

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

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**A**TIRED feeling comes over one when reading in sundry Tory papers to the effect that Mr. Ross will go to the country at an early date. Prof. Goldwin Smith is quoted as an authority to the effect that, according to parliamentary law and usage, Mr. Ross can't go to the country, but has the option of resigning or meeting Parliament. This dictum of Mr. Smith's recalls the story of the market trader of long ago in "Muddy York" who was prosecuted for selling butter prints that were light weight. Said a neighbor, "They've put Brown in the stocks for selling light weight."

Someone said, "But they can't put him in the stocks for that."

"But he's in!"

"But it's against the law; they can't put him in."

"But I tell you he's in!"

Why so much fuss about a little matter? If Ross resigned, Whitney would have to go the country for want of a majority. "To the victors belong the spoils." Ross, with patronage to dispense and a treasury to draw upon, has a better chance to win than a lot of ex-ministers would have with nothing better to draw upon than their past record. Mr. Ross has proven in the past that he can create precedents. Why not now? We claim in the face of the whole Tory press, that he can go to the country, and if again returned by a majority of one, repeat the operation again and again till something better turns up. The Ross Administration is working for its health and the good of the people. *We are the people.* A rabid Tory press pretend to believe that, if the present Government remains in power, large slices of the public franchises will be given away. Readers of THE MOON can rest assured that nothing of the kind can happen. That part of the work of "building up" Ontario has been fully developed.

**N**OW that the din of battle has died and our boys are back, let our memories be of peace. The sight is frequent of young men in khaki, legs wound from the knee down with stuff that does not make them look less, hat of wide spread and canted as though the wind was abeam, spurs, and two bullets crossed on the side of the hat; very fierce it all looks, but, laddies, would you swagger round with daggers were these the weapons? Wondrous tales ye tell of exploits on the veldt, but not more wondrous than a fisherman tells who returns from the lair of the bloody mosquito, and he needs not his rod and hooks to back his statements. His simple word is enough. A warrior with expansive bullets behind a rock is brave after a fashion, but give him a knife and put him foot to foot with the foe and in many cases his liver will be as water. Put away your baubles, boys, and let us sing of peace.

**M**CADAMS is out of jail and the S.C. of B.C. is at the bat.

Mc. apologised as was fitting. When Twain's beaver climbed a tree to get away from the dog, somebody doubted the beaver's ability. Twain explained the difficulty by saying, "Can't climb a tree? By gosh, he had to climb a tree; the dog was acrowding him!" We cannot speak positively on the merits of Mc. and his charges. Perhaps he said more than he could prove, when the final tribunal was the S.C. of B.C. We think it possible that Mc. is a fool, even a — fool, mayhap a — — fool, but, taking the other horn of the what-you-call-it, suppose McAdams was right when making his charges, what then? Did the Supreme Court of British Columbia do right by putting their maligner in the stocks where he must crawl or soak? Right without a doubt. What are the powers of the Court for but to exercise?

Dennis meets Grogan on his beat, armed with club and sixshooter.

"Here, Grogan, arrest that big fellow, Smith; he's drunk and elbowed me off the sidewalk."

"Go on wid ye, Smith is too much av a gentleman to bother wid the likes av you, and besides Smith is drunk and not raysponsible."

"But," says Dennis, "he has no right to push me off the sidewalk."

Grogan: "Ye must have done something. Smith is a gentleman, a foine gentleman. I've knowed him spind tin dollars in tin minutes. Move on, Dennis, an' no back talk." Dennis does not move on and gives much back talk. The conference ends by Dennis being arrested and getting justice to the extent of \$10 or 30 days.

Right? Of course it is, but we have not yet learned to exercise to the full our glorious liberty.

Hon. Dross wants to beat the Government and hold the keys of office and can, with the help of Hon. Gross. They have been drunk together or have met accidentally in a house with red blinds, and hold each other in much esteem. Gross helps Dross to win, and is discreetly ignorant of some things. Dross makes Ross a chief justice. Now, to say Justice Gross is a rascal, whom we all knew to be a rascal before, is contempt of Court, but we can say that Dross, though a Minister of the Crown is not to be trusted with a contract. This also should be contempt of Parliament and punishable by imprisonment, if we are ever to have even-handed justice. Let us hope that the time is near when no mere person dare hint a word about any one in a public place, unless they are prepared for transportation north of the 75th parallel north latitude, so that there may be perfect liberty for us who are on top.

This is not a case of a certain editor making charges of favoritism, but of *anybody* who dares to do so. There are those who will say that judges would better assert their dignity by preserving a dignified silence. That depends on what he owes his appointment to. A Gross appointment to a Dross has no such dignity to maintain, for who can take a bitter thing out of a sweet. Gross owes his appointment to a stuffed ballot. He must maintain his dignity with a stuffed club.

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