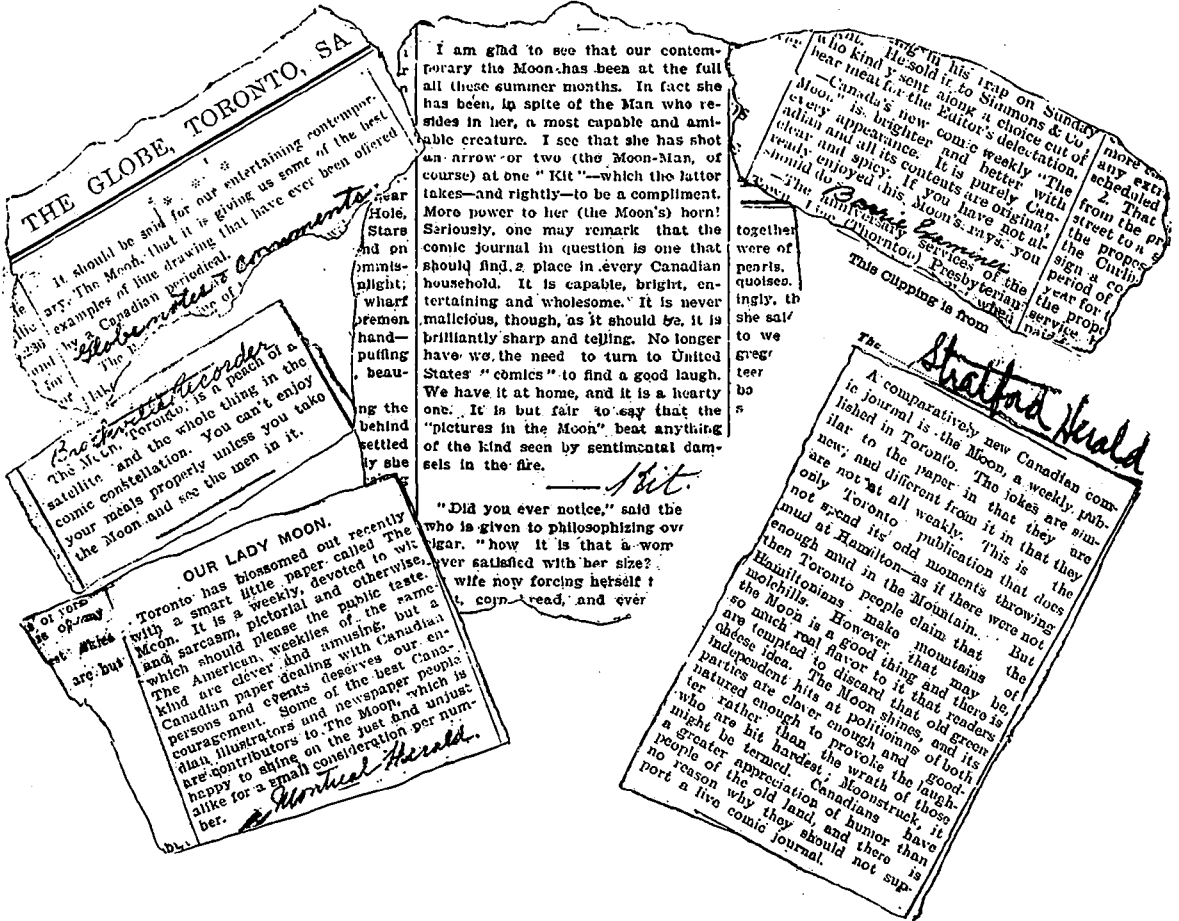




Madam Toronto: "What I need is a watch-dog."

# WHAT THE PRESS SAYS



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### X-Ray Rugby.

The Skilligans vs. The Drybones.

### The Society Belle.

Evangeline at eight plus ten  
 Is quite a despot grown :  
 The way to charm the hearts of men  
 Too well to her is known.  
 Her pater she had learned to rule  
 In her first year, 'tis said,  
 When he to keep her temper cool  
 Forsook his cosy bed.  
 Now travel in her courtly train  
 Admirers by the score ;  
 Yet not content o'er these to reign,  
 She longs and sighs for more.  
 But 'neath the drooping lash of brown  
 Which shades her hazel eye,  
 And lurking close beside that frown,  
 As flatterers draw nigh,  
 A silent voice in passion prays  
 The boon of kindred soul  
 To pilot her through life's lone way  
 And make existence whole.  
 Though social belle, from sovereign power  
 She gladly would remove,  
 To know the joy of one bright hour  
 Of undiluted love.

—P. J.

### No Comic Papers Then.

St. Paul, to sippancy ne'er lenient,  
 Denounces " jesting not convenient."  
 Now, jests are made by those who think 'em  
 Convenient as a source of income.

### The Same Old Trouble.

"Hello, Bilderdick! Are you still running the Way-  
 back *Whooper*?"  
 "No, Peavick. Threw it up some time since. Couldn't  
 please everybody."  
 "What was the trouble?"  
 "Every advertiser wanted top of column and I couldn't  
 fix it. I'm in real estate now."  
 "That suits you better, eh?"  
 "Oh, no. Just the same old trouble. Can't lay out a  
 plan that'll give every buyer a corner lot."

Few things are more enjoyable than the thrills of moral  
 conceit.

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

Vol. 1. NOVEMBER 8, 1902. No. 24.

88 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.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, like all men of his degree of greatness, finds it necessary, now that the South African war is over, to make another original move in order that the public, startled by the fact that an English politician is doing something, will turn the lime-light full upon him—and so he will not be lost.

With great blare of trumpets he announces his trip to the South African colonies. The great intelligent English public takes its cue and loudly shouts its drunken approval.

Mr. Chamberlain knows his people. He knows their likes and dislikes. He knows even their favorite color—yellow—and parades it before their intelligent bulging eyes until, color-blind, they know not black from white—know nothing, in fact, care for nothing but the bows and knots of yellow that he ties, uniting fairy countries, continents, and men.

The *Vienna Journal of State and Political Economy* pronounces Mr. Chamberlain to be "A man of keen insight, steady judgment, invincible energy, and unbending will." That is about what we should expect the *Globe* to say of Laurier, or the *Mail* to say of Borden—such scant praise is looked for in party organs only. When the *Journal of State* speaks of Mr. Chamberlain's "keen insight," we are forced to wonder what his feelings must be when he turns his mental X-ray machine on himself. What a nerve the man must have to stand the shock! The *Journal* states also that he possesses "an iron hand in a velvet glove." Without doubt the editor of that paper is aware of the fact that the subject of his sketch was brought up in the hardware business. "He is an Empire builder," says the *Vienna Journal*. This is news in THE MOON. We should take it as a kindness if some admirer of the Colonial Secretary will inform us which empire he has built, and whether or not Mr. Chamberlain's firm got the contract to supply the iron-work of the structure.

THE King has been "graciously pleased" to promote General Lord Methuen from Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath to Knight Grand Cross of that order.

Some inquisitive persons may wonder why it is that Methuen should receive this promotion, when all that General French got for his work in the war was a K. C. M. G. We anticipate the question, and give the answer. General French did not lose a thousand men at Magersfontien, nor was he captured with his whole army anywhere.

Moral: Get beaten, and honors are heaped on you in compensation; win, and you need no soothing-syrup.

MR. BORDEN has now made his trip through the West, and he is reported as having said things on various subjects—which he treated in various ways.

In case any question should arise as to what the purpose of Mr. Borden's trip was, we wish clearly to state that anything he may have said that has offended anyone was not intended, and anything that has pleased is authoritative. The trip was purely one of practice to enable Mr. Borden to see what it feels like to give orders and to make promises, so that his *wind* may not give out in case an election should be sprung on him without warning.

WAS it not encouraging to see the enthusiasm that Premier Ross, our dainty Mayor Howland, and a good smattering of our aldermen, displayed during "General" Booth's visit to the city! The city hall made quite gay over the "General," we are told. Premier Ross, Mr. Howland, etc., occupied seats on the platform during the lecture at Massey Hall. Without doubt this was very nice and courteous—but would it not have been in quite as good taste if the Boer delegates had received a little of the respect that was shown to Mr. Booth? But then, the absence of courtesy to the Boers is not likely to lose anyone any votes—is it? And the Salvation Army? Well—oh—you know, the Salvation Army has quite a large membership—so you see—

THE blue book on the Colonial Conference makes us acquainted with the fact that Sir Wilfred Laurier proposed to Mr. Chamberlain that Canada should give Great Britain an increase in the preferential tariff—that is to say, a greater preference.

This was good of Sir Wilfred, for it shows us that the men that we are paying to keep up our social prestige are willing to stop at no sort of toadyism that will make us more popular with our dear friends at 'ome.

It may be asked why England has always refused to grant Canada any preference. Such a question should not be asked, for it is embarrassing, and is not good form.

We should not ask England for a preference, but we should give her anything that may please her. Why? Oh, well, now—ah—that is—oh, well, England will give us permission to call ourselves her property!

## Portraits by Moonlight.



HON. GEORGE EULAS FOSTER.

## Brief Biographies—No. XVI.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

**H**ON. GEO. EULAS FOSTER, B.A., LL.D., D.C.L., Statesman, was born at Carleton, N.B., 1847. Entered Parliament 1882, sitting for King's County. He became Minister of Finance in 1898, and so continued under the successive Governments of Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir J. J. Abbott, Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and Sir Charles Tupper, and quit only when the Tories quit in 1896.

There was a strike on for a few days in Jan., 1896, in which he was leader, and had added to his titles L.N.T. (Leader of the Nest of Traitors.) The strikers succeeded in driving out the non-union men, and went back to work.

Morgan says of him :

"As a boy he served in a country store."—Biography Geo. Eulas Foster.

We knew, as soon as we read that, he would be a clever fellow some day. Anybody can go to college if "Paw" will only put up the necessary funds; but the boy who can comb his hair in a cowlick on his forehead, put a pencil behind his ear and do it so that it will stay there till wanted, is an embryo statesman. If he can only learn to cipher, he will get a chance to do that for others for the remainder of his days—and remain one himself. This Mr. Foster succeeded in accomplishing. He learned to "say a piece" in his village Sunday School, and his tongue has not forgot its cunning. His first speech in Parliament attracted much attention; the members on both sides of the House having a unanimous feeling of wonder—as to when he'd get through.

Hon. George Eulas Foster is a confirmed Prohibitionist and Baptist, but with the unerring instinct of a statesman he has never let his moral convictions collide with his duty to his country, his party, or *himself*. The latter two are one. Morgan says :

"He also favors the idea of an Imperial Federation of the British Dominions, in which each country, while perfectly free to manage its own domestic affairs, shall be leagued with all the others in a community of trade and commerce."

In this Mr. Foster is up to the times and means what all the other Imperialists mean—but what that is, THE MOON is not able to say.

Mr. Foster, in addition to his already-mentioned articles of Belief, holds some strong views of Unbelief. He has always had a firm want of confidence in the under-dog, and in support of his unfaith, when defeated by Blair in 1900 at the general elections, he abandoned the country to its fate, and retired to the Temple of Damaged Fame, where now a goodly number of political lame ducks find refuge under the wing of that celebrated Forester, who may not be named by Saxon tongue.

It is confidently hoped that, should the Tory Party (which of course means the country) ever establish itself again in the confidence of the electorate, Hon. George Eulas Foster will be found ready to stand "shoulder to shoulder" with himself, and sacrifice his last adjective, in defence of office and its perquisites.

"It isn't the portraits by moonlight that one dreads so much as the poor traits by 'Moon' light in the column below," nervously soliloquized the eminent politician, who felt in his bones that it was his turn to face the lunar searchlight and get took.

## Good Form.

Smart Alec and chums entered some fenced woods to go nutting, in face of the fact that the gate bore a notice :  
PRIVATE.

Irate owner meets them and asks : "What are you doing here? Didn't you see the notice that trespassers would be prosecuted?"

Alec : "Yes, sir, we saw a notice, but as it was marked 'private,' we didn't read it."



J. Israel Micawber :

"Waiting for something to turn up."

### Predigestion.

THE veterinary surgeon was really shocked at the appearance of his patient. He could hardly believe that 24 hours could have made such a change in anyone. But, hiding his emotion, as became an inscrutable expert, he cheerfully began, "Not feeling up to your usual to-day, Mrs. Bos Bovis?"

Mrs. Bovis was in a bitterly sarcastic mood. "Would I send for you if I were?" she moaned in low, intense tones.

Unruffled and uncowed by her demeanor, which he saw was the result of internal conflict, the surgeon proceeded to his professional duties. "Your hoof, please." He merely intended to time her pulse, but she wilfully misunderstood him.

"Certainly, sir!" And her left hoof shot out with pleasing rapidity, narrowly missing his thoughtful brow. "Really," thought the expert to himself, "Bossy is

not herself to-day; but I must feel that hoof," and, catching it in mid-air, about two inches from his head, he clung to it with both hands. He had always considered the life of a surgeon a precarious one, and was never surer of the fact than at that critical moment.

Luckily for him, the effect of his touch was magical. The patient, feeling herself in contact with a mastermind, not to mention two irresistibly muscular hands, gave in and became as meek as—a cow. "Pardon me," she said, "I hope I didn't alarm you. The movement of my foot was involuntary."

Accepting her apology, which had been tendered with the sweetest of bovine smiles, the physician glanced at his watch, timed the hoof-beats, and carelessly flung aside the offending member, now limp and nerveless. "You have a tremendous pulse," he remarked.

What he meant by this, who would venture to say? As I remarked somewhere back there, he was an inscrutable expert. Besides this, he was short and stout and bland and had—

But I am wandering from the point.

He then inserted into her mouth a six-foot glass tube, at the same time saying, "Be careful to keep it under your tongue, madam." Ignoring his words, she chewed thoughtfully away at it, till a sound of grinding glass caused the surgeon to start nervously. With undue haste, he wrenched a two-foot fragment from her mouth and examined it. It was as he feared. She had swallowed three pounds of quicksilver.

"Her temperament was mercurial enough before," he muttered; "What will it be now?"

"A new thermometer will cost me four dollars," he added. "If she recovers, that can go in the bill."

His stock of patience was all but exhausted (in this particular it resembled his stock of patients); yet, preserving an unnatural calm, he proceeded to ask a few necessary questions.

"When did this indisposition come on?" he queried.

"Fool!" she said vivaciously, "It didn't come on; it *went in*."

He felt that he had a clue. "What went in?" he continued soothingly.

"Oh! that awful stuff. Don't ask me to talk about it." Mrs. Bos Bovis shuddered.

"But I have to know. Begin at the beginning and tell me just what happened."

His mesmeric glance was upon her; his clear, insistent tones compelled obedience. Mrs. Bovis resigned herself to the inevitable.

"Well, to make a long story short, you know my habit, when nothing better is provided, of breakfasting off the sawdust near the wood-pile?" He nodded assent, and she went on. "They generally give me hay for dinner and straw for supper, but for breakfast—well—I just have to forage round, and—"

"Yes! Yes!" said the surgeon, "and to-day?"

"I'll tell it my own way or not at all," moaned the patient moodily. "As I was saying, I have always

had to forage about for my breakfast, and have usually found nothing but the sawdust near the wood-shed. There is not much nourishment in it, sir, but still it had staying qualities, and, if properly masticated, could be digested." "Could it?" said the physician with a smile. "That is news to me. But proceed. You took an overdose of it this morning, and your digestion is—pardon me—your digestions are out of—"

"No! No!" interrupted the patient wearily. "There was none of it there this morning, but, just where it used always to be, was a little heap of something so much like it that I mistook it for my daily sawdust. Near it lay a paste-board box, on which was printed"—she broke down.

The veterinary surgeon was touched. He forgot her rudeness, forgot the finely ground clinical thermometer, and thought only of what she must have endured. Besides, new light was breaking in on him. "Like sawdust—in a paste-board box," he muttered. "It must have been—Ah! Fatal breakfast!"

"On which was printed," resumed the patient "the words 'Predigested breakfast food,' 'Malted,' 'Always ready to be eaten' and other things like that."

"I feared as much," groaned the physician. "Madam, I regret to have to say that I cannot undertake the operation. Experienced, though I count myself to be, I have not the skill in this special line that my friend, Dr. Cowe Brekfuste, of Montreal, has. I shall telegraph him to-night, and you must hoof it to Montreal to-morrow. Dr. Brekfuste has made a specialty of these terrible pre-

digested cases, and, if any one can help you, he can. I have your permission to wire him?" "Yes," she said apathetically.

He turned around when he got to the door.

"Take a horn with you to console you on the road," he said Force-ibly.

At the gate he stopped again to soliloquise.

Full of ground glass, quicksilver and predigested food," he chuckled. "Well—I wish Cowe Brekfuste lots of professional joy out of that case."

The gate clicked after him.

—A. L. W.

### A Gate Episode.

"Taking a fence at her words he got a gate on him, and posted up the avenue in the direction of the University."

"Was it on Hallowe'en this occurred?"

Christian Scientist to anxious relative: "How is Mr. B—to-day?"

Anxious Relative: "He is very ill."

Christian Scientist: "You mean he *thinks* he is ill."

(Week later) Christian Scientist to anxious relative: "How is Mr. B—to-day?"

Anxious Relative: "He *thinks* he is dead, and so do we."

### A Terrible Dilemma.

Binkerton: "What's troubling you, dear boy?"

Pilgarlic: "I'm in an awful dilemma. Trying to write something for publication, you know."

Binkerton: "Can't think of a subject, eh?"

Pilgarlic: "Oh! I've got that all right. But the editor says I must only write on one side of the paper."

Binkerton: "Well?"

Pilgarlic: "But he didn't say which side."

### An Extraordinary Circumstance.

Peppergrass: "That's Briggson, the poet."

Pigsnuffle: "He can't be much of a poet. Why he writes songs."

Peppergrass: "He has done so, but none of them ever became popular."

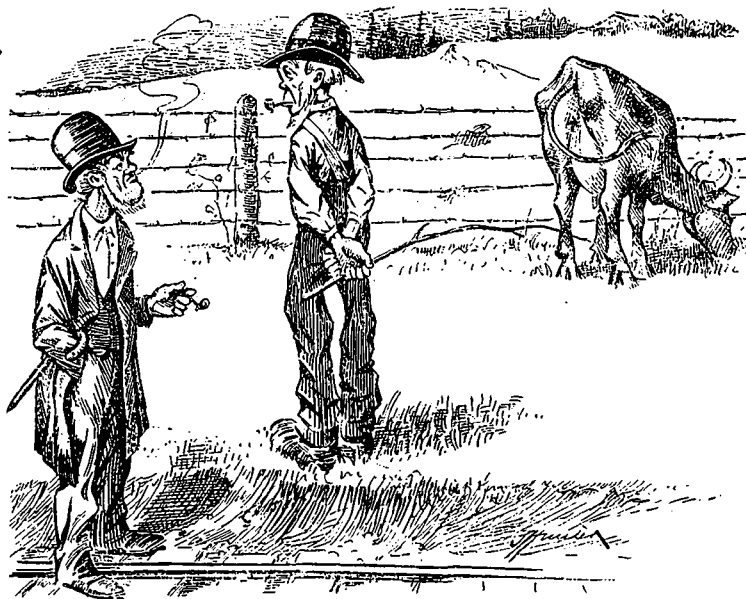
### Had had Experience.

"O Geoffrey" cooed the tailor's daughter, as young Mr. Harduppe was taking his leave. "I feel that I can trust you always."

"You may as well," growled her father, from the head of the stairs. "You'll never get a cent out of him, anyway."

Clerk: "These eggs I am a trifle doubtful about. How shall I ticket them?"

Facetious Merchant: "How would it do to call them the 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'"

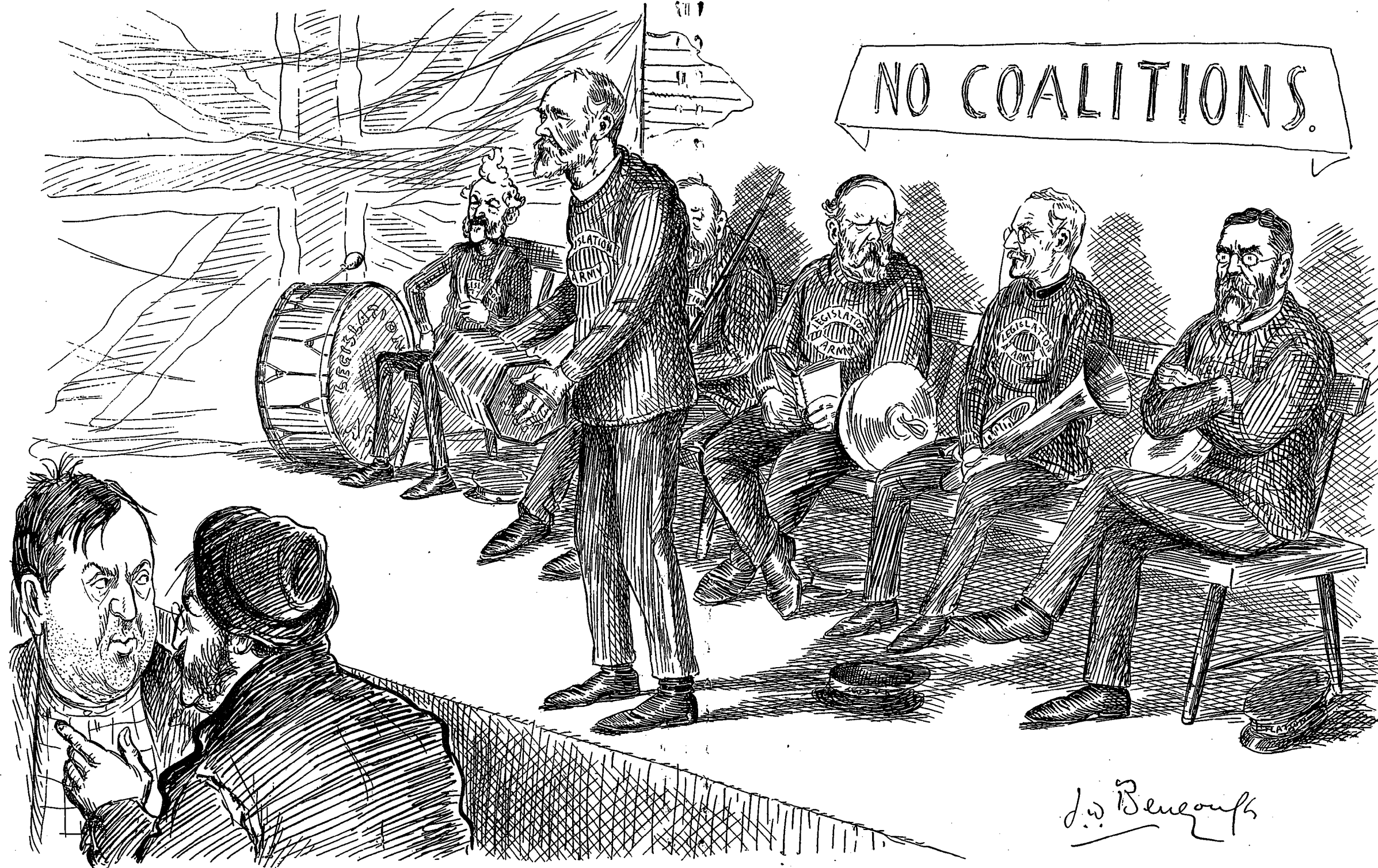


### Poor Pasture.

Mr. Mulderry: "Sure, I thought ye wor pasturin' her on the Medd hill lot th' year, Danny."

Mr. McBlazer: "Th' Medd hill lot? There's not been grass enough on it th' year till feed Nebuchadnaysor when he was a baste."

# THE MOON



## NOT THE SAME ARMY

“One of the corner-stones of the Salvation Army, as I know it, is to seek to find a shelter and a home for those who have none, for the downfallen, the wanderer, for those who live in the highways and hedges, and who seem to have no one to care for them.”—Hon. G. W. Ross, at the Booth meeting.  
WHITNEY: “But you observe, St. John, that *this* organization doesn't offer hospitality to that sort of people!”



## Latter Day Legends.—No. 13.

## FOUR FAITHFUL SOULS.

THE whispering winds of autumn had begun to say things among the brown leaves. The maples had blushed their rosy red and then turned fallow and dark. Even the long-enduring lilac leaves were getting tired of pretending to believe summer was still coming, and were slowly and sullenly dropping.



"Were seated two old sinners"

summer resorts whence there came no night trains.

One genial soul had enjoyed all the delicacies of the season in a fashionable feedery where the waiter bestowed grins with grub and expected 25 per at least.

The other related tales of the wondrous times he had at gardens, where the only flowers were weeds, and the only irrigation that performed with beer.



"Bestowed grins with grub"

were blessed with a pair of doting old lunatics for money getters, who were foolish enough to put up the

Within the snug and cosy retreat which the seductive holders of intoxicating licenses won popularity with, were seated two old sinners.

Each sinner told the other how gay he had been during the slippery summer, when he had succeeded in getting the dress-maker and millinery encouraging end of his household to seek health in the seclusion of

And they both chuckled over their cuteness, and how easy it was to put up a stiff bluff with their fair dames, provided you made good with a plentiful use of the Royal Mail.

And while the old worthies thus solaced themselves with thoughts of their own astuteness, their wives met and talked of the exploits of the season ended.

They tittered and they smirked and they agreed that they

dough while their ladies worked Willie boys, and had a good time as European heiresses, at a summer resort where a couple of hundred was a big wad.

Thus it is that domestic bliss flows in one long continued unruffled stream as long as each side of the house thinks the other a fit subject for a sanatorium for misfit intellects.

In this world worth has value and worthiness is not without reward, but immediate enjoyment depends upon the amount of wool you can pull over the eyes where it will do the most good.



"Their wives met and talked"

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

## There Were Bryans in Those Days.

"There was a time," said the man who had been reading up on the money question, "when cattle were used as money."

"How about the old, lean beasts," said the other, "did they go at par?"

"I don't know, the authorities say nothing on that point."

"I guess they must have," suggested the enquirer, "and that explains the meanin' of legal tender. No matter how tough they was naturally, the law said they was tender enough. I never knew what legal tender meant before, but it's plain as can be. Nothin' like history for clearin' these points up."

## How it Originated.

"It is not much trouble for you to kill Philistines, I guess," said the fugitive Hebrew, cautiously emerging from his hiding-place in the mountains just as Samson had finished his celebrated jaw-bone act.

"Not a bit," replied the conqueror, replacing his weapon in his girdle and contemptuously glancing at the hecatombs of slain—"Why they are dead easy." And the same became a proverb in Israel even unto this day.

"You heard what General Booth said about hoping to meet the Mayor in Heaven?"

"Yes."

"Sanguine, isn't he?"

Miss Freckles: "Yes, it is true. Tom and I are engaged, and are to be married on the 25th, at St. Umpah's church."

Miss Sporty: "Episcopalian rules, eh? At catch weights, I suppose. By the way, have you made him post a forfeit?"

**An Ontario Cabinet Council.**

ROSS: "Well, gentlemen, things don't seem to be looking much brighter for us, do they? These election protests, on which everything depends, don't afford much ground for hope."

Stratton: "Humph! I'm not surprised; knew how it would be all along. Coalition was about the only chance, if we could have worked it—but some people are so selfish."

Ross: "No recriminations please, gentlemen. Whatever might have been the case at one time, it's out of the question now, and I really don't see how half the Cabinet could reasonably be expected to efface themselves to save the rest."

Harcourt: "Self-abnegation is a rare virtue in public life. We're all in the same boat, and must sink or swim together."

Ross: "We must look matters fairly in the face. That South Oxford business is having a bad effect throughout the country. It was stupidly managed."

Gibson: "Yes, indeed. It was a good scheme, but bungled from the start—shamefully bungled."

Dryden: "And how ought it to have been done?"

Gibson: "Why, common sense ought to have warned anyone of the folly of having a lot of convicts and people of no standing to swear against the Tory corruptionists. There were too many engaged, and they were not of the right sort; anyone might have foreseen that exposure was inevitable."

Ross: "Well, we had to work with such tools as we could get."

Gibson: "But you should have got the best obtainable. If, instead of hiring a lot of irresponsible blackguards with prison records, just because they came cheap, we had engaged just two or three highly respectable men, good church members, and paid them liberally, say \$400 or \$500 each, the trick would have worked."

Davis: "Oh, that's absurd. Do you suppose men of that sort could be got to swear falsely?"

Gibson: "Why not, if the inducement was sufficient? Don't such men perjure themselves every day in our court for far less money? Ask the judges. Better even pay \$1,000 for a deacon or a Sunday School superintendent, or someone of that class, than buy a rapsallion for the beer money."

Ross (smiling): "You appear to think that every man has his price."

Harcourt: "Well, that may not be exactly a political axiom, but I think we've always found it a good working hypothesis."

Gibson: "My idea exactly."

Davis: "I don't like such cynical reflections on the religion and morality of the people."

Stratton: "We're talking practical politics now. As a matter of fact there are plenty of truly pious fellows who can do a little hard swearing at a pinch. How about W. T. R. Preston?"

Gibson: "That's just the kind of man I had in mind—smooth, plausible, with a good church record, but able to keep his politics and his religion in separate water-tight compartments."

Latchford: "I've as much respect for religion as any man, but it doesn't do to mix it with politics."

Davis: "You would never have been here but for your church connection."

Latchford: "Neither would you, if it comes to that."

Ross: "Gentlemen, we are digressing from the subject. I'm inclined to agree with the Attorney-General. What's past cannot be undone, but we shall know better next time. We are going to be confronted with some ugly questions during the session. There's the growing demand for public ownership, for instance. Why the Toronto people are even going so far as to urge the establishment of municipal coal yards."

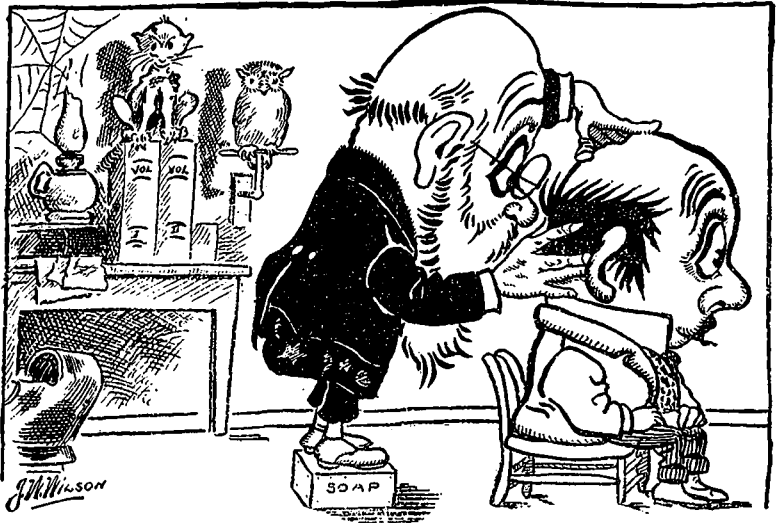
Gibson: "We can never allow that. I'd resign first. It would be altogether contrary to public policy, and a gross infringement on vested rights and freedom of contract."

Harcourt: "And what has Toronto ever done for us?"

Ross: "While I quite agree with the Attorney-General, I think he is at times a little bit over-zealous and too outspoken in defence of vested rights."

Gibson: "You don't mean to say you'd let an outrageous measure of that kind pass?"

Ross: "By no means! But, I do say that you are often indiscreet in opposing such propositions when the same object could be attained with a little finesse. The



"He spoke with a great deal of feeling."

idea is a popular one and we must temporize. There's no need to denounce it openly, in fact we might appear to favor it. We might let it pass the Municipal Committee and kill it at a later stage."

Gibson: "Oh, but such a course would commit us to a policy of confiscation. Are not the vested rights of the coal dealers to be respected?"

Stratton: "I tell you straight, Gibson, the bull-headed way you go for measures of this kind, and your fool talk about vested rights, have done us more harm than enough. You've no tact. Of course we can't let it pass, but there's no occasion to make enemies unnecessarily."

Ross: "I think, gentlemen, we can turn the popular demand for municipal coal yards to account. Let us, without committing ourselves, appear friendly to the proposal. The coal dealers will take the alarm, they will raise a large fund to protect their interests. Well, who can protect their interests better than the Government? You get the idea?"

Gibson: "Yes, I think the plan would work. We have always stood by the capitalists on principle, and it is only fair that they should come to our help."

Ross: "That's settled, then. We ought to get enough out of them to see us through the bye-elections without any trouble. There's one satisfactory feature about this public ownership question—we needn't be afraid that the Tories will take it up in earnest. Whitney and Matheson are just as much committed to the support of the corporations as we are."

Stratton: "Ye-es, but if they should conclude to throw 'em down and go in for taking advantage of the popular movement."

Ross: "Then they'd cut off their principal source of supplies. I'm not much afraid of that. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Harcourt: "I should rather think it was."

### How to Become a Literary Person.

OUR advice is often asked, "Can I become a journalist? I submit some stuff that is my idea of good style. Yours, N.C."

Sir, we have read your stuff which you expect us to pronounce "very good." We will not attempt the task, but would ask you to become the arbiter. Let us suppose you were the editor and the manuscript were submitted for your consideration. Would you pronounce it like a newly-made world? No! Why? He repeats himself. He is not gramatical. His punctuation is bad. His text is purloined. Is that all? How about your own? Were your verses and remarks all that? We hear your answer:

"The people who read our periodical are not over-nice about what is presented for their perusal,

but they want as much literary ability in the case as they should want cobbling ability on the part of the person who would mend their shoes. Has he cobbled shoes before? Does he know what good leather is? No! Then we will not have him mend our shoes.

Your contributions are apparently the work of one who would try to learn at the expense of a too trusting public, you hope to do some literary cobbling at some later date. Very good, make all the effort possible, but do not try to practice on readers of THE MOON."

That is right, N. C., you have the thread of the matter, follow it up and you will find a cable. To you as to others, our advice is the same; learn the business of writing, and find out what the people want, and what you can do for them. If you have something that you think good, *don't* read it to the editor, and ask "Isn't that good?" Write it so that the compositor will know what you mean, and trust that the editor may know as much. Just write and send. If, in the fullness of time, your words of wisdom find no response, take up a new calling—sift ashes or pick cinders, and trust in the Great Lawgiver, who may be trusted to apportion the prizes with fairness. In the hurly-burly of the struggle for life you are not noticed—try billiard marking, or holding horses, or driving cows; depend upon it, with honest effort you will find your level. Don't forget,

Little bits of paper  
Write for little price  
Make the proper

Our muse has escaped us, but you know what we mean.



### Complying with the Formalities.

Arizona Jim: "Here, Mr. Banker, I reckon you may as well give up that \$500 you have of mine."

Banker: "Murder! Help! Don't shoot! You shall have your money."

Arizona Jim: "That's all right, I ain't goin' ter shoot, but they told me to draw on ye when I wanted the stuff."



### An Awful Bluff.

Mr. Ross (looking for another seat): "This seat—er—vacant?"

Mr. Whitney: "No, sir—friend of mine just stepped out—back in a minute."

### The Only Test.

They were talking over the prospects of the young men that had just graduated and were about to enter upon various careers, and were discussing their chances of success.

"Peavick is a bright, brainy fellow," said one. "He ought to do well at the law, don't you think so, professor?"

"He should," was the reply. "He is clever and quick-witted. He has either talent or genius, I'm not sure which."

"Why you should know, if anybody. How is it you don't?"

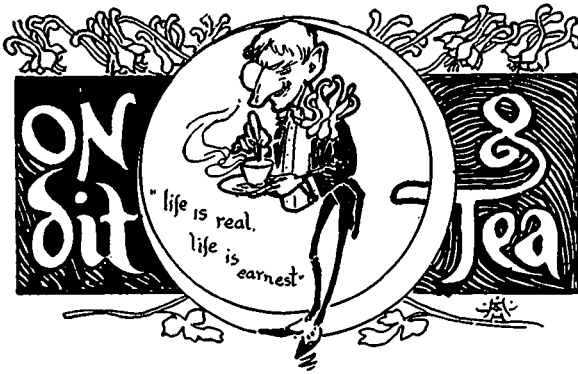
"It's too soon to decide that," replied the professor.

"And what will determine the point?"

"His career. If he succeeds he's got talent—if he fails he's a genius."

Green: "Why do you say that bartender is an artist?"

Brown: "Because he makes a specialty of interior decorations."



A MORE charming little party never gathered to do honor to the occasion than met at the residence of the bride's father, assisted by the Rev. Ignis Fatuus, dressed in a cream satin shirt of pure lawn, trimmed with tripe, which should be allowed to simmer for half an hour. Then put in a portion of sugar, two cups of butter, several of flour, fleur-de-lis on the hall floor. The hostess was dressed in pure havana with a stock filler, guaranteed to smoke equal to the best imported. Boys under nine not admitted. Café in connection. Open night and day.

IT is rumored that Lady Gossip and her two charming sons will receive immediately on their return from Muddy Bay on the 5th Wednesday of each month.

THE HON. MRS. MICHAEL GROGAN will not receive till she has made the necessary inquiries, and has removed the clothesline from the parlor. Washes every Monday. Visitors will kindly leave their cards. Rough dry, 30c. per dozen.

AT the reception given by Lady Lollypops on Friday lawst, the E-lite of the city were fairly represented.

Mrs. Ackman wore a corsage of crinkly stuff with lilies of the valley, and bivalves on the sleeves.

Lady Brown appeared in blue bunting, with balmoral boots to match.

Madame Chatterton was in cheese cloth, with Cheshire ornaments.

Lady Dedlock looked lovely in lawn, with a link sausage solitaire portrayed in pea green.

Lady Evelyn Eggplante was trimmed with edging of Ecu crash of a crawling pattern.

Lady Fanny Phainten wore furbelows of fox-tail done in filigree.

Madame Guzzler G. Grewsome wore gros-grain green guipure, with patte de fois gras on the train.

Among the distingue guests was the sweet Lady Hooligan just hout from Hamsterdam, whose sunny smile and de trop mannaaw captivated the 'earts of hall who 'ad the pleasuah of 'er acquaintance.

THE Ladies' Polo Hunt Club meet on the 4th, at 3 p.m., was a charming affair. The hounds were let loose at 3.30, and followed the valley up Flat Bottom Creek. The run was exciting till the polo took refuge in a root house belonging to Farmer Grumpy. The gentlemen-in-waiting overturned the root house and rooted the polo out. It finally got into a sewer and got away. To meet such a contingency, the master of the hounds had procured a brush from Skinem & Co., manufacturers of natural tails, and presented it to Lady Lardoyle who led the chase. Luncheon at Kaikman's closed the most successful and brilliant function that the E-lite have enjoyed during the season.

#### BILLSON VS. BATTERBY.

AT the residence of the bride's father, by the Right Rev. Seventhly, assisted by Very Rev. Ignis Fatuus, with prayers by Rev. Rusty Blacke. The decorations were of creame crepe. The Upholsters' Federated Trades Union sent a complete bedroom suite. The Hothouse International Workers sent a magnificent wreath. The ladies wore gloves; the gentlemen wore socks. Injunction dismissed with costs.

Higgins for Respondent; Wiggins for Infants.

Invitations were all printed with the union label.



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Denver, Colorado.

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