



\$2 Per Annum.

The Kaiser (as he plants the "mailed fist"): "An excellent doctrine, my dear President. It keeps John Bull in his place."

Price 5 Cents

What the Press Says

THE BRIGHT MOON.

"The Moon" of last week has some very bright beams. The cartoons by Hunter, Racey and Jeffreys are admirable, while the smaller sketches and sketches are bright and clever. "The Moon" is essentially Canadian in spirit and ought to prove a good antidote to the blatant stuff poured into Canada from the United States. "The Moon" is said to have made a very good start already. It certainly merits a generous patronage in Canada.

Brookville Times

THE MAIL AND EMPIRE,

I make my bow to the Moon. I saw her in the full and over my left shoulder. Great, therefore, shall be my luck this month. Frankly, I am delighted that we are going to have a comic paper of our own. Life is such a biting, sneering little rat of a paper at all things concerning our British Empire, our flag, ourselves, that I am glad to see we are starting a "comic" of our own, and as the Moon is so very far above Life, she can see all the joke of it, the folly, the satire, the melodrama of the little anthill called earth. Again, my bow to you, O Moon, also one small subscription, for, to tell the truth, I am a trifle afraid of you. The paper is a capital one and spares nobody—while it is gentle in its satire. All the same, I tell you a snowball from the Moon is calculated to give us a shock now and then. Did you see the Margnates on the first page? If not, why not?

Kit

THE MOON SHINES

"The Moon," of Toronto, the new comic weekly, has a good reason for last week's title-page cartoon shows Sir William Mulock behind the post-office, marked holding in his hand letters, which are eighteen or twenty per cent. more than the quantity of letters for any-day of the week. The Moon's various contributions are a quantity of letters for any-day of the week, and in this way contribute in some very good original work, which prevents monotony in style.

—The man in The Moon (published weekly in Toronto) evidently knows his business, and The Moon gives out a good many things that are not moonshine.

Journalist

A NEW MOON
The London Moon! A brand new luminary has appeared in Laughter Land. Toronto is its home, but it will shed effulgent rays of wit and humor all over this broad continent. Different from our old friend, the Lady Moon, this New Moon sports no borrowed rays. "New goods and clean down" is its motto. "This is a neat little magazine, full from cover to cover of bright, clever, Racey (beg pardon!) racy fun, and Canadians should join in a practical welcome to the first and only Canadian comic magazine. What will real jolly, new Moon. It is a real jolly, when it is a "full" Moon! It has been discovered that the man in the Moon is not so fat as they say."

The Moon **FREE** for one year

To anybody sending us FOUR subscriptions accompanied by Eight Dollars.

To anybody sending us Two subscriptions accompanied by Four Dollars we will send a free copy for six months.

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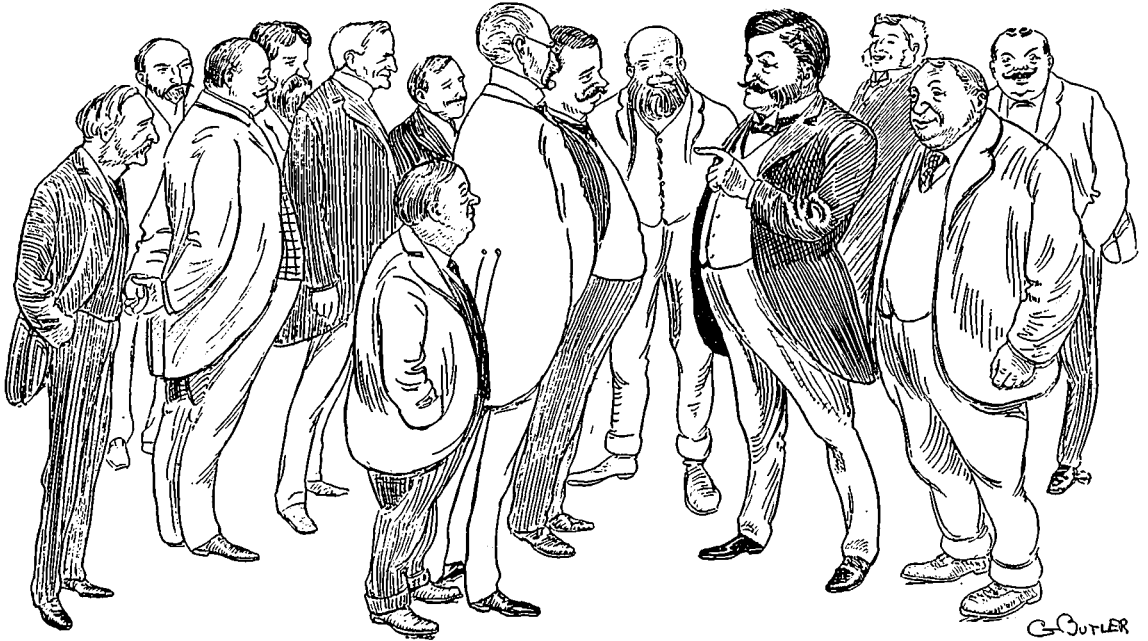
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Mr. Whitney to his followers: "Now, gentlemen, bye-elections are generally favorable to the government, so I must ask you to promise me not to die. If you feel a bit off color I should advise you to take a couple of _____'s Pills." (If for no other reason, this cartoon may be interesting from the fact that we have received several offers, ranging from 50c. to \$5,000, from pill manufacturers, for the privilege of having their name inserted in the foregoing blank.)—ED.

With the Magazines.

They were all lounging in various attitudes in the book-seller's window.

"Oh, dear!" said the *Rural New Yorker*, "How provoking! now I am sure to have had luck."

"What's the matter now?" asked *The Country Gentleman*.

"Why, I saw the new MOON over my right shoulder," answered the *Rural New Yorker*.

"What nonsense!" said *The Smart Set*, "I don't believe in any such superstitions. Some of you old fogies ought to be read out of the union." And *The Smart Set* cast a supercilious glance at *Puck*.

Puck drew his eyebrows into a deep frown and thought. Presently a grin spread over his face and he said:

"See here, *Smart Set*, don't you cast any insinuations at me, or I'll hand you a *Punch* that will give you a *Smart Set*—back."

"Hear! Hear!" said *The Strand*, "*Puck* is actually becoming funny, don't you know!"

"What's that?" said *Life*, who had just woke up.

"*Puck* getting funny? Come off! You can't stuff me!"

"But your editor can," said the *Woman's Home Companion*, sweetly.

"Oh, what silly jesting! It isn't good form at all," said the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Ha! who talks about good form?" said the *Ladies' World*, frigidly. "I guess we all know what gives you such good form."

"I don't," said *The Canadian*, "pray what is it?"

"Padding," responded the *Ladies' World*, triumphantly.

"Oh, you needn't talk; you're only a back number, anyway," retorted the *Ladies' Home Journal*, getting read.

The *Ladies' World* glanced sorrowfully at her date, and then burst into a passion of tears that fell splashing down upon *The Cornhill*.

The Century looked at her pityingly, and was moved to try to give her *Comfort*; but remembering his dignity and his age, he only nodded to *The Cosmopolitan* who was about to say something polite, when there was a great commotion in the window. The *Rural New Yorker* was jerked roughly off the rack, and crumpled up and stuffed into the pocket of a burly farmer. As he disappeared he was heard to mutter: "Consarn that new MOON! I knowed I'd have bad luck."

A shadow fell upon the little group in the window, then all except *Life*, who was asleep again, noticed that a bright radiance like June sunshine overspread them all.

It was THE MOON smiling at *The World's Work*.

—JIM WILEY.

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

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48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

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

All comic verse, prose or drawings submitted will receive careful examination, and fair prices will be paid for anything suitable for publication.

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

IT has been many long years since the newspapers of Canada have been placed in such an awkward position as they find themselves in to-day. The celebrated Mr. Tarte has been, for some years, the bone over which the Grit and Tory press have fought. During all this time the bone has conducted itself quite in the conventional manner. Its part in the trouble may be said to have been neutral. Suddenly, however, it has sprung into life, has turned against its defender and stepped to the side of the dog that has fought to get at it. The whole Tarte vs. Sifton incident is possibly one of the best things for Canadian politics that could have happened.

For years the Tory press has heaped upon Mr. Tarte the most absurd abuse. He has been painted as the villain of Canadian public life. "Down with Tarte! Shall Tarte rule us?" have been the scare headlines of the Tory dailies. The Grit press, on the other hand, has stoutly defended the energetic Frenchman. He has been lauded to the skies in the most extravagant terms.

Now comes the turn-over. Mr. Tarte surprises both friends and foes. The Grits catch their breaths; the Tories drop their weapons. Mr. Tarte, quite self-possessed, says publicly what he thinks. Shocking innovation! The Tories bless him. The Grits curse him. The public, for the first time, has its eyes opened. It sees what it might have seen years ago, if it had been blessed with the insight of an old grey gander, i. e. that the man who has the highest aims, the man who is filled with the spirit of self-sacrifice, the man of "unquestioned integrity" is the man who agrees with ME; while the ignoble, the villain, the scoundrel, the depraved, the unspeakable is the man whose opinions agree not with MINE.

A Grit politician, tried by the Tory press, has the same chance of justice as had a rebel, tried by Judge Jeffreys. A Tory politician, tried by a Grit press, may expect quite the same treatment as is administered to a Canadian editor when tried for contempt of court by the Canadian judge for whom he has expressed his contempt.

NOW that the newspapers are so energetically demanding that the Canadian people insist on purchasing no goods that do not bear the label, *Made in Canada*, *THE MOON* is prompted to offer the suggestion that the patriotic idea be carried still further, and that the members of the Ottawa Cabinet (especially Mr. Tarte) be urged to introduce legislation for the purpose of preventing any but a Canadian from carrying on business in our country.

Free traders have charged with narrow-mindedness such papers as advocate the Made-in-Canada policy. This is most unjust. Canadians should purchase only such articles as are known to be made in Canada. No foreign country buys goods from us, or, if they do, we have not heard of their purchases; so why should we Canadians support the industries of the foreigners?

Follow this course of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and we are forced to decide that we have no right even to patronize the foreign *individual*. Why not put a tax on him? Let every Canadian, as well as all Canadian goods, be labelled, *Made in Canada*, and let all so labelled refuse to have business transactions with those that bear not the seal of the union. How this would simplify the working of the Alien Labor Law! Everyone that could not show the legend, *Made in Canada*, would at once be proven a foreigner, and so could be taxed or returned to his native land. This would give us another flourishing industry, i. e., the manufacture of the porous human label. In the course of time this might become an art, and Canada might soon wrest Japan's enviable tattooing reputation from her.

Of course there would be difficulties to the successful carrying out of this plan, but the Man in *THE MOON* fully believes that a person's nationality could be pretty accurately fixed, if competent officials could be got to carry the law into effect.

AS intimated in a previous issue of *THE MOON*, the crop of novels this year is much lighter than it has been for years past, and binders are lying rusting in the field of fiction. In view of the fact, then, that *THE MOON* cannot find sufficient material in the lighter branches of fiction, it is forced to turn its attention to the more serious. Starting next week, it will turn its full face upon the vigorous growth of school-books, and will cast some illuminating reflections, which may be blasting to a portion of the crop, but will result—it is to be hoped—in producing a more healthy growth in this important field.

In other words, *THE MOON* intends to review at length—and without fear or favor—the merits and demerits of the various school text books that are now competing for public favor.

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



Scenes from Shakespere.

Portia: "Tarry a little; there is something else."—*The Merchant of Venice*, Act IV, Scene 1.

The King's Jester.

"OH, how delightfully mediæval!" exclaimed Miss Hypatia Hogaboom, the Chicago heiress, to her chaperon, Lady Beezletope. "So His Majesty has a real fool. Why he looks just as if he had stepped out of the pages of Shakespere. Aint his cap and bells just too cute for anything? I'm dying to have a talk with him. Can't you fix it, Lady Beezletope? I'll make it five hundred dollars more if you will."

"S-s-s-h! for heaven's sake not so loud, dear Miss Piggyboom," replied Lady Beezletope in an agitated whisper, "I should be ruined if anyone had the slightest suspicion. I assure you that I should never have thought of receiving any *douceur* for my services, only Reginald lost everything we had at the Derby, and it seemed the only thing—"

"Oh, you needn't fear that I'll give the snap away," replied the American girl, "I'm just as heartily ashamed of it as you are, but I must speak to the fool for a minute, if it takes a leg. Now I'm in for it I'm bound to see the whole show."

"Let us say another thousand then," said Lady Beezletope firmly. The heiress nodded assent, whereupon the chaperon disappeared in the throng in search of the Lord Chamberlain, whom she found on the outskirts of the royal circle. After a brief conference with that official, she returned to her charge in triumph, attended by the Jester.

"A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest," quoted Miss Hogaboom, as he approached. "Can you tell me why the fool went to the forest?"

"Marry, that can I, fair ladye. Assuredly he went thither for-rest."

"Oh, how clever!" exclaimed the heiress delightedly. "Let me write that down, so I'll remember it," she went

on, producing a dainty memorandum book. "He went there for rest. Does it make you tired being a fool?"

"Yea, that it doth of a verity—rubber-tired, like unto a bicycle."

"I don't exactly see the point."

"Inasmuch as curious folk do so incessantly rubber at me until I am a-weary," explained the Jester.

"Isn't that good," said Miss Hogaboom. "Why you talk just like Shakespere. Excuse me till I get that down."

"Shakespere, quotha! Methought thine acquaintance had rather been with Bacon," replied the Jester.

"I ham surprised at your being so personal, Mr. Fool. There's a Hinglish joke for you," retorted the fair American, somewhat nettled by the reference to the source of her fortune, which she did not seem anxious to record.

"Pardon, ladye, but 'tis the privilege of mine office, you know, yet I would not offend so fair a guest. Men say that your hand hath been much sought after, and that you will shortly wed one of our own proudest nobles. They couple your name with that of the Earl of Binkerton."

"Oh, people will say anything," rejoined Miss Hogaboom. "I'm in no hurry."

"Nathless, the wise do much commend early marriages," returned the Jester. "When you are asked to name the day, of all days in the week let it be Weddin's day. And now I must e'en bid ye Godspeed, for I wot that my royal master hath need of me."

"Well, I'm awfully glad to have met you. So long! He may be a fool, but he aint a dampfool by any means, as Dad would say."

"How horribly coarse," said Lady Beezletope aside.

"No, my dear," she replied aloud. "He's very entertaining—and you'll be sure and send me that thousand dollars to-morrow, won't you?"

—P. T.

Portraits by Moonlight.



Hon. R. L. Borden

On the Face of the Waters.

HE had taken a drink and rested on his breast with one foot poised and curved behind him, and greeted the family circle in fatherly, but not domineering, manner, while the young folks met him as an equal, returning his greetings with such cordiality as would make a church social cold and sour by comparison.

"No," he said, "I wont go out to-night, there is really nothing to go for. Lodge? No, I used to think that it was nice, but it is only to show off how they understand rules of order, and how they can make a speech, that men go now. Union? The same thing, it is only to talk or work for office that the average man ever goes, or, if there is another motive, it is because he is expected to be, and is afraid of being, called a scab. No, they don't have the interest of their fellows at heart. Now quit your gabble, mother, and never mind Willie, but listen to me. Take the case of the Typographical Union and their quarrel with The Eaton Co'y. They ask other people to carry cards in their hats bearing the words "Don't buy from Eaton." Some fellows will carry that card a while because others do, and sneak into Eaton's when they can buy a 5c. packet of tacks for 3c. or a \$7.00 coat for \$6.00. The union itself doesn't mean business or it would settle the matter by refusing to set up the ads. in the daily papers. Its members just walk around and talk because it's the easiest way to admire themselves; and they call us geese.

Then there are those fellows down about Wilkesbarre, sitting around idle because they can't get a raise of wages, when all they have to do is work out the coal

and take *that* for their wages, and half a continent can look on and say it's none of their business, while winter is at the door. And Roosevelt sails around in his yacht and talks trouble to the trusts and then takes some of them down to the White House and lunches with them. No, they have no intellect, and only a wish to show some new tail feathers. Reform? That's something for others, what *they* want is! show! They're a poor lot, and only know how to worship themselves. I'll admit that they show certain traits that might point to intelligence, but it is only instinct. They can't tell when the cold is coming without looking at an almanac, and then they're wrong half of the time. The gander, my dear, is the noblest work of God. Goose? O, yes, of course you are included; the greater always includes the less, but, as I said before, the gander always knows the seasons, always eats what is best, never oppresses his neighbor, never quarrels. What? a conceited old fop, am I? Well, if I did have a fuss with him, the black gander had no business coming round here; this is *my* pond. He began it himself, and just got what he needed. Civil to you, indeed. I don't want his civility, and I won't have it. You would like *somebody* to be civil to you? Well, set the example; wives should be seen but not heard. And I'm a bald-headed old brute, eh? I'll tell you what, madam, I'm off for Florida to-morrow, where I can meet with some ladies that are not dowdies, and who don't think me old, but if I hear of that black gander coming this way again I'll smash him, madam, and if murder is done you'll be the cause of it." And he began to rummage for water snails.



Bound to Have a Grievance.

Young Timothy: "Us farmers got no right to kick this year, with the barns heapin' full, have we, dad?"

Old Timothy: "Dunno 'bout that. Some o' them barns may bust open, boy—then look et the expense us farmers 'll be put to fur repairin' of 'em."



Troubles of the Amateur Photographer.

Johnny Mowinay: "Say, Mister, aint ye fetched no monkey along with the harmonium?"

Brief Biographies—No. XI.

SAM. SMILES, JR.

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON was born—this it seems necessary to state, lest the uninformed might think he had been hatched. He is the son of an Irishman, John W. Clifton, Ex-Speaker of the Manitoba Assembly. Born in Middlesex, Ont. He is a victim of politics and North-West politics at that, and Hibernian North-West politics also at that, on the father's side. He got all the honors that Victoria University and Dundas College for boys could heap upon him, and was always ready to say his Sunday School piece if he had to steal a bible to do it.

He was called to the Manitoba bar in 1882. He went. He opposed the Manitoba Remedial Bill, and fought it out in all its stages, and so became solid with the Roman Catholics which pleased the Methodists, who were already solid with him. He got along, and was lately pooh bah of the Grits of Manitoba.

The *Globe* says of him: "He is prepared to make the development of the West his life's work, and the object is worthy of the best effort of statesmanship." For the meaning of the last word enquire of the *Globe*.

While he was lately the pooh bah of the Grits in Manitoba, a cloud has risen in the east, that in the imagination of a heady Hamlet, looked "like a mouse, was backed like a camel, and was very like a whale." It is an acid, thunderous cloud, and very Tarte. It has soured the cream of what the Hon. C. S. would call "his life work." His ambition was to make himself solid with the

Presbyterian Grits, the Methodists, the free-traders, the theoretical free-traders, the tariff for revenue men, the revenue by tariff men, the reasonable protection men, and others in Manitoba. Had there been any of the N. P. men in the North-west he'd have been in favor of them too. Others might go to smash, Hon. Clifford Sifton would not abandon his principles for such as they. They were only hoboos and hadn't the price. As the Elisha of the North-West, who took up the mantle of Elijah McCarthy in favor of equal rights, he vindicated his professions regarding the Remedial Bill, and was prepared to do so as long as the Roman Catholics were in the minority. Hon. Clifford is now under a cloud, and is in particularly bad case, because he is championed by the *Toronto Globe*. He saw our devil after a heavy supper, (devil's supper) and said "See here old MOON, if I had known how Tarte was going to cut

up, I would have modified my principles. Between you and me, Tarte is only trying to make himself solid with the east and I don't blame him; I'd have done the same in his place, but he can't beat ME out here, see."

Our devil saw, and then remarked: "But you, Mr., I beg pardon sir, that is, oh yes Mr. Sifton, you don't take your position for the same reasons as Tarte of course?" "Tarte," he said, "He's only a self-seeker, but I have my principles from which I would not depart—till something better turns up."

The Medical Student.

He has a human skeleton
Placed underneath his bed,
And perched upon his mantle-shelf
A grinning ghastly head.
His books are filled with pictures of
A questionable kind,
More gruesome and repulsive 'twould
Be difficult to find.
His general conversation now
'Tis mighty hard to bear,
He'll carve up one's anatomy
And never turn a hair.
To send a friend to Kingdom Come,
He holds it not a shame,
Provided that the deed is done
By him, in Science name.

—P. J.

Johnson: "The Emperor William always strikes me as being a sort of grand opera king."

Simpson: "Nonsense! He should be set to rag-time."

THE MOON



RUNNING AMUCK

Political history repeats itself.

Latter Day Legends.—No. 7.

LITTLE MARIA AND THE FAT BOY.

MARIA was a winsome maiden with golden locks, and when the warm sun of the Canadian summer fell upon her damask cheek it made more freckles to the square inch than a writing class would make ink spots on a school room floor.

Maria had little playful ways of catching live toads and putting them in the desks of her dear teachers. She likewise placed harmless but very cold and wiggly little green snakes and other lively children of nature among the toilet requisites in their bureau drawers, that they might ever have their knowledge of natural history kept fresh and up to date.

Thus it was that the governesses who came to Maria's house to impart instruction did not last long. The

little pet used up quite a few of the gentle dames in the course of a season.

There was an ever present doubt in their minds as to whether they were managing a menagerie or suffering from the delirium tremens, after the second or third day.

One governess actually determined to stay out her month and earn her pay, happen what would. She was taken away in the hospital ambulance after a night in which she found she was sharing her bed with two white mice, a bull frog and a live lobster.

Then it came into the minds of Maria's parents to cease attempts at quiet and exclusive home instruction, and to send their little daughter to the daily village hall of learning,

where the chief teacher was noted for his deportment. Youthful raw material was there licked into shape, and several 'ologies were given on the side.

When the pupils breathed too loudly the teacher had a habit of throwing himself into a commanding posture, supposed to be patterned after a famous historic painting of the late N. Bonaparte with his mind made up to kill two or three countries. This always terrified those who encountered it into immediate silence.

For a week little Maria was very quiet. It was a new thing to see so many people good at once. One day the teacher was at the blackboard making a chalk diagram that looked like the side view X-ray picture of a box kite, to prove that the angle A B is equal to the angle B C.

He heard the merry children giggle, and the drawing he was making had never before been regarded in the light of a strictly humorous work. He side-stepped his eyes in time to observe Miss Maria making a face at him.

It always hurt the good teacher to have to punish any of his little pupils. He said so himself. It also hurt the little pupils.

Maria had freckles on her face but there were none on her mind. She was very thoughtful as she went home that day, and when the evening meal was prepared, she placed one of the softest sofa pillows on her little chair before she sat down

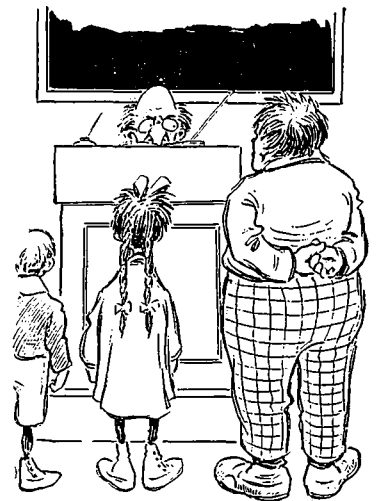
to eat, and when all had fed full, little Maria told her papa and mamma that she had found a little boy who had no rich kind parents to send him to school and he was growing up in idleness and ignorance. She begged that she might take the little fellow to her school with her, that he too might learn and grow up into a good and useful man.

Her parents wept glad tears upon her little head, and gave her a purse of gold that she might provide books and suitable raiment for her little friend and take him to school.

Now it happened that there was in the other end of the village a certain child known to fame as Fatty McGulligan. He was not numerous in years, but started to grow very early in life. Fatty was sandy complexioned and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds when he was yet but fourteen summers. There was nothing tender about him but his years. He was the



"Throwing himself into a commanding position."



"Snuffing in class."



"Making a face at him."

catcher in the Pine Knots base-ball team, which held the championship in a building lot which was otherwise given up to raising burdock.

Maria was a winner with the men, and when she told Fatty that he was to go to school with her and get acquainted with her nice, kind teacher and be educated. He said "Oh, gee!" but he went. And it came to pass that on the third day the teacher sought to reprove Fatty for continued snuffing in class.

Little Maria went and locked the door, and then got up on her desk and asked her little companions to stand back and give their dear teacher lots of room because he had quite a job before him.

And when the teacher got through reprovng Master McGulligan, and the police got the door broken open, there was some of the teacher still left, but the little children had some holidays while repairs were being made.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

The Modern Inquisition.

Scene : Cell in a police station. Enter detective with prisoner in charge.

Detective : "Now Jim, I have a few questions to ax ye. We know you did this thing. We've got it down fine. It aint no use to say you didn't. Now you may just as well own up."

Prisoner : "I've told you a dozen times I'd nothing to do with it."

Detective : "Oh that's all foppy-cock. Come now it'll be easier for you if you tell."

Prisoner : "Aint got nothin' to tell."

Detective : "Oh yes you have, and I'm going to get it out of you too before I'm through with you. Come now, you put up the whole job."

Prisoner : "I didn't, I tell you!"

Detective : "Well, who else was in it?"

Prisoner observes silence.

Detective : "Well, can't you speak? It'll be worse for you if you don't."

And so on for two hours.

Detective : "You know you did it and what's the use of being so obstinate."

Prisoner : "Oh for Heaven's sake leave me alone, I'm tired to death."

Detective : "Well, I'm getting pretty tired myself, and if you don't talk pretty soon I'll take a rest and a drink and turn you over to Detective Razzler, and let him try his hand awhile. Between us we'll have it out of you if it takes all night."

Prisoner : "Can't I have something to eat?"

Detective : "Well this aint no free hotel. I guess you'll get something 'long about noon to-morrow. If you'll own up I'll send over to the restaurant and order a good meal."

Prisoner : "Oh Lord, but I'm hungry."

Detective : "Well, you admit that you done it?"

Prisoner : "I'll admit any durned thing you want if you'll only let me alone and get me something to eat."

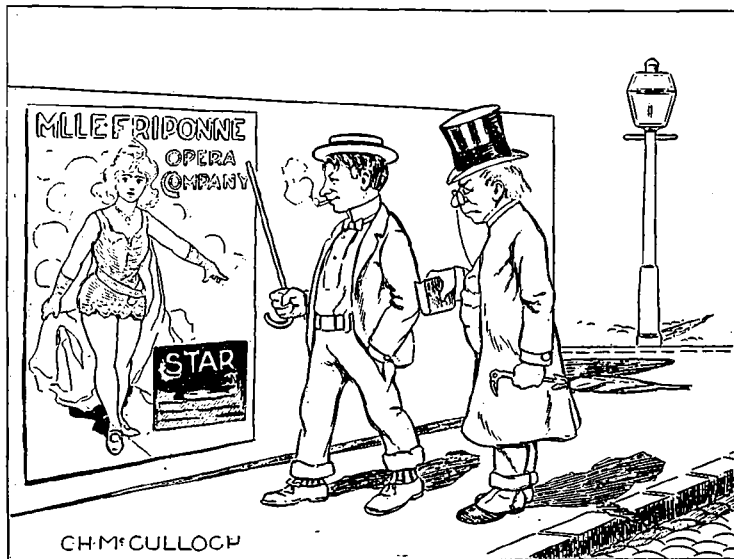
Detective : "Ah, you've come to your senses at last. You put up the job. Hold up though, I forgot something. Remember that anything you say may be used in evidence against you. That's all right. We'll make it just as easy for you as we can, seein' you've owned up. Now go ahead."

—P.T.

The Stumper's Lexicon.

The stumper's lexicon in use,
 Contains these words of vile abuse :
 Catiff, coward, dolt, cur, dog,
 Heeler, henchman, humbug, hog,
 Depraved dastard, dirty dross,
 Sneaking, skulking, party boss,
 Tyrant, traitor, badger, brute,
 Daffy, silly, insane, loot,
 Turncoat, idiot, renegade,
 Ballot-stuffer, dark brigade,
 Lowbred hoodler, lying knave,
 Imbecile, egotist, slave,
 Scoundrel, rascal, thief and rogue.
 With such a choice array in vogue,
 'Tis little wonder, don't you think,
 That honest men have ta'en to drink?

—P.J.



Quite Obvious.

Rev. Dr. Saintry : "It's scandalous! If I had my way I'd have all such people arrested as vagrants."

Flipjack : "It wouldn't be any use doctor. They evidently can show visible means of support."



"That's old Skinski."
 "I know, confounded old skylock."
 "Feel sort of sorry for him though."
 "What on earth for?"
 "He's got my note for \$5,000."

Inexplicable Partiality on the Part of a Teacher.

A REGRETTABLE incident occurred last week in the Municipal Street School, as a result of which one of the teachers (Miss Poynterre) may get into hot water.

It seems that Miss P., having observed one of her little pupils, Oliver Howler, snatching a book of nursery rhymes from another pupil, S. Alfie Bones, proceeded to confiscate the book and to demand an explanation from the boys. Ollie complained that Alfie had been reading to him in a taunting manner the following well-known rhyme:

Sing a song of expense
 Council full of rye,
 Four-and-twenty trustees
 Get it in the eye.

When their eye was opened
 School-board 'gan to swear,
 Wasn't that a shocking way
 To treat our dainty mayor?

City treasurer in his den
 Hugging all the money,
 Teachers slaving hard for naught
 Deemed it rather funny.

Mayor was lying late in bed
 Gloating o'er his foes,
 Down came the third judgment
 And scattered his repose.

Ollie said he couldn't stand the references embodied in this, and had merely snatched the book that he might show it to the teacher. This would appear to us a sufficient explanation of young Howler's conduct, but it evidently did not satisfy Miss P. She jerked Ollie from the seat, shook him violently, and told him he was entirely to blame and that a *lazier little loafer* or a *stingier little beggar* had never entered the Municipal Street School. Turning then to Alfie, she gently patted his head, called him a dear gentlemanly boy, and told him she liked the rhyme immensely.

Oliver's friends are naturally indignant at her partiality and purpose entering a complaint against her. It is feared, however, that the School Board, to a man, will support Miss Poynterre in her inexplicable conduct.

The bruises in young Howler's left arm are considerable. A distressing feature of the case is that, on account of the physical and mental injuries sustained, little Oliver can not sleep at night—*nor in the morning neither*. This has never in his life occurred before.

—A.L.W.

Announcement.

The Literary Title, Preface and Review Bureau, of America, takes this opportunity to present itself to all aspirants to literary fame.

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TRULY, consistency is a jewel—and a rare—for public condemnation or approval is, after all, only relative in its application. Witness a peculiar coincidence! Some months ago a discordant howl of indignation cried down the showman who depicted the awful agonies of a negro burned at the stake, in a series of moving pictures. And society calmly applauds, or at least permits, an infringement on common decency every whit as flagrant, so long as the revolting detail is staged and termed “a melodramatic success.” It may sound like cant, but the author who will lend his pen to the perpetuating of the story of a dastardly crime, and the management that will permit its presentation, have strong reason to suspect “rottenness in the state of Denmark.” It is strange, too, that the newspapers speak of these productions as entertaining, while at the time of the original devilment, their columns exhausted the supply of invective. They have the nerve, too, to label these horrors “Drama.”

PRINCESS—“*Mr. Pickwick.*”

De Wolfe Hopper in a musical production based on Dickens' creation. The event of the theatrical season, so far! Musical. Laughable. Worth seeing.

SHEA'S—“*Vaudeville.*”

So far this season Mr. Shea has succeeded admirably in his effort after good, clean bills. And that sentence isn't paid for—nor charged up. Up to the mark this week. Hal. Merritt imitates admirably and popularly. Octette *sings*. O'Brien & Havel present a fair sketch. “How Mrs. Dunn done Dunn” is rather coarse, though funny. And some more.

GRAND—“*Rupert of Hentzau.*”

A popular novel dramatized, therefore popular. Book is condensed somewhat. Exciting enough for the most frivolous. Has to do with nobilities. A scene with real swords. Not up to Hackett's production.

TORONTO—“*A Desperate Chance.*”

So is play, if it meets due. Founded on recent Biddle episode in Pittsburg. See above.

MOONSTONE.

NEXT WEEK.

Princess—“*Grace Cameron Opera Co.*”

This will make the fourth week of opera.

Great management (?)

Shea's—“*Vaudeville.*”

Grand—“*York State Folks.*”

Toronto—“*The Man who Dared.*”

1902-1903.

Said the sweet young girl to her dearest friend,
“My poor little heart is broke;
Instead of a real coal engagement ring
He gave me one set with coke.”

—HALLAM.

Jilted.

I met her in the country in the Summer,
For a little rustic maid she was a hummer,
When time came to say good-bye, I said “Sweet-heart do
not cry,
But forget me.
You are dear to me, 'tis true, but I cannot marry you;
Dad wouldn't let me.”

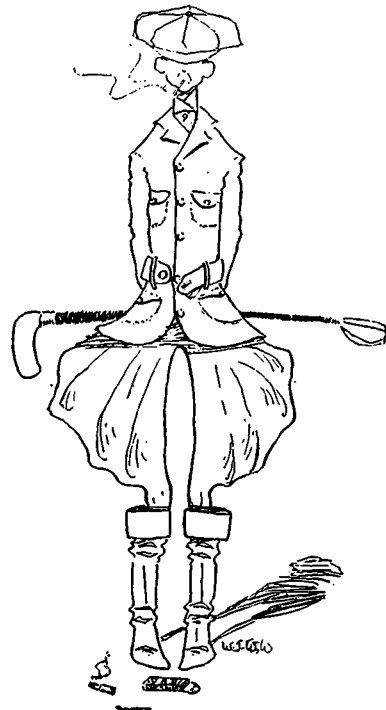
I met her in the Autumn, in the city,
She was just as rich as she was young and pretty,
The belle of all the town. I said “Dearie why this frown,
Do'st forget me?”
She said “You are dear, 'tis true, but I cannot marry you;
Dad wouldn't let me.” —H.

On Condition that They Raise, etc., etc.

Mrs. Subbubs: “I guess Rockefeller must be preparing to give another big contribution to the church.”

Mr. Subbubs: “What makes you think so?”

Mrs. Subbubs: “The oil he supplies has been falling off in quality of late.”



Reggie Ryder

or

The “Headless Horseman,”
up-to-date.

Science for the Million.

Very broad feet indicate courage, for the possessor must either bear the jeers of his smaller-hoofed companions or buy boots, the wearing of which requires a strong will.

A "beautifully chiselled face" always belongs to a celebrated man, ordinary people have no statues.

A long face often denotes short life.

A long, delicately tapering, adjustable neck indicates inquisitiveness.

Chronic curvature of the upper lip denotes that the owner of it would not be happy on a yearly income of ten million dollars.

—W.A.C.

An Oversight.

Sidepew: "The funeral services were beautiful, but we made one mistake."

Frontpew: "You surprise me."

Sidepew: "The poor dear deacon would never be happy at a service that was not complete—at which we did not pass the plate."

Currie: "Martin is master of his art."

Criticus: "It's a good thing he is. If his style of art should ever be master of him it would be rough house with him for a while."

Currie: "Jackson seems to be wholly without ambition."

Thomson: "Nonsense. He is ambitious enough, but is afraid if he succeeds he might some day become a hasbeen."

Ma: "How peaceful little Johnie looks."

Pa: "He ought to, he has just eaten the last piece of those pies you put away for Sunday."

"You are a hard case," said the coffin to the strong box.

"What about your being a sad case?" retorted the strong box.

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By CHARLES MAJOR
AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY VERNON."



"His blade, like his father's and brother's, bent double." Page 12.

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If he'd use the



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