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 CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,
 TORONTO.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, - - President.



Edward Partridge

The King-Maker.
(Punch's cartoon on the Servian tragedy.)

Vol. 3.

JULY 18, 1903.

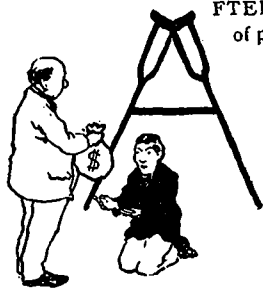
No. 54.

*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.



FTER months of wire-pulling, after reams of paper have been covered with bought editorials, after scores of politicians have side-stepped, shuffled, and worked their little grafts, the Grand Trunk Pacific has secured from the Dominion Government either more or less than it originally professed to seek—at present it is difficult to say which it is, more or less. Naturally, I should like to rail at the bargain that the Government has made—it is my business to rail—but as the Government seems to have usurped my office—the Government is to rail the road—I must exercise an unwonted caution, and choose a course well-hedged with safety; and besides this, the chief objection to a hasty plunge into a generous damnation, there is the novelty of the thing—the Government's proposal is so disturbingly original! Why could not Sir Wilfred Laurier be generous and give the journalist a fair chance! There is something so timid in his carefully avoiding the heroic and unguarded path that "Old Tomorrow" trod.

Some persons still wonder why all journalists still love Sir John. The reason is not far to seek: his was no craven's heart, his was no miser's hand; he supplanted them with an abundance of material for startling copy—every day the article that would "hurl the Government from power" might be written. Ah! those good old days seem gone forever. This is the age of timid originality, when governments think more of the commonality than they think of the knights of the goose-quill. Politics has come to a pretty state! Why, Laurier and his Cabinet will be dead—yes, and buried—years before we shall know whether this new-fangled project should be condemned or not! What cowardice—pah!—hiding fearfully behind the skirts of Father Time, while we all grow old in waiting for a hearing! All that I dare predict is that, in less than fifty years—the length of time for which the road is to be leased to the Grand Trunk—railroading will be revolutionized, such roads as are now built will be abandoned, and the road-bed will be useless. This is indeed a sorry confession for one that would like to roar, to be forced to make—but it shows the base advantages that these modern politicians take. One can say so little in favor of the novelty, and so little against it, that it

seems to be designed purely as an annoyance to journalists. Even the *Mail* can only mumble faint-hearted curses, while the poor, deformed old *Globe*, like Peachey Carnehan, in Kipling's "Man Who Would be King," drags itself wearily along its dusty way, droning through its nose a sleepy hymn of praise.

THE conduct of the Toronto Railway Company in attempting to rush a line of track over forbidden ground has raised such a storm of indignation that it is become unsafe for one to attempt any defence or explanation of the company's action. Despite, however, the unpopularity of the company and its cause, I venture to offer my explanation of how the innocent affair happened.

It was night. It had been night before—and the men had toiled through all the weary hours of darkness. Mackenzie had left that night for England, and the excitement caused by the departure of the president disorganized the staff to such an extent that the little band of workers at the far-away end of Avenue Road were forgotten. Time passed; six o'clock came; the weary manager and his assistants staggered from their desks and wandered home, to be tucked snugly in their little cots. No word came to the workers. Hours passed—still no relief, no leave to quit. The place where the line should end was reached. It passed unseen—for the man that led the faithful little band wore on his head a masque of huge proportions, impenetrable to sound, to sand, to sense. He was the man with the sandy hose (not red stockings). As long as there was a rail before him, he would blow it; and, unfortunately, more rails had been taken to the place than were necessary, and those that were not required were strewn carelessly across the forbidden space. On went the man in the iron masque, aiming his bug exterminator at every length of rail—and, to show that their sand was no jot less than his, on came his followers with their tank of boiling glue and stuck the rails together. Then comes the Mayor in his nighty—and the scenes destroyed!

To no man concerned can blame attach. The man in the iron masque but did his duty. He had no orders to stop, so he kept on. If the supply of rails had lasted, and he had been let alone, we might have had street-car connection with North Bay by this time—and he would be going yet! The whole affair is a splendid exhibition of the wonderful and admirable discipline in the forces of the Street railway Company.

THE following note appeared in a paper some years ago. In view of recent events it may be found interesting:

"Rev. Mr. Barr, Episcopal clergyman of Wingham, has resigned his charge for the purpose of going into real estate speculation in the neighborhood of Prince Albert, N. W. T. Another reason given for his resignation is that he no longer believes in an eternity of punishment for the wicked in the next world."

If this is the Mr. Barr that has been the leading man in the new English colony that has attracted so much attention, he may find that the hand of Providence guided him to the North West with his colonists merely that he might be directed into the strait and narrow path again. It is a safe venture to say that, since his western experience, Mr. Barr now believes in an eternity of punishment.



The Match-Maker's Complaint.

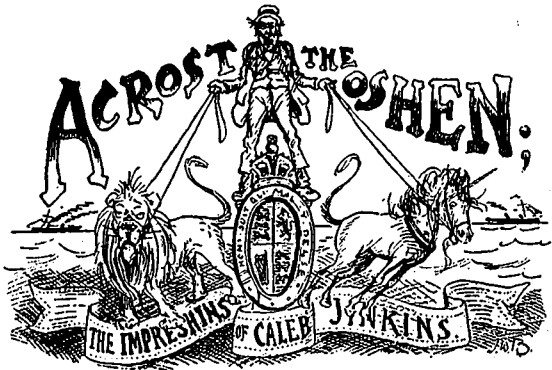
Oh, where shall we go for the season,
 To the mountains, the springs, or the sea?
 I'm sure it is quite beyond reason
 That Maud should remain fancy-free;
 'Tis getting high time she was married,
 And every conceivable plan
 To find her a husband miscarried,
 This summer must bring us the man.

The summer resorts we've frequented
 In the past haven't proved a success;
 Of the outlay we've sorely repented,
 As the prospects appeared to grow less.
 It was simply disgusting the last time,
 For the men were both flighty and few,
 And summer engagements for pastime
 At this stage of proceeding won't do.

So where shall we go to discover
 The *parti* who'll make Maud his wife,
 Not a transient midsummer lover,
 But a well-to-do partner for life?
 As the mountains, the springs and the sea shore
 Are shunned by the men we've in view,
 I think that the chances would be more
 If we stayed right in town, as they do.

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.





Illustrated by J. W. Bengough, who has the permission of Mr. Jenkins to edit, revise and annotate the correspondence before transmitting it to THE MOON.

To the Edditer of The Moon Noospaper :

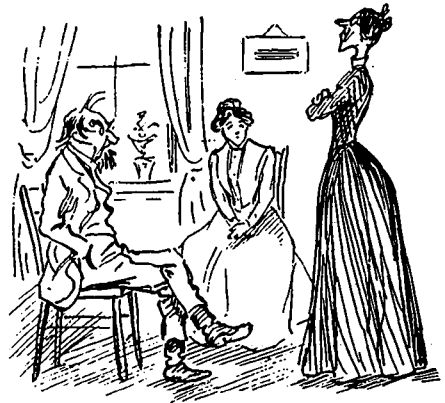
WEN the Perfesser rit to me sayin he wus goin acrost the oshen to the ole Kentry and wood like me to go along fer the good of my health, and tho i diddent hev no idee my helth wus out of kilter, i jes bout

jumped outen my boots fer joy es vissitin the ole land wus wot i had offen tawked about but i diddent spose it wus likely i wood ever git a chance to do it. i showed the letter to the fokes in my dwelling hous and Misses Snodgrass, which is my wifes muther, sed thout no hesitashen thet we wood go. You rite she ses, and tel the perfesser terms is the same es prevous trip to the coste only Matildy mus go this time es wel. the ole lady



hes a habit of speakin up quik this way and settlin things samesshes ruinin the hull business and thares no use my making eny-fite agin her, so i diddent say nothin, tho i seen wot she ment easy enough. Wen i wus hired to go to the coste she sot herself agin and it septin the Perfesser wood agree to take her along es well, and her meanin was plane thet this time she wus goin agin and my wife es well. So i gin a glants at Matildy to see wot her voos wus & to my sprise she sed she diddent calklate to go at all. i ast her wy, and she sed it wus outer the questen es she wus skairt of gittin-ship recked or wuss, and she wus sertin to be sea sick. Her muther jes sot an stared at her throo her specks and i see plane enuff the glass wus glitterin with anger. Wel i ses, if sech is the case i will rite and anser the letter by statin thet i cant go, so that ends it. it dont do nothin of the sort caleb jenkins, ses Misses Snodgrass, Matildy is agoin. if she dont ile leave this fambly tomorrer and never cum back, so now you see jes ware the matter stans. Wel i ses, sech wood be a crool blow but if Matildy dont wanter go i haint agoin to force her &

thars no doubt i ses her reesin is good. i gess ile rite accordin. Then Misses Snodgrass ris up in rath & ses Matildy Snodgrass



thet wus, is sech your intentins? Then farewell to this dwellin hous. i peered to look feerful sorry but deep down in my boosim i wus prayin that my wife wood stik to wot she sed. Thay wus sum thing i wood ruther hev then a trip acrost the oshen but it turned out jes as i sposed it wood. Matildy giv in es usul and sed sense her mother wanted to go she diddent care to ack meen. So Misses Snodgrass sat down agin & ses now you kin rite to the man and menshin you will agree to go if he will take me and your wife along too, but you woodent under no sirkemstances go septin on them condishins. Wen i took pen in hand to rite i ses to myself its jes throwin away a good postage stamp cus the perfesser dont calklate to take the hull township with him, and reely i felt pleased at the idee that the



offer wood be withdrawd. But to my surprise in bout three dase i got a anser sayin all rite more the merryer. Wen i brung this letter from the post office and red it to em the ole lady was delited, but sumhow i wusent haf so much tickled myself es i sposed i wood be. But thay wusnt no gittin out of it now, so the packin up started and in doo time we wus of fer the jerny. The letter gin me alj peticklers how we wus to go to Montreal and git on borde of the steem bote & wood find things al ready fer us. Well we took the cars at Jinkins corners & they wus a lot of our nabers down to the station to gin us a send off and we traveld all nite and arrove at Montreal the nex mornin, and i got a feller to give the hull three of us a ride in his cab with the hull of our trunks and passels and so 4th to the bote. he was an intelligent feller and node jis ware to go tho i diddent hev no ide, ware abouts the bote wus to start frum. We arrove all rite and thare wus the Perfesser all drest up in his sundy close & lookin like he was goin to hev a good time. he shook hans with me & Misses Snodgrass cus he node her, and then i give him a inter-



duckshin to Misses Jinkins & he cum with us to interdoose us to the captain and pint out our bed rooms & git our passels put in to em & git us settled down, & then he ses i gess you haint had no breakfest yit hev you, & i ses no i calklate weel hev to skip it this time we arove too late, but he ses not by no meens go rite in the saloon & git it. No sir, yule, ixcuse us ses Misses Snodgrass we haint in the habbit of goin in saloons & my darter dont agree to hev her husban doin sech things & hees a temprints man enyhow es yude orter no. The perfesser jes laffed & then he tole us it want that kine of a saloon but sech was the name of the dinnin room. So we went in & sot down in a regler fine parler & hed a bang up brekfes: sames you mite git at a fus class hotell. Wen we cum out agin the bote wus gittin reddey to start & they tole everybody thet wusent goin to git ashore and they dun it quik es thay cood, & jes as we started thay wus a cuppel of passingers cum along to git on, so thay got a long ladder & put one end of it on the steemer and fust thing thay node a saler whitch wus drunk clum on to it & crawled rite along and got on borde all rite, but the passingers coodnt do the trick cu, thay was sober so thay wus left behine. The sine that we wur off fer sure was a littel feller drest up in blue close with buttons on em cum out on to the deck an blowd a toon on a bugel sames thay do wen soljers is drillin. Fer sech a littel chap he dun it fust class, and all the way acrost the oshen it was his dooty to play a toon like that sted of ringin a bell fer the meels. i cood see plane thet he wus proud of the job es tho he wus a majer ginrel of the army. Wel, we wus started on our jerny and sum frens of the perfessers thet lives in Montreal & cum down to bid him good by wus



standin on the warf wavin thare hankercheefs & so 4th & gettin smallern smaller all the wile, til we wus rite out in the river & hed in for the ole kentry.

A Sad Case of Degeneracy.

Huron St., Toronto, June 27th, 1903.

Editor of THE MOON:

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:—It is with feelings too deep for tears that I hasten to acquaint you with the sad fact that my nephew, Carl Fritz, has been leading (intellectually, of course, I mean) a double life! He has, as I found out while rummaging unbeknownst to him among his papers, been coquetting with a very pert and forward minx of a Muse, while all this while we thought he was paying honourable attentions to the severe Goddess who presides over Philosophy and Moral Ethics. What do you think of this, Pray! to come from one of *our* Family?

A girl in a Theatre rush,
Said you're bound to get in if you push;
Your dress, should they spoil it,
You'll fix in the toilet—
But what if your hat they should crush!

—C. F. R.

He also had another effusion beginning:

"Now Potiphar's wife was a bit of a flirt—"
which gave me a fit of nervous prostration from which I have only sufficiently recovered to enable me to pen this, I fear, disjointed communication. Perhaps when he sees this all in print he may have Grace enough to blush for his enormities. O may it be so! Such is the prayer of sorrying, sorrowful,

(Miss) Carlotta Francesca RAYMOND.

We fear it will be only cold comfort to our correspondent with the historic name to learn that such deplorable contradictions are only too common.

—Ed.

A Quold Cheque.

There was a young man of Quebec
Who jumped from the shore to the dec,
But the ship he would take
Left him cold in her wake
With the water clear up to his nec.

Said he, "I was bound for Milwaukee,
Now why do the people all mauk mee?"
Said the captain in glee,
"You can not go with mee,
But get out on the shore there and walk yee."

—JIM WILEY.

An Accidental.

A girl in an up-to-date choir,
Who solos to sing did aspire,
Was reaching to A
When something gave way,
Which made her turn redder than fire.



BEFORE HE EXPIRES.

POOR LO, THE LAST INDIAN: "Ugh! Fly-train no good—no throw away cigar Indian—wagon train, steam train, 'lectric train, all gone; now fly-train—no good—no give Indian. Ugh!"



* A Vainglorious Boaster.

Marguerite: "Charlie says that you treat him like a dog."

Gladys: "There's not a word of truth in it. I declare I never kissed him in my life."

A Page From My Catlog.

BY THOMAS CAT.

(An extract covering the night of June 1st and 2nd.)

8.30 O'clock.

A WAKENED once more by that meddlesome Mary, who came into shed to get clothes for starching. A rude shock—made my escape from basket and Mary by ruse—sprang for imaginary mouse between her feet—it worked—guess she's going yet.

8.40 O'clock.

Dined from milk-pitcher—washed up, and started out—eye pretty sore yet from wasp sting this afternoon. Met that blooming pug at door—seemed quite chummy—wiggled his curl and danced around—saw through his game—pulled up a shoulder and rubbed against him. "Huh!" he sneered. "Aw, gwan, you're full of fleas," I said, and got my back up. "You're moth-eaten," says he, "you old boa!" Say, if I didn't spoil him for a pair of gloves!—he won't make even a decent chatelaine—he looked like a drawn-work doily. Upset milk and dozen eggs—Mary appeared—more screaming—left in haste.

9.00 O'clock.

From back yard fence observed Maude on kitchen roof—sang serenade—"Come into the Garden, Maud"—she replied with "Heart Bowed Down"—beautiful voice—wonderful range.

9.30 O'clock.

Thomas H. Cat, brother-in-law, came along—jealous beggar—had to interfere—tried to out-sing me—ended in free fight—severely clawed—have to spruce up.

10.00 O'clock.

Met my name-sake, as arranged—his kitchen roof—very stormy session—excellent scrap—splendid music—glorious oratory—magnificent profanity—got a lot of new ones. Unfortunately interrupted, just as I had him going—window went up and things started coming our way—withdrew, to meet him at eleven.

10.30 O'clock.

Sang awhile, just to show that I'm still in the ring—some one talking bad about me—left ear burns.

10.45 O'clock.

Well, I'll be—nosing round a little, turned corner of verandah, without faintest warning ran right into Miss Alice and that young man of hers. Why the deuce don't these men make more noise?—hate to run into spooning-match—makes a fellow feel mean—humans should take a few pointers from cats, and give outsiders fair warning—cold-blooded, sneaky beggars.

10.55 O'clock.

I have often made note of the fact, and I must make note of it once more, that the most amusing sights and things that one sees and hears come from the unguarded windows of these people—dear, dear! they seem to think that the second story of a house is above the world.

11.30 O'clock.

Met namesake once more—biggest spree I've had in years—enough fur lost to trim half-a-dozen winter hats—most satisfying slaughter—left ear burned again—knew what to expect—got it—wonder why people are so careless of boots, boot-jacks, hair-brushes, and crockery—that ink-bottle was the limit—guess I turned a dozen somersaults before I struck the ground—feel quite upset—general appearance ruined—ink filthy stuff—and tastes so sour.

12.15 O'clock a.m., June 2nd.

Fear I'm in for a bad time—came across rat that seemed intoxicated—didn't make least resistance—seemed glad to die—didn't taste at all nice—oh, goodness! wish I'd let him go—feel quite giddy—department of interior much disturbed—feels singularly Russian—rat must have been poisoned—ow, ow!—guess my name is sausage—getting worse—must climb a roo and get air—Lord! there's that fellow at window, with gun—looks as if it's all up with this Malta Vita!—terrible explosion—intense palpitation!!

9.30 O'clock a.m.

Disgusting experience—awakened near bottom of scavenger's cart—half-ton of garbage on me—phew! most distasteful! hearty laugh at scavenger only consolation. Really must reform—only one life left—must now be content to sleep under kitchen stove, and be that blooming baby's plaything—to this condition I have come at last—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Medical Notes.

A GAIN we come to the aid of those in the shadow of hidden perils, with timely words of sage advice and warning.

COURAGE—There is a certain form of this disorder, known as "Dutch" courage, which we fear was very prevalent during the stay of the "Home Comers." These attacks however soon wear off, and as the real complaint is very rare, we may pass it by, merely remarking that we have it on very reputable authority, that should a case be developed, a midnight walk through a populous grave yard will quickly bring about a cure.

INTELLIGENCE—Here we have a disease that is almost always found among the meek and lowly. The proud and haughty capitalist seldom if ever suffers even from the lightest attacks of this disorder. If the patient should be exposed to the germs of conceit, a complete cure will be effected with incredible rapidity. Of late years the writer has noticed that the complaint is almost extinct except among his personal friends. He himself suffers terribly from most severe attacks.

GENEROSITY—A very rare complaint indeed. The causes have never been accurately ascertained. This disease is never found where the patient is suffering, or has recently suffered, from the last-mentioned disorder.

WEALTH—This is a disease of which we need have but slight fear. The writer has continually exposed himself to contagion, but has never suffered thereby in the slightest degree.

HONESTY—This disease may attack Doukhobors and some of the heathen tribes, but is seldom found among civilized Christian peoples. Since the introduction of politics among our citizens we seem to have been absolutely immune from this disorder.

INDUSTRY—This is indeed a fell destroyer of Health and Happiness (two diseases mentioned in my previous paper). It is a curious disorder, sometimes passing over the patient in waves. For instance: a corporation labourer will be seized with sudden and frightful paroxysms on the appearance of the section boss. For these attacks there seems to be no cure; but on the disappearance of the boss the attack immediately ceases.

WIT—Rarely found to be at all severe among women, and even among men the attacks are infrequent and not often of a serious nature. The most objectional feature of this malady is, that once a patient has had even the slightest attack of it he ever afterwards believes it to be chronic, and it is very seldom that he can be convinced that the affection has abated even in the slightest degree.

I shall be most pleased to diagnose the cases of any of our readers who may send a description of their symptoms, and to recommend cures which cannot fail to be of great benefit.

—DR. M. BEAM.

An Inevitable Preliminary.

Mrs. Hogaboom (of Chicago): "What! are you a bachelor Mr. Plugwinkle? Then you can never have known real happiness."

Plugwinkle: "I'm surprised to hear you express that opinion. I thought you got a divorce."

Mrs. Hogaboom: "Yes, indeed—but I had to marry first you know."

At the Yacht Race.

Owner: "Are we gaining do you think?"

Skipper: "Well we are holding our own anyway, sir?"

Owner: "Ugh! I—I can't any longer."

(Retires to the leeward taffrail.)



The Old Boy that Has Come to Stay.



The Fraser.

THE FRASER IS STILL FALLING.

ONCE CITY EDITOR OF THE MAIL AND EMPIRE.

The Grand Chief of the Sons of Scotland accepts a position under the Ross Government as Arch Archivist.

THOSE who remember Alexander Fraser in his palmy days, will hear with some regret that he has consented at the urgent wish of the Ross Government to occupy temporarily a position at the Parliament Buildings. In present

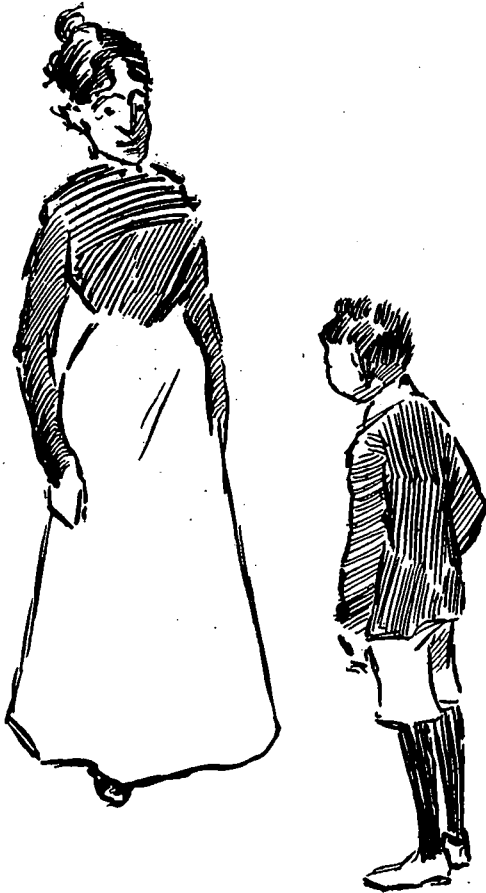
exigencies, however, it is felt to be necessary to have at least one man in the Queen's Park pile whose record is unexceptionable and whose *bona fides* is recognized wherever there are "Scots wha' hae." Deputation after deputation, the personnel of each representing not only the wealth but the piety of Scotch Canadianism, waited on Mr. Fraser to ask him to join, if only for a time, the legislative crowd of Ontario. Hon. Mr. Stratton was frequently seen on Mr. F.'s door-step long before the early milkman had begun his rounds. At first The Fraser was obdurate. More than once he put his head out of the window in the early morning, and seeing the Provincial Secretary there said "Go away." In fact, on one occasion he poured out a torrent of language upon him which was supposed to be a choice assortment of Gaelic imprecations, only desisting when he was violently pulled in by Mrs. Fraser. It was only when a representative delegation consisting of the representative beauty of Scottish Canadianism and the flower of its chivalric manhood, headed by the band of the 48th and the greatest piper of the country playing an imploring chant that he had composed for the occasion; it was only when this imposing cavalcade turned the corner of the quiet suburban road in which Mr. Fraser resides, that he observed to Mrs. Fraser that he supposed it was no use any longer standing out against the universally expressed wish of the country. He firmly declined however to hold any office that could be considered as casting the ægis of Scottish clanship and prestige over the present incumbents of the portfolios of Ontario's Government. Office after office was offered to him in vain, and it was only when Dr. Kennedy and Dr. Armstrong Black who both appeared in kilts, put before him the deep necessity that existed for a proper archivist in connection with the Ontario Government, that Mr. Fraser consented to give their statements his best consideration.

The news of his acceptance of the appointment will give a sweetness and a nutty flavour to every spoonful of porridge that goes down a Scottish throat this morning; while, cabled across the sea, it will afford many a notable head line to the north of the Tweed newspapers. A representative of the **THE MOON** saw Mr. Fraser this morning, and ascertained that it is the intention of the new archivist to have all the records of the Province engrossed in the Gaelic, which he considers was the tongue spoken by Adam and Eve, and destined ultimately to spread over all the earth.

Their ex-Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen have cabled their congratulations to Mr. Fraser. Mr. G. N. Morang and Prof. Mavor personally waited on him this morning with six copies of Prof. Mavor's book on the Victorian Ball to be put in the archives. Mr. Morang said he had wished to bind these in the tanned skin of J. Castell Hopkins, but hadn't been able to secure it. However, he was stalking six other publishers and hoped to have some editions de-look-in shortly. He trusted Mr. Fraser would speak a good word for him with regard to school-books.

—

The man who cannot recognize a diamond except in a setting is the man who can be most readily fooled with paste.



Worse and Worse.

Mrs. Jinglesnap: "Don't you know, Johnnie, that it is very bad manners to whisper in company? Speak up."

Johnnie: "All right. Say, ma, did you ever see anything so funny as that wart on Mrs. Weedlesnick's nose?"

Repentance.

OFFT in the waywardness of youth,
With wilful feet we stray
Far from the narrow path of truth--
We'll pay for it some day.

We think that we can stand the clip,
And that the fun will last--
We wake one day with trembling lip
To find our youth is past.

Then very staid we're apt to wax,
With long and sober face
We rail at those with morals lax
Who run our one-time pace.

—JAS. P. HAVERSON.



GORDON KEITH. By Thomas Nelson Page, Toronto; The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

PERHAPS there is not another man living to-day, that possesses the power to write so entertainingly about commonplace things, as the author of this book. Gordon Keith is a story fully twice as long as the average novel; there is scarcely a situation that has not been described before; there is not a character that we have not met in other books; and yet, it is the most entertaining story that has reached THE MOON since that luminary opened its earthly office. In all seriousness I say: the book should be suppressed; it is a menace to the health of the reading public. Think of it — I, the old man himself, that am used to being up at night, read it till the sun made my eyes smart, in the morning! How, then can young persons or old ladies withstand its charm! Yes, I repeat, it is a menace to the public; for no one can once start it and leave it unfinished, and it cannot be finished in an hour. It is a good, old fashioned novel, with plenty of love, plenty of fight, — in short, plenty of melodrama of the better sort.

Now, after what I have said, if you feel like having a high old time, read Gordon Keith; but I should advise you to start it in the morning — it is not so injurious to miss your meals as it is to lose your sleep.

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HERE is a book that deals with a character that is a hundred times more common in real life than is the usual novel hero, yet never before have I found such a character in fiction. He is the man with the inflated imagination; the man that cannot refrain from making himself interesting by the free use of exaggeration. He does not — as some reviewers of this book have said — do everything for effect; but he makes everything yet he does effective — if not in reality, then in the recital. We all possess this desire to improve fact, though few of us permit it to carry us so far as the "Chameleon." The story is highly entertaining, but, I think, the author makes the mistake of treating his hero as an unusual type, which is not in any sense the case; in real life he is much more common than the man that does not change his color to suit his surroundings.

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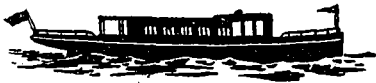
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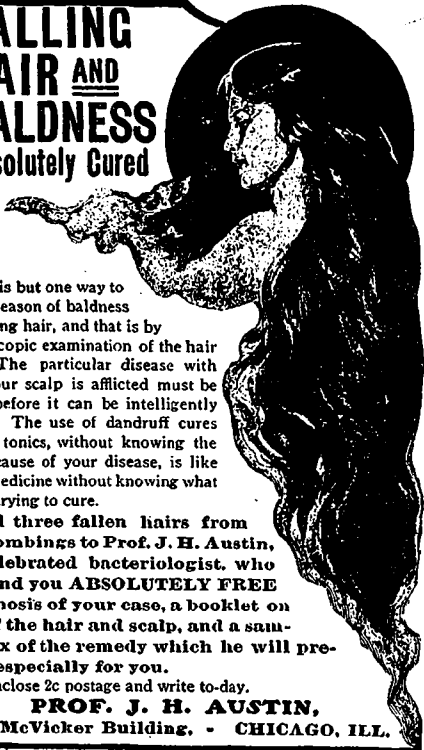
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