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The Moon



THE AMERICAN GIRL.—(No. 5.)

Fair, sweet Rebecca!—Beware of imitation—
Her pa is the pillar of Uncle Sam's great nation.

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

Vol. 1.

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

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.

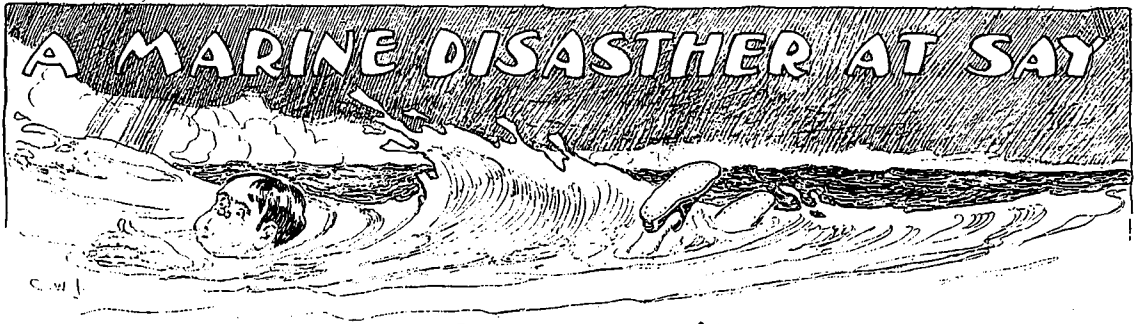
And MacAdams kicks and says that Clark is put off so that in time he may die or quit. The Court does not want Clark to do anything of the sort. They want him to live, and, after the other side win their appeal, let Clark appeal, and so keep grist in the mill.

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 thorough-ly 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!

ALL PICTURES THAT APPEAR IN THESE PAGES ARE MADE SPECIALLY FOR THE MOON AND HAVE NEVER APPEARED ELSEWHERE.



BY PHELM O'SHAUGNESSY
(Owld Phelim)

[Young Phelim, my son, is in the Bank iv Mounthrehall, and wouldn't demane himsilf by writin' poeetry, d'ye moind that. now ?]

The Banshee iv Jerusalem lay loading at Joppa dock,
Wid a cargo iv pigs, fish, poulthry, potaties and other
live shtock ;
And ivery man was busy, for she had to sail next day,
As the following wan was Friday, whin nobody goes to
say.
She was bound for the port iv Tarshish, not far from the
Cape of Good Hope,
A v'yage not fit for anny man that doesn't know ivery
rope.
The shkipper was Patrick McGonagle, a sailor inch by
inch,
From county Tipperary, and the parish iv Ballinahinch.
Well, Pat (I beg pardon, the shkipper), was pacin' the
hurricane deck,
Eyin' the shky wid his quadhran', to see was there iver a
shpeck
Iv a storm comin' down from the nor'ard where all thim
stormis is bred,
But niver a sign iv a storm did he see—yez could tell by
the shake iv his head ;
But he did see a shlyp young man come aboard wid a big
grip in his hand,
And says he to Pat (the shkipper I mane), "Are yez
the gint in command?"
"The divil a gint am I," says Pat, "but I'm shkipper all
the same,
Iv the ship Banshee, the finest craft that iver had such a
name ;
And begor I'm at your sarvice sor, to do whatever I can."
For, Pat (the shkipper, you must percaive), was a
thru-born Irishman.
Wid that says the fellow, "I'm afther a burth in the
cabin iv your ship,
For something tells me my heart is wake, and I need a
salt-say thrip,
If ye'll take me round to Tarshish I'll pay yez six pound
tin,"
"Just make it sivin pound," says the shkipper, "and I'll
throw your refreshments in."
"It's a bargain," says Mr. Jonah, for I'll hould yez he
was the man,
That should have been goin' to Ninnivay accordin' to
the plan.

(It's a coward he was intirely, as all thim Jonalises are,
And there's manny's a wan at a distance widout goin'
very far.)

Well, anyhow, next mornin', the arrangements bein'
accordin',
The tug Mavourneen towed the ship beyant the mouth iv
the Jordan,
Thin the Banshee spread ivery stitch iv sail, but she
wasn't far away
Whin it seemed to Shkipper McGonagle that Satan would
be to pay,
The shky got black as Murphy's pig, and the winds began
to roar,
The sails wor tore to tatters, and the rain began to pour,
The prospeck was very poor for prog to all the min that
day,
As the lightnin' flashed from cloud to wave, and the
galley was washed away.
The Banshee shuk from stim to starn—they thought if
she wint down,
That ivery man alive aboard was purty sure to dhrown.
The dolphin-shtriker shtruck the poop, the binnaycle
broke the wheel,
The mizen-mast wint all to smash, and the pigs wor on
the shqueal.
While Mr. Jonah wint to snooze in his hammock down
below,
For the toss iv a copper he didn't care whuther she'd live
or no.
So, all the min before the mast, a durthy haithen crew,
Began to pray to their little tin gods, whin they didn't
know what to do.
But the shtorm was gittin' no better fast—indade it was
turnin' worse—
Thin they all gave over prayin' and j'ined in a general
curse,
Till wan little black-eyed pagan says : "Bedad, I smell
a rat,
There's a Jonah aboard this blessed ship, I tell yez boys,
that flat."
In the manetime, Pat (that's the shkipper, yez moind),
wint down the cabin stairs,
To inform the passenger all was up, and he'd better say
say his prayers,
For all the time I'm tellin' yez, he was fasht ashleep
anundher,
And 'twas hard to tell the difference betuxt his shnores
and t'udder.

Whin he came on deck he heard the min convarsin' bibbly-babbly,
 And a purty sight he was himsilf, dhressed up in his deshably,
 (Which is Frinch, d'yez see, for his "robe-den-wee" and his shippers on lifthandedly.)
 Says the bos'n to Mr. Jonah, "Some wan aboard is the cause
 Iv this awful shtorm, and we'll sspot him now by the pullin' iv thim shtraws."
 So they dhrew their lots in silence amid the timpests' roar,
 "And the lot fell upon Jonah," as they all suspicioned befo'e.

He was stowed away where all the food that down the whale's t'roat goes is.
 The place was dark as mortal sin—fresh air was at a premium—
 He could't complain at all iv cowld—it was rather a case iv steam-ye-'im,
 He had no sate, no bed, no soap, no towel, or anny frippery,
 And whin around he thried to grope, he found the walls quite shlippery,
 He wanted a shnoko, but he'd left his pipe behind in the Banshee's bunk—
 His baccy too, so he couldn't chew—his cigyars wore in his thrunk.



"So they drew their lots in silence, amid the timpists' roar."

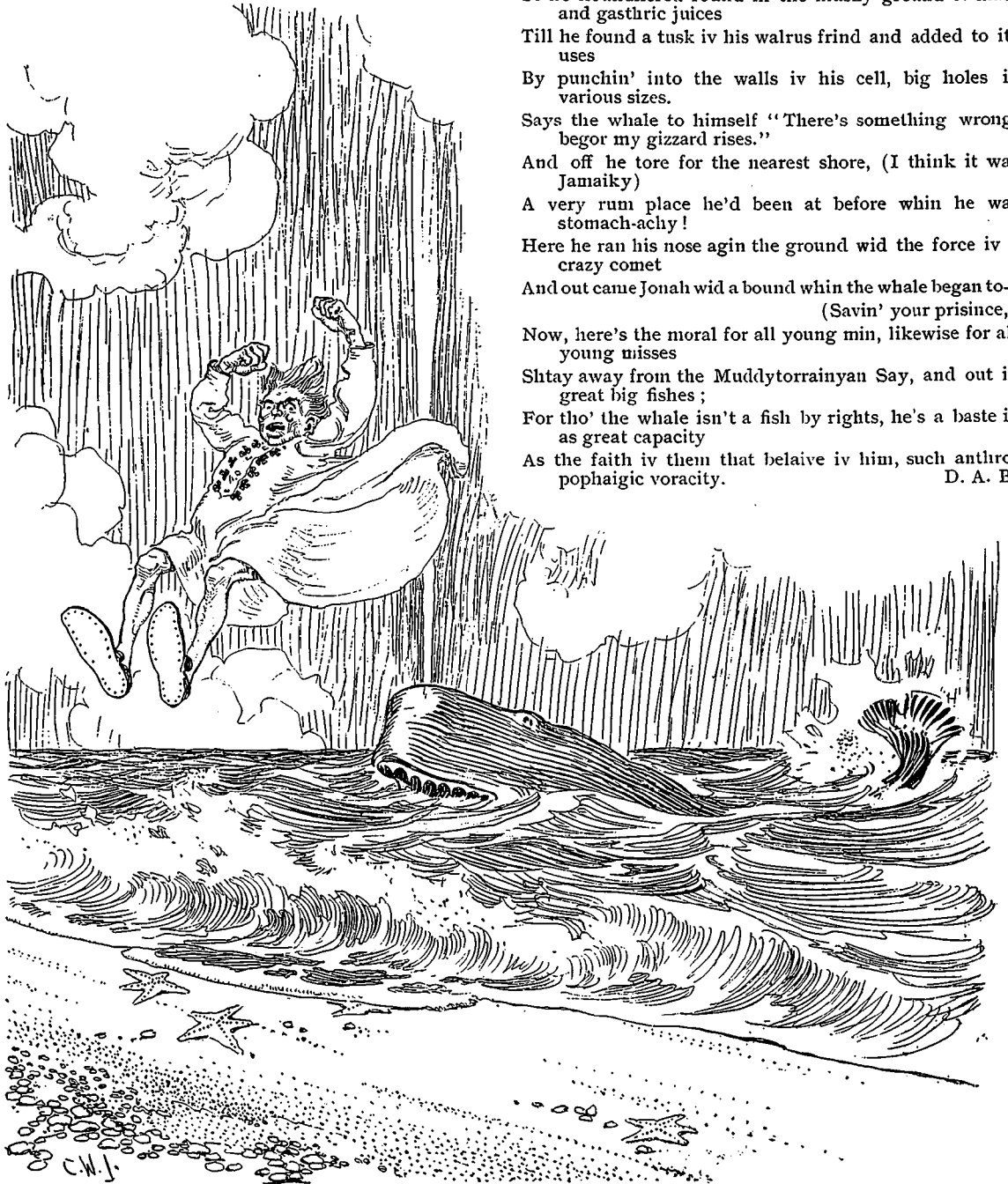
'Twas then they grabbed from behoind, as a cat does wid a mouse
 By the cuff iv the neck and the throwses, and over they sint him—souse
 Right into the Muddytorrainyan Say, and the moment he touched the wather
 The weather became as fine and fair as the face iv Pharaoh's daughter.
 "I'm not a bad shwimmer," says Jonah, "but I rather think I'll fail
 To reach the shore—" He said no more—he was gobbled by a whale.
 And befo'e he had time to crass himsilf, or mutther the name iv Moses

Thus, on the borders iv despair, he threatened to do or die
 By finding some place in the gruesome shpace whereon his head might lie.
 A turtle caught him by the fut, a lobster saized his nose,
 And his blood, whin an eel wound round his t'roat, came nearly being froze.
 But shleep o'ercame his eyes at last in shpite iv all his pains,
 And he curled up for a bit iv a nap, by a walrus's remains.
 And the whale himsilf, whin sundown came, right up to the surface rose,
 For that's where all the whales must go for an aivenin's repose;

So at night he got some whiffs iv air, but he suffered
 ivery day
 Whin the monsthrous baste, iv food for a taste, dived tin
 miles deep in the say.
 For t'ree whole days and t'ree whole nights, poor
 Jonah was in limbo,
 Just to sit and think wid nothing to drink, his arms and
 ligs akimbo,

Barrin' manny's the time he'd be wipin' the shlime from
 his face and other faitures
 For the whale had a very large cargo aboard iv halves
 digisted craitures.
 Wid sorrow sad, and hunger mad, he lost his timper
 intirely,
 Says he, "I'll go bail, I'll lave this whale, or my efforts
 will fail me direly,—
 So he floundhered round in the mushy ground iv mate
 and gashtric juices
 Till he found a tusk iv his walrus frind and added to its
 uses
 By punchin' into the walls iv his cell, big holes iv
 various sizes.
 Says the whale to himself "There's something wrong,
 begor my gizzard rises."
 And off he tore for the nearest shore, (I think it was
 Jamaiky)
 A very rum place he'd been at before whin he was
 stomach-achy!
 Here he ran his nose agin the ground wid the force iv a
 crazy comet
 And out came Jonah wid a bound whin the whale began to—
 (Savin' your prisince,)
 Now, here's the moral for all young min, likewise for all
 young misses
 Shtay away from the Muddytorrainyan Say, and out iv
 great big fishes;
 For tho' the whale isn't a fish by rights, he's a baste iv
 as great capacity
 As the faith iv them that belave iv him, such anthro-
 pohaigic voracity.

D. A. B.



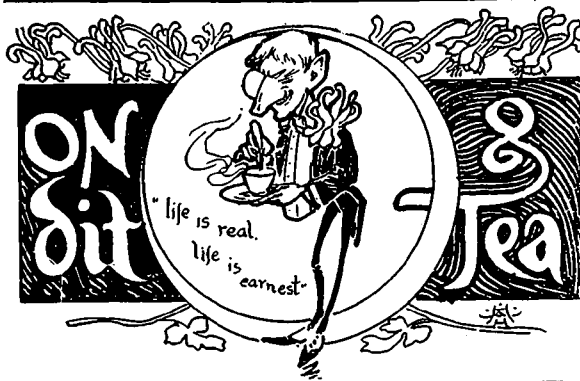
THE MOON



AT THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE BANQUET

CHORUS : "For what we are about to receive—"

JOHN BULL (interrupting) : "Yes, yes, my little men. What will you have, Wilfy?"



MRS. S. LOBB received at her beautiful new home on Pear St. on the 4th, just after her return from her wedding tour. The bride was dressed in her bridal robe of cerulean satin velvet cheesecloth, with a train of fancy striped trousering to match the stair linen. The bodice was cut on the bias and fastened to the skirt somehow. She wore a double string of real imitation pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. She had four molars and two incisors fitted with genuine Sicily cement. The dining-table was draped with full fawn-colored fillagree. The silverware was all genuine German cut. The limbs of the table were covered with cream-colored cottonade. The refreshments included pomme de terre grasse, cooked en robe de chambre and lait de bearre churned the day before. The wine list included liqueur au gingerubre and eau de seltz, plain. The gentlemen all wore neckties, socks and canes, and smoked Stonewall Jackson cigars, Colorado maduro, regular 5c. straight, or 7 for a quarter.



Smith: "That's the author. He depends upon the piece being a great hit."

Smythe: "Well, it will be a great blow to him if it isn't."



The country girl as the theatre teaches us she is, and--



As we see her during our vacation.



To Her

I'd love you pensive, love you gay,
I'd love you in the same old way;
And whether you were rich or poor,
My love for you would still endure.

I'd love you loving, love you cold,
I'd love you young, I'd love you old,
And were you false, I'd still be true,
So mighty is my love for you.

Yea Sweet, to prove I love you more than any other girl,
I swear that I'd adore you though your hair was out of curl!

Kicker's Column

“YOU'RE the ignorantest lot I have ever saw. Your artist, of course, mightn't have knowed, but *you oughter* have, that there aint no such papers in the States as Jollier's Weekly, or the Buffalo Hurrier.”

—Student.

“I bought your paper when in town, an' I'm just that much out. There aint no baseball score, nor nothin' about the ring as gents wants to know. You're no good, see!”

—Pro bone publican.

I think this fellow gets more than a bone.—Ed.

“I am extremely pained to find that THE MOON is strongly inclined to levity, so much so that my niece, whom I thought a pious young woman, prefers it to the *Missionary Times* or the *Christian Guardian*, and actually laughed at table just



Diverting His Energies.

“Josier,” said Mrs. Oatgerm, “I reely dislike ter interrupt yer train o' thorts.”

“What's the matter now?” inquired Farmer Oatgerm, who had been holding out on patriotic themes.

“I was jes' wonderin' if yer couldn't give the King a rest an' put in a few minutes chasin' a chicken fer the summer boarders dinner.”

as I was about to ask a blessing on our repast. I consider such a tendency in a paper vicious,—nay, even blasphemous.”

Yours in Sorrow,

Rev. Ignis Fatuous.

“We have been taking your paper, and we don't think we care for it any longer. We don't think it as nice as the “Ladies' Home Journal,” for there are no fashion plates, and you laugh at society folks, which is our exclusive customers.”

Yours,

Fuss and Feathers, Milliners.

“There beant no use of my takin' THE MOON, it's not as big as the *Globe* or *Mail*, an' you don't give no prices for spring caves an' hogs, an' the *Globe* will cover a big tomatoe plant on a cold nite an' yours woodent.

Joshua Farmers,

Poplar Corners.

Guelph, Ont., July 4th, 1902.

“You will have to stop your sly hits at the Grits if you want my custom.” Yours,

Independent.

“You are not going to win any favor with fair-minded people by slang-whanging prominent Tories.”

Yours,

Independent, Hamilton.

And thus they go on *ad. lib.* It recalls the fable.

There was an old man once who rode an ass while his young son walked. One of the wise met them and said it would be more fitting that the man should walk, and let the boy ride; and it was done. Another wise one met them and told the lad that he should be ashamed to ride while his father walked.

The only way out of the difficulty was that both should ride the same beast. When this had been done, a third wise one met them and threatened to hand them over for severe punishment to the tender mercies of the Humane Society, and suggested that they were more fit to carry the ass than it was to bear them.

They obeyed the new adviser, and, tying the legs of the beast, passed a pole through, and lifted it upon their shoulders. In crossing a stream on a narrow bridge, the beast kicked it's legs free, and falling into the stream was drowned.

Let this be our answer to the *kickers*. While we will give their communications most serious consideration, *we don't want to be drowned.*

She Knew.

Young Lady (to a Friend)—I just love to sit in church and listen to Mr. Y——'s sermons. He's such a fine minister.

Little Sister (aged seven)—Oh, Marie, you shouldn't say that. You know that you're asleep all the time.



Quite Right.

Flo: "She says the King, when a Prince, once offered her his hand."

Flos: "Yes, she is a palm reader."

Lunar Observations.

I have often been struck with the sound, straightforward, uncompromising common sense exhibited by our hard-headed, wide-awake business men in their dealings with each other.

While I was in a friend's office the other day he had a telephone call, and the following conversation was developed (of course I only heard one side of the dialogue, but I have guessed the other, and wouldn't mind betting on the accuracy of my guess). A is the other man—Z, my friend.

Z—Hello! Heh-lo! hello! Central, central, hello! who's that speaking? Hello! Yes! well!

A—Say, have you got any A1 Canadian Thistles on hand?

Z—(*Sharply*) What's that?

A—Is that Z & Co.?

Z—Yes.

A—I want to speak to Mr. Z.

Z—He's speaking.

A—Oh! well—say!

Z—(*Impatiently*) Well—what is it?

A—Have you got any A1 Canadian Thistles on hand?

Z—(*Substituting a cautious tone for the one of impatience*) Well, yes, a few.

A—How much you got?

Z—About forty bags, I guess.

A—What are they worth?

Z—(*Warningly*) Well, the market is pretty strong just now, you know; I say, the market is pretty stiff just now.

A—Is that so? how's it going?

Z—Well!—things are pretty stiff from all I can hear.

A—Well! what's Thistles selling at now?

Z—Oh, 14—somewhere round there.

A—Oh! come off!

Z—That's a fact—they're asking 12½, 13, 14—somewhere round there.

A—Too much money. I'll have to try elsewhere.

Z—You'll be sorry if you don't take them—there's only forty bags. You can't tell how the market's going to go. We may have advices



An X-Ray Extraordinary.

Mrs. Crossbones: "My poor Willie! He is drowning!!!"

Willie: "No, I ain't, ma, don't you see I'm holdin' on to my floating ribs."

from New York by Monday. You never can tell; I say, you never can tell.

A—Why, pshaw!

Z—(Confidentially) Well, say, how much better can you do, anyway?

A—Oh! Way down— I'll tell you (*In a tone as of throwing off all disguise*) I can get any quantity at 10 $\frac{3}{8}$.

Z—(In a final tone) Oh! well! that knocks us out. I say that knocks us out.

A—Well! All right, then.

Z—(Hastily) Say! Say! I'll tell you, Mr. A., seeing its you, I say seeing its you, we'll let you have the forty bags at 11 $\frac{7}{8}$. We wouldn't do it for anyone else.

A—Can't do it.

Z—Well! Say! There's only forty bags, suppose we say 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ cash on delivery. I say cash on delivery.

A—Make it 11 $\frac{1}{8}$ at 30 days and you can have the order. I'd rather get the stuff from you than anyone else.

Z—You couldn't make it 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ could you?

A—Well, no. 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ is the very best I could do.

Z—(With the air of a man who makes a concession for principles' sake) Well, we're always free sellers, at least we try to be. I say, we always try to be free sellers. I guess we'll let them go.

A—All right, then.

Z—All right, then. Good-bye.

A—Good-bye.

Then Z turns to me, spreads his chest and says in a gleeful undertone, "Say, we'll make on that transaction,—we'll make"—(*Taking out a pencil and proceeding to figure on an old envelope*) "½ cent a pound, 40 bags, three times nine are twenty-seven, sevens into—We'll make on that deal alone 230, say \$225, eh! how's that? Not a bad morning's work. Oh! I tell you you've got to work these chaps. It's all in knowing how to take a man. Forty bags is a pret—ty—good—order, you bet, on a falling market, too. I guess Monday's advices will tell a tale."

A, at the same time, is telling his book-keeper to run round to Z & Co.'s at once and get that contract signed. The market will be up sure by Monday, and he'd have had to give a ¼ cent a pound more anywhere else anyway. "Z," he says, "is a pretty cute chap, k-e-e-n as a razor, but if you only know how to take him he's as easy as pie."

I looked up the Thistle barometer on Monday and it was "set fair."

JINGLING GEORDIE.

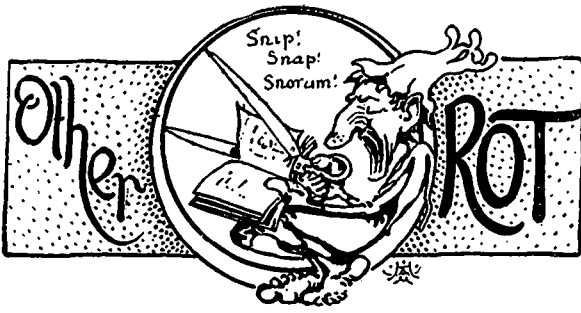
The Paradox of Paradise.

Heaven is such a beautiful, happy place that we wish to stay out of it as long as possible.



A Little Slow.

The "Country": "Well, it may be about to 'move in the right direction,' as the politicians say, after it's lied another little rest, but it never seems to get ahead of the railways."



"Brother, don't you know if you swear at those mules you won't get to Paradise?"

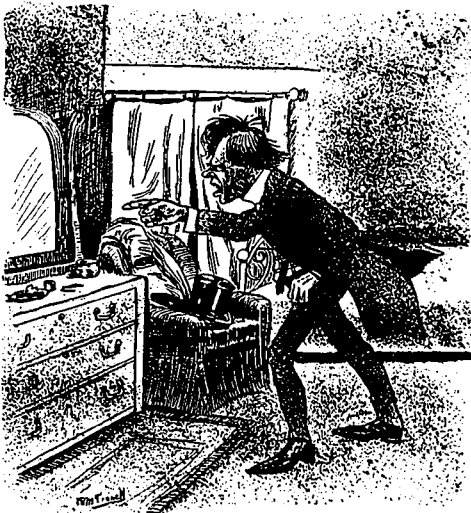
"Yes, pawson; but if I don't swear at them I won't get to the end of the row, and that's the important thing at present."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mistress (to new servant): "There are two things, Mary, about which I am very particular; they are truthfulness and obedience."

Mary: "Yes'm; and when you tell me to say you're not in, when a person calls that you don't wish to see, which is it to be mum—truthfulness or obedience?"

—*The King (London)*.

When Collis P. Huntington was married for the second time, Henry Ward Beecher performed the marriage ceremony. Huntington's first wife had been dead less than one year, and he desired the second marriage to be kept secret until his return from Europe. He gave Mr. Beecher a marriage fee of fifteen hundred dollars. When Huntington returned, some months later, he went through a public ceremony, and Beecher again officiated. He gave Beecher another fee of fifteen hundred dollars. The great preacher had his humor aroused by this second fee. Turning to Huntington, he said: "Collis, I do wish you were a Mormon."—*Argonaut*.



Actor, (studying his part): "Ah, ha! villain, for the last fifteen years have I been on your track, to the ends of the earth have I followed you—"

Down in Martinique they are seeking the bubble reputation even at the crater's mouth.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

In describing the coronation scene in an amateur dramatic performance that had just been presented in his town, the editor of a Michigan newspaper declared its "gorgeousness is such as to belittle the magnificence of Solomon and even to out-Edward Edward."

—*Exchange*.

One of Lord Salisbury's pet anecdotes is the story of the barber of Portsmouth whom he had occasion to patronize some years ago. This tonsorial artist did not fail to recognize his distinguished patron, for the latter, on passing the shop a few days later, was gratified to observe a placard in the window bearing this inscription: "Hair cut, 8d. With the same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's hair, 6d."—*New York Tribune*.

"Lady," began the dusky wayfarer, "could you help a poor sufferer of Mont Pelée?"

"Mont Pelée?" echoed the housewife. "Why, you are no resident of Martinique."

"I know dat, mum, but I am a sufferer, just de same. Half de things kind ladies had saved fer me dey sent down dere."—*Philadelphia Record*.

The principal of a high school tells the following anecdote:

One day at school I gave a bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, he couldn't do it.

I remarked, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. At your age George Washington was a surveyor."

The boy looked me straight in the eyes and replied, "Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States."—*Exchange*.

The unhappy consumer is beginning to inquire how he is to pay for the high-priced coal with which to cook the beef that he is unable to buy.—*Kansas City Journal*.



Burglar (appearing suddenly upon the scene): "Ah, gwain!"

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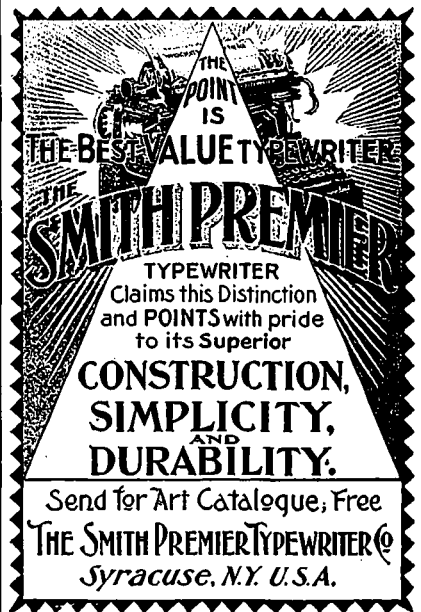
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