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The Moon



THE AMERICAN GIRL.—(No. 3.)
The Athletic Girl.

Sweet voice, it's heard all o'er the links,
She cares not what the public thinks.—
She is athletic.

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

Vol. 1. JUNE 25, 1902. No. 5.
18 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE MOON is published every Wednesday. 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.

CLASSIFY those Canadians who gorge themselves with United States newspapers and periodicals and you will find that they naturally group themselves into: 1, Fools, who think it broadminded to read foreign books and papers; 2, Toadies, who naturally cringe to the rich and powerful; 3, Bargain-hunters, who buy anything because it is cheap; 4, Young ladies (from 15 to 50 years old), who like to look at the pictures; 5, Young gentlemen (with hair parted in the middle), who find Canadian writing "so crude, you know"; 6, Old men, in their second childhood, who have to be amused some way; 7, The noble army of ignoramuses who know no better. There may be others, not numerous enough to form a class, but we have not been privileged to meet any of them.

NEW YORK *Life* is a comic paper. This is a fact; we have heard dozens of people say so; and the people who said so are serious people—they will never be accused of being humorous. But, before the close of the Boer War, *Life* did not show up at her best; now she is really funny. Her terrible predictions have come to nothing; her Boer skeletons have sunk in the quicksand; and now, without apologies, she launches into more hysterical abuse—abuse of the King, abuse of Great Britain, abuse of Canada and the rest of the Empire!!! But such is *Life*—and so good loyal Canadians read her eagerly.

THERE are only two classes of men from whom the Toronto Railway Co. has had sympathy in its strike. One class is made up of the men who are too lazy and selfish to be put to inconvenience; the other class is composed of those persons that wish to be considered of the same monetary standing as the company. "You know," says the man of the latter class, "we employers cannot submit to dictation from mere working men." It is a case of "My friend, Andrew Carnegie—etc."

IF you put a stick into the hand of a fool, he thinks that he must at once swing it. This was proved in the Toronto Railway strike on Sunday last. A savage, who by mistake had been dressed up in the uniform of a police officer, became so delighted with the opportunity for exhibiting the qualities that are so admirable in the bullock that he could not refrain from almost breaking the back of a sixteen-year-old boy, because the child did not "move on" when there was no opening in the crowd through which to move. When will it be possible for citizens of a respectable community to walk about the earth without having a ruffian with a club to drive them as a herder drives his hogs?

IN recalling Mr. Wilkie from India, where he had worked for more than twenty years in founding a college for the educating and training of young men, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will discover that it has made a serious mistake. In refusing to open up the matter for discussion after their error had been discovered, they made an even worse mistake. The generally believed reason that they had for refusing to reopen the question was that it was "not a matter of justice that they had to consider, but a matter of expediency." How high an opinion of the Assembly the public will have, when it becomes generally known that "expediency" and not justice aids the Assembly in reaching its conclusions, will be interesting to know.

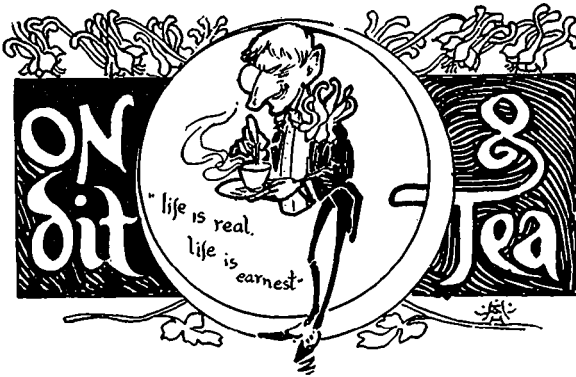
IN reference to the King's regrettable illness, we wish to state that while we grieve quite as deeply as any of our contemporaries, we fail to see the necessity for such funeral gloom as some papers seem to take such delight in whining out. Some prate of "bad omens" and other rot of the same disgustingly superstitious nature! When will this kind of insanity be frowned down? It is not the daily papers that are to be blamed; they know no better. It is the public that is reprehensible, for it is the public that encourages such stuff. The people read it, laugh at it—in a rather sickly manner—and then, despite their laugh, repeat it, in a shamefaced way, at the next street corner. Just such contemptible little weaknesses as these are the ones that leave us open to the sneers of outsiders.

The Spirit of the Age.

"Every cloud has a silver lining."
But never in paying quantities.



"Hay-hoe!" sighed the Royal carriage wheel, "That man tires me so."



MRS. MARROWFAT was the charming hostess of a dinner in honour of Professor Beattie, the famous vegetarian, who was in town last week. The following sat down to a delightful repast of choux fleurs de North Toronto and pommes de terres au naturel: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Matto, Miss Olive Hoyle, Mr. Artie Choak, the Misses Greene-Pease, Prof. Salad (Hon. W.D.), Mr. Colley Flower, Mr. and Mrs. Doane O. Beans.

MR. ROBERT WILKIE lost his seven-dollar diamond ring at the card party on Wednesday night. Mr. Wilkie has been very unfortunate at cards lately. It is said Mrs. Wilkie will take in washing if his ill-luck continues.

MISS MARY JONES has changed her address from 1872 Walmer Road, care of Mrs. H. K. Perkins, to care of Watson Corset Factory, Limited, in rear 37½ Adelaide Terrace.

A MERRY stag party was that at the rooms of Mr. Arthur Fitzpatrick last Saturday night. It is understood Mr. Arthur's salary at the bank has been raised from \$250 a year to \$275.

A VERY pretty and stylish wedding was celebrated in Old Orchard Methodist Church on Wednesday at noon. The bride, Miss Amy Watkins, wore a perfectly lovely gown of 35c. India silk trimmed with real \$1.50 lace bought special at 59c. She was supported by her mother, three sisters and her little brother, Dick, dressed becomingly in short pants. Her immediate friends and the residents of D'Orsey street and neighborhood were also present. The groom was a certain Mr. Scott, who wore a suit of clothes.

MR. HENRY WYLIE, Mr. Albert Griggson, Mr. Owen Miller and Mr. Jimmy Llewellyn were interested participants in Mrs. Van Hunter's crap game last week, Mr. Llewellyn especially seeming quite au faire with the bones. It is said that the bank will lose one of its most sporty members in the near future, Mr. Miller having been offered a job in a brewery. Mr. Griggson, cashier in the same institution, now wears his hair departed in the middle.



"Now, Willie, what are you laughing at?" "Please sir, Johnny Framework tickled my funnybone."



No. 1

The Crafty Hatter bethinks himself of ye old stock on the top shelf.



No. 2

He removes the dust of ages.

The Lay of the "Unco" Loyal.

O some would be lairds and some be lords
 (And a worshipful thing is high degree):
 But 'tis duty clear in our good King
 To make a baronet of me.
 O cold, cold are the winter's blasts
 That sweep from Huron to the sea;
 But fell cold the Canadian hearts
 That would not hearken unto me.
 But long I've strove and sore I've wrought
 To aid in their extremity
 This blighted folk who know not what
 Charm lies in aristocracy.
 But aye the words that I have said
 Said o'er and o'er so painfully;
 By gentleman and laird are read
 And understood beyond the sea.
 So I'll hire me a berth and pack my gear
 And hie me swiftly across the sea:
 For in spite of hot air there's no one here
 Will make a baronet of me.

A Fable.

IN the days after the man called Colon crossed the great sea, cunning men devised chariots to go without horses, and the chariots went straight forward and turned not to the right or to the left, save at switches. And other men more cunning than the first, said, "Behold, we understand these matters; sell us the highways and we will tote ye for a penny." And they spake kindly words to the elders of the city and gave them new wine to drink, and washed their feet, and gave provender to their asses.

And the elders held counsel together and said, "We find these men who push a chariot with a pole good, decent fellows; let us look wisely and do unto these men *as seemeth good unto them*."

And they did so, and the chariots ran to and fro and traffic was much increased. And those that rode paid little, but those who tended the chariots were paid less. And they murmured and said, "These nabobs profit much, let us profit a little." But the nabobs said, "Get ye to Hades, ye are idle, eat less bacon and so profit."

But they said, "Man shall not live by bacon alone, an' ye give us not a farthing more of your shekels we will strike our tents."

And they said, "Strike and be —."

And they struck, and the sound was heard afar.

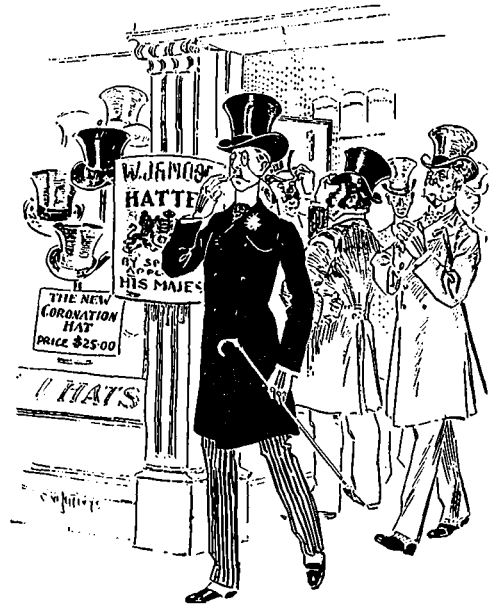
And they called on the captain of the host for men of valor using weapons of war, to shoot whoso would not bow down unto them, and they called it "keeping the peace." But the princes who owned the bazaars said to the serving men "Behold, we be brothers." And to the owners of the chariots they said, "Behold, we and you are twins, go to, let us satisfy these bondsmen; not that we love them, but so there may be traffic."

And they took counsel, and prayed the god of mammon that strife may be averted. And they granted the bondsmen another farthing. And the bondsmen dwelt in the land and were comforted, and their bacon was increased one rind per day, while the nabobs could get naught to devour save sirloin.



No. 3

He points out the beauties of the new hat and swears King Edward's headgear is from the same block.



No. 4

And the customer departs satisfied.

Ballade of Toronto Society.

In other cities known to fame
Society's tradition clear
Stakes out the boundary of her claim
By birth or breeding, wealth or lere.
Into the sacred confines here
'Tis wondrous facile to progress :
Pray rid your mind of every fear
If only you've the proper dress.

Culture's a barrier to your aim,
'Tis scoffed at with an idiot sneer ;
The fashionably vulgar dame
Will vote you criminally queer.
If you to intellect adhere
Your cause is lost ; you must confess
Devotion to apparel mere :
Be sure you have the proper dress.

Money, of course, is in the game ;
As elsewhere, too, its power is dear ;
With newly hyphenated name
And borrowed crest it courts a jeer.
But ye who have it not, appear
In raiment gay and let us guess
Whether your rent is in arrear :
We know you have the proper dress

Your manners may be very lame.
O ! let me whisper in your ear :
It matters nothing whence you came,
From hall or hovel, far or near.
But strut and swagger, stare and leer
At those who would your cheek suppress,
And spend your money on your gear,
For then you'll have the proper dress.

Your fathers may 'mid fiery grame
Have fallen in fights of yesteryear,
Or in the mart 'mid traffic tame
Have gained their gold by pork or beer ;
It matters not ; *your* ship you steer
By wearing clothes of comeliness,
From this device pray never veer :
Be sure you have the proper dress.

Some minor points fit in the frame
Of social sway : an accent dear
'Fawncied' as English, yet the same
No English folk could brook to hear ;
And if your locks be grey and sere
Peroxide will restore each tress.
To other lacks devote no tear
Provided you've the proper dress.

ENVOI

Dame Grundy, thy shrivelled heart to cheer
I fain would gratitude express,
For freedom from the gazetteer.
Because I've not the proper dress.

GWYN ARAUN.

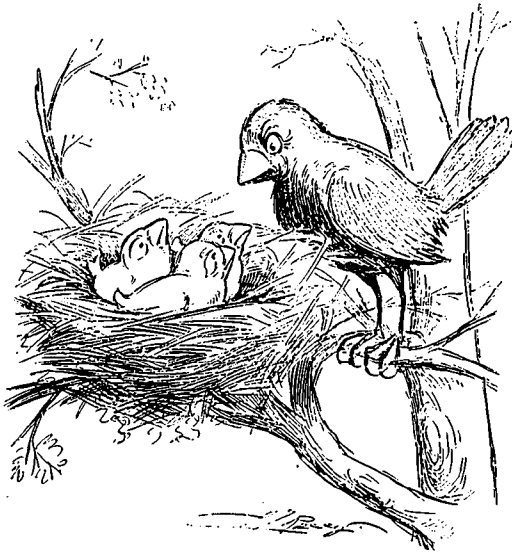
Miss English (youthful and pretty) : " Who are the Colonials, mammaw. Were they born there ?"

Mrs. English (fashionable but not learned) : " Oh—ah—a sort of aboriginies, my deah, who fled when we came over with the Conqueror."

" The strikers shall get no sympathy from me," said the maiden lady. " I do not believe in unions."



A QUIET EVENING IN A CANADIAN HOME



Mrs. Sparrow: "Now, you little ones must agree while I am gone."

Little Ones: "Why, Mamma?"

Mrs. Sparrow: "Because it's dangerous to fall out."

The Disposal of the Unfittest.

Take thy "caine," O blawsted chappie,
And thy monocle so dweadful,
Gaze upon the world around thee
With a "What the devil mean they
By 'Survival of the fittest,'
And their talk of twade and commerce,
And of stwikes, such sordid mattahs
As engage the whole attention
Of the common people only?
He who makes my cweased twowsahs,
He would claim to be a man, too—
How absurd; he's but a cweatuah
Made to serve the men of fashion—
Men of blood and cultcha, miind you,
Who alone should own cweation."

Think away, thou thing to show off
Ties and collars and such rubbish,
If to think thou have a liking,
And can stand the operation,
For thou surely art the fittest,
In a world of work and worry,
In a world of thorns and thistles,
To give back the good that's in thee
As a splendid fertilizer.

Clarence (aged seven): "What kind of man are you working for, Mr. Slimpurse?"

Mr. S.: "Why, Clarence, what makes you ask such a question?"

Clarence: "Well, I heard papa tell Kate that you were working for a wonder."

Advertising.

WANTED: Well educated young ass—
University graduate in modern languages
preferred—to write the social notices for
a newly-rich Toronto family. Must have complete
adjectival vocabulary. Box 152, MOON.

Good Form.

"**H**ELLO, Jim! Where are you off to now?"
"Oh, North for the summer."
"Ain't you a bit early, old man? We
haven't had any hot weather yet, you know."
"But, my dear fellow, my wife has become
impatient; she has a new bathing suit."

Extinct.

NIGHTMARES are now things of the past.
They have been run down by the night
automobile.

Foiled—A Tale of Night.



WILLIE

THE golden gleams of a
new day shot athwart
the azure son.

He was the son of a
cattle man. He had stayed
in the game all through the
dewy eve.

He had killed a cowboy
the week before. The veal
was sold in the market-
place. Then he killed
the cow.

When he entered the gates of the city he had
money to burn. But William did not burn bills.

He met a man with a wad who taught him to
play john pots for five dollars a side.

In the early morn the man with the wad took
the 197th pot with three aces. Willie had two
aces himself. He had had them cold ever since
the game commenced.

The man silently folded his ten and stole away.
It was all there was left to steal.

Out on the cold,
still prairie Willie
drew forth a pack of
"sure winner" playing
cards he had bought
through an advertise-
ment in a pink paper.

He struck a match,
lighted the cards and
laid them on the
ground.

The boy stood on
the burning deck.



THE MAN WITH THE WAD.

—M. T. Oldwhistle.



A Disproved Superstition.—No. 1

Schneider: "Fritzy, ven I vos young de say it unlugy vos to pass a ladder under, so ve around outside vill go, yes!"

An American Correspondent in London.

LONDON, June 24th, 3 p.m.

NOW, we *are* in a — of a mess. Here are our passages paid for, hotel bills contracted for, and a large deposit in advance. Melinda's dresses just arrived from Paris will be quite ruined as nobody will see them, and all because the King has got append-e-something.

Madame says it is perfectly shameful that respectable people should be so put out. She says, that if it were under Old Glory the thing had happened, it would never have happened at all.

Suppose our dear President were to get shot—half shot don't count—we would just put up another man in his place and pull the thing off any way, but these English people are so stuck up and prim that they must have the real thing or let it go.

I talked to Chamberlain about it and gave him my mind. I didn't see, when everybody was there, and had paid their footing, why they couldn't put up Rosebery or the Markis What-you-Call or Col. Lynch or himself, and do the decent thing by the

people who came thousands of miles just so the thing wouldn't be a flat failure. If they all wanted the job, they could draw lots for it. If they couldn't agree to that, what was the matter with putting up a dummy; proper dress, wig and all. The people wouldn't know, and everything would go all right. They could oil up the wig and consecrate it all right if their Archbishops were any good. There are some Right Rev. chaps here from Boston and New York, who could do the job slick, and I was sure they would be only too glad to oblige. I told him that the minister of foreign relations should issue reign checks or coronation checks, or Roosevelt would be justified in declaring war, but of course I hoped it wouldn't come to that, as we all knew what would happen.

Joe brightened up a bit when I mentioned him, but said he had so many duties, and the others weren't eligible. He said that about check reigns a harness dealer could fix me up—he is quite stupid about little things—I can tell you though, when he put that glass in his eye I felt chilled. They are a queer people over here, actually seem more sorry than disappointed.



A Disproved Superstition.—No. 2

Schneider: (as Hogan's foot slips), Great Himmel, Fritzy, der luck vos changed since I vos young.



In Microbehollow.

Mic' de tough : " Say, Germy, here comes dudy Ping Pong, de new microbe wot has just arrived. Will we do him?"

Germey : " Naw, he's got a gun wid him."

LONDON, June 15th, 1902.

TO THE DEAR OLD MOON :

I would 'ave you to know, old chap, as we're 'aving quite a time 'ere with the bloom'n' Coronation.

We've let the front parlor to a Hamerican gent an' 'is missus. They're that 'ard to please, you wouldn't believe. The fust thing they kicks at there bein' no street cars 'andy ; says they 'ates homnibuses. Han' they is so green about some things, thought a shillin' warn't as good as a quarter. W'en they come I ups an' asks 'em if they 'ad no luggage, cos we've ben caught afore. Missus says, quite peart, like as they was gentle folk and didn't have nothink low. Han just as we was a talkin' a porter 'e fetches in the luggage, an' I says, says I, "'wot for d' ye go an' say as ye didn't 'ave no luggage?" Missus she laughs an' says, "That ain't no luggage," she says, says she, "that's baggage," she says "We calls hit baggage," she says, "over on t'other side were they talks English," she says. Han

the young uns is so pert an' brassy. One on 'em says, "Maw," she says, "They haint got no furnace," she says. The brat, I could 'ave slapped 'er. The wust thing about 'em is they thinks a lot of their upper togs, an' puts it on pretty gay, but they don't know nothink of blacking, an' uses their knives for spoons. They wants to know 'ow we can 'ave such a low quarter as Rotten Row. "Don't you go there for your life," she says to the kids. But I'll be late for the mail. Let you 'ear next week 'ow we gets along.

Legal.

"What will you charge me for taking the case?"

"It ought to be worth a hundred, but I'll do it for you for an even sixty."

"Sixty dollars? Great Cræsus! I can buy a whole jury for that!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I saw the Chief of the Weather Bureau come out of a clairvoyant's office."

"What was he doing there?"

"Trying to change his luck."

—*Life.*



1st Goat : Where is little Billy, I haven't seen him lately?"

2nd Goat : "Oh, he tried to digest a yellow journal the other day, and it gave him a severe attack of jaundice."



The Latest Style in Hair Dressing: The Coronation Roll.

The following correspondence has fallen into the hands of our Society editor :

To Miss Ethel Van Dresser.

— Street, Chicago, Ill.,

June 4th, 1902.

Dear Ethel,—I was so surprised to hear that you were going to the Coronation. There will be so many people there that you wouldn't like to meet—regular toad eaters, don't you know. Of course we knew that the Cotaleens were going, but that is one reason why I wouldn't be seen there. . . . A few years ago old Cotaleen didn't have a dollar. Paw wanted us to go, but maw says it would be so much better to spend the money in church work here ; besides, we are true democrats, and have always been down on Royalty. If you go, we hope you will have a lovely time, if you can stand the crush of common people.

Your loving friend,
MAG. SMITH.

East Buffalo, N. Y.

—
Wall Street, New York.

June 11th, 1902.

John Smith, East Buffalo, N.Y.,

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find the necessary papers for signature to close the option of the

Consolidated Oil Co., of Derrickville, on your property there.

We also enclose the Company's cheque for the first payment, \$50,000, and we desire to congratulate you on the fortunate conclusion of the deal. We remain,

Very truly yours,

Hyde, Seake & Co., Brokers.

—
East Buffalo, N. Y.

June 12th, 1902.

My Dearest Clara,—I write you these few lines in haste to say that we have just decided to go abroad. Dear maw is so used up with church work that she will have to take a rest and take in the Coronation. Hope you won't say a word about it to the Van Dressers ; Ethel would want to go on the same boat and tag right onto us. It would be just like her.

Will you be presented? I hope to have that honor. It will be just lovely. I wonder if King Edward will remember maw. She saw him when he was at Niagara Falls in 1860. She was close up to him and looked right at him.

Our neighbors here got word of it, though we tried to keep it quiet, and they just plague the life out of me to know if it's true. It will be such a treat to get away and get a rest among genteel people. Hoping to hear from you.

Your loving friend,

Marguerite Smythe.



A Self-possessed Person.



An Old Ontario Family.

Mrs. Wayback : "Them DeSoddusts what's summerin' over to Henry Jameses mus' be what they call an old fambly, Hiram ; she never quits talkin' 'bout ther fambly tree."

Mr. Wayback : "She mus' be referrin' to a pine tree, Marthy. I mind ole Bill Soddust when he made his money out of a little 15 x 20 saw mill he hed out near Bobcaygeon."

Wife : I'm afraid you won't be well enough to go with me to Mrs. Swagger's progressive euchre party to-night.

Husband : I'm afraid I will.

—Ohio State Journal.

Remarkable.

"We have tried everything, even Christian Science."

"And she still lives?"

"Not only that, but she has money."

—Life.

"Throw away that vile cigar."

"Not much, mister ; go an' find yer own butt!"

—Ohio State Journal.

Asked why he had left hell out of a recent sermon, Brother Dickey answered :

"Ever'thing to his season. Whilst I wuz a-preachin' dat sermon, de thermometer wuz in de nineties, en hell spoke fer itse'f!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

True.

Wife : How could you give that cook a recommend after she drank up all your best whiskey?

Husband : I merely said that she had a great deal that was good in her.—Life.

"Put not your trust in riches," said the clerical-looking man in the rusty coat.

"I don't," replied the prosperous-looking individual, "I put my riches in trusts."

—Chicago News.

An Apt Comparison.

She : "Well, I didn't suppose a poet would do such a thing."

He : "And why not? Poets are rightly different from others. They have a code of morals of their own. They are like clergymen."

—Life.

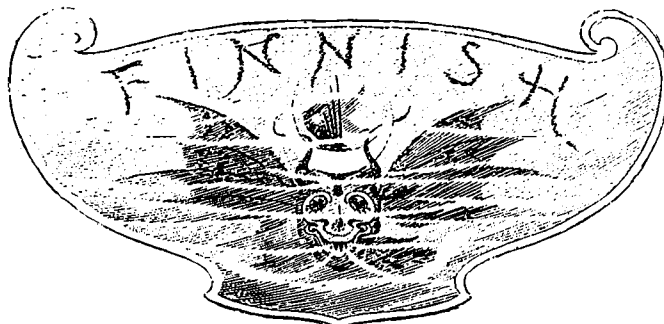
"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the court-room, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defending."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gentleman what stole the chickens."

—Baltimore News.



NOTICE.

OUR readers will notice that THE MOON has grown considerably this week. Four pages have been added to the paper, thus bringing it up to the size of the American offenders in the same line as ourselves. We think that our readers will also agree with us when we state that the quality of our matter is no worse than our Yankee contemporaries—it couldn't easily be worse.

If you, sir, who are reading us now, are satisfied with our attempt to give you your money's worth, please put your name and address in the form below, and send ONE DOLLAR for a half-year's subscription.

We assure you that we intend to continue to grow in proportion with our age.

THE MOON
PUBLISHING CO.,
48 Adelaide St. East,
TORONTO.

Gentlemen;

Please send me one copy of THE MOON once a week till end of year, in payment for which I enclose One Dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

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