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WHAT THE PRESS SAYS

THE GLOBE, TORONTO, SA

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

John Macfarlane

Brother Recorder

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

OUR LADY MOON.

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

Montreal Herald

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

Kit

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

He sold it to Simmons & Co. who kind y sent along a choice out of Canada's new comic weekly "The Moon" is brighter and better than every appearance. It is purely Canadian and all its contents are original, clear and spicy. If you have not already enjoyed this, Moon's rays, you should do so.

Paul Semple

The publisher, Semple, of the Toronto Freeman Press, writes: "I have been in his trap on Sunday afternoon for the Editor's selection. The Moon is brighter and better than every appearance. It is purely Canadian and all its contents are original, clear and spicy. If you have not already enjoyed this, Moon's rays, you should do so."

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Stratford Herald

A comparatively new Canadian comic journal is the Moon, a weekly published in Toronto. The jokes are similar to the paper in that they are new, and different from it in that they are not at all weakly. This is only Toronto publication that does not spend its old moments that does enough at Hamilton—as if there were not then Toronto people claim that the Hamiltonians make mountains of the Moon is a good thing and its so much real flavor to it that readers are tempted to discard that old green independent his at politicians of both parties are clever and amusing, but a natured enough to laugh and good-ter rather than to pout and growl-who are hit hardest by Moonstruck, it might be hit hardest by Moonstruck, it a greater appreciation of humor than people of the old land, and there is the reason why they should not support a live comic journal.

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X-Ray Golf.

"What's that, Willie?"

"Shinnie; don't you see they're using shins."

The Coquette.

They met amid the giddy throng ;
Then heard she with derisive scorn,
The heartfelt burden of the song
Of love with which his soul was torn—
Of hopeless and relentless pain—
For fancy spread before her view
Of worshippers an endless train,
And ever as she looked, it grew.

Fain would she wear the coquette crown,
This one would soothe and that one hurt ;
She gained a rather risqué renown,
And by her friends was christened "flirt."
Then when repulsed love was turned
To passionate embittered hate,
The blighting flame of scandal burned ;
She turned to stifle it—too late.

—P. J.

In His Own Coin.

Between my handsome wife and I
There formerly were strained relations,
She'd grow half-mad with jealousy
When I indulged in mild flirtations.

But latterly things seem to change,
I live again my youth's romances,
In primrose paths of dalliance range,
Unwithered by her scornful glances.

To Mrs. Dasher I've made love,
Which doesn't rouse her temper acid ;
With Julia Bates I'm hand and glove,
She sees it all, still calm and placid.

Not long ago with half the cause
Her jealous outbreaks were infernal.

I see it now ! How blind I was !

She's mashed herself upon the Colonel !—P. T.

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

Vol. 1.

NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

No. 23.

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.

MOST convincing proof of the strength of the German Emperor's character has been given to the world during the past week. William has been pounding away at the first personal pronoun ever since infancy, and thus he has contributed in no small measure to the humor of the world. This is no mean triumph for a man of his capacity; but he has had a greater. His uncle, the King of England—and of those poor "Dominions beyond the seas"—a man heretofore noted exclusively for his modesty, has fallen a victim to the example of the German handy man, and has adopted his abridged vocabulary in its entirety.

When His Majesty of England visited his city of London last week, a speech that fairly rung with I's, Me's and Mine's, was exacted from him by the plaudits of his subjects.

Yankees, and some others, sometimes profess to wonder why free and independent citizens of a country should be styled subjects, and why anyone should say to them: "You are mine." "Your proper love for me." "Your land, which is mine," etc. Such persons cannot understand; they have not the accommodating self-effacement, nor the easily-adjusted, double-acting, expansionable-collapsible self-respect, which are the essentials of a perfect British Imperialist.

LIBERALISM in Canada is doomed simply because it has no longer any reason for existence. It has committed political suicide by eliminating its distinctive features and adopting the least worthy and elevating of the ideals of Conservatism. Old-time Liberalism stood stoutly up for popular rights and liberties, for the improvement of the condition of the masses, and justice and humanity in international relations. The new Liberalism thinks of nothing but "interests." It knuckles to the great corporations, that it may carry elections by their aid, and panders to jingoism. In a word it is Tory in all but the name. Apart from personal and selfish interests, why should any man care to uphold such a party? No wonder the old enthusiasm is dead. The policy of trying to catch every temporary breeze of public opinion that blows, regardless of principle or consistency, may bring immediate success, but it is short sighted and

suicidal in the long run. It damps the enthusiasm of the better element. By falling in with the craze for Imperialism—or toadyism—and by trying to jockey both free trade and protection, Laurier and Ross have disgusted thousands of genuine Liberals of the old school. As for the younger generation who are being educated by these misleaders, and the venal press which takes its cue from them, to venerate the ideals which their fathers detested, they will naturally find themselves more at home in the Conservative ranks than in a party composed of such incongruous elements as the Liberal organization. The sincere, thorough-going Imperialism of Toryism will appeal to them more strongly than a weak and hypocritical imitation.

THE *Toronto Star*, in referring to the Tarte troubles in the Cabinet, makes the statement that the English papers are almost unanimous in their commendation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's action in accepting Mr. Tarte's resignation. The English papers state that Mr. Tarte's conduct was unquestionably bad form, don't you know! In other words, a cabinet, which is supposed to be a body of men formed for the serious purpose of governing the country, is, in reality, a social gathering, subject to the rules of *chic* society.

This is very delightful. We Canadians should be deeply gratified to learn that we are keeping up a set of social leaders in Ottawa—a set such as they have at home.

Mr. Tarte has dared to have an opinion—a dangerous thing in *society*—and, worse yet, he has dared to carry his opinions into his group of Beau Brummell colleagues. Such beastly form! One might as well expect to find opinions at Buckingham, or at Rideau Hall!

Now that we have been told definitely, by the English papers—which are authorities on everything antique and respectable—that a cabinet is a social organization, the members of which must make the public believe that they are confident of their policy, no matter how rotten they may know it to be, we shall see to it in the future that none but honor-graduates of the five o'clock tea-tables shall be put in positions where they will be eligible for the dainty office of Cabinet Minister.

JOHN D. ROCKFELLER has just offered to present to the Teachers' College \$500,000, as a "thank offering" to Almighty God for the preservation of his family and household, on the occasion of the destruction by fire of his country home. The wisdom of Mr. Rockefeller, in parting with so small a portion of his fortune, is a splendid lesson for the young men of his country. It is wise not to part with all one's resources, when there is every indication that one is likely to be in need of the great bulk of it later. For being saved from a small household fire, Mr. Rockefeller pays \$500,000. At this rate it will take quite the remainder of his fortune to save him from the great conflagration to which he, no doubt, looks forward with dread.

Portraits by Moonlight.



SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

Brief Biographies—No. XV.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

HON. SIR RICHARD JOHN CARTWRIGHT, G.C. M.G., honored Kingston, Ont., by beginning his earthly career there about 67 years ago, or more particularly, in 1835 A.D. Later he honored Dublin, Ireland, by accepting tuition in one of its celebrated colleges.

Following a natural bent he, in due time, became a politician and supported the Tory Government then controlled by Hon. John A. Macdonald. At this time, as ever after, his principles were as sound as his forefathers' hubs and spokes, what time they practiced the art of WHEELWRIGHT. Previous to 1873, a shuffle of the political cards occurred, when Hon. Richard John Cartwright did not get the portfolio of Minister of Finance. Thereupon the hon. gentleman underwent a political transformation, being born again. Growing quickly in Grit grace, he soon became a preacher against Tory unrighteousness, and for about 25 years, or until 1896, he has denounced corruption and excessive public expenditure with a logical and sarcastic eloquence matched by few and excelled by none. With 1896 came a change of Government, and it looked as though Sir Richard John Cartwright's triumph had come, for then was the opportunity to lessen expenditure and reduce taxation. But Sir Richard John Cartwright experienced another mental transformation, and has, for the last seven years, employed his great financial and rhetorical ability in explaining and condoning increased public expenditure, and in forgetting his speeches of the preceding 25 years.

As a broker, the subject of our sketch has not proved a success; a rumored sale of a seat on the Senatorial Board at Ottawa for \$10,000.00 having failed to be negotiated—it was badly Cooked.

Hon. Sir Richard John Cartwright is precise and courteous to a degree. His smile is always ready for duty, but

it is the sun glint on the glacier. The afternoon of life finds him with one ambition realized, for is he not Knight Grand Cross of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George? We do not know that he ever had any other ambition, unless it be further promotion in the same line. Splendid physical courage, mental vigor, and a large opportunity to do for the land of his birth, have been prostituted to the gratification of personal vanity; the net results being the possession of a bauble that should be relegated to the dark ages.

Ill fares the land to politics a prey
Where some but only live to have their say,
Or win applause, and join the upper crust
Whose only creed, "a coronet or bust."

Some of the Magazines for the Month.

PEARSON'S is a perfect gem. There are 54 pages of fiction, from how to get a hair switch free, to how to get a \$1.00 magazine for 30c. and a prize package thrown in. Those works of literary art are called advertisements, but the illustrations are attractive and they contain all that is interesting or instructive between the covers.

MUNSEY'S is a very fine production this month, containing many short stories with nice illustrations of how to get a head of hair on a bald scalp in six weeks; where unbreakable suspenders may be had; a short account of the correct form, straight front corset, with the latest developments in the matter of price, and a fifty word article on a new life food, guaranteed to be wholly vegetable. The Munsey would be all that could be desired, but for a few short storiettes that mar the middle of the magazine, and do not appear to be about anything useful or interesting.

McCLURE'S has 130 pages of very nice stories about nearly everything from a ping pong game to a piano. There are no such cameras or caramels to be found elsewhere, than where McClure's say they may be had. It also contains several pages of narratives about something.

THE ARENA, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FORUM, and all that class, are falling behind, or soon will, in the public favor, as they are not up-to-date in advertising and they have too few pictures. In one respect they maintain the leading places among the monthlies; their articles on such simple subjects as "The Effect of American Imperialism in the Far East as a Factor in European Politics," are up to the average of seventeen pages, and the leaves are still uncut.

In Canadian periodicals we have five that loom large on the literary horizon: The Canadian Magazine, Wilshire's, the Canadian Almanac and Railroad Guide, The Westminster, and Steele-Briggs Catalogue. The last has beaten its competitors for 1902 in startling news and special features, but the Canadian Magazine leads easily in advertising, with Wilshire's a good second; there being 74 pages of interesting fiction at so much per page in the Canadian, as against 54 in Wilshire's. Again the few pages in the centre of each that is not devoted to advertising, is, in the Canadian, full of nothing, while the same space in the other is full of Wilshire. As, according to the law of mathematics, "The whole is greater than a part," we think that Canadian wins.



A knight of gay Paris, France,
Once boozed till he fell in a trance,
When a varlet passed by
His condition did spy,
Stole his boots, sword, hat and his pauts.

An Old Arabian Tale.

Recently found among the papers of the late Dr Funchemup.

BEHOLD, in these latter days, there arose certain men who, by selling them wine and strong drink, contrary to the law of the Prophet, corrupted the people that dwelt in the regions of Onta Rio. And the great Sheik Gee Wross, who ruled over these people, said unto these men of Belial, "Ye shall not do this evil thing and lead my people astray."

Howbeit the men came nigh unto the sheik and said unto him, "Here with us is gold of Ophir; take it for tribute and leave us in peace."

But the great sheik, who, by reason of infirmity, hardly stood upon his feet, said, "Verily I cannot do this thing."

Nevertheless, when he had turned him about, his servants gathered the tribute of the winesellers and after spending much for the sheik's necessities, and some for their own, they told him whence the gold had come. And behold, he was not wroth, neither chode he them, but he said, "See ye to it that the thing be not known."

And in process of time, there came Mullahs from divers town and cities, who said, "Accursed is he that breaketh the law of the Prophet. Surely the fire of Allah shall consume the land, if the evil thing be not put away." And, lo, many men hearkened to the Mullahs, and they waxed strong, and Gee Wross feared exceedingly.

And about the same time the Sheik Pliny, who dwelt in the East, and who was the enemy of Gee Wross, said to his tribe, "Let us arise, and let us smite the Wrossites hip and thigh, and verily we shall possess the land and rule over it."

And a great battle was fought, and many men of war were slain and others sore wounded. Yet the Sheik Gee drove back the Plinites, and they went to their tents cursing the great sheik.

But the Mullahs came together to the Sheik Gee and his wise men, and said unto them, "If ye do not arise and cleanse the land from the abomination of iniquity, we will curse thee and all thy tribe, and leading the faithful to the tents of Pliny, we will bless him and make him to rule over this people."

So the Sheik Gee feared the word of the Mullahs, and called his wise men apart and spake unto them in these words, "These Mullahs wax strong and talk valiantly, and I fear lest they may do according to their saying. Shall these sons of burnt fathers, the Plinites, rule over us? Ye know how I have ever kept the law of the Prophet, and how I hate the winesellers, but, behold, the money of the winesellers is good, and their purse strings are loose. How shall we fight against the Plinites without gold to buy us weapons? I, therefore, will speak comfortable words, words sweet as honey, to the Mullahs, and do ye go to the winesellers and say unto them, 'It is naught. Give us gold that the Sheik Gee may fight the Plinites, and, lo, ye shall not be driven forth.'"

So they did, and the Sheik Gee beguiled the Mullahs with sweet words, saying, "Call ye the people together, and as they say, so will I do. Let six men out of ten cry out against the winesellers, and they shall be driven forth."

And many of the Mullahs said that the saying was good, for they were of Sheik Gee's tribe and loved him.

But one of them, the Mullah ben Mak, who taught the faithful in the valley of Wo Destok, grew wroth and spake fiercely, saying, "Lo, this sheik of ours is a hollow fraud."

And in these days the Plinites took courage and set the battle in array against the Wrossites. And when the battle waxed hot, some of the Mullahs said, "Let us draw nigh and help the Sheik Pliny, from the East, for, behold, he cannot do more vilely than Sheik Gee." And others abode in their tents.

When the night came, the men of war ceased from fighting, and the Wrossites withdrew into the fenced city. And the dead of the Wrossites on that day were more than in any strife that the most ancient dwellers in the land could call to mind. And no man could say to whom belonged the victory. But the Sheik Pliny rubbed his nose with his thumb, as was his wont when in deep thought, and as he spread his open hand towards the city, he said, "Now the time appointed draweth nigh. Verily, he that defileth the beards of the Mullahs is not wise." And each man lay down to sleep with his arms by his side. And guards were set around the camp.

—W. K. T. S.



"Crack a joke," quoth merry highwayman Blobber,
 "Or, S'death thou, it have real cause to slobber."
 Said the Jester, "O, dear!
 I'm too hoarse, I fear."
 "Then a horse-chestnut thou must crack," quoth the
 robber.

The King's Jester.

"WELL, my lords, what think ye of our reception by our liege subjects on the occasion of our visit to the city?" enquired His Majesty. "Did not their loyal acclaim testify that we have won their affections and reign over a happy and contented people?"

"'Tis even so, your Majesty, replied the Prime Minister. "There was naught but rejoicing upon all hands—no discordant note to mar the universal harmony."

"Aye, under the blessing of Providence, your Majesty, your people have indeed every reason to be grateful and rejoice," said the Archbishop of Canterbury. To which professional sentiment the company murmured assent.

"And what thinkest thou of the matter, fool?" enquired King Edward.

"I'faith, I think 'twas a right gorgeous pageant, and the folk did cheer lustily. I think, moreover, 'tis well for your Majesty and all in presence that the English commonalty have a rare faculty of enjoying the blessings of Providence by proxy. May they long continue in that mind!"

"How meanest thou, sirrah? The jest is not apparent."

"Nay, gossip Ned, I can frame no jest equal to the humor of the situation. An' thou and thy councillors do

not laugh consumedly in your sleeves to see the starvelings and scarecrows, with pinched faces and ragged backs, throw up their hats and shout because thou hast all the wealth and pomp that heart could wish; if these things move ye not to merriment 'tis beyond the power of my poor wit. 'Tis true the jest is somewhat ancient—as old as time itself. How devoutly the knaves roared out 'God Save the King' when they themselves have about as much chance to win to Heaven as to gain admittance to the counting room of the Bank of England. Verily, I fear me, gossip, that soul of thine is in parlous condition, sith it needeth such incessant petitioning. An' thou gainest not Heavenly felicity I wot it will go hard with the rest of us."

"This is blasphemy, your Majesty," said the Archbishop.

"Bid me cease, sire, and I am silent," returned the Jester.

"Thou hast the license of thy craft," replied the monarch. "In sooth I may not gainsay that many of our people are sore bested by poverty. But do I not study their welfare?"

"Aye, marry, dost thou! Do not all rulers? Even as the shepherd studieth the welfare of the flock that he may feed on mutton and go clad in wool. I conjure thee, Ned, study not the welfare of the poor over deepy or thou wilt undo thyself—'that way madness lies,' as Will Shakespere hath it. Nay, do what thou wilt thou canst not mend matters, for the poor love not those that would help them, save by scattering largess and setting the nut-brown ale aflowing. Did'st thou abjure pomp and ceremony, sell thy palaces, and give up thy broad lands that they might have work and bread they would but despise thee for't; and when thou did'st ride abroad thou wouldst meet with scowling brows and bitter gibes. Verily, the rabble is a currish breed, which loves to lick the hand that smites, while it bites that which feedeth it. Therein lieth the whole mystery of kingcraft."

"How can your Majesty tolerate such levelling and incendiary doctrines?" asked the Duke of Norfolk.

"They seem to me much akin to the principles of sound Conservatism," replied His Majesty, with an amused smile. "I have heard much the same from the lips of our late esteemed Prime Minister, Earl Salisbury."

"Faith, I'm no leveller, God wot," returned the Jester, "not I, forsooth. An' there were no court there would be no Jester. I love mine ease and comfort too much to wish for a change, and I ween ye are all like-minded. Take the good things the gods provide, say I. But scorn not fools, Ned, for 'tis by the folly of the multitude that the few are exalted and wax fat. Mays't thou reign over fools forever, and thy shadow increase upon their substance."

P. T.

It is a question with the foreign visitor whether the drink habit or the system of gratuities to servants has done most to give England her reputation as the tip-sy country of the world.

THE MOON



IN ONTARIO

IN QUEBEC

JIMMY WHITNEY STAYS AT HOME WITH THE APPLE

REFERENDUM

FRENCH DOMINATION

IMPERIALISM

MAJORITY

A RING AT G.W. ROSS'S DOOR BELL

MISS CANADA LOOKS INTO THE FUTURE

ISSY TARTE STEALS OLD MAN TORY'S GATE

Some Hallowe'e Political Pranks.

Latter Day Legends—No. 12.

HOW WICKED WILLIAM WANDERED.

WICKED WILLIAM was a burglar who devoted his attention to metropolitan houses, where they always had broken glass bottles set in the mortar on the top of the yard wall, and the kitchen ladies had to hand out bunches of victuals to the policeman through iron barred basement windows.



"While substantial dowagers entertained."

He found the fire escapes of the swell apartment hotels a fine substitute for the rope ladders utilized in ancient works of fiction. While substantial dowagers entertained intellectual company in the parlor, William would softly enter the bedroom window and gather in all the jewelry and unconsidered trifles the female members of the family hadn't found room to hang on themselves.

Then the detectives would arrest the servants, and cast suspicion on the janitor, while William sent his goods on consignment to a gentleman who conducted bargain sales.

In a moment of weakness, William one day wandered away from the straight and narrow ways of city life. He went into the broad and crooked paths of ruralism.

It was a new line to him, and he thought it would be easy after his city experience. He saw that many people did not lock their doors, and a picket fence or a gentle hedge was all the obstruction between venturesome visitors and back premises.



"William would softly enter."

As long as William confined his operations to city life he was gay and happy and prosperous.

He found the fire escapes of the swell apartment hotels a fine substitute for the rope ladders utilized in ancient works of fiction.

While substantial dowagers entertained intellectual company in the parlor, William would softly enter the bedroom window and gather in all the jewelry and unconsidered trifles the female members of the family hadn't found room to hang on themselves.

William thought he had a cinch, and wondered why he had toiled so many years in smoky cities when the fresh, wholesome air of the country was so bracing.

The first night he went through three houses, and sorted up all the wedding presents and other novelties to be found, and never had to crack a lock. He was only disturbed by a little snoring.

But when day time came, and William left the village inn with his grip in hand to take the train, the people of the neighborhood gathered about him.

They were raw and uncouth and rude. They did not set detectives to watch him or have him interviewed by cunning constables. They wove no intricate plot about him, nor had they any sweat box.

They simply said: "He's the only stranger here, and of course he done it."

He was forthwith gathered in, and tied to the seat of a farm wagon with a piece of clothes line. Then he was taken before the judge, who held court in the counting-room of his tannery.

William would have had all the laws delays that were coming to him if he had been in the city.

But the rude roisterers who surrounded him opened his grip, and divided the treasure among the owners, while the judge wrote out an order on the chief livery stable man, who kept a pound in his yard and had a gaol behind his oat bin, to keep William locked up until the travelling judge for the county arrived.

Thus it came to pass, a few months later, that wicked William wrote to his friends that he had a government job, and though he was strictly confined to business he had men in livery to attend to him, resided in a splendid brown stone front, and simply couldn't get away from at least one ball every day.

It is always well for city bred people not to apply stock exchange methods to cow-milking.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.



"Resided in a splendid brown stone front."

A Modern Miracle.

"I had been miserable all winter," wrote the woman to the patent medicine company, "until I secured a bottle of your famous Nerve Tonic. Its effect was immediate. After taking one dose, I was able to lick the druggist who recommended it to me."—N.W.C.

Natural Gas.



Student of Tramp-ology: "One thing, you have no expenses, no rent, no taxes, no gas bill, no—"

Professor of same: "That's so, guv'nor, I can talk all night on two beers."

Where is the Pull?

HIGH SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. Compiled by G. A. Chase, B.A., Canada Publishing Co., Toronto.

This book is remarkable for its *staying* qualities, for in spite of the fact that it has been denounced by teachers and ridiculed by the Press for the last fifteen years, even *The Globe* admitting last year, in what was generally considered an inspired article, that the book was antiquated and should be superseded, the Minister has not the courage to remove it from the list of *authorized* books. It was a great surprise to us when this book reappeared on the new list of authorized books, issued by the Minister in September, and that our readers may know what manner of book their children are taught from in our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, we subjoin a few samples of its teaching:

It is divided into two parts. PART I—PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. PART II—DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY.

PART I contains 46 pages of Geology, Astronomy and Physical Science, which is compiled from many books and contains a great deal of information, but is couched in such language that it is not interesting to either teacher or pupil and is seldom understood by either.

Fig 2, on Page 2, is a diagram of the Strata of the earth with "man" on the top and "Granite" at the bottom, that looks like part of the wall of a sky-scraper, and gives the youth the impression that the earth was made in layers and is continually getting bigger. This may be so, and again it may not, but we cannot call it geography even out of courtesy to the author, who seems to have been a hireling, doing the best he could at the price. We fancy the price was a *Friday bargain* one, with the usual result. Yet "The High School Geography" has its uses. It stimulates the student to enquire what it is all about. For example:—

Page 9: "If we know the direction and character of the mountain ranges, we know the form of the country; if we know the form of the country, we know the mountain ranges."

This fellow couldn't get lost; just put him in a dry goods' box, haul him out of town a few hundred miles and dump him down anywhere, then let him out and see him start for home. He sees the country, he knows what kind of mountains should accompany it, or he sees the mountains and he knows what kind of country should go with them, and he, of course, knows where he is.

(Same page): "This lie of the land has important bearings."

Just so, but it is a pity it should be so boldly uttered.

Page 11: "The Worst Volcanoes." We learn from this that there are three kinds, "bad," "worse" and "worst."

Page 16: "It has been calculated that the water brought down by the Mississippi removes one foot of land from over the whole surface of its basin in 6000 years hence the whole basis of the Mississippi would be worn down to the sea level in about four and a half million years."

We nearly missed this hint, and naturally feel thankful to the author, and hereby give notice to our patrons that the address of THE MOON will be removed from 48 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, before the crisis is reached. We have served notice on our landlord.

Page 40: "A race whose home is in a dull or bright climate will partake of the nature of the climate none of the Germanic races are vivacious though living in a bright climate."

This statement is enough to take the vivacity out of anybody.

PART II.

Assuming that Part I is only a preliminary canter, we have a quarrel with the descriptive part, not alone because the information contained in it is seventeen years old, but that it is wrong in statements of fact, greatly wanting in maps (the student should require no other atlas), gives RELATIVELY too much notice to Canada and the United States, too little to many other countries, and some important parts of the world are not noticed at all.

Page 51: "It may be seen from the map that all the great river basins, directly or indirectly, turn eastward, a fact that directs American commerce towards Europe."

This is the first time that we have been taught that the Mackenzie, the Colorado, the Frazer or the Yukon flow

toward the east. By some blunder the author's maps are all wrong.

Page 64: "The whole of Canada excepting the western coast has an excessive climate."

We were always proud of the fact that "this Canada of Ours" had as much climate as any other country, but it is news to us that it has more, and we hope the report may prove true as it may yet prove a valuable asset.

Page 72: "Mining is not as yet an industry of Ontario, nor is shipping."

This is news to us.

Page 73: "Population of Toronto in 1881, 86,415; present estimate, 112,000." How is that?

Page 140: Lakes—"South America is devoid of lakes—Lake Titacaca the largest." How is that for lakes in South America?

Page 144: "As in all the other countries of this Continent, the resources of Venezuela are wholly undeveloped."

Then the author, in due course, recounts the developments of the resources of the other South American Countries.

Page 164: Italy—"The Po is the one river."

We want to know if the Tiber is "the two river."

We give the foregoing samples, not as an attack on an already discredited book, but to show to what length a Government may go when in need of support. The publishers are probably doing what nine out of ten would do if given the opportunity, viz., selling the poorest goods at the best prices.

WHERE IS THE PULL? Have we any reason for supposing that, in the event of new books being required by the Department, any other course will be adopted? Has it come to this, that all a publisher needs is a pull, and a second-class author out of work, to profit at the public expense?

At the Police Court.

"No, no, young man," said the editor to the new police court reporter, "it does not follow that because you mention the names of offending parties, you are going to get them sore on you—not by any means. Suppose you do have to refer to Maude, when she comes up on a charge which involves her virtue, and you think it necessary that the moral public should be satisfied as to her identity, why simply add to the paragraph that 'her beauty was evidently the cause of her downfall.' She will spend her three months in the Mercer with perfect resignation after that."

"And when the housebreaker or hobo appears before the court, and casts fierce glances at your pencil, just refer to him as 'a fine, strapping looking fellow.' He'll buy a few copies of the paper to while away the long haul to Kingston sure."

"When the usual old man comes up on a charge of repeated drunkenness, you retain his good graces by remarking that 'he was evidently a man of birth and breeding.'"

"In reporting these little affairs, it is just as well to be explicit, but justice tempered with mercy in this manner will prove a winner nine times out of ten." —F. W. G.

A Pessimist.

First Turkey: "Say, young Gobbler will have to cheer up. He's growing pessimistic."

Second Turkey: "How's that?"

First Turkey: "Well, when I said to him that Thanksgiving was past, and that we could be happy, he just said, 'That's so; but Christmas is coming.'"

A Conundrum.

Man (coming home from club, and leaning lovingly on the arm of his friend): "Say, why am I like a good silk dress?"

Friend: "Don't know."

Man: "Because I can nearly stand by myself."

One Explanation.

"What is a 'ticker,' dear?"

"A telegraph instrument."

• "But why do they call it a 'ticker'?"

"Haven't thought about it, but I suppose it is because so many people have to live on 'tick' after watching it."

They Are Always Up To Date.

Teacher (in 1925): "Now do this sum: A man went out to buy coal. He bought one ton of egg coal at \$25.00; two tons of soft coal at \$15.00; one—"

Pupil: "But we pay only \$6.00 for hard coal and \$4.00 for soft."

Teacher: "Oh, but you must remember this book was authorized in 1902."

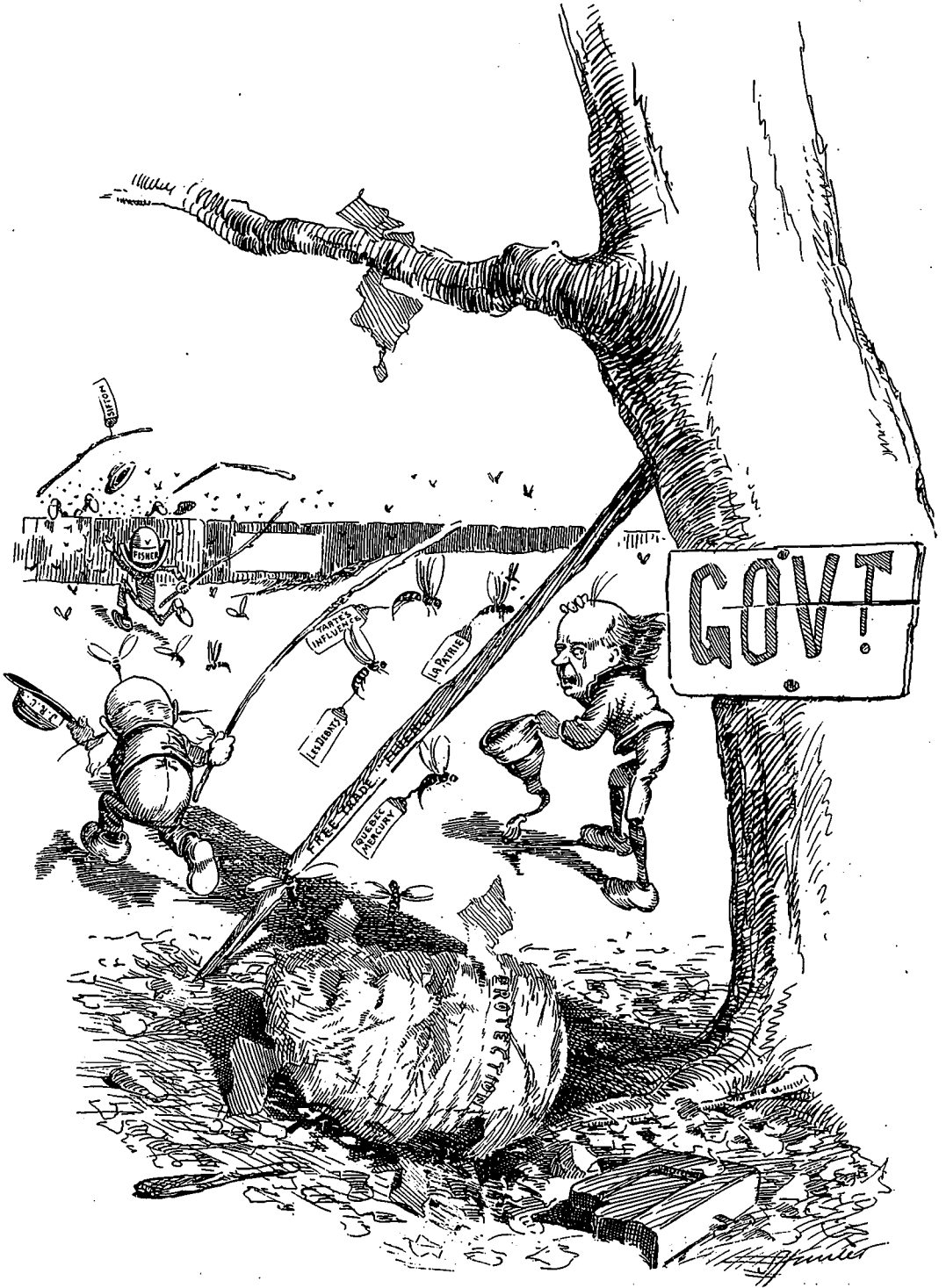


To be popular in Society with your girl friends, adopt a free and easy style of conversation.

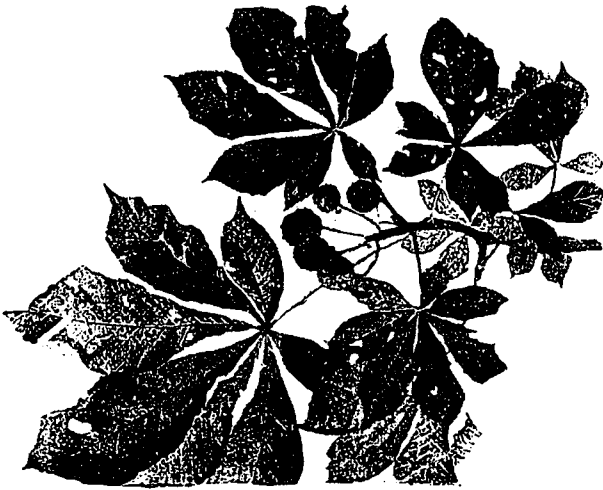
(Vide: "How to be popular in society." Prof. Jones.)

"As you say you can't waltz, Mr. Griggs, perhaps we had better sit this out—"

"Oh, no, I say I don't mind, I'll pull you round somehow or other. Besides, I am such a—er—such a lobster at sitting out, don't you know."



The Govt. boys endeavor to get rid of a menacing wasps' nest.



A Botanical specimen that has never been found in THE MOON.

Our Coat of Arms.

THE Whittaker family have had many ups and downs in life, but none so up and down as the difficulty of keeping track of the family tree. Our name wasn't always Whittaker. We only came to be known that way a few hundred years ago. We are not a bit stuck up about our descent, not like some folk, who go about boasting what an old and honored name they have, and yet so ignorant that not one of them could write their own obituary.

We have no definite knowledge of the family before the time of William the Conqueror, 1066. White came over with William and made his clothes for him and was quite a gentleman. He wasn't a tailor in the common way, and didn't make clothes for the riff-raff. William made him Sir Robert Shears White. His crest was a pair of shears rampant with a tape line tortuous on a shoddy field. The motto was: "Cut your cloth double, but sew it single."

Sir Robert Shears White left no male issue, but a daughter survived and married John Rude, Esq., of Hants, England, by whom she had two sons and two daughters. The local schoolmaster proved, that as four Roods make an Acre, they should get the permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury to change the name to Acker. The only surviving son took his grandfather's name and signed Oliver White Acker. He succeeded in taking the best of a neighbor's cattle while the neighbor was at church, or drunk, or something. The sale of the cattle yielded many pounds, and with them Oliver White Acker bought a commission in the English army. He got the contract to supply beef to the army, and by hiring an industrious and honest quartermaster, and paying him well, he succeeded in getting a receipt for three tierces of beef while only delivering one. He amassed a fortune, and succeeded in buying a title

and a coat of arms. The crest was three gilded balls with an armful of coats underneath. Motto: "200 per cent."

Oliver G. Whiteaker was the first of the clan to adopt modern methods in living the life of a blue-blooded gentleman. He bought land that contained minerals and harbor approaches with the money his father left him, and was always benevolent and kindly. He refused no poor and deserving person who wanted to dig in the mines or till the soil, if they engaged to give him toll of the product.

He sold himself the living of the parish of "Poor's-rates" and preached righteousness to a sinful world. He made his curate consecrate him the first Bishop of Beef and Beer. His crest was a dog in a manger, couchant. Arms: a windmill rampant. Motto: "Keep off the grass."

O. Greathead Whiteaker was the nephew and heir of the Bishop, and with his money bought a public-house on the road between York and London. He stood for King, Church and State, and was always in favor of industry. He played tennins in the afternoon, cards at night, and slept in the forenoon. His crest was a spigot couchant. Arms: a demijohn. Motto: "By industry we thrive."

The line had a slight break here, and only appears in the person of the great grandson of the publican, named Joshua Baker. Baker was loyal, and worked for the good of Old England and her best citizens, of whom he was the chief. To this end he took to showing travellers the road and best resting places. For his hire he took their purses and such jewelry as they possessed. He waxed great and was presented at Court, and was made the first Earl of Holduppe. His crest was a black mask. Arms: a pair of horse pistols. Motto: "Hold up your hands!"

"Josh," the Earl of Holduppe, tried his little pleantry one night, when he was not quick enough, and had to hold up his own, and was arrested. A bench of his peers found him "not guilty," but informed him that if he did it again they would not answer for the consequences. He left England for Virginia, where he could consort with gentlemen of his social position.

George O. Baker, a grandnephew, was a pious lad and decided to study for the ministry. To that end he went to an English college, and to avoid accidents dropped the B in the family name and took up the long lost "White," and soon took holy orders as Right Rev. George Oliver Whiteaker. His crest was a cane and gloves. Arms: an armchair and slippers. Motto: "Tis more blessed to receive than give."

Oliver Greathead Whittaker, grandson of the last-named, was a college-bred youth, and secured examination papers in advance by paying certain fees. He passed with honors, played rugby, cricket, got in debt, played horses, cards, polo, golf, played the devil with the wine merchants and the maidens, and yet came out of college knowing nearly as much as when he went in. Ran for Parliament and got elected without being convicted of bribery, promised his constituents everything and gave them nothing without their finding it out, and finally got a Government portfolio without knowing anything of the matter. Therefore he was called "Great-head." His crest was a ready-made smile. Arms: the glad hand. Motto: "What will you have?"

The other members of our family are too well known to need mention.

—O. G. WHITTAKER.

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