

Captain Saltster (late of H.M.S. Bombast): "Shteady—hic!—men—shteady—hic!—women an' schilren—hic!—first! Shteady—hic!—go down like—hic!—like bloomin' men!"

\$2 Per Annum.

Price 5 Cents

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To insure insertion of advertisement in any week's issue, copy for same should be in our hands not later than Tuesday morning.

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 (3 columns to page.)

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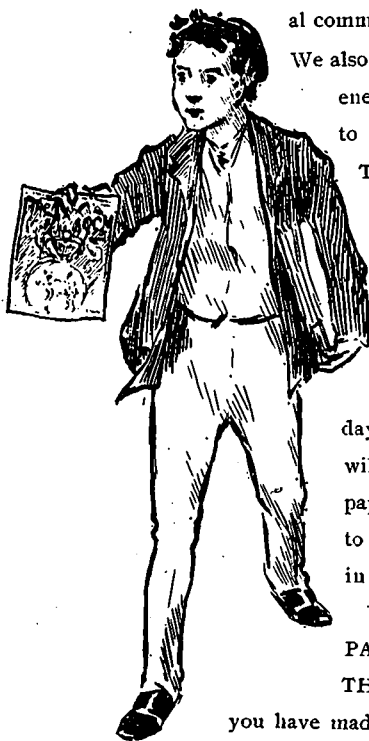
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GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER OF WARLOCK."

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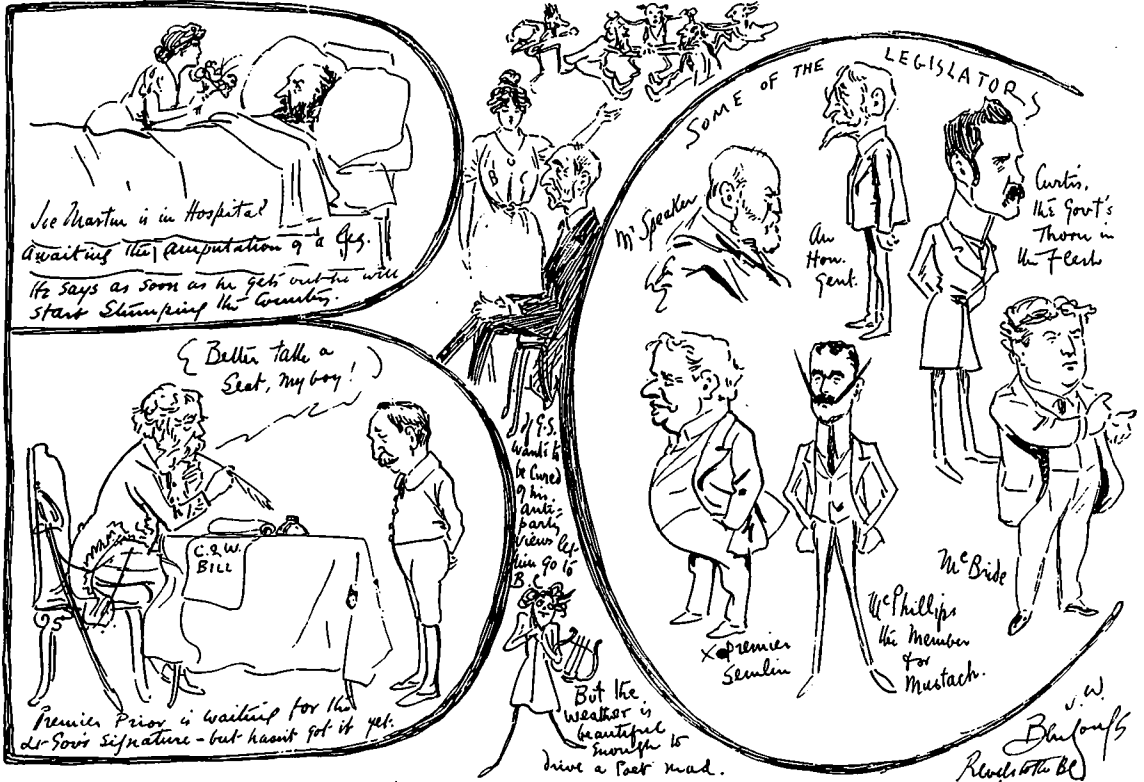
**TORONTO**

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**CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING  
 TORONTO.**

**JOSEPH PHILLIPS - - - President.**



Notes from the B. C. Legislature.

Our Native Tongue.

OUR English is a funny tongue, It's really most perplexing; So never try to fathom it, You'll find it far too vexing.

We say we're "up against it," sure, When we are "down and out;" Then if we have to "settle up," "Cash down" we pay, sans doubt.

A man will say his "time has come" When he is "nearly gone," If one's "done good" you'll hear him say, He's "to the bad." Art on?

It is considered "a soft snap," To get "hard cash," I've heard; Then when a man has bought a horse, He'll say it is "a bird."

If hit by a "hot shot" we are 'Most always quite "knocked cold;" We are "hot stuff," such is the rule, With thousands "cool," I'm told.

I cannot see why it should be, That men "look black" when— whew! They'll tell you they are just "red hot," Or that they're feeling "blue."

And so I sing I'll have my fling, I care not who shall hear, Our language has a paradox For each day in the year.

—BILLY WILLIAMS.

Borax: "I see the moulders are out on strike. They're a lazy lot of fellows anyhow."

Samjones: "Not at all. They are more persistently industrious than any

other mechanics. Even death cannot stop them."

Borax: "How so?" Samjones: "They keep on mouldering in the grave."

A Consoling Thought.

Henderson: "I believe that in the future life we shall continue to follow our favorite pursuits."

Elliott: "Aha! Then the fellow who ran me down with his bicycle will scorch!"

As in Kneller's Masterpieces.

Binkerton: "Woman until lately had no place in art. We hear of the old masters but not of the old mistresses."

Pilgarlic: "Oh, yes, they often sat for their portraits, you know."

Vol. 2.

MAY 16, 1903.

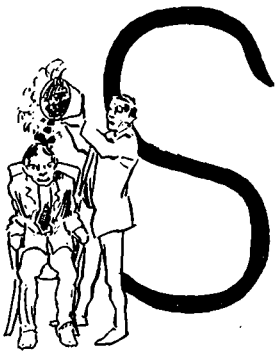
No. 50.

Medical Building, Cor. Bay and Richmond  
Streets, Toronto.

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

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

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



SO British Columbia is following our lead in investigating scandals—not in the method of investigating—oh no!—our method is still an innovation—but the bare fact that another province has so soon started scandal-investigating proclaims our leadership and our follower's imitation. We are, then, getting something out of the Gamey-Stratton uproar after all. Advertising may not be so valuable as honesty, but it is worth paying for—and, without doubt, we pay. It is evident,

however, that western politicians have not taken the fullest advantage of the example that we of Ontario set; for they seem satisfied with a mere old-fashioned land-and-stock-grabbing scandal, a form of amusement that long since ceased to awaken our interest. The West for long enjoyed a reputation for invention, energy and enterprise; but, pish! their present little fuss is childish, hysterical and highly unbecoming to those that should possess some self-control, if not a cultured stoicism.

But, as British Columbia shows a desire to imitate us, however weakly, let her further profit by our example. Let her do as we did when our legislature first dallied with stock and land considerations; let her give them a still freer hand, laugh at their amateurish methods, tempt them to take more than they sought to steal—and so heap coals of fire on their heads!

A DISPATCH from London says: Andrew Carnegie pours vitriol upon Canada in an interview with *The Ironmongers' Journal*, in connection with his Presidency of the Iron and Steel Institute. When asked whether Canada, grown populous by immigration, spiritually British but materially American, might not bring about a union of England with America, Carnegie replied: "Certainly not. Canada has no future except as a part of the States. Her native population increases more slowly than that of Scotland. She only added 586,000 to her population in ten years, and of these 410,000 came from abroad. Canada, standing alone, can never become a great industrial nation. Her steel in-

dustry is a figment, and Cape Breton a mirage. Nothing there need ever trouble the United States. In no conceivable circumstances can your colonies ever have a population approaching that of the States, and your colonial empire, what is it but a politician's catchword?"—A well-known Anglo-Canadian, after reading the interview, exclaimed: "Don't fancy Canadians will accept another cent of this man's money."

Was not some objection to accepting Mr. Carnegie's charity raised by certain Toronto citizens when, last winter, the Philanthropist-General offered, after much coaxing, to fling us alms? The Man in THE MOON has some hazy recollection of such objections being raised. Is it not so, too, that the objectors were denounced as cranks, as unpractical and foolishly prejudiced jingoes? The above dispatch, it would seem, is likely to convince the beggars that the mendicant's luxury has its price, and that, though three months, or more, time is given, the payment must be made.

The "well-known Anglo-Canadian" who so boldly expresses his assurances of what Canadians will do in the future, is permitting himself to be carried away by wild enthusiasm. What! Canadians not accept another dollar of Carnegie's money! Nonsense! We shall cringe beneath his blow but for a moment; then we shall lick the hand that smote—and beg for more.

THE performance now being enacted in the chamber of the Railway Committee at Ottawa is, without doubt, from the hardened onlooker's viewpoint, highly interesting, if not pathetic. The whole affair would be less pitiable, and, therefore, more entertaining, perhaps, if we were not already convinced that what the decision of the Committee must be had been agreed upon before the Committee and its friends the bloodsuckers commenced their public performance. True, there are one or two men on the Committee who speak as if they had not rehearsed their parts, but these men are merely foils; they give to the tragic-comedy a pastoral simplicity that adds to the play a charm akin to that which the public has come to expect in plays of the "Old Homestead" type. They cross-question Mr. Hays, they talk patriotically of the "interests of Canada," they suggest new routes for the proposed new road, they denounce subsidies as crimes—and all the while the play moves on to the inevitable climax, the applause of the verdant audience drowning the promptings from the wings.

THE sympathy that exists between celebrated litterateurs was well brought out at the banquet given by the Canadian Society of Authors (!!!) in honor of Mr. Sidney Lee, the distinguished Shakespearean scholar and biographer. Hon. G. W. Ross—a member of the Stratton Cabinet—in proposing the toast to the guest of the evening, referred admiringly to the daring that Mr. Lee had displayed in undertaking to write his biography of Queen Victoria, then so recently dead. Mr. Ross said that he himself, after long hesitation, had shrunk from the task of writing the biography of a famous person, recently dead. Mr. Lee was quite overcome,



The impression of John Bull that one gets from reading the Yankee financial columns.



**Still on the Market.**

“And do you mean to tell me, Count, that you could not find a wife among all the beauties of America?”

“Mais oui, madame, but hélas! ah, madame, they— they did not find me.”

**Heather's Ladies' Column.**



O be a favored child of genius is to be envied by many. Long ago I looked this stern fact in the face. Unhesitatingly I accepted my fate. But really, anything so spiteful as the letter I have received from “Lovely May” of the *Saturday Blight*, I was hardly prepared for. Of course I knew that she has lately published a Cook Book (save the mark) and, of course, I expected her to be mad when I failed to notice it in my column, even tho’ I wrote her a personal letter explaining that I considered Cook Book Reviews too heavy for a column of this nature. I will give you the letter, dear girls, just as I have received it. I know you love me far too well to believe a word of it.

Toronto, April 22nd, 1903.

Dear Heather :

I fear I have been the innocent cause of getting you into trouble. I recommended that “Fried Sole” recipe of yours to a lady friend and she talks of bringing an action. I told her it would be cruel to do so for, of

course, you couldn’t be expected to be responsible for all you wrote! That was such a *sweet* recipe of yours for Camel’s Hump. I see you got the idea from my celebrated “Domedary Hump,” tho’ you did not mention the fact. I am so *glad*, however, that my little book has been of *some* service to you.

Ever your friend,

LOVELY MAY.

Another letter I give in full, just to show you to what insolence a woman of literary pursuits is exposed.

Toronto, April 1st, 1903.

Heather (of THE MOON).

Dear Madam : I don’t know what your name is, but I believe you are the person who wrote up mamma’s party for your paper. Mamma was furious, and said it was easy to see that you were not yourself of the elite, as your estimated cost of the entertainment was scarcely enough to pay for the flowers alone. As for your description of my gown, it was simply ghastly! I positively wept when mamma read it to me. You said it was a five gored skirt, and it was *sevanteen*. Then you also said that Mrs. Get-there Eli looked passé. Pa was wild about that. He said that Get-there Eli came down to his office next morning and had an awful row, breaking off all business relations, all because Mrs. Eli accuses mamma of having coaxed you to do it. Mamma says that no lady belonging to really *good* society would have been so indiscrete. Next time we give a party please come before hand and mamma will tell you what to say—come to the back door—cook will show you up.

Sincerely yours,

EVELVINE UPPVSH.

The following letter also tries to be impertinent.

Hamilton, May 3rd, 1903.

Dear Madam : I have read your “Hints to Literary Beginners” with much trepidation. I hope they will be discontinued. Your remarks about the immortal William D. Howells are especially disturbing to me. Heaven help the young people if they turn away from the Real, as represented by Mr. Howells, to the Unreal, as represented by the other gentlemen you mention. For myself, I have read Mr. Howells for many years, and have never suffered from excitement in all that time, nor once has my heart been stirred, my pulse quickened, nor my hair compelled to stand upon my head. When I take up a book of his I know that all that will happen will happen as in real life—in other words, that nothing much will happen at all, and, when it does, its happening will not tend to enliven the story. Let me give you one instance. You will remember in that charming book, “The Kentons,” the story turns upon the fact that if Emily knew that her brother had thrashed the scoundrelly lover who had kissed her in the passage, and threatened to knock down her respected pa, she would immediately turn around and marry the scoundrelly lover from a sense of duty. So all through the book they keep it from her hoping that she will marry someone else.

Finally, as a climax, she finds it all out. Her mother is in tears, her father is furious, they are both sure that she will, from a sense of duty, marry the man her brother thrashed. Does she do it? She does not. In an ordinary novel she might have fulfilled everybody's expectation (including the reader's), but in Mr. Howells' book she simply remarks that she has changed her mind. Is this real life? I maintain that it could not be more so.

Let me beg of you, dear madam, to publish this in justice to the noble man whose work you seem to belittle.

Believe me,

Yours, etc.,

(Prof.) DRIUS DUST.

—HEATHER.

### The Chesnut Tree.

THE chesnut tree before my window teaches me to wait. It teaches me that I must meet varied conditions calmly. This tree is a preacher. There it stood, bare and bleak in the winter, and now it is quickened with the new and vigorous life of spring.

"Behold me!"

That was what the tree said, and I said to the tree, "You are an eloquent preacher, even though you speak in an unknown tongue."

CHARLES F. RAYMOND (in the *Star*).

"O nata merito sapiens dicere omnibus."

—Phædrus.

'Tis said of old that Pythagoras  
(He who believes it is the more ass!)  
Could tell, when he came in from walking,  
Of what the sparrows had been talking.

A no less philosophic Frenchman  
Of late did take an ape for henchman,  
From whom he soon picked up a smattering  
Of true cercopithecian chattering.

Holberg, out of his Danish Cranium,  
Evolved an "Iter Subterraneum,"  
A story of one Klimius Nicholas.  
(The name itself's enough to tickle us.)

This same adventurous wight, K. N.  
Escaped awhile from human ken  
By tumbling head first down a tunnel,  
(Or rather, what we call a funnel,)

Into a world where trees did walk,  
Eat drink and sleep, nay more, did talk,  
(A book on sale, as all must know,  
At Britnell's Banner Book Bureau).

But here's a man who owns a tree  
Can preach almost as well as he,  
His friend, philosopher and guide,  
And countless other things beside—  
"Castanea" it is called in Botany,  
(We shew our learning when we've got any.)

Here the shy muse is fain to stop  
Lest she in turn should raise a crop  
Of chesnuds ancient, chesnuds topical,  
And chsnuds pseudophilosophical.

(Cercopithecus—a long-tailed monkey (Pliny 8.21.30)  
not related to the Struthiocamelus.) —T.M.

### Highly Appropriate.

Thomson: "How absurd it is of young Piddicombe to ape the English fashion in speaking of his mother as 'the mater.'"

Simpson: "It strikes me as extremely appropriate. Her daughters have all married either lords or millionaires."

### Well Qualified.

Premier: "And what qualifications has Hustler for the position of timber inspector?"

Governor-General: "Well, during the late campaign he showed great promptitude and persistence in collecting stumpage dues."

Miss Passay: "If there's anything I do hate it is to be taken for an 'advanced' woman."

Miss Sardon: "Yes, I suppose so, but time will tell, you know."



Some of Mr. Barr's friends have vigorously objected to THE MOON's recent portrait of the Rev. gentleman. That any injustice may not be permitted to stand, THE MOON hastens to reproduce the above sketch.—ED.

THE MOON



JOHNNY CANUCK TRIES ON A NEW SUIT.



## Portraits by Moonlight.



CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS.

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### Brief Biographies.—No. XXXVI.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

CHARLES Melville Hays, railway and parliamentary manager, was born at a comparatively early period in his personal existence. Despite the disadvantages of this handicap, however, he quickly developed a full head of steam, and started to overhaul those who had set the pace while yet he dallied in the fields of space and spun his webs of air lines round the stars. But, besides the handicap of youth, I should not neglect to mention other disadvantages under which this man of mark was compelled by force of circumstance to labor. He was born at Rock Island, Ill. To be born is bad enough—but to be born ill—! How like the fate of his great rival for historic glory—Napoleon—chained to a rock, and ill! But Fate would not be denied; a niche in the Hall of Fame stood vacant—Canada had unclaimed land.

“At the age of seventeen,” says Morgan, “he entered the passenger department of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway at St. Louis. A year later he was transferred to the auditor’s department; and subsequently he passed into the superintendent’s office, where his ability and aptitude were soon manifested. From 1878 to 1884, he was the secretary and general manager of the Missouri Pacific, and from 1884 to 1886, secretary to the general manager of the Wabash Western.” In 1889 he was appointed to the office of general manager of the re-organ-

ized Wabash system, and five years later was elected vice-president of that company.”

Thank you, Mr. Morgan, you have brought our hero up to the time when he crosses the southern border of this wild north-land, to tame the savage and reclaim the soil.

In 1895 Mr. Hays was appointed general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, a corporation that operates a line between London and Wanstead. Under the able management of Mr. Hays the musty old company has been completely shaken up—so have some of the passengers, to be sure; but this, however unpleasant, is a necessary attendant of house-cleaning. Possibly no other man whose name appears in the history of railroads has occupied the position of general manager of a company the methods of which underwent so rapid and so complete a change under his direction. Previously to 1895 the Grand Trunk had drifted along in quiet, humdrum and uneventful security. When passengers were at hand, a train was run for their convenience. The employees were numerous, voluble and surprisingly prosperous. In those days, journeys were pleasant, Pickwickian excursions. Now all is changed. Trains run on time, at a high rate of speed; each separate train has right of way; each passenger must have his ticket; employees are few, scared, and, consequently, honest; landscapes and faces change in the twinkling of an eye; all is bustle, bang and crash, crash, crash! No more can the locomotive-toot be taken for the shepherd’s drowsy pipes; Pluto with Plutus reigns—and all is rattle, dividends and more.

A few years ago, Mr. Hays left the Grand Trunk that he might go in search of fifty thousand dollars that, he had heard, was floating around the office of the general manager of a railway in the south-western States. He found it, caught it, brought it back. He still keeps it as a trophy of the chase.

At present, Mr. Hays is engaged in further promoting the interests of Canada. The idea that the Canadian North-West is too remote from the metropolis to be of real value to the country generally has entered his mind. Consequently he proposes to remove a large part of that territory to Montreal, where its resources may be developed under the personal supervision of Mr. Hays. With this object in view, he is now at Ottawa, engaged in the *benevolent* task of educating our legislators up to the point where they will be able to see their duty, not only as patriots, but as fathers of families. For this service, Mr. Hays’ only reward will be the order of the Golden Fleece.

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### The Height of Generosity.

Tombrown: “What a generous fellow Bostwick is! I believe he’d give his last cent away.”

Billsmith: “Last cent! I should say so. Why I’ve known him give a stranger his last match!”



Artist: "That's meant to represent the Emotions."  
 Critic: "Then, why doesn't it?"

**The Canadian Book of Snobs.**

"A snob is one who meanly admires mean things."  
 —Thackeray.

CHAPTER VIII.  
 CONCLUSION.

THE reader will doubtless have reached the conclusion, from reading the foregoing chapters, that, in order to achieve what is usually known as success in life, to make money at the expense of others, to attain position, to become "one of our most prominent and respected citizens" it is almost necessary to be a snob. There are, of course, cases of exceptional talent or specially favorable conditions which enable the aspirant to dispense with the requisition, but they are so few that they need not be taken into account. As a general rule it holds good. No young



man of merely ordinary abilities, who wants to get on,

can afford to be anything else than a snob, and just in so far as he falls short of the perfect ideal of snobbery, so far does he weaken and imperil his chances of success. If he ventures to have any opinions that are not orthodox, or any different standard of conduct from that which has received the stamp of authority, if he dares to flout venerated ideals and traditions, or to refuse the tribute of his incense of adulation to the little tin gods of the day, he thereby handicaps himself in the race and courts defeat. If he is modest, unassuming and unselfish; if he merely depends upon doing good work and waits for his merits to be recognized by the public or his superiors; if he has too much pride or good taste to blow his own trumpet or join the Mutual Admiration Society, so as to get others to do it in return for like service on his part—he may just as well stand aside and see the servile, the unscrupulous and the self-assertive, stride past to wealth and honor.

Be a snob, young man, if you would succeed in life. Throw overboard all such things as principle, self-respect and intellectual honesty, as so many encumbrances which will assuredly hamper your progress. Believe in nothing at heart but yourself, but profess to believe anything and everything which the public accepts as true. Stick to the traditional formulas. Stoop to conquer. Toady obsequiously to anybody who can possibly be of any use to you, and get even with the world by snubbing and insulting those who cannot retaliate. Always take the side of the strong against the weak, kick the man who is down, provided you are certain that he won't get up again. You will, of course, be religious according to the conventional fashion. You will find it decidedly

advantageous to be an active and zealous church member. But there is a beautiful and consoling text, "Be not righteous overmuch," to which the great majority of church members diligently strive to live up, that should relieve any qualms of conscience arising from discrepancies between your professions and practices.

As you rise in the world remember that you will be recompensed for the humiliations of your earlier career by the homage and subserviency of the snobs who will toady to you—or rather to your wealth and influence. The number of those towards whom you can display the snobbish arrogance and superciliousness, which is the counterpart of snobbish servility, will continually increase—and in the deference of your lackeys and lickspittles you will reap the rich reward which comes to the successful snob, that crowning glory of our Anglo-Saxon institutions. And if a perusal of these pages shall have induced even one ingenuous youth to shun the perilous and rugged path of manly independence and self-ownership which lures but to destroy, and to seek rather the way of snobbery and self-effacement which leads to success and honor, they will not have been penned in vain.



No. 1.—Josiah Henry, returning from the fields, discovers a fertile spot on which to sow some grass seed.

## An Indian Regiment for Toronto.

Toronto, May 11th.

Sir Frederick Borden,  
Minister of Militia,  
Ottawa.

Sir: I beg to make application for permission to enlist an Indian regiment in Toronto in connection with the militia service. The project has the hearty approval of many military men in this city on the same grounds that have warranted the enthusiastic support given to the formation of Highland regiments. These organizations have proved so highly successful in reviving the barbaric costume and associations of the past, that it seems only in accordance with the growing spirit of Canadian nationalism that we should look to our own country for a brand of vanished savagery for reproduction instead of being dependent on the cattle-stealing ancestors of the Scottish Highlanders for a picturesquely outlandish costume.

The objection has been raised in some quarters that there are not enough Indians in Toronto from whom to draw recruits. I fail to see the relevancy of such an argument in view of the fact that the Highland regiment is largely made up of those of other nationalities. An Englishman or an Irishman would be no more out of place in an organization whose members were attired in blankets and breech cloths than when decked out in tartans and philabeg. Besides, the objection could very easily be met by having the aspirants for membership formally adopted into the Six Nations or some other tribe under high-sounding designations. It is a frequent custom among them to admit distinguished (and other) visitors to their reservation to membership, and by this time there are probably more Indians by adoption in the country than there are genuine red men. The regiment might when organized be sent on an excursion to Brant-

ford, and be formally initiated either holus bolus or as individuals.

Consider the interest which would be excited in England and the United States by a real Indian regiment clad in blankets, armed with tomahawks and scalping knives, and uttering the war whoop with fitting gestures. It would completely eclipse the Highlanders as a popular attraction, and do more to advertise Canada abroad than could be accomplished by an equal expenditure in any other direction. In order to complete the resemblance as it were of the outfit, I may state that a leading hair-dealer of this city is willing to supply strings of artificial scalps to be worn by the regiment when on parade, at a most reasonable figure.

I have the honor to be,  
Your obedient servant,  
HOOPER RUPP.

## A Sure Sign.

Borax: "Wonder if the writer of this descriptive article is a man or a woman."  
Sanjones: "Man, sure."  
Borax: "How do you know?"  
Sanjones: "He doesn't once use the the word 'opal-escence.'"

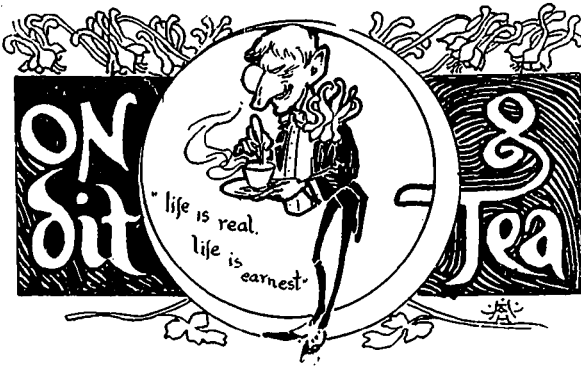
## Special to Man-in-The-Moon:

Great consternation reigns in Hamilton. News of the Frank disaster *just* received. Burlington Bay threatened. Inhabitants leaving!



No. 2.—Mr. Rafferty (*just before the slaughter*): "Ye've have somethin' th' appearance iv a genuoine son iv th' ould sod, Oi'll admit, but thim grane whiskers'll not be sthoo'd for by no mumber iv th' Unmitigated Order iv Hibernians. Get up, yez shnake, and make yure will!"

Note: If the gentle reader finds any difficulty in believing that the above actually occurred, the reports in the Toronto daily papers in regard to the recent agitation against the "green-whiskered Irishman of the stage," should dispel them at once.



ON Wednesday, His Excellency, the Governor-General, rose as usual and took breakfast, which he seemed to relish.

On Thursday, the Governor-General, while taking pedestrian exercise in the garden of his temporary residence, was seriously injured by being accidentally struck by an idea. His Excellency's condition was not discovered till some time had elapsed, as he was alone at the time of the accident. This fact makes it more difficult to understand how the mishap occurred. It was late in the afternoon when His Excellency was found by his private secretary, who was attracted to the scene of the catastrophe by a faint voice calling: "Come into the garden, Maude." On Thursday night the patient was making satisfactory progress towards recovery; and on Friday he was able to be around again.

The Governor-General's flag-staff is to-day flying at half-mast out of respect for the demise of an old family toy—a little china pug dog—which fell from a mantel in the nursery this morning. The fragments will be taken to Scotland for interment.

A fine old Wedgwood flunkey that, since the Governor-General's arrival in the city, has stood in the main hall at the Flavelle mansion, was knocked over in the crush of applicants for invitations to the grand ball that will be held in the near future. It was at first thought that the ornament was totally shattered, but careful examination revealed the welcome truth that, with the exception of a few cracks, it is uninjured. To-day it again stood in the hall and announced the callers as usual.

Rev. Dr. Longtotry headed a deputation that called on His Excellency, the Governor-General, this morning, to protest against the shocking conduct of a coachman in the vice-regal household. There port that the servant complained of had been caught in the act of "whustling" on the Sawbath was conveyed to Dr. Longtotry, hence the call of warning.

We are requested to state that the Mrs. O'Rafferty, whose name appears on the lists of guests invited to attend His Excellency the Governor-General's ball, is not Mrs. O'Rafferty of 1382 Esplanade,

**The Honest Man.**

BREATHES there a man?—who life's stern pathways treads—  
 From whom all virtue hath not fled?  
 Of Parliament he must not speak—  
 Whose conscience is not seared and burned,  
 Who hath not honest labor spurned,  
 No public favors need he seek.  
 If such there breathes—you know the kind—  
 In politics you'll never find—  
 Virtuous, he forfeits all renown,  
 And when to rest he is laid down,  
 He gets six feet, some kind words said,  
 And in the Press a ten-line notice—paid.  
 —RAY RIVINGTON.

**Rank Flattery.**

Clarence: "Poor Chollie Silliman is in a bad way. The doctor says he's afraid his mind is affected."  
 Sinnick: "Oh, don't you believe it. These doctors all like to flatter a wealthy patient."  
 Mrs. Limberjaw: "I understand your daughter is very well married, Mrs. Biggleswade!"  
 Mrs. Biggleswade: "Yes, indeed. Too well. The court has refused her a divorce."



**A Negative Order.**

Mistress: "Devil a turkey for dinner to-day, Bridget."  
 Bridget: "Thin fwhat will yez have, ma'am?"  
 Mistress: "Haven't I just told you?"  
 Bridget: "Axin' yer pardon, ma'am, but yez didn't. Divil a turkey, says you, but sorra a word about fwhat ye wud have."

THE - - -  
**National  
 Monthly  
 Of Canada**

CONTENTS FOR MAY,  
 1903.

**Current Comments.**

**Sir Oliver Mowat (with  
 frontispiece.)**

**The Dominion Coat of  
 Arms,**

By J. Macdonald Oxley.

**The Future of Canada,**  
 By Frances Cassidy.

**High Park, Toronto (illus-  
 trated,)**

By Demar.

**Miss Alicia,**

By Harvey O'Higgins.

**Banked Fires,**

By Arthur Stringer.

**Fashion Plates.**

**Suggestions to House-  
 keepers.**

**Home Department.**

**Literature.**

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**Keep Him Down.**

If a man should ever stumble,  
 Then to keep him duly  
 humble,  
 Keep him down.

Do not try to let him gather  
 Any strength, for we would  
 rather  
 Keep him down.

If we do not keep him under  
 He might rise again. Don't  
 blunder,  
 Keep him down.

Was he kind to us and tender?  
 What account have we to render?  
 Keep him down.

He's our brother, we should  
 love him?

Nonsense, now we are above  
 him;  
 Keep him down.

Does he need but slight assist-  
 ance?

Then I answer with persistence,  
 Keep him down.

Foolish talk this is of kindness,  
 Sure, to help him up were blind-  
 ness;  
 Keep him down.

If he rose, he might surpass us,  
 So be sure, dear lads and lasses,  
 Keep him down.

—BILLY WILLIAMS.

**A Sure Indication.**

Pilgarlic: "Well, old man,  
 how are you getting on with the  
 widow?"

Sanjones: "Oh, so-so. She  
 told me last evening that she  
 could never, never think of a  
 man again."

Pilgarlic: "Congratulations,  
 dear boy! Your success is as-  
 sured."

**Kept Them Dry.**

Stapleton: "Ther's a man  
 who has saved many thousands  
 from watery graves."

Caldecott: "How so?"

Stapleton: "Took a contract  
 for draining the cemetery."

**The Ideal Beverage**

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**His Natural Advantage.**

As locomotive engineer,

Young Bildad once designed  
 To run through life a swift career,  
 But he proved color-blind.

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He found his role—Oh, yes!

And in designing poster girls,

Achieved a marked success.

**The Waning of the Honey-Moon.**

"Oh, Henry," said she, as she clasped  
 him close and smothered him with kisses,  
 "are there not times when you feel that  
 Love is enough?"

"Yes," he gasped. "Quite so. In fact  
 —there are times—when it seems—a darn  
 sight too much."

**More Appropriate.**

Binkerton: "It seems the style lately  
 for brides to carry prayer-books, instead  
 of bouquets."

Miss Assid: "Yes, it's much more  
 appropriate. They'll feel like praying  
 before they've been married very long."

**Truthful,**

Stapleton: "Mrs. Bewdler says her  
 husband is traveling for the benefit of his  
 health."

Caldecott: "Certainly he is. Close  
 confinement is generally unhealthy."

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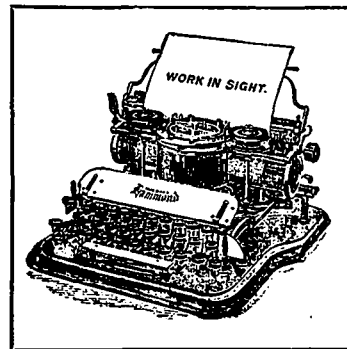
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