

Pages Missing

The Moon



“In these days they worshipped strange gods.”

His Chance Will Come.

“Kipling was left out in the cold in the list of coronation honors.”

“Well, you just wait. I’ll bet he’ll soon make it hot for somebody.”

The Vacant Spot.

Cholly: “I often feel an aching void.”

Jessie: “Oh, I’m so sorry. I’ve often heard that this chronic headache was a dreadful thing.”

Fire!

I stood on her lawn at midnight,
In my very best attire,
And sang in my high falsetto voice
“My heart is all on fire.”

But her brother turned on the garden hose,
And these words did loudly shout,
“Come back, old jay, don’t run away,
I’ll soon put the fire out.”

Chappie: “I hear that Tommy has a real Panama hat.”
Willie: “Yaas, pooah chap. Since getting it, his head
has swelled so much it doesn’t fit him by two sizes.”

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

Vol. 1.

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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.

WE have just received from London the official announcement that the coronation will take place in an "abridged" form on the ninth of August. At first we were in some doubt as to what "abridged" means when used in connection with a coronation. We cabled to our London correspondent for an explanation and received the following reply:

"Abridged coronation—crowning of King in shortened form. Something like evening performance circus—only about tenth whole show. Procession leaves side door Buckingham Palace, travels back streets at gallop to Abbey, enters R.U.E. Baths omitted. Costumes much abridged. King wears short pants; Dukes, same. All royal trains uncoupled; other trains cancelled. Duchesses wear full-length skirts, low-heeled shoes and waterproofs—the latter to denote the beginning of reign. Other Peeresses, bicycle skirts and oilskin capes. Real ladies—wives of baronets, knights, etc.—not likely to be admitted; impossible to invent becoming abridgment. Rank and file positively excluded. Mane and tail of British lion to be docked. Two feet taken off sceptre. Ceremony much shortened. Holy oil very short; put on head only, with atomizer. Age of coronation stone greatly cut down; Jacob ignored; Irish and Scottish kings expunged; marked now 'MADE IN GERMANY.' Archbishop Canterbury ordered to cut down prayer to two hours; not to let Latin endings take longer than five minutes each to get through nose.

"Duchess Marlborough and Gilbert Parker only objectors. Want whole show, trains, go-carts and all. Causing Balfour great trouble, so may be given special platform in Abbey on which they can perform."

We suppose that abridgment will become highly fashionable this summer. We may expect to see the abridged skirt, hat and gloves (the abridged waist is already here). The abridged morning and frock coats will be quite *chic*, to say nothing of the abridged trowsers, socks, and, above all, claw-hammer coats. Will not the fat man be "simply stunning" in an abridged claw-

hammer? One regret we must express, however, and that is the regret that the Canadian people, as well as the English, are already using what should be The-Man-in-the-Moon's sole patent—i.e., the abridged intellect.

MCADAMS, of the Sandon *Paystreak*, ought to have known better than to hint that the Supreme Court of B. C. would stoop to take the part of the delver as against the duke. They have never done so, and we sincerely hope and trust they never will. Mc. has got off light, and ought to thank his stars that they didn't give him a month for every year they mean to dodge that Clark vs. Callum case. They may take the notion to do that yet and so have McAdams rot in jail for years to come.

Let Mc. take a pointer from us. When we want to write about a person with a pull, we submit the manuscript to the intended victim. If it is too severe, or not severe enough on the other fellow, he runs his blue pencil through it and it goes. By this means we have never failed to please, and have never had to study stone-breaking.

Disrespectful persons of the McAdams sort should be taught that we enjoy quite as much liberty in Canada as they have in Russia or Turkey, for which we should be truly thankful.

ANOTHER man has been killed for killing, and now Fred Lee Rice is down and out.

The city press made the most of the occasion. The *World* slops over and discovers that Rice died converted and without bravado, yet so well nerved that he refused stimulants. The *Star*, equally truthful and equally studious, to give as little of a gruesome business to the public as possible, tells how Rice was such a coward that he had to fortify himself with a glass of whiskey. The victim's clothing was not fully described, as the veracious reporters failed to tell us what kind of underclothing he wore, and did not even mention his socks. The hangman and parson, and every other person connected with the sacred rite, were given due attention.

We are curious to know two things. One is, how a *World* reporter would know a converted person unless he had personally prayed for and with him. The other is, what stimulant will the *Star* man take when his turn comes. Whiskey, when taken frequently, losing, like all other stimulants, much of its effectiveness.

And we cry out against the objectionable tint of American journals.

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



Jones: "I suppose you are a married man, Smith?"
 Smith: "Oh, no! I was run down by a street car and got this."

An Intelligence Department.

SO many queries reach this office daily, on every conceivable subject, we have decided to make a department specially devoted to answering our correspondents, and where we can afford no other relief, directing our friends where they may be furthered on the way to a more perfect knowledge regarding the matters referred to.

A. B. asks: Was the author of the lines "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," Burns or Byron? Ans.: He was.

C. D.: How can lemon pie be made without lemons? Ask Kit.

E. F.: How can I get the present address of the grand chief of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel? Ask Dr. Wild when he is domesticated.

G. H.: How can I most readily acquire the habits and bearing of a noble gentleman of the old Spanish school together with the "cultcha" of a Yankee Blade. We are at a loss to say positively, but we would recommend a quiet talk of twenty minutes with Don of *Saturday Night*.

How many "little women" are there in the world of the proper social standing to talk to about anything? Ask Kit.

What is the best primer on the superfluous use of adjectives and adverbs? Ans.: If what you want to learn calls more for bulk than expressiveness, read a *Toronto Daily Globe* of any date.

1st. I wish to learn how to describe a battle field. 2nd. I want to find out all about the labor problem. 3rd. Are boiled onions good for boils? 4th. Can a person be excluded from joining a Browning Club who is perfectly ignorant? They cannot be excluded. For answers to 1, 2 and 3, ask Kit.

Can you give me the address of the dealer who sells his goods at the regular price? We regret to say that we cannot; the party is dead and the business discontinued. Everybody now sells at a heavy discount off the regular price.

What salary could I get writing truthful reviews of new books for any of the daily papers, such as the *Toronto Globe* or the *Mail and Empire*? I have had a wide experience in writing and books, as I kept the books of the largest butchering business in the city. I have also sold "Axes of Empire" and other great works on the subscription plan. I have also kept a general store in a good town, and before that fed one of the machines in a pulp mill, so you will see I have lots of experience. Ans.: Your qualifications for the position of book reviewer are much above the average, in fact we would mark you A 1 if you can furnish documentary evidence in support of your claim, but you could not get employment on the staff of any of the *Toronto* dailies even if you paid a high premium, if you reviewed books in the manner proposed. Reviewers on *Toronto* dailies are well paid.

Things told under the rose put many a character under a cloud.



Mrs. Gregg: "What's the matter with your husband Mrs. Slim, I hear he's ain't bein' o'round since the 1st of July."

Mrs. Slim: Oh, the Dr. says he's got somethin' in his beer-a-foam appendix.

Mrs. Gregg: Well I'll bet its nothin' more'n a cork he's swaller'd.

Not So ———

"The King was allowed to read a non-exciting novel."
—Cable.

The ambition of all tradesmen to secure the high advertisement of catering to kings is likely to work a change in the methods of publishers and authors. For some years past they have been shrieking at the tops of their voices, or rather in upper case type, that the fiction they purvey is the most thrilling, exciting, absorbing, scintillating, shocking, startling, etc., that can be conceived of. Then came the news that King Edward was allowed to read "a non-exciting novel." To most people this is news indeed, for we had forgotten that a novel could be good and not exciting. Now, of course, every publisher is anxious to have a novel "fit for a king," and the click of the typewriter is unceasing in Massachusetts and Indiana.

But, after all, is it necessary to go to the trouble to produce new books for this new demand? The case is somewhat like that of the Western man who had a dog to sell.

"I hear you got a pup for sale," said a stranger.

"I have."



"Corporal Bonypart, go back to barracks and pipe-clay your shin-bones. They're covered with mud."

"Is he fat?"

"Fat," spluttered the owner, "fat, why butter isn't in it with him."

"But I don't want a fat dog."

For a moment the owner of the dog was non-plussed, but only for a moment. Assuming an air of lofty truthfulness he said:

"Oh, well, of course he's fat, but he's not so damned fat."

Of course our modern fiction is all exciting, but——

—P. MCARTHUR.

Lest We Get Wet.

When April, clad in vernal showers,
Came weeping o'er this world of ours,
We mackintoshes lid beget—
Lest we get wet; lest we get wet.

But as three months have drifted by,
And moisture still drops from on high,
We wear those mackintoshes yet—
Lest we get wet; lest we get wet.

—P. J.

Sayings of the Cynic.

Your friend will never come to anything except his grave, and he will be carried to that.

There is one disease she will never take—that's brain fever.

Yes, Brown says more than his prayers. He couldn't say much less.

Dryden knew what he was talking about when he said, "There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know."



A Stony Lake Bass

Native; "Gee whiz! boss, that must a' ben a whopper."

Algernon Swinburne Spiffins; "Whopper? My friend, in the immortal words of Grey's Elegy, that was a bass that—

"The rod of empire might have swayed,
And waked to ecstasy the living liar."



A Boating Party.

Brief Biographies.—No. 11.

By Sam. Smiles, Jun.

MR. G. W. R.—more fully, Gee Double You Are, or, as some say it should be, Gee, you are double—was born in 1841. This was the most important event in his life until last election. He is a Son of Temperance. At the age of two he began to establish his reputation as an upsetter of other people's work. When only six he suggested some improvements in the solar system, and the form of scythe snaths, and even went so far a few years afterwards as to give his mother pointers on the making of oatmeal porridge. Having secured a third-class county board provincial license, he began to teach when only sixteen years old. At this time also he broke out in poetry, and planned an epic on "Canada Wants Men." Soon after this he graduated at Ontario's greatest university, Belleville. Before this he was a school inspector, and an excellent one at that, having taken over 500 per cent. on all his mathematical papers when examined by Dr. Ryerson.

In 1883 he became Minister of Education, and held the fort until lately, having succeeded in placing things in such a condition that the results will remain unobliterated for centuries. By his statesmanship he has managed to retain nearly 25 per cent. of male teachers in the "profession." He has also embellished the "System" with a splendid Normal College in Hamilton, and a good Normal School in London. One time he

was an editor. Had these things not happened it is not easy to state where the "Ontario System of Education" would have been to-day. He is an LL.B. and an LL.D.; also an F.R.S.C. In addition to these he is an elder, an author and a poet. According to Morgan, His Worship O. A. Howland, C.M.G., once said that G. W. R. "is a Canadian whose patriotism is as great as his eloquence." Mr. Howland spoiled this compliment afterwards by informing a friend that this was not saying very much. G. W. R. is now Premier of Ontario, and is quite fond of referring to this fact in his outbursts, only that he always calls himself *Pree-mier*. At the present moment he is in Norway. His majority as Pree-mier is not as large as it might be. He is of Highland extraction—so were his parents.

Remarkable Ads.

THE following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of the Toronto *Globe* :

FORELADY—To take charge of fitting department in shoe factory; must be a first-class operator on all shoe-fitting machinery; state experience and salary wanted. Apply Box 597, Globe office.

We are rather surprised that the sweet soul who penned it was satisfied with anything less than a countess.

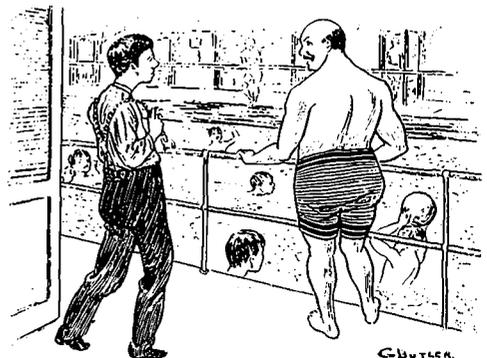
Immediately succeeding it appears the following :

GENERAL WANTED—References.

We expect that answers will be received from Lord Kitchener, Colonel Sam Hughes, Captain Bert Barker, and other warriors of repute.

His Own Medicine.

How would it do for people who want to make the eagle scream to try the "water-cure" on him?



The One Dressing: "Got a pin about you, old man?"

THE LOON



SHADE OF LORD BURLEIGH: "That's right Robert, keep it in the family."



Willie Oldtop: "Is there no way, Miss Stone, for me to gain a higher standing in your estimation?"

Miss Stone: "Well, I rather think you've got your growth."

The Clock of Toronto Town.

Many years ago, so the records run,
In eighteen hundred and ninety one,
Toronto's citizens, great and small,
Decided on building a city hall.
They said there'd be nothing on earth as good—
When finished, this building for grandeur would
Astonish the nation and all creation,
For breadth and depth and elevation.

In the course of ages the work was done,
Finished and opened in nineteen-one—
All but the clock in the lofty tower,
To tell all the people the minute and hour.
A maker in famous old London town,
Brought over a clock, this work to crown;
With a trio of bells, so the story tells,
To cheer all hearts with their mighty swells.

For a while the people were glad to see
Clock and bells working in harmon-ee,
But trouble, by imps of mischief brewed,
Put clock and bells into a sulky mood—
The clock face refusing to tell the time,
While the bells rang out their merry chime;
Till this infusion of bitter delusion,
Threw all things into a sad confusion.

The clock went agipsying, wild and free,
The bells struck twenty minutes to three;
People expecting to hear the chime,
Were sadly fooling away their time.
Confusion very distressing begun,
The Mayor could never get down till one;
Ross, in elation at coronation,
Missing the train at the Union Station.

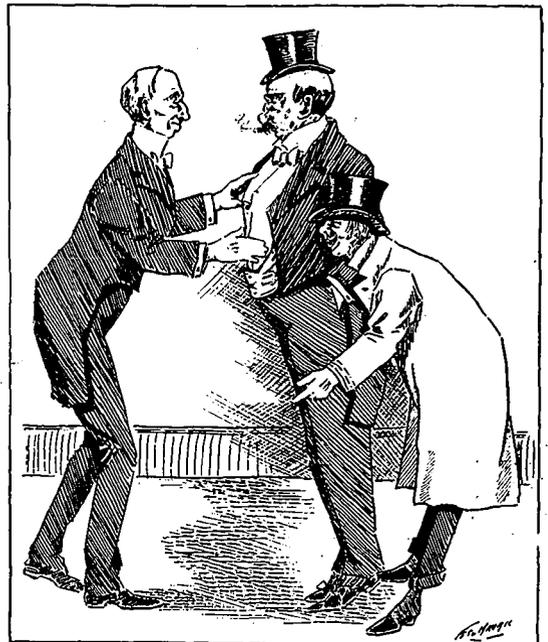
Danny Lamb, the boss of Toronto Zoo,
Didn't know what in the world to do;
He sorely needed the clock which said
Tis time for the elephant to be fed.
Jimmy Hughes, whose object was quite benign,
Thought whether he should or shouldn't resign;
At first he would, then he thought he wouldn't,
Then graciously smiled and said he couldn't.

But all things come to the people who wait,
And time cleared up this deplorable state;
By experts, whose patience had never ceased,
The bells were fixed and the wheels were greased.
At last, through their efforts, the wondrous clock
Beat time with monotonous tock-tick-tock,
And the good old song rang loud and long,
As the bells sang merrily dong-ling-dong.

—MALCOLM J. MCCARTHY.

The Grasstronomics of Nebuchadnezzar.

Nebuchadnezzar slowly arose from his mid-day repast, and with a smile slightly tinged with sadness remarked: "Methinks I am in luck. Unthinking men condemn my vegetarian diet, but here is where the bulge cometh in—not only is it conducive to lawn-gevity, but also it giveth me the reputation among the boys of being a 'ha(y)l fellow, well met.' Moreover, I lie not awake at night, as do other poor mortals, dreading the approach of the hour when breakfast, which consisteth of various new brands of cereal food, must be partaken of." After delivering himself thusly he retired a considerable distance and seated himself, to meditate upon other grass-trophic problems.



"Shay, Wa'ter, some foolsh been and taken our hatsh."



Mr. Moon: "These complimentary letters are most encouraging."

Hamilton, June 21st, 1902.

To the Man in The Moon:

My congratulations. It is simply delightful to find at last a Canadian illustrated periodical that is wise enough to pay for text and illustrations, and generous enough to give full value for its price, instead of filling its pages with the usual trash that is to be had for nothing, and then in the same old way appealing to the loyalty of Canadians to support it because it is published in their country. In securing the drawings of Racey and Hunter you have the work of the strongest cartoonists in Canada. THE MOON is on the rise, and may it ever shine as brightly. I send you my best wishes—also my subscription.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR HEMING.

From the Proper Source.

Governor: "That story won't wash."

Colonel: "Well, it ought to. We got it from a Filipino by administering the 'water cure.'"

Jones: "The operation on King Edward is enough to make a man's flesh creep."

Smith: "Why so?"

Jones: "The interviews in the papers show how full of experts the country is."

Civilization.

Gushly: "The world is improving, I think."

Bighead: "Oh! yes. Men who used to ride over their fellows rough shod now ride over them with rubber tires."

To a Collar Button.

You're small, but oh! you are a tease,
And oftentimes upon my knees
I've crawled to you.
I've grovelled to you on the floor,
Until my knees and eyes were sore,
I've bawled at you!

When you are dropped, you roll and roll,
And slide into some little hole,
Way out of sight!
I search for you in every spot,
Until my brow is moist and hot,
I want to fight!

When under furniture I've crept,
And sometimes I have almost wept
To lose you,
When after many hours have passed,
And I have given up at last
To abuse you!

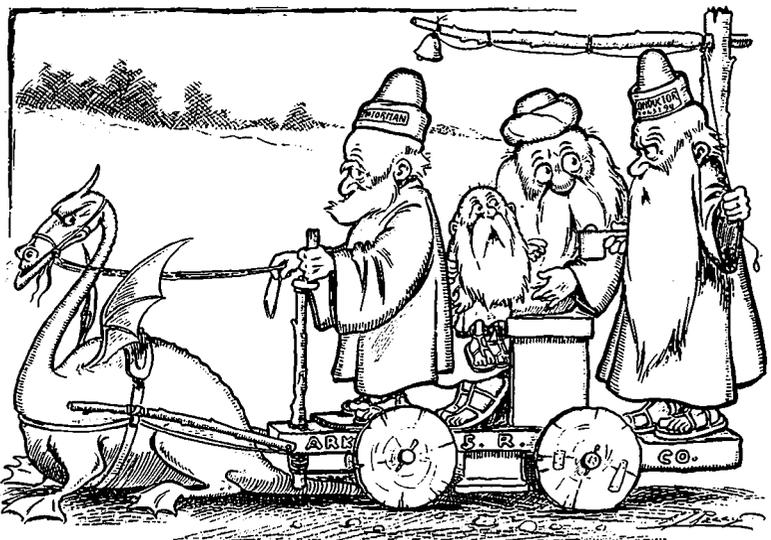
Your form before my eyes I see,
I gaze at you in ecstasy,
I grasp you!
Then in my hand I hold you tight,
And to my bosom starched and white
I clasp you!

Oh! little thing of shining gold,
One half your faults have not been told,
I flout you!
Though you a nuisance we regard,
This world would find it very hard
To do without you!

—M. Q.

Grace.

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound," the deacon sung.
He was a widower and very deep in debt;
But Grace was rich and very fair and young,
And "Saved by Grace" the deacon might be yet.



Methusaleh: "What? Pay fare for my child? Why he's not a hundred years old yet. I'll take your number!"

CHAP. II.

**A Saratoga Chip.**

Scene: A quiet corner in a Saratoga hotel.

He, of New York: "Do you know, Miss de Blonday, that all our lobsters now come from Canada?"

She, of Toronto: "Indeed! All I have met here were from New York."

Liberty and Freedom.

CHAP. I.

He was an oppressed, over-taxed European peasant, to whom the word "Liberty" was about as fictitious as Richard Harding Davis' accounts of the Boer war, or a modern sermon. Oppression, conscription, unremitting toil to keep out of debt to the State, insults from overbearing, corrupt officials, and starvation had almost quenched the last spark of manliness in him. One day a neighbor secretly showed him an American paper, smuggled in under pain of imprisonment for life. The paper spoke of "Our Glorious Land of Liberty;" the "Land of freedom and equal rights, under whose noble flag the poorest creature on the face of the earth was a king and equal to the best man on earth," and so on *ad. lib.* (see any Yankee paper or magazine). "I will emigrate," said the poor fellow. So he gathered his few possessions into a bag and sailed in the hold of a steamer for the glorious "Land of Liberty and Freedom."

He had arrived—a panorama spread before him. Here a howling, maddened mob, armed with clubs, guns and kerosene cans, were burning a screaming negro at the stake without a trial. There an excited, yelling crowd applauded two brutes, who, on a raised platform, were endeavoring to maim each other. On one side a huge-nosed, fat, diamond-bedecked individual was catering to the lowest passions in the human breast, by exhibiting shows of so immoral a nature as to make even the poor European blush. A reptile, yellow press, was busily engaged in insulting every nation on earth but their own. A vile and noxious odour was pouring from a domed building labeled "Politics," while brutal-looking men trampled the ballot-box and peoples' rights in the mire. Huge, heartless monsters, named Trusts, prowled over the land and pounced on and suppressed anyone found with money. From four thrones raised on high, Hypocrisy, Fashion, Selfishness and Greed, ruled with rods of iron. Soldiers were seen torturing and murdering poor, ignorant, savage islanders, endeavoring to steal their island home from them, and over all a huge statue, with torch uplifted overhead, looked down.

"What does that statue represent?" asked the European of a passenger. "The Statue of Liberty," was the reply. "It is the emblem of this free and—"



He: "She bathes as a matter of form."

She: "Well she must think that form doesn't matter."

Here the poor European was roughly seized by the U. S. inspecting officer, his mouth was forced open, his teeth tested, his eyes were pried open with sticks, his ribs were punched, and after other revolting and nameless examinations were made, his pocket book was taken from him and searched, and he was locked behind iron bars, like an animal. On the first opportunity the poor European fled.

CHAP. III.

One evening, some years later, a prosperous Canadian land owner had his happy family gathered about him, and was amusing them with tales of his early life.

"After being insulted in every way by the examining officials, and seeing what they call "liberty" in their country, I escaped to this land, my dears," he remarked, "and here I found a happy home and prosperity, and I also discovered that absolute freedom can only be found under the glorious old Union Jack."

—A. J. RACEY.

Letting Himself Down Easy.

"Brown must have a pretty good thing; he says he is travelling for Waldron & Co."

"Well, that's true in a sense, but most people would call it running the elevator."



None of his business.

"The Schoolmaster is Abroad."

So said Lord Brougham in one of his famous parliamentary speeches, but if some cram-examination replies be allowed to influence our judgment, we should say it would be quite as well should the schoolmaster go abroad in a widely different sense—a very long way abroad, indeed, and stay there, too.

One of the examiners now engaged at the Education Department writes: "The following is one of the best things I have come across so far.

Question: Of how many parts does your body consist, and what does each part contain?

Answer: My body consists of three parts, my head, my chist, and my stomick.

My head contains my eyes, most of my teeth, three pairs of salutary glands, my nux vomica, and all the general organs of digression.

My chist contains my heart, part of my liver, and my diagram, which seprits it from my testaments.

My stomaick contains my pendissyturs which is one, also my bowels, which is five, a, e, i, o, u and sometimes w and y."

This gem turned up at an examination in ———. Out of mercy and pity, we blankify the name of the town.

A Heavy Load.

Mrs. Bimly: "I hear that Mrs. Newrocks is not at all well."

Mrs. Jimly: "No, poor woman, since getting into society she had to support so much dignity that she suffers from curvature of the spine."

The fact that other people are interested only in themselves causes a great number of our follies to pass unnoticed.



Two of a Kind.

BY A BUNCO MAN.

He was a young man passing shy,
She was a widow tall and spry.
She roped him in. She had her eye
On all his money, and so did I.

I tried on him my bunco game,
But she the young man's wife became.
And let her smile, this stylish dame,
Her trade and mine are about the same.

For after soft young men with money
Both of us go like bees for honey.



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