

Parliamentary Style.

Hired Man: "Can't finish ploughin' that medder lot before noon nohow, boss."
 Farmer-Legislator: "Then durn it all, why don't ye move that the committee rise, report progress, an' ask leave to set again?"

\$2 Per Annum.

Price 5 Cents

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 (3 columns to page.)

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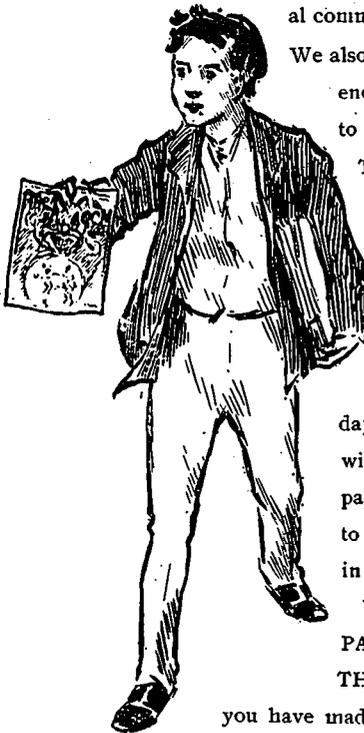
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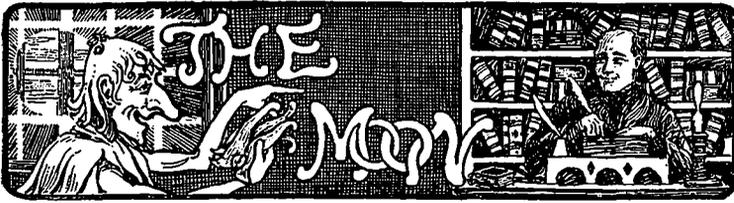
TORONTO

The YORK COUNTY

Loan and Savings Co.

Head Office:
**CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
 TORONTO.**

JOSEPH PHILLIPS - - - President.



District Visitor : " Good morning, Mrs. Simkins, I've come to see how your father is to-day."

Mrs. Simkins : " Thank 'e marn, 'e's powerful bad this morning. Ye see the doctor was 'ere and ordered 'im hanimal food, but 'e won't be coaxed to eat oats, mangols or bran-mash and I dunno wot to do at all."

A "Corner" in Coffins—and after.

"A monopoly exists in France for Coffins, as well as for matches and cigarettes."—*Mail's Correspondent.*

THAT "Trusts" without number abounded,
We had learned, to our sorrow, was true ;
That by them we were sorely surrounded,
We only too certainly knew ;
But now further still to undo us,
These "Trusts," we've such reason to dread,
Not content, whilst we live, to pursue us,
Still follow us up when we're dead.

Already the fruits of our toil "Trusts"
Had forced us to freely expend ;
Already corn, beef, salt, and oil "Trusts"
Had assisted to hasten our end.
But behold ! the financial "Jack Horners,"
Of any new opening glad,
Have now to these plum-grabbing "corners"
One in Coffins elected to add.

And so potent the power of the purse is,

There is now probability strong
That a firmly based "corner" in Hearses
Will cap that in Coffins 'ere long ;
And this isn't all, for in Gloom's tones
The pessimist journalist raves,
Of an imminent "corner" in Tombstones,
And a "Trust" to monopolise Graves.

Then from Hades, too, rumours do indicate,
Ghostly Morgans still keep to their tricks,
For we hear that a Shady new syndicate
Means to buy Charon up on the Styx ;
Nay, the men who in life sought to martyr us,
Try to fill, after death, their old rôle ;
For the wireless dispatches from Tartarus
Now allude to a "corner in Coal."

—J. J. WILDE.

Simpson : " Did you go to hear New-ell ? "

Thomson : " No, the old one is hot enough for me."

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

Vol. 2.

MAY 9, 1903.

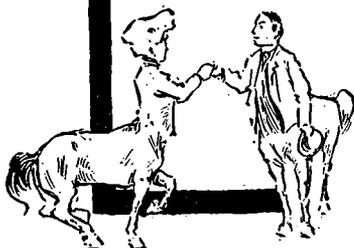
No. 49.

*Medical Building, Cor. Bay and Richmond
Streets, 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.



LAST week's Horse Show was a grand success; in almost every essential of the successful exhibition of the kind, it eclipsed its predecessors. It cost more, it drew larger crowds, the hats were more pretentious, the gowns more gorgeous, the servants more numerous, the rivalry keener, the criticism more cutting, the sneers more pronounced, the lines of caste much more distinctly drawn—in fact, all of the characters in the real hall mark of Canadian glory were at last fearlessly and

conspicuously stamped upon this latest triumph of our National Guild. But if this annual pageant is to continue to be the great success that it has already become, the one objectionable thing connected with it should be suppressed. We refer to the provincial—not to say, the vulgar—habit that our daily press has—which it never seems to out-grow—of making mention of the four-footed animals that are, of necessity, present on such occasions. It is quite distasteful to the person of gentle breeding to be forced to read paragraphs devoted to the glorifying of the brute creation. It is surely unpleasant enough to see your coachman mentioned in the same column with yourself, but your horse—oh! The press has recently been taught its position in relation to our judges; we hope that our aristocracy will soon deign to teach it its place in relation to polite society. The press should be made to understand that the presence of the horse at the Horse Show is only the survival of an old custom; in Canada we must have something that will give us the air of antiquity. The horse serves this purpose; but there, let him rest. He is like the gentleman of the Black Rod, or the First Lord of the Candle Stick, or the Knight of the Powder Puff, or the judge's dickey, or the court “Oyez,” or the valley far below—useful only inasmuch as he accentuates the progress we have made.

But let us dismiss the unpleasant, that we may return

to the pleasing, and not in our censuring of provincial ignorance become so objectionable as those that we condemn.

What could be more gratifying to the cosmopolite than was the tolerance displayed by the management in throwing wide the doors to all, that rivalry might be free and envy unrestrained! Dear, human frailty was the “open sesame” for all. Everyone was there, from the waffle man down to the journalist, and even artist. Carpenter rubbed shoulders with plumber, and ostrich tip brushed gutta-percha grapes. This tolerance, far from suggesting the democratic, merely accentuated the social barriers between the high and the low; a perfect picture must have its dull tones, that the high lights may have their proper quality.

Year after year we advance one step; the height that is our goal is dizzy, the ladder cramped and the journey painful; but uncompromising pride, an unflinching determination and the extinction of bourgeois sympathy, will go far in smoothing the way for the struggling and aspiring soul.

WITH May comes regularly and unhaltingly, with a force that will not be denied, the annual fad.

At one time we went mad over cycling; again, we thumped a ball, and called it “gulph”; later, we odorized the streets with lumbering, puffing vehicles, and called ourselves chauffeurs; but this year the fad eclipses all novelties that have been—we now run mad in the gentle art of contradictory swearing. But even this pastime, the originality of which strikes one convincingly, has an ancestor, though far, far in the dusty past, to which it bears, in some respects, a likeness. In the days of Louis le Grand, a fine old fad flourished and held more than kingly sway; it was the dainty art of repartee. No one was safe without it; a truthful answer, or a civil reply, might cost one liberty, or even life. Thus, as all students will remember, if Louis asked Louise: “Louise, my dear, will you—?” she, “with flashing eye and swelling bosom,” was to break in with: “Aw, gwan and Lose yourself!” (A diagram would assist in the discovery of the subtle wit.) Those were the days that saw the high-water mark of what may be called repartee proper. Towards the end of the reign of Glory, the Retort Courteous was carried to that degree of refinement where it verges on the Quip Modest. From this ancient and honorable origin, our fad of the spring of 1903 is easily traced by gentle stages. Evolution clearly marks her steps. In the epoch of the fifteenth Louis, the Quip Modest blossomed in full maturity, faded and perished. Its successor, the Reply Churlish, sprang from its ashes. Then, in rapid succession, came the Reproof Valiant, the Countercheck Quarrelsome, the Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct—all of these flowers of culture becoming, one after another, common, and so, unfashionable. Like the bicycle, they were dropped by the elite when they were become common. It remained for our generation to discover the highest development of the old retort. Let us crown it with a name not unbecoming to its pedigree—the Lie Perjurious.



Professor Simpkins: "Dear me, there's the bell. Who can it be at this late hour?"

Domestic Joys.

• *Scene, smoking car. Enter Tom, whose face lightens up as he catches sight of Dick.*

Tom (*blithely*): Hullo, old boy! How are you?

Dick (*in a dazed manner*): Oh, all right—that is, better—better than I have been.

Tom (*surprised*): Why, have you been sick? You do look precious queer.

Dick (*with mingled paleness and triumph*): I feel like a tattered flag that is flung to the breeze. Oh, Tom, such a time as I've had! Such excitement—suffering—apprehension—mixed misery in assorted colors—and then the blessed, incredible relief when it was all over. Oh, it seems too wonderful to be true! But my nerves are done up. I've scarcely slept for two nights. My wife was so anxious about me she insisted that I should take a day off, so I'm going down to the beach for a couple of hours to please her. The doctor and the nurse both said that change of air would do me good.

Tom (*looking hard at his friend*): Whew! Did you have to have a nurse?

Dick (*stupefied*): Why, of course; there's always a nurse at such times.

Tom (*calculatingly*): And all this pain and peril took place within the last two days? Well, it's very clear to me that you're a pretty sick man yet. Is it your wife or your nurse that's in the next car, ready to support your feeble footsteps when you arrive at your destination?

Dick (*indignantly*): Why, my wife's in bed, of course, and the nurse is taking care of the baby.

Tom (*with uplifted brows*): Oh! The baby! A new bracelet! And only two days old! (*Smiling*) I thought you were describing a case of acute personal cholera.

(*Seriously*) Dick, I know precisely how you feel. I felt exactly that way when my first-born was—well, was first born. (*Complacently*) There are three of 'em now.

Dick (*ignoring the last remark*): I might have known you would understand. But I can't shake off the impression that nobody else in the world ever was a father before.

Tom (*promptly*): Nobody else in the world ever was a father before. They have all adopted infants, and let on that they are their own.

Dick (*beamingly*): That is just the way it seems to me. (*Timidly*) Is the second or third attack of fatherhood quite the same as the first?

Tom (*with superior wisdom*): No, it doesn't seem to undermine the very foundations of your being quite so successfully. But you can't reckon on that. For instance, you are, I suppose, the very new father of a little girl?

Dick (*in rapture*): I am! How did you guess?

Tom (*with affected nonchalance*): Oh, it's easy enough. When you see a day-old father going round looking as happy as he can stand, it is a boy; when he looks happier than he can stand, it's a girl.

Dick (*tremulously*): Yes, so it is.

Tom (*argumentatively*): Well, then, it's natural to suppose that if the next is a boy, he will produce an entirely new set of emotions.

Dick (*drawing a long breath*): That's so! Never thought of that.

Tom (*reminiscently*): Why, my little Arthur Reginald—

Dick (*hurriedly*): My daughter is to be called Dorothea Lillian.



The Messenger: "For Bridget McCarthy. Nope, couldn't get here no earlier. Too many parcels to deliver."



"I wonder what it can be! Why, it's flowers! Who can be sending my cook flowers? O, well, girls will be girls!"

Tom (tolerantly): That so? Fine name. My Arthur Reginald would double his little fists at me when he was only a week old. "Come on," the cheeky little rascal seemed to say, "you've got your match this time."

Dick (excitedly): I don't suppose you'll believe it, but when Dorothea was 27 hours old—not quite 27 hours—she got hold of my finger—this finger it was—and held on for dear life.

Tom (without emotion): Just like my Geraldine. I remember when she was a day-and-a-half old—

Dick (impatiently): Oh, I'm sure Dorothea is very different from any other baby. She's more intellectual. You know most infants lie around so stupidly, and do nothing but snooze the whole blessed time. Well, our young woman does nothing of the sort. She fusses every little while to be taken up from the bed, and held in arms upright. It seems to rest her. And she simply loves to be talked to.

Tom (indignantly): I remember when my Geraldine was—

Dick (absorbed in narrative): But that, of course, is because she's so intelligent. Why, you should have seen her this morning—on the second day of her existence—the little head raised on the tiny neck, and the speaking eyes turned toward anyone that spoke to her. Oh, I tell you—

Tom (through set teeth): When my Geraldine was a day-and-a-half old she began to suck her thumb. Everyone said it was most remarkable—that no child ever sucked its thumb so young as that. They wouldn't believe me, so I invited them up to the house to see, and she performed on her thumb to the amazement of all

beholders. Fancy the little sliver of a thumb in the little thimble of a mouth.

Dick (uneasily): I'm afraid Dorothea—I haven't noticed Dorothea doing anything with her thumb yet.

Tom (pursuing his advantage): No, it takes some children longer to discover the use of their hands. All my youngsters sucked their thumbs—not quite so early in life as Geraldine, but still at an unusually tender age. Bayard used to flavor it with any part of someone else's person he could clutch—preferably an ear; while thumb, mixed with a portion of his flannel night-gown, or any bit of soft flannel or soft stocking, was the delight of Arthur's heart. It's very odd how some infants suck their thumbs one way and some another.

Dick (slightly fatigued): Speaking of ears, reminds me that Dorothea's ears are shaped exactly like mine. Her mother was the first to notice it. She said to me, just before I came away, "Papa, did you ever see anything like baby's ears?" and when I said, "No, never," she said, "That's because you never saw your own." Pretty good little joke, wasn't it? Hulloo, here we are at the beach.

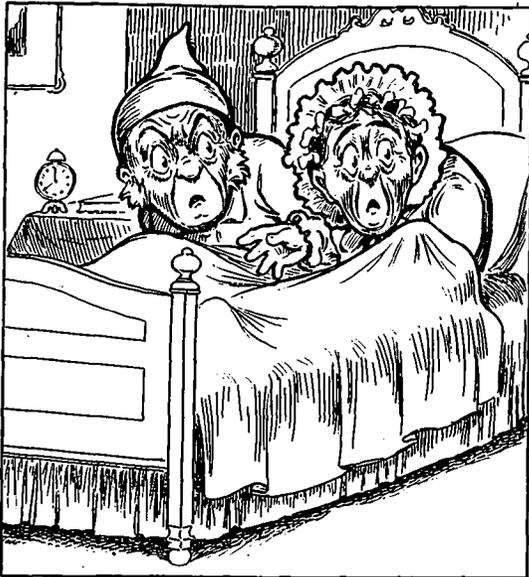
They leave the car and stroll along the lake's edge, where they meet Harry with his daughter Flossie, aged four.

Harry (after greetings are exchanged): No, I can't go with you. Flossie is afraid of the water. She doesn't trust her papa. What's to be done with a bad child who doesn't trust her papa?

Tom (astutely): Leave her with Dick. He's had lots of experience with a daughter of his own.



"Now, they might be withered before morning, so I'll just put them in here and turn some water on, then Bridget will find them nice and fresh. She's a good servant, and I've had such trouble getting her."



6 a. m. Mrs. Simpkins: "O, dear! John, get up quickly. What can all that noise and those terrible exclamations in the kitchen mean? O, dear! O, dear! something dreadful must have happened!"

Harry (to Dick): You got a daughter of your own?

Dick (radiant): Born night before last; weight, 7½ pounds; name, Dorothea Lillian.

Harry (looking down at Flossie): And does she seem to be of a crustful disposition? Does she act as though she considered that you knew what was best?

Dick (earnestly): Oh, dear, yes, I never saw anything like it.

Harry (gravely): You hear that, Flossie? Now, if a little girl only two days old does just what her papa wants her to do, what is to be expected from a big girl who has attained (*makes figures in the sand with his stick*), who has attained the ripe age of one thousand, four hundred and sixty days?

Dick (to the rescue): Don't torment the child, Harry. Here, leave her with me, and you two fellows go off rowing if you like. Perhaps she would like me to read to her (*takes a book from his pocket*). Dorothea is very fond of being read to.

Tom (from an impulse of kindness): No, I am sure she would prefer to hear an account of the new baby. (*Going off with Harry*). Beats all how crazy these brand-new-fathers are over their offspring. Fancy a level-headed fellow like Dick flaunting the fact of his fatherhood in my face all the way down in the cars.

Harry (trying to be tolerant): There'd be some excuse if every new-born baby was not exactly and idiotically like every other infant of its age. Now, when they're as old as my Flossie, it's a very different matter.

Tom (cordially): Yes, or as old as my Bayard. He is exactly five months and one week old to-day—no, to-mor-

row. I wonder how I made that mistake?

(*They exchange anecdotes of Flossie and Bayard. Meanwhile, the little girl, having absorbed a newspaper column of information regarding Dorothea, sinks into slumber, leaning on Dick's arm.*)

Dick (communing with his own soul): Heavens! What a soft, tender, confiding little weight it is. Precisely the way Dorothea leans on me. Well, I should really like to know what Harry has done to deserve a blessing like this? (*Sees others approach and holds up a warning hand*). Hush, don't waken her.

Harry (relieved): Oh, if she's asleep, you can come with us.

Dick (alertly): No, I must catch the next train home. I promised my wife and daughter to be back before dark.

—WOODPECKER.

A Wise Dispensation.

Tombrown: "All the natural instincts of humanity tend to the benefit of mankind."

Billsmith: "I don't know. How about the instinct that prompts boys to break windows in vacant houses?"

Tombrown: "Why, that is a beautiful dispensation of Providence! It makes landlords willing to lower rents, rather than let houses remain vacant."

Wilson: "How is it that all these good pictures in this paper's marked 'copyright'?"

Perkins: "That's because the fellows that made them want anybody that's copying them to do it right, so as not to spoil them."



Bridget (in the kitchen): "—— ———!! Me new spring bonnet!—— ——— an' put in the water be some wan, too,—— ———!! ——!! Alarums, excursions, and notice to leave."



At the Prevaricators' Club Beyond the Styx.

Ananias to Baron Munchausen: "Alas, Baron, I fear we are no longer in it."

Portraits by Moonlight.



HON. WILLIAM STEVENS FIELDING.

Brief Biographies.—No. XXXV.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

LIKE all other great men of this continent, Hon. William Stevens Fielding was born in Nova Scotia—Halifax is his birth-place. Like all other truly successful men, he discovered foresightedness at birth, for he arranged that his initial appearance should be made on the 24th of the month—the day of the late Queen's birth—and that the month should be November—which King Edward had already made fashionable. Like all other men of universal knowledge and resource, he started life as a journalist. Like all other journalists, he was called upon to set type, solicit subscriptions, mix ink, collect accounts, write editorials, distribute type, read proof, dictate the policy of the Government, get interviews signed, feed the press, sell the papers, play horse on the horse-power, keep a lookout for collectors, waru the manager when to run, smell out news, borrow money, and, in short, as the accomplished journalist must not neglect to say, keep an eye on all the other trifling matters that require the attention of the newspaper man. With such a start in life, nothing but greatness of the most glorious kind could be his fate. He is not the first to tread the path, and to-day there are many others doomed to follow him, stage by stage, to the very pinnacle. True, the life is strenuous, but we are not of the stuff that sets fate at defiance.

When the field of journalism had become exhausted—a fate that it could not well avoid when the pace was so

tariffic—he took a seat in the Provincial Legislature, and settled down to enjoy a well-earned rest in practical politics. Since that time, 1882, he has been resting, though not always in the same seat. From 1884 until 1896 he dozed comfortably as the Premier of his native province, the duties of which office, after his newspaper training, were barely sufficient to keep up his circulation. At the latter date, however, Sir Wilfrid Laurier having provided a place for him at Ottawa, he left the fish market, journeyed to the capital, and took upon himself the laborious task of financing the Dominion through the dangerous crisis known as the "Growing Time." For the office of Minister of Finance he is by birth and training admirably suited. None can better keep his eyes on the dollars than a Nova Scotian; none but a journalist can successfully navigate through a financial crisis—the crisis is the salt of the journalistic pie-crust.

As a statesman, Mr. Fielding has duplicated his brilliant success as a journalist. Though he labors under almost overwhelming difficulties, he is always able to show a surplus at the end of the year—on paper. As a sound speaker and Parliamentarian he has few equals;—when he makes a statement on the floor of the House, there is seldom a man present with the temerity, or other ability, to budget. Like James I. of Great Britain, he has a strong taste for the creating of unusual orders of knighthood. James, it will be remembered, in a sportive mood, dubbed knight a loin of beef; Mr. Fielding, not to be out-done in originality by the monarch, made "Sur" a common tax. Though born and brought up in the most patriotic province in the Dominion, he has in recent years displayed a strong preference for England; which the English, always unappreciative of true greatness and generous condescension, refuse to recognize as a stunning compliment.

In conclusion, it may be said that his present office is but a resting-place; in his journey through life he travels by easy stages. His place is at the top. He is destined to be our next Premier.

Heather's Ladies' Column.

HINTS TO LITERARY BEGINNERS—HOW TO WRITE
THE GREAT AMERICAN HISTORICAL NOVEL.



MY dears, you will gather from the heading of this column that the G. A. H. N. has not yet been written. It has not. There have been times when a novelist (not unnaturally) has thought that it has been written, but the novelist has made a mistake. There have been times when a publisher has said so, but the publisher has (naturally) lied. American novels

have been written, but they have not been great enough, neither have they been historical enough, and, above all, they have not been sufficiently American. Therefore, a great opportunity is before you.

In advising, I would say—group your characters about some great central figure. I would suggest the Immortal

George. He is used to being a figure, and he lends himself readily to grouping. He never told a lie, but he has had more lies told about him than most people. Make him say and do anything you like; his relatives will not interfere. Only be sure of one thing—when he raises his eyes to look at you, you are immediately stricken dumb. You tremble. If you are a Britisher you slink from his commanding presence without a word. If you are a true-blue rebel, you worship him from that moment. This is very important. It is also advisable to mention his name once on every page. Some say twice. He seldom smiles, but when he does it is the faint, sad, die-away kind. When he has to order someone away to instant execution (which should happen often), he must say, as his father said upon that never-to-be-forgotten day by the cherry-tree, "My friend, I am sorry; this hurts me more than it does you."

I would say that about seventeen great historical scenes would be sufficient, but get as much variety with George as possible. In one scene let him be in a tent at midnight, in another upon a charger, in yet another in the thick of battle.

Running parallel with this must be the secondary romance of the hero and heroine. A nice idea is to have the hero quarrel with his father about political opinions and leave his home in consequence. His father is a stout Britisher, and the parting might be something like this:

"The old man was thunderstruck. Suddenly he grew black in the face, so black that I wondered absently (as one will wonder at trifles at the crisis of one's life) how much blacker he could get and not burst.

"'Tr-r-raitor!' he shouted, 'I disown you!'

"My mother sought to interfere, but he thrust her angrily through the three story window, scarcely noticing that he broke two panes of glass in so doing.

"There was a moment of silence. I heard the smash of glass as it struck the pavement below. It is curious, but I can never, to this day, bear the crash of breaking glass without thinking of my mother.

"I saw that words were useless. I am not a coward. Alone, I have knelt behind a convenient rock and cheered my brave men on to victory; alone, I have turned and hooped it when I saw that all was up; and yet—and yet—I could not face my father's boot. Let me say it, my friends, I trembled! Swiftly I departed from the room, and, bidding farewell to the remains of my mother, sadly left my home for ever."

After this, bring on some of the stirring action, quite a bit, say one-third, and then have the hero go to bid his sweetheart good-bye. The sweetheart is a Britisher, too, and very high-spirited. This is a grand chance. Here is a sample scene:

"Erect, beautiful, unmoved, she turned and faced me. Her hand trembled like mine does after a three-day glorification, but she spoke not.

"'Jemima!' I entreated.

"In her intense agitation, she snatched up an ivory fan, a present from some Pharaoh to a remote ancestor.

It snapped in her tiny hand. Tearing the elegant lace curtain from the window, she ravelled it into shreds, but she spoke not.

"I made one step forward—'Must I go, Jemima?'

"Now was the time to prove her resolution. The blood of her forefathers was strong within her. In her intense agitation she picked up the poker. It bent like a reed beneath the pressure of her trembling fingers.

"'Go!' she cried, and flung the poker.

"Deeply hurt (the poker hit me in the eye) I turned to go. The butler helped to carry me down stairs. I wished to spare her. I gave him a quarter and told him not to mention it."

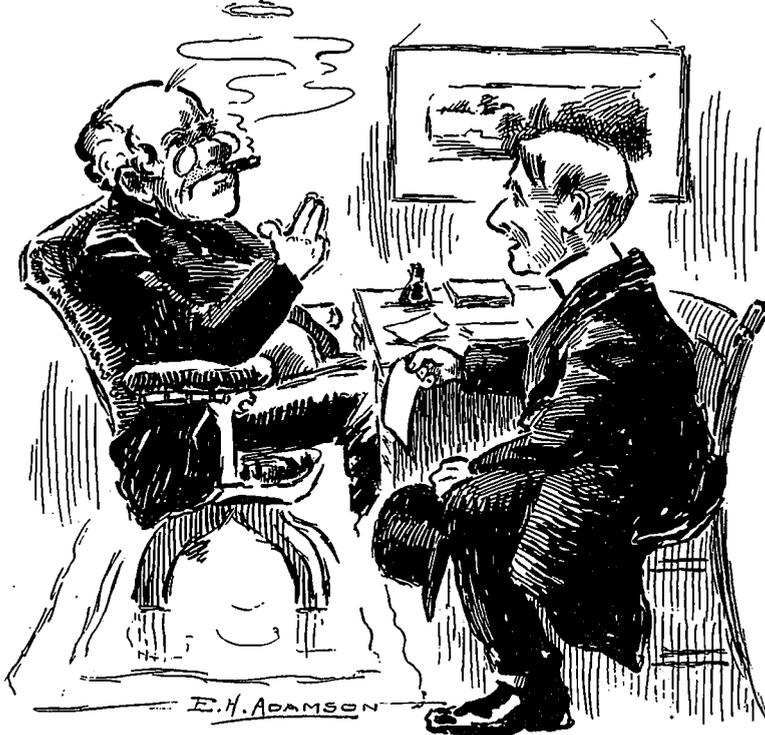
Of course in the end, everything is lovely. The old gent dies. The lady experiences a change of heart, due to the atrocious conduct of some British soldiers who invade her home and unguardedly sit upon her new summer bonnet. They are married. The hero in uniform, the heroine in the latest fashion. George provides a back-ground. Let the story close in the odor of history. Drop the curtain upon George, alone, his hand in his breast, one foot slightly extended, his eyes raised to heaven, a smile (sad) upon his lips. His work is over, he has become the father of his country and the figure of the Great American Historical Novel.

—HEATHER.



"Marry him? No, not if he and I were the last two persons on earth!"

"Oh, but dear, in that case if you didn't, just think how people might talk."



Stern Father: "Didn't I tell you not to call again, sir?"
 Suitor: "I know; but I didn't call to talk about your daughter, I came on behalf of our firm, about this little bill."
 Stern Father: "Er—eh—call again, won't you? Call again!"

The Canadian Book of Snobs.

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

—Thackeray.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEWSPAPER SNOB.

HERE is, perhaps, no commodity, the production and quality of which is regulated more closely by the law of supply and demand, than the newspaper press. The amount of snobbery manifested in the management and contents of Canadian journals is, therefore, a very fair indication of that prevailing in the general community. Newspaper publishing is not, as many unsophisticated people seem to think, an enterprise undertaken from patriotic or philanthropic motives—with a desire to educate or in any way benefit the public—it is simply a commercial under-

taking—the publisher and editor aim to give their constituents just what they want. They know well enough that an honest, straightforward, truth-telling newspaper, one which should try to teach the public something, instead of writing down to their level, would be a losing investment, so they simply accept existing conventionalities and shams at their face value and give expression

to public opinion by reflecting in their utterances the ignorance and the prejudice, the bigotry, hero-worship and general foolishness of the average man. This being the principle on which the entire daily press and the great majority of the weeklies are conducted, snobbery has full swing. In their official capacities, editors, writers and reporters are all snobs of the first water, purely as a business necessity. They simply have to be, or hunt some other kind of a job, which, when found, would probably be open to the same objection. The fact is, that no man with a living to get in any intellectual calling, can afford to be himself or live up to his best ideals. We are all snobs, my brethren, if it comes to that—we all have to pretend to admire mean things, to bespatter with fulsome eulogy the small men who have been boosted into big places, to work up mock enthusiasm for gilded shams and pander to the folly of fools. We, who in default of ability or inclination to perform any really useful work, have to get a livelihood by stringing hen-tracks together on white paper, are in a snobbish calling at best—and about the only way that

some of us can preserve a measure of self-respect is by letting not our left hand know what our right hand doeth, and by keeping our professional utterances and our personality in water-tight compartments. This practically is what most journalists, who are not snobs, resort to, and when a group of them of nominally opposing views get together—instead of renewing the wordy warfare of their editorial columns—they often enjoy many a hearty laugh over the lager and cigars at the credulity of the stupid public in swallowing the political flapdoodle which it is their trade to purvey. Of course, no sensible and intelligent man, who has the opportunity which the journalist possesses of watching the political drama from behind the scenes, can retain the slightest faith in the professions of either political party any more than he can venerate other time-honored superstitions and popular idols. He knows that men are led mainly by catch-words and phrases and the glib repetition of certain formulas. The demoralizing part of it all, however, is that any man of prominence in journalism—say the editor of a leading daily, for instance—is almost compelled to go further than mere pen-service, and must keep up, even to his intimate friends, the farce of pretending personally to believe in the existing political and social shams. He can't well separate his personality from the enterprise with which he stands identified before the world.

The so-called "Independent" press is little better than the Grit and Tory sheets as regards snobbery. It has



only thrown off one form of hero-worship and in all other respects must trim and toady to the prejudices of the mob. It dare not have any different standards or ideals from those generally current. It is just as subservient and deferential to entrenched error and worm-eaten dogma as the most partizan sheets. It is run by, and from, the counting-room, and consequently must stand in with the moneyed class. It may condemn gambling—the gamblers don't advertise—but it must be silent about the heavy play on the Stock Exchange—which ruins more careers and wrecks more homes in a month than the gamblers do in a year. It may condemn "Cap" Sullivan for his modest \$9,000 graft, but when the Trans-Canada and the Grand Trunk attempt a raid on the Dominion Treasury for an amount high up in the millions, backed by men of prominence in the commercial world, then it must speak with bated breath or its bank account may suffer.

Much may be forgiven, however, to that form of snobbery, which is practically forced upon the individual against his better feelings as a sheer necessity of his calling. "Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster. Are you not?" asked the magistrate, in 'Measure for Measure.' "Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live," was the answer. The same excuse may, in most cases, be offered for the journalistic snob.



LADY Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. With numerous illustrations. Toronto: Poole-Stewart, Limited.

That Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a very able literary artist, it would be absurd to deny; but whether or not her elaborate compositions are justified by the interest that one has in her characters, each reader must decide for himself. To us, it seems that Lady Rose's daughter's character is wrapped up in a robe much too pretentious for that which it conceals. The reader, unless he be a person brought up amid luxury and leisure, is sure to become impatient under the author's diffusely deliberative methods of evolution. The minor characters are too numerous, too voluble, too well-informed; the most unimportant person in the book has an unpleasant way of crushing one by means of his superior knowledge, culture and refinement. Throughout the story, but more especially in the early part, the conversation discovers a cleverness that smacks too much of smartness to be

pleasing. Towards the end, however, human nature begins to wear through the shrouds of artificiality, and we at last hear the all-too-long-delayed sounds of natural voices.

It must be remembered that it is Mrs. Ward's book we criticise—a book that can well withstand criticism, for, despite its faults, it stands as a giant when compared with the twaddle that is published now-a-days.

Conjuror's House. By Stewart Edward White. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

Although this story fills two hundred and sixty pages, it is, in every respect, a short story. The plot is slight—there is really but one incident—the action hurried, and, as is the fashion in the modern short story, what the end must be is made evident in the opening chapters. Mr. White commands a good vocabulary; his diction is tolerably correct; but, while his style is generally pleasing, it here and there betrays the young writer through its strong adjectival flavor. Taken as a whole, however, the book well serves the purpose for which it was written, for it is fresh, bright and entertaining. We should like to know how much truth there is in Mr. White's charges against the Hudson's Bay Company; in our present state of ignorance, they seem a bit yellow.

The Master of Warlock. By George Cary Eggleston. Toronto: The Musson Book Company, Limited.

Mr. Eggleston always writes in a manner that must convince the most cynical that true love of country and pride of race can flourish in healthy maturity despite the contaminating influences of surrounding Jingoism. The Master of Warlock, like its author's preceding books, is a story of the Southern States. The plot is not strikingly original; the incidents take the liberty of old friends, for they drop in, unannounced; the construction is not so faultless that it fills one with awe by reason of its precision and dignity; yet, the story is wholesome, satisfying and moral, which, after all has been said, is all that can be expected of a story that claims to be no more.

The Man Who Lost His Past. By Frank Richardson. With fifty illustrations by Tom Browne, R.I. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

Here is a book that furnishes more laughs to the page than anything else that has appeared since Mark Twain was at his best. Mr. Richardson has placed the reading public under a lasting obligation by his clever, clean, and altogether admirable humor. The title of the story suggests the possibilities for side-splitting situations, and in the hands of the clever author, such situations are not wanting. Tom Browne's illustrations are alone worth the price that is charged for the book.

Tennyson's Foresight.

"Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay."

For a wheel of such outlandish make
Might kill you any day.

THE - - -
**National
 Monthly
 Of Canada**

CONTENTS FOR MAY,
 1903.

Current Comments.

**Sir Oliver Mowat (with
 frontispiece.)**

**The Dominion Coat of
 Arms,**

By J. Macdonald Oxley.

The Future of Canada,

By Frances Cassidy.

**High Park, Toronto (illus-
 trated,)**

By Demar.

Miss Alicia,

By Harvey O'Higgins.

Banked Fires,

By Arthur Stringer.

Fashion Plates.

**Suggestions to House-
 keepers.**

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The Sure Sign.

HAVE you ever had any-
 one say to you with
 almost convincing
 assurance, "Well,
 Spring is here at last," and
 a few days later had atmos-
 pheric evidence to the con-
 trary? If so, you will agree
 with me in treating the
 observation jokingly. How-
 ever, when a friend of more
 than usual caution made the
 statement this season, I felt
 compelled to prove to him
 his error. I said, "I, too,
 used to foretell the departure
 of winter, but, really, all the
 old signs and tests have
 failed. The robin has for-
 feited his old-time reputation
 of official announcer of
 Spring in trying to rush it
 along in February. April
 has evidently changed places
 with March on the yearly
 programme; the trees shoot forth their leaves one day and, on the next,
 wish to draw them in again; the weatherman is hopelessly at sea; the
 oldest inhabitant has fallen from his exalted position; and even your own
 senses cannot be trusted to—"

"True," he said, "all the old signs have failed; but there is a new and
 infallible sign. When the ambitious youngsters of the male persuasion
 arrange themselves on every field in positions mathematically correct and atti-
 tudes all but professional, and talk learnedly of balks and strikes—then, fail all
 other signs, Spring is here. These be the small brothers of the young men who,
 last season and for many seasons, sent floating over the well-trimmed ball-
 field that most characteristic of all summer sporting cries, 'You're rotten!' These
 be the youngsters that, in a few short years, if ambitions be not
 blasted, will stride forth leisurely to the home-plate, spit on their hands and
 rub them in the sand in that careless fashion which is at once the envy and
 ambition of every fifteen-cent admission. These be human barometers, and
 it is Spring, and Spring alone, which brings an aching for the feel of the
 bat and the slap of the ball."

I admitted that he might be right, but I insisted upon waiting for proof.
 Now, having waited from week to week without seeing Winter return, with
 him I say, "Heed not the feathered songster's advice to lay aside winter
 underwear; be not deceived by the speculative weather-man or his accom-
 plices; mistrust the painted calendar; place no faith in budding tree nor in
 the weather eye of the octogenarian; but when, at every vacant lot, your
 ear is greeted by the cry, 'Make him hit it!' or the earnest injunction, 'Get
 'em over, Skinny!' make haste to take up the carpets, for Spring has come."

An Insurmountable Obstacle.

Stapleton: "Women will never be successful as politicians."
 Caldecott: "Why not?"

Stapleton: "Not built that way. It is possible that a woman might saw
 wood—but she could never say nothing."

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 TIME OF
 THE YEAR**

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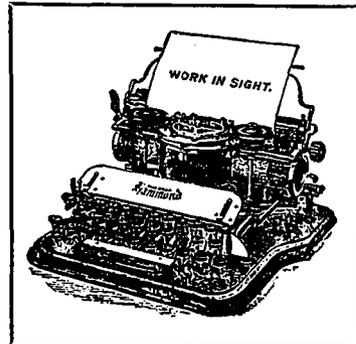
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