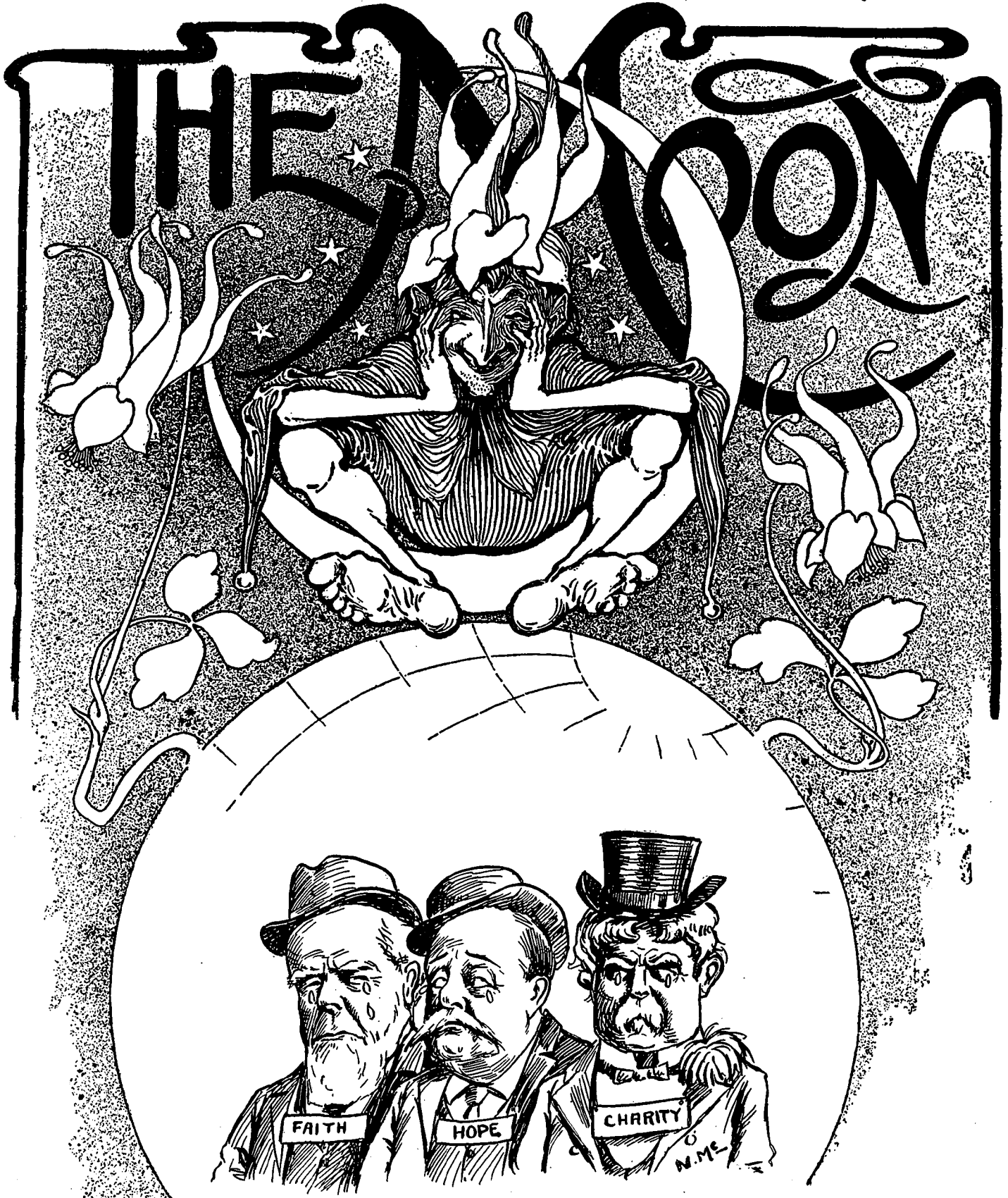


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Canada's only Satirical Paper

For 1903

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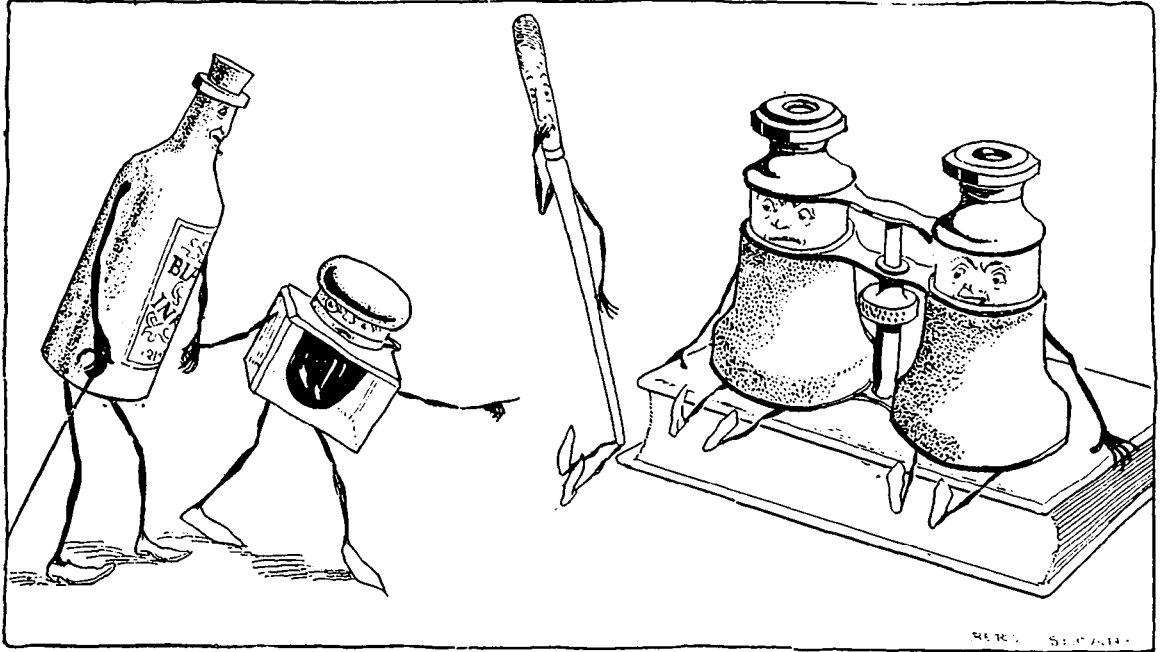
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48 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO



Willie Well : " Oh ! look, pa, there's the Siamese twins."

Last Week and This.

Last week he spoke with glowing cheek
Of how the country he would save,
But now he's sailing up Salt Creek,
The State abandoned, posture meek ;
Is this the one would not be slave—
Last week ?

Last week his principles were high,
The *man* alone should get his vote.
" Give us but worth," was all his cry,
Corrupt is he, would sell or buy,
But yet he wears a traitor's coat—
This week.

Last week, a leaf he'd turn anew,
He'd self-denial teach to men ;
The flowing bowl he would eschew,
Excess from moderation grew,
And yet—and yet—he's drunk again—
This week.

Last week we all resolved to turn
This week to strait and narrow ways.
Last year's mistake would serve to burn
As beacon lights, *the path* to learn ;
Yet sure we'll do as other days—
Next week.

—D. S. MACORQUODALE.

Crying for the Moon.

O, yes, I have had a good dinner,
The viands were cooked to a turn,
The cook did the best that was in her,
Though our cook has no talent to burn.

Dessert gave no reason for flitting,
The jest and nut cracking, the chat,
Were all very proper and fitting ;
I have no kick coming for that.

I enjoyed a cigar after dining,
My pipe at this moment draws free,
I've no visible cause for repining,
There's nothing the matter with me.

My affairs are in fairly good seeming,
In which they bid fair to remain,
My wife is good humored and beaming,
And my health—well, I cannot complain.

If possessed of enjoyment and victuals,
You'll say that there's nothing I need,
But life's not *all* beer and skittles,
And I've nothing whatever to read.

—JINGLING GEORDIE.

We have since sent him a copy.—ED.

Mrs. Gayboy : " I see that lap dogs are all the rage now."
Gayboy : " Well, you supply the dogs and I'll supply the rage."

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

Vol. 2.

JANUARY 10, 1903.

No. 33.

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.



NOW that the Ross Government has succeeded in winning the three Bye-Elections which were held on Wednesday, we may expect the House of Representatives to meet within the shortest time that the Constitution will permit.

Let the Conservative Press malign Mr. Ross as it likes, the fact that the Premier is the best business man in Canadian politics stands out with glaring conspicuousness. The chief characteristics of the solid business man

re—we think everyone will admit—an accurate knowledge of the value of his line of goods, diplomacy in making his purchase at the best price, and absolute secrecy concerning his invoices. All of these qualities Mr. Ross has, in the last few days, given ample evidence of possessing. His bargain with the Grand Trunk Railway—the evidence of which can easily be found in the turn-over in Stratford, where the Grand Trunk shops are located—is one of the best examples of good politics and business that ever Mr. Ross has given us. It eclipses his Referendum stroke, which has heretofore been considered his masterpiece.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will now meet with hearty support from the Liberal Press.

We are glad that the set of men that form our local government is definitely settled, and we believe that it is in the best interests of Mr. Ross that the people have decided as they have. Mr. Whitney has proven his incompetency by not winning. How could he protect our interests when he cannot protect his own?

IT will greatly stimulate the confidence of the Canadian Public if they will carefully read and digest the statement of Manager Hays concerning the recent series of accidents that have been happening with mathematical regularity. Mr. Hays claims that the Grand Trunk has as perfect a system for the running of its trains as any road in America. We believe him. Surely

no fault attaches to a system that permits four or five fatal accidents a month. What does the Canadian Public expect? Why are we permitted to travel from one point to another, at a cost to us of only three cents a mile, if we are not to expect to suffer the occasional inconvenience of an accident?

And, after all is said, of what consequence is a little smash-up, which produces only twenty-eight or thirty corpses, and thirty-five or forty so-called serious injuries? Can a corporation that has to pay large dividends be expected to take the lives of a few unfortunates into their consideration? Surely not.

It is this senseless carping that has given our neighbors the excuse for calling us cranks. Let us grin and bear it if a thousand should be killed each week. The country will get more benefit, in advertising, out of the fact that our roads pay good dividends, than it ever could hope to get had those that are killed not been killed. Silence on the part of those that suffer is the truest indication of heroic spirits. This is the opportunity for the truly patriotic.

TORONTO, the stronghold of Conservatism, has met with a shock that is likely to do her some good in the future. By this, we do not mean to say that it will do the Conservatives good, for they, unquestionably, are beyond salvation. From this time forth, however, the people of Toronto will know how much stock they should take in the honesty of the daily press. Hereafter, when a daily paper denounces any person, it will be safe to form the opinion that that paper is in the pay of the person denounced.

In the recent Municipal elections three Conservatives appeared in the field, one slowly following the others. Each Conservative paper picked out its favorite, and started vigorously to support him. Then the Liberal press played its strong card. The *Globe* and the *Star* came out publicly in support of one of the Conservatives, while privately they urged a Liberal to enter the field. He entered. The *Globe* and *Star* assured the Public that he could not win. The united press was avowedly against him. The Public's sympathy was at once aroused. Result? The Liberal was elected Mayor.

Mr. Urquhart and his party should be congratulated. A better example of good generalship has never been seen. The most expert Jesuit might well be proud of the stroke. The Tory press was beautifully outwitted, and the eyes of the Public were opened.

The re-treat is even more dangerous in the bar than it is on the field of battle.

Why blame the railways for the natural competitive jealousy which prompts them to out-do the automobiles? Competition is the life of trade—the undertaker's trade.

Portraits by Moonlight.



THE VERY REV. WILLIAM CAVEN, D.D.

Brief Biographies—No. XXIV.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

THE "Grand Old Man" of Canadian Presbyterianism, as my subject is now generally called, has two of the necessary qualifications for the position he occupies as the head of Knox College. He was born in the land of the Covenanters, and he holds by the dicta of John Knox. These go with the average Presbyterian, who has been taught to love Calvin and the Banner of Blue. John Caven was a teacher in the parish of Kirkcolm, Wigtonshire, and was allowed by the parish minister to have had the pairs of an excellent dominie. Here William Caven was born seventy-two years ago, and received a fair share of the scholastic caning that was going at his father's school. Hence his proverbial meekness and caution in after life; also his tenacity. At the age of seventeen he is found among the sturdy Scots of Dumfries township, near Galt, Ontario. By rapid ascent through a pastorate at St. Mary's, and a professorship at Knox College, he reached, when he had turned forty, the principalship, a position he still adorns. Recently his ministerial jubilee was celebrated, and a monument to the memory of his usefulness will

rise in the projected Caven library of his college. He is an accomplished writer of English, in the opinion of some, his only superior in Canada being Mr. Goldwin Smith. He is no narrow schoolman, and advances with the main body of his Christian friends in theological research. Enlightened rather than broad, he would concede creed revision, consummate a union of Protestant churches, and he sees no harm in an ornate church service. Nobody is leader in the Presbyterian Church; if anybody were, Dr. Caven would be the man, by the confidence of the people and his skill of measuring men. Dr. Warden's prestige comes by wealth and its worship, Dr. Caven's by character. Though not the leader, no one is more potent. Should you imagine, the meek, guileless-looking principal to be a cloistered exegete, out of touch with the man of the world, ignorant of the wiles of the fertile manipulator, incapable of rending the inscrutable veil of profession and pretence, you are simply mistaken. Should you, because of his habit of balancing, set him down as a temporizer or an opportunist, you are equally in error. He is a Scot of the Scots; shrewd, patient, penetrating. He does not show it by St. Andrew's dinner speeches, because he keeps out of temptation's way, but he is a Scot to the core, and holds by his bone to the end. He is the peacemaker in his church, the writer of compromise resolutions on which angry opponents can unite. This is not weakness, as he sticks to essentials. He has a very humble opinion of himself. That is not weakness either. He has measured swords with politicians, in his day—quietly. Mowat deferred much to his opinion. Ross doesn't, and observe his vanished majority! His fine hand could, once upon a time, have been discovered in appointments emanating from the Government—before Ross was Premier and MacDonald editor. He tripped up D'Alton McCarthy as neatly as did Sir John Macdonald, when the leader of The Thirteen thought he could deliver the goods to Meredith. The Man from Simcoe was no match for the Knoxonian in political craft; and yet who could suspect his mild Presbyterian voice of back-step inflections? In the Equal Rights movement he gibbeted the Jesuits with the readiness of a Pascal, and remains the survivor of a venerable band, which included Douglas, King, Laing, Laidlaw, MacVicar and Macdonnell. Being a Scot, he has a sense of humor and can tell a merry anecdote with the grace of a raconteur. Perhaps of this it is he takes pride in having contributed sons to the witness stand, the equal of whom you cannot find in Canada when broken bones and brains are in dispute. He is canny, he is wise. Long may he gaze at THE MOON.

Cumso: "What caused the row between Senators Sorghum and Gottrox?"

Banks: "Some remarks that Gottrox made at a harmony banquet."

Philo: "He is certainly a great actor, but people say he is a little off mentally."

Gayboy: "Quite true. His intellect plays only one-night stands with him."



An Unjust Suspicion.

Lady (to applicant for situation): "And of course you understand how to make jellies."

Bridget: "Indade, no, mum. Yez needn't be in the laste afeared av that. I niver made anny lady iver I wurruked fur jealous in me loife. Wurra, wurra, but it's hard that a gyurl's good looks should be agin her iverywhere."

Heather's Ladies' Column.



YOU will remember, dear girls, what I told you about Mrs. Very Much Init's Ball. Oh, I am so sorry I went. I could cry with vexation when I think of it. I thought she was a lady! Yes, in spite of the well-known fact that Mr. Init made all his money by selling bran under the name of "Barley Brainlets," the "Only Bump-tious Breakfast Food"

(pre-digested and pre-historic), I *did* think she was a lady. But you will hardly believe me when I tell you that only two days after the ball I happened to meet her by the five cent counter in Eaten's. She pretended not to know me, and sailed by without a word. I would not have minded so much had it not been for the fact that

my great uncle's second cousin, Harry Van Cravenette, was with me, and saw the whole affair. The Van Cravenette's are awfully swell, and I knew that he was snickering behind his glove. I don't know how it is, but I never before noticed how very much underbred Mrs. Init looks; her cheeks are so fat, and her nose is so pug; as for that ridiculous English accent she carries about with her, people say she got it from her footman. You know before she was married she was only Miss "Fatty" Passee, and old Passee was nothing but a street car conductor. If it were not for the fact that I never repeat scandal or even gossip in this column, I might mention several things which would astonish you. Everyone knows that Miss Emmelyne Abouttobe Very Much Init's engagement to Charlie Brainless Doucky was broken off because he could not stand the way Mrs. Init mixed up "seen" and "saw."

I was present at a most *recherché* little luncheon the other day. I refer to the one given by Miss Sweetly O'Riginal, that delightful little Irish beauty who has lately taken the warpath. It took place in her mother's deliciously tiny flat in Hardup Street, and was really the most shining example of "multum in parvo" which I have ever seen, even the steam radiator being converted into a sumptuous divan for the accommodation of six. Miss O'Riginal hates having anything like other people, so the hour chosen was 2 o'clock a.m., and the illuminations (in honor of myself) were strictly moonlight.

Altogether the whole affair was very outré, and the fact that one could hardly see what one was eating lent a charming mingling of danger and romance. The only accident occurred to the youngest Miss de Liverus, who swallowed an oyster by mistake.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alma.—No, I do not think it would be wrong to marry your late husband's brother's wife's second cousin—provided he asks you. No, it is no trouble. Always come to me with all little worries like this. I love to feel that I have helped someone.

Daughter.—I quite understand why you hesitate to speak to your mother about it. She might call you silly. But if you looked as nice as you say in your new rain-cloak, it is quite possible that you were not mistaken, and that it *was* you he winked at. Wish you luck, little girl!

Erin.—No, I am not Irish. Whatever made you think that?

Boy.—Your puppy is probably suffering from a bad conscience. The fact that he growls in his sleep, seems

to point to some serious mental disturbance. Find out if he has anything on his mind.

Society.—It was in exceeding bad taste. Of course he knows you may accept nothing but fruit or books or flowers. But he ought to have got something which cost at least ten dollars. It was quite right of you to give the violets to your maid.

Smilax.—I consider your letter very impertinent, friend. Of course, it is all right for me to know all about the private affairs of all my correspondents, but my own private affairs (the few that I do not mention in this column) are my own business. I will trouble you to keep your advice to yourself.

Stylish—Yes, a bright green veil is always striking.

—HEATHER.

Mrs. Jasper: "I found a penny just now under a street lamp. Do you think it is a sign of good luck to find a penny like that?"

Jasper: "Well, it is at least a sign that you have a keen eye for pennies."

In Sombre Tones.

Pinxit: "Stipple has a pretty fair technique, but I don't like the effect of his pictures. His colors are too sombre."

D'Auber: "Well, you know, an artist must paint what he sees."

Pinxit: "Ah, yes, that accounts for it. The poor fellow has seen a great many duns lately."

A Surer Test.

Actress (*seeking engagement*): "Here, sir, are some of the notices I have received from leading European and American papers."

Manager: "Never mind the notices. Anybody can get them now a days. What leading soap manufacturers have asked you for a certificate?"

Guessed it Right.

Witherspoon: "Were you visiting Miss Skipjack last evening? The neighbors said there was something on foot there."

Baskerville (*sadly*): "So there was—it was me."

Relics of the Past.

Spacer: "If you can't use my jokes yourself perhaps you can advise me where to send them."

Editor: "I should think the *Antiquarian Magazine* would appreciate them."

The Blower.

The blank verse fell like blanker prose,
And Rudyard tore his hair;
And scarlet was the poet's nose,
As he dashed it off for fair.

He had no care for the critics that roar,
He cared not what he wrote,
For the public reads as th' ostrich feeds—
It doesn't know how to choke.

He sang: What reckoning need I keep,
Or guide me by a star,
If I grind out verse that will give a sleep
To a nation in peace or war?

Last night ye said my writing was rum,
But press-ward it shall go,
For—I tell, I vow, my secret now—
It's the kind that the people know.

So I shall write and not heed the roast,
The call, the whack, the jeer,
For I come of a breed that will stand the most
For a beer, and a beer, and a beer.

For fattening hogs the pen is mightier than the sward.



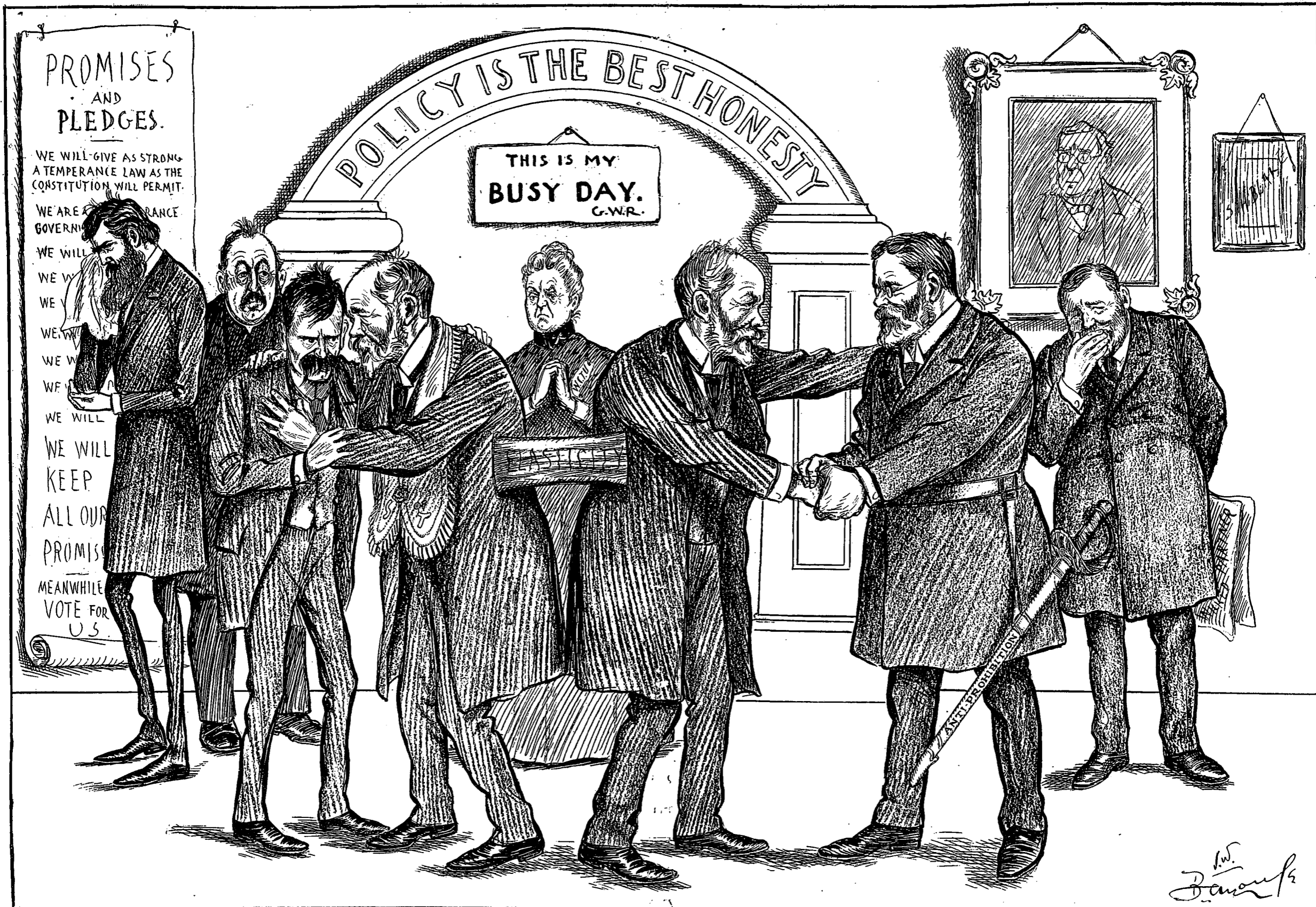
Justly Celebrated.

Binkerton: "That is Prof. Dingbats, the distinguished philologist."

Pilgarlic: "Never heard of him. What's he done, anyway?"

Binkerton: "Done! Why, the other day he discovered a genuine Americanism that no one has been able to trace to an English origin."

THE MOON



THE SIAMESE TWINS UP TO DATE.

An unfortunate fix for both the personages—the Prohibitionist and the Politician.



A Gentle Rebuke.

He: "Ah, 'Old Colonial Mansion,' by Miss Niggles. Careful handling—good values—but rather lacking in breadth. She belongs to the pre-Raphaelite school, you know."

She (sweetly): "How can you be so sarcastic, Mr. Conniser? To be sure poor, dear Miss Niggles is rather *passee*, but she really can't be so old as that!"

A Long-felt Want Supplied.



THE HAT-LOVERS' HATTERY, a departure from the regular system of trade, is an institution that is doomed to be one of the great successes of modern commerce.

The undertaking is one of those splendid steps in the direction of a complete reform of our social system, which steps are being made with remarkable frequency in these days of

inventive genius.

During the last month, branches of *The Hat-Lovers'*

Hattery have been opened in nine hundred and eighty-seven cities, with a population of over fifty thousand each, in the United States. The success that has attended the enterprise there is sufficient surety of its permanency.

The system adopted by *The Hat-Lovers' Hattery* is so simple that it strikes one as being remarkable that it was not thought of ages ago. But it is always these simple things that require genius to discover.

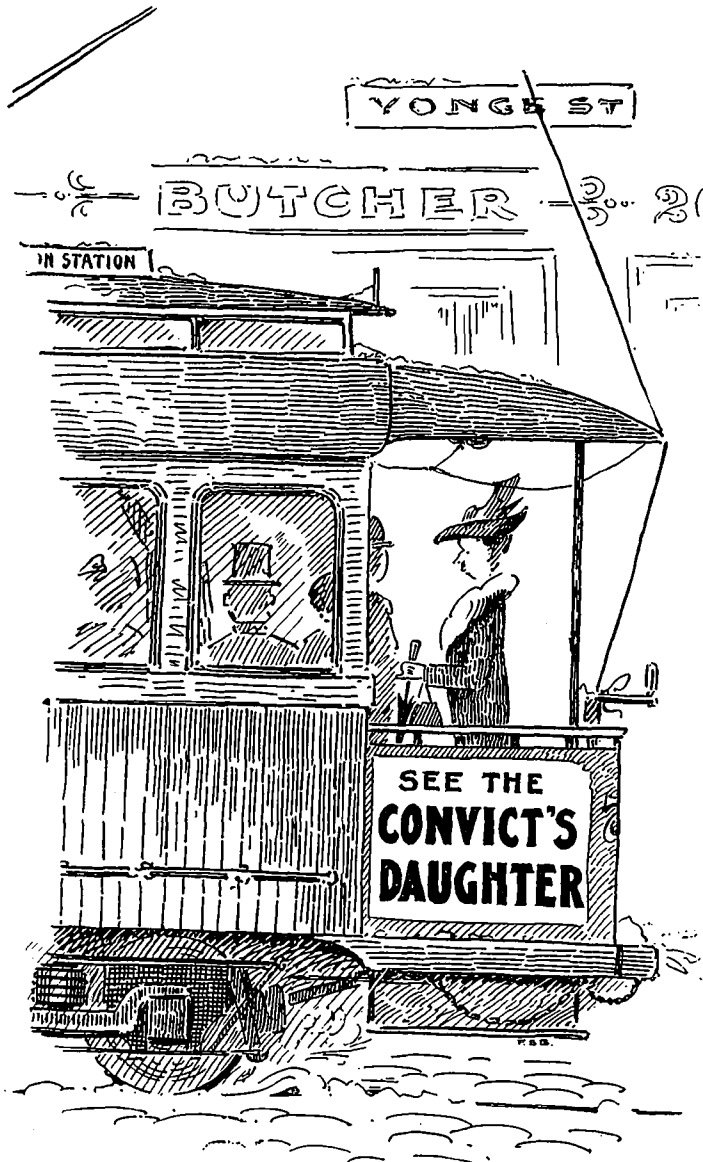
The lucky man in this case is a Canadian of almost supernatural advertising capacity. Seemore Beatem was unheard of yesterday; to-day he is famous. He has been "given" a full-page portrait in the *World's* (United States) *Work!* He is now a world's worker—he is working the world.

Ladies and their husbands know only too well the expense, the trouble and annoyance they have tolerated at the hands of unprincipled milliners. With the assistance of *The Hat-Lovers' Hattery* all this shall cease.

Under the old system it cost a lady at least twenty-five dollars for a comparatively respectable hat. As no woman can do with less than four hats a year—one for each season—she was compelled to spend one hundred dollars a year for headdresses. One hundred dollars for the privilege of wearing four hats! Under the new system, a lady, wishing to provide for her headgear for a year, goes to the local branch of *The Hat-Lovers' Hattery*, pays twenty-five dollars,

and secures a ticket. This ticket entitles the holder to a change of hat once a week, throughout the year. Fifty-two hats for twenty-five dollars! As some ladies do not like to wear one hat for a whole week, the *Hattery* issues a special fifty-dollar ticket, which entitles the holder to take out and return two hats at a time.

All hats owned by the *Hattery* are of the finest quality. No artificial vegetables or fowls are used in the trimmings. Some dainty New Year styles are now exhibited in the company's Toronto branch. The most original and attractive are made up in the fashionable mushroom shape, and are trimmed, of course, in great variety, with a combination of mushrooms, celery, lettuce, asparagus, onions, and turkey and goose limbs. Possibly the most



When will the insolence of these monopolists be suppressed ?

stunning is what is catalogued as the "Fricassee." It is an ordinary "pitcher" shape, but the trimming is magnificent; the hat is simply loaded down with a tremendous fricassee of turkey wings and chicken, surmounted by a goose's head, around which the ever-present onion is clustered. The effect is wonderful. It is so becoming to so many wearers. In the States this hat is in great demand. Quite amusing little intrigues are set on foot, having as their object the keeping of this hat amongst a certain set until it shall be out of style. In fact, much innocent scheming is done by the best people to secure control of all the more popular shapes, that they may not

become common.

In conclusion we wish to assure our readers that it is not necessary to live in the city to be admitted to the privileges of *The Hat Lovers' Hat-tery*. Large boxes, containing an assortment of hats, are shipped regularly to out-of-town members. The boxes are specially and neatly made, and contain separate compartments for ice.

Excrutiating.

Borax: "After all it is not surprising that so many of the Americans sympathized with the Boers. They are of the same stock as the New York Knickerbockers, you know."

Samjones: "That's so. And in their frequent fights with the Kaffirs they have shown themselves regular nigger-baulkers."

"Gosh!"

Inkster: "Wonder why Opkins is always worrying over the inadequacy of the copyright law. He never wrote anything worth stealing, anyway."

Sinnick: "That's why. He wants to make people think he has."

The Law They Violated.

Billison: "So they stopped the prize-fight by arresting the principals, eh? What was the charge against them? Assault, I suppose."

Pilgarlic: "Oh, dear, no! Slander."

Currie: "I don't care what you say, the majority of people believe in luck."

Jackson: "Of course, all the unsuccessful people believe in it, and they are in the majority."

Out of Order.

Pilgarlic: "Hello, Biggleswade, didn't keep your New Year's resolution to cut out the booze very long, did yer?"

Biggleswade: "Well, no, you see it was out of order."

Pilgarlic: "How do you mean?"

Biggleswade: "There was no seconder to it."

Stapleton: "And what inluded them to appoint Longbill as city treasurer? Has he any qualifications?"

Caldecott: "Yes, he's been a plumber for many years. No fear of any shortage in his accounts."

A Pleasant Pastime.

Weary: "I wonder what Kneebags is smiling to himself about?"

Traddles: "I guess he is dreaming of how he will turn down his old friends when he gets rich again."



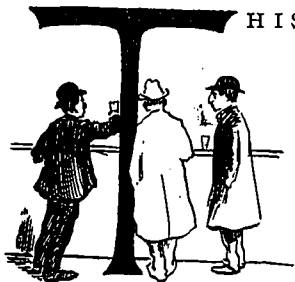
A Very Good Reason.

Pupil (reading conclusion of story of good little boy who gave his cake to a beggar): "And Harry was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes."

Teacher: "Now, Jonnie, can you tell me why he was more glad?"

Pupil: "Yes'm. 'Cause if he'd a-eaten ten cakes he'd had a awful pain in his stummick."

Tankerville's Anti-Treating Resolution.



HIS treating business is the great curse of the country. It is just about the most ridiculous, expensive and useless habit a man can contract. Why on earth, if a fellow wants a drink, shouldn't he just go and buy one same way he'd buy a collar or a pound of tea, or anything, without having to buy another for any acquaintance that happens to be around? By thunder, I've made a

fool of myself that way long enough. It costs me, at least, two or three dollars a week just for pure foolishness. I'm out of it. I don't do it any more.

Hello, Doddikin, old man! How's things? Ain't seen you for a dog's age. Goin' up street? Well, you know, I was just saying to myself, I was going to shut down on this miserable treating business. There's nothing in it.

I was just going into the Arcade to have a quiet drink by myself. Going that way, too, was you? Well, seeing we ain't met for so long, we may as well drink together. Of course there's no harm in taking a drink with a friend occasionally. I didn't mean that at all; it's this promiscuous all-round treating that I am down on.

A hot whiskey for me, barkeep. Here's to you, old man. Say, on a cold day like this that just goes right to the spot. Have you seen Piddicombe lately. Hitting the booze as much as ever, is he? There's another smart fellow gone all to the devil on account of this miserable treating practice. Well, I'm awful glad to have met you. I must be off. Seeing it's such a cold day I don't mind if I do.

Same for me, Jimmy, but make it light. Here's a go. Well, good-bye.

Hello! Here's Bummerson and Poldoody and McGullion. Well, well, boys, how are you? Guess you all know each other? Oh no, thanks. Excuse me this time. Well, 'taint often we meet; that's a fact. Just a little drop of the same; cold this time. Say, who are you hustling for this time, Bummerson? Ross? Well, you're going to get left. Bet you the drinks you do. S'all right, Bummerson, only get the stuff right away. You onto same game, Mac? Take a Ross drink, eh? Well, I guess, on'y it don't change my vote; not by jug-full. May'sh well get everything at's goin' 'lection times. Gimme Walker. Sing'lar, why they call it Walker when more man takesh lesh he can walk. Ha, ha! How's 'at?

Ross got no show. Whitney's all right. No, shir; won't take nuther drop. No, I ain't no liar. Don't call half-glashful drop, do you? Drunk! Whosh drunk

Where's Poldoody? See here, bet you ten thousand dollars gets lected. I mean Whitney. Whash diffence anyway? Don't care. Shay, its dry talkin' poltics. Lesh have 'nuther. Take suthin' self, barkeep. We're all jol' good f'lers anyway; but Whitney's all right. Shee point? Any man shays Premier's goin' elect Whitney dunno—whash—talkin—bout. I'm all right; jush want nuther drink, thash all. Don't give hang, 'cause never give nuthin. Ha, ha! Whoop!

Whadyer say, Doddikin? Had 'nuff? Mind own business; you dunno nuthin'. Let'er go. S'lection time. Whitney all right; bet he'sh got majority 20,000 dollarsh. McGullionsh blooming ass; Poldoody's nuther. Bummerson, old man, you're only friend I've got, friendsh of my days hood boysh, as poet says. He's besht man I ever knew. Rejosh, theresh two of him to-day. Shay, which ish Bummerson? Which of him's got dollar to lend me?

Where you fellers gone? Whash matter? Got losh money; why don't cough up? Deadbroke; busted. 'Rah for Whitney anyway! Goin' get lickted, 'lected; one or other; don't care which. No, I ain't goin' home. Jusst begun spend evenin'. Whash matter? Nothin's matter. Give's 'nuther. Whoop! I'm's indepen't's hog on ishe.

The Words of Whittaker.

WHEN the time of the New Moons has come and the day of the Feast is passed, then cometh the days of fasting and of mourning. Be comforted, my son, and mourn not, but rather join the devout and pray that the days of feasting come again, that thy soul may be comforted.

Now are the evil days, for candidates are scarce in the land. We write this with our own hand. Therefore, look thou not on the lager when it hath a bead on it—unless thou have the price.

Behold how stocks have fallen. Thy vote, which last week was worth a talent of silver, is now of less account than a tariff speech. Thy opinion, which was sought by the elders, thou canst not now trade for a car ticket.

Thou waitest in the lobby till one appear and thou sayest: "Aha, brother, when thou did'st seek my counsel, did I not strive for thee, work for thee, vote for thee? Yea, verily, did I not testify to thy many virtues? I pray thee, speak well of me to the captain of the host, that there may be provender for the boy."

But, he shall answer and say: "Brother, I wist not what thou sayest. Away, fellow; thou art not even a cousin." Then shalt thou discover that his virtues are not, and have not been, and that thou hast been a liar from thy youth up.

Take no thought for the day after to-morrow, or of the day before that, but quit drink *now*.

Remove thy foot from thy neighbor's house, but do not this with the mortgage.

If thou would'st be successful in capturing the good will of thy neighbor, give not good advice, but—ask it. Then will they speak well of thee as of one who would learn.

If thy neighbor, the friend of other days, be waxed great and hath much silver and more gold, say of him that thou did'st know him when he was poor and barefoot—if thou art of the foolish ones.

If thou would'st borrow money to relieve thy necessities, borrow first a fur-lined coat, and get thee a new hat.

Learn first to be a good canvasser, and all other good things shall be added to thy account.

There be two things too wonderful for me, yea, three that are past finding out; the way a politician remembereth his former convictions; the way of a Returning Officer with a ballot box, and the way of a theatre goer on \$7 a week.

Yet another thing would be marvelled at, could we but know; the way Judas, surnamed Iscariot, would receive Samuel Hume Blake, were he presented.

Lie not about thy wares, yea, tho' it cost thee a seat in the market-place, but get thee an advertising expert and give him the G.B. if he do not discreetly.

If thou dost peddle insurance policies, let thy policy be to coax, flatter, cajole, wheedle, or bully, that so he may weary of thee and make the application as a last resort.

Say not of another company that it is bad; say, rather, it is good, "but—"

He that withholdeth coal, the people shall curse him; say therefore: "We are grieved that we have only soft, but we will sell it to you for \$8.00." Thus shall ye get rid of soft coal that will be worth \$5.00 in three months, and not get rid of your reputation.

Where no Council is, there speeches are scarce, but in a multitude of King's Counsel there is strength for the Government.

He that walketh openly with rich men can borrow a dollar of the poor, and the butcher seeth in him a goodly mark.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, save when ye are sure he is down and out.

Remove not the old landmark, but hire a good P.L.S., and give him a pass to the theatre.

"Where no wood is the fire goeth out," and where no unauthorized agents are on the side lines, the vote exceeds not the voters.

The Liberal soul shall get office and be made fat, but the Conservative soul shall not be comforted.

Better are 40 heelers spread through the hall, primed to clap at a signal, than seven speeches that have reason.

A bone for a cur, thistles for an ass, and a dollar for a fool's vote.

O. G. WHITTAKER.

American (just landed in England): "Now, which is the best route to take to London?"

British Friend: "The root of all evil, I should say."



The Same Thing.

Reggie: "Well, as the saying goes, you'd better be out of the world than out of the fashion."

Murial: "It's a very silly saying. If you were out of the fashion you would be out of the world."

What Did the Trick.

CONFERENCE of candidates after the battle :

Howland: "It is all very well, Mr. Mayor, and I don't blame you, but you'd never have warmed that seat but for Lamb."

Lamb: "You're wrong again, Howland, the Mayor would have been plain Tom Urquhart but for yourself, and I would have taken the place that my long public service entitles me to."

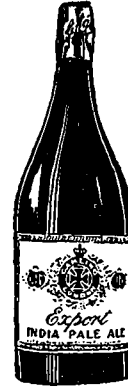
Robinson: "Oh, rats, Lamb! It was you and Howland together who elected Mr. Mayor, and I congratulate the people on their good sense in rejecting you both, but it has undone me."

Urquhart: "I think it was simply a splendid victory for good government. Look at the odds against me, three Tories to one Liberal. I believe I could have won if you were twenty to one against me."

Woodley: "That's good Grit reasoning, Mr. Mayor, but remarkable logic. But you had a snap, Mr. Mayor, a perfect cinch."

Mr. Mayor: "I don't see it."

Woodley: "Great Scot, man, you had the *Toronto Globe* against you!"



CARLING
LONDON

Marjorie: "So, dear, you are determined to marry a man with a title?"
Gwendolen: "Yes, or rather, a title with a man."



Met His Approval.

Farmer: "D'ye see that sign, young feller?"

Fisherman: "Why, yes! It's a first-rate idea. Some greenhorns make so much noise about it that they scare off all the fish."

A Manifest Slander.

He: "Calls himself an Italian Count, eh? Well, it's not so long since he was employed in a down town barber shop."

She: "Impossible. He's the dullest man I ever met—has absolutely no conversational powers."

Celestial Abodes.

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For "Mansions in the Skies,"
You'll find them where Chicago's
halls
Two dozen stories rise.

Jones (rising from the sidewalk):
"Ouch! my head's broken."

Smith: "Well, it was cracked before."

Jones: "So was that joke."

Not an Insuperable Obstacle.

Pigsnuffle: "Not many marriageable women at the Van Bullion's last evening, were there?"

Bildad: "Well, there were the Boodlesnap girls and Mrs. Dash-away, of Chicago."

Pigsnuffle: "But she's already married."

Bildad: "Didn't I say she was from Chicago?"

Samjones: "There's a great deal of money to be made out of farming."

Borax: "I'd like to know how."

Samjones: "Why, in business and manufacturing, for instance."

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