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J. P. Whitney: "They certainly were good to me."

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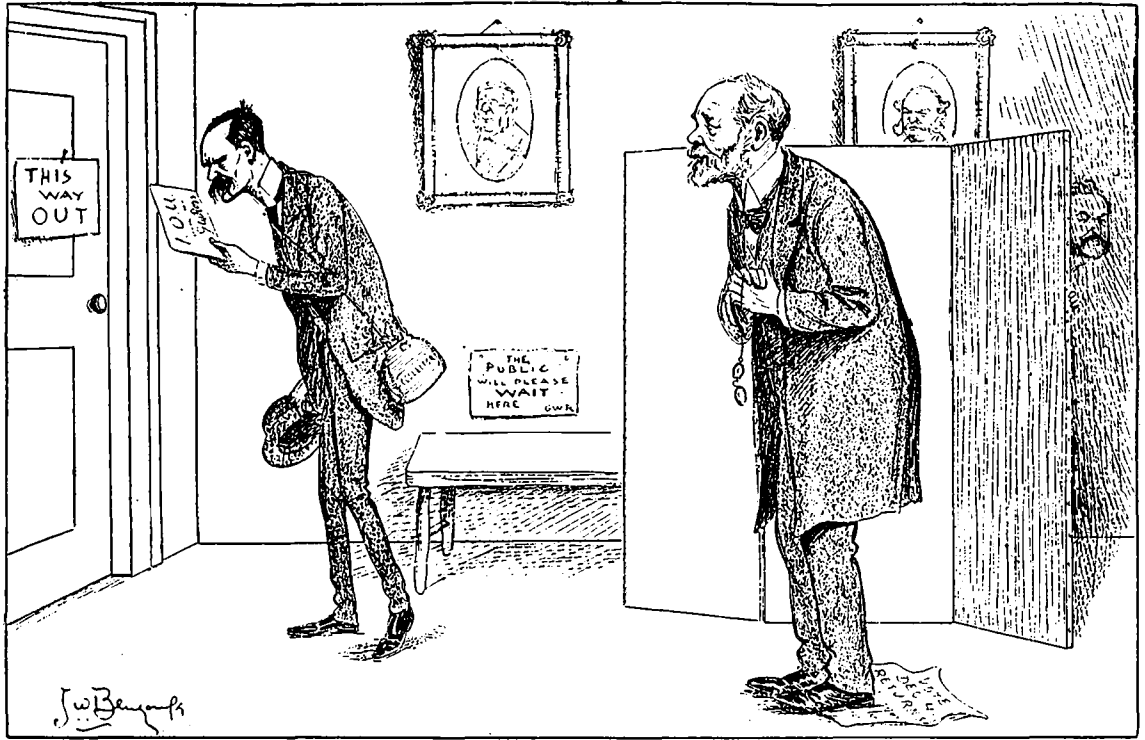
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Another Stave-off.

(Vide proceedings at interview between the Temperance Deputation and the Government, Jan. 15th).

Their "Days."

"It seems to me that this must be
The day of Mrs. Rome,
So I must call now, if at all,
Or hear 'No, not at home.'"

"I'll also go to Mrs. Snow,
Much of her home I've heard,
Where is her card? Oh, this is hard—
'At home the first and third.'"

"To-morrow, then, is't Mrs. Penn?
Her card I'll just look o'er.
'From four to six,' oh, what a mix!
If I had gone at four!"

"I think next day 'tis Mrs. Grey,
But, oh, dear me, what's this?
'Till after five none need arrive
Save those who still are Miss.'"

"And here's the card of Mrs. Bard,
'Widows from four to five,'
Then those (alas! there is a pass),
'Whose husbands are alive.'"

"To master all these ways to call,
Will split my brain in two,
So home I'll stay, be glad and gay,
And 'call,' dear love, on you."
—C. J. D.

Lacked the Usual Stimulus.

He: "Mr. Limberjaw is a brilliant
conversationalist, isn't he?"

She: "You surprise me. I met
him at the McSwagger's the other
evening, and I thought him rather
dull."

He: "Ah! he wasn't up to his
usual form. They had no music that
evening."

Advertisement.

Wanted—A boy to hold his tongue
out for ladies to wet stamps on.

After all, about the most a man can
do in this life is to discover how very
true are all the old platitudes.

A Chicago Courtship.

Charley (*passionately*): "No,
Myrtle, I will never, never give you
up. I will wait years for you, if you
will only be mine at last."

Myrtle: "Oh! how good of you,
Charley! Only give me time to marry
one or two millionaires and get
divorced, and then I am yours!"

A Lobbyist's Reflection.

"Standing Committees"—why,
this designation? They generally sit
on legislation.

Bobbs: "I opened an account with
my butcher to-day."

Doobs: "Ah! another Beef Trust,
so to speak."

It is not so strange, after all, that
during a performance the boys should
go out to see a man. Even the cur-
tain takes a drop between acts.

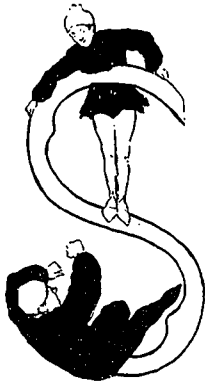
"There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know."—Dryden.

Vol. 2. JANUARY 24, 1903. No. 35.
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.



SHOULD the government of the ancient and highly respectable city of London, England, permit such unseemly sights in the streets of that city as was the procession of last week? Surely not. It is difficult for one to imagine hundreds of half-naked and starving wretches forming themselves into a body and parading the streets of the dear old town in imitation of that glorious spectacle, the coronation procession. We fear that England is becoming much too liberal—we might say, too lax—in allowing

such privileges to the commonality. What if these miserable persons do starve and freeze by thousands—should the respectable members of society be offended by having such types of degradation pass in review before them! It is disgusting to any refined and prosperous person to be compelled to behold those unfortunates upon whose heads and hearts they have climbed to higher things. The poor are becoming altogether too bold. We may next expect them to demand that the prison and poor house be built opposite to the mansion. What wretched taste! London should really enact more stringent laws.

CAN the Bench of Canada, can the Press of Canada, can the people of Canada, any longer refuse to recognize, or pretend that they do not recognize the fact that the appointment of Canadian judges has come to be a matter of pure politics? With the recent elevation of Mr. A. L. Sifton to the Chief Justiceship of the Territories well in our minds, we think not.

Mr. A. L. Sifton was, until recently, unknown to all but his relations and neighbors. But his brother is a Cabinet Minister at Ottawa; so to-day he is a judge.

We believe it to be a good thing for the morals of the country that we should all recognize the fact that judgeships are obtained more through influence at headquarters than through personal merit. It is good for the

reason that it will stop the ridiculous hypocrisy that has been considered necessary on the parts of Bench, Press and Public.

Mr. Sifton's brother—for so the people will always think of him—may be a good enough lawyer, but he has not shown this to be the case, consequently he should not have been appointed to so high a position. Why did not the Hon. Clifford arrange for his appointment to a University chair? By arranging such an appointment, Mr. Sifton would have been following quite as good a precedent as that that he has followed. Mr. Sifton's brother might in that case have had the distinction of keeping out of Canada a second Huxley or a second Tyndall.

THE HON. MR. BLAIR finds himself in a position that is not calculated to excite the envy of his most ambitious opponent. Public opinion, in the matter of subsidies, has now so grown in strength that it deserves the name, opinion. This is something so new in Canada that the Minister can find absolutely no precedent by which to guide his course.

Heretofore, whenever a group of capitalists decided that the time was ripe for the exploiting of the country, they boldly made their absurd demands, without fear of causing the Government any inconvenience in the granting of them, for the Government had no public opinion to satisfy. But now, for the first time, in the case of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, we find a Government face to face with an alert ward, under whose eyes it must perform its duty as trustee in a proper and business-like manner.

We Canadians have at last awakened to the fact that we have been robbed by corporations with impunity. We will have it no more. We have discovered, after years of guileless infancy, that if anyone desires to run stage-coaches or other vehicles on which we pay our fare, there is no possible reason why we should build the oaches, roads and hostleries, then transfer them to the transportation company, and pay our fares besides.

Our gullibility in the past must be attributed to our youthful ignorance. We believe that we have now outgrown our swaddling clothes and have cut our eye teeth.

THE new *News*, of Toronto, has at last made its appearance, and the first impression that it has made is decidedly good. The paper is clean, dignified and solid. It marks a long step for Canadian journalism, and the step is in the right direction. We may in time have a pretty good daily paper service, but what we chiefly need is quality, not quantity. May the time soon come when all of our dailies will follow the example set by the *News* and abandon "party."

We believe that, under the new management, the *News* has cancelled its dog license. Now, if some of the other dailies would do likewise, the city would be happy.

To the *News*, THE MOON, as an old, established paper, presents her compliments. May she have long life and prosperity. We feel sure that she will have both.

Portraits by Moonlight.



REV. J. A. MACDONALD.

Brief Biographies—No. XXVI.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

BRO. MACDONALD was not made; he was born. No quotation from Horace does he ponder oftener than that profound aphorism, *ex nihilo nihil fit*. It ought to be written in gold on the letter paper of every young ambitious man. It breeds self-confidence, and that's all that's needed. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, is good enough in its way, but poets do not count in the business world. A managing editorship does not come out of nothing. Q. E. D. The *Globe* is to be congratulated. A better man for its kind of work could not easily have been chosen.

Like his hero and leader in politics, he honored Middlesex, Ont., by being born there, of Celtic parentage. Pre-destined for the pulpit, he attended church every Sabbath, and in due course graduated from Knox College. While still a student, he read the proofs of undry theological articles, which appeared later on in the College monthly. He was ordained to the ministry in 1891, becoming pastor, that year, of Knox Church, St. Thomas. Here he indulged and developed his *journalistic* instinct by writing paragraphs on his church entertainments, his sermons, and his personal comings

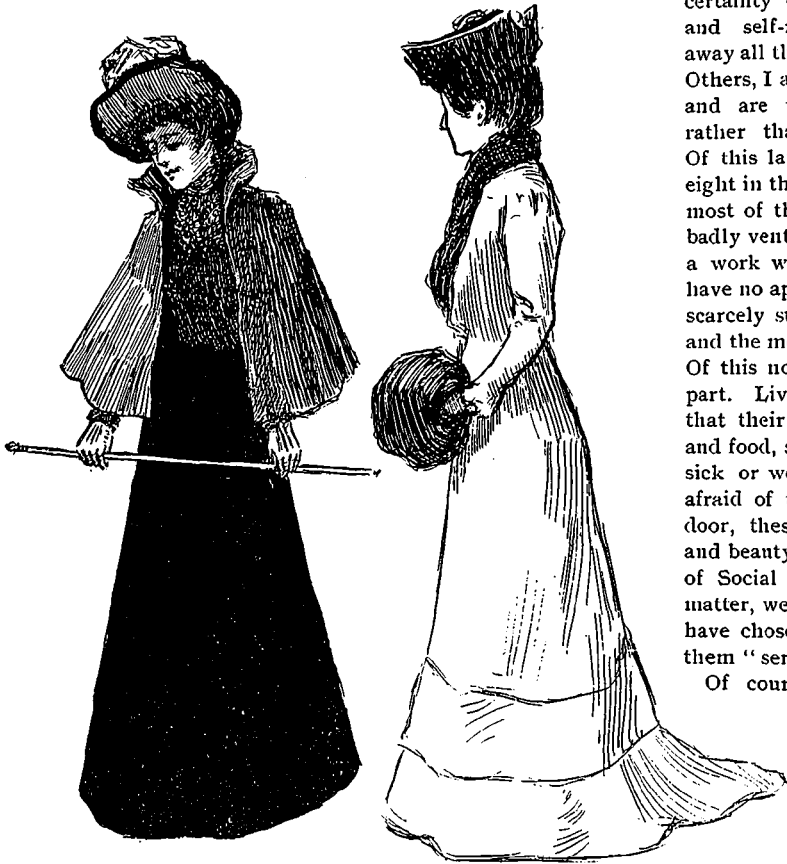
and goings to Toronto, for Mr. Brierly of the St. Thomas *Journal*. His efforts showed talent, but Mr. Brierly did not consider them *journalistic* enough to justify him in taking him to the Montreal *Herald*, so he selected Bro. Atkinson, a kindred spirit, instead. Before long, and in St. Thomas, "J. A. M." was amply vindicated. Margaret L. Sheppard came along as an anti-Roman advocate, and Macdonald's exposé in a letter to the *Canada Presbyterian*, stamped him at once as a genius in the bud. The letter came under the keen *journalistic* eye of Bro. D. T. McAnish, then deeply interested in high-class Presbyterian literature, and to him the country is indebted for discovering Macdonald. He snapped him up as he would a twelve volume edition of Art in Ancient China, and placed him in editorial charge of the *Westminster*. The rest is the history of Canada. Everybody knows everything.

The *Globe* is indeed to be congratulated. It has captured a *journalist* and a *publicist* of a high order. Having taught Mrs. MacIntyre's young Presbyterian ladies the English of the Bible, he may be depended upon to bulletin the *Globe* stuff in orthodox style; having apprenticed in gobbling up every church paper in sight, he ought to be familiar enough with trusts and combinations to suit the Jaffray-Cox taste; having swerved *The Presbyterian* behind his compatriot Ross in the last general election, without breaking the buggy, he ought to be *au fait* with machine methods; having swayed Ross into the referendum, he ought to be able to give a much needed political lead to his party friends; having stood by Ross when Willison funked and paralyzed the party by the suggestion of a coalition, he showed true party spirit; having stumped for prohibition, he ought to rein in Chown and MacKay; having for long been a devoted disciple of Willison's tactics, they two ought to be able to lead the docile Presbyterian and Methodist vote into the Grit camp; keep it there until after the western spoils shall have been disbursed; having the united hands of the Presbytery upon his head, the demon of corruption should not approach his party; and having had a kirk once, he is not a stickit minister.

His case illustrates the triumph of enterprise, versatility, and believing in one's self and not in one's neighbor.

Young man, should you aspire to the blue ribbon of Canadian journalism, do likewise; newspaper experience qualifies only for eternal hack work. Servility, Pretension, Ambition! These be thy gods!

The *Globe* is to be congratulated, and so is Ross. The referendum, with all its subtle evil, was the political expedient which saved last session. Its originator earned high political preferment. If Ross has paid it by four or five thousand a year from the *Globe*, the country is so much the richer, but how much may not the country have to pay to the *Globe*? Perhaps nothing. For there can be honesty even among politicians, and where parlans are concerned, but Issachar wonders as he plods along.



Only Up-to-date.

Miss Oldstile : "My dear, what a terrible mistake that new paper made in noticing Alice's wedding. It spoke of her "wedding trousers" instead of "trousseau."

Miss Flippe : "Oh, no ; I guess it's not a mistake. She's a new woman, you know."

Heather's Ladies' Column.

I AM going to write this week, dear girls, upon a very serious subject, one which I approach with something of diffidence. So many young girls have written to me lately regarding the different means by which they may obtain a livelihood, that I feel it to be my duty to give a word of warning.

There are, I am sorry to say, many young girls, of no particular education or ability, cast upon the world with the necessity of earning their own living, having no other qualification than that of being very good housekeepers. In cases like these there is sometimes a fatal tendency to enter domestic service. Yes, for filthy lucre, for the

certainty of a good home, good board, safety and self-respect these girls are throwing away all their hope of a decent social existence! Others, I am glad to say, choose the better way, and are willing to submit to any privation rather than become known as "servants." Of this latter class are those who work from eight in the morning till six at night, and often most of the evenings of every week, in some badly ventilated dressmaker's room, slaving at a work which they hate, and for which they have no aptitude, and earning a bare pittance, scarcely sufficient to pay for the poorest food and the most tawdry and insufficient clothing. Of this noble army the shop girl also forms a part. Living, two and three in a tiny room, so that their slim earnings may pay for shelter and food, standing all day behind the counter, sick or well, never daring to give up, always afraid of the terrible wolf who is so near the door, these girls cast their youth and health and beauty as a willing sacrifice before the altar of Social Prejudice. What do aching backs matter, weary feet and tired out body? They have chosen the better part, no one can call them "servants."

Of course, I know that shop girls, dress-makers, etc., are not what is known as "good society," they are not to be found among the *Elite*—only those who do nothing enter there—but they have a very distinct grade of society all their own, and, against the servant girl, the gates of this society are closed. Then there is this difference : it may be admitted by the broad minded that it is within the limits of possibility that a shop girl *may* be a "lady"—a servant girl—NEVER. Oh, dear girls, take warning! Let me tell you a little story.

In my old home there was a young girl who wished to support herself. She was an A-1 housekeeper, and became a domestic servant in the house of a friend of ours. She was a fine girl, true as steel, brave, clever and good-looking (understand, I speak of her BEFORE she became a servant—I dropped her acquaintance AFTER). After a time she entered a hospital and became a nurse. Imagine! Of course it was useless. People employed her because she was a good nurse, but it went no further. When the other nurses were invited out, she was not mentioned; if she accompanied them to some public entertainment, she was calmly ignored. (I, myself, have been obliged to look the other way.) Finally she gave it up and went away to start afresh. I don't know where she went, but if ever I find out I will feel it my duty to

Let her friends know her past history. One cannot be too careful in these days of leveling tendencies. One must protect society at all costs!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Interested.—“High-flyer” is a classical term, and means “One who soars.” The adjective is “High-falutin.”

Clara.—It is always the proper thing to wear black at a funeral, but as the deceased was only an acquaintance, and as your new frock is so stunning, I think the combination of old gold and green might be permissible.

Maybelle.—The little verse you mention is my own composition. No, I seldom write poetry. The editor will not allow it, he is afraid of nervous prostration.

Charming.—No, it is not at present good form to wear the ring outside the glove, even if it is a diamond. The desired result may be obtained, however, by removing the glove, and passing the hand gently over the back hair, as if to replace a hairpin. This is graceful, and has the advantage of seeming to be unpremeditated.

—HEATHER.

Shots From a Small Cannon.

Remember Lot's wife—but don't forget your own.

Patience is a — word, and as such, we all have it. There must be a lot of *patience* stored away, as we seldom meet much of it.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some become — bank-clerks.

That which we call a rose, by any other name would — cost as much, and very little reduction would be made by taking a quantity.

Walk over the switches and curves of life, especially in the winter. Take things easy, and don't run off the rails of carefulness and foresight. Keep on the level track, and always wait until your neighbors, on both sides, have removed the snow from the sidewalk, then you will find there will be considerably less for you to shovel.

My Dream.

I was a Prima Donna,
Dressed up in silk and lace;
A-fascinating people,
Who crowded in the place;
They pelted me with roses;
They screamed and cried “Encore!”
“Oh, bravo, lovely lady,”
And “Won't you sing some more?”

But just as I was encoring,
Black Mammy grabbed me tight,
And said, “Lor, Susan Patterson,
You gin me sich a fright;
You git back into bed dar,
And quit dat screechin' squall;
You'll sholy wake de baby;
Ain't you got no sense at all?”

Canadian Fables.

THE BEAR AND THE FOX.

A fox having met a bear when the temperature was fifty below zero, enquired whether it was “cold enough for him.” The bear answered, as he was eating the fox, that “it was certainly warmer inside.”

Moral.—Don't talk about the weather in the winter.

THE DOG AND THE BUTCHER.

A big dog had stolen a leg of mutton from a butcher. After eating everything but the bones, he was conscience-stricken, and asked a small dog to take the bones back, and apologise. The small dog did so, but was killed by the butcher before he had time to tender the apology.

Moral.—Before taking a situation, always enquire as to your master's character.

Couldn't Love Any Other.

Lord D'Edbroke: “I am going to America to marry the girl I love.”

Friend: “Who is she, may I ask?”

Lord D'Edbroke: “I hardly know yet. Some girl with not less than a million.”



Chilly Willy: “I believe dat Adam started as a snow-shoveller.”

Frosty Frank: “Why?”

Chilly Willy: “Because he had ter git out an' work after de first 'fall.'”

THE MOON



Jack Canuck: "If that kid keeps on growing at that rate, I'll have to put him in long pants before long."



His Honor at Steak.

The Ontario Cabinet Council.

ROSS: "Well, we came out all right with our Prohibitionist friends, didn't we? I knew we should. Some of you began to be a little bit afraid of trouble, but Davis and I know that lot pretty well, I think; and now that the whole business has pretty well blown over, you must admit that my referendum scheme has been a great success."

Gibson: "H'm—'blown over,' you say. Has it blown over yet?"

Ross: "Why, you can see for yourself by the way the bye-elections have gone, and the manner in which the deputation received my address, that we have nothing further to fear in that quarter. It has taken no end of manipulation, and cost us something in money, but we've scored all right. The Government comes out of the affair with undiminished prestige, and what is more to the point, not committed to any policy in particular."

Harcourt: "I don't like Dr. Mackay's absence, but it's hardly probable that he has enough of a following to make trouble."

Ross: "My dear sir, if the faction he represents can do us any harm, we shall have to hold you mainly responsible. How could you be so imprudent, so tactless as to say that the abolition of the bar room would have a disastrous effect? It was really very inconsiderate, and playing right into the hands of the extreme faction."

Harcourt: "Well, I said what I thought. I still think that the province is not prepared for any such drastic

measure, and I know that there isn't a man of you but agrees with me, and that you haven't the remotest intention of doing anything of the kind."

Stratton and Latchford: "Hear! hear!"

Ross: "It's not necessary to discuss that point. Don't cross the bridge till you come to it. What I wish to convey is that the expression was a most imprudent and unfortunate one, and calculated to give our enemies a handle against us."

Harcourt: "Well, if you come to that, Mr. Premier, so was your promise to give the province as large a measure of prohibition as the constitution would allow. Do you call that tact? Wasn't that crossing the bridge before you came to it?"

Stratton: "Harcourt is dead right there. I don't say that you haven't pulled us out of the scrape pretty well, Mr. Premier, but it was you who got us into it in the first place."

Davis: "Mr. Stratton, let me tell you, sir, that you habitually sneer at and underrate the strength of the moral and religious influences at work in this country, which make for prohibition. Gentlemen, if this Government had not satisfied this element by giving it the referendum, we should have been out of office long ago."

Stratton: "Was it the moral and religious influences that carried North York for you last election?"

Davis: "Oh, if you are going to descend to vulgar personalities—"

Ross: "Enough of this, gentlemen—you are both going too far. Let us get down to practical matters. I think the policy we have pursued has been a wise one throughout. Of course, when I promised prohibition I could not anticipate that the decision of the Privy Council would allow us to give so large a measure of it. Was I to blame for that?"

Gibson: "Hardly. The Liberal party of Canada has no influence with the English judges."

Ross: "Well, then, finding ourselves in the dilemma we were in, who could have suggested a better way out of it than the loaded referendum? We've kept our hold on the liquor people by assuring them that nothing will come of it. We've satisfied our temperance friends by giving them the prestige of a barren victory at the polls, and we have seemed to keep our pledge, while practically we are committed to nothing, and the whole question remains an open one until we 'consult our supporters.'"

Gibson: "Ha! ha! That was a very shrewd way of putting it—a master stroke of diplomacy to throw the onus on the Legislature."

Latchford: "'Our supporters,' of course, will consult the party caucus, as in duty bound."

Harcourt: "Just so, and the party caucus will, in turn, consult us, and we—"

Ross: "H'm—shall probably, while considering it extremely desirable to restrict in every possible way the evils of intemperance, deem it hardly feasible as yet to enact so stringent a measure without further assurances that public opinion is prepared for its enforcement."

All: "Ha! ha! ha!"

Stratton: "This thing of responsible government is a great scheme."

Gibson: "Yes, indeed. Human ingenuity never devised a better system for enabling everybody to shove the responsibility on somebody else."

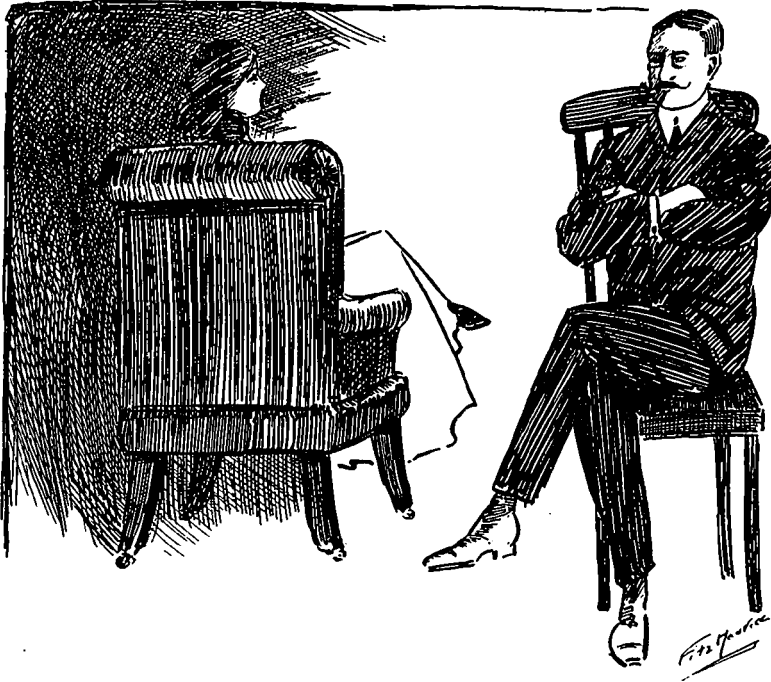


DRAWN BY CHIC.

Uncle Sam's Valley of Dry Bones.

Chorus of hanged, burned, shot and otherwise murdered victims of Lynch Law :

"Liberty! Ha, Ha, Ha!!!"



He: "Mean, indeed? Why I'm generous to a fault."
 She: "Yes, if it happens to be your own."

Awlbannie Club.

Midwinter Meeting. All the stalwarts present.

WHITNEY (*soliloquises*):—

"Heap on more hopes, for coal is dear;
 The meeting of the House is near.

We'll keep the left hand seats, I fear."

Foy:—

"No more of such foreboding speech,
 Jocund the air we should put on,
 Hope is the bridge by which we'll reach
 The eyrie where Grit eaglets screech.
 So save your bridge, nor sackcloth don,
 But march, and cross the Rubicon."

S. H. Blake: "My lords, may it please the Court to hear me. I feel that, while the last speaker utters the sentiment of the whole Court, yet eminent counsel never prepare or deliver their addresses in verse. I am much averse to the practice, and confine myself to prose—"

Whitney: "'Prosy,' I think it is styled."

Blake (*angrily*): "Sir!"

Nesbit: "Now, gentlemen, put your personal differences aside and consider what should be our position on the prohibition question when it comes up in the House. To satisfy the temperance people, the Ross Government will bring down some measure framed in such a way that it cannot carry. Now,—"

St. John: "Now, you have the fat in the fire; Ross is too keen a politician to lay a trap for himself."

Nesbit: "It's your head that is fat. No one said Ross will bring it on as a Government measure. He'll get Conmee or some other well-known advocate of the cause to father it. The Cabinet Ministers could support it and trust to the bulk of the party voting it down. See!"

Crawford: "Well, that surely is a scoundrel scheme, but if it comes up as a measure, and is a good one, I'll vote for it no matter who brings it up, even if the father of it was less of a prohibitionist than Jim Conmee, eh, Miscampbell?"

Miscampbell: "Impossible, but I've been kept so busy dodging charges about that protest that I have had no time to think the matter up, but now that you say it, it wouldn't be a bad scheme for them, but a better one for us."

Whitney: "How so?"

St. John: "I see; let Crawford and the rest of the rank and file support the bill, while we, the leaders, will be sick or something, then we have our fox in his hole. It only needs that we smoke him out."

Whitney: "I don't like it. I prefer trusting to protesting the three Norths."

Foy (*with a wink at Miscampbell*): "I would not count too much on protests; they were not successful at the Soo, and we might fail in the 'Norths,' and, if we succeeded in the Courts they could beat us again on the long purse. Our funds are too low to permit us to practice the Liberal-Conservative virtues. Better consider the prohibition problem. What is your judgment, Blake?"

Blake: "The matter liketh me. I could vote with hearty good will for prohibition, as I never patronize the saloons, or buy a drop of liquor *at retail*."

Whitney: "What says the organizer?"

Wright: "If I might be permitted I would say, 'A Samuel come to judgment,' but in the meantime don't forget the protests, and get up a decent fund, and I'll practice the party virtues."

Chairman: "Let us now close with a toast to our new member."

All sing:

"He wrote a jolly good letter,
 But might have written a better.
 His words taste some like capsicum,
 Which nobody

Can

Deny!"

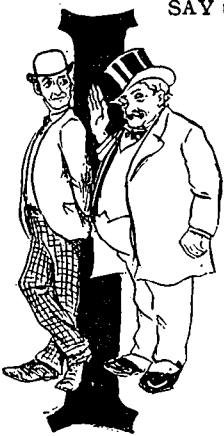
Being poor is not such a terrible thing as long as one's wife doesn't feel poor.



Sonnet.

“ Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? ”—*Shakespeare.*

The Words of Whittaker.



SAY unto thee, my son, now that we are launched on the waves of another year, thou wilt be industrious in recording thy daily rounds of mistakes which largely make up the sum of thy doing. I adjure thee to beware of loud women, and louder men.

Do not go to the ant for a lesson in wisdom, for if without this thou art unable to ante, drop out of the game and go thy ways.

Do not put thy experiences in a book—for, if they are not recorded on plates indelible in thy

soul of to-day, other record is waste paper. Burn thy records and the books that taught thee the practice, and practice to-day. Avoid the coarse person, the false person, and the weak person, and to begin right, avoid the man thou seest in the glass, for he is weaker, coarser, and meaner than any.

Look again, if thou doubtst. Is not this the one who said, “ Cannot others help this person who are more able than I? ” Is not this the one who resolved “ I will satisfy my desire tho' it crush thousands? ” Did he not say also, “ I will talk reform that others may applaud,

and deck *me* with honors and soft vestures,” and then went his way and struggled with the other hogs in the human trough? Did he not go to the tabernacle of the congregation to get his respectability—which he calls soul—rubbed down with French polish?

On Monday did he not go to the ditch, or the brick kiln and say to himself, “ How many hours can I *appear* to put in, or to the counting house and think, “ How much value can I *appear* to give,” or to the pulpit and say: “ What words can I say that will get me a name that will be sounded abroad that so I can get a better call? ”

My son, away with this fellow. Reform *him* or blot *him* out, and thou hast done a service to thy kind, for he is, as thou knowest, the *weakest* of *human kind*.

If thou like not to bear thyself thus, and would be a man of the world, a statesman or what not, clothe thee in fine raiment and know not—if possible—him that is not so garnished. Wear a solitaire; have some very old pictures and books about thee, about any matter and in any tongue, so thou canst show them and

speak of them as *thine*. Visit thy poor relations that are near, with showy gifts—that so they may not trouble thee at thy office, but poor relations that write from far, answer not, that so thou mayst be rid of them. Travel in foreign countries, and tell about “ Paree,” and get thy butler to teach thee the use of a finger-bowl. Do all this, my son, and gather much coupons—and then die. But in this, thy last and noblest work, thou wilt work alone without help or hint from lackeys, and thy kin will sorrow much that the lives of a cat were not thine, that so they could profit by nine wills.

Not Very Reassuring.

Jealous Wife: “ What was that painted, brazen-faced hussy of a woman doing in your office yesterday, John? ”

Lawyer: “ That woman—oh—er—I assure you that our relations are strictly professional. ”

Jealous Wife: “ Oh, yes; no doubt! Strictly professional—on your part or on hers? ”

Jack: “ How do you like this cold snap we are having? ”

Tom: “ Fine. I took my best girl out driving and had to keep her warm. ”

Tearful Daughter: “ But, mamma, money isn't the only thing to be thought of in marriage. ”

Ambitious Mother: “ Very true. Social position *is* worth considering. ”

You cannot blame an age for not recognizing its geniuses. If the geniuses are properly modest, they do not recognize themselves.

Kaiser to Czar: "I say, Nick, doesn't it make you tired to see cousin Ned fussing about a treason trial, as if it meant something in his country?"

Simpson: "What makes that man yell every time anyone in the crowd touches him?"

Bimson: "He's a Whitney man, and is feeling sore all over."

A Valid Reason.

Stapleton: "Why did Wraggles & Co. go into liquidation?"

Caldecott: "Because they couldn't make themselves solid, I suppose."

A Ready Recruit.

Temperance Lecturer: "Let us strike the demon, alcohol, at every opportunity."

Husky Hank: "I'm wid yer, boss. Tain't often I miss a chance to hit de booze."

Subjectively Regarded.

Rev. Dr. Oldstile (*dubiously*): "And do you really think, Brother Fadsharpe, that the Congress of Religions accomplished any practical good?"

Prof. Fadsharpe (*enthusiastically*): "Oh, I am certain of it! Why, it marks a new epoch in religious thought—and I've been lecturing on it ever since, at \$100 a night."

Rough on George.

Ruth, a little girl of five, knew just enough about playing-cards to know the King, Queen and Knave, and, hearing her mother singing "God Save the King," she said, "Mother, why do you sing God Save the King, you used to sing God Save the Queen?" Her mother said the Queen was dead. "Well, mother, when the King dies, will you sing 'God Save the Knave?'"

Higher Criticism Explained.

Binkerton: "What do they mean by the Higher Criticism, anyway?"

Pilgarlic: "Well, for instance, instead of telling a man that he is a liar, the Higher Critic would say that the subjectivity of his consciousness rendered his conceptions of actuality in some measure inaccurate."

Mrs. McGullion: "The top av the mornin' to ye, ma'am. An' how's yer son, Thady, gettin' on wid his larning?"

Mrs. Mulrooney: "Och, he's doin' foinely. The tacher sez, sez, he, that's a bye as'll make his mark, begorra, so he will."

Mrs. McGullion: "Make his mark, is it! Sure, my Barney, as is two years younger nor him, learned to write his name long ago."



Highly Dangerous.

Paymaster Laurier: "I b'lieve I'll have to quit using this here trussel. It seems to be getting quite shaky."

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Independent Order of Foresters

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

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

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**

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, 1903... **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.

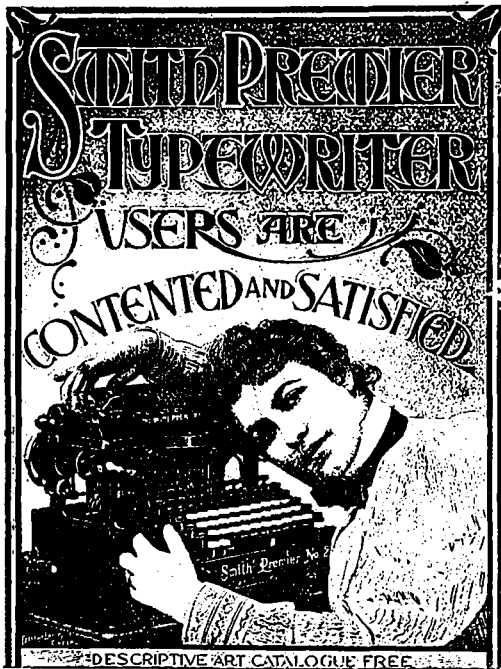
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