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The Next Act on the Programme.

The Professor : " Ladies and gentlemen, 'aving, before your presauance, transfer zis piece of pastry from ze 'at Torce to ze 'at Grit, I will transfer 'im now back again."

With Apologies to the Late Poet-Laureate.

WRITE, write, write,
To my mother-in-law, O wife,
And tell her I dared to wish for
A day of my former life.

Oh, well for the bachelor boy,
As he smokes his pipe in peace;
Oh, well for the prisoner,
As he dreams of his near release.

And the stately dames go on
With their vile match-making still;
But, oh, for a day of my former life
These hen-pecked hours to kill.

Write, write, write,
To my mother-in-law, O wife;
But, oh, for a bottle of Hollands gin,
Some bread and cheese and a knife.

O. T. DINNICK.

Vindicating His Honor.

MONSIEUR le Marquis, I have come to demand an explanation. You have for some time paid marked attention to my wife."

"Sagnisti! mon cher, Count, but it appears to be rather late in the day to raise any objections."

"Pardon, but you misunderstand me. The affair has been the talk of all Paris."

"Naturalment! I saw to that. I have my reputation as homme galant to sustain."

"Cela va sans dire. But now you have for some reason discontinued your attentions, and Angelique is inconsolable. Your neglect of her is causing a positive scandal, which reflects upon my honor. If you persist in this course I must demand satisfaction."

Lamentable Result of Inquisitiveness.

WHAT else is the latest? Well, lemme see. Oh, yes, —here 's a bit of news you'll probably not be surprised to hear: Jones and his wife had a separation this morning."

"Land sakes alive! Young Harry Jones and his wife separated, and I not likely to be surprised at hearing of it? Whatever do you mean?"

"Oh, well, I wasn't surprised when Jones told me about it. You see, they separated down town on the street. He went along to his office, and she took a run into the bargain-sale at Rushem's."

After which this poor man had a chance to read his evening paper without half-minute interruptions.

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

Vol. 2.

MARCH 21, 1903.

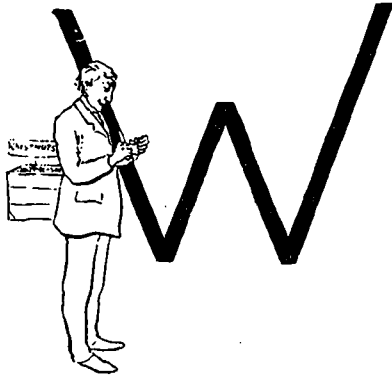
No. 43.

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.



WHEN Mr. Gamey made his now famous statement in the Ontario Legislature last week, everyone acquainted with Ontario politics was suddenly fil'ed with surprise, not by the statements, but by the excitement that they caused in the newspapers. One can well understand why the *Globe* should shudder

with holy horror—that is its privilege—but why should the Tory press become hysterical? Mr. Gamey's statements are such as could be made only by an inexperienced politician—a novice legislator. His chief charge is a chestnut—so old that it is not worth the opening.

A great crime has been committed, you say? Bosh! A bagatelle! Our province is disgraced? Pish! pish! Tut! tut! You have been reading those sensational papers. The papers have lost their heads. They soon will recognize the fact. Cease to take them seriously. Cultivate a calm, judicial mind. Imitate Mr. Ross. There is nothing to cause alarm. The clouds will blow over. But if they do not blow over—what matters it? We have thrived for years in a moral twilight. It is not uncongential. Let us make no radical change.

THE MOON wishes to call the attention of her readers to the fact that the real significance of Mr. Gamey's charges has been obscured by the yellowness of the Press. Mr. Gamey made merely the plain and quite commonplace statement that Mr. Stratton and other members of the Ross Government bought him for four thousand dollars—two thousand of which was swallowed up in brokers' fees. Is there anything in this to justify hysterics? Is there anything in it that can reflect unpleasantly on Mr. Stratton, on Mr. Ross, or on Mr. Ross's government? Surely not!

When we elected the Ross Government, last summer, we knew the men that we were electing. They were our choice. They are worthy representatives of the electors. If a slur is to be attached to anyone, it is to the elector, surely not to the victim of his election.

This talk of honor and reputation is utter rot. Honor! A bubble. Reputation! A fig. "Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving." But granting, for the sake of reaching a convincing conclusion, that honor and reputation are not what Shakespeare called them, what has Messrs. Ross, Stratton & Company to do with them? Clearly, nothing. The responsibility of proving that Mr. Gamey's trivial charges are false does not rest with these gentlemen. The people of Ontario must decide whether or not the charges are a reflection on our ideas of honor. THE MOON cannot see that the charges are of sufficient importance to warrant investigation, or even comment. Granted that they are true—what matters it? It amounts to nothing more serious than political corruption; and political corruption, if it progress at its present rate, will soon be considered a virtue. What was wrong yesterday, is right to-day—and to-morrow will be glorious. Away with hypocrisy and cant. Let us be honest knaves. Let us, by our boldness and fearlessness, manufacture our own peculiar brand of virtue from what in other countries is left to rot as waste material. Let us be modern. Let us progress. And, above all else, let us always remember publicly to thank God that we are so much better than our neighbors. This last advice is not needed—but let it pass.

IT is often inconvenient to be a great man. He is always sure to have the misfortune to know that an endless string of smart things that he never did will be told of him—as a rule, much to his discredit. But the unpleasantness of knowing that one will leave a great name behind one is as nothing when compared to the horror that one that is sure of being a saint must feel.

Take Saint Patrick as an example. Think of the load that rests upon his shoulders! Why, last Tuesday's drunks, alone, must crush the old man in his grave. And to think that this will go on forever! Poor Saint Patrick, how he must regret that he forgot to banish the snakes of imagination with the others!

THE only part of the whole Gamey affair that can insult the pride and dignity of the people of Ontario is the price that Mr. Gamey accepted. Besides injuring our self-respect—which proves its severity—this blow may prove to be a national calamity. Uncle Sam will now put us down at two thousand dollars a man. At this rate for men and women, and one thousand for children, we should receive only about three or four billions for our whole country—an absurd price. Our only chance is to say that Mr. Gamey must not be taken as a fair sample, as it was known to the purchasers that he would be somewhat damaged in transit.

Portraits by Moonlight.



ELBERT HUBBARD.

Brief Personal Sketches by Famous Americans.

I AM Hubbard, the East Aurora genius; and besides me there are and have been a few others: Shakespeare, William Morris, St. Jerome, Ali Baba.

I was born less than fifty years ago, and will die less than fifty years hence; but the nineteenth century knew me, the twentieth century is talking about me, and all future centuries will make little journeys to East Aurora.

East Aurora is a small place, but famous. It was not always famous, and I have not always lived here. Buffalo and Niagara Falls are not far away, and many people who come to East Aurora visit those places incidentally.

At the Roycroft we use our heads, our hearts, and our hands to make things. We make books, statues, furniture, friends, enemies, and money. My employees do the actual work of book, statue, and furniture making, but the others I make myself. Some of the things we make are very valuable. Our fine *de luxe* volumes in sheep pelt, turned the other side out, and our friends who invite us to make after-dinner speeches at \$100 and expenses—these are well worth the making. Some of our enemies come pretty high, too.

The *Philistine* (circulation 100,000) is my little Magazine of Protest; and it has been the cause of a great deal of protesting in other magazines, in newspapers, and in the pulpit. But why not? We are a common brotherhood. I live by protesting against the grafts of others; let others live by protesting against my graft. See?

There are some bright things in the *Philistine*, besides what I write myself—spicy, interesting advertisements, and, occasionally, a little poetry; not the ordinary watery

magazine effusions, but condensed, sparkling gems. Here is a sample:

Fra Elbert Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get his poor sculptor a bone;
But when he got there,
The cupboard was bare—
Ali Baba had been there alone.

Besides all this, I am the author of a number of books and things. *Little Journeys*—quite little, but in fair-sized volumes; *Time and Chance*—some things in it may by chance be true; *Old John Burroughs*—John says East Aurora and Slabsides are the only places in the world that really count; *No Enemy but Himself*—a novel for the elect. (The elect are the people who think I am IT).

I am also the author of the Hubbard Squash, and *A Message to Garcia*.

The Garcia article leaped from my brain like Peace from the broken skull of the Filipino. A listening world shall know how it was written.

We were at the supper table, dining on grape-nuts. Sanford (age 15, weight 176) sat at my right with his shirt on. Bert was at my left, and had already eaten four plates of the Michigan brain food. Baba was opposite, clamoring for beef.

"Grape-nuts be —!" said Ali, "Give me beef! Why can't we have beef?"

"Peace, brother," said I, gently, "it is the Beef Trust."

"Then," he shouted tragically, "Baba defies the Beef Trust!"

Rushing from the house, he seized a long pole and summoned the artist; then, striking an attitude before the shop, Baba, the fiery genius of East Aurora, defied the Beef Trust. (See catalogue.)

Thus is history made at East Aurora.

But to come back to Garcia—Bert, stimulated by the grape-nuts, evolved a thought, which he succeeded in expressing. He said, "Garcia is a hero." Then inspiration fell upon me, and hastily taking another mouthful of the thought feed, I ran to my room and wrote as never man wrote before. And ere the last grape-nut had been swallowed *A Message to Garcia* was a Thing Done.

Nothing has ever circulated like *A Message to Garcia*. Sixteen million copies were distributed to the employees of the Buffalo-East Aurora Trolley line, and ten times as many more have been sold in America alone. It has been translated in 741 languages and dialects, and may be found in the libraries of native Chinese, Filipinos, Zulus, Kaffirs, Bushmen, Eskimos, and Presbyterians.

My greatest object in life is to uplift mankind. One man cannot uplift all mankind, but I am making a supreme effort to elevate one, and I am going up rapidly. I believe in humanity. If it were not for humanity my graft could not succeed. See?

Simpson: "I don't see why any man should pray to be made good."

Thomson: "Why not?"

Simpson: "Because he is nearer to the job himself."



Miss Gush : " I thought, my dear, you were not going to read any humorous papers during Lent."

Miss Bush : " Oh, that's all right, dear. This is only a copy of *Life*."

Heather's Ladies' Column.



may be excused if I devote some of my time to the

OMETIMES I feel I shall succumb to the nervous strain of writing this column! The thought of all the dear girls who so eagerly watch for my advice is at times paralyzing to a mind that is sensitive in the extreme. This may excuse an occasional lapse into what, to some, may seem frivolity, and, as at present I am bracing myself for the usual Spring columns of serious talk upon the sacred subject of "What to Wear to be Fashionable," I

relaxing description of a church sociable.

Of course I know that church sociables are as a rule rather frumpy, but this one was quite a new departure, and decidedly chic. No doubt you will at once guess that I refer to the Dickens Tea Meeting held in the lecture room of the Straight Street Church.

I adore Dickens. I know an awful lot about him, and I'm never tired of writing it down. When I get to the end of what I know I shall begin to write about what I think, then about what other people ought to think, and I shall never get to the end of *that*.

Well, this was a Dickens Tea Meeting. It was necessary to have a tea meeting of some kind, because Doctor Spouter said he *would not* preach to a church that owed a coal bill. He said it was dishonest to owe a coal bill, and after the increase in his salary was reckoned with there was left only enough to pay his daughter her salary as organist. So they had to hustle to do something about the coal bill.

The Dickens idea was mine, and it went through because nobody could agree about anything else. My idea was to have every table represent a book, all the eatables being the eatables mentioned in that book, and the waiters in the costumes of the principal characters; every lady to have a gentleman assistant.

I, myself, had charge of the "Barnaby Rudge" Table, in the costume of *Dolly Varden*, with Phil Harmonic as *Joe Willet*. My gown was the sweetest thing you ever saw, only I am afraid I shall have to economize in the matter of collection for some time, also, as children were charged full price, Gustavus Adolphus and Medora had to remain at home.

We had a hot discussion at one of the meetings as to whether we should admit the character of *Little Emily*, and it was finally decided that, as the thing was strictly a church affair, we really *couldn't*. Miss Blatherskite was awfully mad about it, and said if she couldn't be *Little Emily* she wouldn't have anything to do with it. We tried to induce her to be *Agnes Wickfield*, but she would not. She said *Agnes* made her sick. We had trouble over *Nancy Sykes*, too. Miss Golddust was determined to be *Nancy*, because she is so picturesque, and Harry Van Cravanett would make such a lovely *Bill*. We



Making a Clean Breast of it.

necessity to the best life of any church, and if you are very careful, and have clever people on your committees, you can run it through without anything worse than a few anonymous letters.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Anxious—No, I cannot advise you as to what church to attend. If you really wish my advice you must write me again, letting me know your line of business, the amount of your income, and the quality of your social aspirations.
—HEATHER.

Seasonable Self-Denial.

Borax: "Do you consider 'Tom-Tom' a good book?"
Samjones: "Yes, very good. It keeps (sighs deeply) borrowed."

hated to offend her, because her father is expected to die soon and leave a nice sum for the new rectory. But several of the married ladies said that they would not allow their daughters to come if they were to be corrupted by the sight of *Nancy*, picturesque or otherwise, and Miss Golddust went off in a huff. Doctor Spouter promised to speak to her and offer her the part of *Esther*, in "Bleak House," with Harry as *Harold Skimpole*. I had quite a time securing my own character. Three resigned from the committee because I got in ahead of them, and two more are so mad that they won't speak.

I have said enough to show you how careful we were. One can't be too careful in church affairs; the world is so censorious, and so ready to think evil. Only those whose literary characters were beyond reproach were permitted, and if the others were more conspicuous by their absence, that wasn't our fault.

After the tea we had Dickens readings upstairs in the body of the church. These also were carefully expurgated by Doctor Spouter himself. It was hard work. *Sam Weller* cost him much serious thought, and finally he expurgated him altogether. In spite of this, you will be surprised to hear that the Misses de Votion objected. They said that they couldn't stand the thought of such an entertainment in the church, and, though they attended the tea meeting, they did so under protest, and did not go upstairs at all. They have withdrawn their subscription to the missionary society.

Altogether we took in about \$200, and our expenses were only about \$150. Of course, we have lost a few members and all hope of old Golddust's legacy. Half of the remaining members won't speak to the other half, and the coal bill still looms upon the horizon. Nevertheless, I always feel that a social evening like this is a

Mose Raised the Loan.



THOUGHT you told me you'd got a new and steady job, Mose, and yet here you are wanting to borrow another dollar!"

"So I did, boss; so I did. I done got a place as secon' butler, but—well, I isn't got it now."

"How did you come to lose it?"

"Oh, I didn't come to lose it no how. I hung right on to dat billet, but de folks, dey done tuck it frumme. See?"

"No—I don't see. What was the trouble?"

"Well, boss, I guess I'se got to revile de secret. De rusons superinjooicin' my retirement was dat I aint pat 'nuff on de sausages of perlite sassiety."

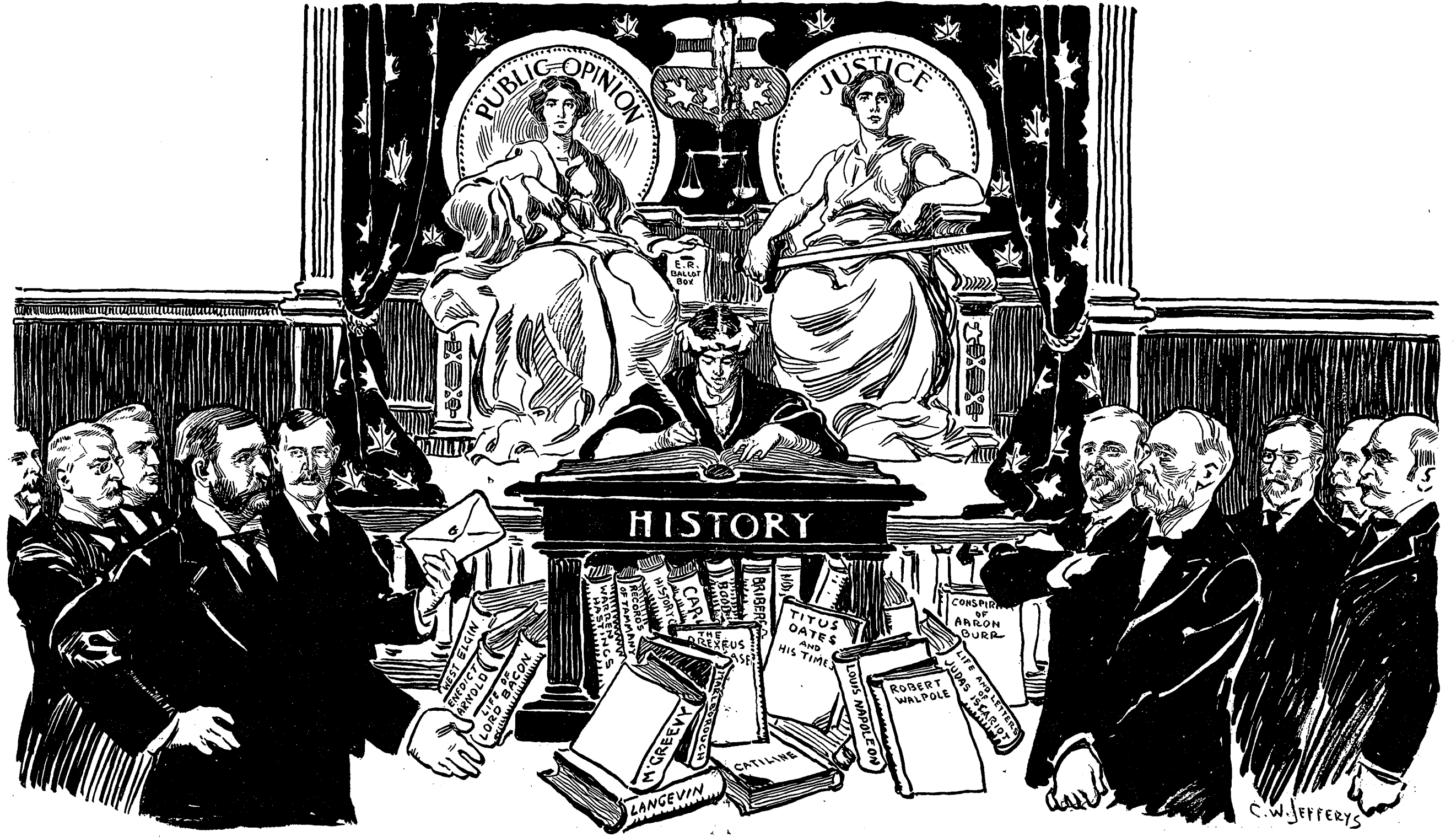
"'Usages' you mean. Well, where did you lack?"

"On grammar, boss, on grammar. I was shy on de plural business—dat's grammar, aint it?"

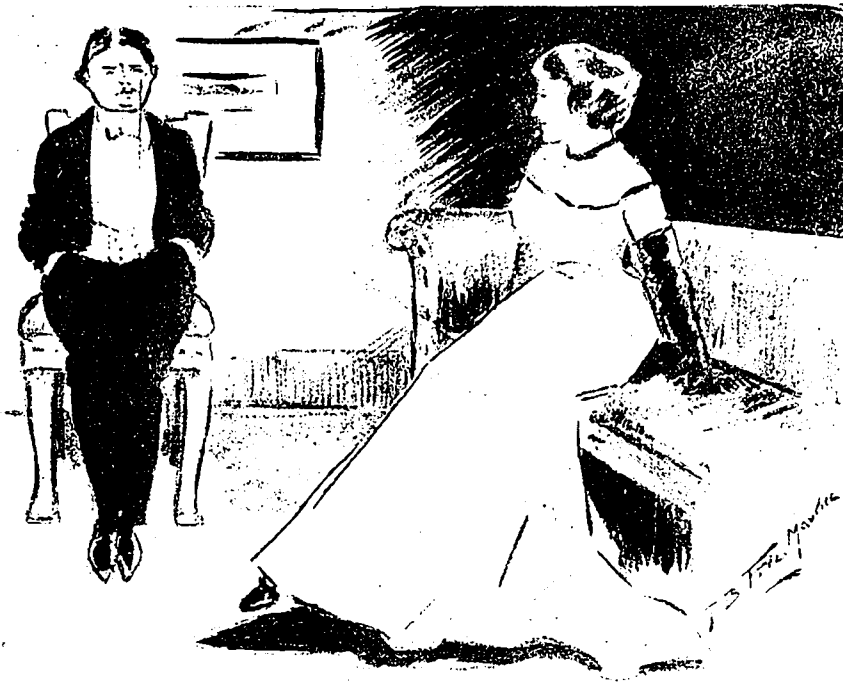
"Go on!"

"You see, de folks gin a gran' party. I was ahelpin' at de reception. My turn was to stan' at de drawin'-room door an' denounce de guests as dey loomed up. I never made no bad break till I run up agin' a couple of pasteboards dat read: 'Miss Evelyn Fitte' an' 'Miss Gladys Fitte.' As it happened dey wus a pa'r of ol' gals, an' co'se, I shed a' bin mighty keerful. My cue wus to open de door an' exclaim in mellow tones: 'De Misses Fitte!' Say, what you think I done call out? Why: 'De Miss Fittes'! Sho'!—Eh?—er—how's dat, boss? Oh, thank you, thank you! If I doan' pay dis back in coin, I'll wo'k it out buckin' wood. Yes, yes! I aint up on grammar—dat's straight."
—T.W.T.

THE MOON



The Final Court of Appeal.



“You seem to know a lot about married life, Mr. Smiff. Are you married?”
 “No, but my father was.”

The Ontario Cabinet Council.



ROSS : Gentlemen, this is a terrible state of affairs! There's no use trying to conceal the fact that our position is desperate.

Gibson : We all realize that, but we've done everything to meet the crisis by heading off a full investigation by the House, which would have been fatal, and substituting a judicial commission. We must hope for the best.

Ross : It's only putting it off for three weeks.

Gibson : Three weeks, Mr. Premier! Three months, more likely. We must never let them finish much short of that. Why you don't half appreciate the advantages of a judicial tribunal. We must raise technical objections at every stage, and obtain frequent adjournments on one pretext or other. By the time a decision is reached, the effect of the disclosures on the public mind will have worn off.

Stratton : Oh, it'll blow over!

Harcourt : Blow over, indeed! Blow us over, more likely. It's an awful disclosure.

Stratton : What are you fellows all belly-aching over anyway? I ain't losing any sleep over it. Have you

future of the party is at stake.

Harcourt : If you had any sense of honor or the obligations you owe to your colleagues, you would send in your resignation at once. (Hear, hear.)

Davis : That course should be insisted on. But it seems that we need not expect the Provincial Secretary to be actuated by the sentiments of a gentleman.

Stratton : Has any other brother any remarks to make for the good of the order? If not, perhaps brother Davis will lead in prayer. (Several voices—Shame! Shame!) Beg pardon, gentlemen, but really for the moment your lugubrious expressions and sanctimonious utterances led me to fancy I was in a prayer-meeting, or some similar gathering. The Premier says that the time has come for plain speaking. I agree with him. Let's get down to hard-pan. What's the use, between ourselves, of all this cant about honor and reputation and right feeling, and all the rest of it! We're practical politicians, I take it. You'd like me to resign just to save yourselves. Well, as I said before, I won't do it. We stand or fall together. You know well enough that if you were to force the issue I could drag you all down with me, and by Heavens I'd do it. If the Premier wishes it, I don't mind handing in my resignation, purely as a matter of form—but I dare you to accept it.

Ross : Oh, to think of the humiliation to which I have been subjected by this man! Why, sir, did you have the

got no sporting blood in you at all? We played to win, and we've been winning right along until now, and just because we stand to lose on this deal you're all blubbering and whining like a lot of children. It's all in the game.

Ross : Mr. Stratton, the time has come for plain speaking. I am shocked, horrified, not only at the charge itself, but at your attitude since the disclosure, at the utter callousness, and want of proper feeling displayed in your remarks. You forget, sir, that the honor of the Cabinet is involved.

Gibson : It is shameful that you, who have got us into this difficulty, should sit there and indulge in disgraceful levity, when our reputation and the

assurance to tell me that you were innocent of the charge, and get me to commit myself by a denial on the floor of the House?

Stratton: Every man is innocent till he's proved guilty, isn't he! You're anticipating the decision of the judges. If I were to admit my guilt by resigning, I would be showing a want of respect for the judiciary. Ha! ha!

Gibson: What brazen effrontery! Why, you have admitted it to us.

Stratton: Oh, that's not official. But, why are you all jumping on me? Was I acting for myself? Do you mean to say, Mr. Premier, that you didn't know, all the time, what was going on? You're a nice lot of hypocrites and frauds. Want Jim Stratton to do the dirty work to keep you in office, while you wink hard with both eyes, and pretend to know nothing about it, and then, when he gets caught, you hold up your hands in holy horror and want to throw him over to save yourselves. Oh, no, you don't! We're all in the same boat.

Ross: Your imputation is a vile slander. I knew nothing of your attempt to bribe Gamey.

Stratton: Oh, no, officially you knew nothing, and you knew nothing of any election funds either, I suppose! And you gave away millions of acres in New Ontario to the Clergue syndicate and Mackenzie & Mann, purely from the most patriotic motives. And you'd be very much surprised and indignant to learn that they put a few hundred thousand at our disposal to carry the election, would'nt you! Bah!

Gibson: But, to go and bribe a member of the House!

Stratton: You're the last man that should say a word. Why, you were the heaviest man we had to carry in the elections—you and your shady corporation deals, and your eternal championing of monopolists. I don't say that we shouldn't stand by our friends, but you are always ready to back up any kind of a corporation or a syndicate graft, even if we don't get a cent out of them. If your name hadn't stunk in the nostrils of the people we wouldn't have needed to buy up Gamey. You're a nice man to put in your yawp.

Harcourt: Such language is positively indecorous.

Stratton: Well, I don't propose to lay down and let you fellows walk over me the way you've been doing, or to allow myself to be treated as the black sheep of the flock, when you're all as deep in the mud as I am. Brace up, gentlemen, we'll pull through all right, if we keep a stiff upper lip. The *Globe* will stand by us through anything, so will the *Hamilton Times*, the *London Advertiser*, and all the rest. The party is a little bit scared now, but as soon as the first shock is over they'll rally to our support

all right, as they have done time and again before. I think this little talk has cleared the air a little. Now, let's stick together, put on a bold front, and trust to the Judicial Commission, and the country may yet be safe.

A Timely Rescue.

When I was in London last summer, I was riding on a bus, and taking in the sights of the city. Just behind the driver, sat a couple. The young woman evidently knew nothing of the great city; the young man knew little more, but the young woman wanted to know everything. She was told that the Brompton Oratory was St. Paul's Cathedral, that St. George's Hospital was Buckingham Palace, and she collected a lot of curious mis-information about the Hotel Cecil, which had changed places with the Law Courts. The driver fidgeted, and nearly lost his way. At last, as we came up Ludgate Hill, the young woman caught sight of the statue of Queen Anne. "Now, who is that?" she demanded. The young man hesitated. But the driver could contain himself no longer. "Don't lose 'eart, gov'nor," he said over his shoulder, "don't lose 'eart. Say it's Marie Lloyd."

TOMMY.



He will be too Sore.

Mr. Whitney (preparing to clip the Phoenix' wings): "You've risen from several 'hot-beds,' but you won't soar far this time."

The Politician and the Doughnuts.

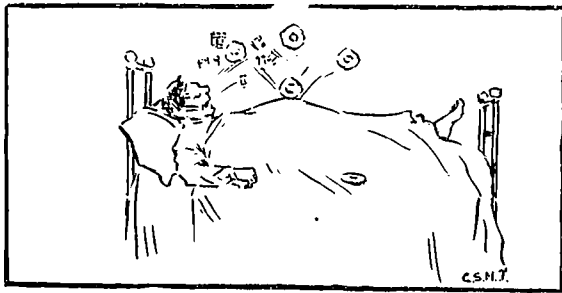


The cook she took some fair sized holes,
And wrapped around them rings of dough ;
Then in a pan she placed her rolls,
And fried them o'er the fire's hot glow.

The politician took the place
Assigned him in the festal hall,
First bowed his head in seeming grace,
Then ate those doughnuts, holes and all.

That night he dreamed that he was told
He'd reached a realm where honor reigned ;
Where votes were neither bought nor sold,
Nor sinecures unjustly gained.

He writhed in politicians' hell,
Enwrapped in nightmare's dismal robe,
Until the postman rang the bell,
And handed in his morning *Globe*. —Sigma.



Long Needed.

HE following advertisement has been handed to us, but before publishing it at usual rates, we submit it for the inspection of our readers, so that we may ascertain if it will meet with public approval :—

The Political and General Guarantee and Surety Co. Incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, and licensed to do business in Canada under R.S.O.

President, Capt. Mulligan,
Bankers, Cold Cash & Co.

Solicitors, The Benchers of Bear's Inn.

The Company will act for the individual or The Party to,—

Guarantee delivery of purchased votes

when paid in advance.

Guarantee payment of votes when payment is deferred.

Act for Ministers of the Crown so that their message or offer may be conveyed to the right party, yet the identity of the sender be concealed.

Furnish evidence in Election Petitions. Reliable witnesses always on hand at reasonable rates.

Private ballot boxes supplied with duplicating attachment.

Offices and franchises negotiated.

Character of heelers guaranteed.

Conferences arranged. Charges moderate. Special advance agents—Mumm & Co.

N.B.—Orders from Gore Bay district will be subject to a premium charge of 20%.

Regarding our standing with business people, we submit the following :—

“Regret we had not heard of you before.” Yours, Political pull—North Oxford.

The Political and General Guarantee and Surety Co :—“We regret to say, Gents, your system—was *not* the one we employed in our riding.”—South Oxford.

The Political and General Guarantee and Surety Co :—“Please send us your best prices for Cash.”—North Renfrew.

The Political and General Guarantee and Surety Co :—“Sirs,—Had we employed your system, we feel assured we would not now be in a hole.”—West Peterboro Ass'n.

Manitoulin, Ont., March 18th, '03.

The Political and General Guarantee and Surety Co :—“Sirs,—Please send us the price of Puts and Calls on our political chances during the ensuing month.”—Manitoulin Ass'n.

A Great Team!

“Your hand, brother!” said the boneless Codfish to the Wireless Telegraphy, as the latter set foot on the bleak Newfoundland shore. “In the march of scientific progress we two make a pretty fair stir.”

“My cook may order my wife to leave ; the plumbers may hold me up for their Union wages ; my Union ice-man may give all manner of impudence ; my char-woman may strike for a three hour day ; but never, gentlemen, never (and the sly wit gave a haughty glance) never will I allow my typewriter to dictate to me.”

First School-boy : “Say, Willie, why does the morning-glories close up when the night comes ?”

Second School-boy : “Well, I don't pretend to know de exact reason, but I heard my pa talkin about an early-closing by-law, an' I guess dat's at de bottom of it all.”



The Canadian Book of Snobs.

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

INTRODUCTORY.

To undertake to deal with the subject of snobs and snobbery in general would place the writer at a hopeless disadvantage entailed by a comparison with Thackeray's masterpiece. No author, no matter how youthful or inexperienced (this is not original) could hope to approach him in the study which he made peculiarly his own. Nevertheless, there are certain specially Canadian developments in the direction of snobbery for which the colonial atmosphere appears particularly favorable, in which Thackeray, had the opportunity been accorded him, would have found material for yet more mordant satire than that of his famous treatise. The following chapters do not even profess to be an imitation—the resemblance to the work of Thackeray will be found to go no further than the title.

CHAP. I.

THE POLITICAL SNOB.

Politics naturally comes first in Canada, and it is in this sphere that snobbery attains its height. The essence of snobbery, according to Thackeray's definition, is a “mean admiration of mean things”—and during the entire career of the Canadian politician, from the time when glowing with the enthusiasm of youth he cast his maiden ballot until he reaches the grave—or the Senate—with half the alphabet after his name, and a place on the directorate of seventeen corporations, he has presented for his veneration a succession of mean things which he must ostensibly admire—or bid good-bye to his hopes of political advancement. For the credit of human intelligence, it is to be hoped that his admiration is assumed in most cases, but it is a nice question whether a man, by being a hypocrite, makes himself less of a snob. He has to admire his party leader, even if that leader be a Tupper or a Ross. He has to admire his party, to extol its virtues, to profess faith in its purity—even though the very same issue of the *Daily Whooper*, which records his eloquent vindication of his party, contains in the next column the report of an election trial, showing how they debauched a constituency. He has not merely to commit himself unreservedly to all the existing doctrines of the party, but has to hold himself in readiness to accept implicitly any new departure that the leaders may see fit to take. And here is one of the distinctive and peculiar



She: “What is the difference between talent and genius, anyway?”
He: “About six inches in the cut of the hair, as far as I can see.”

features of Canadian political snobbery as compared with the milder brand of the same article elsewhere. English politicians, no matter how hidebound, reserve a certain freedom of individual action upon new issues. They cannot be stampeded *en masse* at the word of command. But the Canadian politician is prepared to swallow anything and everything—at the dictation of the caucus, or rather of the inner circle that controls the caucus. Witness the landslide in favor of so-called “protection to native industry,” just as soon as Sir John Macdonald had made up his mind that it would be an effective election cry. Previously not 5 per cent. of the party had had a word in its favor, but as soon as the “chieftain” gave the word, the whole party swung into line. “It’s a d—d sharp curve—but I’ll take it,” wrote the editor of the *London Free Press*. The curve must be very sharp that the average Canadian politician refuses to take when the party magnates give the signal.

The political snob has no ideals beyond cheap, temporary success. To get elected, to get office, to hold office, no matter how or by what tortuous or devious ways, is his sole end and aim. It would probably be unjust to accuse him of being ready to sacrifice his principles. Let us, my brethren, be fair, even when speaking of a snob,

and remember that he really never had any principles—never anything but professions, which are merely the counters in the game.

He has, or affects, a profound admiration for every opinion or movement or cause which he can utilize to advance himself, and an equally profound contempt for anything in the nature of a conviction of principle which hasn't votes behind it. He looks upon his church connection, his society affiliations, and the moral reform movements on which he bestows his patronage, providing they are sufficiently strong to be worth encouraging, simply as so many political assets. Of course, he is first and foremost truly loyal. Here let us be fair again—it is well to be fair occasionally—and to call attention to the fact, because it imparts an air of candor to your statements. It would be wrong to say that the political snob is loyal to gain votes, because his opponent can be just as loyal as he is. It's quite an easy graft to work, but its very simplicity has impaired its utility, and where everybody that amounts to anything is fairly effervescing and bubbling over with loyalty it becomes an even thing all round. So the political snob is an ardent Imperialist simply because he has to be.

Now, there really are many admirable things about British institutions—freedom of speech, for instance; the respect shown to the rights of minorities; the existence of a public opinion apart from partyism and personal interest—such as does not exist in Canada. But for these things the snob politician has no admiration. What appeals to his snobbish nature are the meaner features of British public life, the brutal greed of the plutocracy, the senseless pomp and parade of court ceremonials in the midst of starving thousands, the truculence and aggressiveness of Britain's foreign policy when directed by a cad like Chamberlain. Considering how essentially contemptible all these things are, it is probable that the snob politician's loyalty is sincere, though not very deep-seated, or nearly so strong as his self interest. This was very plainly shown in the case of Mr. Tarte. When he stood up in protest against Laurier's truckling to the factitious Jingo outcry at the outset of the South-African War of spoliation, every Jingo cur in the country yelped at his heels; but when a year or two after the same Mr.

Tarte fell out with the party he loomed up large as a statesman and a patriot in the eyes of his erstwhile defamers. They were perfectly ready to take back the unrepentant "traitor" to their bosoms to gain a petty party advantage.

The subject is not nearly exhausted, but the writer is, so that must suffice for the political snob.

In Quest of Novelty.

Goodly: "Won't you come and hear Rev. Hooper Rupp preach on original sin?"

Blawzay: "By Jove, I believe I will for once! I've committed all the old familiar sins, and it would be positively refreshing to hear of something new."

Knew It Was Some Millionaire.

Customer: "Have you 'A Golden Vanderbilt?'"

Bookseller: "No, madam. Never heard of the book. But perhaps you mean 'A Yellow Aster?'"

Customer: "That's it. I knew it was about some of the Four Hundred."

Much to be Pitied.

Pilgarlic: "Business is terribly uncertain. They say that there are only three merchants out of every hundred who do not fail."

Abrahams: "Vell! Vell! Id vas too pad about dem tree fellers, eh?"

Unprecedented.

Frenchman: "Ah, some of your countrymen are *brutale!*"

Wild Wester: "Why, what have any of them done to you?"

Frenchman: "Done to me? Vy, I did fight a duel with an American, and he tried to kill me!"

Is There Any Other?

Beezletop: "What is the difference between a fad and a principle?"

Sinnick: "A fad, dear boy, becomes a principle when it is put in the platform of one of the regular parties."

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Benefits Paid During the Year 1902.

CLASS OF CLAIMS	NUMBER	AMOUNT
Insurance or Mortuary	1,272	\$1,452,068.03
Expectation of Life	2	1,600.00
Total and Permanent Disability	148	97,367.50
Old Age Disability	130	17,600.00
Sickness	8,774	166,882.64
Funeral	259	12,832.88
Totals	10,585	\$1,748,351.05

Average Benefit Payments, 1902

Average Daily Payment for Benefits During the year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays). **\$5,585.78**

Average Hourly Payment for Benefits During the year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays) allowing 10 working hours to the day. **\$558.57**

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order.

Insurance or Mortuary	\$10,621,823.59
Total and Permanent Disability	532,706.76
Old Age Disability	53,970.28
Sick and Funeral	1,523,155.84
Grand Total	\$12,731,656.47

And while these Magnificent Payments were being made the **BENEFIT FUNDS CONTINUED TO ACCUMULATE.**

Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1902... **\$5,261,831.52**
 " " 1st January, 1908... **6,070,663.48**
 Increase during the year 1902 **808,831.96**

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to any officer or member.

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