



The Chicken's Complaint.

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
 Make me an egg again, pure, clean and white;
 I'm lonely and homesick, and life's but a dream,
 I'm a poor chicken born in a hatching machine:
 No father to love me, no place to call home,
 I'm compelled in this wide, weary world to roam;
 No mother to teach me to scratch or to cluck,
 I can hardly tell whether I'm chicken or duck.

—SHEBA KEENE.

Miss Sentimental: "Which day do you consider of most importance in a woman's life?"

Mr. Meanman: "Bargain day."

Jaspar: "I wonder who was the original vegetarian."

Jumpuppe: "Nebuchadnezzar, of course. He ate grass like an ox, you know."

AT the Coronation the Queen's dress was of magnificent cloth of gold, veiled with ivory white tulle, and the train was of velvet, lined with ermine. The costume was ornamented with elaborate gold embroideries, and the tulle overdress was embroidered with roses, thistles and shanrocks. It was finished in a high transparent collar of old lace, edged with gold.

ON Monday last the editor of THE MOON was attracted by the sight of a little boy, about three years old, in rags and filth, taking ravenous bites from a mouldy crust that he had dug out of a garbage box that stood in the street before the house of someone less unfortunate than he. While he ate of the disgusting lump, a little girl—his sister, no doubt—stood watching him enviously. Both children were mere walking skeletons—human beings dried up into withered little husks by blasting poverty.

QUITE a number of our young people were present at the arrest of Colored-Sergeant Johnson, of the Salvation Army, on the occasion of his last jag. All enjoyed themselves immensely. Police Constable McManus, nephew of Rev. Archibald McManus, and a cousin of Mrs. P. D. Q. Wilkins, wife of the well-known milk pedlar of Ward 3, officiated in his usual masterly manner, dressed in copper blue.

A LARGE crowd attended the soiree of the Higgins', Saturday night. It was not until 4 a.m. that the house broke up. Fourteen empty kegs were found amidst the ruins in the cellar.

THE Rev. Morris Macguire, pastor of Witchwood Methodist Church, has taken his family to Hamilton for a few days. His vacation bluff worked alright.

Conclusive Proof.

"That man Jones is full of energy."

"Why?"

"Because I never saw any come out of him."



He: "Do you see Jenkins across the road? Well, he calls his wife 'Echo'."

She: "Why, George?"

He: "Because he says she always will have the last word."