

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

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SIR OLIVER MOWAT, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, is dead. Sir Oliver Mowat, the statesman, died before the dawn of this century; for proof of this second statement, behold the condition of Ontario politics. While the statesman held the field, our affairs were administered in the light of the sun; now, moonlight proves to be too shrewd an illumination. The solemn event of last Sunday was not the last act of a splendid drama well performed;

it was but the last good-night and farewell of the star performer. The life of Sir Oliver Mowat will ever stand unique in the history of Ontario; he copied none, and there will be none to imitate, for his style is now become unfashionable. Even after death he escapes the responsibility of inspiring falsehood—his biography need call no blushes to the cheeks of Truth. His whole life was one of triumph; even in his political successors he was fortunate, for they serve as foils to his clearness; in his death he was happy, inasmuch as it called forth regret.

THE Gamey trial, notwithstanding the unpleasantness and inconvenience that it has caused to the public generally, and more especially to some individuals, has already had a good effect. The very fact that the members of the Legislative Assembly deemed an investigation necessary, has filled us all with wondering admiration; for we had thought that laws against bribery and corruption were kept in existence merely as a foundation on which we could build a structure of legal antiques, to be admired but not heeded, to be honored but not obeyed. Our pride in our Utopia is aroused; but with it is mingled a sense of the loss of all claim to antiquity. But then, the sense of loss is tempered; the trial has shown that we are not become so hopelessly modern as to have left behind all relics of the days of chivalry, we have our cross-examination still to link us to the past. To be sure the cross-examination is somewhat modified since the time of the Plantagenets,

but the principle is unchanged. Red-hot pincers, boiling oil, thumbscrews, melted lead and branding irons are no longer used, but they have their substitutes; the change is in detail only. Our torture is not so melodramatic now, but this is no loss; we are more artistic than our ancestors. Instead of burning a man's body to make him say what we want said, we scorch his pride with burning innuendo; instead of boiling oil or melted lead, we pour upon his honor vile suspicion; instead of the rack, nine hours of shouting in his ears, and shrewd remarks, filled with a wit as keen and as well refined as can be found amongst the very brightest bootblacks. This relic of antiquity, well polished and refined, alone repays us any loss that we feel from the resurrection of a law on which we had fondly looked as good enough to be obsolete.

THE methods of the various members of the Ross Government last summer may not have been above reproach; their conduct immediately before the 11th of March may not have been discreet; the whole course of their lives may have been reckless and ill-advised—but, since the Royal Commission started to hear evidence, their conduct has been most exemplary. They have discovered that spiritual, if not practical, resignation which only great natures can display. The anxious period of uncertain expectation has been devoted to the perusal of the meditations and philosophies of the no less great and renowned men that have trod the thorn-strewed path before them. Their conduct may well be emulated not only by their successors, but by any man that finds himself in dire straits.

Last Sunday night was devoted to the reading of appropriate gems from Shakespeare. A moon-beam stole in at an unguarded window, and the music was transmitted through the night, across the fields of space to that soft orb which smiles when lovers walk and politicians roam.

The Premier 'twas that spoke:

* * * * Of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors and talk of wills:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own but death,

And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake let us sit upon the ground

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

How some have been deposed; some slain in war;

How haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;

Some poisoned by their wives (*glances at Stratton*);

some sleeping killed (*squirms perceptibly*) * * *

Stratton (breaking in, reads):

O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Gibson—No doubt, my lord.

Stratton—O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Gibson—Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

Dryden (reads)—Jockey of Norfolk be not so bold

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

Adds sneeringly: Why Gamey might have written

that himself.

Ross (*rending his garments*)—Gamey! He that smote

us, then fled!

Alarums: excursions.

Exeunt omnes in confusion.