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T always has been, and it always will be, a cause of wonder to the observer, how ready the public is to accept effervescence as a sign of force. True, effervescence is a sign of force, but of force wasted, not of force employed. Water in a boiler will bubble and hiss and foam—but to what purpose, if the vapors be not restrained? And if the vapors be restrained sufficiently, the effervescence will be diminished—yes, it will even disappear. “Of course,” you say, “we know this to be true; why, then, take trouble to state it?” Yes, we all know this to be true in hydrodynamic; why do we not recognize the fact in “humanics?” We profess to see through the man that bubbles and sputters and vaporizes and attracts attention, but do we see through him? Perhaps!

If he be a common street faker, we do. If he be the fellow that bubbles through letters to the Press, we do. If he be a showman—a circus manager, or Museum orator, we do—sometimes. But if he be a full-fledged politician, or, better yet, one that dignifies himself by the name of “Statesman”, we stand open-mouthed, and with uncovered heads, in admiration for this “Force.”

What better example of this rumbling, sputtering effervescence can we get than Joseph Chamberlain? Here is a man whose whole life has been taken up in fermenting. He has “worked” and bubbled and hissed—and has produced what? More “working” and bubbling and hissing, a great deal of sputtering and spouting and fuss, but no head of steam that will drive the Ship of State! And yet how many there are that take this man seriously! How many rate him as a great force! How much more we hear of him than of Balfour! How many take a true estimate of him to be akin to sacrilege! How many there are that rate him even above Dr. Parkin! All of which must fill one with wonder, because it is so manifestly absurd.

Mr. Chamberlain's latest display of effervescence is his kite-flying speech in favor of Free Trade within the Empire. The surprisingly serious way in which the man is taken is made evident by the excitement that the speech caused. Columns of the daily papers are devoted to it even now. The folly of the proposal seems to escape notice. Free Trade between Canada and England would be as fatal to Canadian manufactures as a reward for incendiarism could possibly be. The lunacy that we call the Preferential Tariff is bad enough; but Free Trade! Idiocy, pernicious idiocy, aggravated by suicidal mania!

TRUE to the human policy of promoting that which we denounce, of accomplishing that which we claim to abhor, the “poor man” is heroically putting forth every effort to make high protection a reality. We often become impatient with the laboring man, and denounce his inconsistency. This is a mistake. True, he is inconsistent; but what of that? His inconsistency is one of the great forces that are accomplishing our salvation. If men were consistent, our country would soon be a wreck. If, for example, the members of the Ottawa Government had made their conduct consistent with their opposition professions, we should to-day have Free Trade, or something akin to it. Their unhesitating appropriation of the Tory fiscal policy assured, not only their existence, but the nation's. The laborer is at constant war with the manufacturer; he clamors for more wages, he “strikes,” he boycotts—and what will be the inevitable result? High protection for the manufacturer. Every strike, every increase in wages, makes it but more difficult for the manufacturer to compete with the importer. The time is fast approaching when imports must carry a heavy handicap if our goods are to have a chance. And it is the poor man's inconsistency that will bring this happy state about.

IT had been suspected that Canadian journalism was drifting into a position where it would be little more than a tool for wire pullers, boodlers, fake promoters and other semi-criminals; but until the “Can't you forget” episode no one was cynical enough to believe that it was the professional mouth-piece of criminals. But now we must accept the fact. *The Globe* has set the fashion. If anyone that has become *blase* desires to read the most degraded example of journalism extant, let him select the editorial entitled “Can't you forget,” which appeared in *The Globe* of Thursday, May the twenty-first. With preachers and women it is “whole hog or none.”

GEORGE N. MORANG & CO. are suing Mr. J. Castell Hopkins for damages for breach of contract in failing to continue the editorship of the Annual Register, which Morang & Co. publish. In court, the other day, Mr. Morang stated that another suit against Mr. Hopkins for damages is pending. This second action arises out of Mr. Hopkins' failure to deliver the MS. of the *Life of Sir Charles Tupper*. The man in *The Moon* begs leave humbly to suggest that, should the court find that Morang & Co. have suffered loss by the non-fulfilment of the contract, the Government not only pay the assessment but set aside a day of thanksgiving and sacrifice.

DESPITE the legality of the action of the opposition, the public's sense of decency revolts against the unbroken succession of heartless knocks that the Tories are so mercilessly administering to the remains of the old war-horse, saddle, and mount. Scarcely a day passes, but the sensitive heart is turned faint by the sounds of the “dull sickening thuds,” as the blows fall upon the battered, mortifying flesh of the corpses. Can nothing be done to remove this offence to eye, ear and nose? Will not the Humane Society demand that the Lieutenant-Governor officially pronounce the Centaur dead? The report of no Royal Coroner's Jury is necessary; the nostrils of the public have rendered the verdict. Let the carcass be hauled to the glue-factory, that political typhoid may not become more rampant than it is.