," quoth the Eagle.

cutting a sliver off the rail fence for a toothpick. "But I don't jest see why they need to go out of thar way to abuse the Bible."

"Look-a-here, Josh, spos'n you wanted to sell a hoss, an' they was another feller as had a hoss in the market, do you meanter say that ef you had the chance to git in a word, you wouldn't kinder hint that the other hoss was a no account critter, an' nowadays wuth as much as yourn? 'Twould only be human natur. Well, it's jest so with the critics. Thar's competition in the book bisness, an' the hire critics has jest got to run down the Bible so's the other books 'll have a show. 'Bible,' says they, 'Oh yes, Bible's a good book. Lots of good readin' into it. Aint nothin' to say agin the Bible. But it was wrote a long time ago. They done the best they knowed how at that time, but it's gettin' kinder outer date, an' ef you want real fust-class literatour, the best in the market, ye better buy Pilgarlic's Poems or the Maniac Marquis. That's the genuine stuff. Ye see Moses an' Goliath an' Nebuchadnezzar, an' the rest of the prophets an' such wich wrote the Bible, bein' all dead ages ago, the hire critics kaint get no money outen 'em. So they naturally gives 'em the go-by an' whoops it up fur the livin' authors. Its all business nowadays, Josh. I know, fur I've a cousin a printer in Toronto, and he keeps me posted about these things."

"Well, well," said Josh as he slowly moved off, "so that's the way of it, is it? 'Taint no wonder ye kaint bleeve mor'n half ye read in the papers. Must be a



2

So at the humble home of the Washingtons there was much rejoicing, the Eagle was voted the national bird, and the old man straightway planted a cherry tree in honor of the great event.

durned easy job to be a critic, an' ef dad had only had the sense for to send me to High School I mout have been a hire critic settin' in a warm office in Toronto, an' jest scoopin' in the dollars fur writin about five hours a day instid of working myself to death on the farm."

ancestral lace under her reception smile. Her hair pins were superb. The youthlike appearance and vivacious conversation of the young ladies make us tremble for the safety of the unsophisticated young men around town, when the term closes and the young ladies are let loose. One visitor remarks that they were the woosiest ever.

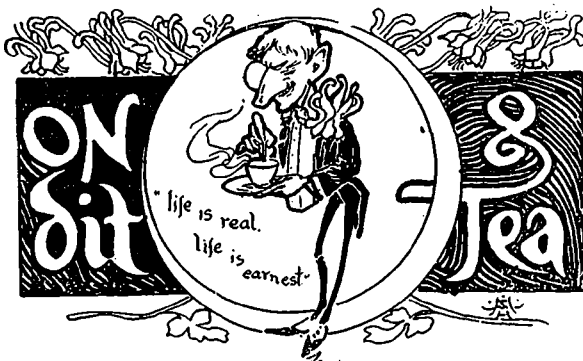
A very pretty and quiet wedding eventuated at the residence of the bridegroom's mother-in-law, when Madam Cotolean was united in marriage, by the very Rev. Silas Softly, to Clarence, youngest son of Col. Fitznoodle. The bridegroom looked charming in hose of Scotch fingering, and a shirt with re-inforced bosom and three frills. The presents, which were many, included twenty-three canes of pure Irish bog oak, made in Germany.

Stapleton : " Bulstrode is a typical Englishman, isn't he?"

Caldecott : " Hardly ; he hasn't told us yet about how he met the Prince of Wales incognito in a London music hall."

Jack : " Wasn't it strange that Eve was not afraid of snakes?"

May : " Not at all. She was a new woman, you know."



HON. M. and Madame De-La-Ney, nee Delaney, gave a charming At-Home last Wednesday evening on the occasion of the dayboo of their third son, Master Leon De-La-Ney, who wore long pan—that is, full length twosers of pure Scotch West of England broadcloth. The host wore a coat of Irish tuck point,



An Easy Mark.

He : "Miss Hogaboom, of Chicago, met with great social success in Europe. Several noblemen threw themselves at her feet."
 She : "They couldn't easily miss them."

A Confectionery Shop Flirtation.

ARK-EYED MISS (*to gentleman who has changed his mind after his ten-cent lunch was made up*): "But you know you only asked for two scones, and I always give people just what they ask for."

Customer (*thinking hard*): "Oh, do you?"

Coquettish Clerk (*drooping her eyelids*): "Yes, always."

Customer (*who doesn't know much about dainties*): "Well, then, I'd like a



kiss, if you please."

Coquettish Clerk (*demurely*): "Only one?"

Customer: "Great Scot! No, no, I meant—ah—one—hundred."

C. C.: "What flavor?"

Customer: "Good Lord, what next! Isn't she a minx! (*Aloud*) Why—ah—nectarine."

C. C. (*taking out notebook, leaning over to write, and looking up at him*): "Would you like them delivered?"

Customer (*with enthusiasm*): "You'd better believe I do."

C. C.: "What's the address, please?"

Customer (*to himself*): "She's coming to call, eh? Isn't that awful! But my wife might object with a broom or poker or something. (*Aloud*) For Heaven's sake, no! I'll take them now—if you'll give them to me."

C. C.: "Very well; just step this way, please. (*Goes to a case and fills a box with the confection*). Here you are. (*Sweetly*). Just two dollars. Good morning."

The customer retires, a sadder and a wiser man, and much to his wife's astonishment presents her with the big box of sweets—just because he thought she'd like them. —S.N.E.

An Objectionable Word.

Wiggs: "'Never say die'—that's my motto."

Giggs: "I never do. It's much more polite to call it hair-restorer."

The tenderfoot drew one card; Alkali Ike drew his gun, and the coroner drew his conclusions.

A Finely-Drawn Distinction.

Peasely: "Well, Saintly, I hear you're looking for an office. Thought you believed the office should seek the man, eh?"

Saintly: "Oh, w-e-l-l—so I do, of course, but surely there's no inconsistency in giving a pointer where to find him."

Flippant.

Muriel: "How sad poor Miss Elderberry looked to-night."

Ethel: "Sorrowing for her late husband, I guess."

Muriel: "What can you mean, Ethel? She never even had a proposal."

Ethel: "Just so. Her husband is very late indeed."



Elsie: "Oh, mamma, I do love father so! When he dies, will you have him stuffed?"

A History of the Practice of Virtue.

INDUSTRY, INTEGRITY, PUSH, TACT AND PERSEVERANCE were sure to make a man a prosperous citizen. Thus said the daily papers, and Jonny Smith read the papers when a mere youth, and believed, and straightway tried.

He began with Tact in the Sunday school. He had the Tact to be very nice to his teacher; "said" his verse without blundering and never swore or punched a comrade when his teacher was likely to hear. By Tact he got a jack knife; found it on a seat in the Sunday school room and took charge of it; put it in his pocket; waited a couple of days to see if the owner of it would ask him for it, and prove property, but as no one knew of its being in his pocket, no one enquired for it—and it became his. By Push and Tact he succeeded in persuading a comrade that the weapon was, by reason of certain marks upon its blade, of much value. He exchanged with the other boy and got in return another knife plus 10 cents. This second knife had four blades, a screw driver, nail file, cork screw, gimlet, saw, tweezers, and other special features. By Push, Perseverance and Tact, he persuaded a youth who lacked these qualities, and was confiding, to give a watch and 25c. for the many-bladed knife. By Push and Perseverance—it did not need Tact—he induced another youth to pay him \$12 for the watch because it—the watch—had been an heirloom; got it from his grandfather. G. F. had worn it at Bunker Hill; watch had stopped a bullet and the dint was there in the case. Would'nt take \$100 for it if he was'nt hard up.

In a few years he promised to support a member of Parliament to be re-elected in return for a promise of support for a railway franchise, including a land and

timber grant, with mining and fishing rights. By Tact and Industry and the expenditure of seven dollars and fifty cents for drinks, he succeeded in having his man elected. By Push, Tact and Push, some lobbying, some drinks, and some dark hints of large personal gain to members, he got his franchise, with the grants.

By Industry, Tact, and Perseverance, and payment of the fees graded to the value of the report, he succeeded in getting engineers and expert's reports to show that the franchise in question would, when equipped, pay 4% on \$50,000,000, and that the rights were worth, when developed, \$100,000,000. By Tact he got the outfit bonded for \$50,000,000 and sold the bonds at 50c.

By Push, Tact, and the subscription of a few dollars, he established his Integrity with the Foreign Missionary Society, Home Mission Society, and the W.C.T.U.

By Tact he has succeeded in avoiding all his poor relations.

By Tact he prevents his wife's seeing the letters he gets from other lady friends.

By Tact and Cash he convinced the guardians of the law that his first born had not earned a residence at Kingston.

By Tact, Push, and Cash, he has secured a titled creature as husband for his daughter.

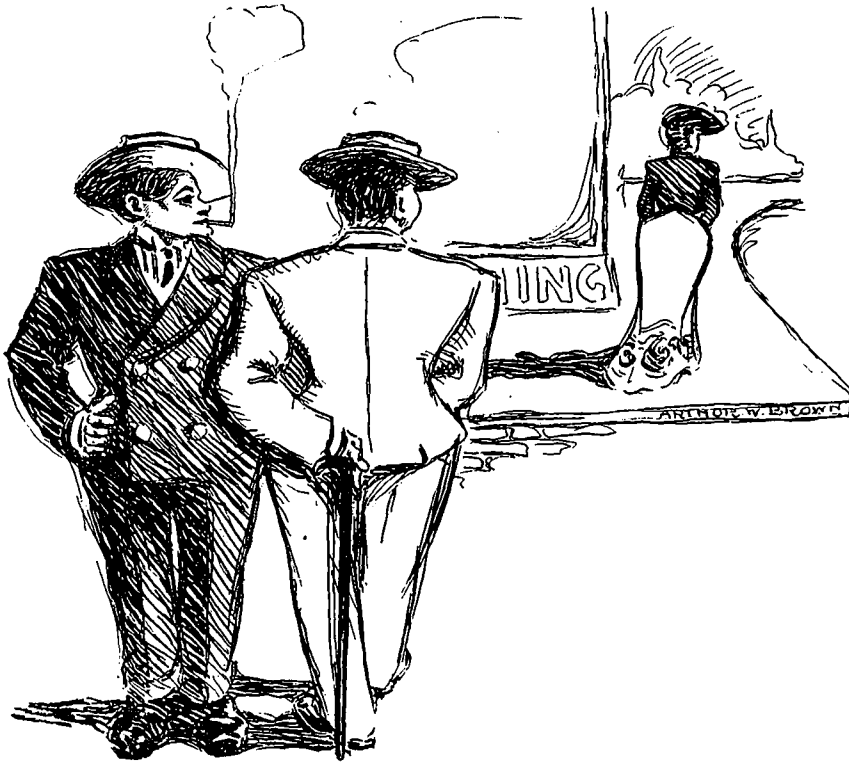
By the result of his past efforts he has secured the title of Hon. Sir John Smith, and commands unstinted praise from his butcher, barber, baker and tailor, while his footman would curse him in his heart, if the latter possessed such an organ.

N.B.—He has failed, making use of all his highest qualities, in getting men of his class to put their *solid cash* in any company that Hon. Sir John Smith floats, but they will lend their monies if they get in on the ground floor.

O. G. WHITTAKER.



GOING TO THE BAD



Comparisons Are Odious.

"If there is anything I hate to see it is a woman who wears pads," said Reginald, with a shrug of his *athletic* shoulders.

When an enthusiast succeeds he works under inspiration, but when he fails he labors under a delusion.

Why Not ?

Jimly : "What do you think of our historical novels ?"

Bimly : "They are enough to make our great men stop making history."

Editor of *Whoop* : "What is President Roosevelt doing ?"

Assistant : "Nothing."

Editor : "Then write an article on what he is not doing."

The truth of a scandal is usually in inverse ratio to its interest.

Highly Developed.

'Mong folks who read of pugilists
Unbounded joy 'twould cause,
If things that happen to their fists
Would happen to their jaws.

Mother : "What shall we do ? May has eloped with a man who came for her in an automobile."

Father : "If he can afford an automobile, I forgive them and give them my blessing."

Taspar : "What do you mean by saying that that building is an example of a distinctively American form of architecture ?"

Bighead : "Why, can't you see that it is made up of a hotch-potch of all kinds ?"

Subbubs : "I should think Lonelylots would be cold in such a little house as he has."

Cornerlot : "Not at all. That is really not a house, but a stove with a house built round it."

The greatest drawback about laziness is, that a man is kept so busy making excuses for his idleness.

Mrs. Gossipe : "I must be going now."

Mrs. Caustique : "What is your hurry ? We still have one or two friends whose characters are untouched."

As nearly as can be determined Procrustes was the first man to have a spare bed

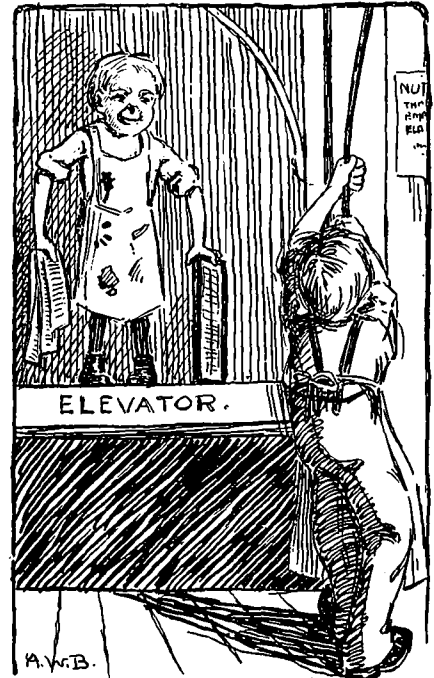
A Well-Grounded Belief.

Stapleton : "The criminal class are very superstitious."

Caldecott : "No wonder—thirteen is a very unlucky number for them."

Stapleton : "How so ?"

Caldecott : "A judge and twelve jurymen."



"Raising the 'Devil.'"

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[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM]

Independent Order of Foresters

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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