

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

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"THERE was a sound of revelry by night"—and by day, too, when William, the German deity, landed on the little island that he still permits his uncle Edward to reign on. (England is a very wet country, you know.)

When the Imperial yacht reached the English coast, Almighty William was discovered engaged in his usual pastime of promenading. Then, at the wave of his hand, a cloud burst, and under the storm's protecting curtain he ate and left his ship—cheered to the echo by his supers, who, it is said, were "dressed." On the shore, crowds of noble-minded Englishmen bellowed their delights that God's special agent should stoop to set his feet upon their soil. Unmoved by this outburst, he made the storm to last, and in the torrents vanished from their sight.

A little while later he appeared at Dover. This time he was mounted on a snow-white horse (how fitting!) to the tail of which Lord Roberts clung. (More fitting still!) Lord Roberts had a "brilliant staff" with him. (Where in—, ah, England did he find it?) In this order they came unto Shorncliffe, where his Imperial Almightyness reviewed the First Dragoons, of which he, some years ago, in a moment of weakness, accepted the honorary colonelcy. After the review, he complimented his regiment on its man-killing ability, and ordered them to give three cheers for their king. They cheered, for is not that what they are paid to do? Then he left them, and turned up at Sandringham, where there was more cheering, and where much good wine was drunk. (There may have been other things drunk, too, but this is not recorded.)

Now, the foregoing may not seem on the surface, instructing, but it is, nevertheless. It shows us how money can be spent, and it shows us how it may be our privilege to spend some of ours, if the efforts of Colonel Denison, Dr. Parkin, and other noble men of their capacity lead to the gratifying of their plans. If we but had Imperialism, we should have the privilege of paying for the board, clothing, beer and arms of these cheering regiments, to say nothing of the other drunks—beg pardon, drinks.

How gratifying it would be to some of us that believe in prohibition, if we were permitted to pay for the whiskey, etc., consumed at Buckingham, besides what we pay for in Canada, to make the consciences of our local politicians easy.

WHAT is really the trouble with the Doukhobors is that they are bored. This country is too monotonously safe. Their life has hitherto been based upon a foundation of trouble which gave them abundance of excitement. Their emotional natures thus fed, they were enabled to adopt an austerity of life which seemed to dispense with all forms of amusement and relaxation. As long as they had their spring persecution to look back upon and their autumn harrying to expect, they led a fairly well balanced life, the exultation of slow martyrdom compensating for the bareness of their daily life. Far away from Russia, in our North West, they are trying to keep up the bareness when the excitement of the persecution is gone. Hence their present emotional indigestion. We in Canada have been good to the Doukhobors in our matter-of-fact English way, but we must draw the line somewhere. We simply wont afford them amusement of the type which the Cossacks were accustomed to provide for them.

THE scandal in England, which is likely to rival in importance the famous Oscar Wilde case, is said to have been disposed of by the King in an entirely original manner, *i.e.*, by declaring that the whole affair shall be hushed up, and the chief criminal in the case banished from the kingdom.

What a convenience it is to be a member of the British aristocracy! If one stands in that social position, one is in no danger of having to face the criminal code; the King can step in and decide that it is much better for the public generally that no publicity should be given to so disgraceful an affair, and that it will be much better to have the guilty party got quietly out of the country, instead of having him go to jail.

Why should an aristocracy exist if the members of it are not to be allowed to indulge in the most disgusting of vices without their incurring the same responsibilities that common persons would incur?

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has given indication of possessing a quality that but few in Canada would previously have given him credit for possessing—namely, the quality of humor. He has appointed Mr. Sutherland to attempt to fill the place recently left vacant by the retirement of Mr. Tarte. While this may not seem funny for Mr. Sutherland, we are willing to wager that the public will have its sense of the ludicrous tickled when it sees the mental emaciation of Mr. Sutherland emphasized by the gigantic space that he is expected to fill.

The Doukhobors started out to meet Jesus, and met Frank Pedley.

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