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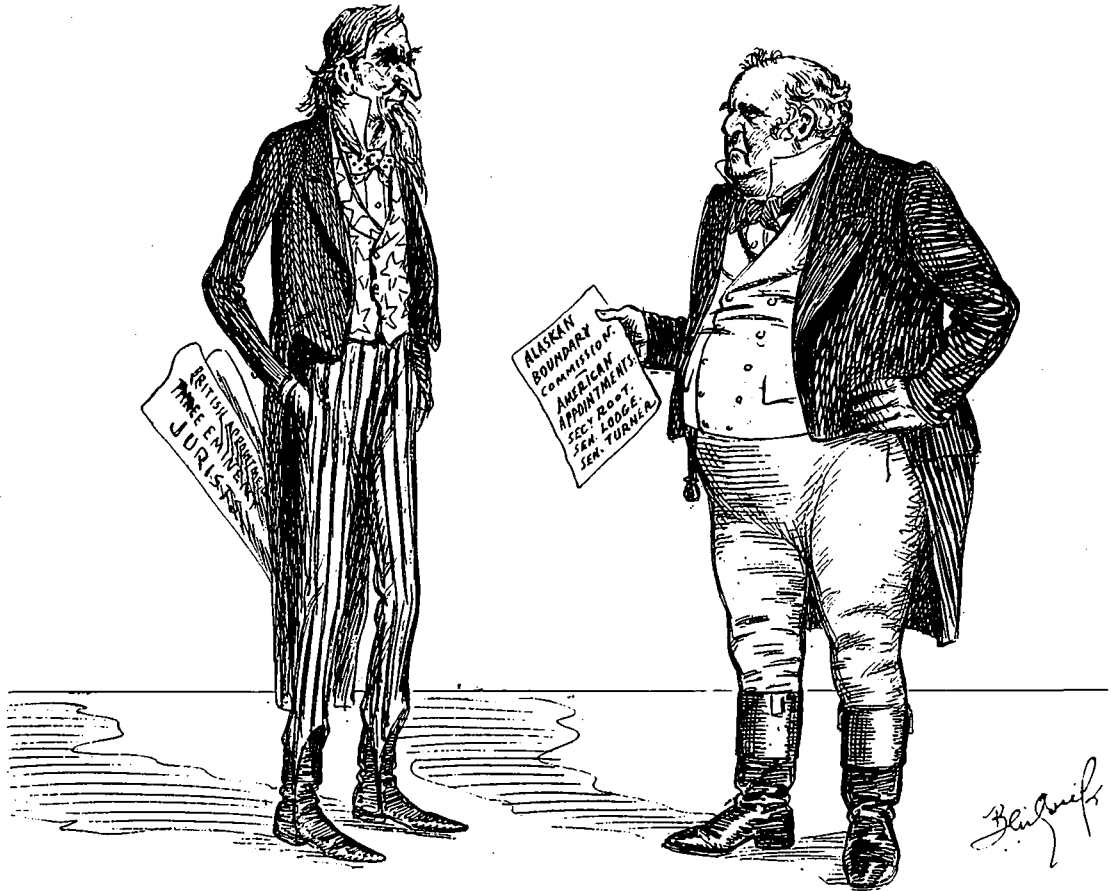
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Sam's Usual Way.

John Bull : "What we agreed upon was Three Eminent Jurists, but, I understand, none of these gentlemen you've appointed are Jurists at all. Is that the case?"

Jonathan : "They ain't Jurists, of you mean Judges; but they're three smart cusses, and I calc'late they'll do the Jewin' fer me all right!"

"Honi Soit —"

Goddess Venus, Mistress Venus,
You, immortalized at Milo,
Do you contemplate (between us)
These your daughters, with a
smile, oh?
As they bundle up the street,
Gowned and bound from head to feet,
Conscious of your form complete;
Do you wonder at their style, oh?

Noting them with all gear freighted
That the latest modes can pile, oh;

Gown here narrowed, here inflated,
In a manner to beguile, oh;
And with artlessness expert
Drawing closer still the skirt
(To protect, of course, from dirt);
Muse you: "What immodest style,
oh?"

But supposing *you* should venture
On a Broadway, for a while, oh;
Grecian costumed, to accent your
Graces (fashion à la Milo);
In the air would go each nose,
Shocked that you some curves expose—

"Mercy! Give the creature *clothes!*
What indecent, shameless style,
oh!"

—EDWIN L. SABIN.

The Boy Detective.

Mr. Goodly : "You should have
been at church this morning, Johnny.
The preacher gave us a splendid
sermon on the murder of Abel."

Johnny (suddenly interested): "Oh,
say, dad! What was his theory?"

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

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IR WILFRID LAURIER is a sick man. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier were not a sick man, one would be forced to form the opinion that he is deceiving the public, which is absurd; therefore he is sick. If he were not a sick man, we should logically be obliged to admit that he stoops to the exercise of politics that he may serve himself and his party, which is ridiculous; he is very sick. If he were not very sick, we should of necessity conclude that his Redistribution Bill is introduced only for the purpose of convincing the simple Canadian public that it takes a Liberal statesman to deal out justice, and to hold

in check that natural, but mean, desire to pay back—which is as insulting to reason as a *Globe* editorial could possibly be.

Whew! Sir Wilfrid is sick—and we are disarmed. What an opportunity we should have if the Premier's health were but in the robust state of other days! How he would have gerrymandered poor old Sir John's mince-meat till Canada would look like the devilled Turkey that Austria and Russia are about to prepare! And, then, how the Tories would have devilled him! And how The Man in THE MOON might have made chain-food of both! Ah me, it is a sorry world where sickness destroys one's copy!

The Man in THE MOON does not wish to blame Sir Wilfrid; he admits that the Premier could not have avoided the illness; but it is none the less provoking to annoyance. It is a strange fact that, whenever justice is done, the journalist must pay the costs. Of what use is a fog-horn if the sun will persist in its shining? It is only during drought that the sun will constantly shine, and it is only during sickness that a statesman will forego his thunderstorms of vengeance.

If Sir Wilfrid's health had remained good all would be well; the Redistribution Bill would contain sufficient material to keep journalists going from now till the next general election; but, as it is, even the *Mail* finds it

most difficult to scrape up a daily column of redistributed abuse. Even the laborer, that man of chronic discontent, finds his chief occupation gone. No grievence is left him; he will find ample employment for the next few years in carting townships back to their native places, nailing them down, and filling in the clinks with putty.

Much as it is to be regretted, it is to be feared that Sir Wilfrid's early retirement will be necessary in the interests of good politics and journalism. Despite Mr. Ross's splendid constitution and untiring efforts, it is unquestionably unfair that he should be called upon to furnish the entire output of the spice of life. Even Mr. Ross's marvellous capacity must have a limit, and provision should at once be made to find for him a good auxiliary.

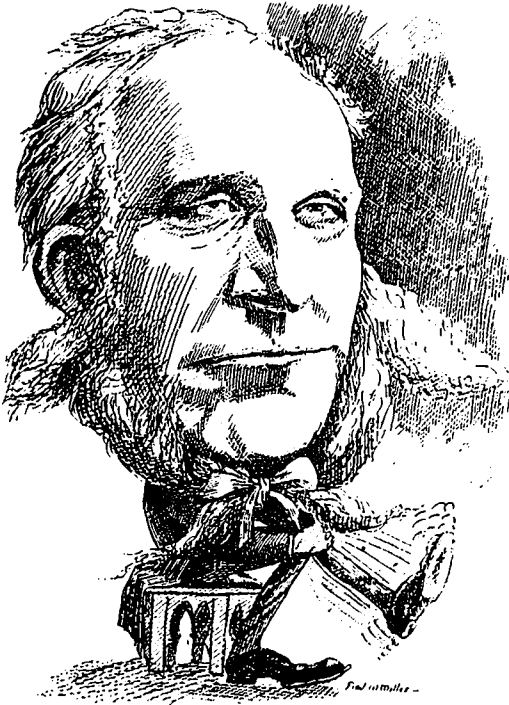
HOW rapidly we are progressing! Yesterday we were fined for selling postage stamps and newspapers on Sunday; to-day that crime has taken its place by the side of larceny—it can be committed by no moral or honorable citizen; to-morrow the smell of tobacco smoke will have become as objectionable to the nostrils of the man in the street as sulphureted hydrogen now is. A temperance law is a good thing, for intemperance is a public nuisance; but this fact does not in the slightest degree justify the enacting or enforcing of laws that are designed to interfere with public convenience or enjoyment. If the object of the promoters of this system of pseudo-philosophy is to develop by mechanical means that condition which they call morality, why, in the name of all that is logical, do they not set about it properly and have a race of automata propagated? If they hope to mold ordinary humanity to their will, their hope is doomed to disappointment. Good nature in the genus homo will make considerable twisting possible; but there is a limit to this pliability, which the mechanical, cut-and-dried school of so-called moralists will discover to their confusion.

The House of Commons did well to start the present session by branding itself with the seal of Sampson—a certain celebrated jaw bone. That anti-cigarette resolution was so important, serious and sane! Tariffs, subsidies, monopolies, labor-unions, etc., are matters of minor interest, which may be discussed later. The cigarette question is a matter of life and death—to those that depend on the advertising of agitation for an income. Cigarettes were declared to be dangerous, combustible and altogether highly undesirable. We must now expect the House to resolve that cucumbers are indigestible, that tomatoes aggravate appendicitis, that mushrooms are sometimes toadstools, that onions are evil-odoured, that potatoes injure the kidneys, that fish encourage lying, that collar-buttons stimulate swearing, that swimming results in drowning and that green apples cause colic, and so, only ripe apples should be grown.

After these resolutions are adopted, the House may turn its attention to financial, industrial and other matters of minor importance; not till then. Let us hope that Parliament will atone for its error of mentioning the Redistribution Bill so early in the session.

From this date THE MOON will be mailed three days earlier than usual, in order that our subscribers will receive it in the same week as that in which it is dated.—Ed.

Portraits by Moonlight.



HON. SIR FREDK. W. BORDEN, M.D.
The Man Behind the Gun—Away Behind.

Brief Biographies.—No. XXXIV.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

HON. Sir Frederick William Borden, M.D., was born at Cornwallis, N.S. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, and he seems to have had a father. He was educated at King's College, Windsor (B.A. 1867), pursued his studies at Harvard Medical School, Boston, (M.D. 1868). Like most M.D.'s that get the chance, he saw more money and less work in politics than in medicine, so he entered Parliament in the Grit Party interest in 1874, sitting for Kings, N.S., and holding his job till 1882, when he failed to score and got left at the post. He came in by a neck in 1887, 1891 and 1896, when he became Minister of Militia and Defence, and again in 1900. After his election in '96 he began to grow in political stature and grace.

About this time the *Globe* did more for the Hon. gentleman than is its wont, for, according to Morgan, it spent only two lines on him :

"He splendidly sustains the reputation of the public men of his Province."

This was a great tribute to a great man. Ordinary M.D.'s that get into Parliament have some difficulty in making and maintaining their own reputation, but here is a man with sufficient surplus reputation to stock up other belfries, that is, if the *Globe* meant more than the

filling out of the column, which is unlikely. But Sir Frederick Borden made for himself a reputation little dreamed of by the *Globe*. He became an inventor or developer of inventions. But for him we had never heard of emergency rations. But for him, the boys in khaki had not been afforded the grim alternative, nor had heard the stern word of command : "If you are cut off and are in danger of falling into the hands of the Boers, take one dose of emergency rations!" What relief to the desperate soldier, who will not be taken alive, to know that he can foil the enemy without besmirching the fair green of the veldt with sanguinary hues!

In another way he has distinguished himself, for, without his aid, how could we hope to see mill-feed and its manufacture so fostered that its original value of about two cents a pound would be increased to two dollars a pound! When that shipment of rations was made to South Africa, then was laid the foundation of Canada's future greatness. What an example of industry was that! Not in the bulk, weight or utility of the shipment of goods lies the national merit, but in the price. Let all the merchants of all the marts of Europe strive for gain, not one of them can show such a large net profit. When the teeming millions of the Crowded East cry for bread, what should they expect to hear! "You have here no continuing city. Seek the far lands of Canada, where trade so flourishes that wheat bran may be manufactured at small cost and sold to the unwary at \$2.00 a pound, yea, it is conducted under Government patronage." Sir Frederick Borden was knighted by King Edward, whether because of what he did as Minister of Militia, or because of what he left undone, history will be silent. It is the only incident in his career as Minister that lifts him out of the common rut and drops him in the slough of—of—. Let him drop!

Ravings of a Lunatic.

The smoother the friend the harder the bump.

A Paris creation covers a multitude of sins.

Where Love is a dream, 'tis easy to have lovers.

If Charity tempts you remember not your past.

Actions speak louder than words—amongst foreigners.

"Fallen idle" is usually synonymous with "Lost—a job."

A rich man can't count his friends, a poor man can't find them.

To the gentler sex, presence of mind's of much less value than presents of mines.

A lucky person now-a-days is generally born with a tooth of gold in place of the proverbial silver spoon.

Our odd moments often have more than a suggestion of lunacy in them—to our enemies.

The Art Atmosphere.

Pinxit : "D'Auber has just returned from Paris. He puts on no end of airs."

Heesel : "Ah, then I suppose he struck that 'art atmosphere' that he was always talking of."

KAULDMANN'S BUILT-TO-ORDER
GARMENTS

New Styles
in Spring
Suits and
Skirts

IF
YOU WOULD
BE FASHIONABLE
SEND FOR OUR
CATALOGUE

PANTS
A
SPECIALTY

Kauldmann's, Ltd.
The Tailor

Thorne Jones

Humiliating.

He: "Poor George has lost his job as the 'Coffee toper man.'"

She: "Too bad. What will he do?"

He: "He writes me that he is forced to appear in the next month's magazines dressed in one of those cheap \$7.00 suits, socks, boots and all complete."

Heather's Ladies' Column.

THE past two weeks of "Hints to Literary Beginners" have proven of great value, as quantities of letters testify—many literary inclined having been encouraged to *begin* whose friends might otherwise have died in peace. But it is not wise to be continually feeding the mind, the body also must receive due attention. So, at the suggestion of the Editor (who is a *man*) this week's column will be given over to

CULINARY RECIPES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

All these recipes are, like everything else in THE MOON, strictly lunny (from luna, meaning "Moon,") and are



quite original; I made them myself, and it is not as hard as it looks. In the first place the recipe-maker must not try anything she recommends, either before or after. Such a proceeding is liable to destroy that calm self confidence, cool bravery and regardlessness of consequences which is the sole art of the recipe-maker. Only remember strictly to observe this rule, and you may live for years and write recipes with impunity, always supposing that you use a non-de-plume and observe strict secrecy in the face of an indignant public.

CAMEL'S HUMP.

In giving a recherche dinner I would advise something different from the ordinary run of meats. Do not use beef, pork or mutton, or even these articles under their French names. Strike out, try a new line. Personally I would advise camel. Here we have something very elegant and out of the ordinary. It has also a flavor of the Orient, which is very desirable. If camels are scarce at the season of giving the dinner, mock-camel will do just as well and will be more economical. This appetising dish can be quickly prepared by anyone possessing an old gown of camel's hair. I would not advise using the gown unless quite worn out. Given the necessary article, proceed as follows:—Cut the material into small squares and strain carefully to avoid microbes. Put in a pot of hot water and boil for two hours to remove the dye. Remove from pot and set water aside to use for sauce. Put material through meat chopper three times or until tender, boil again in water flavored with gum-stickum to give firmness. Set in camel's hump mold and brown in quick oven, removing the bastings every ten minutes. Serve with dye sauce (camel color preferred, as being more realistic) and send hot to the table.

AN ECONOMICAL SOUP.

Many soups are objectionable upon the score of expense. Here is a recipe which is at once delicious and very cheap. Take an oyster, set it in the middle of a platter and look at it. Under favorable conditions continue looking at it for ten minutes. Have a kettle of water boiling, and at the end of the ten minutes drop the look into the boiling water. Flavor to taste with ginger and peppermint, boil for ten minutes and serve in

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

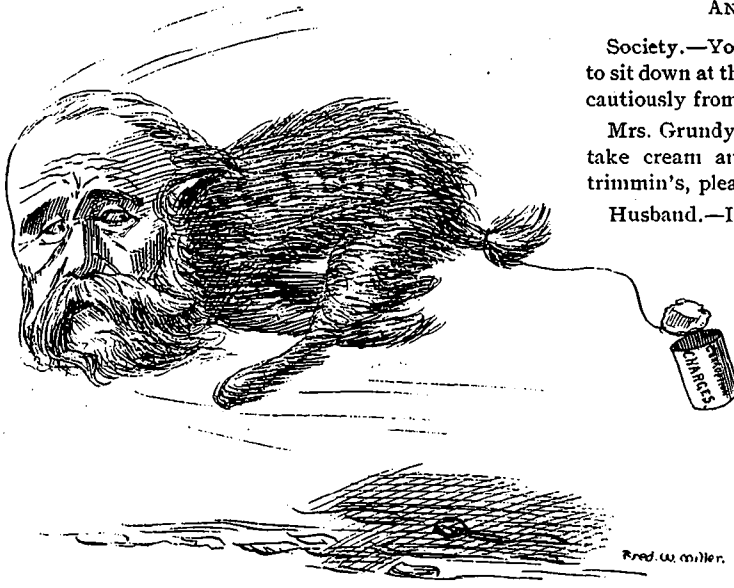
Society.—You wish to know from which side of a chair to sit down at the dining table. Neither; approach the chair cautiously from the back.

Mrs. Grundy.—When asked by your hostess if you take cream and sugar it is elegant to say, "All the trimmin's, please."

Husband.—If your wife is extravagant do not tax her with it. Take her into your confidence, appeal to her noblest nature. Tell her you are stony broke and likely to go to jail any moment. Also put a notice in the papers that you are not responsible, etc. This is a gentle and manly way, and will usually be found effective.

Enquirer.—It is not proper to take a bite between syllables, and it is allowable between compound words only when there is a hyphen.

—HEATHER.



best China bowl. Keep the attention of the family concentrated upon the beauty of the China bowl while serving soup. The oyster may be used in this way until exhausted. This recipe is especially recommended when large quantities of soup are required for church sociables and oyster suppers.

TO PREPARE FRIED SOLE.

It is said upon good authority that slipper soles are the best for frying, and I think myself they are most digestible. Turned soles are light and appetising, but Goodyear welt will be found more satisfying. Soak the sole for one hour in clear water, then remove, thoughtfully preserving the water as a basis for future soups, and carefully remove the outer coating. Dust with powdered resin and fry in boiling fat, lightly browning the sides. Garnish with festoons of shoe laces and serve on a shoe last.

UTILIZE LEFT-OVERS FOR SOUPS.

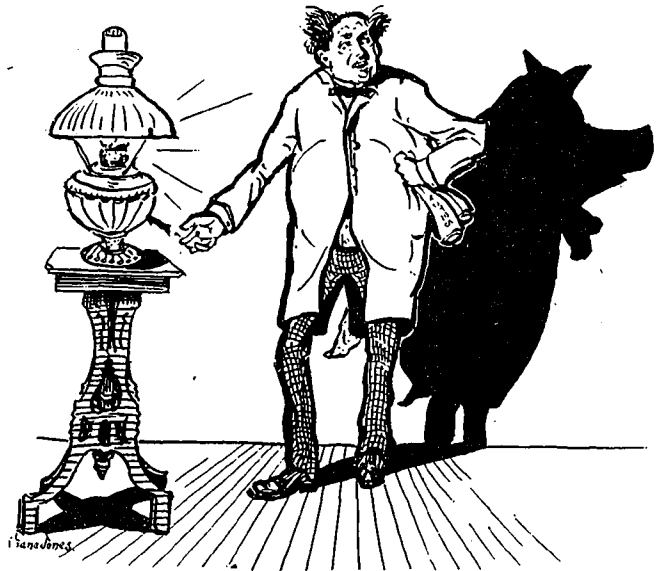
Every tablespoonful of left-over food must be put aside for soups. At the hour of writing I am supporting Medora and Gustavus Adolphus entirely upon left-overs. I would support myself upon them, too, only for the fact that brain labor is so exhausting. There is no waste tin in my kitchen but the waste water pipe, and the landlord pays for it. We never have any bones lying about our yard, they are converted into soup immediately. Indeed everything is useful. Modern novels, Christian science, even some newspapers, when boiled down, I have found to have something in them.

No Doubt He Would.

Mrs. Jiggersnoot: "My mother writes to say that she is coming to pay us a visit if we can accommodate her. What answer shall I send?"

Jiggersnoot: "Oh, I shall be pleased to have her. Tell her that I shall do everything that can contribute in the least to her pleasure."

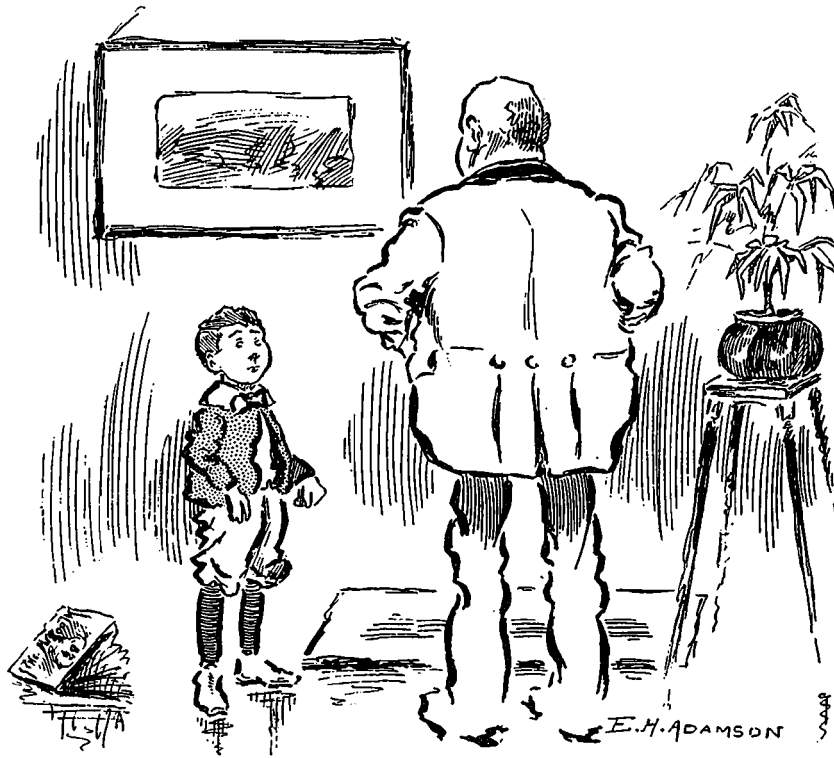
Illustrated Lecture



The Temperance Lecturer: "Yes, I may go further and say, that the hog is as much the sign of the over-eater as it is of the drunkard."



SPORT ROYAL.



Tommy: "Pa, would you like me to be captain of our foot-ball team?"

Father: "I'd give anything to see you one."

Tommy: "Well, the fellows say they'll make me captain if you'll buy the ball."

The Canadian Book of Snobs.

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

--Thackeray.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MILITARY SNOB.

SURELY the recent but now fortunately subsiding Imperialist craze must be held responsible, among other and more serious evils, for a considerable development of that form of snobbery which consists in the glorification of the business of man-killing and the exaltation of what is at best a particularly dirty and demoralizing trade above all other pursuits. War is sometimes, though rarely, unavoidable, and when a country is wantonly invaded

and its liberties threatened, each able-bodied citizen should be willing to do his duty, no matter how dangerous or disagreeable, just as he ought to be ready to wade through a cess pool, if necessary, to rescue life. But this is a very different thing from the apotheosis of the swash-buckler, and the nauseating side and swagger in connection with military matters, of which we have latterly had such an infliction. To judge from the after-dinner



who perished on the veldt has, no doubt, strengthened militarism by replenishing the stock of military traditions, hitherto principally dependent upon the insignificant skirmishes dignified by the name of "battles," of the war of 1812 and the Fenian Raid, not forgetting Fish Creek and Batoche. And on the strength of Canada's share in helping the strong against the weak, the militia colonels and their henchmen and lickspittles can swagger and bluster about the military spirit of Canadians for half a century more, possibly with a chance of adding to their "milishy glory" before its radiance pales through lapse of time, by shooting down a few unarmed striking workmen.

It wouldn't be so bad if all the rant and fuss and flap-doodle about the readiness of Canadians to fight for the Empire in any cause, and all the crowing and blowing about the ability of ten Britishers to thrash one Dutchman, came from the men who actually did the fighting. We could stand that—there are not many of them, and as a rule, to give the devil his due, the real soldier is not much given to this sort of thing. In nine cases out of ten the boastful, supercilious, flamboyant military snob is a hero and a patriot by proxy. He hasn't been to South Africa—has never, in fact, heard shot fired in anger. He possibly might muster courage enough to turn out with the militia during a labor riot, but in case of a real war you couldn't drag him within ten miles of the firing line

speeches of militia colonel of the Denison and Sam Hughes type at public banquets, any one not acquainted with actual conditions might well suppose that war was one of the chief interests of Canada and soldiering our main concern.

"Ef anythin's foolisher and more redickulous than military gloary, it is milishy glory," wrote Russel Lowell in his "Biglow Papers," over half a century ago. Well, the militia colonel and his emulators and toadies have certainly supped full of "milishy glory" during the last few years. They have fooled and used the vote-catching politicians who pandered to their purely snob-bish desire to help Britain to crush the Boers. They have made capital and notoriety, so dear to the heart of the military snob, out of the exploits of the young Canadians who, for love of adventure or distaste for steady work, lent themselves to the business. The blood of those

with a team of oxen and a logging chain. That's the kind of fellow as a general rule who indulges in fiery and bombastic rant about Canada's devotion to the Empire, and the "cowardice" of men like Stead and Bourassa, who dare to defy a perverted and bedevilled public opinion. The hero by proxy actually seems to imagine that he proves his superior courage and manliness by his readiness to shout for war and slay the King's enemies with the weapon of Sampson. And quite a number of fairly intelligent people are contributing to his delusion by endowing him with a kind of reflected glory from the halo of the real fighter.

The time when good old Karma-Nemesis gets in his fine work on the colonial military snob is when he comes in contact with the real article—the genuine British officer—when the militia colonel goes over to England brimming over with military ardor and loyal fervor and meets his Imperial brothers in arms, his reception soon throws a wet blanket over his enthusiasm and he comes back with all his illusions shattered.

The British military snob is an entirely different type. He does not splurge or advertise his loyalty or orate on the glories of the Empire. He simply dwells in an atmosphere of illimitable self-complacency and calm and lofty contempt for civilians, more particularly colonials. He probably knows that Canada is an appendage of the Empire; half a dozen years ago he didn't, but Canada having "advertised herself" by her readiness to supply England with food for powder is now known and despised, to judge from the treatment the colonial militia man receives when he attempts to claim fellowship with the regular army man. A good story illustrating the hearty contempt in which the British officer holds the "blawsted colonial," was current about a generation ago when a British regiment was stationed in Toronto. The late Major Boxall, of this city, who dealt in stoves, had a contract for fitting up the barracks, which he personally superintended. Shortly afterwards a review took place in which both the regulars and local militia participated, and great was the disgust of the British officers to find the man they had seen a few days before working in his shirt sleeves, wearing a Major's uniform. As one of them put it, "The Majab, by Jove, was a blawsted tinkah." It was too awful for words.

A notable indication of the prevalence of military snobbery among civilians is seen in the tearful comments on the recent suicide of Sir Hector Macdonald. Death quits all scores, and the scandal which resulted in his taking his own life, may well be passed over in kindly silence. But the military snob is not content with that. Nothing but an apotheosis will satisfy him. Macdonald was a professional man-killer, and that must excuse or justify everything he did. Had anybody else, statesman, poet, litera-

teur or scientist, however distinguished, shot himself under similar circumstances, does anybody imagine that there would have been all this sentiment or whining and slobbery sympathy over his grave? Not a bit of it. Look at the very different treatment meted out to Oscar Wilde, despite his brilliant intellectual attainments. The unfortunate Afghans, Soudanese and Boers, over whose corpses this man strode to a short-lived greatness, and whose life-blood nourished his now faded laurels, are much more deserving of our sympathies.

Easily Adjusted.

Poet: "I have a dialect poem entitled 'A Lyric of the Tenderloin.'"

Editor: "Don't want it. That business has been overdone. If it was in rural dialect, now, I might use it."

Poet: "Oh, I can easily change it to suit. All I need do is to strike out 'hully gee' here and there, and substitute 'begosh.'"

Didn't Like the Security.

Philanthropist: "Come, now, give a liberal subscription. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, you know."

Van Bullion: "Catch me lending to any more lords after my experience with Count D'Esroc! Oh, no!"



Very Natural.

Tenderfoot: "And did my poor brother die a natural death?"
 Arizona Hank: "He did, stranger, ef its any comfort to ye. He told Dave Simmons he lied, an' Dave's quicker on the shoot than any man in these parts."

Studies in Natural History—The Reformer.

BY O. G. WHITTAKER.



TUDENTS should be careful in the study of this curious but not rare animal. There are a number of varieties, so much alike that the differences found are only individual. Thus, the Reformer Economicus may to outward appearance be the same as the Reformer Sectarius, but they differ much in their habits and styles. Besides the above mentioned, there are several well-marked varieties, such as the Reformer Humanicus, the Reformer Dressonicus, the Reformer Socialisticus, and the Reformer Socialglasticus. All of these are species of the same order, Reformicus, and are not to be confounded with the animal of the same general appearance and known as the

Reformer Free Tradicus, which family is again divided into the varieties Criticus, Americus, Reciprocarious, Commerci-unicus, Revenue-only-cus and the New-Ontario-Developicus. None of these are Reformers at all; they are the true nest-builders, and always try to build in an office, and to line it—the nest—with public revenues. They appear to be devoid of moral sense, which seems to be their most marked peculiarity.

The true Reformer is sometimes found male, and sometimes female. They are of all grades physical, except fat, and of all ages that are above thirty-five. The males are hollow-eyed, ditto cheeked, and often smile at—what they themselves say. The females are generally barren, wear spectacles, are scant in the fore-top and buy superfluous hair removers.

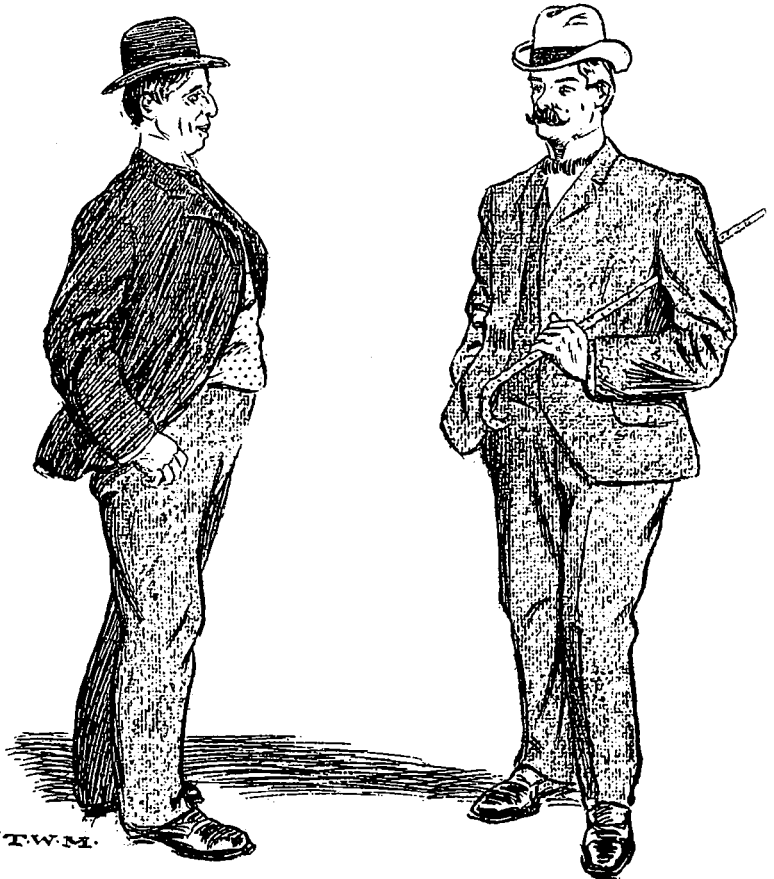
The Reformer Economicus is generally male, believes all social and industrial ills arise from a want of knowledge of Economic truth of which he carries a cargo. He is possessed of a panacea for human ills, which he calls Single Tax. It is very scientific and very intricate, and to be mastered only by persons of great intellectual attainments, of whom there is but one. His one emotion is a profound pity for an ignorant world.

The Reformer Sectarius knows that there is only one true form of religious worship. There are 711 brethren in this tribe, who agree on the general principle that there is but one true form of religion, but each individual

member of the clan knows that there are 710 who are wrong.

The Reformer Humanicus is mostly female; the males of the family being knock-kneed and near-sighted. "Humanicus" is very kind to some animals, its favorite pastime being the erection of certain vessels in the public streets, labelled: "Humane Trough for Dogs." Well-educated cats are expected to read the sign and pass on, avoiding the law regarding trespass. Humanicus is so tender-hearted as to employ detectives, whose duty it is to arrest a carter that would lash his horse. If it be proven that the carter gave the horse 10 lashes, the penalty is six months in the Central and 40 lashes to the carter.

The Reformer Dressonicus believes that great progress may be made by abstaining from the prevailing style in clothing as worn by the giddy persons. Dressonicus has tried everything from bloomers to divided skirts to prove to male mankind that it is different from the giddy



Ought to Have Succeeded.

Plugwinch: "Did Buckley succeed in getting a job at the Legislative Buildings?"

Bixley: "No, poor fellow, his name is Dennis."

Plugwinch: "Is it? Then he ought to have had a show."



C.S.M.J.

Laus Deo.

“Oh, praise the Lord,” the robin sings;
 “For soon those boughs will bear my brood,
 And mellowed earth the cut-worm brings—
 Thank heav'n, for just to live is good.”

“Oh, praise the Lord,” the schoolboy roars;
 “I'll cast aside my hated book,
 And romp and tear through all 'ont doors,
 And wet my breeches in the brook!”

“The mill is silent, once at least,”
 The workman cries, “for Easter's here;

I'll praise my God and eat my feast,
 Or lounge and talk and drink my beer.”

“Oh, praise the Lord,” the baker sings;
 “The peoples thought to folly runs;
 Each year anew the season brings,
 Gets me two prices for my buns!”

“Lent's past, and Easter's come again,”
 The maiden said. “My word upon it,
 This plume alone will catch the men—
 Thank God for such a darling bonnet!”

—D. S. MAC.

persons. Dressonicus has tried everything from bloomers to divided skirts to prove to male mankind that it is different from the giddy persons, and while it has succeeded in proving its point, foolish mankind has continued to look the other way.

Reformer Militantus goes in for a world-wide peace, and thinks that no one can be excused for bearing arms. Its motto is: “War is Hell”—which it will quickly raise if you don't concur.

Reformer Moralicus holds that the whole world is impure, and is always on the lookout for proofs. It would suppress the play-house bill boards as a most infamous swindle, because nothing within the play-house is up to the sample on the boards.

Reformer Socialisticus believes in the brotherhood of man, with whom it is always glad to share—its opinions. It condemns the plutocrat just as freely as if it were of the family, even more so.

Reformer Socialglassticus has very decided opinions on what you should not drink, while regarding self, it holds liberal views.

Sometimes a specimen is found exhibiting all the traits of the whole genus. On its approach the wary citizen

will save a good hour by going round a block or two to get away.

MORAL: Don't domesticate one unless you have a friend that will take it off your hands.

Wedded.

(AN IDYL IN EIGHT ACTS.)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| I. “My
Bess?”
(Shy)
“ Yes.” | V. Tell
Town.
Swell
Gown. |
| II. Bliss!
Kiss.
Miss
Bis!! | VI. Aisle—
Swish!
Styl-
Ish!! |
| III. Hap-
Py
Chap,
He. | VII. Rail,
Quite,
Pale--
Fright! |
| IV. Pa
And
Ma
Bland. | VIII. Twain
One.
Train.
Done. |

—EDWIN L. SABIN.



One Girl.

I loved a sweet and gentle maid,
Yet scornful when I wooed was she,
"There's many another girl," she said,
"Has shared your ample heart with me."

"Miss Betty has a slice of it,
A quarter's in Matilda's keeping,
And o'er a rather goodly bit
I saw a certain girlie weeping."

"And many more I need not name
Have taken chips off here and there;
But, even if you could gather them,
For warmed up mince I do not care."

So, with my poor head all awlirl,
I own this truth and ever shall—
'Twere better to have loved one girl
Than Matty, Betty, Maud, et al.—E. H.

SENT FOR A CENT.

A post card with your address on sent to John Labatt, London, will bring you in return an interesting booklet about ALE and STOUT, of vital importance to consumers.

ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

Got it Slightly Mixed.

Job's Comforter: "Ah, I was always afraid Wall St. would ruin you, but you must bear up under your losses—bear up bravely."

Ruined Speculator: "That's all you know about business! You mean 'bull up.' It was bearing down that broke me."

A Mitigating Circumstance.

Spacer: "It's surprising how well Pillager succeeds as an editor. Why he used to write poetry."

Inkster: "So he did, but it wasn't really his, you know. He's an awful plagiarist."

Don't Be Satisfied

until you see the name

SALADA

Ceylon Tea on a sealed lead packet.

This is the only Guarantee of the genuine. Sold only in lead packets.

25c. 30c. 40c. 50c. 60c. per lb.

No Blame Attached to Gladys.

"Do you want the fire kept out in the kitchen, ma'am?"

"I certainly do, Gladys!"

An hour later the gifted young mistress of this charming home, intending to experiment *a la* School of Cookery, repaired to the kitchen, expecting to find the oven just right, but discovered the stove dead cold.

Did she bitterly reproach Gladys? She did not. She remembered—alas, too late!—that Gladys had not been required to put her question with an appreciable accent. The accent on the "out" was simply in the girl's mind.

And yet there are persons who question the necessity for those institutions of Learning, where Elocution is Taught by Mail!

THE NEW METHOD

It used to be that if by any chance a man was unable to pay his insurance premium, his policy became void.

This is true, indeed, in many companies to-day.

The Manufacturers Life, however, offers plans, of which this is by no means true, and at the ordinary rates.

These policies keep themselves in force automatically, should the insured by any chance overlook, or be unable to meet the premium.

Write for particulars, giving your age at next birthday to

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[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM]

Independent Order of Foresters

Benefits Paid During the Year 1902.

CLASS OF CLAIMS	NUMBER	AMOUNT
Insurance or Mortuary	1,272	\$1,452,068.03
Expectation of Life	2	1,600.00
Total and Permanent Disability	148	97,367.50
Old Age Disability	130	17,600.00
Sickness	8,774	166,882.64
Funeral	259	12,832.88
Totals	10,585	\$1,748,351.05

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order.

Insurance or Mortuary	\$10,621,823.59
Total and Permanent Disability	532,706.76
Old Age Disability	53,970.28
Sick and Funeral	1,523,155.84
Grand Total	\$12,731,656.47

Average Benefit Payments, 1902

Average Daily Payment for Benefits During the year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays) **\$5,585.78**

Average Hourly Payment for Benefits During the year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays) allowing 10 working hours to the day. **\$558.57**

And while these Magnificent Payments were being made the **BENEFIT FUNDS CONTINUED TO ACCUMULATE.**

Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1902... **\$5,261,831.52**

" " 1st January, 1903... **6,070,663.48**

Increase during the year 1902 **808,831.96**

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to any officer or member.

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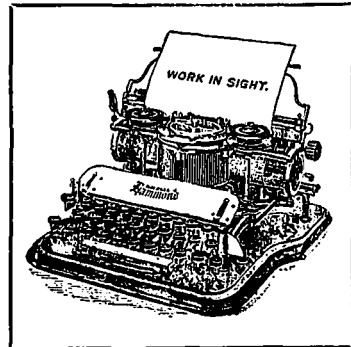
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