

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

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portment. He is a man from whom one would least expect remarkable exhibitions of hardihood—but put him to the test! Bring on a closely-contested bye-election between a Grit and a Tory. He will drop prohibition as if it were a red-hot brick; will hurl dead cats at the man that will not drop it; will support his Grit or his Tory—and, after the dust has cleared away, will come up smiling, and ask you to join the Alliance! The galls of these men are tested to a thousand pounds pressure.

THE City Council of Toronto has at last accepted the Carnegie offer—“without unnecessary noise.” But in this there is nothing remarkable; grafts are not usually worked to the accompaniment of a brass band. The gentlemen that will sell the library site to the city are highly conventional. Throughout this delicate affair they have conducted themselves with noteworthy propriety. In the first place they chose a “solicitor” of sound judgment and nerve, who shrunk not from declining the Council’s invitation to produce the correspondence in the matter. Their next move was equally subtle—they “persuaded” the daily papers to view the offer through their spectacles. Now, with the same dignified silence, they are skidding public opinion, slowly but surely, towards Queen’s Park. Another crop of L.L.D.’s will now spring into existence—“without unnecessary noise.”

FROM this time forth the *Globe* cannot truthfully be called a Pharisee. It has come out boldly, and admitted its total lack of title to respect, or even to serious consideration. Read its own words:—“Every self-respecting newspaper can fairly claim to be classed as independent.”

Need we say more? When a paper that is admittedly partisan, states that every self-respecting paper is independent, its sentence should be made light; it has turned King’s evidence.

THE morality department of Montreal has decided that the cut of Mrs. Patrick Campbell’s gown is too low for street wear during the cold spell with which that city is afflicted. The officers of the department are sensitive enough to see that the dress of the posters is by far too severe a satire on the climate of their city. They have ordered that the paper bosom of the lady be covered. Sympathetic pneumonia will be less common in the future.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, speaking in Cape Town a few days ago, added one more to the long list of compliments that English politicians have paid to Canada.

Mr. Chamberlain said: “What would be the colonies’ position if unprotected by the gigantic navy of England? They would be reduced to the condition of small states, such as Greece, Holland and the South American Republics.”

Why did not Mr. Chamberlain mention the United States as another horrible example? See how the States has declined since it lost the protection of England’s gigantic navy. We like to be told that without a wet nurse we should perish; it stimulates our confidence and self-respect. What a master of tact is Mr. Chamberlain! Such honeyed words must surely stick the Empire together.



POLITICIANS, Preachers and Press constantly remind us that we Canadians are the freest people on the face of the earth. For this assurance we are sincerely thankful; without it, serious doubts might enter our minds, and disturb our happy comatose condition. The Press, however, on some rare occasions, becomes so indiscreet that it gives us a rude shock, and temporarily destroys the effect of the anesthetic. Such was the case when our daily papers, in a moment of thoughtlessness, published full particulars of the treaty made between Great Britain and

the United States, concerning the boundary between Canada and Alaska. Imagine the peacefully-slumbering Canadian youth’s being suddenly awakened by the rude announcement that Mamma is flirting with Uncle Sam, and is even offering to give away the child’s estate. Of course, we are too young to be seriously consulted in the matter—and the property will remain in the family, and all that; but children are sensitive, and so we should not have been startled by having the news broken to us at all. We should have been so much more contented if we had been left to slumber peacefully, dreaming that we were grown-up and no longer tied by an apron-string. Ah, ah, how easily are a child’s ideals shattered! The responsibilities of Motherhood are even now unknown.

THE powers of endurance of the human body are really much greater than the average man would believe. Some men, of course, are blessed with much greater “will to live” than others—a few have been known to board a Grand Trunk train and reach their destinations in a comparatively sound condition. Such cases are rare, to be sure; but there are other examples of human endurance almost equally surprising. Take, for example, the prohibitionist—take even the average specimen. He appears to be a man of ordinary physical development, mild expression and refined de-