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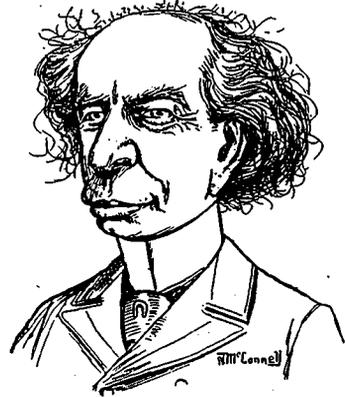
The Elephant extends his Trunk.

\$2 Per Annum.

## MR. W. T. STEAD

In the Review of Reviews (English) for October, reproduces five cartoons from THE MOON, and has this to say:

I AM delighted to introduce my readers to some of the cartoons this month from the *Moon*, a comic weekly published in Toronto, in whose artist (Mr. C. W. Jefferys) we welcome a valuable addition to those who with pen and pencil illustrate the contemporary history of mankind. The first of the *Moon* cartoons calls attention to a grievance of which the British publishers have good reason to complain.



Two of the Cartoons referred to.

Here is another of the cartoons from Mr. Jefferys' pencil, which gives an entirely new and Canadian impression of our Jingo Colonial Secretary. Mr. Jefferys is not the only artist on the *Moon*. He has a colleague in Mr. N. McConnell, whose caricature of Sir Wilfred Laurier would seem to indicate considerable skill in exaggerating the salient feature of his victim."

## The Moon

A POLITICAL, Social and Literary History of 1902, with Cartoons by the following famous artists: Racey, Jefferys, Hunter, Bengough and McConnell, together with comic pictures and jokes by a number of well-known contributors.

**Vol. I, May to November, 1902, Now Ready.**

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Gentlemen,—

I enclose Three Dollars, for which please send me THE MOON from current number until end of 1903, together with Vol. I in cloth binding.

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We offer this first volume of THE MOON with a year's subscription for \$3.00.

**THE MOON PUBLISHING CO.**

48 Adelaide Street East

TORONTO



The inner history of how Smith killed his bear.

### My Lady's Charms.

I told My Lady she was vain—  
Because she boasted of her charms ;  
She paled—then flushed a rosy red  
And straightway she was up in arms.

From angry eyes like stormy skies  
She flashed a scornful look at me ;  
Her little heart beat wild and fast,  
"How dare you, sir," cried she.

I answered, "sweetheart I professed  
'Twas vanity to hold so dear  
Those numerous charms—nay, hear the rest—  
That dangle from your bracelet here."

—Hallam.

### A Desideratum.

"Good day, sir ! I wish to introduce to your notice the very latest —"

"Don't want it ! got no time ; this is my busy day."

"But —"

"But nothing ! Don't care if it's a pass to the New Jerusalem. Don't want it. I'm busy, I tell you !"

"But this, sir, is a new patent annihilator of bores, dunnors and canvassers. Guaranteed to—"

"Oh, that's just what I do want."

"You'll take one, then?"

"Why certainly. Now sit down, my good friend, and we'll see how it works."

"Yes, miss, times is bad for us boatmen now."

"Why don't you do something else for a living?"

"I tried to do, miss. I got a job as attendant at the cricket ground, and they told me to pitch the wickets. Well, I pitched 'em, gave 'em a good coat of tar, and they gave me the sack."

"Quite an interesting case of small-pox we have just been investigating," said one medical student to another, as they shoved their way into a crowded Broadview car.

"Who talks about strap-holders on these street cars," replied the other, about two minutes later.

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

Vol. 2. DECEMBER 6, 1902. No. 28.

48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

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

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

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

THE retirement of Mr. Willison from the editorial chair of the *Globe* is a matter of more than local interest, for it may be taken as one of the straws that show how the wind that has wafted Messrs. Laurier and Ross along, blows—in fact, it may show us how it is ceasing to blow. Whether Mr. Willison's resignation was or was not caused by his disapproval of the ways and means of the Grits, it will exert a powerful moral (or immoral) influence in favor of the Tories. The retirement of the editor-in-chief of the leading Liberal organ at so critical a time can not but be taken by a large part of the public as evidence of the editor's lack of faith in the Governments that he has been called upon, heretofore, to support.

Besides the political side of the move, there is the journalistic side, which is of much more importance. It is said that Mr. Willison intends to take the editorship of a new morning newspaper in Toronto, which journal will be financed by Mr. Flavelle. If this report be true, it means that we shall soon see a Toronto daily that will be a complete novelty in the field of journalism. Mr. Flavelle can not be expected to finance a paper that will not be a model of morality, reliability and philanthropy (the salaries paid the staff will be very large—quite equal to those paid in a departmental store). We shall find in the new paper's columns no reports of ungentlemanly sports, no police-court news, no obscene advertisements. We shall, however, expect to read the truth concerning politics—mighty scant reading, it seems to us.

Will not this be a shock to the newspaper readers of Toronto? Think of a daily paper that dares to tell the truth, without fear or hope of favor! THE MOON is continually getting into hot water for telling about half of the truth; what would its life be worth if it ever tried to tell it all?

The name of the new paper will be the *Antidote*, or the *Corrective*, or the *Spasmodic*, it is said. We sincerely hope that it will not be the *Opiate* or the *Astrin-*

*gent*, for we have other dailies that are entitled, through long establishment and constant practice, to either, or, for that matter, to both of these titles. We should not like to see Mr. Willison start out with a High Court suit for infringement of established rights on his hands.

A FEW months ago, a young man named Larkin stole a bag, containing \$500 in gold, from the Toronto Customs House. After a good deal of ado, he was sentenced to the Central Prison. About the same time a young fellow stole a letter containing a dollar or two from one of the Toronto Branch Post Offices. He was promptly sent to the Penitentiary at Kingston. The other day, after serving out about a quarter of his time, Larkin was given his liberty. The other young fellow is still doing time.

Larkin was not sick, and, it is stated, was not particularly well-behaved whilst in prison, but there must have been some reason for the action of the Government in his case. THE MOON is not particularly blood-thirsty. In fact, it is not by any means sure that there is so very much difference between the chaps that are in prison and those who are not. But THE MOON stands for an honest deal, and if Larkin stole \$500.00, and is entitled to pardon, why not the rest of THE MOON's friends, and particularly the young fellow that went down about the same time for stealing a letter?

Will Charlie Fitzpatrick, K.C., please explain?

IT is with pleasure that we read of Lord Roberts' refusal to pay five thousand dollars to the College of Heralds for the privilege of hanging his banner and shield in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. Lord Roberts is the first gentleman that has had the courage to refuse payment of whatever sum the college has seen fit to demand.

When the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army ended(?) the South African War, he was presented with a neat little purse of five hundred thousand dollars, and was made a Knight of the Garter. Naturally the College of Heralds decided that here was a good mark from whom they might extort a good round sum. They repainted his tin shield, gave it an extra coat of varnish, and presented their bill. They forgot, however, that they were dealing with a man that has, in his day, bought more than one gold brick. This time he refused to be buncoed. He has his garter on tight, is not afraid of losing his clothing, and is sure of getting some of the free advertising that Lord Wolsely cornered for so long, so he pins a medal on each pocket and refuses to deliver.

Why do not the friends of Mr. Ross suggest that he start a College of Heralds in Queen's Park? They would then not need to take up fifty thousand dollar subscriptions for that gentleman by means of begging.

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

## Portraits by Moonlight.



ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R.

## Brief Biographies—No. XIX.

By SAM SMILES, JR.

**O**RONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R., of the Independent Order of Foresters, was born at Brantford, on the Indian Reservation, August 10th, 1841. No shooting stars were observed on the occasion, and there was but one moon then, but since that time the tenth of August has become an *august* day to thousands of people in Canada, the United States, Australia and Britain.

The worthy Doctor is by birth a full blooded Mohawk Indian, and is a standing proof that "The Noble Red Man" is more than a figure of speech. His early education was secured under more than ordinary difficulties, but bodily and mental vigor brought the young Mohawk to the front.

When the present King—then the Prince of Wales—visited Canada in 1860, Oronhyatekha was selected by the Six Nations Indians as the one man, of all their people, best fitted to present their address to the son of

the "Great White Mother." So strong was the impression produced on the Prince that he invited the future King of Foresters to accompany him on his return to England, that he might complete his education at Oxford. Oronhyatekha accepted the invitation, went to Oxford, and, under the tutelage of Sir Henry Ackland, regius professor of medicine, there perfected his studies.

Later he returned to Canada and commenced practice, first at Frankford, Ont., then at London. In the latter place he soon established a large and profitable practice.

It was about this time that he was initiated as a member of the Foresters. Again he came to the front, and in 1881, when the separation in the Foresters took place, he was elected Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order.

It is not as Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters that we wish to view him, however; let us rather treat him as a man—as "A rare fellow man," as Sir Henry Ackland calls him. We are not concerned with his success with his pet scheme so much as with the man that succeeded, and succeeded with such odds against him. He belongs not to the dominant people; on the contrary, he is of a race that has been shamefully misused, robbed, and trampled under foot by its "benefactors." He took hold of the Foresters' brotherhood when its chances of success were far from promising. He had against him all the envy and prejudice of the combined insurance interests—for was not his entering the field of insurance a deliberate attempt to rob the long-established companies of a large part of their prey? Besides, he had—as everyone has—his personal faults, which are enough to assure the failure of any ordinary man.

We know nothing of the merits of insurance, nor, for that matter, do we care. One thing is certain: Oronhyatekha knows, not only enough to give the public what it wants, but how to keep it from growing weary of his philanthropic efforts.

His face shows strength, determination, ambition and shrewdness, and they do say it has a good touch of vanity thrown in, but he has had many things in his career to be proud of. The story of his life will show that all these resources have been freely drawn upon. He is so well known, and so much looked up to in the financial and business world, that we need not throw any moonlight on that phase of his make-up. He is big physically, big mentally, and those who know him best say his heart is bigger than his body—correspondingly, of course. Certainly his kindly face makes one think so.

**Buts, me no Buts.**

Reggie: "I never smoke anything but quarter cigars."

Willie: "I suppose you mean the kind you pick up off the street, three-quarters smoked."

**The Usual Method.**

Jack: "They say that May broke it very gently to Tom that she didn't love him."

Belle: "Yes, but she broke him gently first."



### The Saloon-keeper's Friend.

She came as a boon and a blessing to men—  
 "Carrie Nation," they cry, "do please smash again."

(The delightful exhibition given by Mrs. Nation at the New York horse show has revived the hopes of the saloon-keepers.)

### Heard by the Man in The Moon.

Scene: Awlbannie Club. A room with easy chairs and tables. Enter delegates to Tory Convention.

Chairman J. Whinney Plitney: "Well, gentlemen, what are our chances? They claim now to have a majority of two. I don't think they will have so many when every constituency is heard from, but, if they should have as many, or more, what are our chances?"

Delegate F. F. Joy: "That land deal should help us a bit, if it is only consummated."

Delegate Nebsit: "Yes, if we could be assured that it went through, and that we caught them red handed, it would do the trick for us."

Delegate from Country: "We ought to do everything possible to stop that deal with the Chicago land speculators. Can we sit tamely by and see the whole country given over to plunder?"

Chorus of Delegates: "Oh, don't be a greenie."

Country Member: "I'm no greenie. I tell you it is the chance of a lifetime for us, as Tories, to frustrate this villainous deal, and it is our duty to the country, and to our constituents."

Loud laughter by the company.

Chairman: "Order, gentlemen; this is no laughing matter." To country member: "My dear sir, just let me show you where we should do the country an injustice, and the party a serious wrong, were we to attempt to adopt your tactics."

"You will admit that we must drive them from power?"

"Certainly."

"Very well; the most effective way, if we fail at the polls, is to catch them red handed in just such a deal as this that has been mentioned. Let them do it, and then, if we can prove that they have taken campaign or personal funds as the price the speculator must pay, we then have our strongest card to drive them from power, and so save the country from being further plundered. In the mean time the party organs will keep up a cry against the deal, but not a sufficiently vigorous one to cause them any alarm. How is that for a scheme?"

Country Member: "But suppose that the deal is consummated by them, and that you are unable to prove any corrupt act on the part of the Grits beyond the bad policy of selling in blocks to speculators?"

"Oh, in that case there is nothing we can do other than condemn the practice, which, when we take office, shall be curtailed by legislation."

"Well, Mr. Plitney, you seem to have a grip of the situation. I can only hope you will be as successful as you are disinterested. I must now get back to my constituency; my train starts in half an hour. Good day."

Loud laughter by the company.

### A Change for the Worse.

Civic Reformer: "Mr. Sinnick, will you join our Citizen's Committee? We want to raise the standard of municipal government by electing only good responsible men to office, in place of scalawags."

Sinnick: "What's the use? It'll only cost the people more in the long run."

Civic Reformer: "How do you make that out?"

Sinnick: "Why the corporations can buy the scalawags very cheap, but it'll take a pile of money to buy your good reputable citizens. But they'll get them just the same."

—P. T.



A Little Fresh Hair.

The pen, kingston, decembr the furst.

EDITOR OF THE MOON :

deer sur : Well, ye say yed like to here frum me an no how we git along here, so as ye ofer to pay a good prise ive jist made up my mind to give ye the hull thing cos then ile hev enuff mun to start bisnes wen I git out. Ye see I got a ten spot, en it takes a lot ov puttin in to do it, but ye allus git yer time in or di in the attemp. A good meny ov us dies to.

Things is allus changen hear, but thay dont change very fast. When I cum hear fust I thot ide never sea the time out an it was only a to spot at that. but now ive got into it an it dont seam es if ide ben hear very long if it is my seckond bit.

Say, the furst time ye stan up before the judge to git yer dose ye feal cheeper then 5 cens worth of dog meet, i did any way, an i don't like to think back to it yet. When I cum hear the fust thing they done was to asist me of with my cote an vest. then i was purlitley eskorted to the barber chair an before that gent was done with me i harly node myself. Ge whis I usto hav a purty good shock ov black curly hare thin an i naturly wanted to keep it but he jist mowed it of same as a grang ed mo grass. Same thing with my mustash. Then off cum the rist ov my close an i had a bath. That want bad to take but wen I cum out my own close was gone an I had to take the stripes or go naked. Wen I got drest wun of

the screws ast me wat I thot of the place an tride to make me feal to home but i felt more hoamsik than a weand caff. Then wun of the screws told a con to shoe me to my bedroom. he tuck me up three flites of stares an then pointed to my den. There about 9 feet long but only 2 feet 3 inches wide an about 6 feet an 6 inches hie. Aint that a purty plase to put a feller to reform him? Talk about reformutories. It dont mater wether yeve ben a reformer or a tory that was the best thay cud do for ye whin i came hear. Ye hef to stay thair all the time except while ye worken. But there so close together ye can talk te yer nabers if ye wanto.

Say, the grub is roten, but ile tell ye about that next time i rite if ye git this alrite but if they new i was ritin ide be up before the beak and lose sum of my short time. Thay dont alow

you to rite about wat hapens here if thay can help themselves so dont give me away. Send yer paper as ushel an ile be on dek next week.

Yours fer publisety,  
HANK.

**Burn Wooden Blocks.**

**N**OW that wood for fuel continues to be very scarce, the members of the City Council might be induced to sacrifice their heads for the good of their fellow citizens. No doubt this would establish a precedent that other municipalities all over the continent would feel compelled to follow. In this way the present fuel crises would be tided safely over, the members of the Council would be equally efficient as a Council, and everything would be lovely.—H.

**The Philosophy of a Lazy Man.**

**L**OVE and indigestion act upon the system in much the same way. There is this difference, however, that for the former there is an almost unailing specific—marriage.

Even the small boys know a man best by his fruits.

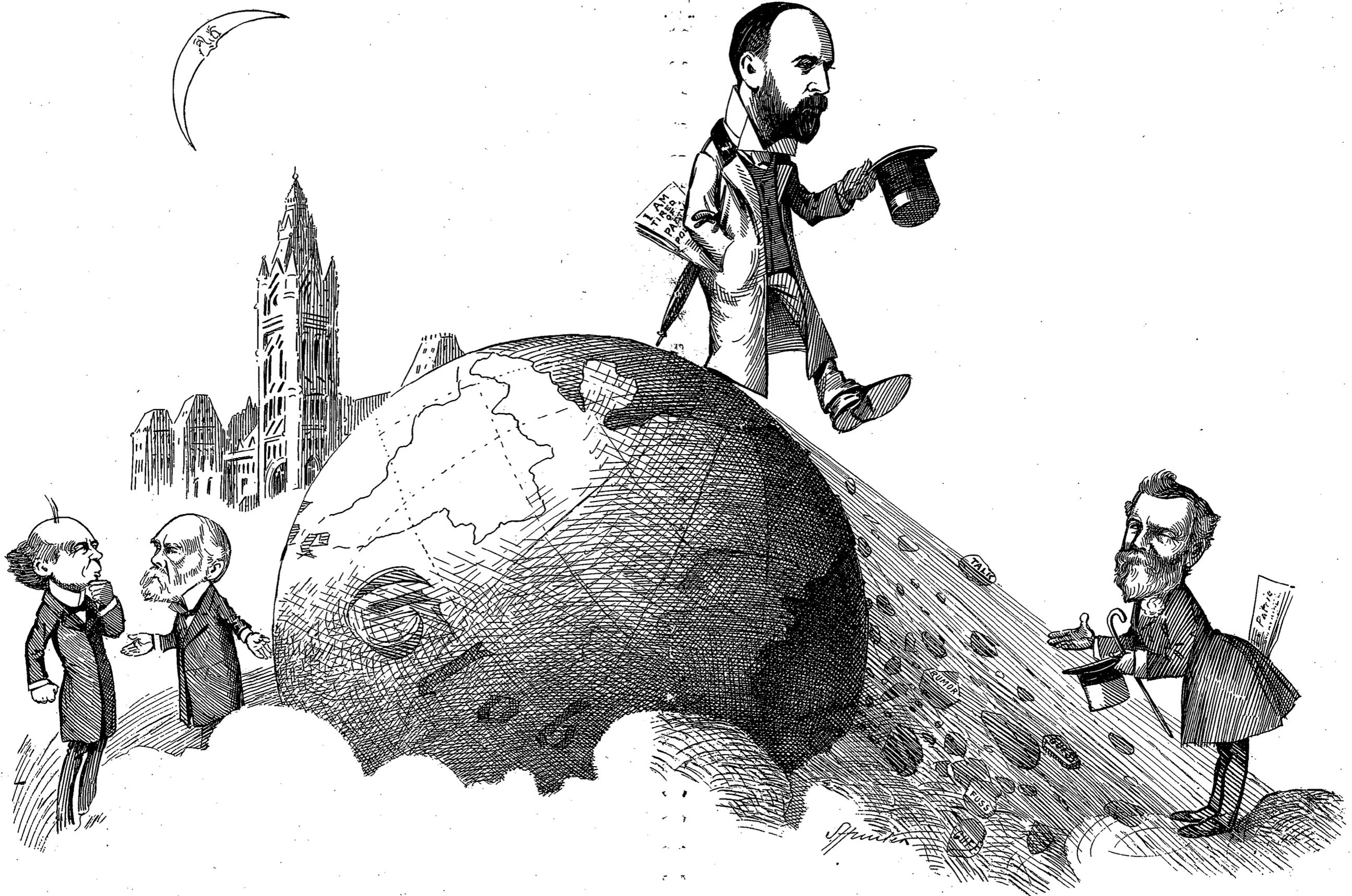
The chief characteristic of a labor union is constant disunion.

One swallow does not make a spring, but half a dozen will make a stagger.

It is possible that the moral condition of the nobility can be accounted for by the fact that salvation is free.

His home is dear to a man, because no one expects him to be pleasant there.—N.W.C.

# THE MOON



AN UNLOOKED FOR STEP  
Editor Willison leaves the "Globe."



### The Unlucky Opal.

Maude: "Henry has given me an opal engagement ring. Do you think it an unlucky sign!"

Edythe: "Yes, decidedly. It's a sign that he's either too poor or too mean to buy a diamond ring."

### Anecdotes of the Ananias Club,

**A**FTER routine and minutes of previous meeting, in which it appeared that the Chairman had told the best story; Bro. Pickles said: "We spoke last evening of the power of heat. I have something to tell you regarding the velocity of light. Light from the sun reaches us at the rate of 186,000 miles per minute, and if it does not, I leave it to Commile Flowmiorion. But when light has to contend against western methods it has to hustle.

We were at the Woodbine, and were training for the King's Plate. My mare was fast, but I did not know how fast. I decided to run her against her shadow, and do you believe it, gentlemen, on the second trial she ran so fast that her shadow began to bend, and at the finish she had gained a head on it, and finished with the shadow so bent that the photographer admitted that his

instrument was out of gear. The mare was declared a winner by a length."

"It vis gif me mooch pleasur," said Hans Heighfleight, "to goroborate those statements off our vorthy brother about dthose shpeed off light, ven it vas peat at its own game.

"I vas run a car on der Erie roat mit engine unt baggage. Der vas a special voot meet us at Scrantont, 17 miles away, and we sjust have nine minutes to do it in, and haluf off it vas on der up grate. Vel, I pull vot you calls leefer, unt der shteam he gomes oud like von hell. Vell, we haluf a wreck all right, for we gets there on time mit some more to shpare, aint it? Ve gets there on der eight minutes for der 17 miles, und shtops all right, but ve neffer dinks off der shadow. Der sun he vas shine in front, unt der shadow he shine pehint, but ven we goes so fast der shadow he got left more ass a mile unt a haluf, and ven we pulls up in ter yard ter shadow he comes up unt runs into us rear ent collission, head on, dont it, unt he shtrikes us amit ships, like der ashtromers vould say, unt he wrecks our whole beesness mit such a velocity that he runs up der track unt ooffer us three hundred yards ahead before we can whistle 'on prakes!'"

"It was when we were at our worst in South Africa," said the Corporal, "that I met with an instance of the velocity of light that bears out what Hans Heighfleight has just said.

We were on a kopje surrounded by Boers a mile and a half deep, and no help. We were without water or food and had to get relief. Our Colonel heliographed to Hornspruit for help, but the fog in the valleys, rising, would not let the message through. He used the ordinary mirror, and had just sent it off when I thought of my concave-convex hand mirror for finding blackheads in my chin. I knew nothing of the code used, but scratched on the soap film on the glass, "Come with help quick." I flashed it twice on the fog, and so strong was my glass that it drove the Colonel's message that had stuck in the fog, clear through, and the whole thing got to Hornspruit, eighty miles away, twenty seconds before we had sent it, because of the concentration of light in the concave mirror. As you know, light increases as the square of the distance. It hadn't time to spread, and so shot forward faster than we sent it."

The usual ballot on the result of the contest resulted in a tie; each of the contestants casting one ballot for himself.

### No Doubt of It.

Parisian Shade (just arrived): "Who was that strange lady that addressed me in an unknown tongue as I passed in?"

Inup: "That was the shade of a Toronto society woman, who thought she was addressing you in Parisian French."

Parisian Shade (reflectively): "This is h—I."

## The Origin of Celebrated Canadian Names.

SIR WILFRED LAURIER.

THE ancestor of this gentleman that was the first to assume the name Laurier was a famous doctor of law in the University of Paris. He was a dogmatic old gentleman with very peculiar and precise methods of teaching. "The law, the law, the law!" he would repeat at the opening of every lecture. "The law is what you are here to learn, messieurs. The law re A., the law re B., the law re C," etc.

Now, the students of that day were not "smart"—not when we compare them with the students that we know—but, yet they were quite up to our average standard of intelligence. They, therefore, were not slow to take note of their master's mannerisms. When they were freshmen they called him "The Law"; as sophomores, "the Law re"; and, in their post graduate terms, he was familiarly spoken of—behind his back—as the Law re A, B, C.

In the course of time the "The" was dropped; later the C, then the B. The three monosyllables were then formed into one word, which made it Lawrea, which, in time, through careless spelling, became Laurier. The last syllable—pronounced A—is rapidly falling into disuse. When the disuse shall have become fashionable—which will be the case in a few months, it is said—the name of the first gentleman of Canada will be Lauri—pronounced Lorrie—which signifies a railroad truck, on which heavy loads of railroad material are pushed across continents.

Fullbut Everdry: "Lend me a shilling, sir, to get some food, will yer, sir, kindly? Ain't had nothing pass me lips for three days."

Philanthropist: "Dear me! Is that a fact? Here, my poor fellow, is the shilling."

Fullbut Everdry (sotto voce): "As if anything could pass my lips without getting inside. Some people can't see a joke unless it's illustrated."

Simpson: "Well, but these editors are getting cute."

Mrs. Simpson: "What is the matter?"

Simpson: "I was reading what I thought was an interesting advertisement, and it turns out to be an article on Imperialism."

## A Shrewd Guess.

May: "Neither of them is rich and neither is handsome. I wonder why they married?"

Jack: "Seeing that there were no other inducements, perhaps it was a love match."

## She Succeeded.

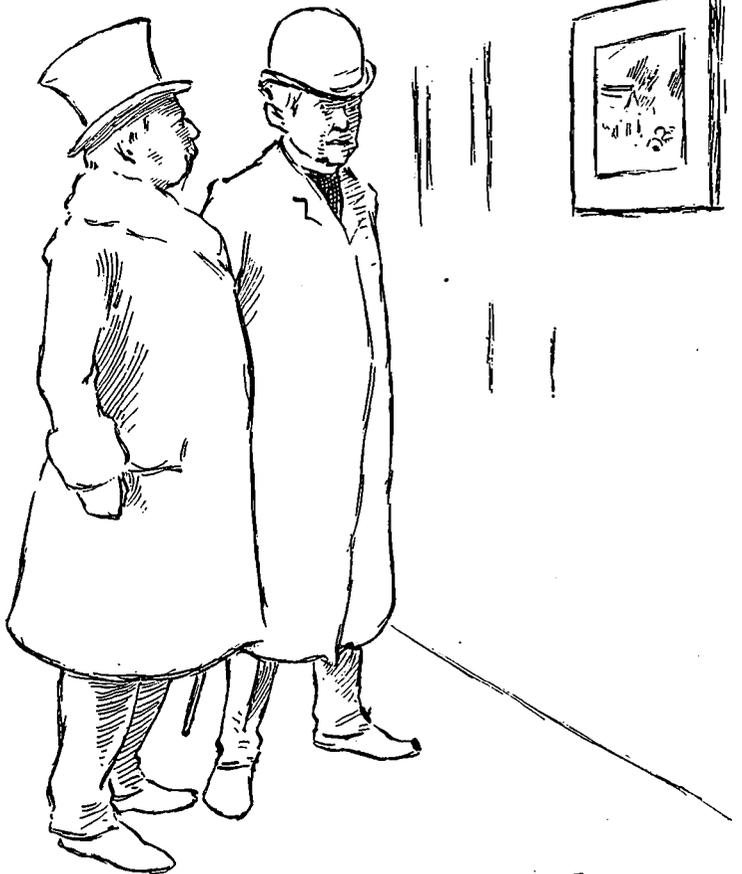
Borax: "Mrs. Gayboy said she married her husband just to get rid of him. Did her plan succeed?"

Samjones: "Admirably; he never spends an evening with her now."

Editor: "This is an awful old joke."

Assistant: "How do you know?"

Editor: "It was evidently written in the old days when people discharged cooks. All up-to-date cook jokes are about the difficulty of getting them to stay."



e. s. m. j.

## The Height of Realism.

Meddergrass: "Isn't that farm drawn as natural as life. Seems as if you could just hear the sheep a-bleatin', eh?"

Rockydot: "You can pretty near hear the interest piling up on the mortgage."



### Self Defence.

"Dern yer. You've shot my prize rooster."

"But the bloomin' beast was comin' right for me, don't-cher-know."

### A Sensation in Newspaper Row.

NOV. 27.—An event has occurred that is causing an immense sensation in journalistic and political circles. Mr. J. R. Willison has severed his connection with *The Globe*, after a violent quarrel with the directors. Hot language was used on both sides, and it was with difficulty that Senator Cox restrained the editor and Mr. Jaffray from coming to blows. When Mr. Willison left the office he turned round and shook his fist at the building, and walked off muttering execrations. He will permanently retire from journalism.

Nov. 28.—The report published yesterday respecting Mr. Willison's retirement from the editorship of *The Globe*, though in the main correct, was inaccurate as to some of its details. There was no scene when he handed in his resignation, and he parted with the directors on most friendly terms, after a quiet lunch at McConkey's. It is understood that he has been engaged to conduct a new morning paper on strictly independent lines, which is backed by a wealthy syndicate of prominent financiers on the distinct understanding that its columns must not be used to promote any private interest. Their public spirit and philanthropy is highly commendable.

Nov. 29.—It is now stated that the paper to be conducted by Mr. Willison will be in the interest of the Conservative party, and will be used to further the interests of a group of financiers that is promoting the Grand Trunk across the continent railway scheme. It will ask the Dominion for a subsidy of 50 million acres of land and probably as much money. Mr. Willison's able advocacy of the various financial schemes in which *The Globe* directorate is interested, makes him pre-eminently the man for the position.

Dec. 1.—Mr. Willison's new paper will positively not be controlled by any syndicate. The enterprise will be entirely owned by Mr. Flavelle, who has already bought *The News* and is negotiating for *The Mail and World*, which will all be amalgamated with the new concern. Mr. Willison's experience will enable him to expose the financial deals of *The Globe* crowd, and the result will probably shake the Liberal party to its foundations, and may result in the overthrow of the Ottawa Government. The greatest agitation prevails in political circles.

Dec. 2.—Mr. Flavelle has not bought, and will not attempt to buy, any of the journals already in the field. It is understood that the new paper, while professing independence, will really co-operate with Senator Cox and his associates in their financial schemes. Mr. Willison gets in on the ground floor with a big slice of stock in the new railway scheme, in consideration of his services.

Dec. 4.—Plans are being rapidly matured for the issue of the new paper under Mr. Willison's management. *The Mail and Empire* has been secured, and the new staff is already moving into its building. *The World* will shortly be absorbed. It is understood that the paper, while thoroughly independent, will be distinctly favorable to the Liberal party.

LATEST. Dec. 5.—It is not certain that there will be any change in the Toronto newspaper situation. Negotiations are on foot looking to the return of Mr. Willison to *The Globe*, with, of course, a handsome increase of salary. It is probable that the whole project of a new paper will be dropped.

### Considerate, Very.

It was in the inner holy-of-holies of the paper office—the Editor's room. The would-be joker was ushered in. Long and weary reading of prosy jokes had worn the Editor's temper threadbare.

The joker handed the Editor the jokes. The Editor passed them to the office boy. The office boy put them into the office vault.

The joker's eyes lighted up. "Are my jokes so precious," said he, "that you keep them in that big safe."

"NO!!!" said the Editor, with a cruel gleam in his eyes, brought there by much long suffering. "We lock all the bad jokes up, so that they can't get out and kill people."

"Silence is golden"—especially after you have seen your rich uncle kiss the housemaid.



**L**ETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON, by George Horace Lorimer. Cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: William Briggs. This book is made up of twenty rough, coarse and careless, but very human, entertaining and instructive, letters from an American pork-packing prince to his common-place young son, on that gentleman's leaving college and starting as a junior clerk in his father's office.

If some of our young men that are not too hopelessly spoiled by college training would but drop Virgil and Homer till such time as they are able to afford such luxuries, and would apply themselves to the more profitable work of reading and digesting these letters, there is still hope that they would not be a nuisance to the world into which they have been thoughtlessly thrust.

**THE WAYFARERS**, by J. C. Snaith. Cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. This is a story of the usual dare-devil young nobleman that has squandered his fortune for the purpose of getting himself into the most stupid and impossible situations that the author might have the extricating of him as an excuse for the story. It is a sorry task when one is forced to break a butterfly on the wheel, but this is such a stupid butterfly that one is likely to become unmerciful. Really, if you are foolish enough to read this story, you will feel like murdering your grandmother when you have finished with the penance inflicted by folly.

**THE COMPLEAT BACHELOR**, by Oliver Onions. Cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell and Company, is a book of much the same character as the "Dolly Dialogues"—but much better. There is not, in this book, the constant striving for smart repartee that we find in Anthony Hope's success; besides, the story is prettier and the moral tone much more healthy. Anyone with taste would be delighted with it for a Christmas present.

**GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS**, by Ralph Connor. Cloth, \$1.00. Toronto: The Westminster Co. Anyone that has read "The Sky Pilot" and "The Man from Glengarry" (and who has not read these books?) will know exactly the kind of book "The Glengarry School Days" is. The book is full of adventure, but the bear story taxes one's

credulity to the utmost. As was to be expected, Mrs. Murray and Hughie play important parts in the story. Mrs. Murray would be more natural if she were not made quite so angelic. When the author depicts some of the school day scenes in early settlement life he impresses one as writing from hearsay rather than from actual experience.

**CECILIA**.—A story of Modern Rome, by F. Marion Crawford. Cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Mr. Crawford knows Rome as few writers do, but he not only knows it himself, he has the faculty of making his readers see it as it is. As for the plot, he himself has told us in that charming little volume, "The Novel: What it is," how he does it. He simply takes the old story to pieces, shakes up the characters and scenes a little, substitutes new names, and, Presto! the trick is done. He tells us he is willing to go on doing this kind of thing just as long as his publishers are willing to pay him, that is, as long as the public is willing to buy his books. The strange thing is that the public is always willing to buy his books, for they are always interesting and instructive. This particular book is about a young girl of eighteen, who is very beautiful and pure and has dreams, who tries to regulate her life by Kant's Categorical Imperative, but all her science and philosophy and transcendental reasoning are dissipated, and the solution of life's problem made easy in a very human way, which the reader must discover for himself.



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Pull to get a "sit":  
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But take your share of wool.  
Stick right by your pull, young man,  
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