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Santa Claus: "Holy Smoke! If people keep on using soft coal I'll quit the business."

# THE MOON

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**48 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO**



Daughter : (thinking of her lover) " He is so good and noble. "  
 Father : " Do you call it noble not to pay one's debts ? "  
 Daughter : " And clever ! "

### Christmas.

To the friend that is far away,  
 While the children's fancies roam,  
 To the toil-worn ones who seldom play,  
 Comes once a year a happy day,  
 When Love and Content are Home.

To the King in his Castle hall,  
 When sated pleasures sear,  
 And the weight of wealth becomes a pall,  
 There comes to the royal heart a call :  
 " Now glad some heart this year. "

To the hut-born hodman's heart,  
 Dwarfed in his narrow way,  
 Comes the spell of the time with a sudden start,  
 " I will swell my store if I give a part  
 To gladden some heart to-day. "

What tho', as wise men state,  
 Ere the Christ to the Christian came,  
 The Pagan priests observed the date,  
 And praised their God that He tarried late  
 And lengthened out his flame,

Yet here's to the Christmas cheer,  
 An we worship the Son, or Sun ;  
 For this a rattle, for that a tear,  
 A health with the friend or far or near  
 And a song when the day is done.

D. S. MACORQUODALE.

If you want to enjoy the pleasure of friendship at all times you must change your friends as regularly as you do your clothes.

Trims : " Gusher is a very helpful man, isn't he ?  
 Sims : " Yes, indeed. He always helps a friend along whichever way he is going, up or down. "

Jackson : " Nendick is a star skater. The other day I saw him skate over a hundred yards on one foot.  
 Currie : " That's nothing. The last time I was on the ice I skated fifty yards on one ear. "

Queer Cuss : " Would you call J. Pierpont Morgan a chauffeur when he's motoring ? "  
 Wise Guy : " No ; an automobillionaire. "

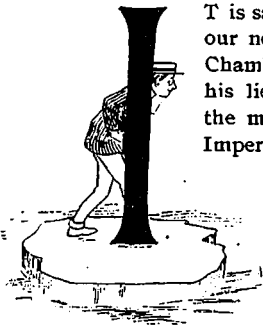
"There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know."—Dryden.

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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.



It is said that Lord Milner will be our next Governor-General. Mr. Chamberlain is of the opinion that his lieutenant in South Africa is the missing link in the chain of Imperialism; consequently, Mr. Chamberlain would like to play the blacksmith and fit the link into the chain. Canada has no voice in the selecting of her Governor-General, so Mr. Chamberlain has a splendid opportunity for the exercising of his sweet will.

But we wish to call the attention of the would-be dictator to the fact that Canada has a voice in the disappointment of her vice-regal office holders. South Africa may have become too warm for Lord Milner, as is reported, but we think that it would be incautious for him to come to a country in which such severe frosts are general. We think that his lordship's constitution and his peculiar ideas of dress are much better suited to the drowsy atmosphere of England than to the free and bracing winds of our north country.

E. A. MACDONALD, Mayor of Toronto in 1900, is dead. He had the misfortune to hold opinions, which he feared not to express. Fatal weakness! As Mayor of Toronto he was not popular; he said things, and he worked. Shortly after his inauguration it was discovered that he could be found at his office. His fate was sealed. What the citizens of Toronto wanted was the kind of man that Cæsar liked—"good fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights." Mr. Macdonald's colleagues, heroic men, desiring only to please the people, bedevilled the Mayor throughout his whole term of office. That one year as Mayor killed him. There are, no doubt, some proud, full-chested gentleman—whose duty, it would seem, is to keep the public's morals—patting each other on the back to-day, and congratulating themselves on their noble work of 1900.

All is now well. MacDonalld is removed. We have the kind of Mayor that seems to suit.

THE Grand Trunk Pacific Railway gives notice in the *Official Gazette* that it will make application, at the next session of Parliament, for permission to build a road from Gravenhurst, Ont., to the Pacific Coast, in British Columbia.

This sounds well. What does it mean? "Permission" to build the road. That is good. For whom? For the officials? Indirectly. Parliament will be asked to "permit" the members of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company to accept from Parliament sufficient money and land to enable the Company to build its railroad.

If this subsidy farce is to be kept up to the end of the chapter, we shall soon expect to see undertakers, bakers, etc., started in business by means of a Government grant.

If the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company does not feel convinced that it will pay to build the road, then let the Company leave it to a group of gentlemen blessed with keener eyesight. If the Company is assured that there is honest profit to be made out of the road, its stockholders should not hesitate to invest their own money in their own business, instead of begging for money to "set them up."

THE Toronto Art School seems to object to the school inspector's criticism of its methods. This objection is most unreasonable. All that the High School Inspector does not approve of is the grant that is made by the Ontario Government to the Toronto Art School. How can the Toronto Art School expect to receive a grant from the Ontario Government, when it proves itself to be of no practical benefit to that Government?

If the Toronto Art School would adopt modern methods, and would undertake to produce regularly political cartoons that would materially help the Ontario Government, it would have no difficulty in securing ample funds for the furthering of its schemes.

WE think that the Dominion Government is making a mistake in appointing experts to examine the breakfast "foods" that are being thrust upon the public from day to day. The foods that are to be examined are not offensive. They are well boxed, some of the boxes being hermetically sealed. They can, therefore, not be a nuisance to the part of the public that is desirable to the country. The persons that are sufficiently foolish to eat a thing merely because it is grossly advertised, are the persons that we can well spare.

If the experts report unfavorably on these "foods," deliberate suicide will, in large part, take the place of the present common death from ignorance.

Of course, most of these "food" companies are wealthy; so it is not unlikely that the reports will be favorable.

## Portraits by Moonlight.



SIR WILLIAM MULOCK.

## Brief Biographies—No. XXII.

By SAM SMILES, JR.

**S**IR WM. MULOCK is a son of the late Thos. Homan Mulock, graduate in Arts and Medicine of Trinity College, Dublin. Sir William was born at Bond Head, Ont., Jan. 19th, 1843. He was educated at Newmarket grammar school and at the University of Toronto (B. A. and gold medalist in Modern languages, 1863; M.A. 1871; Hon. LL.D. 1894). In 1868 he was called to the bar. In 1890 the Ontario Government tacked a Q. C. to his name.

He was first elected a Senator of Toronto University 1873; Vice-Chancellor in 1881. It was while he was Vice-Chancellor, and in the absence of Mr. Blake, who was attending to his parliamentary duties in Ireland, that Sir William, with the aid of the Professor of Biology, succeeded in erecting that beautiful Biological building in the Queen's Park, which will remain as a monument to his name for many years to come.

He has been everything that is worth being till he came to be director of the Farmers' Loan and Savings Co., which office he resigned in 1897. Some were grateful. The Farmers made the loans while the Savings branch was neglected. Elected to the House of Commons in 1882 he has stuck to his job with agricultural persistency.

He was always economical from an economic standpoint, and made war against the Steam Ship Cattle Shipping space rates. In 1894 he moved for a reduction in the salary of the Governor-General, but with consistency in favor of the promotion of Canadian industry, he has not been in favor of the reduction in the salary of the Postmaster-General, to which office he was sworn in July, 1896. In 1898 he established the International Postal Union, and succeeded in getting letters down to a two cents rate to any British possession in the Postal Union, the rate to Richmond Hill being only three cents. Later he accepted the title of knighthood, but, from his retiring and unassuming manner, we take it that he did so only in deference to the wishes of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who offered the decoration as a *quid pro quo*.

The Hon. Sir William Mullock, K. C., LL.D. and all the rest of it, also P.M.G., delights to call himself a farmer. To this no one has, so far, objected.

As an author, the Hon. gentleman is entitled to a high place, for is it not known and duly appreciated that he is the author of the proposed "Postman's Whistle?" The whistle in question was intended to warn all and sundry that the myrmidons of the Hon. gentleman were coming, and so save time to all concerned. The whistles in question were not put into commission, perhaps because by the time the postman arrived, the average householder was not in a condition to require any reminder that his mail might be along that day.

Sir William Mullock is also author of those justly celebrated imitations of an antiquated American outfit, to wit: several electro gasoline carriages that are capable of being heard and smelt anywhere. Sometimes these gasoline contrivances are liable to go off at half cock, and blow a postman to pieces, but that does not interfere with the wheels of progress, as postmen at \$30.00 a month are easily replaced.

Among his enemies much has been made of the phrase "I, William Mulock," yet such scoffers fail to see that it is an educational lesson of much value to the rising youth of both sexes and all generations. Fancy how their literary tastes would have been shocked had our Postmaster-General lapsed into the vernacular of a North York farmer, and begun an otherwise impressive address in these words: "Me, William Mulock."

## A Snap.

Biggs: "When is a snap not a snap?"

Wiggs: "A snap's a snap when its a coaled cold snap, but a snap is not a snap when its an uncoaled cold snap."

Longhair: "The lot of the poet is sad."

Amicus: "In what way?"

Longhair: "He has to do so much log-rolling to be recognized as a minor poet, and has to die to be recognized as a major."

Forte: "Do you really like Wagner's music?"

Octave: "Well, yes, when I hear people who understand it talking about it afterwards."

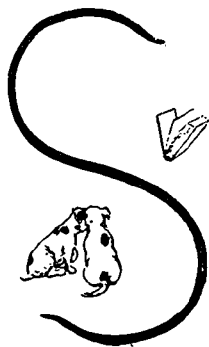


C.S.M. Johns.

### Better Than a Dog.

Suburban Resident : "There now ! I guess we shan't be bothered with any more tramps asking for a meal."

### Heather's Ladies' Column.



O it is Christmas time again. I opened an old book to-day. It was only a little pamphlet upon the "Proper Bringing up of Puppies." Its leaves were dog-eared, its pages torn, but oh, the memories, the memories ! Perhaps, as this is a Woman's Column, it will not be out of place to say that I wept. Oh, these old books, how they stir the heart ! From out the pages there fell a little curl of silky hair. I don't remember which of the dear puppies it belonged to,

but I know that whichever it was, the dear darling is dead. I know this because I never save the hair of live puppies. But why am I writing thus sadly upon this brightest of all bright occasions. Why is it that at Christmas time—

but enough of this. Let us return to merrier subjects.

On, you dear girls ! How did you know I liked Christmas presents. The drayman is just unloading another batch at the back door (he has to go around to the back because the front hall is full), I never was so surprised in my life as when the two special delivery waggons drove up this morning. My heart was so full of gratitude to my dear girls for so kindly remembering me, that when one of the porters said : "Look-a-here, Miss, where be you goin' to stow all this here truck ?" I positively smiled at him, and gave him a penny for himself.

Now *how* did anyone know that I wanted a sealskin saccue ? All I ever remember to have said upon the subject was to remark in my column a few weeks ago that my old coat had been worn three winters and was beginning to look seedy at the seams. And how did it happen that another dear girl was inspired to send around that sweet fur toque. Can it be possible that I have let fall the fact that my old black velvet hat is out of date ? Surely not. I should faint with shame if I thought that.

And the sweet gifts are not only for myself but for all my family. How thoughtful of you. I don't mention my family often, do I ? But, dear girls, I must speak to you seriously. You really must not send me presents any more, I have told you this so often, and it never seems to stop you. That is why I continue to mention it. Now, positively you must not. For you see I can't possibly be expected to return them, and it makes me feel, well, like thirty cents, don't you know. I mean the thought of returning them makes me feel that way.

And now I begin to feel sad again, so I will write no more just now. Ah, these lost joys, these dead hopes (puppies I mean) how they throng around us, shutting out the prospect of-of-of-oh, well, shutting out every kind of prospect, in fact. Write to me, dear girls, and cheer me up.

I am sorry that I have so little space for answers to my dear ghostesses to-day, but next week I hope to catch up.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Troubled : If you can't ask him to Christmas dinner, on account of not having enough coal to cook the turkey, which you know he will expect, ask him in to spend the evening and serve light refreshments. Ice cream will do. He will understand that you wish him to be one of the family.

Perplexed : I really can't use my valuable space for any more recipes for plum pudding. You must buy some back MOON's. When you send your order mention why, it tickles the Editor.

Gwendolyn : So kind of you, little girlie. Your letter cheered me. So I actually helped you to nab him, did I ? And now, my dear, I have only one word more of advice—hang on.

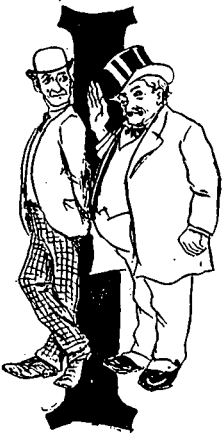
Thoughtful : Yes, the spirit of Christmas is a beautiful one. You ought to forgive him if he comes down handsomely with a Christmas present. Suggest a gold watch or a pearl sunburst ; and tell him to go to Lyries, their prices include a slight commission.

Sweet-One : Oh, wee wife ! So glad to hear from you. No, I wouldn't think of getting him a gold match box. They are too expensive. You could make him a knitted tie or a shaving book, for twenty-five cents. Of course he would appreciate it. He would be a brute if he did not, after your making it all your own self. And be sure you see that he gets you that ring—only fifty dollars ! It is the least he could do !

Anxious : No, I don't know where the expression "Pass the rosy" is to be found. I have never come across it, but I must say it sounds low. No, I don't know who Dick Swiveler was. What an awful name ! You might look in some of Mark Twain's novels.

—HEATHER.

## The Words of Whittaker.



If thou would'st do trade and gain many shekels, let it be noised abroad that thy wares are sold at 7 that other traders get 9 for. Peradventure the congregation hearken to thy voice and come to thy net, thou mayest persuade them that goods at 7 are not of the quality that thy soul doth delight to guarantee, but thou hast some wares at 10 on which thou wilt risk thine honor. Thus will thy effort be rewarded with fine gold.

If thou seekest honor in thine own city, to the end that thou mayest be in authority, pass no one by who is not an alien, that thy vote may be large in thy ward.

Promise not the needy any worldly goods that so they may vote for thee—if a stranger or an enemy be present.

If thy name appears in the daily chronicles of thy hamlet as of one who has been making public utterance, make diligence to let it be noised about that the scribes have done despitely to thee, and made thy name a bye-word in the land, for thus shalt thou be heard of by many.

If sinners entice thee to cheapen thy vote consent thou not till the price be increased.

A drink of five-cent whiskey for a fool, and a pre-election promise for a ——— fool.

If thy neighbor is in a far country, plug not in his name—if thou hearest that the adversaries have sent him his fare.

If thy soul hunger after beer, and rupees be scarce, give not "the finger" twice to the same barkeep, lest he weary of thee and deny thee, but get thee to another inn.

If thy neighbor hail thee in the street and say: "Thy servant would that my lord were a leader in the councils of the city, for then were our burdens light, and our taxes as a grain of mustard seed." See thou to it that thou ask him to "have something," otherwise of a certainty he will betray thee.

If thou would'st win to be a chief and leader in the congregation give to every one thou hast a doubt of the "double cross."

If thou ask one to vote for thee who says: "What think ye of Snyder, is not the same a good man and true?" Then shalt thou say: "Verily, Snyder will poll a large vote. Do thou support me, and I, even I, thy servant, will support Snyder."

When thou askest Jones, "Wilt thou support me?" and he answer thee, "I have promised to support Robinson," then say thou to him, "Do thou vote for thy servant, and I will vote for Robinson." But see thou do it not. Do thou plump for thyself, and if perchance the other two believed thee thou hast gained two votes. This is the Double Cross.

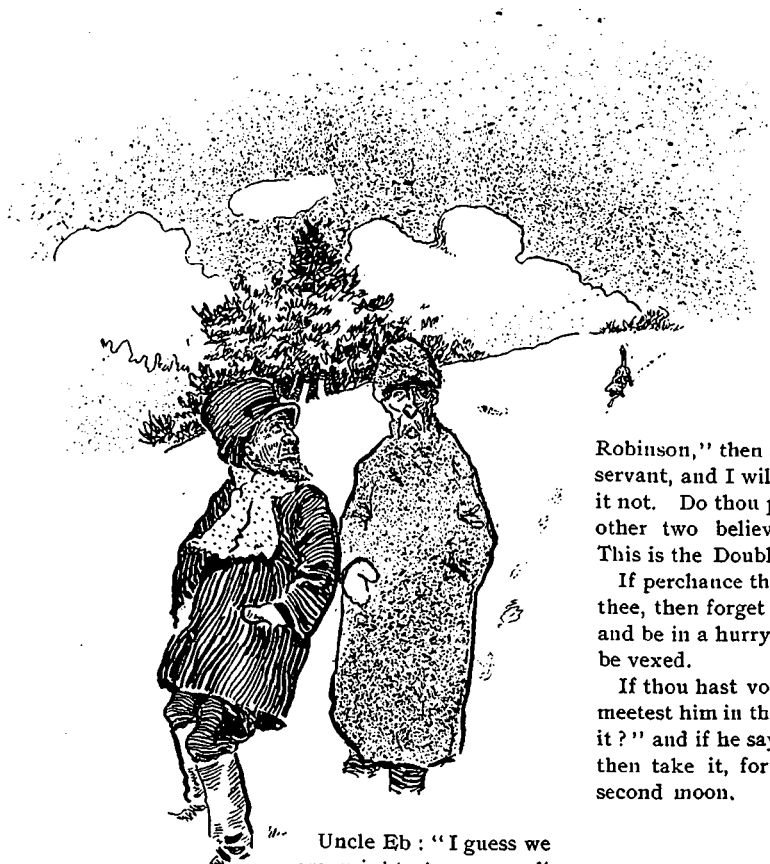
If perchance thou get enough Gudgeons to vote for thee, then forget thou that these people did support thee, and be in a hurry when thou meetest them lest thy soul be vexed.

If thou hast voted against a winning candidate, and meetest him in the highway, then say, "Didn't we do it?" and if he say, "I pray thee partake of something," then take it, for liquor will be for cash only before the second moon.

—O. G. WHITTAKER.

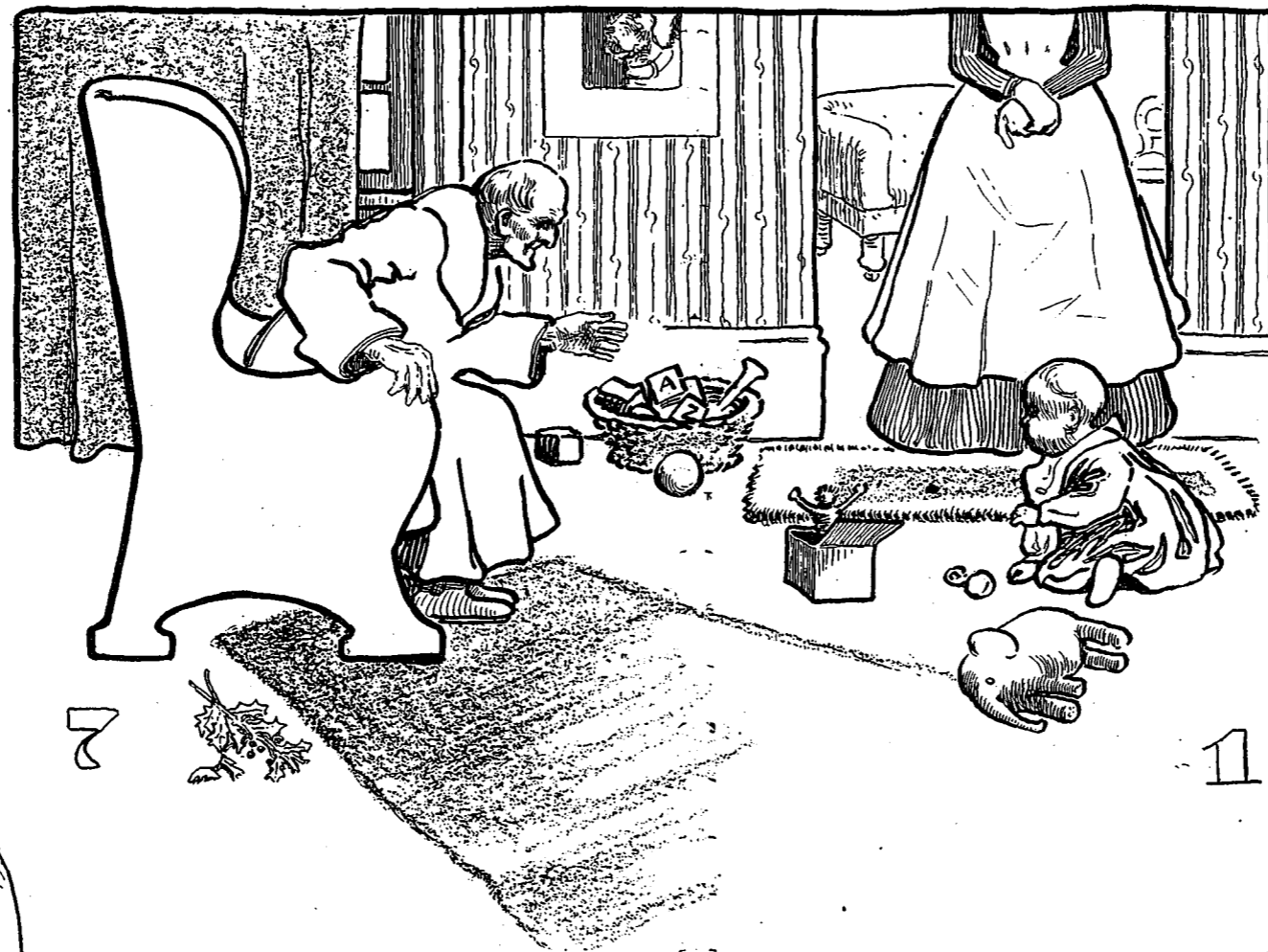
Peters: "Why did Dunstan retire?"

Brown: "He found that he made his money out of rich men so easily he was afraid someone might do him out of what he had made."



Uncle Eb: "I guess we are goin' ta 'ave a spell of weather, Joe, the sky is gettin' round ta the north."

# THE MOON



FERGUS KYLE



THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN  
— ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

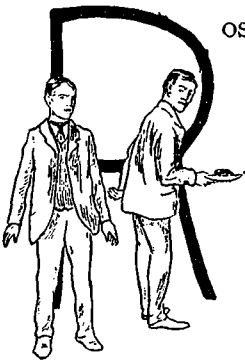




### Unreasonable.

Brother Ross: "Help you out? Dear me, haven't I just thrown you the emblem of Hope—what more do you expect?"

### The Ontario Cabinet Council.



ROSS: "I hope my manifesto will have a good effect in rallying the party for the bye-elections. Candidly, now, what do you think of it?"

Stratton: "It's all right. It's a good strong document, and follows my favorite line of argument. I believe in always showing up the rascalities of the Tories, and letting people see that those fellows have no business to prate about corruption when they've done ten times worse than ever we did."

Harcourt: "Yes, the *tu quoque* argument is perhaps the most effective one available."

misrule. Whereas now—"

Latchford: "They can use all the misdeeds of Laurier and his Cabinet against us, though we ain't a bit responsible for them. Its not fair. I tell you the way things have been going at Ottawa lately, and this break of Tarte's, give us a heavy load to carry. I, for one, don't believe its much good raking up these old chest-nuts about what the Tories did when in office."

Gibson: "But then we've got to say something you see in reply to these continual accusations, and I don't see how the Premier could have done any better."

Davis: "In the matter of that application from an English syndicate for a grant of 2,000,000 acres in New Ontario for colonization purposes, I suppose it would be advisable to proceed slowly."

Ross: "Do they offer any inducements, apart from the mere price of land—anything that will help us carry the bye-elections?"

Davis: "No, there's no suggestion of any ulterior

Dryden: "It may be effective, but it's left me pretty poor, and my constituents are a blamed greedy lot. It would take a millionaire to do the *tu quoque* act so as to satisfy 'em."

Ross: "I really don't understand you."

Dryden: "Well, you would if you had to put up as much good money as I have every election. That's what you mean by the *tu quoque* argument, I suppose."

Harcourt: "Not exactly. I had reference to the method the Premier adopted of meeting our opponents' charges by quoting the records of Tory depravity, and showing that their own hands were not clean."

Dryden: "Oh, that's it, eh? Well, if you want me to understand you, you'll have to talk English. I'm just a plain farmer, you know, and not onto these here Latin quotations and such."

Harcourt: "But, as I was about to say, there's one drawback about the *tu quoque* argument, if my friend Dryden will pardon the phrase. Its getting to be so long since the Tories had a chance to do anything, that we have to go back a good many years to find anything against them, and so our campaign material is getting to be ancient history."

Stratton: "Yes, I tell you, gentlemen, it was a bad day for us when the Tories lost power at Ottawa. In the old days we could always point to the Dominion Government as an awful example of Tory extravagance and

consideration, so to speak, in their letter."

Stratton: "I suppose not. These Englishmen are a slow lot. They don't understand Canadian politics. We must give them a hint—just a very mild one—nothing that could be used, you know."

Gibson: "The Chicago men saw the point quick enough. I find it a great deal more satisfactory to do business with American financiers than with Englishmen. The methods of their state and city governments are so similar to ours that they know what is necessary when they want to obtain franchises."

Ross: "Just so. I think, Davis, that you had better write these Englishmen, refusing to consider their proposition in its present form, but intimating that some change in the conditions might make it acceptable. You might also mention—merely in a casual way, you know—that the Government is engaged in a struggle, which—let me see, how shall we put it—which severely taxes the private resources of the members of the Cabinet. I should think they would be able to read between the lines."

Gibson: "If they can't, I don't know what business they have with financial undertakings."

**Wanted.**

**A**N art critic that knows the difference between Dutch and Scotch priming and waggon painting.

A reviewer that will read the book reviewed, before reviewing.

The address of the owner of a food or fad that will not cost more than three times the mill price of wheat or oats.

The address of a dramatic critic that does not carry a pass.

A fire extinguisher that will beat Welsh coal on a fair test.

A retail dealer that sells his wares at the regular price.

A politician that does not admit considering national before personal interests.

A mayor for Toronto that will not rise before 7 a.m., nor remain at his office after 5 p.m.

An aldermanic candidate that will promise to remember his friends.

The address of a manufacturer of work of the second class.

A reader that will look for the name of the author before reading the book.

**Sacked.**

My love's displeased—I see her eye  
Is sparkling, glinting angrily—  
My love's displeased, I don't know why;  
She's right on the edge to have a cry,  
For why!

Oh! Christmas's nigh—  
That's why.  
So many things she'd like to buy,—  
So'd I.

And then,—I told her she could have  
A sealskin sack—just hear her laugh,  
She's smiling now  
No wrinkles on her snowy brow—  
It's great, you know,

To tease her whiles—then show  
That Christmas joys are hers as well—  
Oh, dear, let up! I'm smothered Nell.

—HEC. SECOND.

**NEW EMPIRE THEATRE (LATE REPUBLIC HALL).**  
**SHAKSPERE REVIVAL OF "WHAT'S HETOA'CUBA" & C.**

FOLLOWED BY THE FAVORITE FARCE CALL'D  
"LOP-SIDED RECIPROCITY"—OR  
**THE GAY DECEIVER**—

COMPLETE CHANGE OF  
MANAGEMENT—NOTICE  
*New Tariff, great  
Reduction in prices.  
General bliss expected—  
followed by General  
PROSPERITY*



Uncle Sam, to Young Cuba (who is "sick with hope deferred"): "No deception at all, my boy, but I knew that reciprocity brand would be too strong for you to start with; try you with it later on."



A Large Contract.

"Santy" Blair: "Sufferin' Surplus! I wonder if there are any more of 'em?"

### Anecdotes of the Ananias Club.

(Continued from last week.)

"That reminds me," said the new member, "of a little bit of shooting I did once. It was'n't a very big thing to do; but it has this about it, that many hunting stories have not. It is true, gentlemen. One day last winter we were all down at the hotel, when the river was just about all frozen up. One of the boys said he saw six ducks fly over the village and make for the river. I said if there were any ducks about now I could get them. Well, it ended up by the landlord saying that if I got the six

ducks, he'd give me a dollar apiece for them; but if I didn't get the lot, it would cost me a dollar in beer for the boys. Well, I took my old Winchester—yes, boys, I ain't much on the shoot, and a Winchester is good enough for me—and I snaked down to the rapids, below the mill dam. There was a rapid where it never froze—oh, a little patch of water, may be 20 by 85 feet, and, by gum, there were two nice ducks. I stood thinking how to get both. They weren't very far off, nor yet so near as they looked. I couldn't get nearer, for the cover was bad. I measured it afterwards, and, by gum, it was just 825 feet to the edge of the ice, where the open water was. I thought I'd pot one and chance the other not flying, and not go back to the hotel till next day, and tell 'em there weren't no ducks on the river. Just as I got a bead on one, up pops four more; had been down in the water after a clam or something. That made me feel kind of bad, but I 'llowed I'd wait, as ducks is queer chaps and almighty cute. Well, after a bit, five of 'em dives, and one stays up to watch. I plugged him, and the current lands him up by the ice. After a bit, the five takes a look round, sees

everything all right, and four of 'em goes down and leaves the fifth on guard. I plugs him, and up they comes for air. Then three goes down and the fourth stays up, and I keels him over. Next time two dives and one stays on deck, and he gets a "22" in the head. Next time one goes down, and I plugs t'other when he comes up to look about. They all run up to the edge of the hole, and I walks into the Clydesdale and gets my six bucks; but the landlord was so took down that he makes me sign an affidavit that I didn't buy 'em. I can show you the hole any time, gentlemen, and the tree I stood by!"

By open vote the company unanimously elected the new member an honorary member, and a master in the seventh degree.

## On Dit.



HATEAU CRIMSONBEAK, the charming home of Mrs. Uptown Crimsonbeak, on Crescendo Road, was the scene of a delightful house wedding on Friday, the 13th inst., when the youngest daughter, Eliza Jane ("Lizer"), was united in marriage to Mr. J. Pluggles Jugthorpe, sporting editor of the *Christmas Guardian*, only son of Jaggles Jugthorpe, ex-mayor of Hog's Hollow, and great-grandson of the late Wood

N. Bung, collector of customs at Victoria Park, and great-great-grand-nephew of the late Pinker Smith, assistant-deputy-game-warden of Grenadier Pond. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. A. Polio, of the Pearlne Street Methodist Church. The flushed and agitated groom looked charming in a handsome, ready-made gentlemancloth costume, over pale heliotrope Jaegers (woolly side in) with guipure lace trimmings, and wore bisque silk muslin de soie crepe de chene "galluses," caught at the waist to the "unmentionables" with lovely cut steel benedict buttons and shingle nails. The boiled shirt (cut to a fashionable length) and the dainty stand-up-sit-down collar were almost hidden by a beautiful Ascot cream puff tie of Foulard silk, with large turquoise polka dots, now so much in vogue. He also wore cuffs and "kicks"—the latter patent leather, each with an insertion of epidermis de porpoise point lace. He was supported by A. John Collins, who wore black over white, gray and heather-mixed underwear. The bride and her seconds were clothed to the neck.

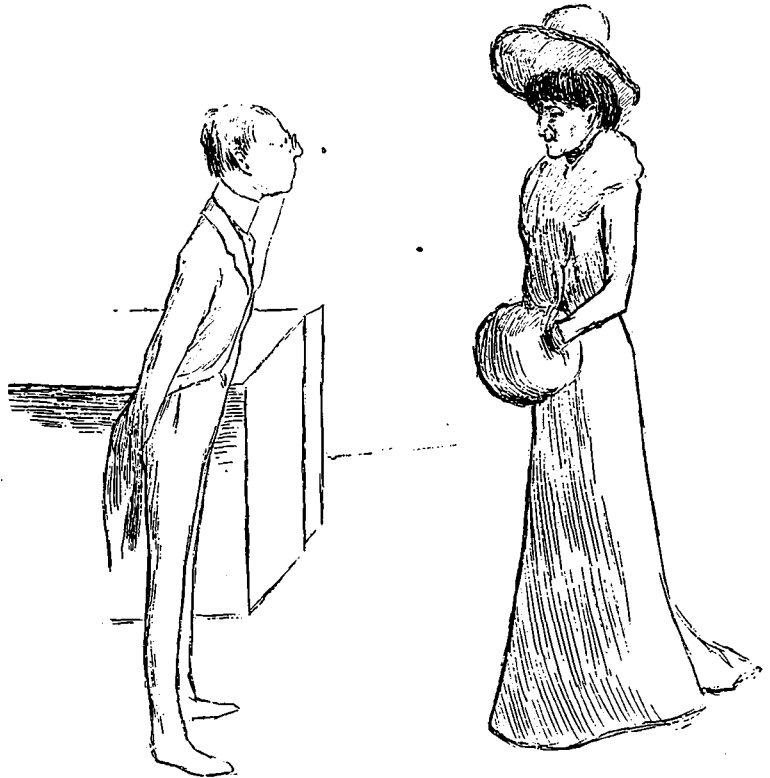
Among the distingue guests were Lady Huckaback Towelling—just returned from the Haggis—who wore a handsome toilette set of more antique, and her mother gowned in one of the most antique, with a yoke of addled egg embroidery and touches of rheumatism. Mrs. Stout (being all wool and a yard wide) wore a handsome broadcloth dressmaker-made costume. Mrs. Gush had on a

rainy-day costume of watered silk with a bol-us-ero of calomel lace, fastened with safety pins that looked chic.

IN the near future a wedding will be perpetrated between Mlle. Clorinda Constantia Pigsnuffle, daughter of Hon. Ald. Pigsnuffle, of the 'teenth ward, and Horatio P. Brownsmith, incivil engineer, who has just received a position in the City Court House. It is understood that the engagement has for some time been hanging fire, and that young man's consent was finally secured conditionally on receiving the appointment that he now holds. The Rev. Pilgrim Postlecreed will perform the ceremony with his accustomed *sang froid*. No flowers.

Stranger: "Say, but that new building is a skyscraper."  
Urbanite: "It is, above ground, but under ground it is a China scraper."

The "absent treatment" of Christian Science is especially successful with cases of broken heart and blighted affections.



## Run on the Cheap.

Miss Ann Teake: "Really, Mr. Bloopensile, I think you ought to pay me something for my contributions. You pay some people, don't you?"

Editor: "Oh, yes, in the case of mature writers, but we never pay our younger contributors."

Miss Ann Teake never renews the subject.

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TOM MOORE.

### A Give Away.

(The other fellow): "Your girl must be a baseball enthusiast."

(The sweetheart): "Not in the least."

O. F.: "That's funny."

T. S.: "In what way?"

O. F.: "Well, she always talks about diamonds to me."

Mr. Henpeck: "I have to go back to the office to-night."

Mrs. Henpeck: "You won't be late, will you?"

Mr. Henpeck: "No; they turn off the lights at eleven."

Mrs. Henpeck: "And they lock the front door, too, don't they?"

Mr. Smith: "I should think you would be annoyed sometimes by the attacks of your enemies."

Mr. Ross: "Not at all. The only way to get along with one's contemporaries is to be as indifferent to them as if they were posterity."

### Superfluous Wish.

"Oh would, Oh would I were a bird That I might fly—" he said; Just then the old man's step he heard And without wings he fled."

### How Love is Shown.

Carrie: "I know Jack loves me."

Willie: "How do you know?"

Carrie: "He is always too much embarrassed to tell me so."

Jasper: "Do you consider Big-head a true reformer?"

Jumpuppe: "A true reformer? Most certainly! Why, that man would be dissatisfied even if he got his own way."

May: "Clara got vaccinated on her left arm."

Belle: "Why?"

May: "Because Jack got vaccinated on his right. Now they can sit with their good arms together and in action while the sore ones are out of danger."



Jones: "Why does Smith wear such hot ties?"

Bones: "Got a cold in his chest."

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