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# THE MOON



A "pointed" sermon, on Personation in the Referendum.  
 "The Department of Justice must take this matter seriously."—*Globe*, Jan. 29th

# THE MOON

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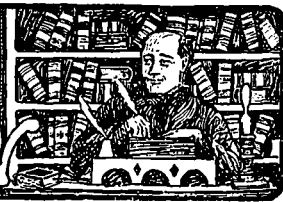
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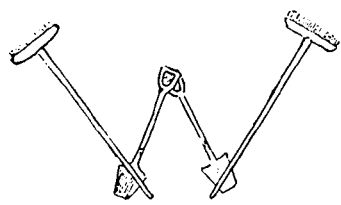
MY ULTIMATEIM  
Y.C.W. BET

WHEREAS, IT IS AGIN  
MY PRINCIPLES TO DEAL  
FAIR IF I KIN HELP IT,  
I HEV DECIDED AS FOL  
LERS FER THE ALASKA  
BOUNDARY DISPUTE  
PROPOSED BY BRITISH  
A BORO OF 3 ARBITRA  
TERS, 1 BRITISH, 1 AM  
ERKAN, 1 INDEPENDINT  
REFUSED  
PROPOSED BY CANADY  
THE SAME BASIS, I LEND  
DOWN FER THE VENEZ  
UELA DISPUTE  
REFUSED  
PROPOSED BY ME,  
6 ARBITRATORS - 3  
OF EM AMERICAN &  
3 BRITISH, SOSE I KIN  
DEAD LOCK, THE THING  
IF I CANT GIT IT ALL  
MY OWN WAY,  
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT  
U.S.

**The Ultimatum Accepted.**

Mr. Bull : " It's the best we can do, Sir Wilfrid ; 'e doesn't know any better, that's 'ow it is ; besides, I want to get that business settled one way or another, and I depend on your 'elping me."

**The Lawyer's Lyric.**



HEREAS, on sundry walks and  
ways  
To wit : when winter winds  
do blow  
The crystal flakes ; deponent  
says  
The citizen must shovel snow,  
Provided that aforesaid flakes  
Fall on that portion of the  
street,

Whereon the citizen betakes  
His right to exercise his feet,  
And doth obstruct pedestrian gait,  
In form of snow, or ice, or hail,  
He hath, see "Johnson versus Tate,"  
Redress at law, "Crown versus Gale."  
In this case, Gale did plead in vain,  
Heaven, and not he, had laid the snow ;

The full Court held, and made it plain,  
Gale could sue Heaven, but not below.

The householder who fails to pay  
The penalties the law defines,  
Incurs a debt, "Green versus Gray—"  
Falls on his heirs and his assigns.

This is the case, we clearly see,  
With costs in cause—the common law—  
And, as aforesaid counsel's fee,  
Five dollars, "Little versus Maw,"

**Unlimited Credit.**

Bostwick : " Most accommodating fellow, my tailor.  
Lets my bill run on sometimes for two years."  
Bagstock : " I can do better than that. Mine writes,  
asking for his money at my "earliest convenience."

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

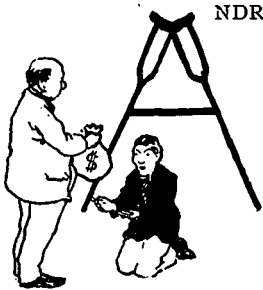
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THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.

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.



ANDREW CARNEGIE'S "offer" to give to the city of Toronto the sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, instead of arousing the slumbering self-respect and indignation of that city, has so far merely brought forth a drowsy, whining "Thanks, kind sir" from "representative citizens."

The daily Press has fallen into line, and has administered soothing syrup to the city's manhood—soothing syrup in the form of interviews with these "representative citizens." But what can one expect from the daily Press? It has been living on stealings from our neighbor's garbage barrel for so long a time that it has come to look upon self-respect and manhood as dangerously bad relics of a barbaric age. And what are these "representative citizens," who have had the audacity to speak for us? They are would-be Andrew Carnegies—men that give evidence of lacking all that he lacks, besides what he lacks not. The "reasons" why we should accept this alms—the reasons that these persons give:

"Carnegie made his money on this continent, therefore we have a *right* to a share of it." Noble and broad-minded brother, thou shouldst be Premier of Ontario!

"English and Scottish cities have accepted the money; why should not we?" Behold a patriot! Here we have a man that would be first to pay "Ship Money" to the Imperial Navy.

"It doesn't concern us how Mr. Carnegie made his money. All we know is that we want our share of it." And yet, dear friend, in local affairs we have a police magistrate, who holds the opinion that how your benefactor got his money does concern you. It may be well for you to remember also, unsophisticated, trusting man, that, if you ever reach a healthy maturity of mind—which seems unlikely—you will discover that you have developed a personal magistrate, who will, if you accept gifts with such lack of inquisitiveness, condemn your manhood to servitude for life.

"I should like to see some of those persons that object to the city's accepting the money refuse three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, if Mr. Carnegie should offer it to them." Ah, here we have a democrat of the extremist school! Of the gentleman he knows nothing. It may be well, O modern sir, to assure you that a real gentleman does still exist. It may be well also to inform you that no gentleman can accept gifts of money, without ceasing to be a gentleman. A city is made up of individuals. If these individuals be gentlemen, they cannot accept Mr. Carnegie's money. The action of the city of Toronto in this case will be a proclamation to the world, and that proclamation will unalterably decide the place that individual Torontonians are to occupy in the catalogue of humanity.

But, you say, we need a new library. Quite true! But it would seem that we need self-respect more. Self-respect needs no books nor buildings to aid its development. No; books and buildings obtained at the cost of liberty blast self-respect forever. One can imagine a man reading Carlyle borrowed from a Carnegie Library. In the pages before him he reads his conviction as a slave.

If we need a library, let us build it; let us borrow the money, not beg it. For on the Carnegie Library there shall rest a curse. In whatever city it stands in this country, it shall be a failure. Before this generation shall have passed away, men shall speak of, and point to, "Carnegie's Folly."

What stands upon a foundation of Shame cannot attain an age of Dignity.

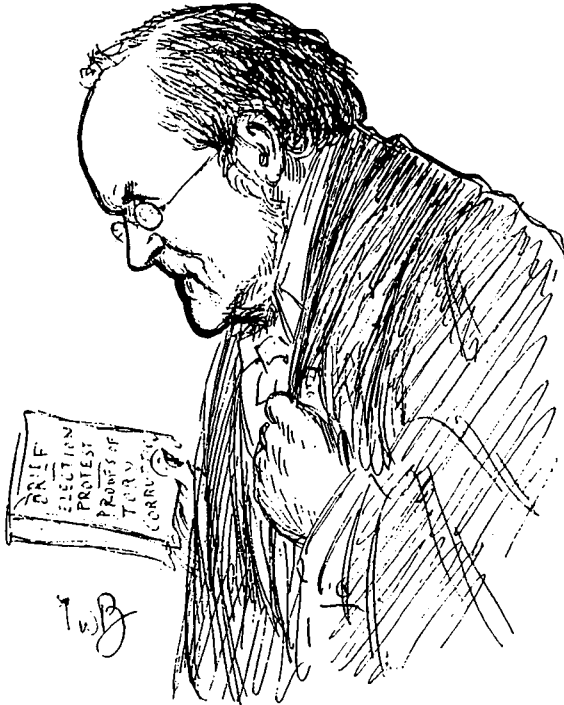
THE Anglo-American Treaty, which provides for the settlement of the Alaskan Boundary dispute, places Canada in a position that must be highly gratifying to all self-respecting Canadians. *Mamma* decides how she will dispose of our property for us. The apron-string seems to be still in use, and mother continues to sell our chickens for us. The bargains that *maw* made for us in the past have proved to be so shrewd that we must, in our own interests, let her act for us again.

IT is reported that in one of the Central-American Republics, quarterly revolution, catalogued as V. 176, has just been given its initial performance. The plot in this Opera Bouffe is based on the result of a presidential election. The President is supposed to be defeated. So far all is well. But here is where the real action starts. The President, who has been regarded as the hero, refuses to resign. We shall not divulge the dénouement, lest we should destroy a treat that is in store for you.

The many parts are all in competent hands. The voices are exceptionally strong.

Of course the plot is absurd. Everyone knows that the complications could have been avoided if the defeated President had brought on three or four bye-elections; but this would have been too realistic for extravaganza purposes.

## Portraits by Moonlight.



SAMUEL HUME BLAKE, K.C.

## Brief Biographies.—No XXVIII.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

"This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change."

FROM time to time in the world's history, lone figures have risen to a sense of power and duty, and have unbidden, become leaders, lawgivers or trustees of the public weal.

Samuel Hugo Blake did, in 1835, knock at the portals of earth and demand admittance. He had a mission, to wit: he came to see that the Y.M.C.A., the Prisoners' Aid Association, The Lord's Day Alliance, The International Sunday School Convention, The Protestant Churchman's Union, and the greatest and most eminent jurist on earth prospered spiritually and financially.

Mr. Blake started right, by helping to keep store for a few years; for the tendency to persuade customers that they ought to buy more of his goods aided him in convincing legal customers that they ought to invest their money in expensive law. He was a B.A. at twenty-three, and was made a Q.C. twice, once in 1872, and again by Lord Lansdowne in 1885. According to the law of lunar mathematics, things that are equal to one another are equal to the sum of both; therefore S. H. Blake, twice a Q.C., is equal to any other two Q.C.'s. This view I do not need particularly to insist on as an axiom, as it is understood that the gentleman whom it concerns admits that I am right.

While he contends that Admiral Blake was only a

distant connection of the family, there are some remarkable points of resemblance in their methods. Admiral Blake always met the foe with heavy ordnance, firing solid and chainshot, with powder as the propelling agent. S. H. Blake has adopted modern methods; he fires not only solid shot, but shells, filled with dynamite, "Greek fire," lydite, aqua fortis, vitriol, and lunar costic. He keeps up a continuous rain of them till the enemy is destroyed. He uses compressed air as the propelling agent, thus combining safety and cheapness. Mr. Blake has a brother, who left his party to its fate when it no longer served his purpose. The brothers have much in common.

Mr. Blake is "full of good works," and he keeps himself in a ferment lest the sons of Belial should violate some principles of, "Peace on earth and good will toward men." He will maintain the principle, even if he has to smash somebody to do it.

He is benevolent to an unusual degree—for a lawyer—and is ready to give away a dollar in charity for every \$100.00 he gets out of a legal quibble; thus is benevolence made possible, and he is blest by many that never had to pay him a dollar. The most notable incident in Mr. Blake's life was not his appointment as Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery, but his writing a simple letter. This letter was addressed to "My dear Foy," a leading Conservative. It set forth at length the rank corruption pervading every department of the Liberal party in Ontario, under the leadership of G. W. Ross, as compared with the conduct of affairs under Sir Oliver Mowat. Assuming that the charges in the letter were substantially true—and Mr. Blake was in a position to know—and recognizing that the personnel of the party under Ross is substantially what it was under Mowat, must we not conclude that the writer of the letter is narrow in his views; that he possesses a guileless innocence, inconsistent with his calling and years; or that the cause of disaffection was not the one stated?

Mr. Blake is a master of invective. Had he been a woman, he would, under favorable circumstances, have excelled as a fish vendor in Billingsgate market.

While many will think that his political motives are as straight as a corkscrew, all who know him will concede that his religious motives are as straight as a ramrod.

## A Consistent Reformer.

Pilgarlic: "Binkerton spends most of his time seeking to reform society."

Dusenbury: "Humph! He'd better begin by paying his debts; then he'd be a little more consistent."

Pilgarlic: "Not at all. His ideal state of society is one in which nobody will pay his debts."

## Not Sufficiently Inclusive.

Sinnick: "Well, I agree with David, that all men are liars."

Pecwick: "But you know that he said that in his haste."

Sinnick: True; he forgot to include the women."



Mother: "I wish you wouldn't romp so, Gertrude; you never see me do it."

### Heather's Ladies' Column.

**I** KNOW that there are many of my dear Ghostly Ones who have the misfortune to be unable to reside in Toronto—the only habitable place in Canada—and who are, therefore, shut off from many and various sources of information and privilege. It is for the sake of these that I will this week devote our column to the description of the fortnightly meeting of the Browning Club.

In the first place it must be understood that this club is very select. No one who has not received a Ladies' College training, and who is not able to read English at sight, is eligible for membership,

and it is generally understood that the candidate's mamma must be presentable, so as not to disgrace her daughter when the meeting is held at her house.

But of the social side of the matter, it is enough to say that our President is no other than Miss Inti Lectual,

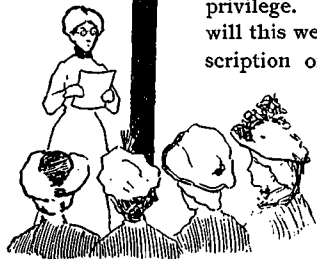
whose papa is the celebrated N. T. Lectual, who discovered something that made him famous. (I asked the Editor what it was he discovered, and he said he didn't know, unless it was that he discovered when stocks were going to slump, before it was too late), He made a pile of money by it, anyway.

Well, the last meeting was held at the home of the President, and I must say that I didn't like her gown! I've heard since that it was one of Van Itée's creations, but I don't believe it. Whatever Van Itée is, she is *not* original, and I am sure she hasn't imagination enough to think of such a dream of hideousness. And her hair—words fail me when I try to describe it—but *imagine* Inti Lectual with her hair done *low*!

The subject for discussion was that exquisite little thing, "The Last Ride Together." The first paper was upon the "Psychological Side of Browning," as revealed in this poem. It was read by Miss Bee Witching, and you have no idea how improved she is since Madam Olave Greene removed the mole from the tip of her nose! (Just here I might say that Madam Olave is the *only* one I would ever trust to do a thing like that. She never leaves a scar, and is so *private*! I am sure poor little Bee Witching ought to be grateful all her life, for while she used to be positively homely, now she isn't half bad looking).

But I was telling you about the paper. It was on the "Psychological Side of Browning," and was really awfully clever. It referred, I remember, to Psyche being the Greek, or Latin or Something for soul, and about Browning's having a great deal of it. All the girls were wild to know who wrote it, but she would not tell, and as it was typewritten, we couldn't guess.

The next paper was on the "Emotional Side of Browning," as evidenced in this poem, and it was given in the form of a talk by Miss de Voted. I never was more surprised in my life than to see *her* there! You know it was all around town that her heart was broken when Phil. Harmonic married Miss O'Verture. Phil. really acted very meanly, because he had certainly given Miss de Voted cause for hope, and she had actually made seven dozen point lace handkerchiefs for her marriage trousseau. Yet, there she was, and you positively could not tell anything was the matter, except that she has to wear glasses on account of the point lace handkerchiefs. Her talk was very affecting, much more so under the circumstances than it otherwise would have been. She said that there was scarcely any doubt that Browning was very emotional. In the poem before us



she had discovered seven different kinds of emotion, and all of the most pronounced character. She then gave us the seven facial expressions which denoted the said emotions, and did it very well, too. You know she took lessons in elocution from Prof. de Clamation, who is really, I understand, "facile princeps."

Miss Solemn Kolley then read a poem upon the "Religious Side of Browning." It was composed of twenty stanzas, and I gathered from it that she considered Browning to be in great danger, spiritually. Not "sound," I believe she called it. We all felt so sorry for him, poor fellow. The end of it was an original apostrophe to Browning, beginning:—

O, Browning, listen now to me!  
By genius' fire fed,  
Give up thy vain and worldly poems,  
And write some hymns instead!!!

We were much affected, only Miss Common Sense confused the writer very much by saying "He can't, he's dead." Miss Solemn Kolley almost cried afterward about it. She said she had heard of his death, of course, but had quite forgotten it. "I forget almost everything when I am writing poetry," she explained.

When the strictly literary part of the meeting was over, we adjourned to the dining-room, and indulged in light refreshments, for you have no idea how really exhausting real mental labor is. I am always quite hungry afterward.

The next meeting is to be at the new home of Mrs. and Mr. Phil. Harmonic, who expect to be settled by then. It will be an exceptionally large one, because everybody is dying to see how she carries it off. And the inside of their house is said to be simply palatial.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

I can only find space this week to answer the most important question in my correspondence.

Would-Be-Good (Toronto). — No, you should not lick a postage stamp on Sunday. If you must lick it, lick it on "Saturday Night."

—HEATHER.

**Her Ideal.**

She: "Miss Gushly declares that she will never marry until she meets with her ideal."

He: "I am sure she never will."

She: "How can you be so positive?"

He: "Because her ideal is the man who will propose to her."

**This 'Appened At Hoxford.**

Professor: "What was the tree Igdrazil of the ancient Scandinavian mythology?"

Student: "A Norse chestnut."

**Too Much So.**

Molly: "So yez are lavin' yer place wid the Hardups, Norah? I t'ought ye said they thrated ye loike wan av the family?"

Norah: "That's what! The gyurils cud niver git a cint av money out av the ould man—an' nayther cud I."

**Tolerably Consistent**

Hindo Fakir: "You Christians profess to adore an unseen Divinity, but you really worship money."

Canadian: "Well, there's nothing inconsistent in that. It's a long time since many of us have seen any money."

**Not a Striking Likeness.**

Proud Mother: "And don't you think the baby resembles his father very much?"

Dissembling Friend: "Resembles him? Why—er—he's the very picture of him—in the Impressionist style."

**A Mere Nobody.**

Stapleton: "How does Inkster rank among authors?"

Caldecott: "Oh, very second-rate—quite a nobody, in fact. He has never even been accused of plagiarism."

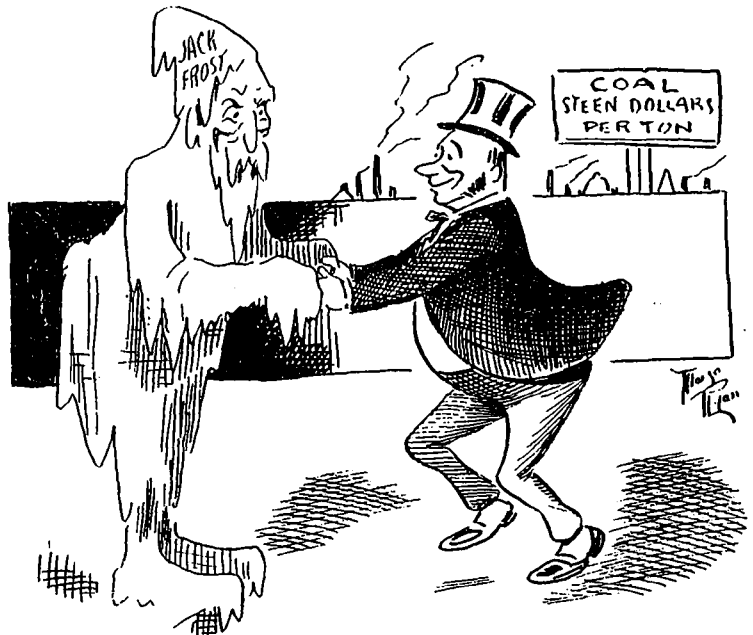
**Amateur Realism.**

Chollie: "Our amateur theatricals were a great success. We played 'As You Like It,' don'tcher know."

Miss Flyppe: "And what was your roll, Mr. Sappie?"

Chollie: "Me—oh—I was the fool."

Miss Flyppe: "How delightfully realistic."



**What We Are Up Against.**

Alliance between Jack Frost and Coal Baron.

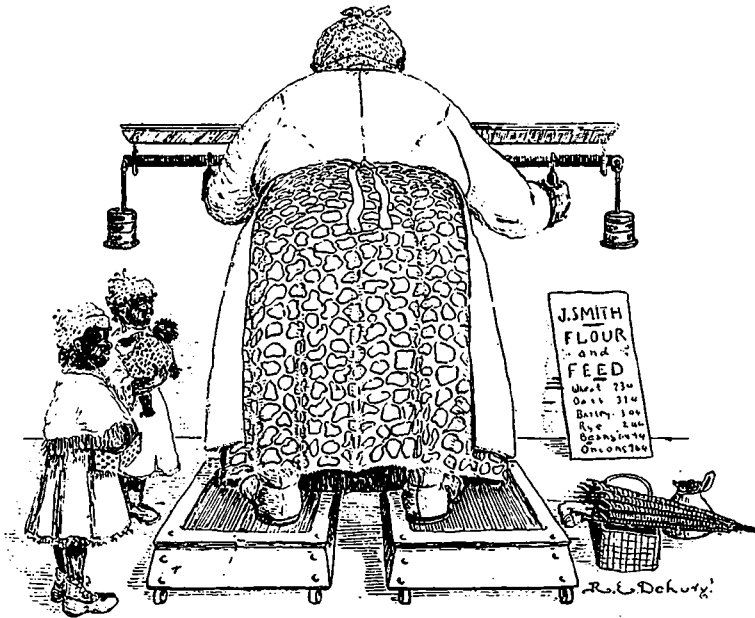
# THE MOON



C.W. JEFFERYS

THE BEGGARS.





Where there's a wili there's a weigh.

### The Ontario Cabinet Council.

ROSS: "Gentlemen, we are getting along finely. Our majority is growing. I knew it would, just as soon as it became evident that we are in to stay. We've captured Gamey, of Manitoulin, by appealing to his sense of patriotism."

Gibson: "I notice the sense of patriotism is very acute in the outlying constituencies."

Harcourt: "Where they want colonization roads and railways and local improvements and things, which they can't get from the Opposition."

Stratton: "Ha! Ha! How Whitney will rave and yell! I'd just like to have seen him when the news was broken to him."

Latchford: "Of course he'll say it's a rank piece of corruption, which smells to heaven."

Stratton: "Between ourselves, it is a little bit Gamey, so to speak. Ha! ha! But it's all in the game."

Davis: "I hardly think that such expressions are becoming. I look upon politics as a serious matter."

Stratton: "I don't wonder. You ain't out of the hole yet. But what's the good of pulling a long face over it, and trying to make yourself believe that it's anything more than a game of grab—and devil take the hindmost."

Davis: "You have a very crude, not to say vulgar, way of putting it; but I trust I do feel the heavy responsibilities of statesmanship, and work for the benefit of the province, even though there may be some slight—ah—incidental personal advantages—attaching to my office."

Ross: "I think that we cannot be too careful to avoid

giving color to the too prevalent assumption that personal interests weigh with us, or that we are prepared to sanction improper methods."

Gibson: "Yes, there are many scurrilous writers, who lose no opportunity of seeking to convey that impression. It grieves me to say it, but I'm afraid there are traitors in our own service, who are furnishing the enemy with ammunition. This morning I picked up this paper in one of the corridors, where it had evidently been accidentally dropped."

Ross: "What is it?"

Gibson: "Some doggerel verses reflecting on our electioneering methods. Shall I read it?"

Ross: "Yes."

Gibson (*reads*):

WHY WHITNEY GOT LEFT.

Oh, the Tories have got lots of guff,  
And can hang up a pretty good bluff;  
But the guff and the bluff, they are  
hardly enough,  
For the voters are out for the stuff,  
You bet!

Every time they are after the stuff!

Oh, the path of the heeler is rough,  
Who has to fall back on a bluff;

He hasn't a show,

For talk doesn't go,

The gang wants to handle the stuff;  
It's X's and V's

Which the public can please,

The beautiful, elegant stuff.

Oh, no, they wont tumble to guff any more,  
Though Whitney may rampage and bluster and  
roar,

For the Grits have the bluff and the guff and the  
stuff,

Whole bushels and barrels of stuff!

And it carried us through,

As it always can do,

Oh, it landed us there safe enough.

*Selah!*

Harcourt: "Infamous!"

Davis: "Execrable!"

Gibson: "We should have an investigation, Mr. Premier, to find out, if possible, who wrote it, and make an example of him. It's scandalous that such libels should be written and circulated with impunity right under our noses."

Ross: "See if anyone can recognize the handwriting."

Gibson: "It's typewritten, Mr. Premier. We must question every typewriter in the building as to who did it."

Stratton: "Oh, what rot! It's all right, and mighty well put. Give it out to the press. It won't do us a bit of harm—in fact, I think it will rather help to make us

popular. People rather like a Government that has the reputation of spending lots of money."

Gibson: "But it accuses us of carrying the elections by bribery."

Stratton: "Just as if everybody doesn't know by this time that that's the way its done! Who thinks the worse of us for it? What's the good of all this cant? Of course it was the money that pulled us through, and the very men who are belly-aching over corruption in public, are laughing in their sleeves over it. I know the party, gentlemen, and I think I know the public, too, and I tell you that this talk of outraging public sentiment by spending money at elections is all bosh." (*Murmurs.*)

Ross (*shocked*): "Mr. Secretary, Mr. Secretary! You really shouldn't say such things!"

Stratton: "And why shouldn't I, among ourselves? Of course, in public I have to go through the farce of pretending to be believe in electoral purity, public virtue and intelligence, and all the rest of it—but I must take the mask off sometimes, or bust!"

**No Invidious Comparisons.**

Mr. Peavick: "Why American girls should throw themselves away on poverty-stricken foreign noblemen, I can't imagine."

Mrs. Peavick: "Well, they've one good reason for it, anyway. However poor foreign aristocrats may be, they never boast of the pies their mothers used to make."

**Nothing to Conceal.**

"Language was given us to conceal our thought,"  
The cynic says—but this can hardly be,  
Since fools, whose brains with no ideas are fraught,  
Will talk and talk to all eternity.



"Say, Cap., I fear I can't find bottom."  
Captain: "Your fears are groundless."



"How many He's in Heggs, eh?"  
"Can't say, until they're hatched."



"Think we might as well have the staircase and hall repapered while I am laid up, Mrs. Wiggs."

"Lor', sir, don't you think we 'ad better see 'ow you comes out first? Them coffins play such 'avoc with staircase wallpapers, sir."

### Students in Cram University.

#### ANSWERS.

EMOSTHENES was a Greek devil from Demos, a God.

The Friendly Islands are bodies of land surrounded by water that lies in the Pacific Ocean, and were so-called because they ate Captain Cook.

Sir Joshua Reynolds built St. Peters in fourteen-92 and caused the Black Death in London by burning London bridge.

The Council of Nice was held at Worms in 1492, and was so-called because they were all gentlemen what was there except Martin Chuzzlewit.

John Knox was a celebrated drover and politician in France and worked in the galleries.

Sophistry is to make things go easy like you would put soft soap on skids.

Apologetics is what preachers practice when they don't know what to say.

is longer than it's wide.

A Mammal is an animal that can go on all fores and has red blood.

### A Bank Account of it.

Cashier: "Can any of you tell me the meaning of the dollar sign?"

Junior: "Oh, that's easy; it's made up of H. and S., the initials of Harry somebody or other."

Teller: "It's made up of H. and S., but they stand for 'hot stuff.'"

Depositor: "Or represent hard scratching."

Cashier: "That's better, Mr. Wilton, but you haven't hit it yet."

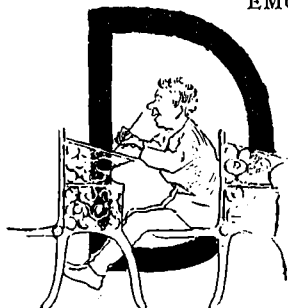
Chorus: "What does it mean?"

Cashier: "Well, the mark was chosen because, like the money it represents, some of it's made straight, but the greater part of it is made crooked."

West End: "The firemen had another run last night."

North End: "Was there much of a blaze?"

West End: "No, somebody thought that there was a fire in a street-car, so, of course, it was just another false alarm."



**A Few Figures.**

**T**WENTY-FIVE HUNDRED barrels of green apples have recently been exported for consumption in Great Britain.

Twenty-five hundred barrels! Figuring on a basis of four hundred to a barrel, there were one million green apples! Think of it! Ten green apples will make one little boy sick. This number is not actually necessary to achieve this result, but a little boy, supplied with unlimited green apples, will eat ten before realizing the fact that he is sick.

One million green apples! There will be one hundred thousand sick little boys, with one hundred thousand stomach aches, caused by this same million of green apples. There will be one hundred thousand doctors hastily summoned, doctors prescribing one hundred thousand different remedies, at one hundred thousand times as much as they are worth, all because of this million green apples.

One hundred thousand anxious mothers will tell one hundred thousand grim, unsympathetic fathers, who will administer one hundred thousand spankings—all the result of one million green apples being shipped.

One hundred thousand spanked little boys, emitting one hundred thousand yells each—why that is ten billion—10,000,000,000 yells!

What a delightful thing it is to have a head for figures!

—C.S.H.

**Hit It Right.**

Plugwinch: "Did you answer the advertisement of that astrologer, offering to cast your horoscope for 25 cents?"

Bullymore: "Oh, yes, I got it."

Plugwinch: "And did he tell you anything reliable?"

Bullymore: "Yes, it was true enough, as far as it went. It read: 'You have recently made an unprofitable investment, and will lose a little money.'"

**A Doubtful Proposition.**

Beezletop: "If the metric system was generally adopted, it would be a great advantage."

Pilgarlic: "I fail to see it. My butcher has run his business on the meat-trick system for years."

**Refined.**

Judge: "You say that the defendant threatened to kill you. Do you remember his exact words?"

Plaintiff: "Yes; he said, 'I'll make your life insurance fall due.'"

**Antipodean Encouragement.**

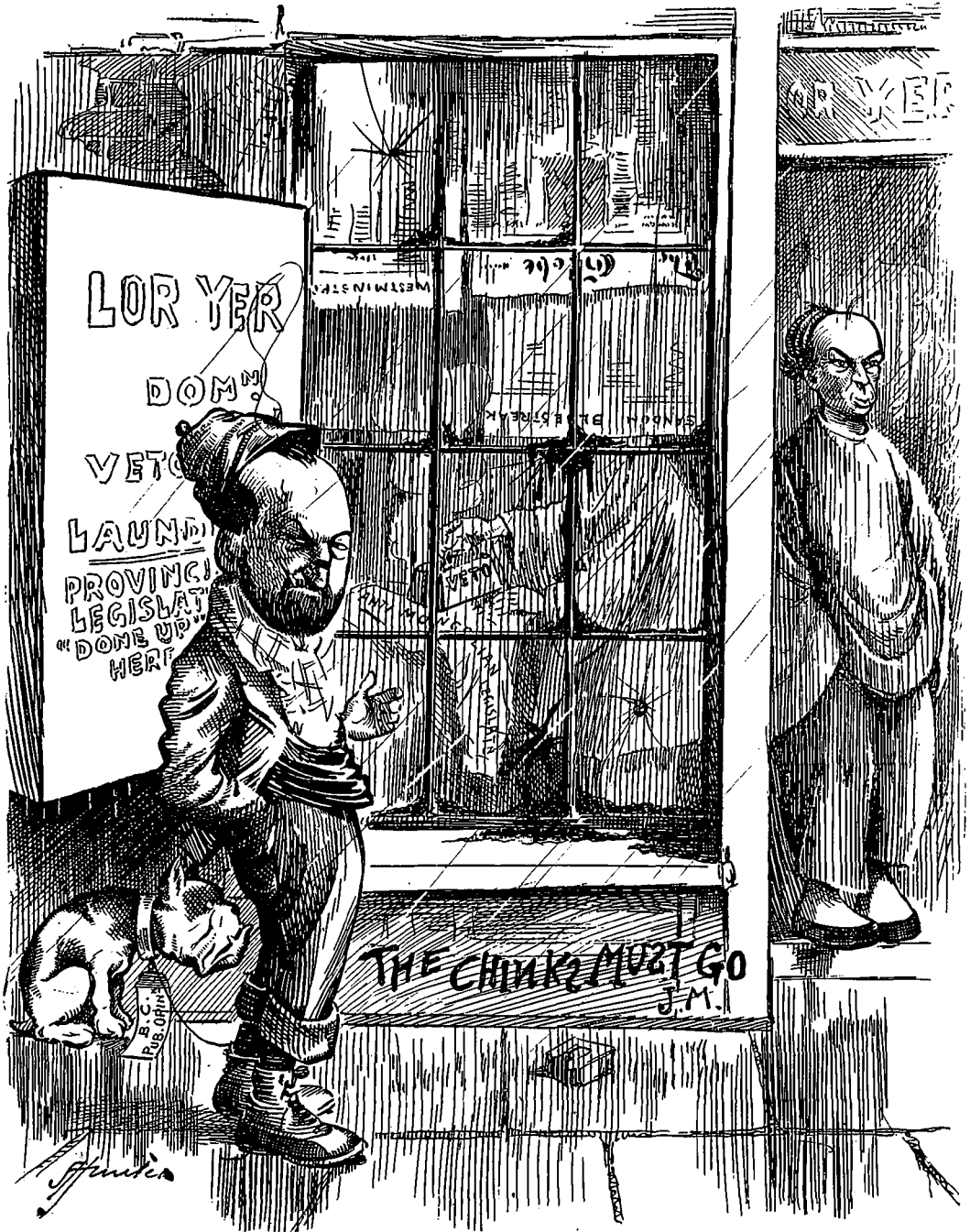
Simpson: "They say woman suffrage is a success in New Zealand."

Thomson: "Yes, it ought to impart new zeal and energy to the movement here."



**Candlemas Day in Dummer Township.**

The Bear (who has come out before daybreak): "Well, mother used to say, 'If you come out o' yer den on th' second morning of February, Oscar, and you see yer own shadder, go right back in again—or yer liable to run into a spell of bad weather.' Looks like mother was right."



Joseph Again Heard From.

"Fighting Joe" Martin: "Don't you be su'prised if that Chink joint gits broke up one o' these here fine nights."

NOTE.—In a speech delivered at Vancouver last week, Mr. Joseph Martin, leader of the Provincial Liberals, said in reference to the disallowance of the British Columbia Anti-Mongolian legislation: "There is no redress but to bring the Federal Government to time, no matter what party happened to be in power, by unmistakable political action."

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[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM]

# 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
<b>Totals</b>	<b>10,585</b>	<b>\$1,748,351.05</b>

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
<b>Grand Total</b>	<b>\$12,731,656.47</b>

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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