

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

Vol. 2.

APRIL 18, 1903.

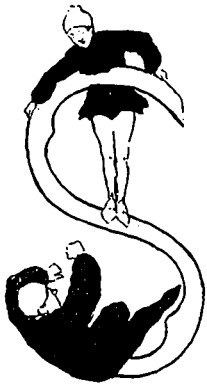
No. 46.

48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.

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.



IR WILFRID LAURIER is a sick man. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier were not a sick man, one would be forced to form the opinion that he is deceiving the public, which is absurd; therefore he is sick. If he were not a sick man, we should logically be obliged to admit that he stoops to the exercise of politics that he may serve himself and his party, which is ridiculous; he is very sick. If he were not very sick, we should of necessity conclude that his Redistribution Bill is introduced only for the purpose of convincing the simple Canadian public that it takes a Liberal statesman to deal out justice, and to hold

in check that natural, but mean, desire to pay back—which is as insulting to reason as a *Globe* editorial could possibly be.

Whew! Sir Wilfrid is sick—and we are disarmed. What an opportunity we should have if the Premier's health were but in the robust state of other days! How he would have gerrymandered poor old Sir John's mince-meat till Canada would look like the devilled Turkey that Austria and Russia are about to prepare! And, then, how the Tories would have devilled him! And how The Man in THE MOON might have made chain-food of both! Ah me, it is a sorry world where sickness destroys one's copy!

The Man in THE MOON does not wish to blame Sir Wilfrid; he admits that the Premier could not have avoided the illness; but it is none the less provoking to annoyance. It is a strange fact that, whenever justice is done, the journalist must pay the costs. Of what use is a fog-horn if the sun will persist in its shining? It is only during drought that the sun will constantly shine, and it is only during sickness that a statesman will forego his thunderstorms of vengeance.

If Sir Wilfrid's health had remained good all would be well; the Redistribution Bill would contain sufficient material to keep journalists going from now till the next general election; but, as it is, even the *Mail* finds it

most difficult to scrape up a daily column of redistributed abuse. Even the laborer, that man of chronic discontent, finds his chief occupation gone. No grievance is left him; he will find ample employment for the next few years in carting townships back to their native places, nailing them down, and filling in the clinks with putty.

Much as it is to be regretted, it is to be feared that Sir Wilfrid's early retirement will be necessary in the interests of good politics and journalism. Despite Mr. Ross's splendid constitution and untiring efforts, it is unquestionably unfair that he should be called upon to furnish the entire output of the spice of life. Even Mr. Ross's marvellous capacity must have a limit, and provision should at once be made to find for him a good auxiliary.

HOW rapidly we are progressing! Yesterday we were fined for selling postage stamps and newspapers on Sunday; to-day that crime has taken its place by the side of larceny—it can be committed by no moral or honorable citizen; to-morrow the smell of tobacco smoke will have become as objectionable to the nostrils of the man in the street as sulphureted hydrogen now is. A temperance law is a good thing, for intemperance is a public nuisance; but this fact does not in the slightest degree justify the enacting or enforcing of laws that are designed to interfere with public convenience or enjoyment. If the object of the promoters of this system of pseudo-philosophy is to develop by mechanical means that condition which they call morality, why, in the name of all that is logical, do they not set about it properly and have a race of automata propagated? If they hope to mold ordinary humanity to their will, their hope is doomed to disappointment. Good nature in the genus homo will make considerable twisting possible; but there is a limit to this pliability, which the mechanical, cut-and-dried school of so-called moralists will discover to their confusion.

The House of Commons did well to start the present session by branding itself with the seal of Sampson—a certain celebrated jaw bone. That anti-cigarette resolution was so important, serious and sane! Tariffs, subsidies, monopolies, labor-unions, etc., are matters of minor interest, which may be discussed later. The cigarette question is a matter of life and death—to those that depend on the advertising of agitation for an income. Cigarettes were declared to be dangerous, combustible and altogether highly undesirable. We must now expect the House to resolve that cucumbers are indigestible, that tomatoes aggravate appendicitis, that mushrooms are sometimes toadstools, that onions are evil-odoured, that potatoes injure the kidneys, that fish encourage lying, that collar-buttons stimulate swearing, that swimming results in drowning and that green apples cause colic, and so, only ripe apples should be grown.

After these resolutions are adopted, the House may turn its attention to financial, industrial and other matters of minor importance; not till then. Let us hope that Parliament will atone for its error of mentioning the Redistribution Bill so early in the session.

From this date THE MOON will be mailed three days earlier than usual, in order that our subscribers will receive it in the same week as that in which it is dated.—Ed.