

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

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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.

JUDGE Meagher is a new addition to the list of Canadian Judges that are suffering from that all too common disease—enlargement of the case in which the normal man's brain is held. What this case contains in a Judge, it is difficult to say—some wondrous mixture, no doubt. Judge Meagher had a gentleman arrested because the gentleman objected to the Judge's calling him a blackguard. Now the gentleman really deserved what he received, perhaps, for asking the Judge to withdraw the insulting name, for when a man is suffering from what the boys call the "puffed nut," he stands for many hours each day before a mirror; therefore the Judge should recognize a blackguard when he sees one. But then, again, the gentleman may not have known that the Judge was suffering from the disease. There is the real difficulty in placing the blame. The only way that the Moon-man can think of avoiding mistakes of this kind in the future, is to admit it as a fact that *all* of our Judges have a touch of the infirmity.

POOR Dr. Parkin cannot, it would seem, get, by any means, that peaceful rest and seclusion to which he is so well entitled. Why will not humanity let him follow his natural modest bent? Because a man happens to have a genius for talking, must he be made to talk, and must that talk be reproduced in print, and sold with soap and patent medicine advertisements, and miscellaneous news, of trifling importance, at one cent the copy? If so, our social system is in a sorry state, and sadly needs amending.

A great man, whose brain has become worn almost out, by his mighty efforts to civilize some hundreds of Colonial young savages, takes a hasty trip to his adored Albion, for but two months of the rest that should be his forever. On the beloved isle he no more than sets his foot, and kneels in adoration of its past, when he is surrounded by an eager throng that thirsts and pleads for wisdom and advice. Salisbury, Rosebery, Balfour and Chamberlain are there—and, last but not least, his dear old friend the King. King Edward he can not resist, for his old friend has, at great pain, left a sick bed and journeyed to Liverpool to meet the learned Doctor on his return from his voluntary exile in the Colonies. He, like the others,

comes to drink of the *bottomless* fount of wisdom. He will not be denied.

Thus the weary grind is again started; and when once started, it will not be stopped. Rosebery hangs by his door; Chamberlain dogs his footsteps; Ba four telephones for counsel; and the trustees of the Rhodes estate beseege him and force him to consent to select the least objectionable of the Colonials to send to Oxford for the scho'arships.

At last, in desperation, he flees from dear old England. Alas! J. Pierpont Morgan, by reason of the hold that he has on shipping, contrives to get on board the Doctor's ship. Throughout the voyage he makes the great educationist's life a burden by his pleadings for advice. He extracts from the Lineman-of-Empire even some pointers in English, and, as a result, is now able to say "fellers" and "goin'" almost as soothingly as can the Doctor himself.

His holidays denied him, Doctor Parkin comes back to Upper Canada College, quite as exhausted, mentally, as when he went away.

And now, out of mercy to the great man—and out of mercy to the public (which loves him)—will the newspapers not force him to talk again?

PERSONS that seem to take a savage delight in denouncing British Royalty and Nobility will find Lady Raglan's recent exhibition of herself, dressed in her Coronation robes and coronet, rather difficult to scoff at, or to explain away.

Some there are, no doubt, mean enough to say that her ladyship did not satisfy the curiosity of the vulgar for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital, but that she wished to get her name and picture into the papers. Persons of this kind should be exterminated. They discourage the efforts of aristocracy to make themselves useful in the only way that is possible for them to be useful.

The Man in THE MOON extends his sympathy to Lady Raglan, who has undergone a most trying ordeal for the benefit of the sick. To a person of her ladyship's retiring nature, it must have been a great sacrifice. And while some of our most Canadian ladies may envy her the advertising that the exhibition brought her, they cannot but be thankful to her for showing them a new way of putting themselves before the public.

We shall watch with interest for the next noble lady that will display herself. Possibly she will accept THE MOON Man's suggestion not to pose in her Coronation robes, but to appear as a living picture, in tights, etc., with lime-light trimmings.

#### Notice to Men.

Beside the sea there's such a chance  
With summer maids to spoon;  
For every night they sit alone  
And rubber at the moon.

Everything in THE MOON is original. There are no stealings.