

Pages Missing

The Moon

AN EXCEPTION.

Optimist: "Ah, my friend, bright things can never die.

Cynic: "How about red hair?"



CALUMNY.

It has been reported that the horses at the races this year are wearing the eye-glass. This is a malicious falsehood; it is only the asses that wear the article.



ALMOST HEADLESS.

Professor of Biology: "You see, gentlemen, that this creature may be pronounced almost acephalous—it has merely an apology for a head."

Student: "Say, professor, this suggests a good conundrum; Why is the critter like 'Varsity?"



It is to be regretted that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who represents the most loyal colony in the British Empire, should be the one public man to cast a Pellatt at the King.



HARD TO PLEASE.

Since the price of meat went up, people that used to kick at over-done steaks, now grumble because they're rare.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—Authors of all-work, to job for the season, No matter which party, so faithful to neither; Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason, Can manage, like Kipling, to do without either.

—With apologies to the Ghost of Thomas Moore.



O'Toole: Phwat's it say, Tansey?

Tansey: It ses its de Calsium at Rome.

O'Toole: Will, it aint finished, an' ders nawone round; der must be th' divil av a stroilke an.

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

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

OUR CONSTITUTION.



THE MOON makes her bow. This is not the first time she has done so, but hitherto, on the principle that "all geese are swans," these bows have been known as crescents—this is a genuine genuflection,—not an obsequious one—not a priggish one—not even a merely mercenary one. She

desires to make herself agreeable to all lovers of a laugh, as she has often done to lovers of quite another kind. It is her fixed intention to be always full, despite any result of the referendum. In her elevated condition she anticipates much joyousness from her power to shed light as well as to cast reflections and deepen shadows, the desire being to produce these effects in a purely natural and genial way. She is not unmindful that for thousands of years her character has been traduced, having been associated with mental diseases, sabbath-breaking, green cheese, the quality of pork, the sprouting of seeds and all sorts of weather; but science has vindicated her from these and other aspersions.

To one charge, and to one only, does she plead guilty, viz., that of variability; but, withal, she has remained consistent. Her present form is wholly a novel one, yet her purpose is to shine, not for any party, not for any clique, not for the wealthy, not for the poor, but for all! Good, full-orbed moonlight is necessary in Canada's law courts, in her university lecture-halls, in her school-rooms, in her legislature, in her municipal affairs, in her prison work-shops, in her hospital wards, in her subsidized organizations of all kinds, in her financial institutions, in her charitable societies, in her press management, and in everything that affects her religious, moral, social and domestic interests. These contain infinite material for ridicule, jocularly, sarcasm, satire and reform.

She will frown as only a moon can frown on all that is purely personal, or apart from public interest, and she will wink as only a moon can wink when she has an opportunity to shoot a beam at, or shed her whole effulgence upon anything in need of being shot at, or shed upon.



Because a monopolist uses more advertising than any other business man, must the press hush up news of public interest that has an unpleasant connection with that man? Certainly not!

Then why is it that, although the Eaton Company has had a strike on its hands for some time, the papers have remained almost, if not quite, silent? Not one in a hundred of their readers has even heard of the matter. Is this the policy of an independent press? Surely not! We take no side in the present strike; but we do state, most emphatically, that this, and a hundred similar affairs should be given the fullest publicity. The public is entitled to the truth. Let a man walk firmly and independently, if he can; let him hobble and use crutches, if he must; but, above all else, let him not become soiled by crawling. But, after all, it is a shame to frown; the whole thing is such a huge joke—isn't it?



She: "Do you believe in taxing bachelors?"

He: "Certainly! All luxuries should be taxed.—Puck.



SOLILOQUY OF INSPECTOR HAMLET.

Inspect, or not inspect,—that is the question.
 Whether 'tis nobler on my part to suffer
 The stings that harass my official fortune,
 Or to take arms against the school trustees
 And by opposing end them. To teach,—to spout—
 No more; and by a spout to say I end
 This business, and the thousand natural kicks
 That I am heir to,—'tis a resignation
 Devoutly to be wished. To teach,—to spout;—
 To spout! perchance to dream! ay, there's the point;
 For when I spout of kids what dreams may come
 When I have shuffled off the inspectoral coil,
 Must pay me well; there's disrespect
 That makes calamity of Toronto life:
 For who would bear the hints and jeers of men—
 The common herd which knows not kindergarten,
 The pangs of punished kids, law psychologic,
 The insolence of teachers, and the spurns
 That patient merit of co-inspector takes
 When he himself might his departure make
 With railway ticket? Who'd these fardels bear
 To grunt and sweat under Ontario life
 But that the dread of the United States,
 That fickle-minded country from whose bounds
 So many glad return—puzzles the will
 And makes us rather hope that should our side
 Come out ahead at the general election, Whitney will
 Naturally regard me as by far the most eligible man
 In the province for his Minister of Education.
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought—
 The fear that he may choose some other fellow!

The Countess of Aberdeen gave the usual "charming" dinner party on May Day, when twenty people had their stomachs "charmed" at a very "ornate" table. Wasn't that nice?



Toronto "Saturday Night" lets out the secret that quite a number of the "smart" people were at Shea's Theatre last week. This must have been encouraging to the actors, for they usually have to stimulate Toronto audiences with Bromo-Seltzer before they can see a joke. But, after all, perhaps "Saturday Night" meant this only as sarcasm, and really referred to that stupid set that calls itself "smart."



The Toronto "Mail and Empire" informs us (and the other lunatics) that "Later on in the year (we shall look forward with the deepest interest for information as to the exact date) Lord and Lady Grey, with Lady Sybil Grey and Mr. and Lady Victoria Grenfell, are going on a visit to South Africa." Isn't it "perfectly delightful" on the part of "The Mail" to keep us posted on such important matters.

In the same column of "The Mail," however, we notice with profound regret that Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones are only mentioned once! Surely this must have been an oversight.



AT THE RACES.

Jack Slim: "Playing heavy stakes, Jim?"

Jim (who has received his butcher's bill a short time previously): "Steaks at 20 cents a lb.? I'm not a millionaire."

TO WHOM IS HE LOOKING?



THE COUNTRY: "Well, say, if I'm deceivin' 'em both, I must be gittin' terrible cross-eyed!"



A STRONG STOMACH.

Farmer Brown (who has given Weary Willie a seat at the dinner table, about to say grace): "Hold on, my man, we say something before we eat."

Weary Willie: "Go ahead, boss, you can't turn my stomach."

THE DEATH OF A HERO.

Tom Wildman was a cabin boy,
And sailed the ocean blue;
He'd be a man before the mast,
Before his mother, too.

Learned was he in ropes and spars,
And blocks and all ship's gear;
But though he knew no end of ropes,
Rope's end knew him, I fear.

When first he went a voyage to sea,
He longed for sight of earth;
He was so very sick, he wished
He could throw up his berth.

But use had stripped the sea of fears
For this bold ocean rambler;
He cared nought now for pitch and toss,
Being nothing of a gambler.

But soon poor Tom was doomed, for winds
Of violence 'gan to blow;
Great billows swept the vessel's deck
And washed her hands below.

They knew not what to do—the ship
She reared like any prancer;
Till soon they had to axe the mast,
But found it would't *answer*.

The ship went down with Tom on board,
Who bravely kept his post;
While with the vessel's log the crew
Made rafts to make the coast.

And when they brought the news unto
Tom's dad, he was appalled;
He died, poor man, and left no *heirs*,
For he was very bald.

The costumes at the Woodbine are simply gorgeous this spring. The ladies of the "smart set" are quite as smart as ever. All are smarting under the loads of truck with which they are half suffocated, while a large percentage of them are in decided agony. What with smarting and roasting and writing-up her ads. for the social columns, a smart woman must indeed be smart to stand the strain.



IN THE MELEE

Attorney: "Did you see the plaintiff strike the defendant?"

Witness: "Oi did, sor."

Attorney: "And was the assault committed with malice aforethought?"

Witness: "No, sor; it wor committed wid a mallet behoid th' ear."—*Judge*.

"That fellow makes mighty good money."

"Indeed?"

"Sure; he works in the mint."

NOTICE.

THE MOON is published with the object of supplying Canadian readers with satire and humor dealing as much as possible with Canadian subjects. For some years past, those persons who read publications of this nature have been forced to buy the comic papers of the United States, and these, while unsurpassed in broad humor, are so intensely "American" that they are always objectionable, and often decidedly offensive, to any patriotic Canadian.

To the patriotic Canadian, then, THE MOON respectfully presents herself and expresses her assurance that she shall never intentionally offend. At the same time she begs leave to request that she be given a standing invitation to call regularly and discuss the rights, the wrongs, the foibles, of this Canada of ours, and, perhaps, muster up enough humor to have a quiet laugh, without being under an obligation to Uncle Sam for it.

Please put your name and address in the application form below and send it—with two dollars—to the address given, and you shall receive THE MOON once a week for FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

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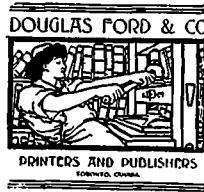
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