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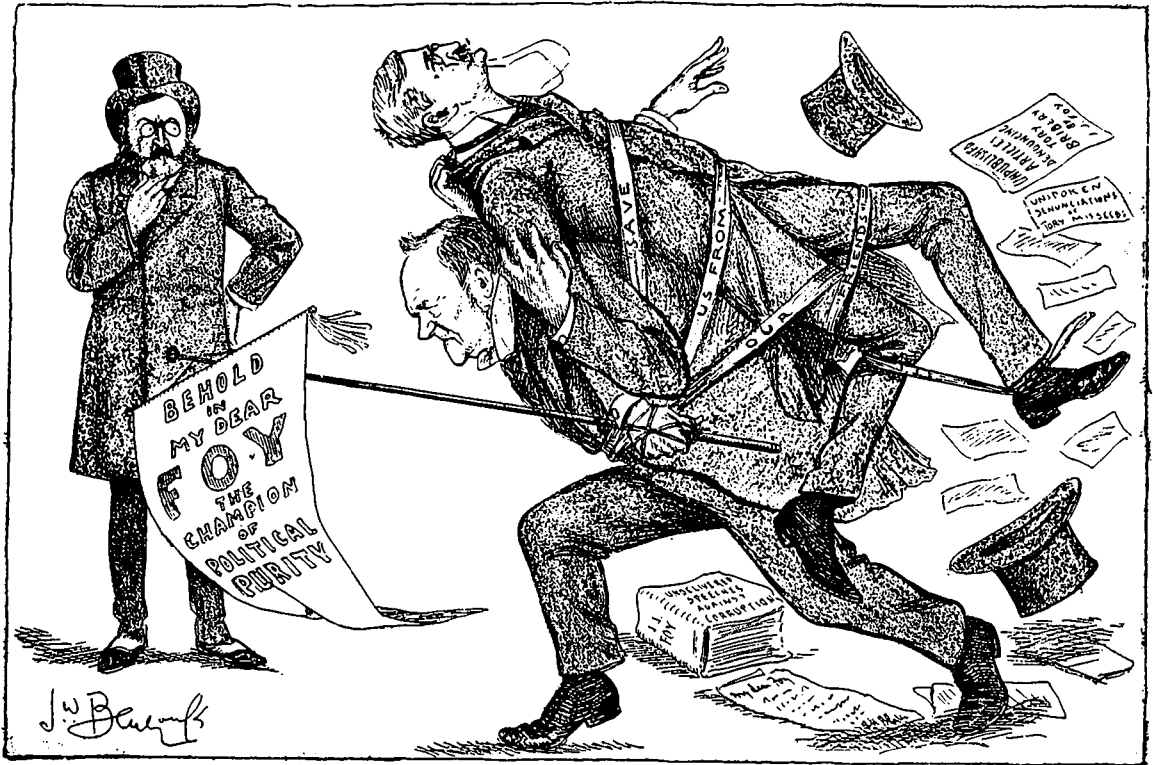
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The Modern Mazeppa.

Whitney: "I don't know, Mr. Blake; you mean well and all that, but—er—it begins to strike me that you're making "Our Dear Foy" rather ridiculous."

Purely Professional.

Pilgarlic: "Why do you write such bitter, cynical things about women and marriage?"

Inkster: "Well, the fact is I'm trying hard to raise a little money for my honeymoon trip next month."

Encyclopædia Lunæ.

The Race Cry: "They're off."

A Cold Spell: I—C—E.

The Silver Question: "Can you give me four quarters for a dollar?"

Catchy Music—The Prince of Wales (a popular heir).

Cynic: "It was a good thing for Hawthorne that Dakota was not discovered in his day."

Binnick: "Why?"

Cynic: "Just think how absurd the scarlet letter would seem to a public enjoying modern divorce facilities."

A Disappointing Discourse.

Samjones: "Just been to hear Rev. Dr. Cutefaker's lecture to men only on "Perils of City Life."

Borax: "You look weary and disgusted."

Samjones: "I should say so. Why, he didn't say anything that he couldn't have given with perfect propriety before a mixed audience."

"I believe a man should be the master in his own house," said the Worm, making a sudden turn.

"Quite true," said his high-stepping wife, "but first he should earn the right to own that house in his own name, and so conduct his affairs that they would not need the constant supervision of his worried and long-suffering wife, and—"

But the Worm fled, as usual.

The man that achieves success never hunts for precedents.

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

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



PARTY POLITICS in Canada, and especially in Ontario, is slowly but surely righting itself. All things in the course of time do this, so why not politics? All that is required on the part of the public is patience.

There was a time when party politics was useful; there was a time when the spinning jenny served its purpose; when the flint-lock musket was a "noble" weapon; but such times now

exist only in the pages of history.

Party politics might still be useful, provided that the country were sufficiently fertile of invention to produce a "question" on which the people could be divided. But this is not the case. There is no invention evident; consequently, a question is not raised.

But parties exist; so they must be occupied. This occupation is, therefore, of a most dignified character. It is the noble struggle for power and fortune.

"If the other fellow is in, I am out"—that is the justification of party-leaders' appeals to the country.

If the public is foolish enough to divide itself into two parts, that the parts may assist self-seeking individuals to pocket the money that belongs to the whole people by right, why, let it do so. But while this senseless tug-o'-war continues, The-Man-in-THE-MOON must be pardoned for his chuckling. The situation surely justifies at least a smile.

It is said that the absurd embargo against the importation of Canadian cattle into England is about to be removed. Of course, there is no possible reason why the embargo should have been in existence for years past, for Canadian cattle are known to be, and have been, as free from disease as are the cattle of any country on earth.

The enforcement of the law is due partly to British ignorance of Canada. If foot and mouth disease break

out in California, or even in Cuba, the intelligent British public at once comes to the conclusion that sick and dying cattle are walking through the streets of Toronto, and even lounging around the corridors of our city halls.

But it seems that the English consumers are now becoming short of beef, so they are waking up and asking: "Where is this blooming Canada, anyway?" When they obtain this information concerning our country—which they will in all likelihood obtain during the next five or ten years—they will realize that it is quite safe to eat our beef—even if yellow fever or scarletina does happen to be flourishing in Texas at the time.

The only thing that ever has aroused England and forced her to enact sensible legislation affecting Canada is absolute necessity, realized through personal inconvenience to the English public.

In the future we may expect quite as progressive a policy.

THE cry of the Canadian papers for pure politics in Canada is absurd. How can we possibly have pure politics in Canada when we still have subsidies to give away.

Canadian papers are fond of calling our attention to English politics as a model. This is all very well, but it is also well to remember that England is an old country, in which all special privileges, or subsidies, are unknown. In England, what is there to induce a man to be dishonest in politics? Nothing. Everything there has been given away, or stolen, ages ago.

In Canada we have a different state of affairs. The country is new. Only about half of our birthright has been given away; so until the other half shall have been given, or stolen, we must be content with our system of thieving.

The howls of our daily press are produced by ignorance alone.

IN view of the fact that Toronto is about to have a new daily paper, we think the time opportune to offer the suggestion that Toronto dailies should make a radical change and use the English language instead of the American. How would it be if Toronto readers should find nothing but real English in their dailies? Would they accept it? That remains to be seen. We have not yet had a chance to judge.

We venture to suggest, however, that it will be a good thing if the editors of the new paper will see to it that they make sure to carefully and constantly split their infinitives. It will also be a good act if they will always have a preposition to end a sentence *with*. Also it will be well to arrange matters so that "also" will start each sentence.



THE HON. SIR JOHN CARLING, K.C.M.G.

Brief Biographies—No. XXV.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

THE county of Middlesex and the city of London, Ontario, have been honored among the constituencies of Canada in producing men of public worth.

Not least among those that have favored that quarter of the Dominion is the subject of our sketch, The Honorable Sir John Carling, K.C.M.G.

Men have been born, lived, gone to parliament, and died since John Carling entered the Parliament of Canada, to represent London, in 1857.

Born in Middlesex in 1828, the son of Thomas Carling, of Yorkshire, England, he started life as the assistant of his father in the brewing of ale. Of the merits of Carling's ale, we cannot speak with any confidence, capacity, or *head* in our judgment; but of the present head of the Company we can say, without fear of contradiction, that the modest and industrious young man who began life some seventy-four years ago, in Middlesex, has earned more honors than falls to the common lot, for which a Knighthood and a Senatorship are but meagre recognition.

Since his first public appearance, in 1857, Sir John Carling has seen governments rise and fall, men come and go. Coalitions, shuffles, deals and treacheries have been enacted before him, but in all that time he has been a trusted leader of his party, yet always alive to the interests of the whole people, which interests he treated

at all times as a "Sacred Trust." This is as it should be, but as it seldom is with men in public places.

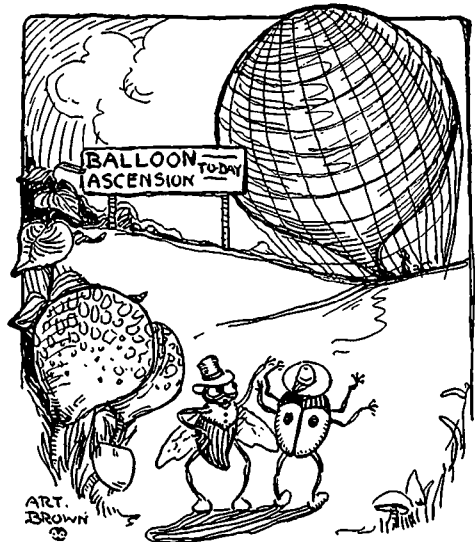
Private gain at the public expense has had no attractions for him, and, while he has filled many offices, he has been compelled to refuse some and to resign others. In his case the man did not seek the office, the office sought the man. He was Receiver-General in the Cartier-Macdonald government in 1862, Commissioner of Agriculture and of Public Works during the whole period of the Sandfield-Macdonald administration, Postmaster-General in 1882, Minister of Agriculture in 1885. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1893, and was twice called to the Senate.

Before 1867, before the Dominion of Canada was, the Honorable John Carling was at work for the public weal. Among the many measures that stand to his credit, we find space to mention a few enacted while he was a member of the successive administration of Cartier-Macdonald and of Sandfield-Macdonald.

He established the first experimental farm at Mimico, which was afterwards removed to Guelph. He secured and directed the building of the asylum for insane at London, asylum for the deaf and dumb at Belleville, asylum for the blind at Brantford. He carried out the drainage scheme for Western Ontario, opened up free grant lands in Muskoka, secured first money grants to mechanics institutes and entomological societies.

As a Dominion Minister, he secured the military school for London.

These are but a part of his public efforts, well thought out and executed, and we think it but justice that some of our latter day politicians, who pride themselves on their progress now, should have presented to them some of the achievements of a real statesman, who has seen all of them rise in public life, and who will, we trust, see many of them sink to a well-earned oblivion.



Mr. Bug: "For heavens sake, Willie, look! Isn't that the biggest puff-ball you ever saw?"

Heather's Ladies' Column.

RULES.

1. All communications intended for this department must be fully prepaid, plainly addressed "Heather—The Moon," and labelled "Explosives—Dangerous."
2. No letter answered which is not a bona-fide enquiry of some seeking soul.
3. All letters written in violet ink on both sides of purple paper and crossed are promptly W. P. B'd.
4. Five dollars reward for any question which the editor cannot answer to her own satisfaction.
5. Price lists for Cream Puffs and Tid Bits sent free upon application.



FROM the above statement, dear ghostesses, you will notice that I have found it necessary to formulate a set of rules which in future will govern the correspondence department. I do this, not because I am a friend to anything like system, but because the constantly increasing flow of correspondence demands it.

The first rule is particularly imperative, because, lately, some of the effusions intended for me have accidentally fallen under the eye of some other members of

the staff, who have been very ill in consequence. You see it needs a hardened constitution to stand these things.

The second rule has been added because it has been my fate to receive letters at certain times which I found difficult to understand. Upon seeking explanation I have been informed that they were intended to be humorous. Now this is something which I cannot stand. Life is a serious thing, and it never shall be said of me that I have done anything to make it less serious. Now, understand me, above all, let us have no humor.

The reasons for the third rule will be fairly obvious. Violet ink and purple paper are very sweet and dainty, I know, but when one handles such a mass of correspondence as I do, it becomes tiring to the eyes, and though I use eye glasses, of course (because they are so chic and intellectual looking), I hope it will be many years before I really NEED them.

The fourth rule I have inserted, not in any spirit of self praise, or with any unworthy attempt at self-laudation, but with a calm confidence that nothing that has occurred in a not uneventful life has been able to shake. I know

that I am too all-fired smart for anything—why then unnecessary humility? Modesty is the curse of little souls!

Of the last rule I will say nothing. Perhaps the less said the better, though its importance (for our mutual benefit) cannot be overestimated. A word to the discerning is sufficient.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Myra.—Your case is indeed a sad one. But, my dear ghostess, don't think of such a thing! Once you become a servant, a *domestic*, you are eternally lost. No matter if you are an artist in cookery and house-keeping, and no particular good at anything else. Let it all go. Become a shop-girl at \$2.00 a week, if necessary, but a domestic—never!!!

Musa.—Your poem is not without merit. If it has nothing else, it has a distinct religious sentiment. Try the *Globe*.

Micky.—Glory be! Well, you're a dear boy anyway—but naughty, *very* naughty. How do you know that I am young and pretty? Tut, tut; go and tell it to the Marines. I can't be answering you, Micky. Ladies first, laddy.

Sad One.—Yes, indeed there are times when I am sad



"I am not at all satisfied with your references."

"No, mum, no more am I, mum; but they were quite the best I could get, mum"

without knowing why. It is the very saddest kind of sad, isn't it? Oh, when you come to think of it—it is unutterably sad. Yes, I often weep—just think, to be sad and not know what you are sad about, to weep tears and not know why! The sadness of it—oh, sad, sad!

Stylish.—Oh Horrors! Don't get a chatelaine bag—they are "out," you know. A wrist bag is the thing. They have some sweet wrist bags at Pricem's—they actually *look* like leather, and so cheap! I have one myself, it is a dear.

Cora.—Give him up, my little girlie, give him up! You could never be happy with a man who objected to your wearing a scarlet waist with a royal blue skirt.

—HEATHER.

A Man of Resource.

Anarchist/Refugee (narrating the story of *his escape*): "Ah, my friends, I had given myself up for lost. The community was aroused everywhere. I was surrounded by spies. Suddenly an inspiration came to me. I took a bath and a shave, and thus disguised passed undetected in their midst."

1st Comrade: "Ab, what wonderful fertility of resources!"

2nd Comrade: "Yes, and what heroism in the endurance of suffering for the cause!"

Not Above His Business.

Employer: "I'm afraid, Mr. Skipjack, that you haven't sufficient familiarity with the details of the business to suit us."

Clerk: "That should hardly be an objection. Familiarity breeds contempt, you know, and I don't want to get above my business."

The Only Alternative.

Jessie: "Oh, ma, I must have a clean handkerchief; we have to wave handkerchiefs at the celebration at school to-day."

Ma: "I can't find one; I'm afraid they are all in the wash."

Jessie: "Oh, ma, that's too bad. What shall I wave, then?"

Ma: "Under the circumstances, I think you'd better waive the ceremony."



Officer: "If you want to smoke here, you ayther must put out yer segar or go some place else."

There should be few failures among the business men of Ottawa. The people in that city have the Capital.

THE MOON



OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

Opposition James: "Why am I gettin' cold poke-outs instid of havin' that brown-stone front and three warm meals a day, 'stid o' that man Ross? Is it 'cause I ain't got the virtue, or the good looks, or the 'bility? No. It's 'cause I ain't got the boodle—that's why."



FOUND my aunt in the drawing-room.

"My dear boy, I am so pleased that you have come. You are just in time for tea. Your cousin will be in soon, I have no doubt."

I had never seen this cousin, but had heard much concerning her, and was all eagerness for her arrival. After a good deal of personal conversation, my aunt

suddenly said :

"I wonder where Loo is! I am afraid she is sulky. I had to scold her this afternoon, and she snarled at me and ran out of the room. I haven't seen her since."

Snarled! This didn't sound promising, I thought. But I said aloud :

"I have heard a good deal about her, aunt ; is she as beautiful as reported ?"

My aunt looked pleased.

"Oh, quite! She is perfect, with beautiful green eyes, little pointed ears, a lithe, sinewy body, and—

In my astonishment I dropped my bread and butter to the floor. What might I not expect next! Green eyes! Pointed ears! Worse and worse! I had expected a pleasant time with my beautiful relation. But!

"Yes," she continued, after giving me another cup of tea, "she is beautiful, but I am sorry to say she has a bad temper. Only the other day she scratched my hand because I chided her for upsetting a jugful of cream, and then sitting in it. Now, mind, if she shows her temper, hold her firmly and give her a good slap and say, 'naughty, naughty,' and she will soon be good again." And then she stopped. It was quite time. I was feeling rather faint at the thought of spending two weeks in this awful girl's company. What taste to call her beautiful!

My aunt rang the bell.

"Jane," she said when the maid appeared, "show Mr. Seymour his room, and see that he has everything that he needs." "Eric," she continued, turning to me, "I must leave you now. By the time you are dressed, your cousin will be in, no doubt."

I dressed slowly, being not at all anxious to meet her. At last I could defer it no longer, so, plucking up my courage, I entered the drawing-room. A tall, strikingly beautiful figure rose, and advanced toward me. I felt inclined to bolt. But I recovered myself and walked forward.

"Oh!" said a voice, quite fascinating in its sweetness, "you are Eric. I have heard

so much about you from auntie. I hope we shall be friends."

I hoped so, too, but I was not at all sure, although I didn't say so.

We sat down, and I regarded this vision attentively. Her eyes certainly didn't seem green. They were much more violet, I thought. And her ears, half-hidden in the curling brown locks of hair, did not give one the impression of being pointed. Could this beautiful creature ever snarl and scratch? Must I slap her if she showed temper? The mere idea was enough to freeze the blood in my veins.

I made a great effort to carry on a conversation with her, as if she were an ordinary girl, but I am afraid it



"And you are quite sure you come to see me only?"

"My darling, what do you think I come fooling around here for anyway?"



George : " It must be nice to be clever."
Ethel : " Ye—es. I think you'd like it."

was a failure. At any rate, after a few minutes, there was a dead silence. She was looking very fixedly at me. Was she getting angry? Lord help me if she did! I tried in vain to make some suitable remark, but the conversation that I had had with my aunt kept running in my head, and presently, almost unconsciously, I said :

" Why did you sit in the cream?"

" Why did I what?"

I repeated my question, adding: " I should have thought you would have known better."

She drew herself up.

" I don't quite understand you," she said coldly.

Oh, heavens! Here she was getting cross. What must I do? I took her little hand and stroked it.

" There, there," I said, in my most persuasive tones, " don't get angry."

She certainly looked amazed, and tried to draw her hand away, but I held on.

" Let go my hand. You must be mad or de——"

I then did the thing that my aunt had advised. I slapped her once, twice, saying, " naughty, naughty."

She never said a word, merely looked at me with wide staring eyes, and did not move.

At this point my aunt entered the room.

" Well," she said, " so you have met each other. What do you think of this cousin, Lucy?" and she

placed her hand affectionately on my shoulder.

Before Lucy could answer, a large black cat entered by the window. At sight of her my aunt flew towards her.

" Oh, my dear! my beautiful Loo! Where has she been, then? Eric, don't you agree with me? Is not she beautiful?"

I couldn't answer. I was choking on the sofa.



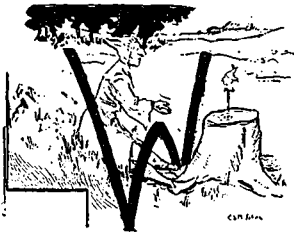
His Most Eloquent Period.

Pilgarlic : " There were some very eloquent periods in Rev. Hooper Rupp's morning sermon."

Binkerton : " Yes; I enjoyed it immensely when he came to a full stop."



Teacher: "Now, Johnny, how did they discover steel?"
 Johnny: "They smelt."



HO WAS TO BLAME ?

SCENE: Awlbannie Club.
 Tory Caucus.

Enter members.

S. H. Blake (*soliloquises*):
 "Who steals my good name steals— Ah, beshrew me, but in time past the phrase was as familiar to me as the litany.

Anyway, you know what I mean. Let me resume. But he that takes from me my legal pickings takes from me that which prevents my philanthropic motives from budding and leaves me poor indeed."

Foy: "Samuel, where art thou at? An thou wailest about thy fees, where is the cause of good government?"

Blake: "The cause of good government be ———. I will fight them on this theme till my fees be increased."

Whitney: "You are sore about the effect of your celebrated letter. What ought you to expect? Your letter was well enough, but you sent it to the wrong party. Why did you not address it to me?"

Blake: "Well, you were busy—thinking about yourself—I decided to send it to someone who had time to

devote to other matters, and so sent it to Foy."

Wright: "So you thought to foy(st) it on the party, eh?"

(Groans from the company)

Blake: "Sir, this is not a joke foundry. You must confine yourself to answering questions of counsel."

Foy: "You forget, Mr. Blake, that we have no one now on trial; this is not the Court of Appeal. We appealed to the people and the case has been dismissed with costs."

Blake: "Aye, costs! 'Tis music in the counsel's ear; 'tis life, health, and—"

Whitney: "The basis of all philanthropy."

Col. Matheson: "Now, gentlemen, no reflections on one another. What caused us the loss of the battle?"

Whitney: "That letter."

Blake: "Weakness of the leader."

St. John: "The loss of votes."

Foy: "The strength of the Grand Trunk."

Wright: "The strength of the Grit strong box."

Whitney: "Do you mean to intimate that the Grits have purchased the votes of three constituencies? Infamous! We must

expose the plot as a warning to all good Conservatives."

Foy: "Yes, and advertise the fact that our enemies can pay for votes; don't you think that a rather baby game? Come down out of the clouds, Whitney, and be practical."

Whitney: "I could make a most telling speech on this last outrage, eh, Colonel?"

Matheson: "There's no telling how many reams of speech you could turn out, but the Grits will say if any buying was done, they were Conservatives that were bought. Better go light on that branch of the business. Get up a fund—an emergency fund—give Wright a free hand and ask no questions, and we might pull through yet."

Carscallen: "I rather like the idea. We have never made much of the "Bribery" cry, and our party at Ottawa was never so prosperous and got so many Grit votes as when it was openly admitted that corruption was rife, and friend Blake here was spending enough oxygen and nitrogen on our corruption to keep a compressed air carpet cleaner running full time."

Blake: "Ah, friend, an thou lovest me, no more of that, I but jested then. I knew ye gentlemen for true men, or I am a villain else."

Foy: "Now, Blake, you did not know us."



C.M. Johns.

A Song by the Curate.

"A jovial monk am I."

Blake: "By my halidome, I knew ye. I knew ye by instinct, and fought not as was my wont. An I knew ye not for true knights may I go without sack and capons for a whole day."

Foy: "You forget, Blake, we are not knaves in buckram. We are Conservatives in a hole. Can you give us counsel. We need money and help so that we may win at any cost."

Blake: "Counsel? Money? 'Aye, there's the rub.' Costs, said he? The word liketh me; the laborer is worthy."

Chorus of Members: "Oh, gigger the laborer, what we want to know is, how can we win what's to follow?"

Wright: "Follow out the Colonel's suggestion, and let it be known that we have plenty of money, as much money as principles."

(Loud laughter by the company.)

Whitney: "Well, gentlemen, whatever you do, don't let me know anything of it, so that my hands can be clean."

Maintaining the Regular Routine.

Police Inspector: "Well, when you reached the scene of the murder did you discover anything?"

Detective: "No, not yet. We met a fellow with blood on his clothes, who seemed in a big hurry to get away."

Police Inspector: "And you arrested him, of course?"

Detective: "Why, no; we hadn't had time to form any theory of the case."

The Ontario Cabinet Council.

REMIER ROSS, seated in the Council Chamber alone, engaged in meditation on how to make one office satisfy a dozen claimants. To him enter boisterously Stratton, Harcourt, Davis *et al*, in a state of wild excitement.

Stratton: "Hooray! Whoop la! We've scooped em! Victory, Mr. Premier! We've carried all three ridings!"

Davis: "The cause of right has triumphed. Hallelujah!"

Gibson: "But it has cost us dear!"

Ross (*striking an attitude*):

"Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North With your hands and your feet, and your raiment all red? And wherefore doth your rout send forth a jousous shout? And whence be the grapes of the wine press which ye tread?"

Harcourt: "If my memory serves me, the answer runs thus:

Oh, evil was the root and bitter was the fruit, and— and—

I declare I forget the rest of it. It is to the effect that they were a bad lot anyway—like all Tories."

Stratton:

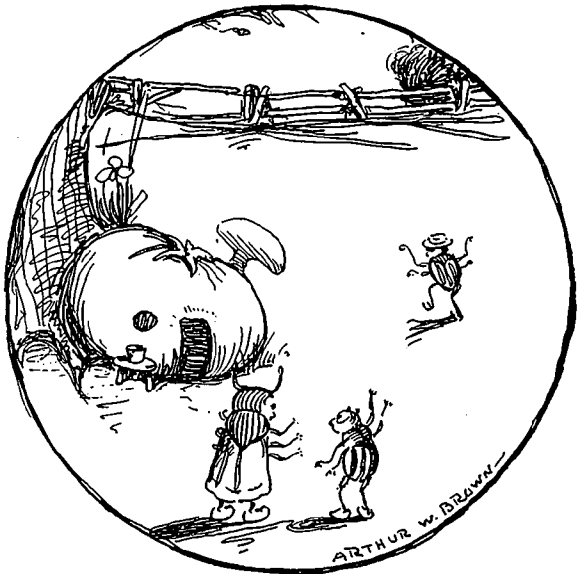
"Oh, we gave 'em lots of guff, and we ladled out the stuff, And our heelers strewed the side lines with the elegant long green.

Let Davis pray and preach, but more potent far than speech

Are the arguments which follow in the track of the machine.

"How's that for poetry?"

Gibson: "More truth than poetry by a great deal. We've won out, but the money cost, though heavy, is the least part of the responsibilities we've incurred. How the deuce—if I may so express myself—are we going to square ourselves? We've had to promise everybody



Johnny Beetle: "Ma, can I go swimmin'?"

Mrs. Beetle: "Where do you swim, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Why, over in the watermelons, of course."

everything. A stringent temperance measure to satisfy the Prohibitionists, and no further interference with the trade to hold the liquor vote. We had to tell the farmers that we'd give no more subsidies to corporations, and here we are committed to give the Grand Trunk I don't know how many millions for their assistance in Stratford."

Ross: "Well, what else could we do? It was all that saved us."

Harcourt: "It would have been cheaper in the long run to buy the votes singly, even if they come to \$20 apiece."

Stratton: "The great trouble with that method is that the party workers are such a—oh—a rascals you can't trust one of 'em. They put nine-tenths of all you give 'em to spend down in their own pockets. Whereas, if you make yourselves solid with a corporation they deliver the goods every time."

Ross: "Well, gentlemen, the brunt of it all will fall on me. The office-seekers are worrying my life out, and I fairly tremble to think of the rush we shall have during the session. Every man of the gang will want something."

Latchford: "I'm sure I don't know any one who can jolly them along, and put them off with promises better than you can, Mr. Premier."

Ross: "We shall have to appoint some of the most useful—and, therefore, the most dangerous—of them as sessional writers. That ought to keep them quiet for a while. I'm sorry the old Parliament Buildings have been pulled down."

Latchford: "Why so, Mr. Premier?"

Ross: "Well, you know, in the old days when we used to appoint a hundred or so sessional writers, for whom there was absolutely no work, we could utilize the old buildings as a sort of tank, where they could be safely put away out of sight of the public. Now, if we make a large number of unnecessary appointments, as I fear we shall have to do, they'll be tumbling over each other, and loafing around in the corridors, and the public will get the impression that we are appointing too many officials."

Harcourt: "I hope, Mr. Premier, that you do not intend to interfere with the rule adopted of late years of appointing lady stenographers and typewriters for sessional work. The system has worked well and saved money."

Stratton: "We all know Mr. Harcourt's weakness for

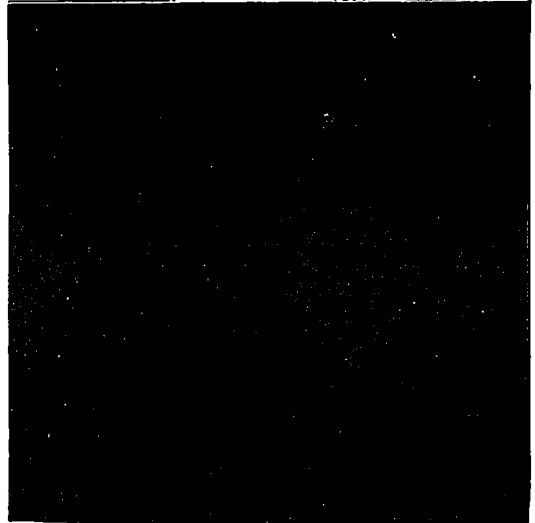
the fair sex. It's an amiable quality—but business is business. We can't make any appointments on the ground of friendship or sentiment. Though we've carried the elections, we must use every bit of patronage we've got, however small, to strengthen the party. Women have no votes, remember."

Harcourt: "You don't mean to say that you're not going to appoint any more lady typewriters?"

Ross: "Oh, no, not at all. We can't lay down hard and fast rules. But we must use all such appointments to strengthen our position, and it must be understood that those have the first claim whose fathers, brothers or other relatives have done good work for the party. We have more than enough who have party claims, and can't afford to give anyone a position merely on the ground of personal merit."

How the I. O. F. Grows

In Membership and Financial Strength



This Block represents the Accumulated Funds of the Order in 1902.

This Block represents the Accumulated Funds of the Order in 1881.



This Block represents the Membership of the Order in 1902.

This Block represents the Membership of the Order in 1881.

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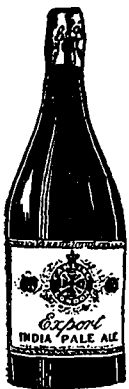
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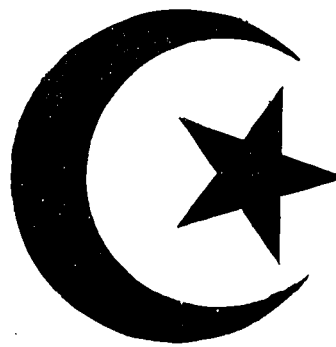
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