

THE MOON

Canada's only Satirical Paper

For 1903

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It will give you fifty-two happy weeks.**

SIR GILBERT PARKER SAYS:

*"It is good enough to pay for. I never spent money more willingly.
I am learning to laugh again—sometimes at myself, which is a sign of
health.*

"I hope you may be successful, though truthful."

Sam Jones writes us from Philadelphia:

*"It grows better every week. It is the best thing of its kind ever
published in Canada."*

**Mr. W. T. Stead, Editor of "Review of Reviews,"
writes:**

"Some of your cartoons rank with the best in the world."

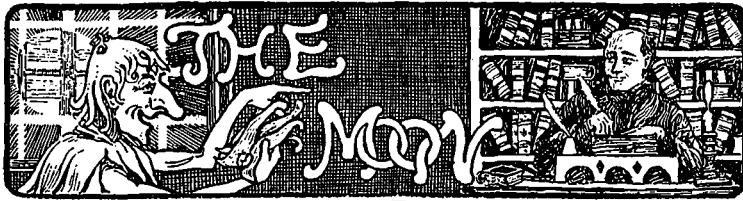
During 1903, THE MOON will be even stronger, sharper and brighter than before, besides which it will be no less reliable.

THE MOON'S staff will still include all the leading artists, journalists, and wits of Canada. Everything in it is original.

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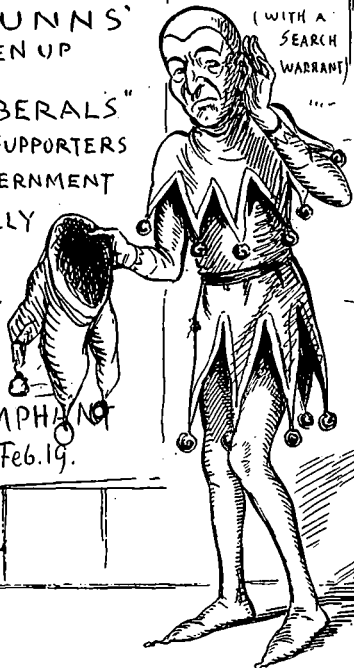
THE MOON PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited
48 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO



DISGRACEFUL
HOODLUMISM IN
NORTH YORK
CANDIDATE MUNNS'
MEETINGS BROKEN UP
BY
"RESPECTABLE" "LIBERALS"
AND "TEMPERANCE" SUPPORTERS
OFF THE ROSS GOVERNMENT
MR. MUNNS PERSONALLY
ASSAULTED BY
THE PIOUS ROWDIES.
FREE SPEECH
DENIED.
LYNCH LAW TRIUMPHANT
See Daily Papers of Feb. 19.

FOR ARTICLES
CONDEMNING THE
LYNCHERS
SEE
GRIT PAPERS
(WITH A
SEARCH
WARRANT)

IT IS NOT SURPRIS-
ING THAT THE TEMPER-
ANCE PEOPLE OF N.
YORK SHOULD SHOW
THEIR DISAPPROVAL
OF MR MUNNS'
CANDIDATURE
LIBRE



SONS OF
TEMPERANCE



THE SIBBIE
WHO'S TRUE
LOYAL TO HIS
PARTY WILL
APPROVE OF
"PURE AND
SIMPLE"
LIBRE

J.W.
Barwick

"Those Eloquent Lips!"

THE MOON : "Well—speak out, Mr. Ross. I'm waiting to hear what you have to say about this sort of thing."

The Money or the Other Thing.

THAT DIFFERENT KIND OF UNFINISHED STORY OF AN EMBARRASSING DILEMMA.

THE Business Manager of the *Pure Quill* had just got through booking a new subscriber, who had warmly congratulated him on the establishment, at last, of a newspaper entitled to rank as *sans peur et sans reproche*, whose Heaven-born mission was to prove that there was room in this country for an Unsullied Press, absolutely above the influence of commercial considerations, and pandering not to the morbid, the sensational, the partisan or the vulgarly humorous.

The Advertising Manager entered.
"I've got a new ad!" he said.
"Good!"
"There's a hundred spot plunks in it."
"That's business!"
"We need the money, don't we?"
"Need' it? Why, man, it'll save lives!"
"That's just what I was thinking. Well, now, another

question : We're conducting a religio-secular journal, am I to understand?"

"Precisely!"
"We are pretty stiffly bound by our salutatory to preserve as well the chaste sobriety as the virgin purity of its pages."
"The exact words, my boy!"
"And the thing applies to the advertising columns, I venture to surmise?"
"Guess it does."
"Well, here's where we stand. This hundred dollar ad. I hold in my hand has a somewhat original and striking head-line. That may not exactly suit the policy of the paper and jibe with the salutatory. See? But the head-line stands, or the ad. is cancelled. Understand? Now, I merely want to know what you're going to do about it?"
"What is the head-line?"
"The ad. is a bicycle firm's announcement, and the head-line is : 'A NEW SERMON ON THE MOUNT!'"

—TALBOT WARREN TORRANCE.

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

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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.

portment. He is a man from whom one would least expect remarkable exhibitions of hardihood—but put him to the test! Bring on a closely-contested bye-election between a Grit and a Tory. He will drop prohibition as if it were a red-hot brick; will hurl dead cats at the man that will not drop it; will support his Grit or his Tory—and, after the dust has cleared away, will come up smiling, and ask you to join the Alliance! The galls of these men are tested to a thousand pounds pressure.

THE City Council of Toronto has at last accepted the Carnegie offer—“without unnecessary noise.” But in this there is nothing remarkable; grafts are not usually worked to the accompaniment of a brass band. The gentlemen that will sell the library site to the city are highly conventional. Throughout this delicate affair they have conducted themselves with noteworthy propriety. In the first place they chose a “solicitor” of sound judgment and nerve, who shrunk not from declining the Council’s invitation to produce the correspondence in the matter. Their next move was equally subtle—they “persuaded” the daily papers to view the offer through their spectacles. Now, with the same dignified silence, they are skidding public opinion, slowly but surely, towards Queen’s Park. Another crop of L.L.D.’s will now spring into existence—“without unnecessary noise.”

FROM this time forth the *Globe* cannot truthfully be called a Pharisee. It has come out boldly, and admitted its total lack of title to respect, or even to serious consideration. Read its own words:—“Every self-respecting newspaper can fairly claim to be classed as independent.”

Need we say more? When a paper that is admittedly partisan, states that every self-respecting paper is independent, its sentence should be made light; it has turned King’s evidence.

THE morality department of Montreal has decided that the cut of Mrs. Patrick Campbell’s gown is too low for street wear during the cold spell with which that city is afflicted. The officers of the department are sensitive enough to see that the dress of the posters is by far too severe a satire on the climate of their city. They have ordered that the paper bosom of the lady be covered. Sympathetic pneumonia will be less common in the future.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, speaking in Cape Town a few days ago, added one more to the long list of compliments that English politicians have paid to Canada.

Mr. Chamberlain said: “What would be the colonies’ position if unprotected by the gigantic navy of England? They would be reduced to the condition of small states, such as Greece, Holland and the South American Republics.”

Why did not Mr. Chamberlain mention the United States as another horrible example? See how the States has declined since it lost the protection of England’s gigantic navy. We like to be told that without a wet nurse we should perish; it stimulates our confidence and self-respect. What a master of tact is Mr. Chamberlain! Such honeyed words must surely stick the Empire together.



POLITICIANS, Preachers and Press constantly remind us that we Canadians are the freest people on the face of the earth. For this assurance we are sincerely thankful; without it, serious doubts might enter our minds, and disturb our happy comatose condition. The Press, however, on some rare occasions, becomes so indiscreet that it gives us a rude shock, and temporarily destroys the effect of the anesthetic. Such was the case when our daily papers, in a moment of thoughtlessness, published full particulars of the treaty made between Great Britain and

the United States, concerning the boundary between Canada and Alaska. Imagine the peacefully-slumbering Canadian youth’s being suddenly awakened by the rude announcement that Mamma is flirting with Uncle Sam, and is even offering to give away the child’s estate. Of course, we are too young to be seriously consulted in the matter—and the property will remain in the family, and all that; but children are sensitive, and so we should not have been startled by having the news broken to us at all. We should have been so much more contented if we had been left to slumber peacefully, dreaming that we were grown-up and no longer tied by an apron-string. Ah, ah, how easily are a child’s ideals shattered! The responsibilities of Motherhood are even now unknown.

THE powers of endurance of the human body are really much greater than the average man would believe. Some men, of course, are blessed with much greater “will to live” than others—a few have been known to board a Grand Trunk train and reach their destinations in a comparatively sound condition. Such cases are rare, to be sure; but there are other examples of human endurance almost equally surprising. Take, for example, the prohibitionist—take even the average specimen. He appears to be a man of ordinary physical development, mild expression and refined de-

Portraits by Moonlight.



EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.P., K.G.

Brief Biographies—No. XXXI.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

EARL ROBERTS of Bobs, V.C., K.P., K.G., was not born with all of these afflictions; they are the results of indiscretions. His advent occurred on a forced march from Calcutta to Pretoria, seventy years ago. He was quite young at the time, but he at once assumed command of the column to which he belonged—His parents were Irish.

Twenty years of life in India convinced him that that country needed stirring up a bit: so he brought on the Mutiny, for which he was punished by being sentenced to bear a Cross for life.

During this war he had many thrilling experiences, the most interesting of which was when he was tied to the mouth of a cannon, which was then discharged. His escape in this case was due solely to his powers of endurance; the breech of the gun was blown out, and his would-be executioner was torn into fragments. This trial seasoned him, and made him quite able to endure English Viceroy's and five o'clock teas.

At the close of the Mutiny he started in to collect material for his life's work—"Forty Years in India"—which, on completing his notes, he published.

The collecting of these notes was accomplished with no insignificant labour. He was obliged to make semi-annual calls on all the Indian Princelets, besides less frequent visits to Burma and Afghanistan. In this work his early knowledge of forced marches was invaluable. Without it, "Forty Years in India" could not have been written, and English literature would be five pounds lighter.

On the completion of his masterpiece he left India and settled down to a life of quietness, as Commander-in-Chief of Ireland. At this time he was suffering from a

name that he had caught from Kipling—Baron Roberts of Kandahar.

At the dawn of the twentieth century, a war being on in South Africa, and more troops being required, the British War Office appointed Lord Roberts to the position of Escort-General, to conduct the re-inforcements to the seat of operations. This office he performed in a highly satisfactory manner. While in Africa, he took advantage of the opportunities afforded for several of his old-time forced marches, after which he returned to England, somewhat shabby and run down at the heel. The late Queen, as a gentle hint to be a bit more particular about his personal appearance, when Earling him from her, presented him with a Garter, which he now wears constantly. A Bath might have been more suitable.

On the retirement of Lord Wolesley as Commander-in-Chief of the army, Lord Roberts was promoted to that office. At once he set to work to perform his new duties in his characteristically forceful way. Army reforms are now the order of the day. No more shall officers' uniforms be so expensive that none but the wealthy can afford to take commissions. The gold stripes on the trousers shall in the future be only fifteen sixteenths of an inch wide, instead of a full inch, as heretofore. The buttons on the tunic shall henceforth number three less than formerly. The sash shall lose an inch of its fringe. The millinery shall be less expensive, for the cocks from which the cock hat feathers are plucked, must be used as food in the officers' mess.

Such innovations as these could be introduced only by a man of Lord Roberts' strength of character. The chief factor in the success with which he is meeting in this reform is his shrewdness in asking the advice of the ladies before making any change in uniform. Anyone possessing a knowledge of the personnel of the British army will readily see the advantage that a woman's knowledge of feminine apparel must be in such matters.

Despite the decorations and titles with which he has been afflicted, the Commander-in-Chief has had great honors conferred upon him. He has been introduced to Dr. Parkin, Col. Sam. Hughes and Col. Denison, not only once, but on several different occasions. In each case, they remembered his face and singled him out for the honor of a few gracious words.

Home, Sweet Home.

Oh! my mother-in-law, she's the plague of my life,
 A thorn in the flesh, without doubt;
 Parading and picking,
 Tongue-lashing and kicking,
 And putting my senses to rout.
 Wherever I go 'tis the same tale of woe,
 She ferrets my faults one by one;
 I'm gitless and witless
 And certainly fitless
 To pose as a wife for her son.

As if that wouldn't do, then there's my mother, too,
 Who thinks it her mission in life
 To preach and to plan,
 And remind my poor man
 That he has an exceptional wife.
 But their flutter and fuss do not fizz upon us,
 For we know that with all of their ire,
 My mother, so grim,
 Thinks there's no one like him,
 While his mother for me would expire.



An Opportunist.

Old Lady : "And fancy ! they used to give the Christians to the wild beasts in those days."

Tommy : "I wouldn't have cared."

Old Lady : "Noble boy !"

Tommy : "Oh, rats ! I wouldn't have been a bloomin' Christian."

Heather's Ladies' Column.



I TRUST, dear girls, that you will not consider me unduly sentimental if I confess to a belief in dreams. There was a time when I did not believe, but so many curious things have come under my observation that I have been forced to change. You know that Shakespeare said, even in his day, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are to be found in the best encyclopedia, and, poetry aside, I think he was right. (Our club is going to study Shakespeare next season. Miss Strictly Proppur insists that the plays should be expurgated for our use, and has kindly consented to expurgate them herself. It will be fun hunting up the passages she leaves out).

But, as I was saying, I have been converted to a belief in dreams. Only the other day a dear friend of mine called and told me a sad story. A week ago she had a terrible dream. She thought that she was enchanted,

and compelled by the enchantment to spend the next five years doing nothing but inspecting the insides of other peoples' houses. She tried to laugh it off and forget it, but the horror of it clung to her, and next day she received word that her rich uncle had died and cut her off with a copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Could this be a coincidence merely? I think not.

Another friend told me of an interesting experience. She dreamed that universal war prevailed, or rather, had prevailed, and that she stood alone upon an illimitable battle-field. In the distance someone was softly singing "After the Ball." A wave of immense desolation swept over her. She burst into tears and woke up. All next day she had nervous shudders, which the doctor called grip, and recommended capsules. Some instinct led her to refuse to take them. That evening, as she paced the floor unable to do anything but analyse her sensations, a telegram was handed in from her brother saying that her favorite little blue-and-yellow-mixed Scotch terrier was dead.

"My dear," she said to me, "The feeling which I then experienced was exactly the same as in my dream—the awful desolation, the terrible remoteness and dislocation of existing phenomena—I will never forget it—never."

And now I have had a dream of my own, which has filled me with most dire forebodings. I dreamed that I was the society editor of the *Saturday Blight*, and had mislaid my French phrase book. I had forgotten how to spell "comme il faut" and "beau monde"; couldn't think how to place the accent in "menage," and the meaning of "raison d'être" had quite escaped me. To make everything worse I was expected to write up an at-home, and the editor gave me a hint to spread myself. I tried to get along without my book, but another trouble met me. I had absolutely forgotten all such stuffs as "moiré antique," "crêpe de chene," "tulle," "guipure," etc. I had even forgotten "garniture"; I could only think of "trimmings."

When I got down to names I was no better. In spite of myself I would spell Kati—Kate; Adah—Ada; Edythe—Edith; Nyna—Nina; Ethylle—Ethel, and so on. I could get nothing right.

When I woke up I was trembling like a leaf, and, though nothing has happened yet, I live in terror. Cold chills creep through the marrow of my bones—to be

society editor of the *Saturday Blight* were bad enough, but to be society editor sans phrase-book would be chaos! What can the dream mean? Can it mean—but no! Anyway I will consult a mind specialist at once.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mother.—Thank you. I tried the Appetite Regulator you sent on Gustavus Adolphus. It is fine. Last week we saved three dollars in meat alone.

English.—The origin of the phrase, "woosiest ever," is not known. It probably came into existence spontaneously to fill a felt want.

Scotch.—The difference between a German and a Dutchman is that if you call either by the other name you find out.

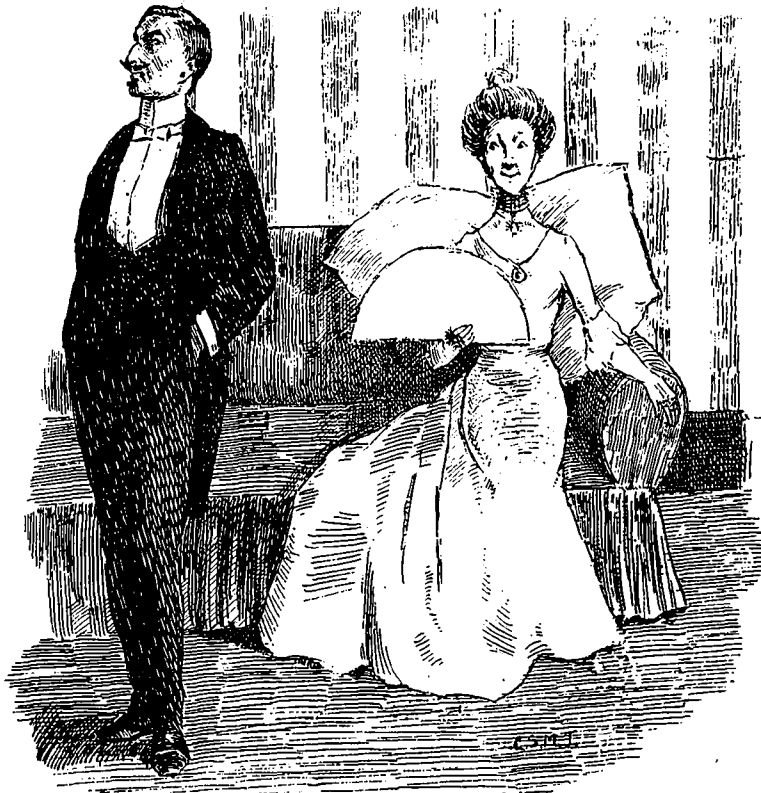
Admirer.—I must refuse to accept your box of 7½ gloves. You insult me, sir; I wear sixes!

Witness.—Yes, the person that walked into a plate-glass window in a Toronto store recently was a Glasgow man.

Anxious Englishman.—No, the utilization of Niagara's power on a larger scale will not hinder tobogganing over the Falls in the winter. —HEATHER.

"So Harry's in trouble again."

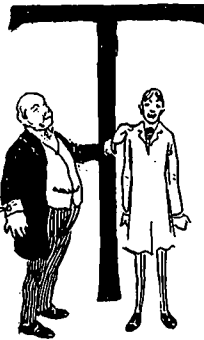
"Yes, poor Harry, he seems to be always on the downward track; the only laws he ever obeys are the laws of gravitation."



"Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war."—*Shakespeare.*

Psalm of Legislative Life.

BY A LONG FELLOW.



TELL us not our thoughts to tangle,
Legislation is a cinch,
If you doubt, then hear us wrangle,
Sometimes truthful at a pinch.

Votes are real when they're for us,
Then we head the ballot's poll;
Do not know our mission here is
From the till to take our toll?

'Mong the talkers of the nation
Let us hold our name and
seat,
There we'll think our peroration,
With the desk beneath our
feet.

Trust in party like a brother,
Whether with or wanting head;
Let us drink to one another—
Scotch and soda, then to bed.

Lives of other knaves remind us
We can make our little pile,
And departing leave behind us
Speeches, wonderful,—for style.

Footsteps also always leading
To an up-to-date café,
Where we members do our feed-
ing,
Blowing public funds away.

Let us then be up and doing,
Ready, aye, our claim to stake,
Still conniving, still pursuing,
Learn to shake, and smile, and
fake.

—D. S. MACCORQUODALE.

If You Wish to Know.

If you wish to know a man,
Watch him drive a horse.
All of good or dull or base,
Steady strength or fevered
pace,
Nagging temper, kindly grace,
Come out then with force.

If you wish to know a woman,
Watch her drive a man.
Humbleness, consummate skill,
Velvet touch and fitful will;
Watch her lash, or coax, uphill,
When she drives a span!

—WOODPECKER.

Bighead: "King Edward has a hard time of it filling his mother's shoes."

Buster: "Well, why doesn't he develop his feet by jumping on some of his leading statesmen?"

Jaspar: "Gay boy constantly deceives his wife."

Jumpuppe: "O, no, he doesn't; but she is good-natured, and allows him to deceive himself."

THE MOON



C.W. JEFFERYS

Shades of the Immigrants of the Past, to-day's Immigrants of To-day: "Welcome."

The Millennium.

E



UREKA! Gentle ladies—
I can knock that bugaboo,
To wit: "The Servant Problems"
From here to Timbuctoo;
I can fill your homes and mansions,
With obedient, docile dears,
By creating, think—an "Order
Of Domesticated Peers."

For instance—let the laundress be
A "Member of the Bath,"

The cook—a good Sir Loin of Greece,
Grand Cross, De'Cinder Path;
The maids might pose as belted knights,
Or, if they choose, assume—
"The Grand Distinguished Order
Of the Dust Pan and the Broom."



Then each should wear
the Garter
And the Ribbon and the Star,
And take precedence everywhere
Where other people are,

Except when such Companions
As St. Michael called to "pop"
The "question" to the "Order
Of the Dish-Cloth and the Mop."



Each "Excellency" should
have her "Tea,"
Her Soiree or her Ball,
Her Conversazione in
The parlor or the hall,
And mistresses wear livery
When holding up the trail,
Of the Slavey Extraordinary
Of the Scrubbing-Brush
and Pail.

What, more? Unless a glittering Page,
(From "Burke" or "blue Debrett,")
A cultivated taste for drinks
A trifle more than wet.
Tho' should sweet pa sneak home at one,
He'd find his temperance songs

Accompanied by the
"Order
Of the Poker and the Tongs."

You see this scheme's the only one
That has the boasted charms,
Of adding to a suit of male
A set of lusty arms;
Where patents of nobility
Go—(Well, I'd better not)—
But bless, God bless, the "Order
Of the Grid-Iron and the Pot."



—T.C.

One Never-to-be-Forgotten Day.

MISS RAPIDEMENT, of this city, visited for the first time her dear girl friend, Miss Tardive, at Hamilton, Ont.

They took a car and finally reached King street. The car was successfully stopped directly opposite the General Store.

"Enfin!" exclaimed the lovely village maiden, speaking in the language they both so dearly loved while attending boarding school. "Here is the Departmental I've been describing to you the last half-hour. We shall have ample time to go through the whole establishment before the next car comes along. Ain't we lucky?"

And, brushing gracefully past the fish barrel in the vestibule, she sailed right ahead, without stopping to look at her companion's face!

Biggs: "Tallbrow may be a poet, but he is a hustler."

Giggs: "Why do you say so?"

Biggs: "He missed a train last night and composed a sonnet on "Hope Deferred" while waiting for the next one."

Henderson: "I see that the P.D.Q. Railroad has had a meeting of its stockholders to decide on its future policy."

Johnson: "Well, I suppose they will decide on accident policy as usual."

Simpson: "Refinement is the greatest thing in the world."

Thomson: "That's so. It gives one a standard by which he can accurately size up the shortcomings of others."

A Sure Sign.

May: "Jack is in love again."

Belle: How do you know?"

May: "I saw him down at the jewelry store, having his engagement ring re-set."

In Maine.

Schoolmarm: "James, spell whisky."

James: "L-i-ver o-i-l."

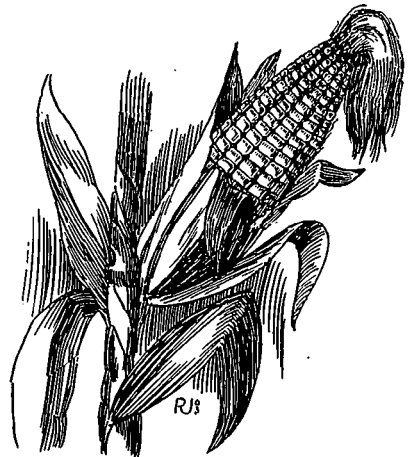
Schoolmarm: "That is very incorrect. Why do you spell it that way?"

James: "Well, that is what is on father's bottle at home."

Mr. Hustle: "I say, my dear."

Mrs. Hustle: "Well?"

Mr. Hustle: "I never realized how successful I am in business until I met some of the friends of my youth, and got a chance to blow about what I am doing."



Musical Term.
A Cultivated Ear.

The Ontario Cabinet Council.



ROSS: "I wish this North York business was safe over. We'll come out all right, of course."

General Chorus: "Oh, of course."

Ross: "But still, you know, one can't help the feeling of suspense. It's too bad that after carrying the elections and the bye-elections we should be worried in this fashion. But everything seems going right. It's the swing of victory—just the final rally, and then we're safe for three years."

Harcourt: "The war which for a space did fail
Now trebly thunders on the gale,
And 'Davis' is the cry."

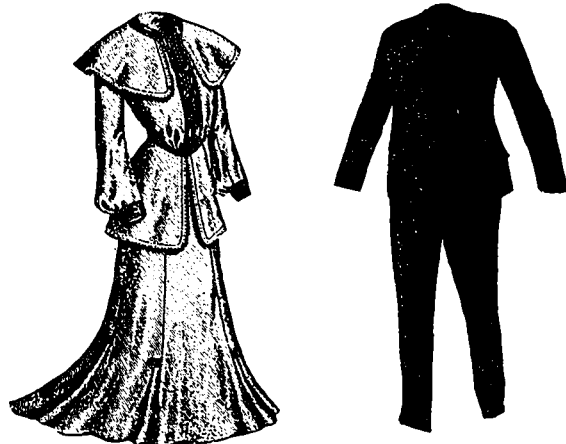
Stratton: "Yes, and when I last saw him,
A light his classic features clad,
He shook the remnants of his wad,
And shouted 'victory!'"

Gibson: "I hope he didn't shout too previously."

Stratton: "No, the fight was half won when we headed off Munns."

Ross: "Did it cost much?"

Stratton: "Well, I haven't figured up yet. Of course we didn't pay out any cash in cases where promises would serve. But you may fancy how many we had to



Merely a Little Premature.

She: "I cannot listen to such words from a married man."

He: "But haven't you heard, my wife's gone on the stage?"

She: "And pray what has that to do with it?"

He: "Everything. She'll naturally want a divorce before many months."

buy in order to prevent Munns finding enough electors to nominate him. Worst of it was, a lot of our regular supporters got onto the game and pretended to stand in with the Prohibition gang just to be bought off. Those fellows all stood out for the stuff—and prices ran all the way from \$10 to a couple of hundred."

Gibson: "That's awful! How can men have so little principle? Couldn't you stand them off?"

Stratton: "Well, no; not those that belonged to our own crowd. You see most of them were fellows that had been stood off before—men that had been promised something last time and hadn't got it. But the regular Prohibitionists are a cheap lot. It didn't take so much to square them. I think I've promised about a dozen of them clerkships in my department, and probably as many sessional writerships—besides those that got cash down."

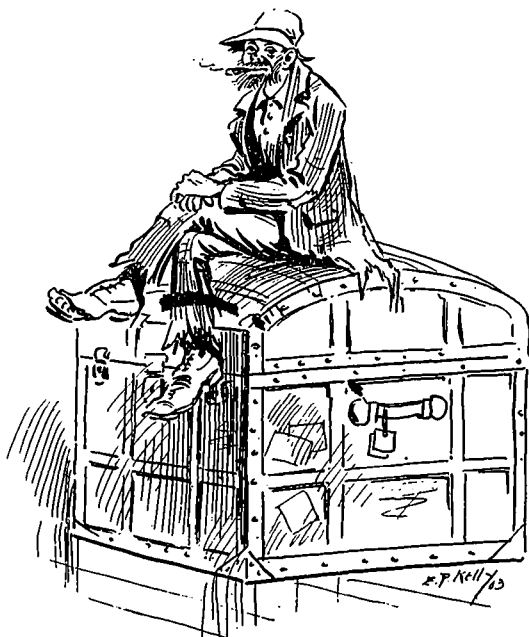
Ross: "Dear! dear! What a terrible rush we shall have! However are we to satisfy them?"

Gibson: "Well, if I might suggest, you know we are only going to have a very short session—just long enough to enable the members to draw their full indemnity. They won't know this, of course. Tell them that they'll be appointed in a week or two, and keep jollyng them along until the session is nearly over, and then appoint them for the balance of the time. Then they can't say that we don't keep our promises."

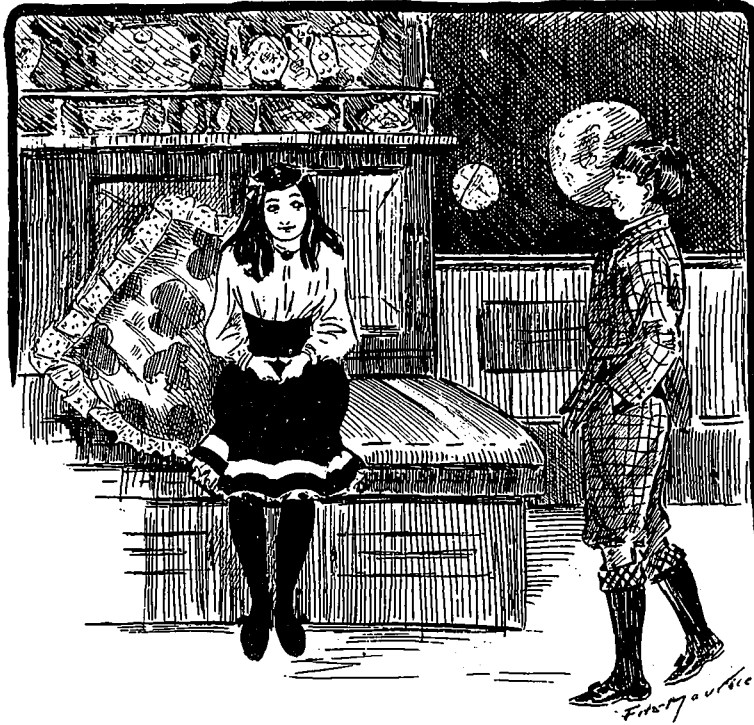
Harcourt: "Yes, I think that's about the way to do it."

Latchford: "But how about those to whom you promised permanent appointments?"

Stratton: "Oh, that's easy. I never have any trouble with them."



A wreck on the Grand Trunk.



The Whip-Hand.

Mimi: "If you tell me your secret, Freddy, I will give you a kiss."
 Freddy: "If you don't stop bothering me, I won't give you a kiss."

Ross: "You don't?"

Stratton: "No, sir. When I promise a man an office, I always take care to tell him that he shall be appointed just as soon as there is a vacancy. Do you see the point?"

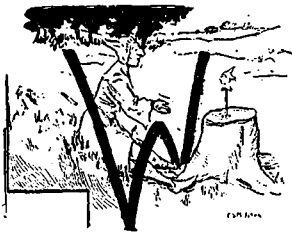
Harcourt: "I can't say that I do."

Stratton: "Well, I don't know how it is with you, but in my department there never is any vacancy! Do you tumble? When he comes to receive his reward I tell him that, unfortunately, there is no vacancy at present, otherwise I should be most happy, etc. It surely isn't my fault that there are not offices enough to go round."

Ross: "Ah, this is a selfish world. Instead of people doing their duty for the pure love of the grand Liberal cause, everybody expects to get something out of it. Even, supposing we could satisfy them all, I should not wish to do so because I fear it would have a demoralizing effect on society."

The Latest Remedy.

"WELL, SIR," he said, as he took a chair, "I am the agent for the Hoffman Wireless Electric Health Hat Band, and would like you to give us a little notice. We have the money, so don't be afraid. Our mission in Canada is, of course, designed to make us some money, but, apart from consideration of



gain, we have the interest of a suffering public at heart.

Where so many arts are employed to mulct the public, the man who can put something that combines simplicity, durability, guaranteed effectiveness, and the latest scientific improvements, gotten up at enormous expense, becomes a benefactor to his country—yes, even to the world. Such a man is Hoffman, and the credit that is his is reflected by the Hoffman Wireless Electric Health Hat Band Company.

"What is it? Simply a small band placed under the sweat-band of your hat. This band is both a magnet and a battery. Yes, it has a full equipment of auto-watts, ohms, amperes, volts, jolts and all the rest of it. Easy to wear; no burning of electrodes, as in the old style electric belts, and guaranteed more powerful than any electric belt ever worn.

"How does it work? Glad you asked that. All bands are alike in make, so that we can make them cheaply, but, according to the diagnosis of the disease, each band is connected by wireless current to a battery at the central station, graded in intensity to the requirements of the patient.

"How far can a patient go from the central station? Oh, say a thousand miles; current is effective up to fifteen hundred miles, but nowhere in America can a patient be more than five hundred miles away from some one of our stations.

"What will it cure? Anything that flesh is heir to: indigestion, emaciation, obesity, gout, rheumatism, scrofula, aenemia, paresis, apoplexy, fits, goitre, consumption, croup and ingrowing-nails. It makes the rich red blood rush to the cheeks, the eye bright, and hope high. Wearing our Health Band, woman becomes more winning and graceful, while man becomes a giant in mental and physical vigor.

"Is that all the band will do? Glad you asked. Even for those in perfect health it is invaluable. It will stimulate where there are any—and where there are none, it will supply—brains. I think—Oh, yes, I was asked for proof of this—actual demonstration in the office of the *Bobcaygeon Bull-dozer*. Editor asked me to put one on a plaster cast of one of your public men. It wasn't on the clay skull three minutes, when it started dictating an editorial. Think it was 'The Effects of Tariffs,' or something like that. And the editorial was good, mind you—good as anything in any of your dailies—had all the adjectives and 'however's,' 'all the same,' 'on the other hand,' 'nevertheless,' 'to be sure,' and so on, and was just about the standard length—a column and a quarter. These are



He: "Do you think a man could possibly love two girls at the same time?"
 She: "Well, not if either of them knew it."

facts, gentlemen. Now, to show our faith in our goods, we will supply you with one of these bands, free—absolutely free, gentlemen. You can pay when cured."

We said that if they were so good we would have a couple sent to certain editors that we wot of. He said that they should be only too glad to send them, provided that we signed an order.

"Is that all?" we asked.

"Well, no; we are not in this business for our health exactly; you will have to give reasonable security that the bands will be paid for if they do the work."

We asked what would be reasonable security.

He said that our note at 30 days was what was required, and that, if in 30 days we returned the bands, with satisfactory evidence that they had not helped us, our note would be returned.

"Would these conditions appear in the note?"

"Well, hardly; a bank would not negotiate that kind of paper."

We are neither large nor heavy, but the monkey-wrench that the pressmen use is both. Seizing it, we requested the person to separate himself and Health Hat Band from the premises.

He said that in all his experience he had never been—.

We said, neither had we, but that—we cannot give the details, but we have noticed that the wrench is now magnetic.

They Make Good Whiskey

Beezletope: "They say that many people in the Scotch Highlands have second sight."

"Boozey: "Yes, I saw double myself most of the time I was there."

Smithers: "It is so very hard to make money in Wall Street."

Blithers: "Not all. But it is almost impossible to get out of Wall Street with the money you have made."

Flipjack: "Why do you consider Bighead a great philosopher?"

Slider: "Because he can understand everybody else and nobody can understand him."

Blenkinsop: "What are the relations between Hendershot and his wife?"

Plugwinch: "A mother-in-law is all I know of."

A Natural Inference.

Stapleton: "Blawsay is pretty well fixed; isn't he?"

Caldecott: "Guess so; I heard him say the other day that life wasn't worth living."

Present Company Excepted,

"You say that every rule has its exceptions."

"Yes."

"Well, there must be an exception to that rule of yours."

"Which one?"

"That every rule has its exceptions."

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Jack: "I hear that Tom has been arrested."

Will: "Yes; when May threw him over he was so disgusted at having spent his money on her that he washed the stamps on the loveletters she returned to him and got nabbed by the revenue officers."

As Usual.

Goodun: "What did the church fair net us?"

Parson: "Forty dollars and a church row."

Latter-Day Politics.

Johnnie: "Pa, how does a man work the party machine?"

Pa: "Oh, different ways. Sometimes he turns a crank."

Professor: "See here, young man, who is the instructor of this class, you or I?"

Youth: "You are."

Professor: "Then why are you acting like an idiot?"

Doormats.

Johnny: "What are the classics, pa?"

Pa: "They are the great works on which the widely-advertised authors of to-day wipe their feet before passing into Immortality."

Simpson: "What is Talkalot looking so chesty about?"

Thomson: "He is posing as a wit because he was the first man to revive the chestnut about Tweedledum and Tweedledee and apply it to Kubelik and Paderewski."

At The Piano Recital.

She: "Oh, Mr. Conniser, do you not admire the professor's execution?"

He: "Well, that's putting it a little strongly perhaps, but if I had to listen to much of his playing I could contemplate such an event with considerable equanimity."

Untrammelled by Conventionalities.

Interviewer: "And don't you find it difficult to interpret Ibsen's characters?"

Leading Tragedian: "Oh, not at all. You see you can give them any interpretation you please and no one can say it's wrong."



Sister: "Do you think it wise to let Clara have so much liberty, James?"

Brother: "My dear sister, do you imagine Clara would flirt with any other man when she is married to me!"

GUARANTEES

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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

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

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

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

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