



Price 5 Cents.

W.H. Connell

\$2 Per Annum.

He's too British.

What the Press Says

THE BRIGHT MOON.

"The Moon" of last week has some very bright beams. The cartoons by Hunter, Racey and Jeffreys are admirable, while the smaller skits and sketches are bright and clever. "The Moon" is essentially Canadian in spirit and ought to prove a good antidote to the blatant stuff poured into Canada from the United States. "The Moon" is said to have made a very good start already. It certainly merits a generous patronage in Canada.
Brookville Times

THE MAIL AND EMPIRE,

I make my bow to the Moon. I saw her in the full and over my left shoulder. Great, therefore, shall be my luck this month. Frankly, I am delighted that we are going to have a comic paper of our own. Life is such a biting, sneering little rat of a paper at all things concerning our British Empire, our flag, ourselves, that I am glad to see we are starting a "comic" of our own, and as the Moon is, so very far above Life, she can see all the joke of it, the folly, the satire, the melodrama of the little enthill called earth. Again, my bow to you, O Moon, also one small subscription, for, to tell the truth, I am a trifle afraid of you. The paper is a capital one and spares nobody—while it is genial in its satire. All the same, I tell you a snowball from the Moon is calculated to give us a shock now and then. Did you see the Magnates on the first page? If not, why not?

Kit

THE MOON SHINES

"The Moon," of Toronto, the new comic weekly, has a good issue for last week. The post-office William title-page cartoon had letters, wicket, holding behind the bars for appeal, marked "K. C. M. G." by a clever "mail," got this bunch of let- a bright reading matter, a quantity of tri- There are sketches or tweets of tributors. The Moon" accepts and pays for contributed matter and in this way goes has in some very good original work, which prevents mono- tony in style.

—The man in The Moon (published weekly in Toronto) evidently knows his business, and The Moon gives out a good many things that are not moonshine.
Toronto Signal

A NEW MOON
Welcome to the New Moon! The brand new luminary has appeared in laughter Land. Toronto is its home, but it will shed effulgent rays of wit and humor all over this broad continent.
Different from our old friend, the Lady Moon, this New Moon sports no borrowed rays. "New goods and cask down," is its motto.
"It is a neat little magazine, full from cover to cover, of bright, clever, Racey (beg pardon!) racy fun, and Canadians should join in a practical welcome to the first and only Canadian comic magazine. What will real Jolly "New" Moon. It will not be, when it is a "full" Moon?
"It has been discovered that the man in the Moon is a Racey."

The Moon FREE for one year

To anybody sending us FOUR subscriptions accompanied by Eight Dollars.

To anybody sending us Two subscriptions accompanied by Four Dollars we will send a free copy for six months.

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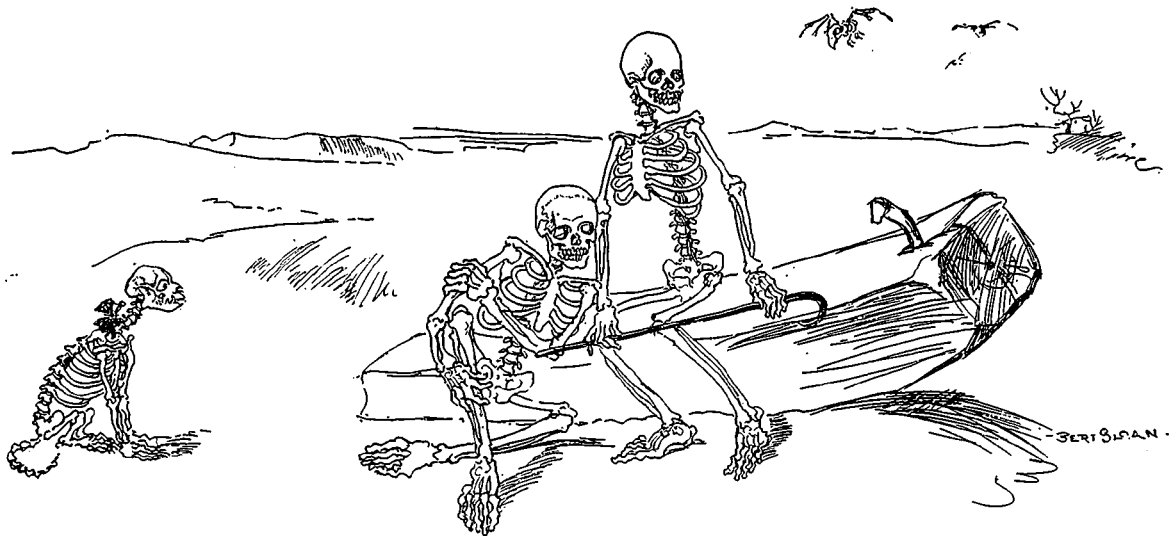
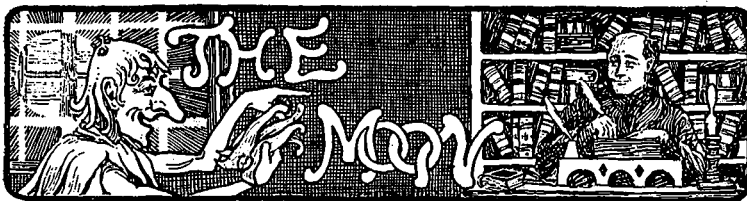
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"Last Days at the Sea Shore." An X-ray after C. D. Gibson.

The Incurable.

A PATHETIC SONG. (Air, "On the Wabash.")

Before my eyes dark spots are always floating,
There are crickets ever singing in my ears;
My tongue has always got that brownish coating,
I am troubled with those dreadful morbid fears.

I have headaches, very frequent and depressing,
And twinges of neuralgia quite keen;
I've a feeling very queer that keeps me guessing
If it's in my lungs or liver or my spleen.

I've a gnawing in my stomach in the morning,
And a heavy feeling shortly after noon;
And my quick and labored breathing gives me warning
That my lungs will give me trouble very soon.

I have tried of patent remedies a hundred,
I've invested in the famed electric belt;
I have searched the advertisements well, and wondered
How they all describe so well the ways I've felt.

I have talked for hours, telling of my labors,
And explaining all my symptoms, pains, and aches,
And discussing pills and bitters with my neighbors,
And disputing which are good and which are fakes.

I have oftentimes been told by my relations
That what I need is letting things alone,
That my symptoms are but vain imaginations,
And a cheerful smile is better than a moan.

But let them talk! Give me my old distresses,
And the joy of searching advertisements through;
There's a happiness the well man never guesses
In watching for and trying something new.

—JIM WILEY.

Their Day is Done.

That poor lover who dies,
And that maiden who sighs,
With a pain or an ache of the heart,
In this epoch of strife
Will find no place in life,
E'en in books, or the histrionic art.

For, like puppets of fate,
He and she have, of late,
Lost their popular place with the crowd;
While an explosion's shock,
Or a leap from a rock
Draws applause without limit and loud.

—P. J.

Beginner: "So you advise me not to write a novel."
Oldhand: "Certainly. The return postage is so high."

Giglampts: "Is it true that he has his name in Burke's Peerage?"

Paresis: "Not exactly; but he once figured as "Exhibit A" in an aristocratic breach of promise suit."

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

Vol. 1. SEPTEMBER 6, 1902. No. 15.

48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE MOON is published every Week. 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.

FAULT-FINDING persons for a long time have been complaining of our copyright laws. We cannot understand this selfishness, we must confess. What are copyright laws for? The reply of the fault-finder is that they are for the protection of the writer, artist, designer, or their assigns. This answer not only stamps them as being too narrow-minded to have a voice in the affairs of the country, but it also reveals, in a shocking manner, their absolute ignorance of the matter under discussion. For the enlightenment of such misguided disturbers we give the information that the copyright laws were framed, passed, and amended for the sole benefit of the legal fraternity. Suppose the laws should be made so that the ordinary "illegal" citizen could understand them thoroughly. What would be the result? An author, an artist, a designer, or a publisher would apply for a copyright; it would be granted; no one could dispute the right of any of these persons. What would become of the lawyer? He would starve three times over! How three times over? He starves now. Granted. Well, if he starves once, when the laws are in such a condition that no two lawyers can interpret them in the same way—thus giving him every chance for a long-drawn-out suit—, he would starve twice when all lawyers could make them out, and he would be thrice starved if the man in the street could himself understand what they mean.

Then why needlessly torture an interesting class of our citizens? The lawyer has his place in the economy of life, as has any other parasite. Ruthlessness should not be encouraged; yet we believe that if it were not for the fact that the Cabinet at Ottawa is, to a great extent, made up of lawyers, this creature—so interesting to the student of wild life—would soon become extinct.

"Live and let live."

IN connection with the above, it may be interesting to know that two firms of publishers in Toronto are now engaged in the charitable work of fighting each other in a copyright case. The cause of the trouble has the not-easily-attained distinction of being one of the most poorly written books that have appeared in some years; for which reason it has sold by the hundreds of

thousand. It was published originally in the United States three years ago; sheets were imported into Canada, and bound; but the book was not copyrighted till a few weeks ago, when the original Canadian publisher and another of our local houses *each* brought out a mighty poor edition, in paper, to be sold at almost any price that it will fetch. First Canadian publisher brings suit against second—result, a lot of squabbling over something that is worse than worthless, and—ah! good fat fees for our dear friends the lawyers.

It is sufficient comment on the taste of the Canadian public when we say that the book that has caused all this trouble is "When Knighthood was in Flower."

IN Toronto the hearing of assessment appeals has been going on for some time, and several amusing reasons why certain persons and corporations should be exempt have been brought forward. One of these we think of interest. The Young Women's Christian Guild makes a claim for exemption on the ground that it is a charitable and religious institution. This we consider a most just claim. If churches do not pay taxes (and we believe that there is only one church in Toronto that does pay), why should the Y.W.C.G. have to pay? The only reason that the assessment commissioner could give for taxing the Guild, is that it is a revenue-producer. Are not also the churches revenue producers? Possibly the commissioner doubted the charity of the Guild. If so, he was wrong. We have the fullest confidence in its charity. Many instances could be cited where members have become acquainted with other members' brothers, the result of which acquaintance has been employment for issuers of government documents, bell-ringers, and ministers. Surely this is enough to entitle the ladies to exemption from taxation.

POOOR George N. Morang, the guileless Yankee, has been seduced, robbed, and deceived by that masterpiece of heartlessness known as the Minister of Education.

The Minister, with that trickiness so characteristic of Canadians, and so little known to our friends from the south, accepted George's sincere advances, secured the marriage settlement, and even put his trusting finger—as Georgie thought—within the *ring*, then left the inexperienced youth to discover that he had been duped, robbed, and cast adrift.

Nor is this all. The accepted suitor is left to learn that here, in the country to which he has the misfortune to be a foreigner, it is illegal for him to employ his friends the school-teachers to interfere in his behalf.

See to what expense he has been put. Think of the beautiful *library* that he has collected, all in anticipation of the union.

And now—alas, can such lack of all faith be!—he finds himself a sucker, without succor, only an also ran!

Everything in THE MOON is original. There are no stealings.

Examination Papers in Cram University.

ANSWERS. Demosthenes was the first to discover Democrats, which is the same kind of fellows as Republicans, only different, and made speeches for a living.

A Republic is a country where they vote on a ticket and have Democrats on the other side. They also elect their presidents and pound-keepers and other rulers every four years, so's to get rid of them before they get tired.

A Democrat is a kind of buggy.

Hygiene is how to keep the bones from oxidizing.

Inspiration is filling the body with wind. Expiration is to blow it out.

Botany is the name of a bay in Austria where they sent felons who had broken the law.

Anatomy is to cut up a dead body. It was thus that atoms were discovered.

The world's greatest musical composers are Handel, Messiah, Hannibal, Herod, Nero, and Nimrod.

The Caucasus are white people who live in the east.

The Pillows of Hercules stand between Iceland and the Ægean Sea.

Hercules cleaned out the stables of Josephus by causing the Ægean Sea to flow through them.

Prognostigation is the thief of time.

The Spanish Armada sailed from Genoa in 1492.

Benjamin Franklin was the first importer of electricity in a leaden jar.

Hieroglyphics was the writing of Hieros, which he done with a palm leaf.

There seems to be an impression in good society that politeness is the equivalent of intelligent appreciation.



Bound for the Fall Fair.

Farmer : "By jinks, if them fellers would chase old Bauldy with that machine of their'n, I'd enter him for the free-for-all race."

American Items.

LIFE has just received from Hetty Green an endowment fund of \$10,000 with which to maintain a humorous column in that publication.

ANEW magazine is about to be established by a Boston syndicate. It is to be called *The Egotist*. The initial number will contain articles on "How to Advertise Yourself," by Elbert Hubbard; "Blowing Your Own Horn," by John Philip Sousa; "My Beautiful Arms," by Bernard McFadden, editor of *Physical Culture*; "How to be a Philanthropist Though a Millionaire," by Andrew Carnegie.

The editorial staff will be composed of persons of well known financial ability, and no expense will be spared to make the magazine pay.

ABILL is to be introduced at the next session of Congress, for the purpose of encouraging the home production of novels. It is said to provide for a graduated subsidy, the higher rates to be paid for dialect work.

—JIM WILEY.

Pokem : "Now, Jokem, don't be a rubber-neck."

Jokem : "You should say peninsula, that's the new form of the expression."

Pokem : "Why?"

Jokem : "Oh, a peninsula is a long neck stretching out to sea, you know."

"See here, MOON, some of your jokes strike me as old. I never saw them anywhere, but I feel sure they are too good to be new."

"Oh, perhaps so, but the editor is a young man and they are new to him. He needs amusement."

If the saddest words of tongue or pen
Are these sad words "It might have been."
These most often our lips have passed :
"Well, thank Heaven, that's over at last."

Flashly : "How is it we don't hear so much about pensions now as we used to?"

Bighead : "The evil is now regarded as chronic."

May : "After all, Bella is the most selfish girl in the crowd."

Fay : "How can you say such a thing?"

May : "Well, she always acts in such a way that she gets credit for all the kindness and generosity that is going."

Many a man becomes a captain of industry simply to enable his children to become privates in the army of the unemployed."



The Face She Loves the Best.

Within a dainty frame of gold
My Lady takes a peep—
O'er dimpled face in merry chase
The roscate blushes sweep.

What face within that golden rim
Can thus her heart entrance?
Oh, can it be some lucky "Him"
Whose portrait charms her glance?

Her brother said: "You are an ass,
It is her pocket looking glass."

—HALLAM.

The King's Jester.

"TOUCHING our purposed visit to Ireland," said King Edward, "how think ye, my lords? Will our Irish lieges accord us a right royal welcome?"

"Ay, marry will they, sire," answered the Premier. "They will even greet your Majesty with loud acclaim."

"Of a surety methinks thou speakest sooth," said the Jester, "for an they availed themselves not of the opportunity to present a claim 'twere foreign to their nature. Ireland hath had a claim from time immemorial, God wot."

"'Tis like there may be some turbulence among the peasantry," said Chamberlain.

"Go to, Joey, where are thy wits—a wool-gathering?" quoth the Jester. "Should there be riot and disorder, 'twill be rather among the landlords."

"How so, knave?" asked the Monarch.

"Why, because the landlords are the proper-rioters."

"Truly a right Hibernian jest," said the King. "Some wine, seneschal! A cup of Burgundy, my lord Balfour? Wilt drink, fool?"

"Ay, that will I; but Ned, thy bargain-day wine likes me not. 'Tis like to smack rather of the apothecary shop than of the cellar. Faith, 'twas never Merrie England since bargain days came up. Give me a draught of malvoisie; 'tis a right rare wine. I see thou chooshest champagne, Ned, but, ware headaches, for—"

"This is too much, sirrah," returned the Monarch. "Thou hast the full license of thine office, even as hath our laureate, but there are limits. By the mass an thou darest to work off that ancient gag anent 'champagne' and 'real' pain, thou shalt even die."

"What death wilt thou doom me to?"

"A right horrible one I promise thee, even that of slow starvation. For an thou lovest thine office thou wilt have no other means of sustenance than writing for the comic papers, and so wilt perish miserably,"

"Prithee, Ned, spare me. Be merciful as thou art great. Verily, I had not been so moved were it mere hanging or heading."

"Well, my Lord of Canterbury, how like you the Isle of Wight?" asked the King.

"'Tis a charming spot, your Majesty—a veritable Paradise. The damp air is the only drawback," replied the Archbishop.

"'Twas even so with the original Paradise," said the Jester, poking the Archbishop in the ribs as the latter looked somewhat blankly at him.

"I wot not of your meaning," said the King.

"Perchance the jest is somewhat subtle, but it lieth in the words 'damp-air' which taken as it were conjointly possess a two-fold significance."

"Ah, thy wit, my friend, savoreth somewhat of the profane I fear me," said his Grace. "Such ribaldry sorteth not with this goodly company."

"Every man to his function," replied the Jester. "'Tis thine, I trow, to rebuke sin, even as 'tis mine to lighten the cares of state. Howbeit, so long as thine ecclesiastical superior, gossip Ned here, taketh no exception, thy censures sit not heavily upon my conscience."

—P. T.

First Chirk: "Well, I guess this is the pace that kills."

Second Ditto: "Why do you think so?"

First Chirk: "We were hatched in an incubator and now we are being fattened on hothouse vegetables,"

Brief Biographies—No. VIII.

SAM SMILES, JR.

REV. Albert Carman, D.D., was not born so, as witness the fact that he has been head-master of a high school (Dundas Grammar) in which position the question of reverence enters not.

According to Morgan's "Men of Mark" he was born the son of both parents, at Iroquois, June, 1833, and soon developed a tendency to do things. He has been instrumental in building up the prospects and fortunes of several colleges associated with the Methodist Church.

Within that fold he grew in grace rapidly, becoming Deacon of the church in 1859; Elder, 1863; Bishop, 1874; and managing director of the whole Methodist plant of Canada, in 1883.

As Methodist Pope, Rev. Albert Carman, D.D., shows executive and administrative ability of a high order. He attends strictly to business and will have no lagards on his staff. The shareholders recognize his ability by electing him again and again to the office. Under his fostering care the Methodist Church has made giant strides. It has added \$1,000,000 to its rest account, acquired new and paying properties, erected new plant in various localities, and are in a position to turn out more and better work than any rival concern in the Dominion. We believe that the preferred stock will shortly be redeemed at par in exchange for convertible gold bonds, and investors can look forward with confidence to the time when the common will earn over 10 per cent.

Rev. Dr. Carman's powers are not confined to management, being an author of note. He has written a number of short magazine articles, which were carefully read by at least one citizen. He also wrote "The Guiding Eye," which his publisher enjoyed very much and would have enjoyed twice as much, if there had been two. His poetic muse—though not taking form in himself, is reflected in his kinsman, B. Carman, the poet who writes soulful sonnets of extatic length and full of Bliss. It is not our purpose to trace other branches of the family tree, but, in deference to the doctor's views, we will state that Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, is no connection, or at least only a distant one, as a slight knowledge of the rules of grammar will prove. Carman, is singular, and Pope Carman is a singular man, while Carmen, is plural.



Stolen Bliss.

BY A WILLIE BOY.

A starry light on lake and land,
A red canoe;
The music of a distant band,
And just we two.

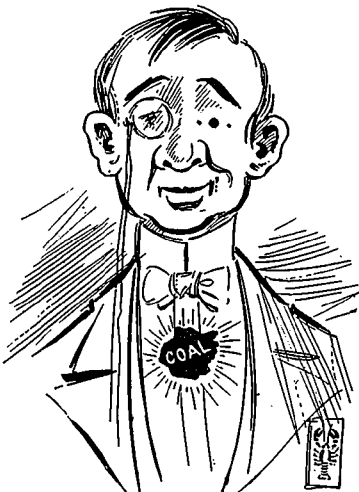
No Aunt to scold, no Mater nigh—
Oh if they knew!
How they would frown to think that I
Was here with you.

My women-folks seem to forget
That I'm a man now—Cigarette. —H.

Just Fair.

Dense is the foliage that will soon be bare
And talk of exhibition's in the air,
Now famous churns with fanning mills do vie,
The tradesman marks his goods down—with a lie.
The business editor doth ply his trade,
The puff is written and the price is paid.
Fakes, fools and fireworks now en masse do blend,
While cityward the yokel slow doth wend.
The alderman, to make his calling sure,
Sees that his pass and luncheons are secure.
The Knight of Labor gets, as yearly need,
At his own expense, a three mile walk, a feed.
Each in his devious way improves the hour
To get the dollar, surest sign of pow'r.
Loud blare the trumpets, see the stallions stride,
Feats in the centre, leg shows on the side.
Judges of horses, hogs, or paintings tend
To place their verdict where they have a friend.
The autocrat of all, secure in pow'r
For private gain improves the shining hour.
* * * * *

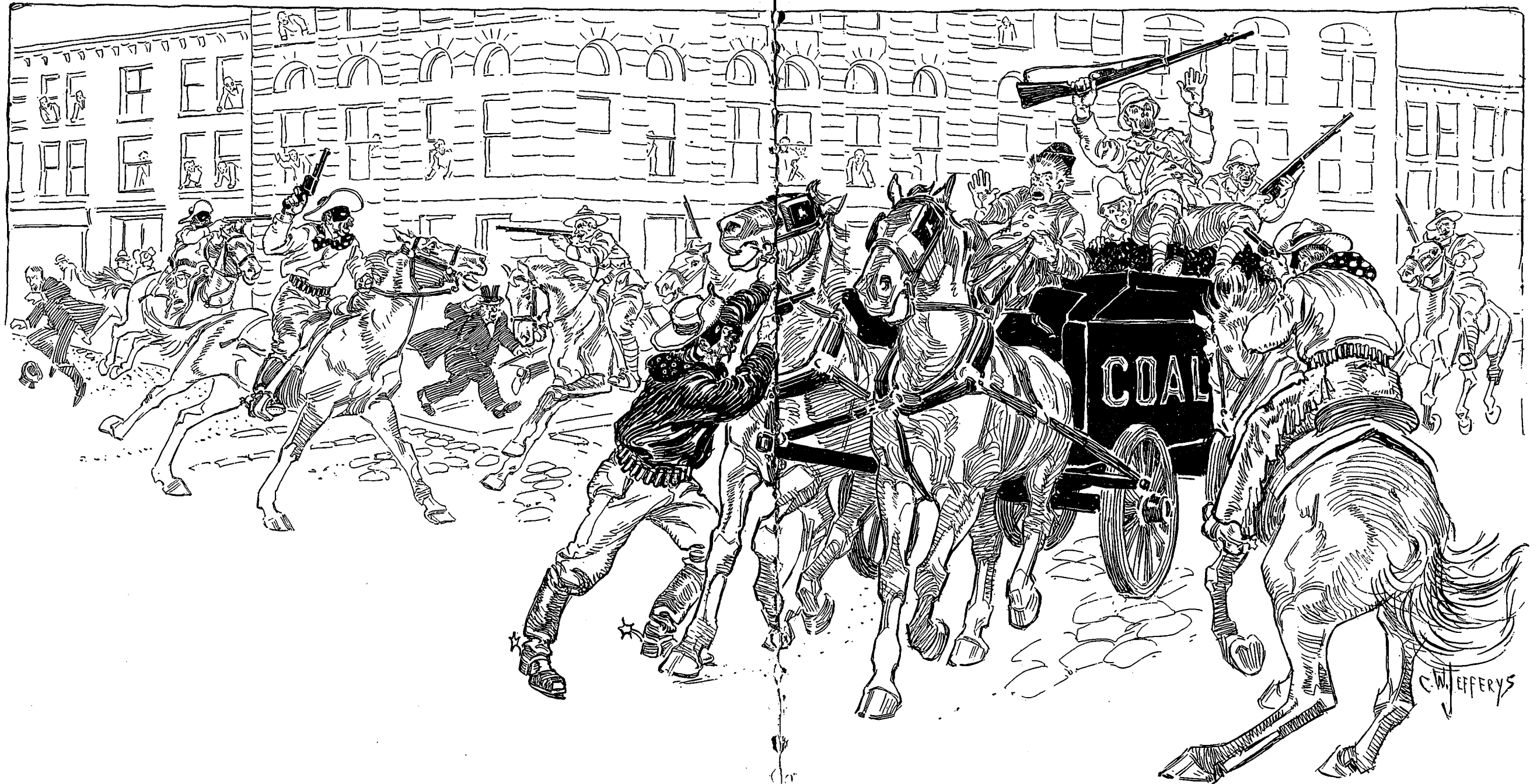
The country friends depart, the farce is o'er,
The city streets look deader than before.
New thoughts engage, when all are now agreed,
A coal hole empty is a hole indeed.



Society Notes.

It is rumored in society that coal will be worn instead of diamonds this winter.

THE MOON



What we may expect.

Latter Day Legends.—No. 4.

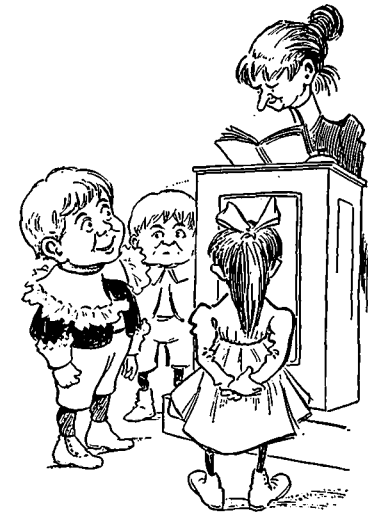
THE SAVANT AND THE SAFFRON HAIR.

WILLIAM was a wonder. He knew it himself. While yet in the heyday of youth, tender youth, he had discovered, in searching the mystic lore of the copy book, the information: "Knowledge is Power."

It became the guiding principle of his life. He would be powerful!

He laid in a large stock early in the season for it was a time of strikes and disturbances, and who could tell but later on he might work a corner in wisdom.

He put away chunks of knowledge garnered from ponderous tomes. At the halls of learning he was the correct thing. At least the professors said he was



"At the halls of learning."

correct, and his fellow-students agreed that he was a thing.

William often admitted that he was even amazed himself at the lot that he knew.

Thus it was that William saw that he was attaining power.

And when William had laid in a very large quantity of the raw material from which power is made—according to the wisdom of the ancients who made the copy books—he resolved to try some of it, as an experiment.

In the great house of the town which had the honour of pointing to William as one of its products, there lived a lady. She was proud and beautiful, with saffron hair, rich dark eyes and a rich white father. She had many suits of clothes, cut according to the fashion of the day, and many suitors whom she cut according to the humour she was in.



"The very ideal!"

For behold, she was cold and proud and haughty as she was beautiful.

William decided that he would accept her and make her his very own.

Armed with the simple consciousness of great knowledge and profound learning, William hied him unto the great house.

He saw the haughty dame, and acquainted her with his decision. He told her all his plans as to her future, in detail. It was a statement of the case which hadn't a flaw in it. The speech would have made a college professor humble with a sense of his own littleness. It was stuck as full of mottoes as the interior of a Salvation Army home for the saved.

In conclusion, he told her when he should be ready to come and get her, so that she would have her clothes and jewels packed ready for the wheelbarrow when it arrived.

Of course, if she preferred that he should come and live at the great house, he would consider the matter, but

he must frankly tell her that he didn't care for the colour plan of the drawing room carpet, and the hial paper pattern was on the bum.

Then the fair lady rose from her divan with emotion struggling in her classic features, and passion playing in the dark maroon recesses of her liquid eyes.

"Well, the very ideal!" she gurgled, and sailed haughtily from the room.

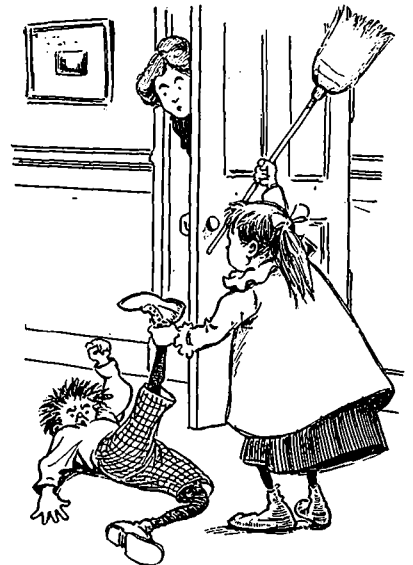
And the next week, when William was out in the green fields observing the errors nature had made when the shape of the maple leaf was chosen, he beheld the haughty one from the great house walking arm in arm with "another."

The accepted man was neither lovely nor learned, but he had grown up with a sister who was coy and wilful, and he had become acquainted with the ways of woman.

William continues to be a wonder, but even a wonder cannot be a winner when the other man is dealt four aces cold.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

It is important that we should learn to say "no," but more important that we should learn to say nothing.



"Acquainted with the ways of woman."



"You seem to think that I am a fool, but I tell you I aint."

"Well, my dear sir, how was I to know?"

The Devil-Dodger.

NOT BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SKY-PILOT."

THE sun shone brightly over the broad illimitable expanse of the prairie, the home of future millions and the magnificent undeveloped heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race, as Rev. Ralph Gonner sauntered down the long, straggling street which formed the only thoroughfare of the little village of Jiggersnoot's Corners. A Sabbath stillness was over all. Not a sound broke the silence, with the occasional exception of a shot from a revolver or the whoops of a drunken cowboy. But these were of such perpetual occurrence that no one noticed them, and they did not in the least disturb the missionary's meditations.

As he approached the ramshackle general store, which furnished a lounging place for the sparse population, he became aware of a group of cowboys and promiscuous onhangers who regarded him with looks of mingled curiosity and derision.

"Hully Gee," said Hank the Terror, as soon as he approached within hearing, "if here aint another of them snoopin' devil-dodgers. Git onto his gait. Aint goin' ter allow no sech durn foolishness here, are we, boys?"

"You bet we aint," responded One-Eyed Snyder.

Instantly the brave young preacher turned and confronted them. His resolution was taken. He recognized that to reach the souls of these large-hearted, though unpolished men, he must abandon an attitude of dignified aloofness and approach them on the level of a common humanity.

"What's the matter with you," he said, addressing Hank, who seemed to be the leader. "Why you blamed, gosh-jiggered, ornary, lop-sided, lunk-headed, son-of-a-coyote, for two cents I'd kick the stuffing out of you. You fellows think you're the whole push, don't you? Well, you aint, by the holy hind-leg of Balaam's sacred mule. I come here to preach, and I'll be eternally perditionized if I allow any sanguinary, unconsecrated galoot of a cow puncher to chew the rag when I'm around. By the everlasting jumping Jehoshaphat—I'll—I'll—"

Here he paused for breath, while his auditors gazed at him with mingled amazement and admiration.

"By jiminy!" said Broncho Bill, "if you aint the only one of them fellers that I ever heern talk jest like a natural human bein'. I guess he aint a bad sort, boys."

"Say, stranger," said Hank, pulling himself together after the shock, "I own up beat. I hed the reputation of being the most expressive man in the matter of language atween Muddy Creek an' the Assiniboine, but, by heavens, you fairly knock me cold. Shake, devil-dodger—beg pardon—I mean parson."

"Don't apologize," said the pastor, cordially extending his hand. "Call me devil-dodger if you wish. I rather like it."

"We was jest a-going over to the saloon to take something to pizon ourselves," said Hank. "I suppose you wouldn't jine us?"

"Join you? Why, with pleasure. But you must let



Preacher: "My erring friend, how do you expect to reach the heavenly goal if you go on in this way?"

Ex-Athlete: "(Hic) I'll show you when we get on the home stretch."



Willie was a careful lad;
Mamma wanted butter bad!
Faithful Willie, never wrong,
Brought home butter that *was* strong.

me do this thing. It's my right as a new-comer. Come on."

Entering the Hell's Delight saloon, the preacher stepped up to the bar and threw down his last month's salary. It was a bold and reckless bluff, but what will not a zealous missionary do to win souls?

"Let's have the best in the house," he said to the bar-keeper. "Don't work off any of your blamed rot-gut on this crowd."

Filling his tumbler to the brim, he breathed an inward prayer for strength, or, rather a prayer for inward strength, and drained it at a gulp. It was a frightful experience. He felt as though wild-cats were tearing at his vitals, but managed to preserve an expression of comparative serenity and to gasp out, "Ah, that's durned good stuff."

"What's the matter, devil-dodger?" asked one, for he could not wholly repress an expression of uneasiness.

"Oh, nothing—that is—one of my teeth is troubling me. A day or two ago I had occasion to rebuke a scoffer at revealed religion and I found his ear a little tough. It gave finally, but I loosened a tooth over it."

"Ye done right," said One-Eyed Snyder, "respect fur revealed religion had orter be maintained."

Thus already was the leaven of a brave and consistent example bearing fruit in this apparently uncongenial soil.

"And now, boys," said the devil-dodger, "as I men-

tioned, we're going to start the gospel-mill next Sunday, but she won't run long without the long green, and I want you to chip in and give us a lift."

"Why cert," replied Hank the Terror. "Go down into your dips, you fellers, while I pass the hat."

A liberal response was made to this appeal. The hat was returned well filled with poker chips, half-breed scrip, hastily-scrawled I.O.U.'s and several dollars in cash.

"I thank you heartily," said the devil-dodger, "and I hope you'll come to the service."

"You bet we will."

"But say, devil-dodger," said Hank, "we'd orter start off in good shape by havin' a baptism. Some feller in this crowd's got to be converted ez a starter."

There was no response, and the suggestion seemed to throw a coolness over the gathering.

"I've got an idee," said Broncho Bill. "Here's old Pete Bradley a-comin'. He wuz run outer Minnesota fur hoss-stealin'. He'll do. Let's convart him right away."

"Here you, Pete," said Hank, as the new-comer approached. "I allow sech men as you are a danger to the community. You've got to jine the church."

"What you jawing about," said Pete. "I aint got no use for no church."

"Oh, yes you hev, you gosh blamed hoss thief," replied Hank, drawing his revolver and covering Pete. "Do you realize the exceedin' sinfulness uv sin? Speak quick, now."

"The ginfulness of gin would be more in his line," suggested Boozey Jackson, of Deadman's Gnlich.

"You cheese it, Boozey, I'm a-dealin' with this here hardened sinner. Now, Pete, do you feel the need of salvation. I give you jest three seconds. One—two—."

"Oh yes—yes—take that thing away. I'll jine the church if you say so."

"Whoopee! Hellilujer! 'Nother sinner saved!'" shouted Hank, firing his revolver wildly into the air. "Fill 'em up agin, barkeep. Now listen all you fellers. Thar will be preachin' at 'leven o'clock Sunday on the lot back of Hogaboom's store, and Pete here will be baptized, and the man that don't show up will hear from me, and don't you forget it."

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

To the Elements.

Thou weeping sun; thou sullen sky,
Ye watery clouds that float on high,
What sin's beneath this old earth's soul
To draw your tears from pole to pole?
Five months you've drenched us with your rain:
'Midst sodden hay and sprouted grain,
The rustic rends the moistened air
With oaths profane, or earnest prayer:
Unheedful of both prayer and curse,
You've gone to bad, from that to worse.
With aqueous vapors, like a churl,
You've spoiled the crop of summer gird:
You've really made us almost fear
Millenium's past and chaos here.
Pray sink your sorrow for a while
And let us have a summer smile.

—P. J.

FROM THE "GODS."

- "Sop or a Knife:
- "Or Knife and Sop,
- "For Everything.
- "But whom or what?
- "Bide an occasion."

PRINCESS—"When Knighthood was in Flower."

It is several moons since Charlie Brandon blew into the court of Henry VIII. of England. A fellow named Hall, who flung ink in those days, says he did, and that his advent raised a dust. It was this way. Mary Tudor went batty over him at sight, and in some few outpost skirmishes brought him to the like pass. She was a Princess Royal and he a paltry captain of the guard. Hence they two bumped through their game of "hearts." Charlie continually "passed" the hand, but Mary as often "ordered him up." He made her "play it alone," "following suit" of course. Having a good hand and lots of nerve she forced the game, and won out. Charlie Major saw a book in the yarn, and called it "When Knighthood was in Flower," though why, heaven only knows. Then Paul Kester got the fever and made it over into a play. Now, this week, at the Princess Theatre, Effie Ellsler is the main one and only, of a bunch that is doing it in now-a-days style, as it was done then. Kester is economical, of necessity. He has altered both scene and succession but has preserved much of the dialogue. Not always successfully either, for Brandon's "come-up" in Paris is rather melo-dramatic. Crowded houses, who applaud their own tribute-paying vociferously.

GRAND—"Le Voyage en Suisse."

A Hanlon spread of gods-pleasing spectacles is on the boards at the Grand this week. It isn't so worse either. Very muchly the "Superba" of last year, but improved several in the funny chapter.

SHEA'S—"Vaudeville."

Please the mob and gather in the shekels. Some like solids, roast beef, for instance; and some prefer an Irish stew, several of other varieties. Mr. Shea has the cinch on the latter bill of fare in Toronto. A rare vocalist, just discovered, who makes good anywhere in three octaves, twenty odd tones and incidentals, holds down the platform for one spell per performance. Dance artists, and comedians have a go at the audience also.

TORONTO—"The Funny Page."

Where the page comes in is neither here nor there. The fun crops out and is gathered in by the nigh side of the footlights, very handily. Some fair variety.—Luna.

NEXT WEEK.

- Princess—"San Toy." Musical Comedy.
- Grand—"Busy Izzy." Funny.
- Shea's—"Vaudeville."
- Toronto—"The Limited Mail." Melodramatic.

New Books.

"WHEN Knighthood Was In Beer," by Sir John Carling. (Bungs and Bottles Publishers). A nice work to peruse on a fishing tour or after a caucus. Although not off the press yet it is in its steenth thousand. Price, \$1.10 per dozen.

"WHEN Knighthood Was in Turnips," by Sir Wm. Mulock, author of "What I Don't Know About Loan Companies." "What is Pay for a Post Man." "How I Formed the International Postal Union." A very solid book with picture of the author on both covers. We don't know what this can be sold for till we get a copy weighed.

"WHEN Knighthood Was In Opposition," by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, author of "When and How to Smile." "How to Become a Rever-sible English-Frenchman." "Loyal to Two." "Speeches Explained, etc." This will be a very attractive volume, handsomely bound, and dedicated to J. Israel Tarte.

"WHEN Knighthood Was In Pelts," by Lord Strathcona, with preface by Donald A. Smith; author of "Thou Shalt Not Steal Openly." "How Some People Get Their Millions." This will be a nice large book of very best C. P. R. stock and bound with gold bonds.

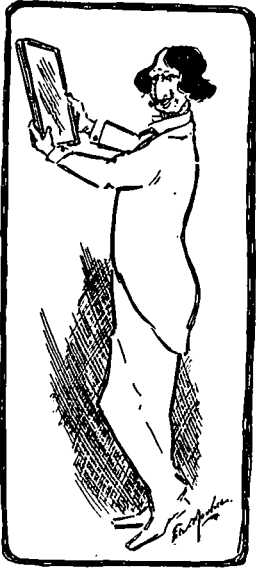
Any of the above, when off the press, will be given to every reader of THE MOON.

Make your applications early; these books may come handy in December if coal goes up to \$10 or \$12 per ton.



Force of Circumstances.

Benevolent old lady (to gentleman just out): "But you were not born bad. Why don't you try to reform?"
 "Look 'ere lady—What would you do if ye had my face?"



A Soliloquy.

"Why was I not born rich, instead of so beastly handsome?"

Taught by Experience.

Isaacs: "Der impudence of dat man Cohen. We had a meeting of his creditors today and he offered to take the chair."

Jasper: "Did you let him?"

Isaacs: "Of course not. Ve couldn't trust him mit the chair."

Thrift.

Jack: "May was a nice girl, but not sharp enough for a college widow."

Tom: "Why not?"

Jack: "She always returned her presents, and I once knew five sophomores to get engaged to her on the same ring."

Advice to Lovers.

Marry in haste
Lest your money you waste;
For you'll find that supporting
Is cheaper than courting.

The man who is set in his opinions hatches out strange ideas.

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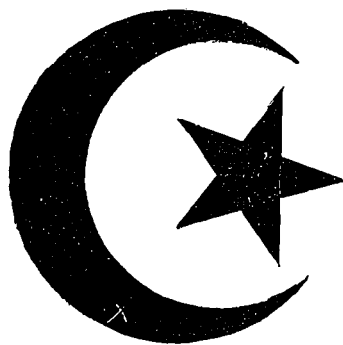
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