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### A Fine Distinction.

Sir Wilfrid : "Treat you the same way, Mr. Jap? By no means! I haven't the remotest intention—not while you have that club!"

### The Hired Man.

Who is the chap by men most sought,  
Whose services cannot be bought,  
Who answers short and fears us not?  
The hired man.

We hunt for him both day and night,  
To capture him use all our might,  
And give him wages—out of sight,  
The hired man.

Who ne'er from work will let us roam,  
Whose head out-tops St. Peter's dome,  
Who is the boss around our home?  
The hired man.

Who climbs upon a lofty perch,  
And says he'll leave us in the lurch,  
While we saw wood, who goes to church?  
The hired man.

Who has a shiny, stiff-front shirt,  
And hands that show no signs of dirt,  
And wears a look serenely pert?  
The hired man.

To him the profits of our toil are given,  
He gets ten shares while we get seven,  
Who will, we fear, be first in heaven,  
The hired man. —J. S. BRUNDIGE.

Hoaxey : "Did you see the race?"  
Coaxey : "What race?"  
Hoaxey : "Between the night-mare and clothes-horse!"  
Coaxey : "Who won?"  
Hoaxey : "Why clothes-horse did."  
Coaxey : "I'd a thought the mare would come up first."  
Hoaxey : "Well, you see, night-mare's driver wasn't wide enough awake."

Client : "What, according to law, are 'breeches of trust,' sir?"  
Lawyer : "Trowsers, bought on credit."

“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.

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No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.



SIR OLIVER MOWAT, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, is dead. Sir Oliver Mowat, the statesman, died before the dawn of this century; for proof of this second statement, behold the condition of Ontario politics. While the statesman held the field, our affairs were administered in the light of the sun; now, moonlight proves to be too shrewd an illumination. The solemn event of last Sunday was not the last act of a splendid drama well performed;

it was but the last good-night and farewell of the star performer. The life of Sir Oliver Mowat will ever stand unique in the history of Ontario; he copied none, and there will be none to imitate, for his style is now become unfashionable. Even after death he escapes the responsibility of inspiring falsehood—his biography need call no blushes to the cheeks of Truth. His whole life was one of triumph; even in his political successors he was fortunate, for they serve as foils to his clearness; in his death he was happy, inasmuch as it called forth regret.

THE Gamey trial, notwithstanding the unpleasantness and inconvenience that it has caused to the public generally, and more especially to some individuals, has already had a good effect. The very fact that the members of the Legislative Assembly deemed an investigation necessary, has filled us all with wondering admiration; for we had thought that laws against bribery and corruption were kept in existence merely as a foundation on which we could build a structure of legal antiques, to be admired but not heeded, to be honored but not obeyed. Our pride in our Utopia is aroused; but with it is mingled a sense of the loss of all claim to antiquity. But then, the sense of loss is tempered; the trial has shown that we are not become so hopelessly modern as to have left behind all relics of the days of chivalry, we have our cross-examination still to link us to the past. To be sure the cross-examination is somewhat modified since the time of the Plantagenets,

but the principle is unchanged. Red-hot pincers, boiling oil, thumbscrews, melted lead and branding irons are no longer used, but they have their substitutes; the change is in detail only. Our torture is not so melodramatic now, but this is no loss; we are more artistic than our ancestors. Instead of burning a man's body to make him say what we want said, we scorch his pride with burning innuendo; instead of boiling oil or melted lead, we pour upon his honor vile suspicion; instead of the rack, nine hours of shouting in his ears, and shrewd remarks, filled with a wit as keen and as well refined as can be found amongst the very brightest bootblacks. This relic of antiquity, well polished and refined, alone repays us any loss that we feel from the resurrection of a law on which we had fondly looked as good enough to be obsolete.

THE methods of the various members of the Ross Government last summer may not have been above reproach; their conduct immediately before the 11th of March may not have been discreet; the whole course of their lives may have been reckless and ill-advised—but, since the Royal Commission started to hear evidence, their conduct has been most exemplary. They have discovered that spiritual, if not practical, resignation which only great natures can display. The anxious period of uncertain expectation has been devoted to the perusal of the meditations and philosophies of the no less great and renowned men that have trod the thorn-strewed path before them. Their conduct may well be emulated not only by their successors, but by any man that finds himself in dire straits.

Last Sunday night was devoted to the reading of appropriate gems from Shakespeare. A moon-beam stole in at an unguarded window, and the music was transmitted through the night, across the fields of space to that soft orb which smiles when lovers walk and politicians roam.

The Premier 'twas that spoke:

\* \* \* \* Of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors and talk of wills:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbrokes,

And nothing can we call our own but death,

And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake let us sit upon the ground

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

How some have been deposed; some slain in war;

How haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;

Some poisoned by their wives (*glances at Stratton*);

some sleeping killed (*squirms perceptibly*) \* \* \*

*Stratton* (breaking in, reads):

O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

*Gibson*—No doubt, my lord.

*Stratton*—O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

*Gibson*—Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*Dryden* (reads)—Jockey of Norfolk be not so bold

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

*Adds sneeringly*: Why Gamey might have written

that himself.

*Ross* (*rending his garments*)—Gamey! He that smote

us, then fled!

*Alarums: excursions.*

*Exeunt omnes in confusion.*

Portraits by Moonlight.



W. J. BRYAN.

Brief Personal Sketches by Famous Americans.

I AM Bryan the immortal statesman. I came into public favor on the wings of a gilded metaphor. I have long been searching for a metaphor strong enough to carry me to the White House, and I shall continue to search. I am the Apostle of Free Silver. Some say free silver is dead, but it is not. Bryan lives, and free silver will go jingling on through the campaigns until the golden cross comes down, or the silver tongue is silent.

I am opposed to jingoism, imperialism, and republican administrationism. Imperialism must be checked. It is harmful, for it damages the Democratic Party. Our superior civilization must not be extended. Liberty must be confined; we need it all ourselves.

The Republican Party must be checked in its mad career, it has gone too far, it has done too much. It should not have given freedom to Cuba. That act should have been reserved for the glory of Democracy. It erred in establishing reforms and good government in Porto Rico. I could have done it just as well after 1904. It was wrong in crushing the insurrection in the Philippines. It was wrong in establishing law and order there, and instituting reforms, paving the way for domestic peace and prosperity. It was wrong because it caused Democracy to oppose those things. It is not

right to be compelled to oppose the right. We must oppose something, for we are the opposition. If the Republicans had had the best interests of my party in view, they would have abandoned the Philippines to their own wild jealousies and strifes, and the tender mercies of European powers. Then would have arisen an empire of conglomerated gore under the reign of pandemonium. Then, with the Democrats in the ascendancy, and Bryan in the White House, Democracy would have reached out and folded under its beneficent wing those sea-girt islands of the east, and placed upon Columbia's brow a glittering new-born star. Alas! that chance is gone forever, and therefore will we warn the people against the false doctrines of the acquisition of territory, and the dispensation of reforms.

If the American people would not see our once great government ride bareback to destruction on the imperialistic beast whose strenuous feet have trampled down the magnificent jungles of Samar, let them beware! Let them arise again in their narrow places, and with a voice as of a trumpet ringing through Tamany Hall, let them cry: "Halt! ye who would carry away our light into the dark places beyond the sea. Bring back that light! Leave us not in darkness! We have so little light to spare!" Yea, let them cry out to him who is strong to deliver glittering speeches: "Come out from behind the desk of the commoner! Come and run for us!" If the American people will do this, better times are coming for him who runs. The future is before us, and 1904 is coming. Some may say that I will cut no figure in 1904, but let all such wait till the figures are cut, then will it be seen that I shall cut not one figure, but many, a great multitude of glowing, far-fetched figures of speech.

Let Democracy be careful. Let her not run away after false gods that are set up on a hill. Let her not consult the false, fat oracle that speaks from the trout streams of New Jersey, but let her stand by the flag that sheltered her in glorious defeat. Let her stand behind the gun from whose great mouth leaps forth the blazing metaphor. Then will Democracy be true.

When mine eyes shall behold for the next time the platform of the Democratic Party, let me behold no such miserable sentiment as this: Democracy first and Bryan afterward; but rather let my delighted gaze rest upon that other sentiment forever dear to my heart: Democracy and Bryan, now and forever, one and inseparable.

N.B.—I am not a candidate.

The Cocktail.

Who was it when my soul was sick,  
And I was feeling like "Old Nick,"  
So timely came to do the trick?  
The Cocktail.

Who was it when my job was lost,  
And I from place to place was tost,  
Kept me for thirty days sans cost?  
The Cocktail.

When I, released, though filled with doubt,  
Went searching work all round about,  
I found it. Where? Why dishing out  
The Cocktail.



### Triplet Souls.

Aggie: "Oh, Clara, George told me last evening that he and I were 'twin souls.'"

Clara: "Guess he must have meant triplets, for he said the same thing to me last week."

### Heather's Ladies' Column.

Hints to Literary Beginners—How to write a Humorous Novel.



**B**EFORE proceeding further with our studies in style, it might be well to glance at some of the other qualifications for successful fiction. And just here let me insist upon one thing: Whatever your qualifications, do not labor under the delusion that you are able to write a successful novel until you have spent at least a year in selecting, polishing and adapting a good title. In another age, a certain writer of playlets asked: "What's in a name?" It is reserved for the present century to answer: "Everything." A very dear friend

of mine once wrote a novel and called it: "A Study of the Mind, Motives and Morals of Clara Clairivont." It was a sweet thing, but it fell flat, and its fall hit my poor friend so hard that she died of concussion. After her death, the publishers brought it out again under a new title: "The Complexities of Clara," and were enabled to erect a handsome tombstone with the rake-off from the first edition.

Particular care is needed in case of a humorous novel to have the name of the "funny party" appropriate.

Something uncouth with an awkward plural is advisable, as for instance, "Ruggles — Ruggleses ; Wiggs—Wiggsses, and so on. These are screamingly funny in themselves and will often, with economy, supply wit enough for a whole chapter.

The first name must be equally humorous. If the funny party be a man, something like Josh, Jemmy, Darius (Dri), or Eben (Ebe) ; if a woman, either a mutilated name or a double name is desirable, as, 'Mandy, or 'Mirandy, or Amelia Ann, or Sarah Jane.

After a careful selection of names has been made, it is well to go around taking down all the little humorous sayings of your friends which have amused you from infancy, together with a careful selection from the least known almanacs. If you cannot get enough of this material for a book, put in a serio-religio-funnio character and let him, or her, make goodio-funnio-staleio remarks at decent intervals. This will make advertising easy, and will secure admission to the Sunday School libraries. They are called

in the advertisements "Bright Sayings," and are likely to be largely quoted. Take the following passage as an instance. It is from "Mrs. Biggs and the Six Little Biggses."

"What makes me feel so good inside to-night, maw?" asked little Amerigo Vespucci.

"Laws, child, I dunno; I 'spects it's just the lovely evenin.' Seems like natur' makes us all feel good when we gets clost enough."

"Well, maw," said little A. V., after a pause. "It may be natur', but it *feels* as if it was apple tart!"

This, as you will perceive, is very easy and may be continued indefinitely.

Here is another sample of the same, only more funnio, and not so serio-religio.

"No, I hain't never hankered to be married agen," said Mrs. Biggs. "Seems like Mr. Biggs kind a spoiled me for most men. He was a well-sot up man, was Mr. Biggs. Such a head as he had, couldn't ever get a hat big enough. I hain't niver seed anither head like his'n."

This is but a short sketch, but I trust it may help some one.

In another column I will treat of "How to Write the Great American Historical Novel," "How to Write a Society Romance," "How to Write a Realistic Tale," "How to Write a Kailyard Novelette," and others. The novelettes will also be continued as studies in style.

DONT'S FOR THE HUMOROUS NOVELIST.

Don't be long—leave enough for a next book—"By the author of, etc."

Don't use anything but dialect for the funnies.

Don't have more than one really funny saying in a chapter.

Don't forget that Demosthenes said: "Advertise, advertise, advertise, it is the triple art of the novelist," (or words to that effect).

Don't neglect to have a child suitable for the juvenile business.

Don't forget the advice of Dickens: "Samivel, my boy, ven you wish to write a humorous novel, don't forget to provide a vidder."

Don't (above all) be humorous!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetic.—The beautiful stanza you refer to is as follows:

"Under the shade of a single umbrella,  
A maiden fair and her best city feller  
Were sailing one day on Lake Lucerne.

They thought as they sailed so nicely  
together,  
They'd better sail on forever and ever—  
So she was his'n and he was  
her'n."

I must say I think you are ultra-critical when you object to "his'n" and "her'n" in the last line. Of course, they are not strictly correct, speaking grammatically, but when was a true poet bound by any laws, grammarian or otherwise. Go, study Walt Whitman, friend!

Sorrowful.—I am very sad for you, dear child. What you tell me augurs ill, indeed, for your future happiness. His refusal to take you in his arms and kiss you repeatedly upon the station platform after an absence of two hours, strikes me as being particularly heartless—but men have no fine feelings!

Literary.—So you wish to earn your own living, little one. I wish I could help you. No, do not try to be a journalist, only those who have most singular and remarkable ability, genius in fact, ever succeed at journalism. You might write a novel, though, or a little book of poems. Read my "Hints to Literary Beginners."

—HEATHER.

In Memoriam.

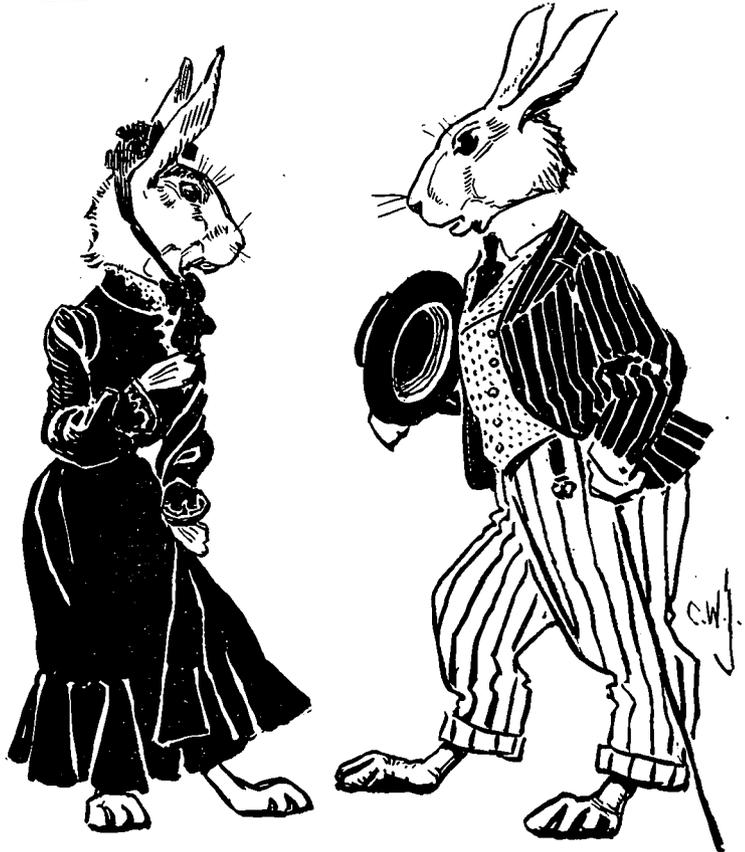
Patriarch, Patriot, dear to the people's heart,  
Sound be thy sleep, now thy labors are done.  
Parties call truce again: "Here lies a prince of men,  
Oliver, lawgiver, Canada's son."

Not as "Sir" Oliver—decker as a harlequin,  
Millions, unborn now, shall hear of his fame.  
Wherefor those epaulettes? Cocked hat uneasy sets;  
Oliver, lawgiver—such be thy name.

Breath of corruption ne'er sullied the office where  
Oliver Mowat toiled faithful and true;  
Clean was the record there, left by a prince of men,  
Under whose guidance Ontario grew.

Soft, with uncovered head, look on the noble dead;  
Here lived a life ever ready to die.  
Tory and Grit agree: "This we should strive to be,  
Here was a virtue that gold could not buy."

—D. S. MACORQUODALE.



Pignuffle: "Who was the author of the 'Stabat Mater'?"

Beezletop: "The latest stab-at Marter that I have seen, was by Dr. Beattie Nesbitt."

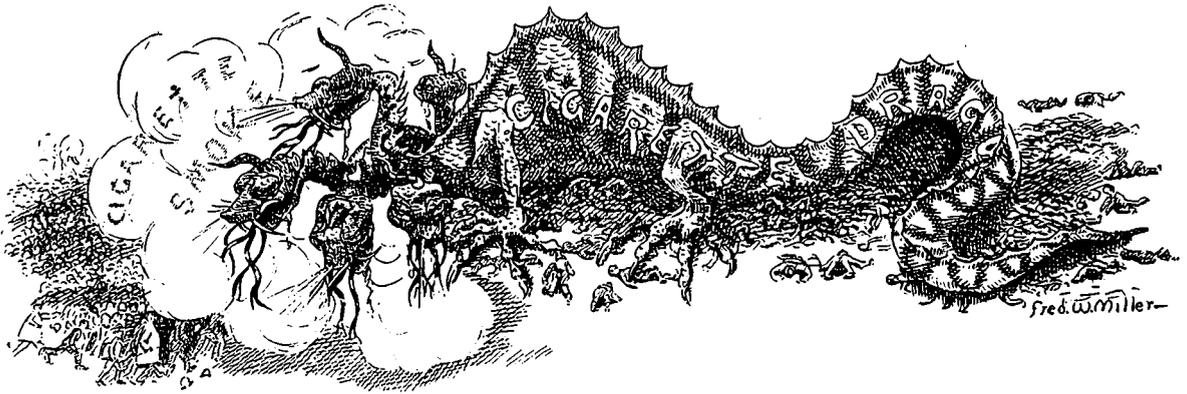
Mrs. Rabbit: "I hear that your brother and his family have moved into a deserted gold mine."

Mr. Rabbit: "Yes, and they are dreadfully stuck up about it. They have changed the spelling of their name to Rarebit, and they keep very late hours."

THE MOON



Must the Child Be Sacrificed?



A W. C. T. U. Dream.

## The Canadian Book of Snobs.

"A snob is one who meanly admires mean things."

—*Thackeray.*

CHAPTER V.

### THE LITERARY SNOB.



HERE are but few literary snobs in Canada, because there are few literary men, other than journalists, who come under a separate category and will be duly excoriated later on. As is generally admitted, Canadians are not a literary people, and their comparatively limited requirements in the way of books are mainly satisfied with the imported article—for which, when the generally inferior quality of the native output is borne in mind, they can hardly be blamed. A question which used to form a favorite topic for essays and magazine articles some time ago was, "Have we a Canadian

Literature?" It seems now to be generally taken for granted that we have something of the sort—but it is at best a forced and parasitic growth.

The noticeable features about what is called Canadian literature are its self-consciousness, its imitiveness, and its conventionality—in a word, it is colonial. There is no spontaneity about it. It is not the work of men who write because they have something to say—a message to the world, the burden of which lies heavy upon them until they deliver it—but either of tradesmen doing hack-work for publishers under the pressure of sheer necessity—or poseurs producing weak imitations of foreign models in order to qualify as authors and aiming at the temporary and cheap notoriety which they mistake for eternal fame. Literature—real literature—isn't produced that way. It is the work of men who feel and think and speak out what is in them, regardless of fear or favor; not of mere word-spinners and copyists—and mutual admirationists. First and foremost, the Canadian literary snob aims to be

popular—to fall in with all the dominant ideals, traditions and habits of thought current in an intellectually backward community—otherwise the book will not sell, probably will not even find a publisher. He prostrates himself before all the little tin gods, at whose shrines the cowardly and ignorant—that is to say the great majority—worship. Instead of leading public opinion, he implicitly follows it. He is above all things conventional and "respectable" in the narrow bourgeois sense of the word—careful, oh, so careful! not to offend Mrs. Grundy. His range of thought being thus restricted by the narrowest limitations, how is it possible that any literature worthy of the name could be produced? The literary snob is, of course, intensely British, and always vaunting his loyalty and sounding the praises of British institutions. But his voluntarily assumed yoke of conventionalism and deference to existing shams, has been flouted and defied by the leading minds of Britain ever since she had a literature. Fancy a Byron, a Burns, a Shelley, a Herbert Spencer—the list might be indefinitely extended—trying to express themselves so as not to offend the susceptibilities of the average Canadian, limited and confined in the range of their thoughts and utterances by obsequious deference to popular prejudices, bound to write down to the level of a superstitious, hero-worshipping, complacently "loyal" and optimistic majority! If the counterparts of these great men existed in Canada to-day they would be ostracised and howled down, not merely by the mob, but by the literary pretenders who pride themselves on their culture, and their writing condemned as immoral, treasonable and blasphemous. Such are the mental effects of colonialism. We are ruled by the prevalent ideals—political, social and religious—of the mother-in-law country, but destitute of the spirit of protest and revolt by which the despotism of British public opinion is mitigated.

Canadian literary snobbery is displayed to its fullest extent in the catch-penny histories, biographies and works appealing to individual or class vanity and self-conceit which are issued on the subscription plan. The literary snob as a rule has little originality or imagination

—under existing conditions it wouldn't do him any good if he had for he wouldn't dare to exercise such qualities. His *forte* is compilations and rooting among old files of newspapers and the like for facts, or lies, as the case may be, about the doings of the U. E. Loyalists, the never-to-be-forgotten war of 1812, and Reil's Rebellion. These he strings together, with a garnish of loyal and patriotic guff to suit the market, exhausting many times over the resources of the vocabulary to express his admiration of the Loyalists and the eternal devotion of Canadians to the British Crown. He can probably realize as much as \$1 a page for histories and biographies put together in this fashion. A number of enterprising publishing firms are always on the lookout for chances to

exploit the public, such as was furnished by the Boer war, several "histories" of which, reeking with the usual jingo bombast, were on the market long before the last shot was fired. The death of a prominent politician is another godsend to the snob *litterateur*—almost before the funeral the rival publishers are advertising for book fiends, and the hack is hard at it, in his slap-dash, uncritical way, beslaving his subject with the most fulsome eulogies, slurring over his deals and trickeries, and presenting some very commonplace, selfish place-hunter in the light of an exemplar for all young Canadians. Thus is Canadian literature produced. Is it any wonder that the British or American product has the preference?

Mention of Canadian literature naturally recalls the name of Prof. Goldwin Smith, who, though very much in it, is by no means of it, being *sui generis*. A snob being, according to Thackeray's definition, "one who meanly admires mean things," the Professor certainly cannot come within that category, as it is contrary to his principles to admire anything.

**Usually the Case.**

Peavick: "Beezletope has a future before him."

Plugwinch: "What makes you think so?"

Peavick: "He married a woman with a past, you know."

Orator (speaking after the war): "Some of us have to stay at home, my dear friends, but I have often thought I would like to be a soldier, and with the soldiers stand. A man who charges at the point of a bayonet is much to be envied, especially if he charges any one he knows."

Policeman: "What is all this about?"  
 Small Boy (preparing to run): "About over, of course."

**As His Thoughts Ran.**

(Time, 5 a.m.) Rebecca: "Id vos fife o'clock, Ikey, ged up and shdard de fire."

Ikey: "Sh! Repecca. Somepody mighd pe lisding."

Bobbs: "How is Gayboy faring as Parliamentary Correspondent?"

Dobbs: "Very well, indeed, and somewhat original in his work."

Bobbs: "In what way?"

Dobbs: "Well, his first batch of parliamentary notes he had published under the heading, 'Echoes from the Gas House.'"



**Two Regular Customers.**

Head Shiner Macdonald (of Globe Shoe-shine Parlors): "I tries to keep 'em looking as respectable as I can. Gives 'em a shine every mornin' reg'lar. First I applies a little of our 'Sun Clear' polish, and then slaps on a thick coat of paste, but, (sadly) to use th' lan'gauge of th' Sunday-schools, I'm afraid they're 'makin' fer hole-iness' very fast."



**T**HE PUNSTER'S VADE MECUM—OR READY WIT FOR ALL OCCASIONS. By M. Samjones. Philadelphia: Biggleswade & Sons.

This handsomely got up volume of over 400 pages, by one of the most eminent punsters of the century, is the most important addition to our literature in many years, as it supplies a want hitherto unfilled. It is a little singular that, notwithstanding the enormous literary output of the present age; no one of the thousands of aspirants to the fame and emoluments of authorship should hitherto have thought of providing for the use of would-be humorists a stock of appropriate jests, properly arranged and classified, from which they can furnish themselves with ample material for spontaneous flashes of merriment suitable to any occasion. Jest books, of course, there are by the dozen, but they are mere heterogeneous collections of jokes and anecdotes, the want of system and arrangement rendering them all but useless for purposes of reference. In no other volume with which we are acquainted will the amateur or professional punster find, ready to his hand, just the joke he needs to suit any given environment. There are presented under the proper headings puns suitable for dinner parties and five o'clock teas, for weddings and funerals, for ocean voyages and political meetings, for theatrical performances and prayer meetings, for walks in the country and visits to the department store—in fact for almost any ordinary occasion that can be foreseen. Another department is devoted to puns suitable to be made by various classes of professional men and tradesmen—puns with which the physician may soothe the sick or the solicitor console an unfortunate client—jestes by which the shoemaker, the tailor or the grocer may put their customers or creditors in good humor.

We have said enough to show the intrinsic merits of this invaluable volume, which is, in every respect, worthy of one whose name has become a household word throughout the American continent by reason of his

paronomasiac abilities. A few specimens, however, will give a better idea of the scope and poignancy of Samjones' great work

**ON BEING ASKED TO DRINK.**

"Want to bring me to my bier, do you? What ales you, anyway? Well, I don't mind, I like a little pleasant-rye sometimes. I'll take a cocktail though, that en-tails more expense. I never refuse a drink, though I often re-treat. But I don't want to get a jag on, for then I should talk jar-gon."

**ON UNDERTAKING A TRIP TO EUROPE.**

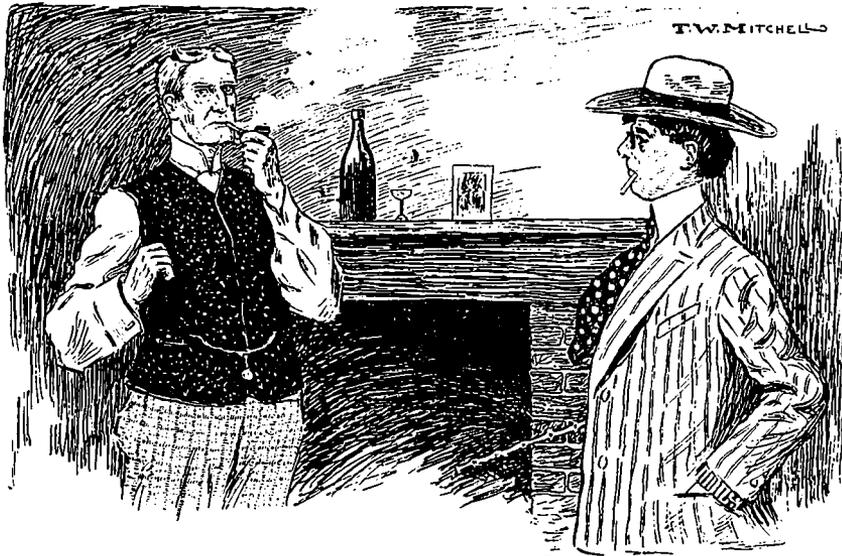
"Yes, I'm going abroad. Don't know how I shall like Europe—I'm going to sea—I've long had a notion of the kind—so it will be a ñction voyage. I hanker after change, though I ain't much of an anchorite, and I'll be glad when the anchor's weighed. After we get off, and I've parted with my friends, I shall feel like an off-un. I often feel that way. You will gaze at the offing, won't you, as the steamer leaves the shore? Well, *au reservoir*, as we say in Patee—which reminds me that I haven't paid my water rates."

**AT A FUNERAL.**

"This makes one feel solemn. When I look at some of the monuments I feel mau-solemn. It is tomb-much for me. There is considerable symmetry about the arrangement of this cemetery—yet, 'tis a gruesome scene. It would be improved if they grew some more flowers. Ah, well, such is the end of every man—and yet they say there is more harp-iness in the next world than here. Here comes the minister arrayed in his surplice. Fortunate man! He has no reason to fear a raid on his surplus as have some other ministers."



Uncle Sam: "Begosh, them other fellers will have a sweet time tryin' ter argue with this here machine."



**An Appreciable Advantage.**

Footlites : "How did your new bicycle play go in the Provinces?"  
 Barnstormer : "Um—so—so. But say, it's way ahead of most of the novelties we've brought out."  
 Footlites : "How so?"  
 Barnstormer : "Why, when we get broke we've the wheels to ride back to town with."

It will readily be seen how any funny man by providing himself with Mr. Samjones' work can, in a minute or two, prime himself with appropriate puns for any happening, and thereby secure a reputation for a flow of ready and unmediated wit. In thus putting into permanent form for the benefit of future generations, the results of a life-time devoted to disinterested paronomasiac effort, the author has secured a high place among the leaders of contemporary thought, and will, doubtless, reap the customary reward of ingratitude and neglect at the hands of those he has striven to benefit. 'Twas ever thus.

**A Poetical Puzzle Picture.**

**FIND THE MISSING NAME.**

**T**IS thrue we do be havin' captains be the schore an' schore,  
 Faith, ye'd think they sould the rank at iviry corner grocery-shtore!  
 But, as in aich hill av praties there is a shupayrior wan,  
 So among Canadian captains you'll find  
 Captain \_\_\_\_\_!  
 (\*Conclusion of the sentence drowned in vociferous applause.)  
 This bucko av a captain will compare with Captain Cook;  
 For both, begob, got round the *Globe*, be hook—an' maybe crook.  
 While, as for Captain Kidd an' him, I'd ax av anny man  
 Had Captain Kidd a kid to match young  
 Captain \_\_\_\_\_!  
 (\*\*Applause renders the finishing word inaudible.)  
 The Harse Marines gave Captain Jinks his harse—fed corn and bean;  
 My hayro does not ride a harse—he drives a fine machine.

A fine, smooth, shlick machine it is, built on the Party plan;  
 An'—barrin' Island roads—dh rives well for  
 Captain \_\_\_\_\_!  
 (†Impossible to catch the final word by reason of lusty shouting.)  
 What Captain Marryat may have done wid his ould Shnarleyow  
 Is nayther here nor there, becase our cap. has no "bow-wow."  
 An' yet he has a purp-ose (Arrah, there's a pun, bad scran!)  
 An' in it he is dog-ged, is bould  
 Captain \_\_\_\_\_!  
 (†† Loud applause again deafens the reporters.)  
 Mayne Reid, to give him credit, tould some divilish fine tales;  
 But think av bein' a main-sheet that houlds illiction sails!  
 Or a main-top on the Party ship, from which the view to schan!  
 Ah, thim's the turms that fits the case av  
 Captain \_\_\_\_\_!

(‡Once more the plaudits prevent hearing.)  
 Ye may talk av Captain Cuttle an' all his wondhrous luck;  
 Or av Webb an' Boynton, captains who shwam aquil to a duck.  
 But nayther wan whin shwimmin' from Beersheba to Dan,  
 Showed the shtrokes av masther jaynius made by  
 Captain \_\_\_\_\_!  
 (††Renewed cheers interrupt the speaker ere he can conclude the sentence.)  
 Whin he's sint out on a business thrip, the House widin the Park  
 Knows well their champion dhrummer can keep cool an' mum an' dark.  
 "Me switches are not hair-goods, an' I don't belave ye can  
 Find my shtuffs outside av boxes!" laughs cute  
 Captain \_\_\_\_\_!  
 (§Simply impossible to catch the last word amid the uproar.)  
 So here's health to this Minister (widout portfolio!)  
 This partner av the Premier (on the side, av coorse, we know!)  
 What signifies that lately up agin a shnag he's ran?  
 The divil take the shnag!—while we toast  
 Captain \_\_\_\_\_!  
 (§§§Finale of peroration absolutely indistinguishable at the Press table on account of tumult.)  
 \*Sounded like "Hoo—li—gan!"  
 \*\*Might have been "Cor—co—ran!"  
 †One of the fellows has it "Han—ni—fan!"  
 ††Might try "Ker—nagh—an!"  
 ‡Is it "Mon—agh—an?"  
 ††Or "Mul—li—gan?"  
 §Let it go as "Donovan!"  
 §§Oh, make it any old name. It's got me beat.  
 —TALBOT WARREN TORRANCE.

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Old Timer: "Try Bradstreet's or Dun's."

Doggett: "How is it, Professor, that so few of our American women study the classics?"

Professor: "Much too busy with their mother tongue, my dear sir."

Isn't it about time somebody rose to remark that a light has been thrown on the corrupt practices of the Ross Government by Gamey's scandal?

### Ben Hucklefoot's Apparition.

**B**EN HUCKLEFOOT, the miner, dug ten wagons every day,  
And drew the fattest envelope of all the company pay;  
Ten years he probed the slaty ribs with pick and powder-blast.  
He always swore he'd hold his job as long as it should last;  
For echo of the thundering trip, the boom, and sudden fall—  
The spirits of the mine—they never troubled Ben at all!

One day a hidden "pot" of slate fell down in Heading A,  
And Ben was chosen by the boss to clear the fall away.  
After the daily run was over, when the mine was still,  
Ben set himself to swing his mighty shovel with a will;  
The pit was grim and silent, save his grunting at the fall—  
The "creeping" of the ribs, he never heeded that at all!

When half the slate was loaded in a wagon at his back,  
Oh, horror of the mine!—he stood and shivered in his track;  
A sudden light had fallen on the pile; a giant head  
With curving horns obtruded from the ancient carbon bed!  
Two great and fiery eyes were bulging out and rolling round!  
The frothing lips gave bellow to a subterranean sound!

"The Devil!" cried Ben Hucklefoot!—he never stopped to take  
His jacket or his safety-lamp that hung upon a stake,  
But, flying down the tunnel dark before his goading fears,  
He trusted to the heading, he had traveled it for years!  
Half dead, he gained the surface. When his tongue and wits he  
found,

He told the apparition to the miners gathered round,  
And added: "Well, the Devil, boss, can never work with *me*;  
I give my job and pay to His Satanic Majesty!"

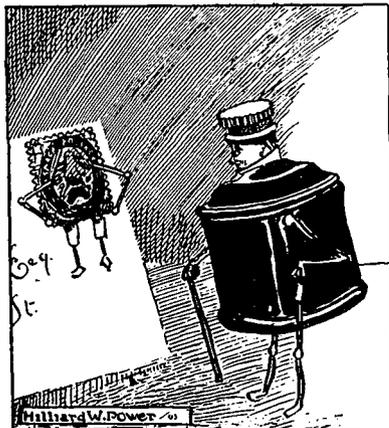
And nevermore Ben Hucklefoot, who drew the lavish pay,  
Will go into that pit to dig ten wagons every day;  
And to this hour he never has been able to divine  
How Bailey's brindle heifer, in the field above the mine,  
Fell through the crumbling crust into the gob in Heading A,  
And, like a sudden Devil, drove Ben Hucklefoot away!

—ALOYSIUS COLL.

Binkerton: "I suppose there are more divorces to the acre in Chicago than in any other city."

Pilgarlic: "That's rather an agricultural way of putting it."

Binkerton: "Well, it indicates bad husbandry, you know."



Inkbottle: "What in the world are you crying for, Postage-Stamp?"

Postage-Stamp: "Boo-hoo. Just now a man came along and gave me a licking—bo-hoo-oo—"

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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**

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**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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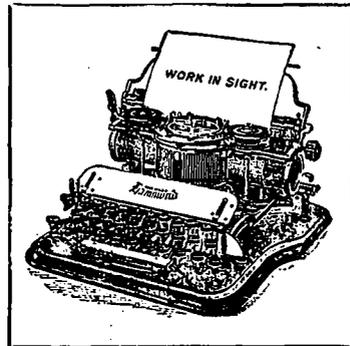
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