



An Ordinary Hoboe.

(With apologies to R. K.)

He's a grimy, dusty beggar,
But he makes his annual call;
So, reluctantly, we take him as
we find him,
While we quickly loose the
watch-dog,
And eject him from the hall,
'Ere he leaves a lot of little
things behind him.

—P. J.

Raw Onions.

When gentle springtime fills the air
With odors sweet from flowers rare,
What perfume most of all "gets there?"
Raw onions!

What odor more than any other
Sticketh closer than a brother?
Beats the love of any mother?
Raw onions!

When in the crowded church at prayer
You kneel beside some brother there,
What makes you wish for purer air?
Raw onions!

When one makes love to some sweet miss,
What is it robs it of its bliss?
What spoils the flavor of the kiss?
Raw onions!

If we would of it's terrors cheat
Each onion breath with which we meet,
We all must buckle to and eat
Raw onions!

—MALCOLM J. MCCARTHY.

A Delicate Subject.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Moonshine is said to be helpful in some diseases. I am in poor health, sometimes flushed and flabby, sometimes thin and care worn and always suffering from indigestion. What will help me?"

Answer: Our medical department is out of joint; the manager having gone out to see a man and having the bad fortune to see two. We can therefore do nothing, but we would recommend that you peruse the following testimonial from a one time sufferer. The matter came to

our notice through an agent of the company interested having sought to make an advertising contract with THE MOON:

LILAC-BUSH P.O., Aug 1st, 1902.

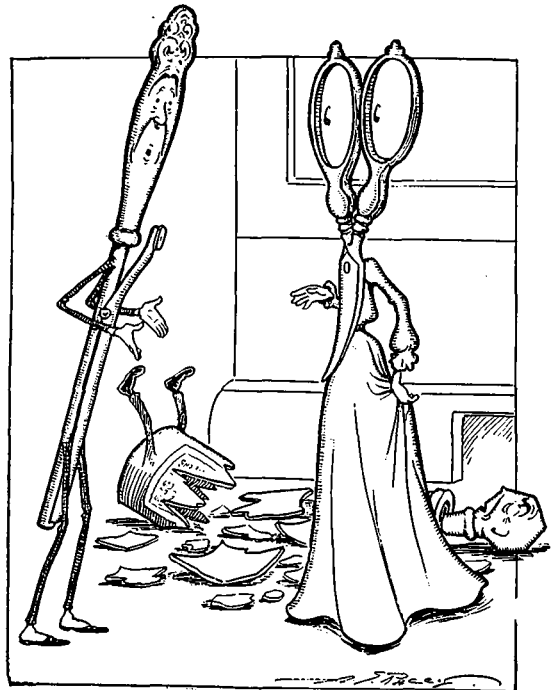
TO THE LIFE-FORGED-CHIP-CEREAL FOOD COMPANY,
Buttermilk Crick, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: I wish to offer you my heartfelt thanks for the great benefits, both to health and pocket, that your preparations have conferred on me. Last summer I had a gone feeling and was so reduced down I could scarcely walk. I consulted a physician of note who, after a diagnosis, told me that I was suffering from contraction of the liver, enlargement of the spleen, Bright's disease of the kidneys, enlargement of the heart, incipient paresis, tuberculosis of the bowels, and persistent inflammation of the appendicitis. With care I might live three weeks. My weight was then 81 pounds. I was desperate and determined to live, if possible. I heard of your life foods and determined to try some. I bought a 1 lb. package and used it in two days. I found that I had gained 2 pounds in weight. I bought 1 dozen and found in three weeks, and using no other food, that I had gained 36 pounds. I bought 2 dozen more and at the end of six weeks I had gained 84 pounds more. I now weighed 203 lbs, which was 50 lbs. more than I had ever weighed before. I now decided to stop taking your foods, but I went on gaining flesh for a month, and had to take some anti-fat to keep from going 300 lbs.

I got a new idea. I had a lot of hogs that didn't seem to get on: always lean and hungry. I got a case of your foods, and with 1000 lbs. of the stuff put 1000 lbs. of pork on the lot in three weeks. As your food cost me 15c. per lb., the pork cost me 15 cents. I lost on the food, but I made on the pork. I talked to your agent about it and he said, "You don't need the labels and the hogs don't care for advertising. Why not go to the mill, for it would then cost you about 50c. per hundred." I got my last lot there and am now feeding it to all my stock, and consider it good food for stock *if it can be got at the right price.*

Mrs. Gushley: "Don't you think mankind is improving?"

Cynicus: "Yes, indeed. All men now have opinions, and a day may come when some of them may acquire knowledge."



Miss Scissors: "Dear me! Why did poor Mr. Perfume Bottle commit suicide?"

Mr. Curling Tong: "Because he didn't have a scent left."