

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

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WHEN the King's doctors finally agreed that his majesty was practically out of danger, news as to the real cause of his illness leaked out. It is now said, on the best authority, that when the surgeons, in performing their operation, lanced the abscess in the region of the appendix, they were surprised to find a large, tangled-looking mass, unlike anything that they had previously met with in operations of a similar nature. It was carefully bottled and put into a safe place, for examination when circumstances would permit.

The next day a consultation was held, and the mysterious "growth" fetched forth and examined. During all that afternoon and evening they read, pondered and dissected—in vain. Nothing could be made of it. At last, in the evening of the second day, Dr. Conan Doyle was called in. Then, and not till then, was the problem solved. The strange, unhealthy mass proved to be nothing less than a snarl of meaningless words, fastened together by knots at irregular intervals!

An officer was hastily summoned. A secret warrant was signed and sealed. Within twenty minutes Alfred Austin was quietly arrested on the charge of high treason and lodged in the deepest dungeon in the Tower.

IT was his Coronation Ode!

THE "Paystreak," Sandon, B. C., has a very severe case, and there may be others. The S. C. of B. C. has William MacAdams in its folds. Mac. has been saying things about the Courts of B. C. which is contrary to the British Constitution, which distinctly provides that any person shall have perfect liberty of thought and speech, provided that the bosses have it not "Sub-Judice." In the meantime, mum's the word.

It seems that one J. K. Clark has been trying to get J. Frank Collum to pay up on sales of 83,333 Mining Shares. He didn't try the Supreme Court of B. C. till September, 1900, and

now, because the thing has been put off on an appeal till—some time, Mac. kicks. Now, MacAdams, gird up your loins like a man and answer. What are appeals for but to be heard? Who can hear an appeal but a Court? Therefore, if A sues B and B appeals that A has no case, what can a Court do but wait? Q. E. D.

And MacAdams kicks and says that Clark is put off so that in time he may die or quit. The Court does not want Clark to do anything of the sort. They want him to live, and, after the other side win their appeal, let Clark appeal, and so keep grist in the mill.

MacAdams ought to know—if he knew as much as a smoked salmon, that the judiciary should have a while shooting in the fall when he brought on his little business. Then comes Xmas, when even a loon wouldn't go to law. Then winter sets in and the roads are blocked. Then spring freshets and washouts leave the roads worse than in winter, and when the roads dry up there is the trout fishing, that even a judge might enjoy. Then come the days, when even a dog wouldn't be a judge, unless he got a judge's pay, so that a hearing of the case is a difficulty, unless we can get God to make a longer year, or quicker judges. And Mac kicks because there are two odd years used up. Two years are as nothing to Him who allowed Legislatures to make judges. There is an eternity ahead of us, Mac. Cheer up. Time will not cease for a bit.

WAS not the treatment that the Canadian Contingent received at the hands of the British officials at the Alexandra Palace thoroughly English? A notice was posted on a balcony, which notice informed the beastly colonials that their officers were not allowed to soil that place with their presence. How long will Englishmen continue to insult us? How long will we submit to it without demanding an apology? Are we as good as the English born? Well, it is to be hoped!

BRITISH fair-play! What a great thing it is! But British fair-play when opposed by a good, strong inside pull, shrinks, fades and vanishes. General Buller, who formerly had the courage to win the Victoria Cross—the most coveted decoration on earth—is now denounced as a coward, because he sent—and owned to having sent—possibly the most manly message that passed between two generals during the war. Buller is a coward, because he took precautions against possible defeat. British fair-play is a great thing—but give me the PULL!

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