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J. B. Bennett

The Old Lady: "You could cut as good a figure? Of course you can, laddie. Go right ahead!"

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THE MOON

Canada's only Satirical Paper

For 1903

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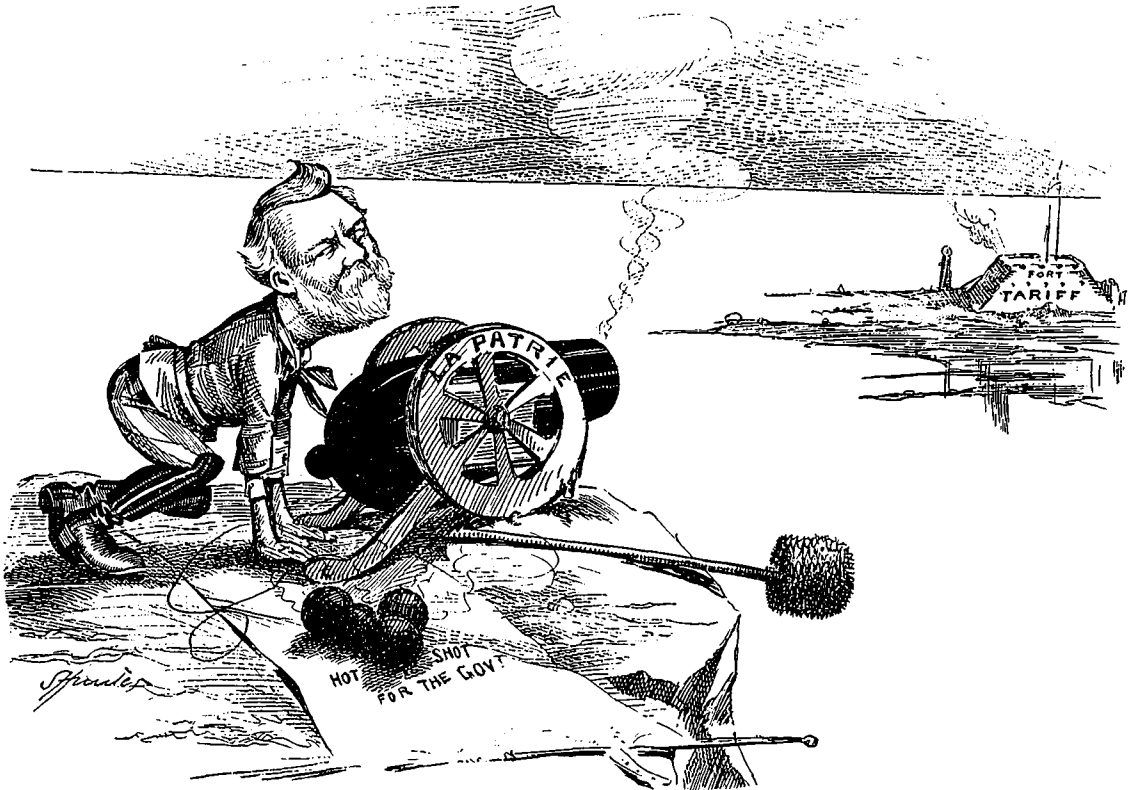
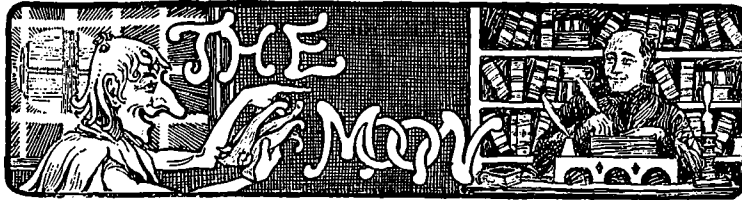
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THE MOON PUBLISHING COMPANY

48 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO



At Terrebonne and Two Mountains.

Gunner Tarte (opening the campaign) : "Gee wiz! she not ver beeg—but she mak de beeg noise. Hear de report all over Canadaw.

Slang's Witchery.

Sadie is rude, though of the gods
 A daughter most divinely fair.
 She terms my soulful tributes "cods"—
 My tributes to her eyes, lips, hair.

I say her presence sheds a glow
 Like sunrise shimmering o'er the dunes.
 Unmoved, she answers : "Is that so?
 Oh, Petey, you are full of prunes!"

In ecstasy of high-wrought zest,
 My passion fills the ambient air,
 A royal crown I vow should rest
 Upon her wealth of wavy hair.

She darts at me contemptuous glance,
 As if she'd read me through and through,
 And wakes me thus from Love's sweet trance :
 "Oh, Ikey, quit that bunch talk—do!"

I gaze into her azure eyes,
 And swear their depths a soul reveals,
 That willing angels watch and prize—
 That to one's holiest sense appeals.

The eyes take on chameleon change,
 And dimples vanish, red lips pout ;
 Her answer—ah, 'tis passing strange !
 "Ring off! Forget it! Cut it out!"

Showed ever mouth such perfect curve!
 A mouth I ween of Venus' mould!
 "Just one, sweet pet"—"I like your nerve!
 You dare!" she says, "I'll knock you cold!"

And yet I kick not 'gainst such things,
 Nor suffer from acute neck-pang,
 The while this red-hot stuff she slings,
 For—well, I'm—stuck on Sadie's slang!

—T.W.T.

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

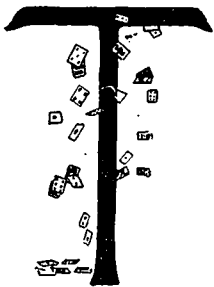
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THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.

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.



HE unpleasantness that has been caused by the cowardly and unauthorized conduct of some busybody that took the liberty of begging money from Andrew Carnegie for the City of Toronto, could easily have been avoided if ex-Mayor Howland had really possessed that originality and literary taste with which he is credited.

Why did not ex-Mayor Howland, during his two years' of power, submit to the taxpayers of the city a bylaw that would abolish the public library, and establish in its stead a bureau "devoted to Politics, Education, Literature, the presentation of current news and the diffusion of useful information?" If this had been done, think of the money that could have been saved! No books would be required in such a system; no clerks would be needed; an expensive building would be unnecessary. The only expense incurred would be the salaries of the founts of knowledge. These spouts—beg pardon, founts—could be obtained by engaging the Editors-in-Chief of *The Globe* and *The News*. The services of these gentlemen could be obtained for something less than twenty thousand dollars a year; and even this sum would leave the city fifteen thousand dollars a year better off than it will be if it accepts the Carnegie offer.

The advantages, other than monetary, of such a system, are almost innumerable. The information would be *reliable*, pure, matured in the wood, xxx tra dry, pan dried, double action, reversible, switchback, bold faced, ancient, double leaded, in vogue, sugar cured, JAMy, et cetera ad infinitum.

But, of course, this system is too advanced by far for a city like Toronto. We prefer to beg money through the agency of a person that is ashamed to reveal his name.

We crowd our library so full of vile fiction that there is no room for more; then we cry for a new store-house to hold what future rubbish we may collect.

Public libraries are, without doubt, useful institutions, if they be put to their legitimate use. It was never intended, however, that one-half of their shelf space should be given up to books that are, if not harmful, at least useless. If the Public Libraries of Canada would sell or burn the fiction that has not become classic, they would have no need to beg money from Andrew Carnegie, nor from anyone else, for half of their shelves would be empty.

Mr. Carnegie might, with quite as much reason as he now exhibits, present monies to be used for erecting buildings where one might obtain free playing cards, which cards should be furnished at the expense of the city. Indeed, THE MOON believes that the cards would be less injurious than is the fiction with which our libraries are crammed.

IT is with a keen sense of satisfaction that we learn of the arrests of players of immoral pieces in Montreal. If some other of our cities would follow the excellent example set by the Canadian Metropolis, all decent citizens would be thankful.

The filth that is permitted on some of our stages is a disgrace to our country. The only laws concerning theatres that are even pretended to be put into force, are those that prevent playing on Sunday, and the display of improper posters. The posters must not undress nor use obscene language in our streets, but the vile creatures that the posters represent may pour out their filth with impunity, provided that they charge the gang of rowdies that frequent their dens of depravity an admission fee—and pay the Police interest on a mortgage.

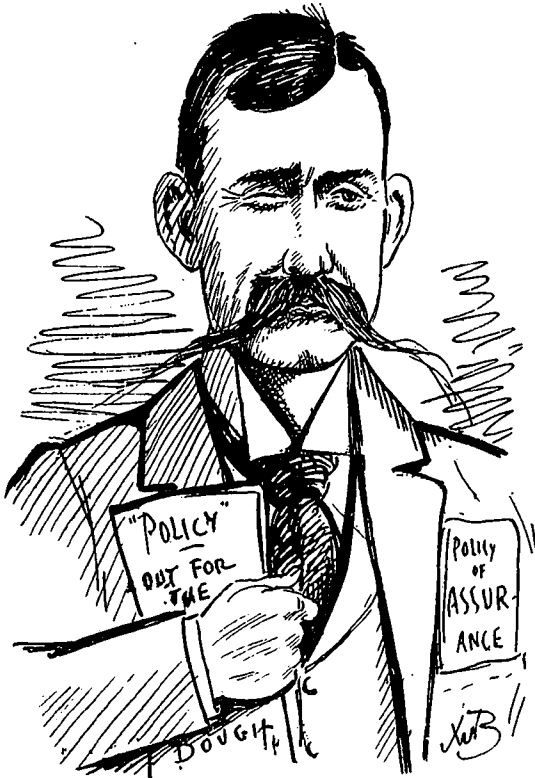
The hypocrisy of Toronto would be extravagantly funny, were it not so disgusting.

IT amuses one to read the fiery criticisms of Colonel Lynch, which some hollow-chested, puny and parasitical offshoots of the Human Tree indulge in. From behind prostituted pens they shove out "fillers" made up of epithets as false as their writers' style. Their pet name for the Colonel is Coward—possibly because misery likes company. What must we think of an editor that will permit such absurd lies to appear in his paper? Call Lynch a misguided enthusiast—a traitor, if you will—but a coward, never. Great as his crime may be, that he is a daring man, no one can with truth deny. If the fungi that traduce him had been guilty of that of which Lynch was guilty, they would have, like puppies with tails between their legs, crawled beneath their office tables, rather than face a trial for high treason.

A man that has payed his debts, no matter how great they were, is on terms of equality with the men that have never owed.

THE abdication of the King of Norway and Sweden is nothing extraordinary. Why, in this country we retired our 'oss-car several years ago. But they tell us that the doctors advised King Oscar to give up the throne to his son. Then, looking from *The Mail's* picture of the King to its picture of the son, all we have to say is that those doctors should be lashed to a pjine rjaft and set afloat in the maelstrom.

Portraits by Moonlight.



R. R. GAMEY, M.L.A.

Brief Biographies.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

BUT yesterday, the word of Cæsar might have stood against the world; now lies he there, and none so poor to do him reverence."

R. R. Gamey, of Gore Bay, Ontario, M.L.A., has become celebrated suddenly. R. R. Gamey is triplets, or at least a triune entity in legislation. There are: Gamey the Liberal-Conservative, Gamey the Independent, and Gamey the Liberal. Gamey the Conservative was the first born, while Gamey the Liberal is the youngest of the litter.

The first born was elected by the people of Manitoulin in the Conservative interest. He in turn cast a ballot in favor of Gamey the Independent, to represent *his* elector in the legislature. Grit Gamey in turn was elected to represent the same constituency by the joint efforts of Gamey the Independent and the Ross administration.

Gamey, M.L.A., is not particularly celebrated in that he has kept store, or dealt in timber or ties, or exploited a mining location. He has done something far more potent in its results than any mere mercantile transaction. Men may, in after years, make their boast that they have made millions, or speeches; written great works on science or literature; but the knowing ones will reply to the

boasting ones, "Oh, you did pretty well, but your exploits are as nothing when compared to Gamey's, of Gore Bay."

What did Gamey do? He made "Independence of Parliament" more than an empty and meaningless phrase. Much has been said in time past of men that violated principle, but it has fallen to R. R. Gamey, of Gore Bay, to establish his principle as an active factor in provincial politics. Time was when a member of Parliament could not make or take a contract from the Government without violating Principle; but our hero has made not only a contract for himself, but has sold out all the right, title, and interest of the people of Manitoulin, and in so doing, has proved his independence of People, Party and Principle.

Legislators of the old stamp—they are passing, to make room for up-to-date M.P.P.'s—would, perhaps, not have felt this way. If, after being returned, they change their minds on things political they resign their seats. The idea! Gamey the Grit resign? There isn't anything to resign for. *He* wasn't elected by the people of Manitoulin. It was Gamey, Independent and Ross & Co. that elected him. What the other two Gameys did, or said, and promised to do, is no concern of his. Of course it is rough on Gamey the youngest when people mistake him for one of his other selves, and proceed to call him a pole-cat, or other pet name, and make the remark that the more they know of some folk, the better they like dogs. But Gamey the Grit need not worry about what people say. He may think rather badly of his other selves, but he can rest his case on the fact that his conscience would be clear, if he had one, and that *he* has done the only thing worthy of sending down to future generations as having ever been done by R. R. Gamey, of Gore Bay.

And when trading in electoral divisions is done with, and Gamey quits the game and goes to his reward—not a pulp concession nor a Registrarship this time—his portrait will take its place between that of Judas and Titus Oates, in the gallery of immortals. Under the portrait future generations may read: "He sold policies to many, and, to show his faith in his goods, he bought endowment himself."

An Unlucky Quotation.

Parson: "Don't swear so, my friend! Curses, like chickens, come home to roost."

Farmer Peavick: "Well, parson, I allow ye may know all about cusses, but I'm darned sure ye dunno the fust thing about chickens, begosh!"

Out of the Common.

Ethel: "Lord DeLiverus is considered a little eccentric, isn't he?"

Gwendolen: "Quite so. He's going to marry an Englishwoman, and she isn't an actress either."



Aunt : " Good bye, my boy ; God bless you ! "

Nervous Nephew : " Not at all, my dear aunt, not at all. "

Heather's Ladies' Column.



O many of my kind friends have written asking me why I did not attend the Durbar, that a word of explanation may not be amiss. It is quite true that the greatest Canadian journal (I refer to the Saturday Blight) made offers that it cost me something to refuse. It is true that many minor papers went down on their editorial knees and besought me to hear them. The story, however, of the pearl necklet sent by Lord Curzon is not *quite* correct. It was not Lord Curzon that sent the necklet, and the pearls were rubies ; also, the necklet was a tiara.

In spite of all this I did not go to India. The reason is very simple ; I could not bear to leave the darling kidlets. At first I wished to take them with me, but upon my suggesting it, all inducements were politely withdrawn. Indeed I was made to feel that those brutes of editors didn't *want* the sweet children to go. So I decided to stay at home myself. You see you never can tell what may happen on a journey like that, and the thought of those precious wee things with a step-mother was too much for me. I know I am oversensitive, but such as I am I find it is the kind of thing the people that read this column want.

Shall I be quite truthful? I shall. There is another reason, one that I feel does credit to my deep feelings. I did not go because I have not yet got over my annoy-

ance at not being allowed to go to Venezuela as a war correspondent. As I have before remarked, I have deep feelings. My ambition soars, it spurns the earth, it sighs to fly where woman never flew before. In other words, it would like to do something sufficiently startling to obtain a one-inch-letter headline in a Sunday newspaper.

When I heard that war was imminent, I rushed to a well-known editor and offered my services as a war special (from feelings of pity for his family I withhold his name). What was my experience? I was refused—REFUSED! Since then I have never been the same. Life has taken on a sombre hue. I smile but seldom, and when I do I take care that no one is looking. I eat but little, only enough to show our new cook that she has not quite the snap she thinks she has. I reflect often and bitterly, and I take three doses a day of Dr. Smartly's Heart Renovator.

This is, perchance, a somewhat intimate confession—but let it stand.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vegetarian.—I do not approve of breakfast foods, so cannot give an opinion of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." We always use plain oats.

Perplexed.—You say you often come across the word "menage" in the society columns of the Saturday Blight, and wish to know what it means. It is, I believe, a contraction of the word "menagerie," and means "a collection of curious things."

Poet.—The lines you quote are from "Dublin Bay," a beautiful song, beginning :

"They sailed away in a gallant bark,
Roy Neil and his fair young bride."

Ah, me! It is many years since the barrel-organs ceased to play that air! The thought of it brings tears to my eyes. Why is it that everything Irish is so SWEET? Can it be because—but no, it cannot!

Girlie.—You say you THINK both will propose. Be careful, dear, over-confidence has ruined many a promising speculation. Take the one that speaks first. You can't sometimes, generally, always tell.

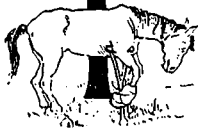
Friend.—Yes, if he pays her debts before marrying her, it might be called a "marriage settlement."

—HEATHER.

The Autobiography of a Horse.

WITH SOME MENTION OF HIS FRIENDS.

I WAS born thirteen long summers since. My mother was honest, and my father never told a lie in his life. My first guardian was a farmer, with whom I lived till I was eleven, earning my oats by honest toil. By that time I learned some fence tricks,



and got some oats that were not meant for me. The farmer got rid of me by trading me off to a dealer for a buggy and set of harness. Farmer said I was past six. Trader said buggy was nearly new and cost \$200.00. Farmer sold buggy and harness for \$42.50. Trader sold me to a horse doctor for \$45.00, said he wanted a hack. I got some hard hacking. The Secretary of the Humane Society had a dog—a pug. Dog got sick one night, and she sent by telephone for my master. Drive was four miles in mud and some ice. Doctor cut me hard, and I went as fast as I could, but slipped on the ice and got lame. When we got to where the dog was, dog was dead, and lady, in torrent of tears, wanted to know why doctor didn't come sooner. Horse was hard driven, would have been killed if driven harder. She didn't care, would have paid for ten horses being killed rather than that poor, dear Dick should suffer so. Doctor said he was sorry, and so he was, afraid he'd lose lady's trade. Sold me to a carter. Carter was poor, and harness was bad. Collar chafed my shoulder; he put some sugar of lead on it, but it looked bad. Carter had little girl sick, and five other little ones that were hungry. Carter had to hustle, delivering coal at 25c. a load. Coal man was Treasurer of Humane Society and Vice-President Y.M.C.A., and made \$1.75 a ton on coal after paying for carting, but then he said to my boss, the carter, that he had to take all the risk and chance—risk was that people mightn't want coal.

Well, one day we had a ton to deliver on Rotten Block street. Wheel got stuck in a hole—street as full of holes as the lake is of waves on a rough day. President of Humane Society owns a lot of houses on street, and wont have it paved because it would raise his taxes. Carter got off to lift on wheel, and told me to "get up." I started. Shoulder hurt a bit, and I let the cart back again. Carter took hold of spokes and lifted hard, and shouted to me to "get up." I "got up," but a block shifted under my front foot, and I slipped. Cart wheel went back with a jerk into the hole, and hit carter in the stomach, and skinned his shin. Carter got mad, and gave me a cut with the whip. I gave a jump and took the new skin off my shoulder, and it began to bleed. Then I got mad and wouldn't pull at all. Carter cut me again and swore at me. Then a man with a cane in his hand came along, and said to the carter that he should take half of the sacks off the cart, and had no right to whip a horse anyway. Carter evidently didn't know his business, or how to drive a horse. Carter told him to mind his own business. Man with cane went and called a policeman. Policeman came and looked on, and said that that wasn't the way to drive a horse. Carter said that if policeman was anything but a big, lazy swine he'd help shove instead of finding fault. Policeman said he wouldn't take chat like that from no — carter that iver driv' a wagon. Horse was galled, and the Humane Society would trim the carter on account of the sore

shoulder, and the magistrate would trim him for sassing the police on duty. Then they had a row, and two more cops came, and when it was over, one policeman had a black eye, another had a bad kick in the ribs, and my boss was lying on the sidewalk with a club cut on his head that took seven stitches, and I was unhitched and brought home by a boy who knew my boss. In a few days my boss was able to appear, and got six months in the Central for cruelty to animals, and \$20.00 and costs for assulting and resisting the police. I was sold to an undertaker to pay the fine and costs, and the first work I did in my new place was at the funeral of the carter's little girl, who died for want of medicine. The carter's wife couldn't support the children, and the Superintendent of Neglected Children took them away and put them out with kind farmers, who will treat them nearly as well as they do their hogs.

Thus do all things work together for good. The policeman got a job, the magistrate and the Crown Attorney got a job each; the Humane Society and the Superintendent of Neglected Children were given a chance to practice their "good works," and the undertaker got a cheap horse, a chance to look sad, and an occasion afforded to sing, as he did the next Sunday: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Moral: "If you would scatter blessings broadcast, be an old horse with a galled shoulder."

—D. S. MACORQUODALE.



Mand: "One wouldn't think that a man with such short hair could curl!"

THE MOON



'T WAS NOT ALWAYS THUS.

Miss Canada: "Dear me! how differently some people act when they discover that you are wealthy."

The Evolution of an Aristocrat



1783

Pursued by squalling Yankee bird,
John Smith departs with flock and herd,
Behold him plodding on his way,
He hates to leave, yet fears to stay.



1820

His son, ambitious, linen
wore,
And kept a genteel grocery
store.
He owned a little plot of land,
And, with his sugar, mixed
his sand.

1870

His grandson, digging in the soil,
Did, one day, strike a well of oil,
In fact, he dug with so much vim,
That, squirting up, the oil struck
him.



1903

And now, his great-grandson you see,
A member of the E-li-te, who boasts of
birth and pedigree.
He poses as a howling swell, descend-
ant of the U.E.L.,
But leads an aimless, useless life,
And calls himself John Smyfe de
Smyfe.

—Sigma.





Saint Valentine's Lament.

ALAS! Alack! Ah, woe is me!
 The times are changing fast, I see.
 The good old day has passed away,
 When I, the lovers' Saint, held sway,
 Smoothed quarrels o'er, joined fresh young hearts,
 And in Cupid's Hall played many parts.

Now, the modern youth, who invokes my aid,
 Is laughed to scorn by the modern maid.
 She, with icy look, cries out, "Away!
 'Tis the Bank Account cuts ice to-day."
 Alas! Alack! Ah, woe is me!
 An old back number I must be. —"CHIC."

On Epitaphs.

NOT BY ANY RESIDENT OF GALT.

DURING the last 50,000 or 55,000 years, immense advances have been made in all departments of literature, except in those of poetry and epitaphography (this word is copyrighted). In Sanchoniathan's

Resurgus, for example, there are quoted nineteen epitaphs which were legible even in his day on tombstones in Lower Egypt. What is probably the oldest recorded inscription of this class relates to a Mr. Ptmenophis, who flourished about 53,982 years and some six months or so B.C., and which reads thus:

"Ghostified, in the month Karphox, and on the 20th day of Karphox, Ptmenophis, Ruler of the Province of Sok, under Pharaoh II. This is to tell the people yet unborn that, although Ptmenophis was regarded as a great man, he was one of the biggest humbugs who ever ruled a province. As a liar, it is scarcely believed, even by the most credulous of Koptos (natives), that he ever had an equal, far less a superior."

The fifth on Sanchoniathan's list may be freely translated as follows:

"Ghostified, Mersekha - Semempses, priest of Ptah, in the month Den. He was from (*i.e.*, was born in) Libya, and Osiris should never have allowed him to leave it. When our old gods show no more discernment we may well conclude to try new ones.

"Mersekha-Semempsis enriched himself and his family by robbing the public treasury. Let us be warned, and keep an eye on his successor in the temple of Ptah, for, as far as we can learn, Zet Qa is no better."

We may quote the seventeenth chiefly on account of its brevity:

"Ghostified, Kebh, wife of Rem. Rem is glad. Kebh was a scold and a drunkard."

Most of the others are too plain spoken to be quoted in *THE MOON*, but we must allow for the fact that the standard of truth was much higher 50,000 years ago than it is now-a-days.

So much do we like this sort of sepulchral announcement, that we have amused ourselves with a few imitative attempts, merely avoiding real names for economy's sake—and to prevent putting some of our deceased friends' relatives to the trouble of instituting vexatious and costly libel litigation.

How is this, or, how are these?



"How d'ye do, Mr.—er—oh, what's your name?"
 "It's noo 'O' anything; it's Alma McTavish."

Ghostified, Ont. Op. Lead. de Morrisburg. 7th day of General Worry about 8 p.m. He was an A.I. optomist and braggadocialist. He was eternally crowing about his "virtual and virtuous majority." Those who professed to know him best called him Colonel Bluff. As a "stumper" he proved a jaundiced failure, and always whined when the stump gave way under him. As a politician, he was only a limping straddle-bug. Even with the assistance of Blakenel Psalmi as a wet nurse he became ghostified before reaching his majority. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

The foregoing relates to one who died after the Rebellion of 1837.

Regarding one of his contemporaries, we eased ourselves of the following:

Ghostified, Gross Yarner (date uncertain), but, some say, quite premiaturely, at the advanced age of more than sixty, after an extremely active life as an accomplished hoodwinker and opportunist. Outside of a small but well-informed circle, he was regarded as "a very smart man." Everyone was of opinion that the following sentiment would be as suitable an inscription over his tomb as it would have been over his office-door: "Here lies Gross Yarner." He became ghostified in the odor of sanctity and teetotalism. Go thou and do likewise.

There have been so many men of these stamps that no

one could guess who they are or were in a thousand tries, but here is one that is easy:

Ghostified (never mind the date or the chap's name). There were six daily papers in Toronto, and he was careful to be mentioned in every one of them diurnally, that is to say, three dozen times hebdomadally or one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two times annually. His taste in this connection was an extremely morbid one, for his name was always associated with some contagious disease, or with sewer-gas or other noxious effluvium. One day a paragraph of the kind was accidentally omitted from one of these journals, and from the editor down to the smallest newsboy, everybody threatened to strike should anything of the sort occur again. This was more than fifteen years ago, but nothing like it has happened since, in that or in any other Toronto daily. In some offices his name was kept in solid type, so that the compositor could grab it as he would a comma. The plan proved a time-saver.

"A good name is more to be desired than great riches." —R.M.G.

True to Her School.

She: "Mrs. Beezletope paints frightfully."
 He: "Yes; she's an impressionist."
 She: "Impressionist? Nonsense! I mean she paints her face."
 He: "Of course, and it doesn't make her a bit handsome."

A Common Professional Failing.

Plugwinch: "Johnbrown is the architect of his own fortune."
 Bledsoe: "I never heard that he made a fortune."
 Plugwinch: "He didn't. He underestimated the capital required for the job."

Unenterprising.

Isaacs: "You know Dinkelspiel vell, eh? Vot you dinks auf him?"
 Jacobs: "Yaw, I know him more as dventy years. He only has von failing."
 Isaacs: "Vot? Only von failing in all dot time! He don'd vas mooch auf a beesness man anyhow."

No Fun For Him.

"Were you ever at a country paring bee, Forster?"
 "Yes, I took one in last year."
 "Great fun, eh?"
 "I can't say I enjoyed it. They seemed to be all paired from the start."

McDuff: "Remember, my boy, the early bird catches the worm."
 McBeth: "But the early worm gets caught."
 Moral: Don't be an early worm.

It's Chronic Ailment.

Higgins: "Money talks, you know."
 Wiggins: "Then it stutters badly, for its awfully tight."



At the Chaffeurs' Club.

Chairman: "Mr. Knockemdown, this is, indeed, a memorable moment in your life, and I have great pleasure in presenting to you the Destruction Medal. Your record is an enviable one, for you have killed 43 children and 21 adults, and have injured 106." (Loud cheers).

A Society of Heroes.

THE explanation of the amazing number of railway disasters during the past few months lies in the recent formation of the International Society of Rail-rod-ers.

The membership of this exclusive society is limited to those holding at least \$25,000 stock in one road that kills its thousand a year. The infliction of mortal injuries or maiming for life are not alone valid credentials, although badges of prowess, to be worn conspicuously at the society's functions, will be awarded for meritorious achievements of this nature.

After much discussion, it has been finally decided to admit to the privileges of the society those that have qualified by involuntary, as well as voluntary, act. It is recognized that some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Provision is made that those admitted under this decision must qualify as to murderous intent within the year, such qualification to include the causing of several innocent deaths.

Officers are elected on the basis of the number of lives taken, according to sworn statement. In order to avoid giving an unfair advantage to those stockholders in com-

panies having few tracks and much traffic, a system of handicapping has been introduced. The candidate's eligibility for office is figured out in per cent. from the handicap and the sworn statement, in the same manner as that in which a batting average is calculated.

A feature of the society's programme is the raising of a huge fund for the purpose of bribing venal judges and controlling the newspapers, in order that the noble sport of "killing" may not be interfered with.

The promoters of the society are most solicitous that neither the Public nor the Government take action that will detract from Canada's chances of making a credible showing.

Crustaceous individual, steeped in philosophy and psychology: "You know my life has been one of introspection."

She: "Ah! That's why you are so disagreeable and stupid. I knew you couldn't help it."

In Some Localities.

Peavick: "Women are very changeable."

Binkerton: "That's so. Friend of mine in Chicago has changed his wife half-a-dozen times in as many years."

Still Seaworthy.

Putts: "I hear that the Graball Unlimited Trust Co. is in pretty deep water. Is it likely to go down?"

Calls: "Guess not. Its liabilities are mostly floating debts, you know."

Proverbs for Passengers.

- Time and cars wait for no man.
- A city is known by the company that runs it.
- The last car breaks the record in getting away.
- It is a long line that has no need to be longer.
- Where there's an agreement there's a way to break it.
- The better the day the worse the service.
- Don't put all your passengers in one car.
- Give a company a bad name and it makes no difference to the monthly receipts.
- A car on the track is worth two on the schedule.
- Even a city council will turn.

The Knocker.

His one object in life,
Next to eating his food,
Is to promulgate strife,
And put bad before good.

Do but speak of a saint
In a casual way,
And his vices he'll paint
Like an immoral play.

Reputation and fame
Very soon disappear,
If you mention a name
When the knocker is near.
—P.J.



He : " Do you prefer dress to men ? "

She : " Well, I—er—think I like both. "

Up-To-Date Correspondence.

HE existing so-called " Complete Letter Writers " fail to meet the present conditions. The following sample epistles are submitted, as being more in accord with the current need.

From a married lady to a gentleman, asking the loan of a coat and vest for her husband :

Dear Mr. James : I regret to trouble you at this hour of the morning, but John, unfortunately, lost his coat and vest at a Church Social last night, and, as he has mislaid the key of his wardrobe, I shall be much obliged if you will kindly lend him a coat and vest, so that he can go to the office. He seemed so distressed at his loss, that he could not remember which Church Social it was he attended. Poor fellow ! I expect him to wake every minute.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

From a gentleman to a lady, sympathising with her on

the death of her husband :

Dear Madam : I little thought that, when I lent your husband \$25, I would never see him again, although soon afterwards I had misgivings. My own grief at the death of an old friend teaches me how crushing must be the affliction to others in a worse position. When I look at the I.O.U. he so generously gave, words fail me.

Very truly yours,

From a merchant, begging an immediate interview with a book agent.

My dear sir : I shall esteem it a great favor if you will kindly call on me at your earliest convenience. I am in daily want of the Encyclopedia, and there are a few other books I hope you will put to one side for me. I enclose a cheque for \$100, from which deduct the price of the books (I think there were to be 17 volumes), buy yourself a small tie-pin, and place the balance to my account. Apologising for troubling you, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

From one gentleman to another, in reply to a request for a loan :

My dear Smith : Your welcome letter received. The weather here is very seasonable, and crops look fine. Poor old Mrs. Dean fell downstairs last night and broke her neck (or some such other incident). Business is good, and bills are being paid more promptly this year than last. You did not say how your neighbor's baby is. I sincerely trust you are well, and remain, as ever,

Your old friend,

GEORGE E. STREETER.

Snaggs : " Was there a full attendance at the Club last night ? "

Jaggs : " Well, they were getting that way when I left. "

Hazel : " Oh, dear, my hair is so heavy. "

Maude : " Why not bleach it, that would make it lighter. "

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[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM]

Independent Order of Foresters

Benefits Paid During the Year 1902.

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

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order.

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

Average Benefit Payments, 1902

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

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

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

Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1902... **\$5,261,831.52**
 " " 1st January, 1903... **6,070,663.48**
 Increase during the year 1902 **808,831.96**

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

HEAD OFFICE

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 OFFICE FOR UNITED STATES—431 East 63rd St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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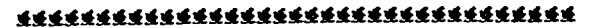
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