

\$2 Per Annum.

The Millionaire buys a new Coal Scuttle.

Price 5 Cents

What the Press Says

THE BRIGHT MOON.

"The Moon" of last week has some very bright beams. The cartoons by Hunter, Racey and Jeffreys are admirable, while the smaller skits and sketches are bright and clever. "The Moon" is essentially Canadian in spirit and ought to prove a good antidote to the bitant stuff poured into Canada from the United States. "The Moon" is said to have made a very good start already. It certainly merits a generous patronage in Canada.

Broadwell Jones

THE MAIL AND EMPIRE,

I make my bow to the Moon. I saw her in the full and over my left shoulder. Great, therefore, shall be my luck this month. Frankly, I am delighted that we are going to have a comic paper of our own. Life is such a biting, sneering little rat of a paper at all things concerning our British Empire, our flag, ourselves, that I am glad to see we are starting a "comic" of our own, and as the Moon is so very far above Life, she can see all the joke of it, the folly, the satire, the melodrama of the little anthill called earth. Again, my bow to you, O Moon, also one small subscription, for, to tell the truth, I am a trifle afraid of you. The paper is a capital one and spares nobody—while it is genial in its satire. All the same, I tell you a snowball from the Moon is calculated to give us a shock now and then. Did you see the Magnates on the first page? If not, why not?

Kit

THE MOON SHINES

"The Moon," of Toronto, the new comic weekly, has a good issue for last week. The title-page cartoon shows Sir William Minto holding the post-office, marked behind the mail, and saying "I got this English letter for you." There are eighteen of these bright sketches and a quantity of original work in some very good style.

—The man in The Moon (published weekly in Toronto) evidently knows his business, and The Moon gives out a good many things that are not moonshine.

Spencer Leonard

A NEW MOON
 Welcome to the New Moon! A brand new luminary has appeared in Laughter-Land, Toronto, its home, but it will shed effulgent rays of wit and humor all over this broad continent.
 Different from our old friend, the Lady Moon, this New Moon sports no borrowed rays. "New goods and clever" is its motto.
 "It is a neat little magazine, full from cover to cover, of bright, clever sketches and fun, and in a practical way should join in a practical Canadian comic magazine. What will it not be, when it is a "full" Moon?"
 "It has been discovered that the man in the Moon is not so far off as Racey thought."

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

Three Months for Twenty-Five Cents.

To new subscribers we will send THE MOON on trial for three months on receipt of Twenty-Five Cents.

THE MOON from NOW until end of 1903 for Two Dollars.

Sample copies and subscription blanks on application.

Fill in the blank below and enclose your subscription.

N.B.—Money should be sent only by Registered Letter, P. O. Money Order, or Express Money Order.

THE MOON PUBLISHING COMPANY,

48 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO.

Gentlemen,—

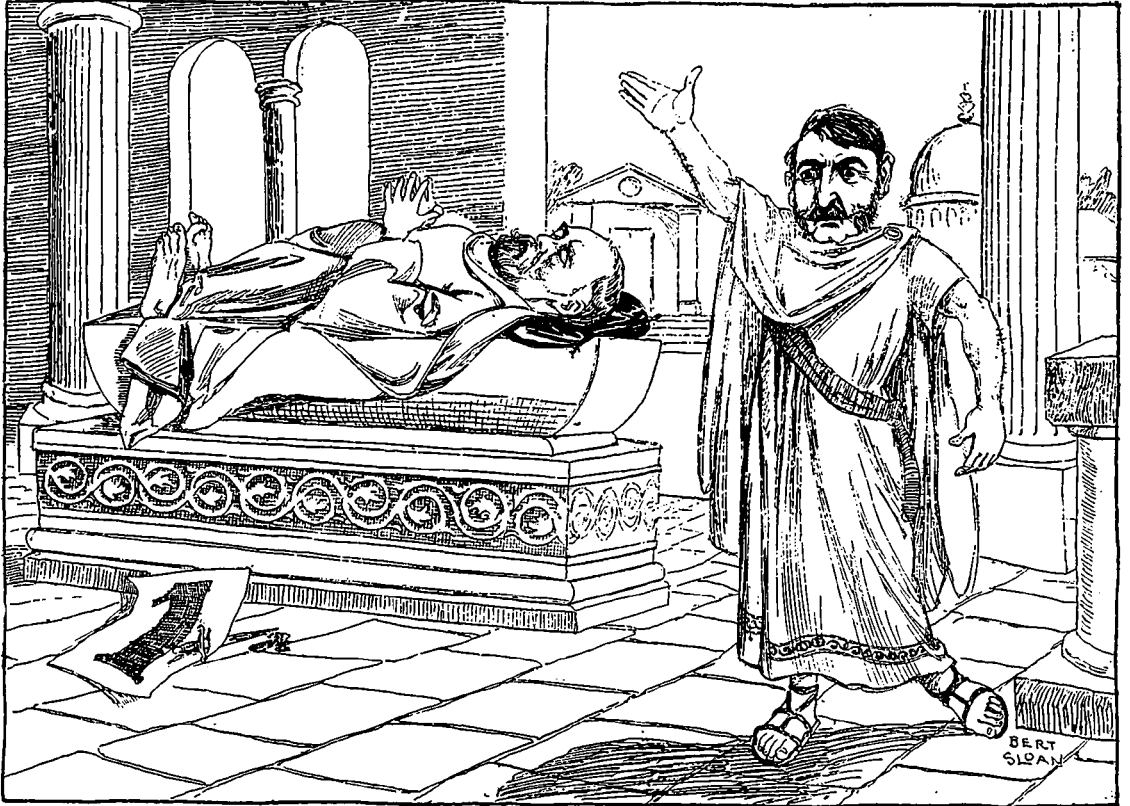
I enclose Two Dollars, for which please send me THE MOON from current number until end of 1903.

Name

Address

Date

PRICE,—5 Cents per Copy ; Two Dollars per Year ; One Dollar for Six Months.



Scenes from Shakespere.

Mark Anthony Whitney: "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."—*Julius Cæsar.*

When Wilfrid Comes.

When he comes home, will he proceed
A lecture stiff and stern to read
On loyalty to chief abroad?
Will Israel know the chastening rod,
When Wilfrid comes?

Or

When Wilfrid's here, will Clifford find
That Cobden medal left behind
And he, the young Napoleon,
With Richard, in the rear, alone,
When Wilfrid comes?

Or

Will Wilfrid greet, with features bland,
A happy and harmonious band,
Applaud this bluff as lawful art,
At Sifton winking, and at Tarte,
When Wilfrid comes?

—N. W. C.

A Wealth of Satire.

Awkward Nurse (with elephantine playfulness): "Now, suppose we agree to look on this not as a hospital, but as a great university, from which, in due time, you may expect to gra—"

Patient (who has recently seen three fellow sufferers succumb): "More loike it's a finishin' school for most of us, mum."

Rapid Transit.

Young Man: "Did you have any recreation in your work? For instance, did you have baseball?"
African Missionary: "Not of the regular type. I did, however, make several excellent runs from my base."

Mrs. Jasper: "My dear, I think that joke you got off about that mineral water was in bad taste."
Jasper: "Well, so was the water."

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

Vol. 1. OCTOBER 11, 1902. No. 20.

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.

FOR months past the situation in the Pennsylvania coal fields has been becoming steadily worse, till now the temper of the people of the United States very strongly resembles that of the people of France before the great revolution, which sent Louis XVI and hundreds of thousands of his subjects to the block.

What body of men so closely resembles the nobility of France as does the united coal barons of the United States? The resemblance is perfect in almost every particular. The arrogance of the millionaire is possibly greater than was that of the French nobles, but they do not seem to have the support of their chief executive, as had the Frenchmen.

Purse-proud and insolent, President Baer and his colleagues march blindly on, while their ex-employees, in the strength of their union no longer humble and submissive, grimly dig the graves of the autocrats, and await results.

A fool is a fool still, no matter how many examples he may have to teach him. Blindness cannot be cured by danger signals.

In their interview with the President of the United States, Baer and his fellows carried things with a high hand, as was expected. Mr. Roosevelt was courteous, unassuming and fair. He disclaimed any legal right to interfere between the operators and their employees, and exhorted both parties, in the name of all that is humane, to avert calamity by settling their differences, even at a sacrifice. Great triumph for the autocrats! To them this was an open admission of weakness. They seized the opportunity, and gave one of the most amazing exhibitions of ignorance that one could imagine.

"See here, Mr. President," they said, in effect, "your business is not to speak to us of humanity. What you are paid for is to protect us capitalists. The strikers won't work, and they discourage non-union men from working. What we demand is that you fill Pennsylvania with troops, to over-awe the strikers, and so give us the moral support of the Government."

Think of the dignity that the office of President of a great country should carry with it, and then try to make an estimate of the taste and modesty of the capitalists.

We are glad to note the fact that Mr. Mitchell, throughout the conference, conducted himself in the courteous manner of a gentleman.

It would seem that Mr. Roosevelt has yielded to the demands of the operators, and has used his influence with Governor Stone of Pennsylvania to such an extent that now the troubled district is overrun by the National Guard. This may be for the best interests of the country, but it adds to the condition of the United States one more strong feature of resemblance to pre-revolutionary France.

The coal-miners union went on strike last year—and practically failed. There is every reason to suppose, therefore, that when the present strike was entered upon, every miner was determined to see it carried to a successful issue, whatever the consequences.

The people of this continent are with the strikers. That they will succeed, THE MOON does not doubt. The consequences, however, may be such that we shall see the '93 of France repeated before the end is reached.

THE Minister of Education is reported in the public press of Sept. 26th as saying, "We insist on all the books being printed, bound and made in their entirety in this country, and we have done so in this case (The Ontario Phonic Primer). Any statement to the contrary is *inaccurate*."

One week afterwards he states that as this book was printed in the United States, it is a violation of the agreement between the Education Department and the Publishers and consequently it is *deauthorized*. Should he say next week that on further inquiry he learns that the book is printed in this country, and that consequently it is again put back upon the list of authorized books, he will expect a credulous public to believe him. And we shall. There are some people so obtuse that they pretend to see a contradiction in the two statements made by the Minister. But why should the Minister be held responsible? He has a Deputy upon whom devolves the duty of looking after such routine work. It is not to be expected that a Minister of the Crown should *personally* look into business matters. Besides, the Hon. the Minister of Education has other and important calls on his time that are not to be neglected, unless his salary and perquisites would total his whole earning capacity. Among his other business interests he is a Director of the Toronto General Trusts Co., President of the North American Mining Co., and President of the Home Life Assurance Co. In view of which we feel that all unprejudiced people will agree with us, that instead of complaining about any seeming laxity in his office as chief Educationist of the Province, we should rather be struck with surprise that the Hon. gentleman finds any time to devote to the interests of the Province. In view of the bad odor with which a vindictive opposition would surround him, we feel it our duty to *deodorize* him thoroughly, and we ask a discerning public to consider it accomplished.

"THERE is a feeling in many quarters that Mr. McDougall has been the victim of hard luck, and much sympathy is expressed."—*Toronto Star*. Steal \$80,000 and get found out and it's "hard luck" and bouquets from sympathetic old ladies. Steal 30 cents and it's 30 days with hard labor. Moral: Young man, aim high.

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

Brief Biographies.—No. XII.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

GOLDWIN SMITH, Author, Historian, D. C. L., LL. D., B. A., M. A., Fellow, and all the other trinkets that a praise-loving public could heap upon a not unwilling victim, was born in the world in 1823, and has remained with us even to this day. Traducers claim that, in the interval, the subject of our sketch has been in the clouds. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the statement is true, we insist that he has not left the earth, but is still part of it and of us, for which THE MOON is grateful to the Powers who have consented, and hope they will continue placated for many moons. While Prof. Smith was born in that part of the world called England, his views, as expressed in multitudinous letters, essays, and larger works, are wider than the whole British Empire. We can safely call him a cosmopolitan without fear of becoming involved in an action for libel.

Since 1845 Prof. Smith has been gaining recognition as a classical scholar. He has written much, and been the-mainstay of many periodicals, while having published many books requiring a minute acquaintance with the history of the times, and which some day will furnish employment and profit to some self-seeking compiler and editor.

He was against Home Rule for Ireland at one time, in favor of Home Rule for Canada at another, in favor later of the idea that Canada will yet be destined to become a part of the United States. He has always been in favor of something, and has not hesitated to say so. For his masterly style of criticism, for his uncompromising stand against political expediency, and for his untarnished high character, he has won unstinted praise from many newspapers, including the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, the *Canada Presbyterian*, and the *Ottawa Citizen*, all of which are strangers to the aforesaid qualities.

Prof. Smith has done much work for the scholarly and but little that *hoi polloi* can use. Nor laughter, nor tears will follow the perusal of his best, which is his all. Prof. Smith gives liberally of worldly goods to help the needy, and at the present writing has no personal need to worry over the outcome of the coal strike, but he has nothing more than money to give. He is a man apart, to whom the horny-handed look for nothing, save the public utterance of some things that must be good because they can make nothing of them.

Although Disraeli, for reasons known to himself, called Goldwin Smith a social parasite, we do not share the view. The Prof. is rather a social gem, shining by his own light, and only valuable because rare.

Prof. Smith is too academic for the masses, and too clean for the politicians. The measure of success attending his efforts in office as president of the once boasted Citizens Committee, sustains our view. The Master of the Grange is also master of the pen, but there his mastery ends.

Patient or Parrot?

"In time, with care, you may recover. Twelve dollars," said the fashionable physician, extending a receptive palm.

"In time, with care, you may recover twelve dollars," replied the disgruntled patient, as he grabbed his wad and made a break-neck dash for the street.

—A. L. W.

Fatigue Vitae.

"You were the last to see him?" queried the coroner.

"Yes," answered the witness, "He thrust this paper into my hand, and throwing aside the comic magazine he had been reading, jumped through the car window."

"What is on the paper?"

"'Ich bin tres fatigué vitae.' It means that he was awfully tired of *Life*."

"Ah! I understand it all. The poor fellow got desperate. We have scores of cases like that." The coroner sighed heavily.

Feared a Cavity.

Corpulent Doctor: "I think you have no lung trouble, sir, but come into my office and I'll run over your chest."

Diminutive Patient: "Pardon me, doctor, but-er-er-I'm-afraid-that-I-er-would-cave-in."

—A. L. W.

The latest version is: "Let me make a nation's patent medicines; I care not who has its diseases."



Misled.

My playmate he in childhood's hour,
My boyhood's dearest friend,
He was my college chum, and now
Our comradeship must end.

I've tried to keep him straight, poor boy,
Great Scot! He's lost his head,
He's contemplating married life
He's that Miss led.

—HALLAM



Portrait of Mr. Ross caught in the act of regarding his shadow with terror.

A Fable for the Hour.

THE WOMAN WHO DREW A BLANK.

THE woman was twenty-two when she took chances on Bob, and married him. She had been having a swell time, for she received as much as two seventy-five a week for the privilege of working in a steam laundry. But he had just the cutest way of signalling her at the table by pounding her toes with his heel. It made her feet feel as if they had been in a railroad accident, but it was awfully nice. So she took him.

There was no veneer on Bob's frank, open nature, and in eight days she was able to size him up and label him.

His temper was not all wool and warranted to wash. When he "spoke out his mind," the language was so torrid that the fire insurance company raised his premium. When he told anecdotes, the dog blushed and moved away from the stove. He spent three whole days waiting to get a chance to shoot a half-tame squirrel in the garden. He wasn't a-going to have the blasted thing chattering around *his* house.

He believed in a woman exercising herself, and so, after a month, he permitted her to split the wood. When she wept, he shook her until stars swam in the back-yard, and informed her that he didn't mean to work his fingers to the bone for any woman on the top of sod.

It was then that she owned up that he was a brute.

It is only fair to say, however, that the first time he struck her he was pretty full, and when he broke her arm he was beastly drunk.

He hadn't been married a year when he contracted rheumatism by standing around the hotel in all kinds of weather, waiting to be asked in to have a drink. Thereupon he threw up his job at the wood-yard, and assumed a collar and a debilitated air.

Two weeks later, his wife helped the Smiths, next door, to wash—"just to oblige them." Being used to it, it was a mere nothing to her, her husband said. And, since it was such fun, she assisted the Grahams, the Frayleys and the Blacks, as well.

After a month, she had the clothes brought to the house to be trifled with on a wash-board, because the neighbors objected that the twins howled so unmercifully. And so every day became washing day when she didn't have to do ironing.

Bob wasn't strong enough to turn the wringer, but he carried back the big baskets with the finished product, and got the money. And he kept it. She remonstrated once, and no more. He was such a wonderful shot with a boot.

When she sported a black eye, the neighbors learned to ask no questions. But she confided to them that only Heaven had the vaguest conception of what she put up with from that man. And when she sat up for him, she thought of the ripping times she used to have before she was married.

For ten years she bore all this heroically. Then one day he went into a farmer's stable to see the stock, and forgot to say "Whoa!" as he passed old Bess. She jumped, took his measure—also his distance—and flattened his head. It was a good kick for a mare of her years.

They carried him home, and she declared that "Bob was always prying around where he had no business to be." By the next day, when his mother arrived, she spoke of him as "Robert." By the day of the funeral, the last bruise on her arm had healed, and he was her "poor, dear love."

Her friends chipped in and paid the undertaker. In four months, the children were well-dressed and got to school every day. She got the three upholstered chairs that she had always dreamt about. And the neighbors took turns in splitting the wood.

But she wasn't a bit happy. Life was tame when she didn't have to use arnica. She never spoke to Mrs. Brown after that lady asked her if it really wasn't a great relief. She talked of him as her lost angel, and besought the children to follow their father. She was dead easy for the agent who offered to enlarge his picture and frame it for \$2.88. She had it hung in the sitting-room, and would spend hours weeping before it on Sunday afternoons, when it was too stormy to go to the cemetery and sit by his grave.

MORAL: Oh, any old thing.

NORMAN W. CRAGG.

The tendency towards insolent despotism being in the inverse ratio to gentlemanly courtesy in the nature of President Baer, of the Coal Trust, will some mathematician, skilled in dealing with infinitesimal quantities, kindly figure out the amount of courtesy that this boss will show to the differing opinions of an ordinary decent citizen in any case where his greed for gain is interested.

Portraits by Moonlight.



HON. J. ISRAEL TARPE.

A Compatriot to J. I. T.

Scott Cornerre, 1 Sep., 1902.

Mon Cher Israel,—

I haf no doubt you haf long already forget 'Poleon Laqueue, but if you tink a leetle to ze village school of our enfance you will soon remember yourself of ze boy who stole wiz you ze appel in ze orchard of ze Seigneur. And you will also recall zat when we got ze appel ensemble, it was toujours 'Poleon was attrapé and got ze horse-weep. And now you are manage ze travaux publics, so I tink you haf play all troo as wiz ze appel; ze oder fellow has been toujours attrapé.

While you are occupy yourself wiz ye haute politique, I am savetier, what here one call cobbler. I work wiz an old Écossais; he's name Maclatlan; I cannot spik him at all. He is what one call here Great Grit. He is Rouge, and he talk, and he read ze *Globe* journal, and zen he talk much. Now, I am not Grit, nor Toree non plus. I am like you, Israel, I am toujours Français.

Auguss (zat is ze cordonnier wiz whom I work), he read from ze *Globe* ze oder day zat you was at a beeg collation in Gananoque wiz ze Torees, and he say après zat you are Toree under ze skin. Cameron, a Toree, was in ze shop zen and he laugh but he say notings, and Auguss say zat ze Torees were handle you wiz ze long tong, and zat Laurier must put you on ze fire or zere would be sheep-wreck of ze partie. Zen Cameron he laugh encore but he say notings.

So Auguss ask Cameron, "What you tink of Tarte?" And Cameron laugh encore and he say, "I do not know, but I tink he try ride de two horse to ze circus."

Now, Israel, when I hear zis, I tink I will write you what ze Grits and ze Torees who are not at ze great collations, say of you and ze haute politique, for you remember yourself of what you were saying in our enfance, "Don't let ze oder branche go, if you haf not ze first to your hand." So my Baptiste, he go to school, he is bon garçon, and he write zis for me.

Eh bien, Israel, mon ami, if zere is some little position in ze travaux publics zat you can give, you will remember yourself of ze old taam, for we are all Français, and I spik and write ze Anglais ver well, as you will see from zis. I am good watch for ze batiments publics; I am good for ze messagerie; or for any oder leetle place in ze travaux publics.

If you can do me zis, Israel, I shall not be sorry of writing to you, and I tink you will be glad of knowing ze talk of ze Grits and ze Torees in Ontario.

Je reste, mon vieux,
Votre ami et votre compatriote,
NAPOLÉON LAQUEUE.

I haf write zis en Anglais zat you see I spik and write ze Anglais ver well.

The Lecture Season Begins.

THE Posydale School Art League is, as usual, in advance of sister organizations in preparing the season's lecture course. With that admirable nerve, so characteristic of art leagues in general and of this one in particular, the entertainment committee has had the programmes printed before consulting the speakers whose names appear thereon. They say it is necessary to do this, as lecturers, when consulted, sometimes actually refuse to give their services or ask for remuneration. In addition to five of the old favorites, two new lecturers appear on the programme. On the principle of keeping the best wine to the last, these have been placed at the end of the series.

The series will be given on successive Saturdays, in the following order:

Kingsley's "H.O. Infants"—Professor Clarke.
Coleridge's "Venerable Navigator"—Professor Clarke.
"Froebel's Relations to Beergartens"—James L. Hughes, I.P.S.

"Dickens as an Elevator"—James L. Hughes, I.P.S.
"Two Centuries of Dutch Fence Painting"—Mrs. Dignam.

"How I Done the Coronation"—Lally Bernard.
"A Few Things I Have Not Yet Discussed"—Principal Parkin.

Tea with whipped cream will be served after each lecture, and there will be lots of ice wafers and things passed round.

Tickets for single lecture, \$1.00. Course ticket, 50 cents.

Even if you purpose attending only one of these lectures, it will pay you to buy a course ticket, as you will thereby reduce the cost of a single lecture to 14½ cents. Remember the refreshments.

Object:—Tissue-paper curtains for the caretaker's drawing-room.
—A.L.W.

THE MOON



ARTHUR C. GOODE.

THE COMING OF WINTER

Latter Day Legends.—No. 9.

THE VACATION THAT DIDN'T COME.

ONCE there was an interesting husbandman, and they called his name Jeremiah. When he had garnered his crops he felt that it was good that the vacation habit should extend to the rural population.

He reasoned that those who dwell in great cities were wont to hasten into the rugged homes of the agriculturist during the heated term, so a proper period of rest would come to him if he sojourned yet a little while in the abiding places of the urbanite.

In the eventide he broached the subject to Mrs. Jeremiah. He dwelt upon it in the seclusion of the family circle. He read from one of the great journals to tell her of natural history studies, and

zoological gardens in Montreal, places where grandfathers strolled with little grandchildren to show them the birds and animals. Of such was the Park they called Sooner, and of that he read to her.

“In the seclusion of the family circle.”

And she saw that it would be good for Jeremiah to go there and heap his mind full of wisdom while he rested after the crops were in.

Now Jeremiah was no weakling upon whom the gold brick artists would find happy contentment and rich promise. He didn't go to cities to pick flowers in the public squares. Not garden flowers, though some he had seen there were wild. Jeremiah had worked a milk route once and he knew his way round, without having to ask a policeman. He had been at Sooner Park also.

Thus it came to pass that when he had read to Mrs. Jeremiah about the ways of the city and that which was advertised in Sooner park, he gave her

the razzle dazzle and the glad gazoo. He told her of things that were not there, and told her not of the things that were.

And he said: “Behold, in the morn thou wilt pack the old reliable telescope bag with the leathern strap thereabout, pack it even with the sock, the Sunday shirt and the other luxuries with which those in cities adorn themselves.”

Then Jeremiah folded up the paper and laid it away on the shelf, and chuckled a few as he thought of the things that would come to pass when he visited the great city.

But when the morn had come, and he was preparing

to array himself in the garb of festivity, behold his wife took down that newspaper from the shelf that she might read for herself of those natural history studies of that Sooner Park, whereof Jeremiah had read.

And when she had read full, she saw that Jeremiah had been handing her out fairy tales. She saw that Sooner Park advertised “thirty beautiful maidens in a series of charming choruses and fairy-like dances.” And there were sample pictures of them.

Straightway Jeremiah was shorn of his vacation and sent forth even unto the yard that he might prepare wood for that winter which was to come. For Mrs. Jeremiah said that it was well for him to tarry yet a little while, and she would go with him later on, and aid him in selecting her winter bonnet.

—M. T. OGDEN.

Teacher: “What is meant by specific heat?”

Sporting Pupil: “I don't know, unless it means getting around the track within a specified time.”

Mrs. Jasper: “I have decided to give up my servant.”

Jasper: “Why?”

Mrs. Jasper: “I am over-working myself keeping her going.”

Simms: “Are you a blacksmith by trade?”

Rimms: “Shoer.”

Jack: “That man has no will of his own.”

Dick: “No, his father has control over it.”

“The furnace got fired last night for being out.”
“What?”



“In the seclusion of the family circle.”



“And when she had read full.”



“Where grandfathers strolled with little children.”

had read to Mrs. Jeremiah about the ways of the city and that which was advertised in Sooner park, he gave her



An Opinion.

Cholly: "Oh, hang your bloomin' goff, give me dear old ping-pong every time."

Vice Versa.

AT the General Sessions Court, held yesterday before Judge McDoodle, William Whakensye, president of the Universal Spoliation Co., was arraigned on a charge of defrauding his employees. It appears that the wages of the company's workmen were fixed with a sliding scale, in accordance with the profits of the corporation. For some time the men have entertained a strong suspicion that the books of the company have been systematically falsified in order to show small profits, and so reduce wages. The union took the step of engaging a Pinkerton detective to ingratiate himself with the officials, and so learn the details of their business. Some startling revelations leading to the arrest of Mr. Whakensye resulted.

John Cutler Baldfield was the first witness examined. He took the stand amid the muttered execrations of the large crowd of capitalists who attended to show their sympathy with the prisoner. He stated that he was detailed to investigate the case. He was introduced to the prisoner as a Chicago millionaire. The union supplied him with the necessary funds to hire a steam yacht and an automobile, to give champagne parties, and in other ways sustain the character. He spent money freely in associating with the leading financial men of Toronto. He found the prisoner easy. He represented himself as looking for large investments in Canadian

enterprises. He spoke of the attractions of high life at Newport and other centres of fashion. Suggested that a man in prisoner's position ought to enjoy life more as the American millionaires did. He advised him to establish a cottage at Newport, take an occasional trip to Paris and Monte Carlo, and to run a theatre. If he wanted to be really in the swim he ought to buy a judge and endow a few libraries and colleges. Prisoner said that he couldn't afford it, the profits of the concern wouldn't stand it, wages ran away with so much money. Witness told him that was easily fixed. It was not a difficult matter to make a few false entries in the books, so as to show that the business was losing money. Whakensye hesitated at first, but witness pointed out that it was quite a common practice among millionaires, and he finally asked witness to go over the books and give him a few suggestions. Witness did so. In consequence of the alterations the next statement of the company showed a considerable falling off in profits, and wages were cut 10 per cent.

Baldfield was asked, on cross-examination, whether he was not now retained by the bank clerks' union to investigate the profits of the banks, with a view to demanding increased salaries.

Judge McDoodle: "Don't you answer that question. In fact don't answer any question unless you feel like it. You are not in the position of an ordinary witness. It's against public policy for a Pinkerton detective to be discredited."

Evidence corroborating Baldfield's statement as to false entries in the books having been put in, the prisoner's counsel strongly urged his acquittal on the ground that Baldfield was not a credible witness. On his own showing he had ingratiated himself with the prisoner, and had abused his confidence.

Judge McDoodle, in his charge to the jury, said that the calling of a private detective was an honorable and necessary one. Baldfield had rendered a service to the community. Exception had been taken to his methods, but unless such means were adopted, how, he should like to know, would it be possible for workmen to ascertain what profits capitalists were making? There had been numerous cases lately in which employers had declined to raise wages, on the ground that they couldn't afford it, when, in fact, they were living in luxury and making heavy profits, and this kind of thing must be stopped somehow.

The jury took a different view of the case, and acquitted the prisoner.

The strong disapprobation felt by the capitalist portion of the public over Judge McDoodle's course will probably take the form of a petition for his removal, but so long as he has the backing of the powerful labor interest he can very well afford to despise any manifestation of hostility from that quarter. The result of the trial has, however, made it abundantly evident that if labor unions expect to secure the conviction of capitalists on the testimony of Pinkerton detectives, they will have to arrange matters, so to speak, with the jurymen as well as with the judge.

—PHILIPS THOMPSON.

A Novel Medley.

In Silk Attire The Duchess walked, The Lilac Sunbonnet on her head,
She met The Little Minister. "Quo Vadis, sir?" she said,
"Far From The Madd'ing Crowd," he cried, "with Trilby I depart."
She sadly sighed, "Can This Be Love? Alas! Good-Bye Sweetheart."

But just then at The Open Door The Manxman roared,
"What Cheer!"
Called Back, Her Ladyship exclaimed, "A Chance Acquaintance, dear."
"In Confidence," he said, "next week I wed A Clever Wife."
"All Men Are Liars," she fiercely hissed, and sighed,
"For Such Is Life."

It was Ramona who inquired, "will Rodney Stone be there?"
"My Love," Van Bibber sweetly said, "they're all Beyond Compare.
There's Donald Ross of Heimra, come by The Wheels of Chance,
The Heavenly Twins, John Halifax, A Gentleman of France,

His Honour and A Lady and the young Macleod of Dare,
The Christian, too, To Right The Wrong, For Freedom's Sake—Jane Eyre."
"Why, this Amazing Marriage," said Tom Grogan,
"makes us smile;
Jess swore The Marriage Contract was with Dodo all the while."

"I s'pose you've asked The Paying Guest," His Grace sneered in disdain,
"The Circuit-rider, Madelon, Tom Sawyer, Sister Jane?"
Now, True As Steel, The Bride-elect declared, "We've got Miss Lou,
Kate Carnegie, and Phroso, and A Lonely Girl for you."

"What Rare Good Luck," he coolly drawled, "but I'm Betrothed to Joan,
With A Spotless Reputation and some Hard Cash of her own.
A Marriage of Convenience suits A Man of Birth like me,
I'm no Sentimental Tommy, and I don't pretend to be."

The Master-Craftsman, The Strong Arm, addressed The King in Yellow:
"A Bid for Fortune, Houp-la! he's An Easy-Going Fellow,
You should see him with The Princess go Down The Village Street,
Does he recognize The Ralstons or Belinda When They Meet?"

Just then The Little Regiment came gaily marching past.
With Chimmie Fadden in advance, the Colour-Sergeant last.
Cried Anne, "strike up The Bridal March, it is The Day of Fate."
With The Immortals then they vanished through The Ivory Gate.

—A. R. C. T.

"Of what historical event does a gas bill remind you?"

"Give it up."

"The charge of the Light Brigade."

Bargain Day in Coal Jokes.

"It is thought the strike will soon be settled, and the price of coal will go down," remarked Mrs. C. La Poynte cheerfully.

"In which case," ruefully replied Mr. C. La Poynte, I shall have to sell off all my coal jokes at less than half price."

"Paw!"

"Yes, sonny."

"A lady-ram is an ewe—isn't she?"

"Yes! Be quiet, can't you!"

"Paw!"

"Well! What is it?"

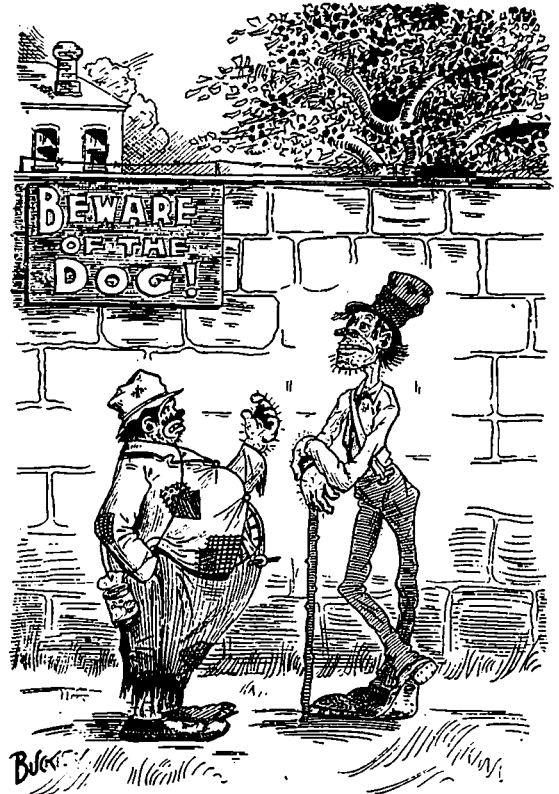
"Is a lady battering-ram a battering-ewe?"

P.S.—Dear Sonny: When last we saw "Paw" he was "a-battering you."

Magistrate: "They say you were drunk last night. Is that so?"

Prisoner: "Sober as yerself, Sir."

Magistrate: "Ten dollars and costs. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."



Objectionable Exclusiveness.

Husky Junsone: "Ten foot wall, by gee! Not much show fur business here. Darn such stuck-up 'ristercratic exclusiveness. It hadn't orter be allowed in a free country."

Shorty: "Yer right, pard. It's a darn sight too high-fur lootin."

P.T.

**Undelivered
Speech.**

By J. P. WHITNEY.
(At the Lib.-Con. Picnic in Mimico, Dec. 3rd, 1902.)

Ladies and Gentlemen (loud applause),—

This is the proudest moment of my adventurous life (hear, hear). If we are awarded power by the judges (hear, hear) our first duty will be (loud applause) to abolish, yes, I say abolish (cheers), utterly abolish the government lodging-house. (A voice, "The what?") —The government lodging-house. (Cries of "What are you giving us?") Ah, ladies and gentlemen, I was sure you would be incredulous. You do not know that the Hon. Messrs. Gibson, Harcourt, Dryden, Davies, Latchford and Stratton all lodge in swell apartments in the Parliament Buildings (hear, hear). We pay the lot of them about \$30,000 a year, but they have made us pay also for furnishing their sleeping apartments (sensation). Yes, and we pay for their fuel—just think of the price of coal!—and for their gas—I mean their illuminating gas. (No, no). I say, yes, yes. I knew that this would prove a revelation to you (hear, hear). No example of such sponging exists anywhere else in all the world (applause), and we mean to do away with it.

A warden sleeps in the penitentiary, a jailer in a jail, and doctors in a lunatic asylum (loud applause), but we are not supposed to supply bedrooms for sheriffs and registrars and judges and common members of the legislature (hear, hear), why then for the Ministers? Ladies and gentlemen (hear, hear), it is an outrage, an imposition, a holy terror, a farce (hear, hear). A certain honorable gentleman once kept his whole family in quarters there for many months (vociferous applause), yes, for many months, and others often keep their wives there (bully for them!)

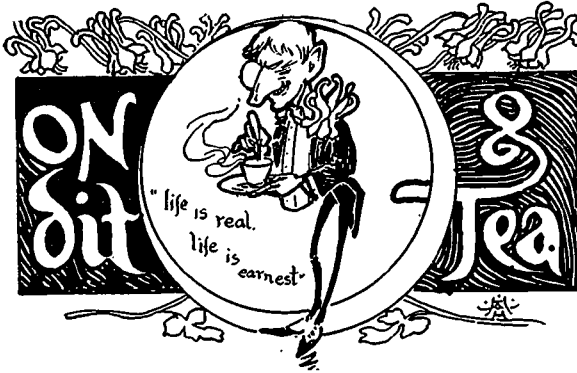
Ladies and gentlemen (hear, hear), it is a low, mean, shabby trick, to save the cost of rooms in a private house or in a hotel (cheers). We shall not do it. The Hon.

The Perils of the Political Poll.



Explorer George Peary Ross: "Now, I wonder whether I'd better take another try at the "poll" or remain here and take chances of drifting into safety?"

Mr. Mathieson and I will stay at the Grosvenor, as we do now. The Hon. Dr. Pyne will stay at home, so will the Hon. Mr. Foy, the Hon. Mr. Willoughby will hang out at the Lucas House; and should we have to form a coalition, and thus be compelled to take in Jim Conmee and Jim Stratton, I shall see that they find accommodation in some respectable part of the city, but not at the Grosvenor, you bet! (loud applause, and shouts of "We'll make the judges give you a majority." "What are the judges for, anyhow?" Down with the Provincial Lodgers." "\$5,000 a year and private apartments." "The Lodgers are Dodgers." "Put them out." And so on).



THE Hon. Micheal Clarence Howard and Lady Howard have let their residence and grounds on Centre Avenue to Count Pizzaro Napolitano, for a term of four weeks, at a rental of 150 centimes per week.

MRS. ROBINSON contemplates visiting some friends in Kingston shortly and may remain three years.

MRS. SMITH is out of town for a week.

MRS. BROWN will return to town in about ten days.

Said Israel Tarte: "Why shouldn't I be the whole thing? My initials are I. T. and that spells IT."

A VERY pretty, quiet wedding was successfully accomplished at the residence of the groom's father-in-law by the Very Rev. Doctor Dry-as-dust, assisted by the Rev. Ignis Fatuus. The bride wore a cream colored dress of Lyons lace trimmed with crumpets. The groom, the pantaloons and undervest in which his grandfather was married, and looked quite chic. The breakfast room was gaily decorated with coal scuttles, the breakfast table had a pyramid of bituminous coal in the centre, and each guest had a half-bushel bag of pure charcoal by his plate. The ornaments worn were all pure black diamonds or coke. The happy couple left by the Lehigh R. R. for a tour to Scranton, Reading, and other coal centres.

THE Hounds will meet at 3 p. m. to-day at Todmorden. We do not know the exact course to be run, but it is understood that the man with the bag of anise seed will select a pretty easy route as Lord Bung, head of the English firm of Bung's Ale, Limited, London, E.C., is to be of the party. His Lordship shows a good deal of *em bon point*, and would find fences and ditches "Deuc'd troublesome, don't y'know," and wishes to be in at the death. Lady Mary Martingale will grace the party in a habit of olive velvet, seven feet long.

WILLIAM PATERSON was struck by a stranger yesterday evening. He wore a hat of stiff pattern, size somewhere between $6\frac{3}{4}$ and $7\frac{1}{2}$, pantaloons of some dark material, coat was either a Prince Albert or a morning coat of some kind, and *was made to button in front*. The miscreant fled, and the whereabouts of the plaintiff is not accurately known. The police have the matter in hand and are said to have a clue.

THE many friends and admirers of the Hon. Lady Charteris Choate Chamberlain and her charming daughters have just returned from their summer residence in Muskoka, where they had retired from the social duties imposed upon them. They have decided to take a much needed rest, and will not receive till after the middle of the month.

A Hard Luck Story.

Most distinctly I remember,
It was early in September
When I started through the country with a show;
And before grim old December
Had snuffed out his dying ember
Our sage angel had decided 't wouldn't go.

So he called a company meeting,
And instead of Christmas greeting,
With assurance most colossal he made known
His intention of retreating—
But without a thought of cheating—
From the chasm where his ducats he had thrown.

Then he told a touching story
Of a tour for our glory,
Which he hinted was a substitute for pay;
But we suddenly grew gory,
And we broke his head, so hoary,
And said many things that were not in the play.

When we turned our thoughts to fleein'
Our landlord secured a lien,
And demanded that at once we pay our bills;
He declared, with haughty mien,
That 'twas mighty easy seein'
We were only fit to act in lock-step drills.

Oh, we didn't think it funny
When we started without money,
O'er the ties and oily ballast for New York;
For the sunshine wasn't sunny,
And the winds were bleak, my honey,
For a thespian thinly clad and out of work.

Oh, that road was long and dreary,
And I tell you, we were weary,
Ere we reached the frosty flagstones of Broadway;
And our actor friends grew leery,
And replied in accents jeery,
When we asked them for a loan for half a day.

Excavating city sewer
Calls for patience to endure,
When the foreman fondly curses with each breath;
And the atmosphere's not pure,
But the money's always sure,
And it has provincial acting beat to death.

—P. J.

Don't Be Satisfied

until you see the name

SALADA

Ceylon Tea on a sealed lead packet.
This is the only guarantee of the
genuine. Sold only in lead packets.
25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. per lb.

Radnor

Empress of
Table Waters

"Sparkling and odorless, Radnor is a charming table water, unsurpassed in combination, and invaluable for seasickness and stomach troubles. ♡ ♡ 'Empress of Waters,' it richly deserves its name." -New York Times, 20th September, 1894. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

CAR LOAD
JUST RECEIVED

The
**Radnor
Water** ♡
Company

Montreal and Toronto

PSYCHRATISM

The new discovery by Prof. Albert Vernon, now given to the world for the first time. You want it. You are not competent to combat the influences of the world without it. With a knowledge of the principles of this grand science failure has been changed to success; the sick have been made well. It is a marvelous force available in the every day affairs of life between man and man in business, in sickness and health. Psychratism is

NOT HYPNOTISM

It is not simply the power of putting another to sleep nor a name to mystify. Psychratism is a science and appeals to man's intellect and reason. It enlightens; makes truth of mystery, and is the X-Ray of self-development and personal influence, enabling one to see and understand all that has been attributed to supernatural agency, hypnotism and occult influences during the past ages. The

VERNON SANITORIUM

is the institute where the sick are cured by Psychratism without drugs of any kind. All diseases and habits—drug, liquor, etc., are cured.

PERSONAL INSTRUCTION in Psychratism is here given to students by Prof. Vernon himself. Those who cannot afford the expense of a trip to Rochester should send for Prof. Vernon's comprehensive

FREE 100 PAGE BOOK

entitled "Physic Phenomena of the 20th Century," in which he fully describes the science of Psychratism. Write for it today. It costs you nothing. He wishes all to profit by his experience and knowledge, and will be glad to start you in the study of this, the grandest of all sciences, by sending you the book free and postpaid upon receipt of your name. This is a valuable book, not a mere advertising pamphlet, and contains much information and the rudimentary lessons in this interesting and elevating science.

Vernon Academy of Mental
Sciences & Sanatorium,
369 H EAST AVE., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

WE
PRINT
"THE MOON"



If you want Printing

QUICK, and at
RIGHT PRICES
Telephone Main 3130
and you'll get it
WELL DONE



Douglas Ford & Co.

29 LOMBARD ST.

TORONTO

The Thomson
Engraving
Company



Half-Tone, Zinc,
Steel, Copper ♡

ENGRAVING



49 King St. W., Toronto

Phone Main 3489



All Plates in This Publication
are Made by Us

Pianos That Stand

There are a number of pianos that look well and sound fairly well—AT THE START. You can buy cheap pianos that do that, but a piano should be built to last a lifetime. If it only "stays good" a few months it is dear at any price.

BELL PIANOS

are the kind that STAND. They are safe instruments to buy. They stand the wear and tear of everyday usage, and with ordinary care three generations of children may practice on one. Besides their known goodness you have our ten years' guarantee.

BELL PIANO WAREROOMS:
146 Yonge Street, Toronto

LIFE CHIPS

**COMBINATION OF
TOASTED WHEAT
FLAKES AND MALT**

10c. a Package
FROM YOUR GROCER

World's Cherished Whisky

King Edward VII

Extra Special
SCOTCH

Distilled by Greenlees Bros., Glasgow.

**LAWRENCE A. WILSON CO.
LIMITED**

AGENTS FOR CANADA, MONTREAL



The Man in The Moon
Is growing grey,
He should get it soon
Without delay.

THE ROSE Natural-color Compound

Scientifically helps nature to renew the pigment in the color-sacs at the root of each hair, so that the hair gradually returns to its former hue whether it was black, blonde, brown or auburn. Not a dye. Its marvelous qualities can be realized only by giving it a trial.

Price \$1.00 a Bottle at Drug Stores.

Prepaid to any address on receipt of price by

THE ROSE TOILET CO., Limited

Parlors, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto

Send your name and address and we will mail you Rose's valuable treatise on the hair (free).