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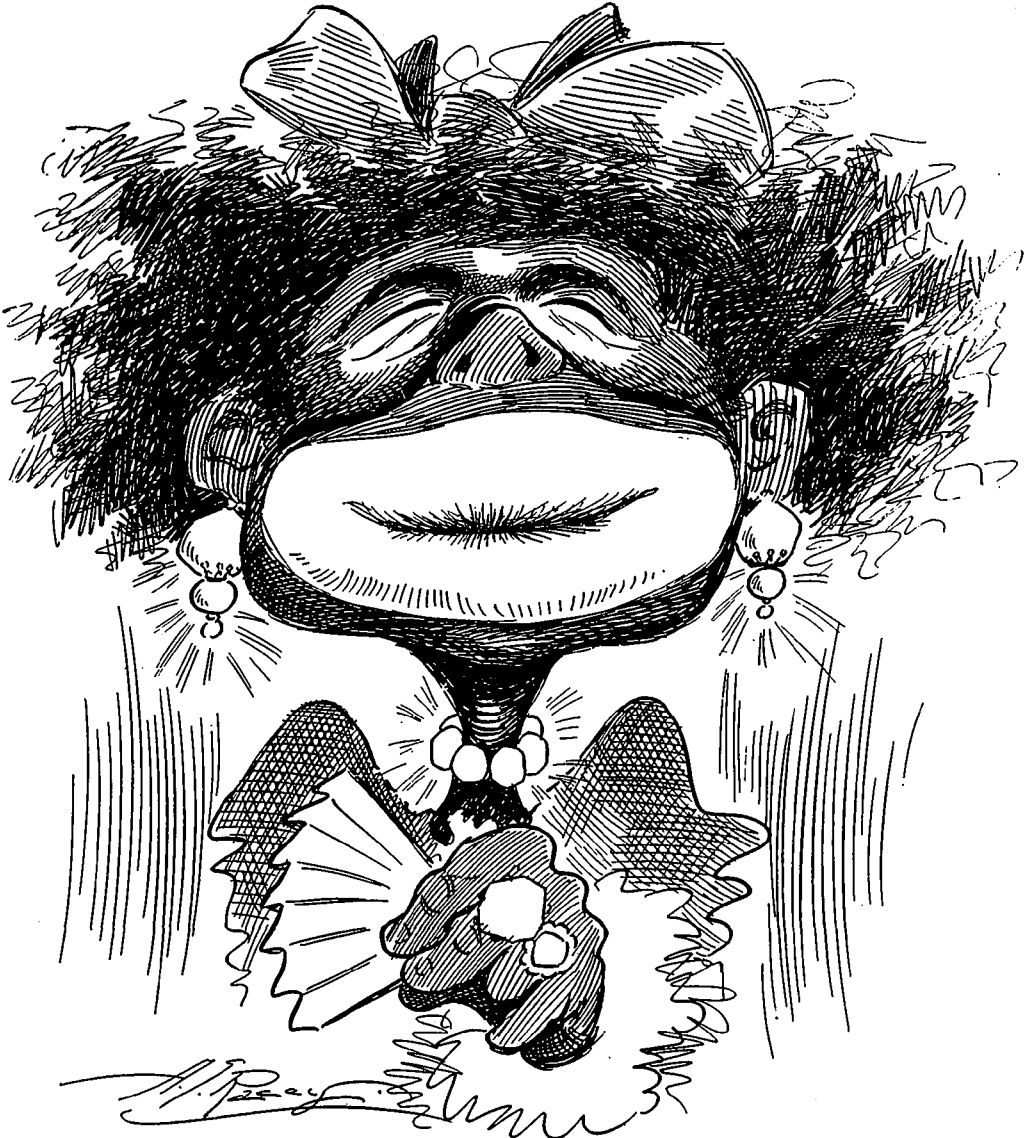
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# The Moon



**THE AMERICAN GIRL. (No. 2)**

**Snowdrop.**

Ye gods, what hair and shapely mouth,  
A daughter of the sunny south  
Is Snowdrop.

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

Vol. 1.

JUNE 18, 1902.

No. 4.

48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE MOON is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.

All comic verse, prose or drawings submitted will receive careful examination, and fair prices will be paid for anything suitable for publication.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

WHAT would have become of us if Lord Minto had neglected to import that graceful creature, Major Maude? Surely we should have remained sunk in the mire of ignorance and savagery! Remember the awful spectacle that we presented when His Royal Highness inspected us last fall. Remember, and think what it might have been but for Maudie's manly efforts!

We publish, this week, a view of his latest triumph—the graduation exercises in his Coronation school at Ottawa. Think of the enterprise of the man, and be thankful, O Canadians!

We humbly pray that, when Lord Minto's time is up, he will not take our mentor from us. Let him, rather, procure for the worthy Major the principalship of some young ladies' college, that we may have him with us constantly, to prevent our lapsing into our late state of barbarism.

THE idea of Toronto University venturing to offer an honorary degree to the Minister of Education! Perhaps the University authorities think the Ministers are grateful for the condescension, and are prepared to accept degrees or other favors in a meek and submissive spirit. On the contrary, Mr. Harcourt acted wisely in staying away from the ceremony and leaving it to the patronage of judges, Tories, men of science and other inferior persons. The University belongs to the Government. When the Ministers want honorary degrees they will notify the authorities of an intention to accept them.

LET those persons that do not sympathise with the Eaton strikers read the "Reply of the Man with the Hoe" on this page. The printers make no more than a living at best. The T. Eaton Company refuses to live up to the scale of their union—a scale that is recognized in all the first-class offices in Toronto. The company claims that it only wishes to do its private printing. At this the strikers laugh. Is it reasonable that the Eaton Company should install an expensive plant, to stand idle during a great part of each year? Scarcely. What, then, does its refusal to recognize the union scale mean? It

means simply this: The company will cut printing prices as it has cut other prices. It will ruin the printing business as it has ruined other businesses, and the at present hard-working printer will shortly find himself transformed into the slave of grasping monopoly. Let every liberty-loving man think this matter over for himself.

### Reply of The Man-With The Hoe.

Yes, I am the man with the hoe. What have you to say about me?

I pay every copper I owe, and I crave not for all I can see.

Yes, I am the man with the hoe, and the pick, and the spade, and the plow—

My work is quite common—quite low; all done with the sweat of my brow.

But I'm happy as man needs to be, for although my abode is a cot,

It is mine, and at home I am free; and that is what many are not;

For the rich and the great, in church and in state, have often, I hear, a hard lot.

Of pity I need not a whit, nor do I want any man's scorn; For this is my title—to wit: I am here because I was born.

Born on the old, old plan—the same for the poor as the rich:

Born to breathe as a man—to work at a desk or a ditch!

Yes, I am the man with the hoe: what better are you with the pen?

We came—we are here—we must go! and who can tell what of us then?

You grieve over toilers like me—we remind you of clowns and of clods:

You think that among us you see coarse beings bereft of the gods!

Bah! fools! must a fellow have gold, or even a deeply learned head,

To teach him what nature has told—to love well the wife he has wed?—

To smile at the babe in its sleep?—to fondle the child on his knee?—

To play with another, bo-peep, till they're happy as happy can be?

Must a man have money in hoards, to be kind to the beasts of the field?

Is it only to ladies and lords that a dog its affection will yield?

To delight in a sweet little flower, should a man take a course in the schools?

To be dumb when he thinks of the power that everything, everywhere, rules

Must he have a degree—M.A. or D.D.? Many such I have known to be fools!

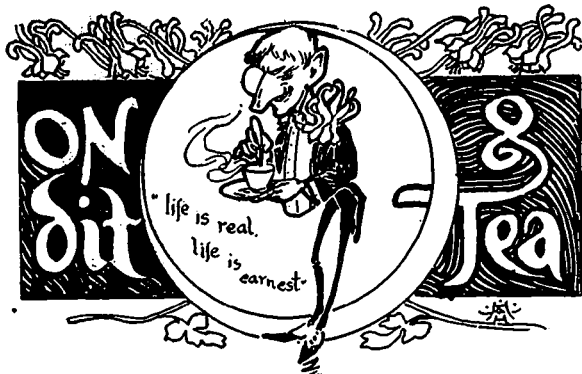
There are some who would fain do us good, with their calls and their gifts, and their doles,

While others, forgetful of food, just pray for the health of our souls!

But the man who feels he's a man, asks nobody's prayers or pelf;

He wants but a chance, if he can, to earn a good living himself.

What we need is such laws as will leave us no cause to be poor, while so many have wealth. D. A. B.



MRS. Patrick O'Brien is en pension at present with Mr. Alex O'Hara, Mr. O'Brien being abroad on an extended leave of absence. It is understood that Master Pat and Tilley O'Brien will go to work in a carpet factory almost immediately.

MISS Susie Bennet announces her engagement to Messrs. Walker & Wilkins, flour and feed merchants, at \$3.50 per.

THE storks visited the house of Mr. Jack Centsless early Tuesday morning and left three of the cutest olive branches in their block. Mr. Jack Centsless has been temporarily removed to Mimico, where he is doing as well as could be expected.

CARDS are out for the arrest of Alex Smith, of 3013 Chestnut street. His cash register in the Palace Bar has been discovered in a condition which gives grave cause for anxiety to Alex's friends.

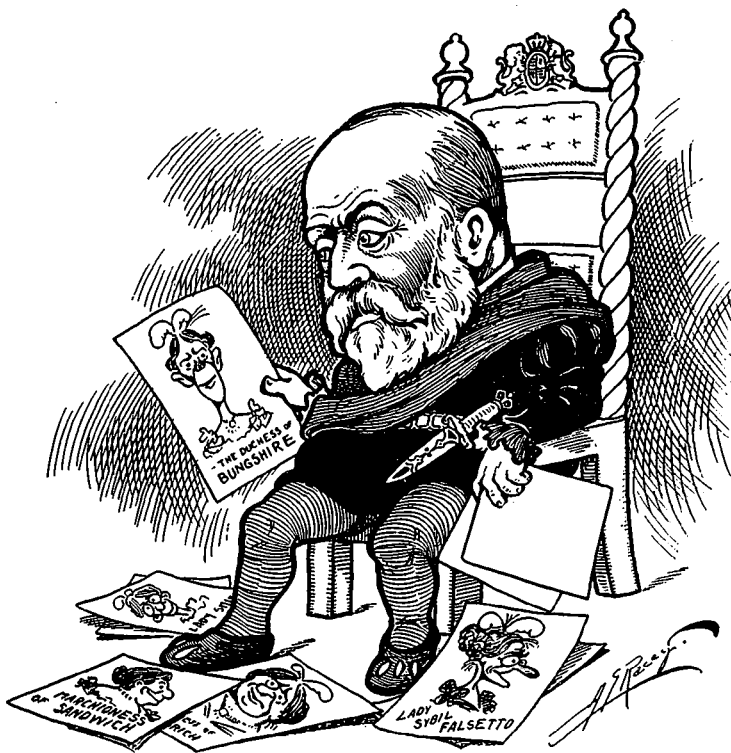
LONDON, June 14th: The King has given strict orders that his hands must not be disturbed. At the Epsom races he had the word passed round that he did not desire any public "hand-kissing." Despite this order, however, one fashionable lady rushed upon him, seized the royal hand and took a piece out of it, to the horror of the spectators.

LONDON, June 16th: The First Lord High Physician Extraordinary is treating the backs of the King's hands with a mixture of saltpetre and the juice of oak bark. This has a very hardening effect, and is an absolutely necessary part of the training for coronations.

JESSIE, the seven-year old little girl of Mr. and Mrs. Butler-Jenkins, fell down a grating Friday last and skinned her knee. However, she is mending slowly. Fortunately, Jessie does not wear stockings during the warm weather, or there might have been much more serious mending *en tapis*.

IT is said that a gentleman in Bloor street west has vowed that he will kill the next stork on sight.

IT is understood that the King will abolish the ancient custom of kissing and being kissed during the coronation ceremonies.



Hamlet.

"TO kiss, or not to kiss; that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler at my Royal functions To Hobsonize the fair sex, young and old, Or to use discretion in the choice of subjects For the Royal honor? Discrimination: Ay, there's the rub. So after due consideration Of some physiognomies that will confront me, Perforce, I must decide, to end the ancient custom."



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BUNCO AND GREEN GOODS  
MEN IN LONDON

TAN SHOES MUST POSITIVELY  
NOT BE WORN WITH COURT  
DRESS  
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WITH SACK COATS

DO NOT BOW  
TO WAITERS  
OR FOOTMEN  
DO NOT JOLLY  
THE PRINCES  
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"THE Value of a Puff." By Gilbert Parker, M.P., Professor of Literary Economics.

"ON Winding Paths." By the Hon. G. W. Ross, is a companion volume to "Through Shady Ways," by the same author, and gives the reader an instructive glimpse into the manners and customs of the country.

#### What to Do Till the Elevator Comes.

IF the elevator is above you, wait till it comes down; if below, wait till it comes up. You may take a look up the shaft to get dust in your eyes or look down to see how far you would fall if the cable snapped, but remember that fools meet it halfway, but wise men let the elevator do all the running. In case of fire do not wait for the elevator; awaken the boy and take to the fire escape.

Refrain from worry or wishing for wings. Avoid even the simplest forms of profanity. Keep away from the button. Think elevating thoughts.

Above all, waste no time. Go out and post your wife's letter, take lunch on the next street or buy the elevator boy a new novel. On returning, calculate how long it would take the elevator to go a single trip—(a) up (b) down—if the boy were paid by the mile. Consider what lords of the forest died for the glory of the architect, and think how the earth was torn and troubled for the material to give form to the ideas of the worker in metal. Imagine where—

Take the stairs.

W. A. CLARKE.

What plant does a deserting redcoat resemble?  
A scarlet runner.



#### At the Aquarium.

Lands sake! Si, what be that?  
Guess that be a turtle.  
Real or mock, Si?

#### At Atlantic City.

Lord Monocle: "My deah fellow, what a blawsted long way this walk reaches. Why, I declah, it's as long as from London to Brighton."

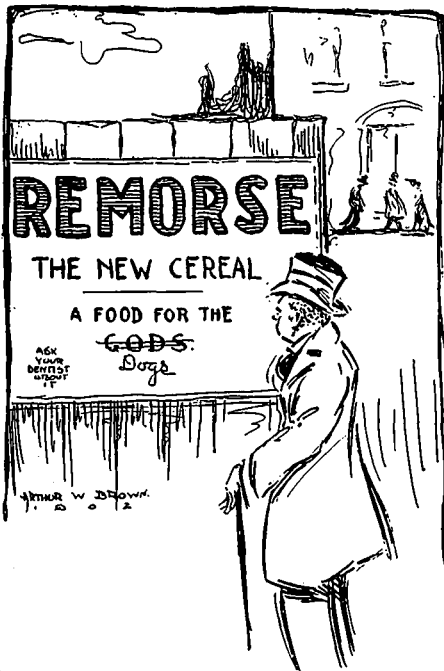
American Companion: "If you stay here a month or so, my lord, and measure the board walk with the board bill you'll think it's quite short."



#### An X-Ray Xploit.—(1)

The Hunter: "Why, I'm sure that went straight for the vital parts!"





A Serial Story.

### A Letter that Explains (?) Itself.

TO the agent of the choke bore, nickel plated, slate roof, compensation balance, reversible front, hem-stitched, eighteen carat, triple expansion, ball-bearing, Insurance Co'y.:

My dear sir,—

You ask me to reply as to what my widow would do were I to neglect taking out a policy in your company.

I comply cheerfully.

The sun is low, time speeds the parting ray,  
The cowboy hastens to the field away.

The evening shadows fall as dies the breeze,  
The festive hog is rooting 'mong the peas.

The agent talks of death with accent bland,  
Hoping by sophistries his fish to land.

The greedy grocer swears he'll no more trust.  
I'll finish this line rhyming—or I'll bust.

Clearly yours,

PETER SIMPLE.

THE doctor said it was but a matter of an hour or two, and told the great stock manipulator to set his house in order and prepare to cover his shorts.

The patient had been reading of the last days of Cecil Rhodes, and his parting words. He dropped the book and lay thinking. The roar of the stock exchange was hushed for him; Wall street would no more resound to his tread. He heaved a parting sigh, and muttering, "So many to do! So few done!" entered into his rest.

### Street-car Etiquette for Gentlemen.

WHEN he is sitting in a crowded car and another seat is vacated near him, the real gentleman always punches in the side the lady standing opposite and says politely, "There is a seat, madam."

When a number of gentlemen are absorbed in their newspapers on an elevated train the best-bred one is he who sees his mother-in-law when she enters and offers her his seat.

A truly high-minded gentleman never turns his paper when the strange lady next to him is reading over his shoulder unless he first asks her permission.

If a lady faints when you offer her your seat, explain, as soon as she recovers, that you are going to get out at the next station.

If refreshments are passed around in the jammed-full car in the way of strong language against the company, no true gentleman joins in without first considering that he has paid five cents for the privilege.

When the car lurches suddenly and a woman is thrown on his knee, the well-bred young man says, "Keep your seat, please," if she is youthful and pretty; if not, he says, "Allow me to exchange seats with you, madam."

Noblesse oblige reads "much obleegeed" when a lady refuses you her thanks for a seat—your seat.—*Judge.*



Mr. Ant: "Your a good correspondent I see.

Mr. Spider: "How so?"

Mr. Ant: "Why you drop a line at every post.

**A Grand Prize.**

When THE MOON was in its first quarter, our puzzle editor was just finishing his second and consequently was full. 'Twas then he established this puzzle. Find the author of the following: "Charge, Chester, charge, Lay on McDuff, and damned be him who cannot hold enough."

To aid the student, the following comments by an eminent critic are given. Chester is supposed to be the landlord; McDuff is the speckled hen. The guest offers to consume as many eggs as McDuff will lay, provided Chester will put them on the slate, and makes playful reference to his capacity in the last clause.

THE MOON will give the following prizes for a solution: For the first correct answer, a copy of the Toronto *Globe* editorial on the recent ballot frauds, or, a *Mail* leader on "Why Witney didn't win." For the second correct answer, ten copies of either of the above. For the third correct answer, a copy of the Saturday *News* Magazine, a cancelled half-cent Canadian postage stamp, or a pen portrait of H. Gaylord Wilshire, drawn by himself. Subscribers, to whom only this competition is open, in Corea, Kamschatcka, Patagonia or Puget Sound will be allowed six weeks from date of mailing for their answers to reach THE MOON.

Answers from Hamilton sent via the Hamilton Steamboat Company will be allowed one day more.

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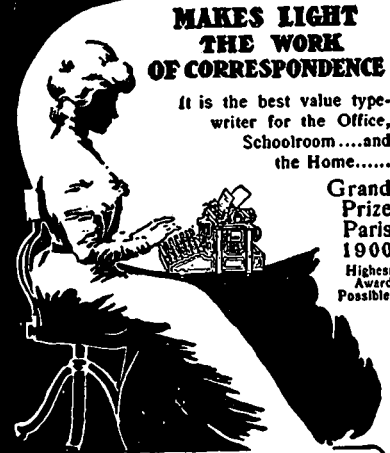
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