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How he does it.

The Heavenly Robe.

A minister who has a pul-
Pit, said not long ago,
"The heavenly garment, white as wool
And beautiful as snow,
Will be a robe, whose every thread
Is but a noble deed
Or loving act or kind word said
To those who are in need."

Another man, not in the push-
ing scenes of churchly life,
Drawled out, "Now, by the Burning Bush
And Adam's second wife,
A lot of those same robes will be
As brief as bathing suits,
And good as open-work to see
Through, you just bet your boots."

Tit for Tat.

Town Brown: "You won't marry me, my turtle dove?"
Country Cousin: "No! —sir-ee!"
Town Brown: "Wait; there's just as pretty ones in
the country as ever were caught."
Country Cousin: "And there's just as many jays in
town."

'Twas Ever Thus.

"Friends, vote for me, I'm true as steel,
I can't be bought or sold,
The cause of honest government
I'll to the last uphold."

The people took him at his word,
His pledge he did fulfil,
For he held up the government—
He's holding it up still.

In the Stone Age.

"Mr. Boyle," said the visitor to the Archæological
Department at the Educational Building, "did you in
your sepulchral researches ever come across any of the
toys used by the Indian children? Had they any play-
things in those times?"

"Oh, yes," replied the genial scientist, "decidedly
they had. In the course of my excavations I have found
many toise of stone."

"Instein is a dealer in sporting goods, isn't he?"
"Yes, he's a theatrical manager."

"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.

THE patriotic policy of public ownership of all important franchises is being well encouraged by the Ross Government. If Mr. Ross and his colleagues continue with their present methods, we may hope soon to have everything under Government control.

They refused to grant the City of Toronto the privilege of conducting electric power from Niagara to Toronto for the purpose of protecting its citizens from the extortion of the monopolists, who found no difficulty in securing the charter that was refused the city. Now they have closed a deal with the Utt, Egan Syndicate, of Chicago, whereby that group of foreign capitalists obtains acres of splendid Ontario farming land at fifty cents an acre. Of course the Chicago syndicate is not given a free hand, which would enable it to extort unreasonable sums of money from Canadian settlers, who would have settled on the land even had not Messrs. Utt and Egan called their attention to its existence, and would have been entitled to it—through the generosity of Messrs. Ross and Company—at the same price as the foreign syndicate promises to pay. The Chicago gentlemen are not permitted to charge the settlers more than three dollars an acre for the land—unimproved—on which they have been given an option at fifty cents! Remember, it is only an option that the syndicate has been given, for it has not to pay for the land till it has been settled upon—and paid for—by the individual farmer. Six hundred per cent. is not a bad jobber's profit, but then the jobbers were obliged to pay exorbitant fees to the persons that acted as brokers for the people of Ontario and themselves.

Without doubt, at this rate, we shall soon have complete public ownership; but the public is likely to be that of the United States, for the people from the south are more liberal with their brokers than are the Canadians—though we know of some Canadians that pay well.

THE great and much discussed Referendum is once more a thing of the past. It came off as arranged, and no one that knows anything of political matters is surprised at the result.

At the time when Mr. Ross hum-bugged the prohibitionists into supporting him, by promising to pass an act that would do away with the saloons, providing that they could poll an impossible majority, every sensible man threw up his hands in astonishment at the blindness that love of party will inflict on men of average intelligence. Mr. Ross knew, when he promised to submit the Referendum to the people, that no measure under heaven could be carried under such conditions. The whole affair was a deception from first to last. The proposed liquor act was an attempt to blackmail the public. "If you don't vote for me, the act cannot be submitted to the public, for Mr. Whitney is not in favor of prohibition," is what Mr. Ross said, by word and deed. The plan worked to a certain degree, for Mr. Ross escaped overwhelming defeat in the last election only because the prohibitionists were cozened into paying blackmail, in votes, to Mr. Ross.

Be Mr. Whitney's policy right or wrong, one thing is certain: he was possessed of sufficient manhood to declare openly that he was not in favor of prohibition. There was no trace of Mr. Ross' trickery in Mr. Whitney's conduct. He held no club over the heads of the public. He made no attempt to blackmail.

THE much discussed and little understood Munroe doctrine is really a matter so easily comprehended and so transparent that it has caused much confusion to persons that think of it as a great national policy of the United States, which requires the intellect of a trained diplomat to fathom.

In view of the fact that Great Britain has been caused much trouble and annoyance by this bugaboo, and is now about to test its strength, it may be said that the Munroe doctrine is not a policy, nor an act of Congress, but a national characteristic. The people that have the misfortune to live to the south of our country, in the smoke and gas of the coal fields, cannot but absorb the spirit of its surroundings. The atmosphere is filled with gas, consequently the Yankee is gassy. The chief characteristic of gas is its expansiveness; consequently the "American" is expansive—he fills unlimited space. The southern half of this continent is too small for his accommodation; he spreads to South America and to the North Pole. In the latter districts, however, he is so rarified that he is not explosive, or, in other words, he melts no ice; the gas produces only an unpleasant odor, which is mistaken by many for a sign of danger of combustion. There is no reason for alarm, as recent developments have demonstrated. The smoke of a man-of-war will dispel the gas in the most miraculous manner—witness the Venezuela demonstration.

"Americans" should not be blamed for the Munroe doctrine; it is merely a weakness of character, which has been developed by an unhealthy atmosphere.

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

Portraits by Moonlight.



REV. PROF. WM. CLARK, D.D.

Brief Biographies—No. XX.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

IT is now fully seventy-three years since the Rev. Prof. Wm. Clark, D.D. (Marvellous Anomaly), was born in an obscure Scottish parish—if Aberdeenshire be in Scotland. His father was a parson, too. That our subject is also a D.C.L., a D.D. and an LL.D., need not surprise anybody. In his case these “handles” mean something. That he is a Marvellous Anomaly is evident from the facts that he is a Scot and an Episcopalian; that, although born where he himself says “the common speech is of all vernaculars the harshest, most uncouth and discordant,” his own accents are mellifluous; that, having received numerous “calls” to other “spheres of influence,” at increased remuneration, he prefers to remain right here at a starvation salary because he likes us and we like him; and, lastly, that, although he is an Episcopalian clergyman, it is not his belief that the pupils who are taught in the public schools grow up to be “devils.”

As an entertaining after-dinner speaker he is *facile princeps*. But it is as a University Professor and public lecturer that he is most widely known. His name is always associated with Trinity University, and as an advertising card for that seat of learning he has been invaluable. What Principal Grant was to Queen's, or Sir Wm. Dawson was to McGill, Prof. Clark has been to

Trinity. He is an ex-President of the Royal Canadian Society, or Canadian Royal Society,—we are not sure which. It is no empty compliment to say that he is one of the most distinguished members of that very distinguished Society. In private life, he is always kind and genial, being very fond of children, especially babies—Water Babies—about whom he frequently lectures, and concerning whom he displays a most profound knowledge. He also lectures about heaps of other things that few people know very much concerning: Burns, for example, and Coleridge, and Thomson, and Dante. He has written, too, seven or eight volumes on Christian history and doctrine, the combined sales of which have *not* exceeded that of *The Eternal City*, or *The Little Minister*!

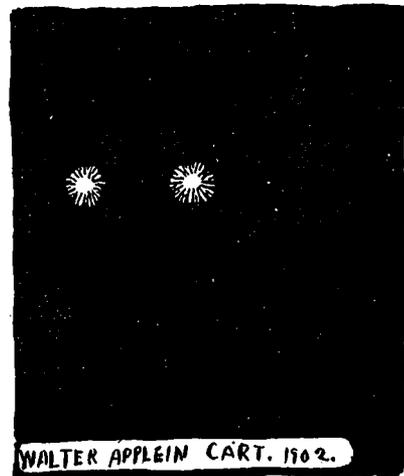
He appears to have an excellent faculty (not the Trinity one) for securing positions, respecting which it may be said in the elegant language of the late Hon. Mr. Pope, “There ain't nothin' to 'em.” As evidence of this we may mention that he is a member of the Educational Council of Ontario, the duty of which Council is to meet at intervals, somewhere.

There is not any record that he has ever officiated in a Presbyterian pulpit, but there are no doubt pulpits of this class that he might be allowed to occupy with advantage to himself and to his hearers.

He is an utter radical in the matter of spelling. Just mention phonetics to him! Phew! In Inverurie he was taught to spell “e-p, ep: i-s, iss, epis: c-o, co, episco: p-a, pay, episcopa: l-i, li, episcopali: a-n, an, episcopalian”; and thus it must remain.

In most other respects Dr. Clark is tolerably conservative, although he favors the use of the Revised Version of the Bible. As an all-round man, he has few equals. He would make an eminently efficient Lieutenant-Governor, or Cabinet Minister, or Police Magistrate, or City Commissioner, or Mayor, or Sheriff, or Registrar, or,—well, almost anything high grade.

We want more men in Canada like him, and like his friend Prof. Goldwin Smith.



Extracts from Famous Novels.

“In the darkness of the night Sherlock Holmes observed the light of an approaching cat.”



Extracts from Famous Novels.

"Percival sprang to his feet."

Heather's Ladies' Column.

Answers to Correspondents.

DAUGHTER: No, I would certainly not advise you to give "Sir Richard Calmady" to your mother for a Christmas present. I think that in these days of "doubtful" novels we cannot be too careful what our mothers read. I would suggest, instead, a leather bound volume of "Thomas a' Kempis." This cannot possibly do her any harm.

Rosa: Your letter was too perfectly sweet for anything. Thank you, dear, for the pretty compliment! Those new stockings which they have at Eatem's are lovely, and only 5 cents a pair. They would be just the thing.

Lovey: No, not on any account. It would be most wrong of you. You must have your aunt in the room when he calls. She can sit at the other end, so she need not hear anything. If he is backward you might suggest that she is deaf. This ought to meet all requirements.

Daisy: I would suggest "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." It is perfectly harmless. Indeed, there is nothing in it. You might give it to anybody with no fear of any effect whatever. But there are many books of this class to choose from.

Dora: So Miss Corelli is your favorite novelist! She is mine too. Isn't she lovely? There is so much SOUL in her books, and they are so l-o-n-g. They are really worth the money. Wasn't the "Master Christian" cute? It was delicious of you to send me her latest. I hope I shall not neglect the dear girls in reading it.

Micky: Oh, you dear boy; but this is a woman's column, and you're real saucy writing to me. No, you can't see me. The Editor won't allow it. He says he wants to keep all the subscribers he's got. I have been wondering ever since what he meant. The violets were awfully chic!

Despairing: I hardly know what to advise. It is rather soon for a divorce, when you have been married only three weeks. People *might* talk. It is a shame, but I am afraid they would say you were fickle. You see, one

has to pay some attention to public opinion. Of course, if you feel sure it would make no difference to your "set," you will be all right. Still, there is a risk, and, in a serious question like this, I hesitate to advise.

Sensitive: No, dear, I don't think your father meant to hurt your feelings when he told you "For goodness' sake, to stop giggling, with every word you uttered." Fathers are apt to be a little abrupt. Of course, as you say, he did not understand. It was unpardonably rude, certainly, but I think you ought to overlook it. After all, dear, he is your father!

Chic: Yes, I was at the Opera. Perfectly ghastly, wasn't it! Didn't she look a fright in that last scene! Thanks, the chocolates were O.K.

Sweetness: From what you say, I fear you do not love him. But after all, dear, is love everything? I understand your mother's point of view; but, frankly, dear, it is a little old-fashioned, isn't it? The fact of his having a red nose should not weigh too heavily. Tell him to try U. R. A. Stupid's Nose Lotion. (You get it at Dingman's drug store, \$2.00 a bottle, and please mention me.) It ought to reduce the color considerably. If you find your aversion continues, write me again.

Next week, dear girls, I will give a full account of Mrs. Very Much Init's ball. We expect something very swell. It was so sweet of Mrs. Init to send me an invitation. But don't be jealous—power of the press, you know!

HEATHER.

Benefits of Early Training.

Borax: "Ethel and Marjorie Jagsley are very popular since their debut. They are perfectly at home in the social swim."

Samjones: "They ought to be. Old man Jagsley kept a dive for many years."

At the Hospital.

Ward Visitor: "Yes, my poor brother, whatever you do, always keep looking upwards."

Irritated Patient: "Yes, my dear sir, whatever I do, I can't help looking upwards, as I'll be on my back for the next six weeks."



Extracts from Famous Novels.

"He dropped his eyes to the floor."



On That New Grand Trunk Survey.

Little Wesley James: "Takin' what, pa?"

Mr. Upnorth (impatiently): "Takin' scenery, I tell yeh—an' if yeh'll stan' still a minute, it's more'n leckly we'll git our fortygrafs tuck."

Spread of Trade Unionism.

Teacher: "Johnny Bagshaw, step up here and take the strap,"

Johnny: "No sir; I aint no scab. That there strap is scab goods. I don't take no lickin' until you git a strap with the union label onto it."

Things Have Changed.

Borax: "The lower orders are getting very discontented. They want altogether too much. It was different in the old days, when, according to the poet, Christmas gambols oft would cheer
The poor man's heart for half a year.

Samjones: "I should say so. Now, he wants to gamble every day—in the bucket shops."

Jasper: "But don't you find the country and the country people very slow?"

Jumpuppe: "I do, and that is the great charm of life in the country. Even the sheriff is slow in getting around there."

Miss Phoebe: "I do so lub those sentimental songs."

Mr. Johnsing: "Would you lub me were I a song, Miss Phoebe?"

Miss Phoebe: "No, sah! I only cah for high class music, not coon songs."

The *Toronto Star* in its reports of the voting on the referendum last week, said: "In most places the fight is said to be listless." Score another point against the government. Is it possible that things have come to such a pass that corrupt officials dare to suppress the voters' lists on such an occasion?

Bighead: "What do you do in the way of taking exercise?"

Gayboy: "O, I sow and harvest a crop of wild oats every year."

She: "You must have had a long experience to learn to kiss like that."

He: "Oh, no, the experience hasn't been so long, but the application has been steady."

THE MOON



THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION.

Uncle Sam, (in a shocked, moral tone) to Venezuela, etc. : "Why, boys, whatever are you doing?"



"That is Blokestein over there. They say he's worth millions."
 "What they mean is that he *has* millions, I should say."

The Ontario Cabinet Council.

ROSS: "I think matters are progressing favorably for us on the whole. The result of the referendum removes one troublesome question. We would have had no end of trouble if it had carried and the liquor men had begun clamoring for compensation."

Stratton: "And yet you voted for it, or at least you said you were going to."

Ross: "I am speaking now as a member of the Cabinet; you have nothing to do with my actions as a private citizen. I think we may all congratulate ourselves on the result. We have given the Prohibitionists every reasonable opportunity to show that the country was prepared for Prohibition; this they have failed to do, and cannot fairly ask anything more."

Davis: "But, do you think they will be satisfied? I'm afraid not—I hear that some of them are going to oppose us in the bye-elections."

Harcourt: "Of course the Tory element among them would be against us anyway."

Ross: "Naturally, but I think we are fairly solid with the others."

Harcourt: "I wish I could feel sure of that. I'm inclined to think that some of those who have always been with us in the past will be so sore that they will vote against us."

Ross: "Not at all—I know them. They may stand aloof at first, but they'll all come round."

Stratton: "I don't think we need worry about the independent Temperance voter. As a matter of fact all the Liberals will stay by us, now that we've given them an excuse to do so, and all the other fellows are against us no matter what we do or don't do. There are no independent Prohibitionists and the quicker we realize that the better."

Ross: "I'm inclined to think you are about right. You know I've been keeping in touch pretty well with them during the campaign. We have managed to head off the publication of some matters that would have been very damaging to the party. That recent deal in connection with the transfer of a Toronto shop license for instance."

Stratton: "Great Heavens! You don't mean to say that anybody's got hold of that."

Ross: "Yes, they had it straight enough, but fortunately the friends of the party among the Prohibitionists suppressed it before it got very far. Some of you have been disposed to find fault with me for speaking for Prohibition, but I think you'll admit that my connection with the movement has been on the whole advantageous to us."

Guest: "I am curious to know how that fire escape of yours works."

Proprietor (of hotel): "Good! Get right in and we'll send you down."

"But can't you get some one else to go?"

"That's just it, no one else will."

A Case of Borrowed Glory.



Look ! look ! There goes Centrerush, Nay, hold ! It is only Goggles, the gold medalist, the famous football hero !

but the pure wood. It is made in Canada, from Canadian trees, chopped by Canadian ax-men. Patronize a Canadian product, and, at the same time, protect your health from the dangerous underwear button fads that have been heaped upon you. It gives you a steady eye, a strong arm, and an indifference to all pain. After eating Killson's Candried Hoax for three mornings, you could have your arm cut off with comparative comfort. Besides its sterling qualities as a food, it has been found to be an excellent kindling for starting fires.

The Latest Breakfast Foods.

(Authorized for use by the Minister of Vegetation.)

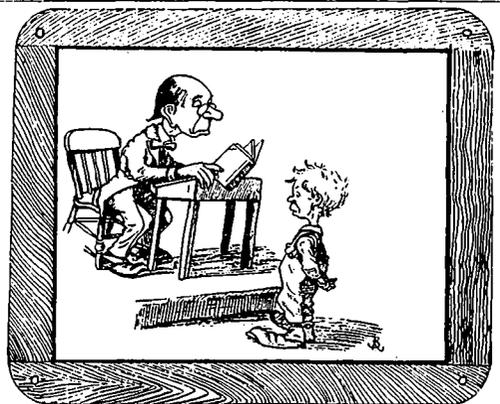
NOT-A-BITA, the latest scientific discovery for the cure of broken bones, lumbago, whooping-cough, dislocation of the *Os Innomatum*, inflammation of the lungs, stiffness of the phalanges, stone, and loss of voice. It is guaranteed by the perpetrators that, after one breakfast of this wonderful food—which is eaten cold with coal oil as a chaser—the most severe case of any of the before-mentioned ills will be completely cured. After the first swallow, the lost voice instantly returns, with twice its former strength. No case has been found where it has been necessary for the patient to digest it.

Hoarse, the only up-to-date and perfectly harmless breakfast food now before the public. It is made from the entire horn coat-button—which is guaranteed to be a pure vegetable growth—, specially grown on the manufacturer's own Buffalo. The buttons are rolled very thin by being passed between enormous rollers, after which they are digested by a secret sulphuric acid process. Eaten cold, by means of a force-pump (there is one in every fifty-pound package), it will unfailingly cure chill-blains, housemaid's knee, spavin, gout, ringbone, pleurisy, and the heaves. Hoarse will invariably also cure shortsightedness. One fifty-pound package is guaranteed to be enough for the most stubborn case. No one has ever been known to require a second.

Killson's Can-dried Hoax, a food for your dad (if he has money). There is nothing predigested about this. It is made from pure hemlock chips—a natural product of the forest—, dried and can-dried. It is the food of our fore-fathers (the beavers). But they were forced to be content with the impure chips—there was much bark mixed with theirs. In Killson's there is nothing

Faker Hoax. Have you tried it? It makes your hair long, and your clothes short and grey. It was invented by William Penn, while that great man was in prison. He was sitting on the floor of his cell, holding a small piece of schist from his beloved Pennsylvania in his hand, and thinking of the great future of that province, when the stone dropped to the marble floor and broke into a thousand pieces. "Ah, it will sell!" he exclaimed, as he gathered up the granules and started greedily to munch them. From that day to this, *Faker Hoax* has been famous. It is the best food for the sick or the dying. It will stand more wear than any other. An hour's boiling will not soften it. One box will last a life-time.

Every pound that you take
Adds a pound to your weight.



He Knew.

Teacher (trying to make Bobby say philanthropist): "Now, if you were a rich man and gave ten thousand dollars to your church, fifteen thousand to a library, and twenty thousand to the temperance cause, what would you be?"

Bobby: "A fool."



Our Home and Its Surroundings.

Authorized for use in Public Schools.

A FIRST BOOK OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY—
Toronto. Geo. N. Morang & Co., Limited.
Price 40c.

This book is a small part of what is known in the United States as the first of a series of geographies published by the MacMillan Co., New York, under the name of the Tarr & McMurry Geographies, but in Canada it becomes one of "Morang's Twentieth Century Text Books." The authors of this book are two distinguished professors of Cornell University, N.Y. True it has been revised and adapted for Canadian schools by W. C. Campbell.

Let us see how well this editor has done his work. Comparing his book with the original, we find the first deviation in the text on page 17, fig. 14: *A Scene among the White Mountains of New Hampshire*. The Canadian editor omits the last three words. Page 25, fig. 24, he again omits the words *New Hampshire* from a cut. Page 37, fig. 37, the original reads "*A noisy brook (in the Adirondacks of New York)*." The authorized Canadian Edition omits the words in parenthesis. From a description of Fig. 39, this Yankee publisher of a Canadian book omits from the original text, *Pittsburg, Pa.* On page 55, fig. 52, the words *in Maine*, are diplomatically omitted. Page 65, fig. 64, for the words, *Old Orchard Beach, New England*, the Canadian editor substitutes, *A Seaside Summer Resort*. Page 70, in fig. 67, he hauls down Old Glory, hoists the Union Jack, and substitutes *Lunenburg, Nova Scotia*, for *Gloucester, Massachusetts*. Space will not permit us to give all the adaptations, but we would ask our readers to compare page 82 of the original text book with page 105 of the Canadian edition, to see how cleverly the editor has omitted all reference to the name of Abraham Lincoln.

There are two Geographies authorized by the Minister of Education for use in our schools; the one is bad and the other is worse. One says in the preface: *Neither will any "questions" be found appended—those insults to the intelligent teacher.* The other—the one more immediately under consideration, has 12 pages of *those insults* appended. Our readers will readily see the advantages of having two text books. If the teachers

don't want to be insulted they use the one, if they have no intelligence to be insulted they use the other. But lest we appear to be prejudiced we cite a few illustrations of the teaching of this "Twentieth Century Text Book."

We thought, before seeing this neat book of 152 pages, that Geography was a description of the surface of the earth and comprised such things as size, conformation, divisions, climate, population and other matters that would tend to increase our general knowledge of the world we live in.

We now find that while all this is desirable and can be learned later from Book II, which also will have to be bought, price 75c., there are other things which the infant must first learn.

In our innocence, we also thought that a text book in Geography should enable a pupil to get some idea of locality and the relative positions of different countries, etc., which is usually learned by maps, but we find only two maps in this book, one of North America and one of the Dominion of Canada.

The authors in their preface say: *This little book is intended to be the child's first step in the study of Geography.*

There is not space to give the whole preface, but it states that *mere definitions fail to produce vivid accurate pictures.* Therefore they proceed to produce them by *treating first of such common things as soil, hills, valleys, products, animal life, people, industries, climate, and government—and secondly, other features, as mountains, rivers, lakes and the ocean.* And again: *The most pertinent inquiry in regard to the maps of a text book of Geography should refer not to their size, but to their quality, and in respect of excellence we believe that our maps are the best thus far printed in any Geography.*

Now we like this tone of quiet confidence. Looking at the map of the Dominion of Canada, it is, in our opinion, the best map that has ever been published in our country, if it does not lead to international complications, for it claims New York as a Canadian city.

We like to have our children learn about such simple things as physical science, agriculture, political science, political economy, geology and the intricacies of trade and commerce. We too should like to learn a good deal more about them than we know now, but we did not know that a child should be taught all this before learning that the world was round, or which way to go to find warm weather during the winter season. We did not know it before perusing Morang's First Book of Geography, but we know it now.

There are a number of very pretty half-tone pictures in the work. "*For the sake of accuracy, photographs have in most cases been employed.*" We find, for example, on page 5, fig. 4: *A section, as if the earth were sliced through like a loaf of bread (is cut.)* The words in parenthesis are the editor's. The name of the photographer unfortunately is omitted.

Page 117, fig. 112, is that of a modern Battle Ship fully equipped with guns, and is called *A great ocean steamship loaded with Canadian produce.*

The authors tell us: "*Without soil few plants, animals, or people could live on the land.*" While this seems reasonable, we cannot help wondering what the few would live on.

Six pages are devoted to hills and ten to mountains, which is hardly fair to the mountains as, on the average they are more than twice as high as the hills. The lesson is that hills are caused by the wearing of water on the soil, but that "*mountains are masses of rock that have been pushed above the level of the surrounding country.*" Incidentally it teaches that mountains are sometimes as low as hills, also that they are useful for the growing of timber, which grows on mountains up to the timber line, and are also useful to build summer hotels on.

The chapter on "*Valleys*" occupies eleven pages and from these we learn that they have been made in the making of hills and are therefore a sort of by-product and are useful in crossing mountains as the traveller or railroad need not cross but can go around them. We quote: "*Even in hilly regions it is usually easier to get from one place to another by travelling in the valleys. In the lower parts, near the streams, the land is most nearly level; but as soon as one attempts to go directly across the country, the roads become rough and hilly.*" Lesson: Don't take to the woods.

Thirteen pages are required to show the value of rivers, everything in the book must have VALUE. They are handy to run mills, to sail boats, to flood valleys, etc.

"*Ponds and Lakes*" are crowded into eight pages, from which we learn that lakes are rivers dammed up and are VALUABLE in that they "*supply drinking water, waterpower, fish and ice. They are also valuable as summer resorts and for navigation.*"

The Ocean is jammed into eight pages and is shown to be VALUABLE in supplying the means of navigation. Its products are storms, fish, and summer resorts.

A picture of a schooner on page 70 is thus referred to: "*Going out of the harbor of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, AFTER a load of fish.*"

This last, tho' not strictly geographical, furnishes food for much calculation on the part of the young student and is therefore educational. The child will reflect thus:—"*After a load of fish. What start had the load? Was it a handicap?*"

Eight pages of Hydrostatics and Meteorology carefully mixed make up the chapter on "*Air.*"

Chapter 9. "*Natural Products of the Land and Water.*" The student here meets for the first time with the word "*surplus,*" a word that has caused older students much study and talk. The chapter is in no sense a lesson on Geography, yet later in life the urchin might use it to some purpose in making a tariff speech.

Chapter 12. Industry and Commerce is a history of the settlement of North America from the time of Jacques Cartier, with a touch of the American War of Independence and a sketch of what is called Progress. There are only 22 pages of this kind of Geography, which we insist are not sufficient for the enquiring youth of budding years.

Chapter 13. "*Government*" contains only 13 pages, which are scarcely enough to teach a child the varying Geographical aspects of Councillor, Reeve, Alderman, Mayor, Warden, Legislator, Premier, Lieutenant-Governor, Elections and Republic.

To indicate shortly the concentrated power of the work and the scope of the Authors as manufacturers of Kindergarten Geography, we append a few of the review questions suggested by the lessons.

"*How long might it take to climb a mountain a mile high?*" It might take a furlong, or a month, or some other period of time.

"*Tell how large the largest valleys may be?*" Whom shall we tell? They may be as big as a mountain

"*What do the farmers prefer to grow?*" Crops, probably, or shall we say, wealthy.

"*Where is the most level land usually found?*" On the hills, of course.

"*How do men get ice from a lake?*" By pulling it out.

"*In what direction would you go to reach the ocean? How far is it?*" That depends where you are yourself.

"*What kind of cattle are the best to fatten for beef?*" Those that would not make good pork.

"*Which breed of hogs is the best to fatten?*" Hog breeders do not agree on this.

"*Are there any public buildings like a Deaf and Dumb Asylum in your neighborhood?*" We don't know what a Deaf and Dumb Asylum looks like.

"*Ask someone to show you a ballot paper and how to vote.*"

We think the last suggestion the keynote to the whole literary and geographical puzzle. TO SHOW AND BE SHOWN the ballot paper and to learn how to vote RIGHT is the first duty of citizenship. The one who knows enough to play his part well in that connection will surely know enough to compile and publish a text book on Geography that will be authorized.



The Critic.

A traveling Irish divine alters his benevolent phrase according to his locality, viz.: "*Dear Belfast Souls,*" "*Dear Dublin Souls,*" "*Dear Cork Souls.*"

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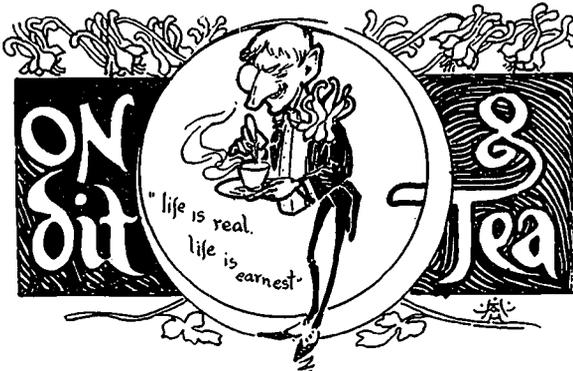
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A Speckled Bird. The Bride has promised never to make any Confessions of a Wife, and insists on having The Right of Way.

AT the last meeting of the Browning Club, on Friday evening last, the members enjoyed a literary treat in the form of a paper by Prof. Weedlesnick, embodying a comparison between the writings of Browning and the Poet Sabine. He contended that the introspectiveness of Sabine, in its essential subjectiveness, was the sublimated and etherialized efflux of a nature dominated and surcharged by the resonance of a master mind; but that in potency of fulfilment and subtle appreciation of the finer significances, which thrill and permeate the more alert and vital consciousness with rapt responsiveness, he was distinctly inferior to Browning, in his more thrasonic moods. Some brilliant and effective costumes were displayed. The animated conversation of the audience, abounding in wit and repartee, was not materially interrupted by the discourse.

THE five o'clock tea, given by Mrs. Col. Jiggersnoot, on Wednesday, was one of the most memorable and happy events participated in by the *beau monde* this season. The ladies were elegantly attired in clothes and things *de rigueur*, or words to that effect, and, in addition, the apartment was warmed by a fire of real anthracite coal. *Revenons a nos moutons.*

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