

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

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OUR CONSTITUTION.



THE MOON makes her bow. This is not the first time she has done so, but hitherto, on the principle that "all geese are swans," these bows have been known as crescents—this is a genuine genuflection,—not an obsequious one—not a priggish one—not even a merely mercenary one. She

desires to make herself agreeable to all lovers of a laugh, as she has often done to lovers of quite another kind. It is her fixed intention to be always full, despite any result of the referendum. In her elevated condition she anticipates much joyousness from her power to shed light as well as to cast reflections and deepen shadows, the desire being to produce these effects in a purely natural and genial way. She is not unmindful that for thousands of years her character has been traduced, having been associated with mental diseases, sabbath-breaking, green cheese, the quality of pork, the sprouting of seeds and all sorts of weather; but science has vindicated her from these and other aspersions.

To one charge, and to one only, does she plead guilty, viz., that of variability; but, withal, she has remained consistent. Her present form is wholly a novel one, yet her purpose is to shine, not for any party, not for any clique, not for the wealthy, not for the poor, but for all! Good, full-orbed moonlight is necessary in Canada's law courts, in her university lecture-halls, in her school-rooms, in her legislature, in her municipal affairs, in her prison work-shops, in her hospital wards, in her subsidized organizations of all kinds, in her financial institutions, in her charitable societies, in her press management, and in everything that affects her religious, moral, social and domestic interests. These contain infinite material for ridicule, jocularly, sarcasm, satire and reform.

She will frown as only a moon can frown on all that is purely personal, or apart from public interest, and she will wink as only a moon can wink when she has an opportunity to shoot a beam at, or shed her whole effulgence upon anything in need of being shot at, or shed upon.



Because a monopolist uses more advertising than any other business man, must the press hush up news of public interest that has an unpleasant connection with that man? Certainly not!

Then why is it that, although the Eaton Company has had a strike on its hands for some time, the papers have remained almost, if not quite, silent? Not one in a hundred of their readers has even heard of the matter. Is this the policy of an independent press? Surely not! We take no side in the present strike; but we do state, most emphatically, that this, and a hundred similar affairs should be given the fullest publicity. The public is entitled to the truth. Let a man walk firmly and independently, if he can; let him hobble and use crutches, if he must; but, above all else, let him not become soiled by crawling. But, after all, it is a shame to frown; the whole thing is such a huge joke—isn't it?



She: "Do you believe in taxing bachelors?"

He: "Certainly! All luxuries should be taxed.—Puck.