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# THE MOON

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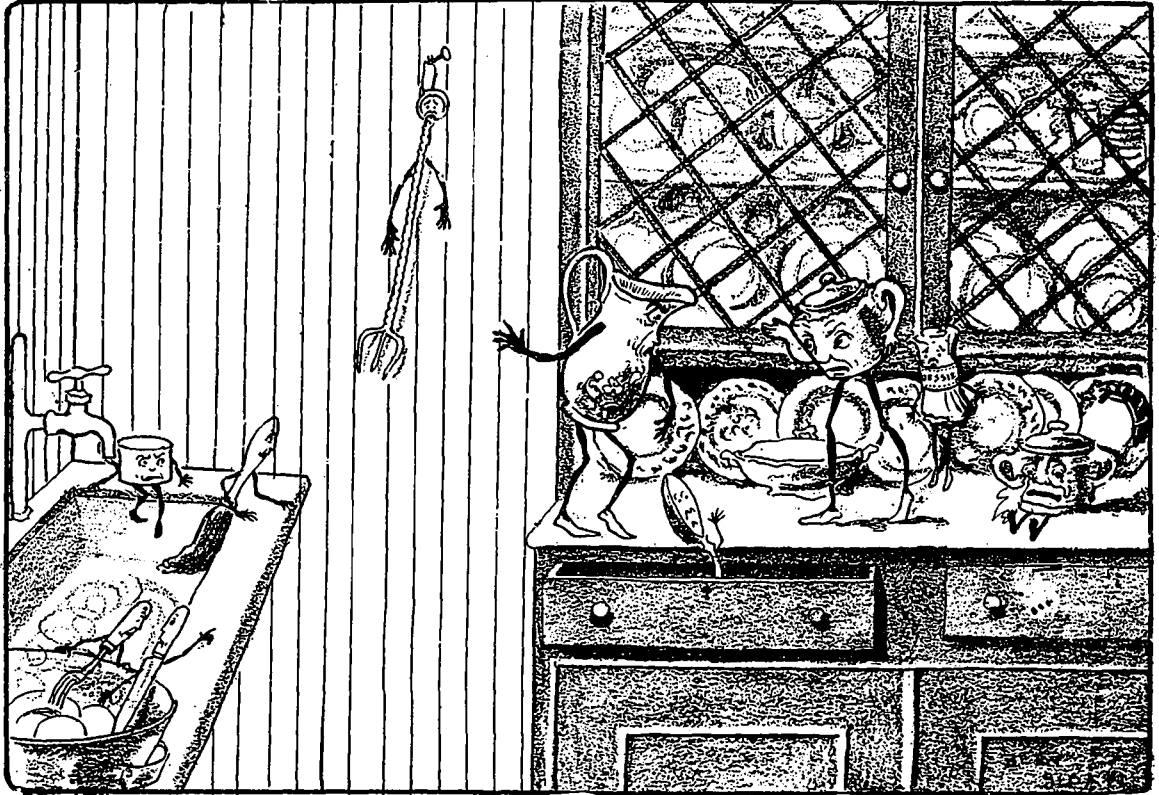
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Pitcher: "Why, they've hanged Teddy Toaster."

Teapot: "Yes, didn't you know? He stabbed Slicie, O'Bread in three places and then held him over the fire."

### Demonstrated.

She came back to us from college  
Quite a botanist, you know,  
And I asked her to explain whence came  
The name of "Mistletoe."

She turned and flashed this answer,  
With a most bewitching pout—  
"If you are not very careful,  
I'm afraid you'll soon find out."

I did.

For when beneath the berries,  
I kissed her lips so sweet,  
Paw's toe became a missle,  
And I landed in the street.

—HALLAM.

### A Fortunate Mistake.

A little bunch of mistletoe was hanging in the hall,  
'Twas rather dark to see her face, I kissed her, that  
was all,  
But, when I turned the gas jet up, my heart all in a  
whirl,  
I found I'd kissed (quite by mistake) the mother, not  
the girl.

She said I was a nice young man to go and treat her so,  
Her daughter she would give to me—my heart with  
pride did glow,  
And so I turned the gas jet down (there was no harm in  
this)  
And I gave my future mother-in-law another little kiss.  
—H.

He is a foolish man who lets a failure develop into a disappointment.

Binkerton: "That Welsh coal supplied by the city is the worst kind of trash. They are a lot of swindlers."  
Racefiend: "Yes, regular Welshers,"

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

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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.*

THE awakening of Canada is becoming more evident with every day that passes. The day before yesterday the young giantess was fast asleep. Yesterday her chambermaid, Ross, gave her a jolt, by snatching a handful of her hair and selling it to the person in the adjoining house for fifty cents a strand. Miss Canada yawned, stretched, and looked lazy annoyance at her disturber, then nodded off again into dozy slumber. Her interrupted dream of greatness and prosperity was resumed. She smiled in her sleep, and drowsy servants were seen to laugh; but whether their laughter was caused by the happiness of the sleeping maiden, or by her melodious snoring, could not be determined. To-day she has received another shock, which is severe enough thoroughly to arouse any less gloriously indolent young person. A heavy weight of steel rails—which she uses as a part of her food, instead of macaroni—was thrown in at her door-way, by a fat old woman named Frau Germany, with such a force that the fires in her own forge—at which her servitor, Clergue, labored, producing home-made rails for his mistress' consumption—were extinguished. This depredation on the part of the old woman was permitted by the stupidity, or faithlessness, of Miss Canada's porter, Laurier, whose duty it is to tend the door, and to admit only such articles of food as his mistress does not have made for her at home. When the rails fell, she started, quite perceptibly, and actually sat upright—the first time in many a day. She is still blinking and rubbing her eyes; and she seems still undecided whether or not her porter should be punished. That he deserves it, there can be no doubt; but it would be such a bore for her to exert herself. It is likely, however, that the extinction of her forge fires will cause her sufficient inconvenience, in these cold days, to keep her from falling into her lazy slumbers again.

THE MOON wishes to suggest, most respectfully, that a change be made in the method of manufacturing lawyers. At present, as everyone knows, a young man that wishes to be admitted to the bar must go to the trouble and expense of passing a number of

very difficult examinations, the preparation for which consumes much valuable time, which, otherwise, might be profitably spent. Why should we not adopt the same method, for the admission of young men to the bar, as is now used for the appointment of King's Counsel and judges? If this should be done, a young man that intended to be a lawyer would find it necessary to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the Government and politics of his country. At present there is no uniformity in the legal system of advancement. A man becomes a lawyer by passing competitive examinations; he becomes a K.C. through politics; and he becomes a judge by a combination of politics and competitive charges—i.e., if he can make himself so expensive to his party as Crown Counsel that it would be cheaper to the party to have him on the bench; he at once becomes a judge. This system is very defective, for it calls for so many changes of method on the part of the candidate. The competitive examinations should be abolished, and competitive politics should be used throughout.

Of course, uniformity could be obtained by making it necessary for lawyers to pass examinations before they be given their K.C. degrees, and for K.C.'s to pass examinations before becoming judges; but this would cause great labor, from which the country could not hope to benefit. Why should it be necessary for a judge to have his head crowded with a lot of useless knowledge, when all that he really needs to know is the difference between a Grit and a Tory?

THE Minister of Education and Inspector Seath have at last wakened up to the fact that there is some room for improvement in the School organization of Toronto. We congratulate them. It does not take very much reflection to see that a system which may be very good for rural schools and small towns is entirely inadequate for a city like Toronto. While they are about it, let them give us a thorough reform—no half-hearted measure. They say, let us lessen the number of Trustees and amalgamate the several boards. Very good, but this is not radical enough. Why not do away with them altogether and substitute a Board of Commissioners, composed of three or five members, who would be paid to look after this work? They would do the work more efficiently and more economically than it is done at present, and such a system would have the further advantage of driving the grafters, the lodge-pull and petty party politics out of our educational affairs.

NOW that Lord Minto's term as Governor-General of Canada is nearing its end, the noble lord is become popular. It must not be thought that the approach of the date of his departure has anything to do with this sudden popularity—oh, no! It has been learned that he possesses the erudition necessary to enable him to speak French. It is not everyone that can boast of such a qualification for the office of Governor-General. It is to be regretted that Lord Minto did not let us know of his accomplishment before this late date. It is hard to change long-standing opinions.

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

## Portraits by Moonlight.



SIR GILBERT PARKER.

## Brief Biographies—No. XXI.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

**S**IR HORATIO GILBERT PARKER, Novelist, was born in Camden East, Addington, Ont., 1859. He is the son of his father, Joseph Parker, a non-commissioned officer in the Royal Artillery and captain in the Canadian Militia.

Sir Gilbert was educated at Trinity University, and was in turn hardware-store clerk, schoolmaster, Prof. in Belleville Deaf and Dumb Institute, curate, editor, and playwright, after which he became novelist. He has written many things on many subjects, all of which works he still delights to peruse. He has written ballads and hymns, which have since been published in "A Lover's Diary," "Pierre and His People," "An Adventurer of the North," "The Translation of a Savage," "The Chief Factor," "Mrs. Falchion," "A Trespasser," "The Trail of the Sword," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Pomp of the Lavillettes," "The Lane that Had No Turning" and "The Right of Way," the last mentioned being his chief work.

Considering that he has not yet reached the years of literary caution, the wonder is, not how much he has written, but how much more he might have written.

"Pierre and His People" earned for him the title of "The Literary Discoverer of the Canadian North-West." This may be construed in several ways. Was he the first literary character to view the land? Was he the first to discover food for literary effort in the North-

West? Were there no literary characters in the territories before Parker? Was Parker—Oh! rubbish, of course he was! But enough of this; our business is with him, not with his discoveries.

The one that writes much is not necessarily accurate. Sir Gilbert does not disprove our assertion. In "The Pomp of the Lavillettes" he introduces a legal document, dated about 1837, and executed in the "Province of Ontario," some 30 years before confederation.

Presuming that the American and English papers read somewhat of his works before giving him a literary puff, THE MOON feels in duty bound to concede the point that he possesses power and a vivid imagination. We also believe in his ability to keep himself before the Canadian public.

"Sir Gilbert," as Canadians call him, did a graceful act in accepting a title at the hands of Majesty, which titles, by the way, are becoming more common in Canada than poke-bonnets. If he had refused the handle, some carping Canadian critic might, in a fit of jealousy, brand him a literary prude. By accepting, he pleased Royalty, without sacrificing his self-respect. Without discussing the manufacturer of literature, who should, if his wares be passibly good, rank quite as high in the estimation of his fellows as the manufacturer of bread, we hold to the opinion that the writing of pot-boilers does not in itself constitute greatness, even if the pot-boiler be the work of a Canadian. That Sir Gilbert is a Canadian is not clear, as he has been a member of the British House of Commons for some time. A Canadian public, fresh from the plow or the pike-pole, takes a certain pride in any one of its fellows that can get his name on a book. We are all pretty well agreed that one of our number is pre-eminent as a writer of fiction. The subject of our sketch could, if modesty permitted, name that one.

It is but fair to say that "The Right of Way" has had a larger sale in the past year, all over the English-speaking world, than any other book of the times, for which Canada has had a large share of benefit in the form of advertising the land that can produce such a writer.

## Very Modern.

Mrs. Newly: "Do you have a Children's Hour at your home?"

Mr. Henpeck: "Oh, yes indeed, we are quite up-to-date. We have Children's Hour, and after the children are put to bed we have Trouble Hour, in which my wife tells me everything that went wrong during the day."

Mrs. Hatterson: "What! You called on Mrs. Bloomer? I thought you wouldn't recognize her."

Mrs. Catterson: "I merely called when she was out to offer her cook more wages."

Mrs. Rounder: "Your husband seems very nervous and irritable these days."

Mrs. Stounder: "Yes. He is swearing off smoking, and swearing at everything else."



Bride: "I do wish I knew what people are saying about us."

Friend: "Don't think of it, my dear. Just you go away and be happy and don't let such things worry you."

### Heather's Ladies' Column.

#### Mrs. Very Much Init's Ball.

AND now, dear girls, you will want to hear about the great ball. Indeed I feel that I need not apologise for using the space of our valuable column to chronicle an event of such stupendous social importance. Everyone was there, positively everybody who is anybody, and absolutely nobody who is not somebody. The crush was so great that dancing was indulged in only at great risks and in odd corners. It was, without doubt, the greatest ball of the season.

The "raison d'être" of this "fete" was the entrance into society, the debut in fact, of Miss Emyline About-to-be Very Much Init. She is indeed a sweet creature. As she stood there beside her mamma, the perfect "beau ideal" of the "beau monde," I could not help thinking of those charming lines of Keats, (or was it Tennyson?) beginning, "Woman, when I behold thee." I regret that I have forgotten the rest, but the thought is such a beautiful one.

Her gown was a perfect "chef-d'œuvre," and her bearing was so haughty and so entirely "Vere de Vere" that several feeble-minded guests had to be conveyed home immedi-

ately in violent hysterics and a hired cab. Indeed one poor young man, whom her mamma had advised her to sit upon, was simply reduced to pulp, and the doctors are afraid to operate.

I must confess that I felt rather nervous myself until the quiet courtesy of Mrs. V. M. Init's greeting put me at my ease. After she had recognised me, which she did in an inconceivably short time, she exclaimed sweetly, "Ah, yes, the young person from THE MOON—de-lighted, I'm shuah—char-r-med!" After this, of course, I felt like one of the family.

Among the guests I particularly noticed the late Mrs. Da Kota Separation. Her "ensemble" was simply perfect and she looked quite twenty years younger than she has any right to. Old Separation was not there as it is not considered "comme il faut" to invite them anywhere together, and, anyway, he has dropped out of the running since all his income has to go in alimony.

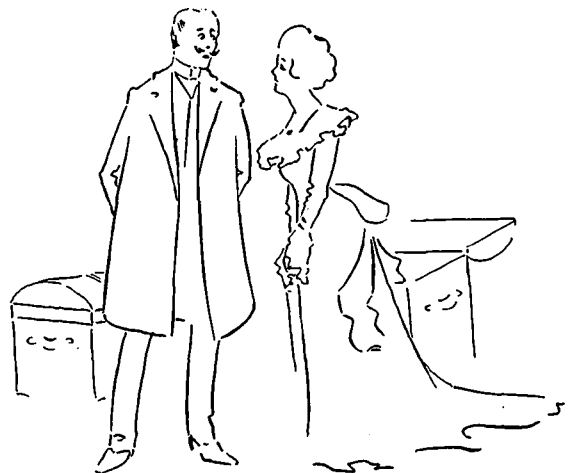
Everard de Jones also dropped in for a moment. Of course you have heard of him, the young Franco-English aristocrat, who is visiting Mrs. Did U Ever. I saw him as he entered the ball room, and you may take my word for it that he is simply *sweet*.

Do you know I sometimes pity Mrs. Very Much Init! How perfectly awful it must be to be tied for life to such a man as Mr. Init. He is, indeed, a Vulgar Soul. I passed him leaning on a post at the foot of the grand stair-way, gazing upon the statuesque forms of his wife and daughter, and overheard him say, "By jove, Emmy ought to land her whale to-night." I could have wept to think of a noble soul being compelled to endure *that*.

The supper table was a dream of beauty, but, of course, owing to the crush, it was impossible to get anything to eat. The wines, however, were easily obtainable and much in evidence.

Altogether, I returned home tired and hungry, but with the satisfied feeling which comes from time profitably spent. There is a "something" about really good society, don't you know, which is really not obtainable outside its magic portals; something which uplifts the soul and causes the mind to soar—it never struck me before, but perhaps it is the wines.

—HEATHER.



### A Poor Prospect.

Fisher Vane (back from the honeymoon): "What, \$700.00 for a seal skin sacque. How do you propose to get it?"

Maude: "By working the Vane."



"Love" locked out.

### Seeking the Road.

**D**EAR MOON: As you have made it a large part of your business to review books, and will likely know many connected with the trade, I would like you to give me some information.

I have taught school for several years and am a good deal of a reader, and the thought has just struck me that I might as well be a writer of stories. I thought of trying short ones first, in fact, I have a pretty good one about finished. Now, what I don't know is, what will it cost me to get a good review. I want to get the best for my money. I could write to some of these people, but I fear that I would betray my ignorance regarding prices. **THE MOON** has struck me as pretty fair, and I feel I could rely on any pointers you might give me. Of course, the better the work the higher the pay. Something nice is what I have in view; for instance, something like what Kit

of *The Mail* gave Fraser—what could that be got for?

Comparative prices is what I want. If the business does not come too high, I could afford to take less trouble with my stuff. The people would have to buy before they try. Of course, it is just a sort of advertising, and as legitimate as any other.

Kindly reply, and oblige,  
JOHN FERGUSON,  
Gen'l Delivery. Toronto.

Ans.—There is, as yet, no fixed scale of prices for book reviews. Much depends on what you feel able to pay. The sum paid for Kit's review of Mr. Fraser's book might be between five and fifty dollars; it is difficult to say exactly how much. Some very flattering reviews have been purchased for a box of chocolates.—ED.

### Funny Things We See When We Have No Gun.

An Anglo-Hibernian strutting around in Highland costume.

An excited female tearing through a crowd of others, equally crazy, at 8 a.m. on bargain day, to buy an article "marked down" from 25c. to 10c., at the loss of two hours time, ten cents

car fare, and several dollars worth of damage to her clothing and temper.

A fifteen-dollar-a-week editor clamoring for an increase in the salary of an "underpaid" \$6,000-a year judge.

A "disgusted Liberal" who hasn't been refused an office or a contract.

A Christian Scientist standing by an empty stove and thinking himself warm.

A book reviewer that reads the volumes he criticizes.

Johnny: "Say, pa, what is tact?"

Pa: That is a pretty hard one; but I guess you can get an idea of it when I tell you that tact is what enables a man to step on another's corns without hurting him.

# THE MOON



HERE THEY ARE AGAIN.





C.S.M.J.

"When a man gets past seventy he usually falls into second childhood."  
 "Yes, there goes old Dauber. He is constantly making faces."  
 "Of course, he's an artist, you know."

### The Ontario Cabinet Council.

ROSS: "I think we may fairly congratulate ourselves, gentlemen, on the improvement in the outlook. We shall have a good working majority all right, if not when the House opens, shortly afterwards."

Harcourt: "Really, Mr. Premier, I can't see much cause for congratulation. We fully expected to unseat Sutherland and Carscallan, but the decisions have gone against us."

Ross: "Wait until the appeals are heard, Mr. Harcourt. I tell you it's coming out all right. Have you considered the political complexion of the Court of Appeal?"

Harcourt: "I believe we stand four to one there, don't we?"

Ross: "Exactly."

Davis: "Then we can, with confidence, hope for the best."

Latchford: "I see that *Saturday Night* has been attacking the Government in connection with the Temiskaming Railway Commission. That was a very nasty slur about my appointing Ryan as secretary."

Stratton: "Oh, Sheppard's a sorehead. He wanted to get appointed on the Commission himself. Of course he'll find fault every chance he gets."

Latchford: "I don't see what possible claim he had to such a position. He's neither a Scotchman nor an Irishman, and hasn't even a church connection. Who or what does he represent anyway?"

Davis: "Oh, it's not worth bothering about. Why, if we stop to take account of what is said by every kicker who has failed to get an office, we might do nothing else. Sheppard's a smart enough writer, no doubt, but really I think that South American trip at the expense of the Dominion was quite sufficient recognition for all he ever did for the party."

Stratton: "No, I don't see that he had very strong claims; but, of course, he may be expected to keep on saying things, and he has such a conceit of himself that he wants more than it would pay us to give him. It just illustrates one of the unfortunate defects of the system of representative government."

Ross: "And what is that?"

Stratton: "That there ain't offices enough to go round, so we shall always have soreheads and kickers trying to make trouble. All we can do is to silence the most dangerous of them, and I don't think it would pay to buy Sheppard at his own valuation."

Ross: "That was just the view I took of it. If he'd been Irish or Scotch, as the Commissioner of Public Works says, or had some kind of a church or lodge pull, it might have been different; but as it is he couldn't bring us any support but his own."

### How to Jolly Them.

THEY were two drummers, comfortably seated in a hotel parlor, discussing business.

"Hamilton's no good," said one. "Spent a couple of days there last week and couldn't do a stroke of business."

"You must have offended the susceptibilities of the people," said the other. "They're a sensitive lot unless you know just how to take them."

"Oh, I was very careful, I praised up their city, said how clean the streets were and how nice and quiet the place was after the rusli of a big city."

"Ha! Ha! No wonder you couldn't do any business. Why you hit them in their tenderest spot. Now, I was in Hamilton about a fortnight since, and took heaps of orders. I complained of being unable to sleep nights on account of the infernal racket in the streets, and kicked about being jostled by the crowd, and said I never saw such an infernal dusty, smoky place in my life—and it caught on in great shape. That's the way to jolly the Hamiltonians every time."

## Scenes From Well-Known Novels.



Mabel drew herself to her full height.

## How to Burn Welsh Coal.

HAVING bought some Welsh coal during the recent coal scare, and not being present during delivery, I wended homeward, rejoicing in the thought that by virtue of a vigorous policy on the part of our mayor and council we could now bid defiance to the rapacity of the "dealers."

My wife met me as I entered our door and asked, "What have you been buying?"

I said, "Has the coal come?"

She said that I would find something in the basement that looked like dirty mill feed. I went down and inspected it. With a few lumps through it, the mass was about like chopped corn mixed with fine oatmeal, but it was quite black. I put as much into the furnace as it would hold, with a layer of kindling in the bottom. The kindling burned readily, and then the black meal poured through the grate into the ash-pan. The pan was full, and there was some still in the grate. I felt I was getting that way myself—full of words appointed not to be said in churches.

My wife suggested that I make a wood fire on top of the stuff in the furnace and then shovel what was in the ash-pan on top of the wood. I did so, and went down town. When I returned for supper the face of my spouse

was as the stuff in the basement for blackness. The reason? The wood had burned, and the residue was a pile of coal dust with ashes on top. I dug it out and fired up anew with hardwood. When it was well under way I put on a goodly portion of "best Welsh." Then we retired with the thermometer at 78. I woke up in darkness, and, striking a light, found the clock read 4.30, while the thermometer said "26+."

I went to the basement and found the furnace what emphatic artists would call, "black out." I emptied the grate, lit the kitchen fire, and, as soon as the other folks were astir, visited Robinson, whose father-in-law makes furnaces and whose uncle is in the coal business.

Robinson was very sorry I had bought the stuff when good hard coal could be got for about \$10 or \$12 a ton. But he said if I should wet the mass with water, sprinkle a lot of salt over it, and then fire up, I would have a fire such as I had never seen in a furnace before.

I did as directed, using the stuff with the wood ashes in it. By noon I had the whole mess ready for the burning. I started a wood fire, on which I put the black stir-about, and left for the office, telling my wife that now the house would be warm.

I returned at 5 p.m. The house was warm; the windows were open; fire reels stood before the door, and several feet of fire hose and of firemen were lying about the premises. The beams above the furnace had taken fire! After the mess had been cleared away, the house became so cool, that, to increase my circulation, I investigated the trouble.

I found the furnace grate full of a mass of stuff that was not all glass, but that was as hard as—well, as the remarks I was prompted to make about Welsh coal! In getting it out I broke the grate and had to pay three dollars for a new one. The fellow who brought it said, "Burning Welsh coal, eh? Now, I'll tell you what to do. You get about five pounds of saltpetre, 10 pounds of sulphur, half a bushel of hardwood charcoal; put 'em all in a big tub, get a stout stick—"

I had been working myself up to a dark and bloody resolve, and at the word, I got a stout stick, fetched him one behind the ear, threw him into the alley, shovelled the black dust on top of him, and so disposed of my Welsh coal.

—G. RUSALEM.

## Wouldn't She ?

Beneath the mistletoe she paused—

Indeed, I thought she knew it,  
I turned and kissed her where she stood—  
I thought she knew I'd do it!

And yet, although she was so mad,  
I'm rather glad I kissed her,  
Because, you see, she would have been  
Much madder if I'd missed her.

—HEATHER.

Thomson: "At what hour does Dieter dine?"  
Simpson: "He never dines. He simply tries experiments with his digestion."



"What is it?"  
(Or what puzzled both.)

### Anecdotes of the Ananias Club.

**A**FTER minutes were read and approved, and a new member initiated, the Chairman called on the Corporal for an experience.

"It was when we were on the Tugela with Buller," he said, "a few of us got cut out somehow among some very high rocks, and lay all night on our arms. At daybreak we saw some fellows away up on top of a bluff, about 900 feet above us. A fog and a dim light prevented our knowing whether they were friends or foes. The sun touched the top of the hills just then with a rosy light that made everything glitter. I made a resolve. I would not fire at a friend, and we dare not hail them. My cartridges were filled with the smokeless, noiseless powder. I would shoot a button off his coat; we would know by the button what they were if we could find it when it fell. After a moment one of them stretched out his arm over the abyss, and I clipped it. I had about 100 yards to run

while it fell 300. I was just in time to catch it, and found that it was a British military button. We hailed them, and found that they were looking for us. I never made better time in my life, but I refused a decoration for fleetness of foot, as it might look awkward."

"I was then living in Canada," said the man from Montana, "and was competing for a place on the Bisley team. I was not well known, and had no pull; therefore, if I was selected, it would be because of real merit. I tied the best of them on all the targets we tried. Then they gave me a test. If I would shoot 20 sparrows in 20 shots, at 100 yards, under the following conditions, I would be selected as one of the team: I was to shoot through a hole in a board close in front of the trap, the hole to be  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch larger than the bullet, thus giving me a  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch clear. If the hole bore the mark of lead after the firing was over, or if I missed a bird, I was to lose. When the trap was sprung, the sparrow in rising darkened the hole, which, remember, was 100 yards off.

Well, gentlemen, it was hard lines, but I tried it. When 19 birds had dropped I took a short rest and a touch of Scotch to brace me up, and laid one of the officers a wager that I would win the trick for an even \$500. Well, gentlemen, I will never trust the honor of an English army officer again. I got the sparrow all right, and claimed my money. They said they'd examine the board first. Would you believe it, Mr. Chairman, the board had been wetted by a hireling of the officer's, and the hole had closed with the swelling so that the bullet had tight work to pass through, and left the mark of lead all round the hole. He took my money, and I refused the place they were glad to offer me on the team. I'll never shoot again!"

### Christmas Wishes.

When I was just a little chap  
And she a tiny lass in frocks—  
*She* kissed *me* 'neath the mistletoe  
And thanked *me* for the Christmas box.  
Oh, how I wished a man to be  
To punish that presuming she!

But now that we have older grown,  
My love she scorns—my hope she mocks,  
*I* kissed *her* 'neath the mistletoe  
And *she* gave *me* a Christmas box.  
I wished she were a man, I fear,  
When that box fell upon my ear!



**D**OROTHY SOUTH, by George Cary Eggleston. Cloth, \$1.50. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., is a novel of a class that is of a much higher order than is put usually before the public in these days of absurd sensationalism.

The scene of the story is laid in the Southern States of the pre-Civil War days. The plot approaches originality. The character drawing is good, Dorothy being a charming young woman whose acquaintance cannot but delight and elevate the reader.

Through the assistance of the pages of this book we are enabled to see the quiet, dignified South in the days of its greatest glory.

Without doubt the book is of a high order, when compared with the stuff that we have had recently.

**THE TRAITORS**, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: Langton and Hall, is a novel dealing with the Balkan States, an interesting part of the world, and, if we are to believe the author, a place that would not be considered healthy by the person that has a taste for peace and comfort.

The plot is not strikingly new, but it is of the kind that lends itself to some highly-exciting scenes.

The story is not of the sort that we should recommend to our readers, but it is, nevertheless, the style of story that a great many persons seem to enjoy, that is, judging by the sales that this class of literature has.

**THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSINGHAM**, by Herbert Compton. Cloth, \$1.50. Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co. A romance dealing with the convict settlement at Botany Bay. The novel has a power as convincing as it is great. The characters are drawn with a sureness and a vigor that are so rare that they are startling. We are not used to finding real and living characters in novels; the creatures with which we most frequently meet in the pages of fiction are stuffed dummies, turned out of the mechanical intellects of the fiction manufacturers.

There are, in this book, some remarkable sentences of *un-English*, the reason for the existence of which we cannot understand. It is possible, however, that such phrases as, "It was wrote," are common in Australia. We have not noticed them in the works of Bolderwood.

Jasper: "Why do so many of our millionaires endow colleges?"

Bighead: "Probably to keep young men from thinking for themselves."

### Not so Very Private.

"COME now, I say, Willison, this is a little too thin, you know," remarked an old newspaper friend to the whilom editor of the *Globe*.

"What do you mean?" asked Willison.

"Why, that the *News* under your management will not serve any private interest. Fine talk, but you and I know Flavelle better than that."

"I assure you that we intend to live up to the spirit of our announcement. We shall take large views of matters."

"I have no doubt of that—of Grand Trunk Pacific subsidies, for instance. Now, old man, own up. No use to try and fool an old stager like me with high-sounding phrases. I'm onto the game."

"Well," said Willison, as he winked the other eye, "I think you will admit when it comes to providing for the traffic of half a continent, and disposing of areas equal to a small province, it is a matter of public rather than private interest, eh?"

### Tit for Tat.

Mr. Griggs: "Wiggs wanted me to buy an organ to-day."

Mrs. Griggs: "What did you say? You know we don't want an organ."

Mr. Griggs: "Exactly what I told him. Said since you read so many novels you were continually using your eyes as reed organs."

Mrs. Griggs: "Indeed. You might also have added that you are continually using your mouth as a pipe and barrel organ. You smoke and drink so much, you know."



"Yet have I in me something dangerous."

—*Hamlet*, Act IV, Sc. 7.

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### With a Many-Fronted Lunch House in Mind.

With fingers smelling of stew,  
Aenemic pains in her head,  
Under the foreman's eye she flew,  
Serving out butter and bread.

Hurry and clatter and clash,  
Cottolene smelling the while,  
Striving to swell the master's cash,  
Travels she many a mile.

Coffee and tarts and tea,  
And dozens waiting to eat,  
She tramps all day for a pitiful fee—  
No rest for her weary feet.

Din of the dishes all day,  
And the doughnuts' rancid smell,  
No time to think and no time to pray—  
A Monday to Saturday hell.

See, she is coming apace,  
Lunches all in a heap,  
Great God, see the look on her face!  
Is human flesh so cheap?

Coffee and crumpets and pie,  
See how the ravenous munch;  
An ill-paid woman, with faded eye,  
Tended a counter lunch.

### Useful at Last.

First Man: "Lord Hardup is going to have a Christmas tree this year."

Second Man: "Indeed, unless he's going to decorate his family tree, I don't see how he can afford it."

Giddypate: "It is the ambition of my life to be able to read people like a book."

Bighead: "Well, if you ever attain it you will probably find that most people should be taken as read."

She: "Do you think you will be able to make enough to support me?"

He: "Why, I hope to make enough to support two or three like you."

She: "Sir!!!"

### Just Before the Battle.

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Relax with smile of studied grace;  
He much must stoop who much would win—  
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