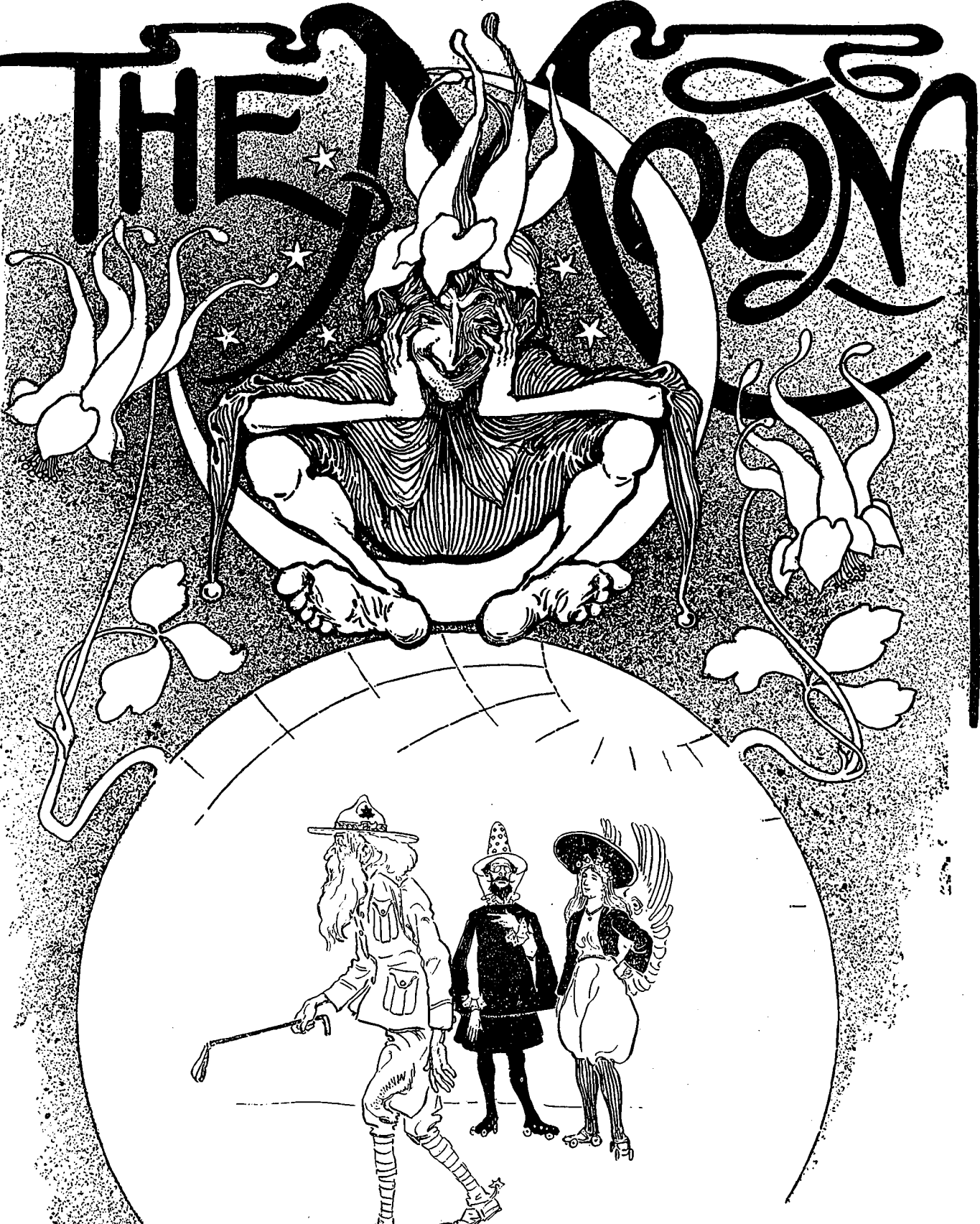


THE MOON



Price 5 Cents.

\$2 Per Annum.

In 1972.

Visitor from the Province of Pennsylvania : " Who are these curiously dressed old men I see in your streets ?"
 Fair Ontario Girl : " Oh, they are some of the Canadian Mounted Rifles who returned from South Africa in 1902."



"The Only Pebble on the Beach." An X-Ray, after C. D. Gibson.

Mediævalizing the Court.

"WHAT, ho, Sir Equerry!" exclaimed King Edward, "Bid the trumpets sound to horse."

"Beshrew me, Ned," said the newly appointed Court Jester, with the familiarity accorded his position, "but thou art variable as the wind."

"How now, sirrah," returned the monarch frowningly.

"Why 'tis but an hour since thou badst us prepare to depart for Cowes," replied the Jester, and a complacent smile irradiated the features of His Majesty, less on account of the intrinsic hilarity of the jest, which had been carefully rehearsed beforehand, than from satisfaction with his success in restoring a fine mediæval tone to the court circle.—P.T.

Saddest of the Sad.

Of all sad words of pen and ink,
The saddest of the sad, I think,
That man or woman ever spoke
Are these brief four: "I am dead broke."

Cohen (just arrived, to Satan): "O, vat a fire! Have you secured an adjuster yet?"

On the Boulevards.

1st Flaneur: "Ah, *mon ami*, have you heard the scandal concerning the Marquis de St. Grenouille."

2nd Flaneur: "No, not a word."

1st Flaneur: "It is said that his honor is seriously compromised. As the world knows the Countesse de Milles Tonnerres has a *tendresse* for him."

2nd Flaneur: "*Naturalment*. One in her position must love somebody."

1st Flaneur: "And she has made decided advances to him, and he—"

2nd Flaneur: "Responded to them, of course."

1st Flaneur: "No, he didn't!"

2nd Flaneur: "*Est il possible? Bete!*"—P.T.

A Question of Color.

Assistant: "What is the antithesis to the phrase 'Red letter day?'"

Editor: "'Dun letter day,' I suppose."

Willie: "Papa, what is a colic?"

Papa: "My son, it is a case of windigestion."

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

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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.

THE clearest evidence of the "American invasion" of Great Britain has developed during the last week.

No doubt it came to Canadians, even, as something of a shock when it was announced that an admission fee was being charged to see the interior Coronation decorations of Westminster Abbey. Yet why should this evidence of business enterprise shock us? It is nothing more than proof that the British people is awakening from its heavy sleep of centuries, and seizing the golden opportunities for putting everything upon a sound commercial basis. In this John Bull is but imitating the sound common sense and sparkling good taste exhibited by his son, Johnny Canuck. See how the London Times commended us for making our Coronation arch in London profitable, as well as ornamental, by covering it with advertisements of real estate and provender! Now, your stupid Frenchman, or Italian, or German would not even have dreamed of such enterprise. Oh, we are indeed a great people; and our taste seems to be increasing in proportion with our wealth! There is still hope for Great Britain when she shows such a strong inclination to follow the worthy examples set for her by Johnny and his Uncle Sam.

HOW envious the people of the United States are of Canada's nobility can easily be judged by the low and insulting way in which their press refers to the noble members of that class of our society. One example is a Chicago paper that hinted that some of our honored judges, and even our Minister of Justice, have profited by the release of two persons against whom the United States authorities wished to obtain extradition. Is not this most slanderous? The Yankees know that their own judges are mere common human beings; and this knowledge, of course, must be rather galling, when they have but to glance across their northern border to see a more advanced and happy state of society.

Here we have princes to decide our cases; not mere princelets, mind you, but the real, sacred and rare article, with absolute authority; men that can and will send the most respected citizen of the country to jail for the rest of his days, if he so much as criticize the quality—or quantity—of their wine.

Think of the dignity this gives to the Canadian citizen! Where else on earth can such a group of rulers by divine right be found? Russia, to be sure, has one great autocrat; but what of that, when Canada has scores?

The Yankees in their envy pretend to laugh at us, and say that they do not see why we should boast of our inability to criticize our legal nobility. Nonsense! We are proud to be under the feet of such potentates, for it is that position that distinguishes us from the citizens of all other civilized countries.

Laugh away, O lanky neighbors, but recall to mind the great Shakespearean character that was called an ass, and remember the dignity with which he received the insult. Turning to his friends, he said, with all the dignity that has made him such a conspicuous figure for ages: "... Though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."

Ah, those grand words we might repeat with fitness!

BATHERS at the seaside have observed for the last few days that the water has taken on a quiet and trembling look. No waves can be observed, and, most remarkable of all, the last tide that came in *remained!* THE MOON, being quite naturally interested in tides, investigated the matter, and made the not-unlooked-for discovery that sound waves were the cause of the disappearance of the sea waves. The Man in THE MOON, being something of a mathematician, dived deep into his figures, and, as a result of his investigations, came to the conclusion that Mr. Ross's song, administered to the British people in Westminster Abbey, is the cause of this startling effect.

THE weather prophet seems puzzled this summer. He seems unable to give any reasonable explanation of the fact that we have had rain about every two hours since June. This inability to explain a simple scientific phenomenon should be taken by the public as sound proof of his incapacity. What can be wrong with his powers of observation, when even the most unobservant has noted that there are two Moons reflecting?

THE Man in THE MOON acknowledges the receipt of Sir Gilbert Parker's highly complimentary letter, and wishes to add his hope to that of Sir Gilbert Parker's, that THE MOON may shine for many knights to come.

Jasper: "Bighead is bound to succeed as a scientist."
Jumpuppe: "Why?"
Jasper: "He has already hit on the knack of being unintelligible."

A Moving Speaker.

Stranger (coming out of church): "That was a moving address of your minister's."
Elder: "Well, he and his address have been moving every year since he commenced preaching."—N. W. C.



Mars: "I guess I'd better take some summer holidays."

(At the present time there is no war going on anywhere in the world.—*Daily Paper.*)

Angus MacLachlan to G. W. R.

Scott's Corners, Aug. 11, 1902.

Dear Geordie :

A'm sure ye maun hae had a gran' time on Saturday, an' a thocht a wad juist sit doon the day an' send ye a line an' tell ye hoo prood we a' are at the Corners to see that ye had a fine chance to see the King crooned. Even that Tory, John Cameron (ye mind him, the blacksmith), didna' look ill pleased. A'm no sure that a could hae taen it as weel as he did if Whitney had been in yer place; but thae Tories wi' a' their ill daeing are no sae bad when it's a quastion of Canada ootside.

We were kind a disappointed (no the Tories but juist oorsels) when we didna see yer name amang the coronation honors. We didna say anything about it, but we thocht maybe ye wad hae been made a knight or a barnet or something o' that sort. Ye mind when we were in Anderson's back store talkin' about thae plaguit Kirkmartin ballots. Weel, of coorse ye didna say it, but we a' thocht ye kinda hinted that ye expeckit a bit

handle tae yer name afore ye cam back. But its maybe juist as weel, for when ye come hame, gin onybody says onything about it, ye can say fine that ye didna think the best tradeetions o' the pairty wad alloo ye tae accept ony sic titles, an naebod'y'll ken but what the King offered tae mak ye a duke.

An' speaking about hame-comin', I dirna think ye suld pit off ower lang comin' back, for things are no in a gude way oot here. It wad be a gude thing if something happened tae the ballots o' twa or three polls in the back toonships. The ither meenisters are gey fine men, nae doot, but ye ken, Geordie, if onything suld happen tae thae ballots, it wad tak a statesman tae get us oot o the difficulty; an' atween you an' me an' the wa', it wad be a gude thing if some o' thae ballots (Nor' Grey for instance) suld be burnt. I wadna suggest sic a thing, nor even mention it tae onybody but yersel', but if the Tories find oot ony mair than they hae dune they might dae a deal of mischief, an' ye ken its no richt tae pit temptation in oor brither's way; an' when a's said an' dune even the Tories are oor brethren.

An' noo, Geordie, a think a hae tell't ye a' there is tae say the noo; but ye mind afore the election ye said ye wad gie my Jeanie a bit appointment doon at the Parliament buildings. A wad like fine if ye wad dae that as sune a ye come hame, juist for fear onything suld happen like.

Gie my respects tae the Duke and Duchess and the weans. I suppose ye see them often.

Your most obedient,
ANGUS MACLACHLAN.

Examination Papers in Cram University.

ANSWERS. Petrified is to be rotten.
Parabolic is a kind of acid.

The Peninsular War was caused by blowing up Boston harbor with gunpowder tea.

William Penn was the savior of Italy when they threw off the Spanish yolk, and shot an apple on the head of his son at 2,000 yards and never hurt the apple.

Trees at night absorb oxygen so as to purify the atmosphere.

Pontius Pilot was the first of the pilots to steer with a sexton.

A sextant is one who digs graves.

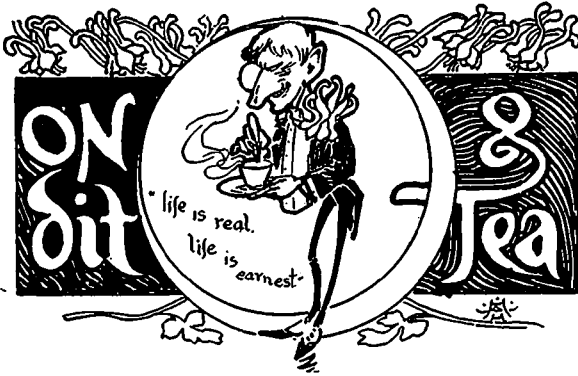
"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi" was what the Puritans said when they landed at Plymouth Rock on a Monday, after such a rough passage that many of them couldn't leave their bunks.

Temple Bar was the place in London where everybody went to get a drink. The bar is now removed.

Rounder: "Goodun must have been a gay boy in his day."

Stounder: "How do you know?"

Rounder: "Whenever he sees a crack he involuntarily starts to walk it."



A VERY select affair was held last Wednesday night by the Unwashed Knights of the Road, in Mc-Swill's Old Sheep Shed. The location of the shed is delightfully rural and retired.

Among those present were Weary Waggles, Wandering Willie, Meandering Mike, and others whose names have become well known to the public through the medium of the press.

It was a swell affair—the swell being caused by two kegs of beer which had been appropriated by the committee on provisions. The matter of the beer was kept a profound secret by those having it in charge, until all the guests had arrived, when it began to leak out. Measures were at once taken (three pint cups and a schooner) to stop the leakage, and within half an hour further danger from that source was impossible.

The affair was notable for the unusual display of costumes. Wandering Willie was conspicuous in a black-once-white linen coat, tasselled trousers with knees of open-work, and a well-ventilated hat on the half-brim. Rustic Rover wore a low-necked shirt of unchangeable muslin, broad trousers made of greasy-antique cloth, and waterproof shoes of natural tan. Stragglng Sam was arrayed in a full dress suit of unwashable material, consisting of a sleeveless coat and knee pants with fringed edges.

After the dinner, which consisted of smuggled beer served with straws of rye raised in Canada, a few speeches were made, which were heartily applauded. Weary Waggles talked on "Our Common Brotherhood, and How to Reach the Heart and Hearth of the Working Man." Roving Reddy delighted the audience with his remarks on "Our Relations to Capital and Labor," in which he contended that there was no relation at all—that the Unwashed Knights were beyond all need of capital and above all thought of labor. Meandering Mike discussed ably the subject of "Work and Water—Our Two Chief Enemies."

After the speeches, the meeting became more informal, the members informing one another

of their past experiences, ventures in railroading, rail-riding, etc.

The affair lasted till early morning, when the Lookout Committee having reported the approach of a farmer with a pitch fork, the Knights hastily took their departure.

—JIM WILEY.

Brief Biographies.—No. VI.

SAM SMILES, JR.

COL. George Taylor Denison was born in Canada in the forties. Born, mind you, not hatched. Contrary to the rule that seems to govern among office holders in the Queen City, Mr. Denison is *not* of Irish extraction, his forefathers hailing from "Perfidious Albion." Captain Lippincott, an old war horse on the mother's side, being the founder of the Denison dynasty; the Denisons on the Den—that is, on the father's side, not having been sufficiently warlike or—anything else to entitle them to a resting place in the British Pantheon, known as Westminster Abbey.

Capt. Lippincott got large grants of lands in "this Canada of ours" for his ability in having hanged a helpless prisoner and in wearing spurs. Col. George Taylor Denison is a living proof of Darwin's theory, for he shows rudimentary spurs even to this day. When we see Col. Denison striding—he does not walk—down town, we may have felt like a dozen American army officers, but on the Col's approach, swinging his cane or umbrella, we feel glad that he does not see us for then had slaughter been, for twelve American Colonels would be swept into oblivion by one lightning stroke of a stalwart Englishman—on paper.

Col. Denison is a Liberal Conservative Liberal, crossed



GEORGE BUTLER.

Chorus: "Wilfy, won't you sail your boat with ME?"

with a Conservative Liberal Conservative, and is a chum of Hon. Geo. W. Ross, who also is a chum of his, and believes, with his contemporary, in maintaining British supremacy by advancing the interests of this *greatest man on earth*—address on application at this office.

The subject of our sketch has inherited his maternal great-grandfather's ability to own land by owning a nicish lump of it himself. His whole aim in life—after police court adjourns—is to weld the British Empire into one harmonious whole. He has written and talked on the subject times without number. He has taught the English cavalry how to ride and English magistrates how to rule. He is quite approachable when taken the right way, and has granted audiences to King Edward, the late Queen Victoria and the Czar of all the Russias. It is believed that he would give Kaiser William pointers on how to manage the North German Confederation, and is only deterred because "what is worth having is worth asking for."

Let it be noted that Col. Denison wrote "Soldiering in Canada," to whom the world now looks for soldiers and heroes, and all on the Colonel's account. But for him there had been no soldiers, no heroes, and no South African war.

Sir Frederick Borden said at a club dinner in London that Col. Denison did not represent anything or anybody but himself. Sir Frederick was misinformed and possibly in his cups.

Col. Denison spoke for nearly every patriotic Canadian citizen, for he spoke for one who thinks exceedingly well of—whom do you think?

Col. Denison is probably more revered within the circle of his command than ever monarch was. The unhappy hobo who gets but thirty days when he feels in his heart that, were their situations changed he would heartily award sixty to the Colonel, is ready to swear that he is a gentleman. The happy hobo who gets the court to raise his thirty to sixty after an Xmas carol and no overcoat or means in sight, will vote the Colonel "A very foine gentleman indade." But his strong point, after dismissing his police court perquisites, is his patriotism. But for him Canada had been invaded long ago. But for him Canada had lost her identity and Ontario had become a State of the Union. If you don't believe that THE MOON has the facts and states them, ask the gallant Colonel himself.

Asking a Favor.

Mother (to her five grown-up daughters): "Girls, I would like to stay up for an hour or so to-night to talk with some friends I've asked in, if you could arrange it with your young men to let me have the kitchen."

Mrs. Wasbroke: "Did you pay that old account with the grocer?"

Wasbroke: "I did, and I believe he was more tickled to find his judgment in trusting me justified than he was to get the money."

The uses of adversity are sweet but they cloy very quickly.

They are all Easy.

They play it at the country fair;
They play it on the crowded street;
They catch the man with seedy hair,
Or any city chap they meet.

And be their victim wild or tame,
A city dude, a country boy,
He's beaten in the marriage game
By wealthy widow, damsel coy.

And then there is the bunco trick
With which our fellow-men we do;
The farmer gets a sawdust brick,
The cit a worthless cheque or two.

I think you will agree with me
The logic of this rhyme is plain;
From mountain top to sighing sea
The sons of Adam are the same. —P.J.

No Additions Desired.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," piped the soloist.
"Unless" growled the old man in the front seat, "You could put them to better use than the one you have, I'd vote agin it." —N.W.C.

Suaviter in Modo.

"He lies!" you cry; your view is sound,
But rude your exclamation;
"His memory," I'd say, "is downed
By his imagination." —J.W.B.

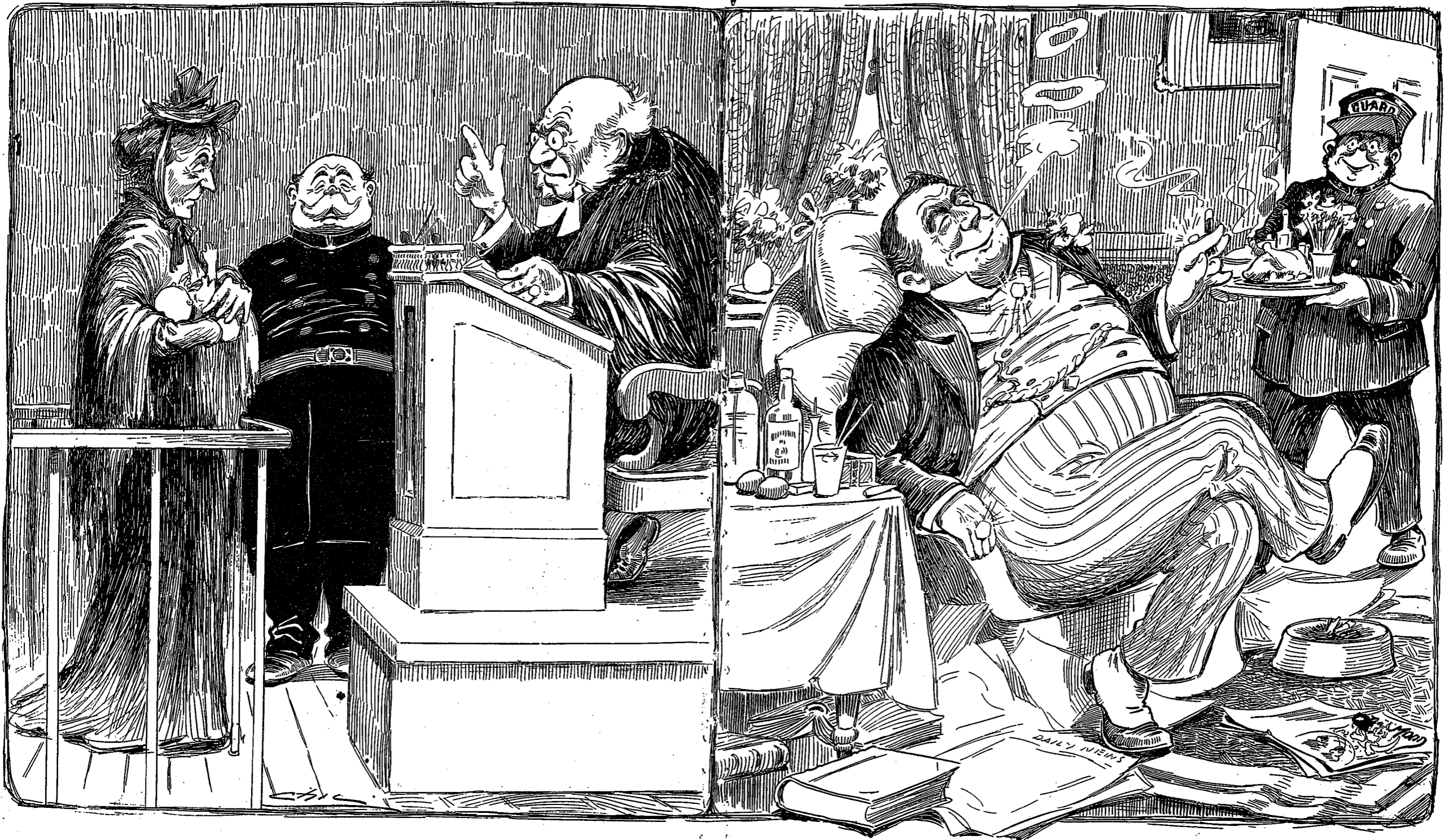


Angry Passenger: "This company will never see another cent of my money."

Conductor (sneering): "Going to walk in future?"

Passenger: "Oh, no! instead of buying a ticket I shall pay you."

THE MOON



WHY ?

Is it that the theft of a loaf of bread or a few coppers to keep starvation from the door carries a penalty of jail with hard labor, and a severe lecture thrown in, while—

The theft of one hundred thousand dollars or more receives a month or two, with every comfort, if there is a conviction at all.

Latter Day Legends.—No. 2.

THE CANADIAN KNIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

THREE Canadian knights sat dreamily around the waning camp fire.

Sir William told of his feats in the lists of love. He was much given to personal adornment, and had a winning way with ladies' fare. Thus he always fared well. He had been known to draw pie where other knights could extract but meatless bones, or coy words of chill reproof.

He was a power in forage or fray. The forage he shared. The fray he carried ever with him, even on the nethermost garment.

Sir Walter was heavy of limb and sober of mien. He was often sober all over, for he knew his load and rarely got it all. The sadness of his manner and the way he talked of home and mother brought tears to the eyes of many a portly matron.

There were times when he was the only dry thing about.

Sir Peter was of haughty bearing. He loved to con-

template affairs of arms. The mace, the plumed helm, the battle axe and the sword were his long and easy.

He hungered after the days of chivalry. He also hungered after many other days. For full feeding was not his nightly habit.

Sir Peter generally had spades when clubs were trumps. Hence his comrades gave him the frosty giggle and the minnie-haha, for such was their merry mood.

And it came to pass while they ruminated around the camp fire that an eminent Professor of Sociology came unto them and asked that he might dwell with them for yet a little while.

He wished to know their ways that he might go forth, even unto the forums of the great halls of learning, and tell of life on the road, among those who dwell in tents without roofs.

He wore coarse woollen tweed knickerbockers, a tam-shanter, Scotch wool stockings and English K boots. His beard was Vandyked, and his nose glasses had bows of gold. When the knights told him he might tarry with them, he drew forth a sweet little morocco case and put together a root pipe made in sections like a fishing rod. He filled it from a capacious pouch of aromatic, which cost \$1.50 per in the swell joints of the great cities.

Straightway each knight emptied his corn cob upon the ground. Sir William asked Sir Walter for his tobacco. Sir Walter said Sir Pete had his. Sir Pete

said, "Sure," and felt in his pocket. Then he slapped his head in sorrow and said, "By my grooves and gauntlets, I did leave it on the battlements of me castle, as I did watch a scurvy knave essay to enter by the postern gate."



SIR WALTER

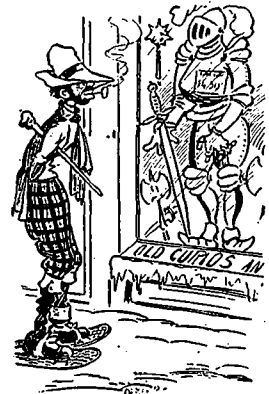
The Professor invited the knights to try his. He called it "baccy," because he wanted to get right into the game and show that he knew slang when he tripped over it.

The knights filled up, and Sir Peter, who was last, absent-mindedly put the decorated pouch in his pocket, as he told of the strange escutcheon the Black Prince wore on his targe when he tilted at the joyous game of jousts with Sir Peter's ancestor on the field of the cloth of gold.

Then Sir Walter, he of the sad countenance, suggested that they jointly and severally chip in, and he knew where a bottle of goodly wine might be had. Sir Peter's panama was deemed the proper collection plate. He said he would go around with the sun, so he commenced with the Professor, who drew forth a wallet and deposited a bill, which he said was the smallest he had.

Sir Peter forgot to continue the collection, and the result as far as he had gone was handed over to Sir Walter, with the suggestion that in view of the enlargement of the party two bottles might be advisable.

When Sir Walter got back he had two quaintly fashioned bottles with a white liquid, professedly made in Holland. He also had a sorrowful story to tell. As he was returning a dog barked at his heels, and in the mad impulse of the moment he hurled the change from the bill full in the face of the mongrel cur. And he swore strange oaths and wanted to go back and slay the animal. But the Professor consoled and comforted him, and Sir Walter was moved to tell the guest about his



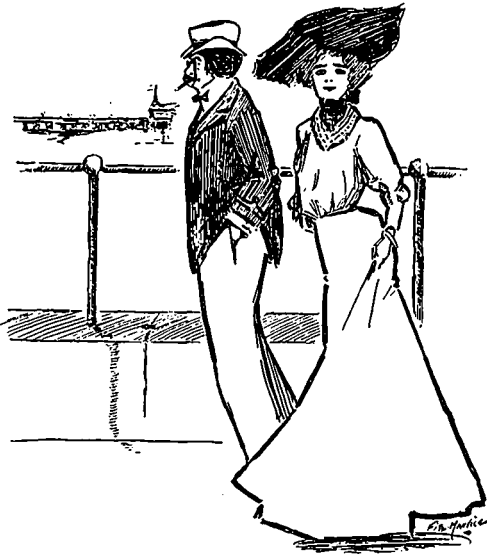
SIR PETER

little home on a distant hillside looking down into the glen of golden corn, and of his mother standing by the cottage door and calling about her the evening cows to yield up their daily contribution, while she softly sang, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night."

The Professor told himself that now he was indeed getting at real life in the unadulterated. There is



SIR WILLIAM



"But I can't marry you if I don't love you."
 "That's all right. But why don't you love me?"

nothing like going out among the people to get right down into the human heart. He hadn't felt so absolutely in it since he was a student at Leipsig and drank a whole stein of minchen in a beer garden on Sunday.

The can was freely passed—it was an erstwhile tomato can—and the Professor recited Horace and told anecdotes about Aristotle until he couldn't make out his own words and wasn't sure whether he or Sir Peter was talking.

In the chilly morn the Professor awakened and found that his merry comrades had gone in search of new adventures. But they had all left him souvenirs. Sir William had changed hats, stockings and boots with him. Sir Walter had swaped coats, vests and shirts with him, and Sir Peter and the Professor had exchanged bloomers.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

Tastes Were Varied.

Hank (in a rural hotel after a barnstormer's production of Hamlet): "Waal, Si, that ware a dern good show to-night."

Si: "Yaas, Hank, yaas, it ware. It'd 'a' been better tho' if they'd some singin' and dancin' between the acts."

Hank: "Mayhap it w'd. Say, that Merchant of Venice they're goin' to show to-morro' night 'll be good, too. I'm goin to see it, Si. Do you know, Si, if there's two things in this world I do enjoy, it's Shakespeare an' a dern good dog fight."

Agitator: "No man gets a million dollars honestly."
 Hearer: "Oh, I don't know. How about the man that marries a million."

Unrequited.

SHE lavished on him all the treasures of her boundless love,
 Woman-like, and dog-like in its faithfulness,
 Content to be a slave for no reward
 But vagrant and uncertain smiles,
 That might be meant for her, or yet might not,
 Just as it happened.
 And he, insensible to all the wealth
 Of infinite affection, treated her with scorn,
 Indifferently accepted of her service with a frown,
 Or roared his wants impatiently.
 Nay, sometimes (oh, can such things be!), he struck her.
 When she would soothe his savage nature with a song,
 Then would he silent grow and give himself to sleep,
 Unmindful of the melody, all meant for him,
 Unmindful of the yearning of her woman's heart.
 And yet, through all, she loved him, and would seek
 To win him with caresses and with words
 Of sweetest tenderness.

"How is it with them now?" you ask.

He's now some eighteen months of age, and teeth has cut,
 And she—expects another soon, so I am told.

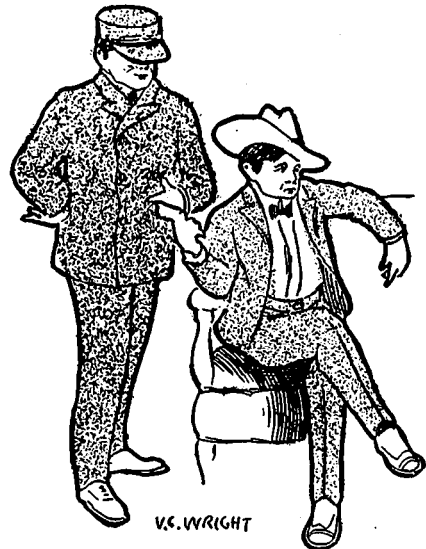
—JINGLING GEORDIE.

Borax: "What has become of Softley since he joined the church?"

Samjones: Ah, poor fellow. He's gone to the bad."

Borax: "You don't tell me! How did that happen?"

Samjones: "He found the bad wouldn't come to him, so he became a missionary."—P.T.



V.C. WRIGHT

Conductor (to absent-minded passenger): "Excuse me, but we don't stop at that place."

Passenger: "What place?"

Conductor: "Livinskies' pawnshop."



Aunt Hilda's Error.

Aunt Hilda (who is taking a near cut home from the berry field): "Go back, Mortimer, for land sakes, go back quick! Them campin' folks, thinkin' no one 'd see 'em, have been havin' a all-over wash in the lake and aint dressed yet."

Answers to Correspondents.

Q. asks: "How can I go into business that will require practically no money and yield a good income and be thoroughly respectable? I find that hard work is a long and weary way to a competence.

Ans.: We understand that you are tired and want a sure thing. The thing is as easy as sliding down a greasy pole. Start a loan or insurance company. The first move is, formulate your plan and get your company together—on paper. Begin with a cabinet minister for president, you will have no money to pay him for the use of his name, first, because it would be dishonorable for him to receive it; second, you have none to give; but it will only be decent on your part to remember that his name is his capital for which he should get interest, you can allot him some stock, and he'll be able to swear that you never paid him a cent.

The gang will just need enough cash to pay for the prospectus and the Government charter and advertising. How can you lend on that? Easy. Sell 7% preferred stock at a premium. As soon as some real cash comes in

loan it out at 6% on mortgage. At the annual meeting declare the dividend of 7% and show the net profits at 15%, and then you have the investing class on the run.

You must set off a nice lump of printed capital stock as real surplus. When subscriptions begin to come in you will have money to pay dividends with and something for "The Boys," besides. The suckers of this year will furnish the money to pay the suckers of last year, and all you need to have a live flowing well is—new suckers. Of course you will need to have at least 10% paid up on the stock to get an Ontario charter, but that is easy, for the Government is easy. You can copyright the name of the concern and put that in as cash. You will want a few confederates besides a cabinet minister, who will pay their subscriptions in services and cash. A shyster lawyer can draft the by-laws, and let his payment stand: Services, \$9,999.00, and cash one dollar. You will take his I.O.U. for that dollar, as he is sure to be shy that day.

You will be better with a clergyman on the board. He can open the annual meeting with prayer, and pay for his \$10,000 stock in the same terms as his professional friend.

We could cite you many companies that do a nice bit of business; one of them that began with a paid-up capital of \$150.00 and straightway began to lend it out in thousands. Sometimes they fail to get in new blood and their surplus suffers. As to what to do in that case we would advise consulting some person of experience, say the Managing Director of the Canada Bone and Vestment Co., Mr. Shamly.

You may have difficulty in securing a cabinet minister now as none of them seem to be out of a job of that kind at present, but courage friend. There may possibly be a new season's crop of them on the market any day now, and you can have your pick of the bunch.

Sub Rosa.

Somebody's garden with fragrance blows,
Lavender, mignonette and rose,
Old-fashioned stock and eglantine—
But the sweetest flower in that garden bower,
Is beautiful Jessa-mine.

Somebody's garden well-tended grows,
Foliage plants set out in rows,
Cannas in beds and lawns well rolled—
And 'tho I pine for Jessa-mine,
Poverty says I must mar(r)y-gold.

—H.

Quite Like His Elders.

"And so, Johnny, you are going to move to the Northwest. Now, what would you do if you should meet an Indian some day?"

Johnny: "If he was bigger'n me, I'd pray God not to let him hurt me, but if he was smaller, I'd smash his face!"—N.W.C.

Temperance and Hygiene in our Public Schools.

SOME years ago, Mr. Ross, at the instigation of the W.C.T.U., made the study of temperance a compulsory subject in the public school course. Whether this was done to conciliate the W.C.T.U. or to furnish a pretext for giving the Methodist Book Room a job, we are not able to say, but a fair example of the results attained may be gathered from the following answers to questions set for the recent entrance examination to high schools, which have been sent to us by a County Inspector.

We trust that the W.C.T.U. will consider well how much the temperance cause is being promoted by this course of study, and also estimate, if they can, the injury inflicted on our public schools by having such stuff occupy the attention of pupils to the exclusion of the essentials of an elementary education.

ANSWERS.

The Brain:—The brain in man weighs more than in any other animal except the elephant or whale, and weighs forty-seven pounds. The chief aid to the development of the brain is to have a doctor and have him put some medicine on it. In some people there is white matter in the brain and in others there is gray. During childhood the brain grows very rapid if not fractured in infancy by a fall.

The Teeth:—The teeth are to grind the food for swallowing and to keep your mouth in shape, also to open the mouth with. They are very movable and can move in all directions if the owner wishes to use them that way, and a person looks better with teeth than without them. The teeth are four kinds—canine teeth, cuspidor teeth, incisor teeth and molar teeth, which mean dog teeth, cat

teeth, horse teeth and cow teeth. The dog teeth are for snatching hold and helping to bark, the cat teeth help to tear or scratch, and the horse teeth and cow teeth are just like they eat hay.

Ventilation:—Ventilation is the holes in a room. Ventilation is sitting in the fresh air to get oxygen and nitrogen and give out carbonic acid.

Alcohol:—The action of alcohol on the lungs is to make their outside rough and the skin to peel off, for the heart is the organ that keeps us alive, and if we did not have any heart we could not live long.

In giving a brief biographical note on Sir John A. Macdonald, one child said: Sir John A. Macdonald was a Conservative governor, he also made many reformers. He built railways and colleges and churches and encouraged learning.

Lost His Prejudice.

Sinnick: "When I began life I made it a rule never to trust an Irishman."

Holesole: "Well, I hope you've grown less prejudiced and that experience has broadened your mind."

Sinnick: "It has considerably. My rule now is never to trust any man."—P.T.

Lakefront: "His wife seems to have taught him thrifty habits since they got married."

Parkway: "Naturally. She wants to be sure of alimony in case of trouble."

Amicus: "That actor must be crazy, judging from the things he is doing."

Bluejowls: "Crazy! Do you consider any man crazy who is doing things that get him ten columns a day of press notices?"



"Oh, I say, good morning, my name's Percy, could you oblige me with a match."



Worth.

I would I were the trinket rare
That on My Lady's neck is bound.
The jeweled necklet—passing fair—
That clasps her dainty throat around.

To be that chain! To clasp that throat!
No sweeter joy on earth abounds;
The thought is bliss, for were I this—
I would be worth five thousand pounds!
—HALLAM.



Uncle Andrew Carnegie's View of it.

Uncle Andy: "I dinna ken which text o' scripture can best be applied here, 'Cast not your pearls before swine,' or, 'The sower's seed that fell in stony places.'"

The Rise and Fall of a Union.

The queen bee sat in her regal state,
With drones to wait on her early and late,
So many there were all crowded around,
They formed a little cone-shaped mound,
A tiny living and breathing mass,
And none of them fond of work. Alas!
They left the work for the female bee,
Another case of the ill-used "she."
So the female bees decided one day
They'd form a union without delay,
"For self-protection," said they, "alone
Against that horrible, lazy drone
Who eats the honey which we make
And won't a bit of the trouble take.
We'll form a union, and we shall see
That justice is done the working bee."
So one day a meeting was held, and they

Each had her separate, injured "say."
They all agreed that the royal bee
Should divide the honey, and two in three
Should be given the ones who were working hard,
And just in token of their regard
They'd give the same to the sovereign bee.
They thought the fairness all could see,
But the drones declared the noble queen
Should divide it equally between
The working bee and the lazy drone,
"Or we'll starve," said they in an injured tone.
And they *wouldn't* starve, Oh, no! not they.
The'd have their honey come what may.
"The union bees can do what they like."
And they did—each one of them went on strike!
Now, nothing was done in the hive that day,
But wrangling and quarreling held full sway.
And day after day it was just the same;
The queen didn't know which side to blame,
But the owner one day looked in the hive.
"These bees," said he, "don't seem to thrive;
Much honey has not been made to-day.
I think I'll take what is here away,
And use this hive for another swarm,
Unless these lazy bees reform."
But when he undertook the task,
Each union bee in the sun did bask.
Whenever the man came near the place,
They rose and stung him on the face.
They stung his lips, they stung his hands,
Obeying the leader's stern commands;
But the man produced a dreadful smudge
And prepared to satisfy his grudge.
He filled the air with thick, black smoke,
Not a bee in the hive could see the joke;
But overcome with smoke and heat,
They lost the use of their tiny feet,
And rolled on their backs in the blazing sun,
While the man removed what work was done.
And when at last each bee awoke,
They saw to the full extent the joke.
They were left to starve or else to work,
Because their task they tried to shirk,
And double work must do each day
That their winter food might be stored away.
With the usual honey not content
They robbed themselves. By giving vent
To selfish grasping, they really lost
More than the sacrifice would cost.
Had they left alone what was well and good,
They all had had sufficient food. —H.K.D.

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