



Price 5 Cents.

\$2 Per Annum.

The Rhodes Scholarship Men.

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 enthrall 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 title-page cartoon shows Sir William Mulock behind the post-office wicket holding behind the bad letters, marked "K. C. M. G.", and saying "I got this bunch of letters for myself by the bunch of letters." There are eighteen or twenty clever sketches and a quantity of bright readings matter by various contributors. "The Moon" accepts this way contributed matter and in original work which prevails mainly 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 mousing material.

Godwin's Journal

A NEW MOON

Welcome to the New Moon! A 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 cash down" is its motto.

This a neat little magazine, full from cover to cover of bright, clever, racy fun, and a practical joke in a practical Canadian comic magazine. It is a real jolly "new" Moon. What will it not be, when it is a "full" Moon?

"It has been discovered that the man in the Moon is not so far away."

AND SOME CORRESPONDENTS:

DR. JOHN C. WARBRICK
KENWOOD

THE KENWOOD,
CHICAGO, 30th July, 1902

THE MOON PUBLISHING CO.,
TORONTO, CANADA.

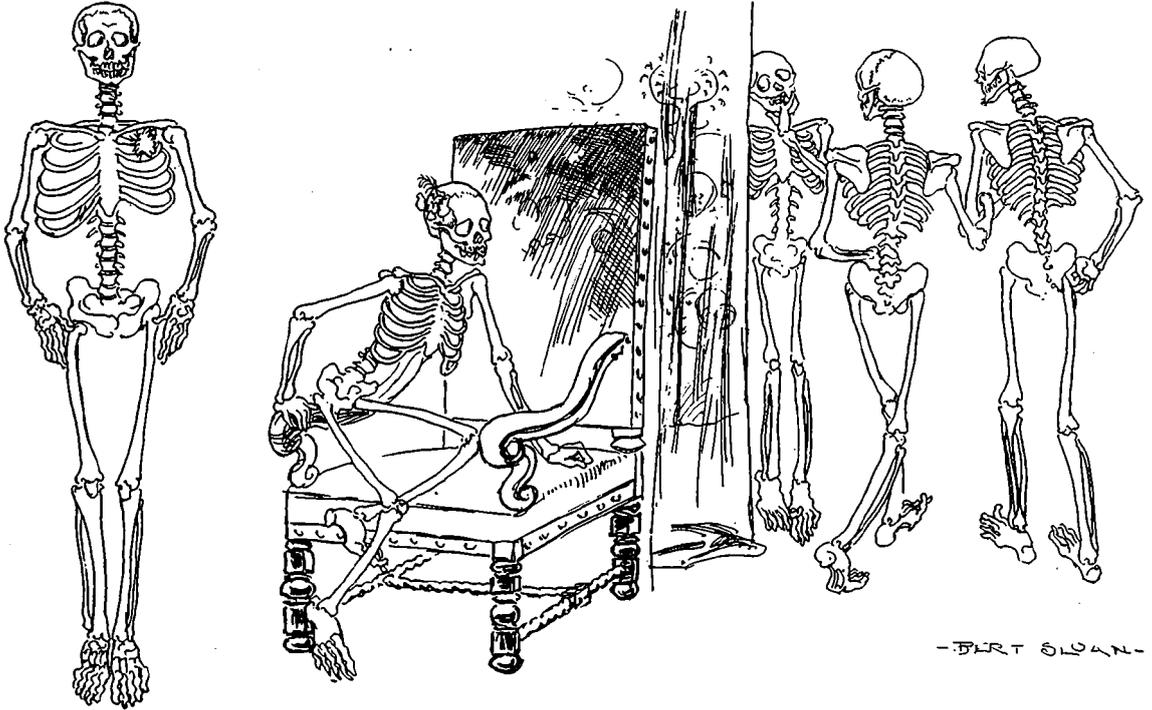
DEAR SIRs: Enclosed please find an express order for two dollars, one year's subscription to THE MOON.

Canada's New Satirical Weekly is good and well cut, while it is amusing and relaxing. It is a credit to the country, and I am glad to be a subscriber and wish it every success.

Please send me back numbers to complete my file.

Yours truly,

JOHN C. WARBRICK.



Puzzle: Find the girl who has been kissed within ten minutes.—An X-Ray after C. D. Gibson.

That Premier Majority—One.

Here's to you, Hon. Geo. Washington Ross,
 And your mammoth majority—ONE.
 Let them say that it's all in your eye,
 That it's stolen from Dooley or Nye,
 Tories biased and small
 Couldn't see it at all,
 Tho' it stared at them thirty miles high,
 Sky-high,
 Only then through a glass of old rye.
 But, George (just between us), could you stand, say
 a "run"
 For a week on that huge multitudinous one?
 That cute little digit of one,
 That big, little trifle of one,
 That strange problematical,
 Globe autocratical,
 Grand old historical—ONE.

Here's to the one, or the series of ones,
 That have made your majority—one.
 Without it you'd be in the soup,
 Or politically looping the loop,
 As a matter of fact
 You could never have packed
 Your grip as a "star" in that troupe,
 Royal troupe,
 That captured the Imperial stoope—

You could never have trilled for King Eddy & Son,
 While good old King Adjective walloped your one,
 That shocking enormity one,
 That terrible outrage of one,
 That wierdly mephistical,
 Bald, egotistical,
 Preposterously mystical—ONE.

Here's to you, Hon. Geo. Washington Ross,
 And that symbol of unity—ONE.
 We have had it in court and in jail,
 Hot water and whisky and ale,
 And by jove, once or twice
 We have had it on ice,
 Just to keep it from getting—well stale,
 Too stale,
 For it got pretty close to the "Mail."
 Yet whenever they yelled at it—"Going—going—
 gone!"
 It bobbed up the same old ubiquitous one.
 And after all said and done, the same one,
 And the man who denies it is "one."
 If it never grows bigger
 'Twill still cut the figure
 That's fifty times larger than none,
 Yes, by George!
 Quite fifty times bigger than none.

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

Vol. 1. AUGUST 30, 1902. No. 14.
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.

JUDGE Meagher is a new addition to the list of Canadian Judges that are suffering from that all too common disease—enlargement of the case in which the normal man's brain is held. What this case contains in a Judge, it is difficult to say—some wondrous mixture, no doubt. Judge Meagher had a gentleman arrested because the gentleman objected to the Judge's calling him a blackguard. Now the gentleman really deserved what he received, perhaps, for asking the Judge to withdraw the insulting name, for when a man is suffering from what the boys call the "puffed nut," he stands for many hours each day before a mirror; therefore the Judge should recognize a blackguard when he sees one. But then, again, the gentleman may not have known that the Judge was suffering from the disease. There is the real difficulty in placing the blame. The only way that the Moon-man can think of avoiding mistakes of this kind in the future, is to admit it as a fact that *all* of our Judges have a touch of the infirmity.

POOR Dr. Parkin cannot, it would seem, get, by any means, that peaceful rest and seclusion to which he is so well entitled. Why will not humanity let him follow his natural modest bent? Because a man happens to have a genius for talking, must he be made to talk, and must that talk be reproduced in print, and sold with soap and patent medicine advertisements, and miscellaneous news, of trifling importance, at one cent the copy? If so, our social system is in a sorry state, and sadly needs amending.

A great man, whose brain has become worn almost out, by his mighty efforts to civilize some hundreds of Colonial young savages, takes a hasty trip to his adored Albion, for but two months of the rest that should be his forever. On the beloved isle he no more than sets his foot, and kneels in adoration of its past, when he is surrounded by an eager throng that thirsts and pleads for wisdom and advice. Salisbury, Rosebery, Balfour and Chamberlain are there—and, last but not least, his dear old friend the King. King Edward he can not resist, for his old friend has, at great pain, left a sick bed and journeyed to Liverpool to meet the learned Doctor on his return from his voluntary exile in the Colonies. He, like the others,

comes to drink of the *bottomless* fount of wisdom. He will not be denied.

Thus the weary grind is again started; and when once started, it will not be stopped. Rosebery hangs by his door; Chamberlain dogs his footsteps; Ba four telephones for counsel; and the trustees of the Rhodes estate beseege him and force him to consent to select the least objectionable of the Colonials to send to Oxford for the scho'arships.

At last, in desperation, he flees from dear old England. Alas! J. Pierpont Morgan, by reason of the hold that he has on shipping, contrives to get on board the Doctor's ship. Throughout the voyage he makes the great educationist's life a burden by his pleadings for advice. He extracts from the Lineman-of-Empire even some pointers in English, and, as a result, is now able to say "fellers" and "goin'" almost as soothingly as can the Doctor himself.

His holidays denied him, Doctor Parkin comes back to Upper Canada College, quite as exhausted, mentally, as when he went away.

And now, out of mercy to the great man—and out of mercy to the public (which loves him)—will the newspapers not force him to talk again?

PERSONS that seem to take a savage delight in denouncing British Royalty and Nobility will find Lady Raglan's recent exhibition of herself, dressed in her Coronation robes and coronet, rather difficult to scoff at, or to explain away.

Some there are, no doubt, mean enough to say that her ladyship did not satisfy the curiosity of the vulgar for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital, but that she wished to get her name and picture into the papers. Persons of this kind should be exterminated. They discourage the efforts of aristocracy to make themselves useful in the only way that is possible for them to be useful.

The Man in THE MOON extends his sympathy to Lady Raglan, who has undergone a most trying ordeal for the benefit of the sick. To a person of her ladyship's retiring nature, it must have been a great sacrifice. And while some of our most modest Canadian ladies may envy her the advertising that the exhibition brought her, they cannot but be thankful to her for showing them a new way of putting themselves before the public.

We shall watch with interest for the next noble lady that will display herself. Possibly she will accept THE MOON Man's suggestion not to pose in her Coronation robes, but to appear as a living picture, in tights, etc., with lime-light trimmings.

Notice to Men.

Beside the sea there's such a chance
With summer maids to spoon;
For every night they sit alone
And rubber at the moon.

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

Examination Papers in Cram University.

ANSWERS. Cadaverous, one who is no good, from the Greek "Cad" a university student.

Infidel, one who believes in himself, from the Hebrew, "Fidus," a young dog.

Magna Charta was a mythological cart captured from King John at the battle Runymede by G. R. Parkin, L.L.D., M.A., N.G., in 1492.

Drama is when men go out to see another fellow between the acts at a show.

"Much Ado About Nothing" was a play written about something, by Ignations Donnelly also by Canon Doyle, W. D. Howells, Haul Cane and others.

The Reformation was when everybody in Europe began to do what their conscience prompted and made everybody else quit their bad ways.

A sextant is one who is neither male nor female.

Socrates was a Roman Minister of Customs and put it to the people so heavy that they called it "socking it to 'em."

Duty is something nobody likes to pay if they can get out of it.

"Deus Miseratur" is Greek for "sick as a dog."

Eureka is Hebrew for a washing machine that works well when new.

Galconda is a name for the Caty Combs of Rome because of the lots of skulls what is there.

Declamation is the art of saying a lot of loud words.



"I tell you, the man who pays his rent has to keep moving these days."

"So has the man who doesn't."

Consols is something you would like to have if you didn't have to pay for them.

Sic Semper Tyrannus was a Roman general and was a terror when he was well.

A Sufferer.

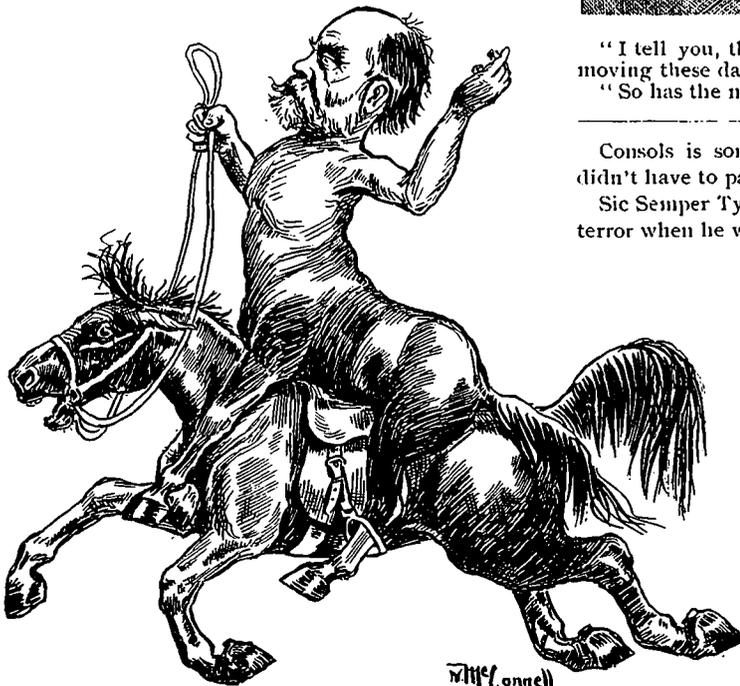
"I have suffered from *infancy*,"
Miss Ann Teek softly sighed.
"You're recovered from *it* now,"
Her youthful friend replied.
And then from Ann Teek's wrath
Judiciously she fighed.—A.L.W.

Guide : "That is Sisyphus. Every time he rolls that stone to the top of the hill it rolls back."

Shade : "That is almost as hopeless a job as trying to contribute to a high-class magazine, but Sisyphus hasn't got to pay return postage."

Jasper : "Sorehead is a pessimist, is he not?"

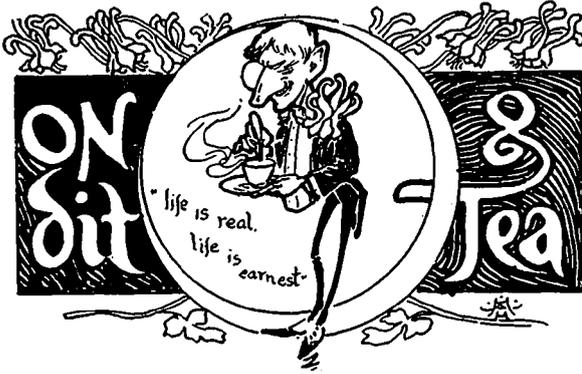
Jumpuppe : "Yes. He spends all his time recalling his blunders or anticipating his failures."



Wm. Connel

Centaur Ross.

"The old war-horse is again in the saddle."



Where They Should Go.

Lawyers	to	Advocate Harbour	N.S.
Doctors	"	Heal	B.C.
Coal Dealers	"	Anthracite	Ont.
Miners	"	Prospect	N.S.
Farmers	"	Harrow	Ont.
Embezzlers	"	Hyde	Ass. E.
Collectors	"	Dunnville	Ont.
Debtors	"	Standoff	P.E.I.
Soldiers	"	March	Ont.
Speculators	"	New Town	N.B.
Boozers	"	Rye	Ont.
Teetotalers	"	Sober Island	P.E.I.
Poets	"	Bardsville	Ont.
Blacksmiths	"	Anvil Island	B.C.
Footballers	"	Brokenhead	Man.
Critics	"	Carp	Ont.
Tramps	"	Bath	Ont.
Ottawa Office Seekers		Belcourt	Que.

MRS. SMYTHE, of Smith-Smythe Villa, will receive on the first Thursday after the fourth Wednesday in each month.

MRS. Jones de Jones gave a charming tea and hop at her residence, 25,000 Swagger street, last Friday evening. The music was furnished by the Signor Baggipiono band. The guests played tea-table tennis till an early hour.

MRS. PIERPONT MAGINNIS, wife of Senor P. Maginnis, of 1517 Pearl street, will not receive till 7 p.m. Mondays, as the drawing-room will be required to dry the clothes.

JUDGE and Mrs. Macdougall and Miss Bertha Macdougall are staying at Woodington, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.—*Sunday World.*

MRS. SANDY McCIDER is staying with Governor Van Zandt at the residence, corner Gerrard east and Broadview Avenue.

THE latest form for wearing of gloves is not to carry them in the left hand but in the band of the hat in front. This will permit of their being seen by everybody, and enable you to hold the cigar gracefully, solitaire face up.

WE learn that the latest crease in pants—beg pawdon—twowse's was not created by J. Castile 'Opkins but only introduced by him to this part of God's wilderness.

ROOSEVELT with his steam yacht is putting in a few days between Oyster Bay and Bar Harbor.

RODDY McGINNIS is putting in a few days on Yonge street wharf trying to catch mud pouts.

THE Rev. Lazarus McKhan, pastor of St. Sophia's Methodist Church, took his flock for an outing yesterday afternoon. The pasture was excellent.

Seriousness is either an affectation or a misfortune.

A Hint.

If at first you cannot swim,
Try, try again,
For every time you try you'll get
Your pick of all the men.



Fair Reformer: "Still, as a married woman, I admit there are certain articles of our agreement to which my husband's right is indisputable."
Unsympathetic Victim: "Yes'm, I see you've left him his trousers."



Studying the Menu.

The Bear (to himself): "Now, Ursus Americanus, my boy, this is your lunch hour. Do we take fish, or do we take Charley-Boy—or shall we have, say, a little of both."

Brief Biographies—No. VII.

SAM SMILES, JR.

OLIVER A— Howland, C. M. G., ex-M. P. P., Mayor of Toronto, is a Canadian born, beginning his earthly term on ———. There are many of the clan in the province, the woods having been full of Howlands when York county was a howling wilderness. He comes of U. E. Loyalist stock, and we are compelled to admit that they have made good their pledges, as the empire remains united to this day.

Mr. Howland is a very pretty man. This information is only for those to whom the Mayor is not personally known, the gentleman in question having become seized of the fact prior to THE MOON's learning it.

As a member of Parliament Mr. Howland has led a blameless life, never having been charged by either of the political parties with having introduced or actively supported any bad or other measure, or with having done or uttered anything whatsoever, save the necessary endorsing of the cheques for his sessional indemnity—and mileage—during the whole term of his public career in Parliament.

His latest work, that of filling the Mayor's chair, is different, and Mr. Howland has to work and does. We have it on good authority that since taking office Mayor Howland, when in the city and not indisposed, comes down in the morning to his office at least once a week, and never later than 4 p.m. He has been known to arrive by 2 p.m. on one or two occasions.

Ill-natured people say that he takes his breakfast in bed, but we feel sure that this is not the case, unless it was a very disagreeable morning. The subject of our sketch shows remarkable judgment in not appearing at the office by 10 a.m., as some people would wish. He thus avoids meeting disagreeable people who want something done for them, and who are sure—those that come at that unseasonable hour—to smell of a factory or a stable. He gets there in good time to meet desirable people. He employs excellent counsel, never taking any serious step without seeking the aid of that eminent jurist, J. Castile Hopkins, Esq., who has not hesitated to give the same aid and counsel that has already been extended to Royalty. At the time of the street car strike Mayor Howland's promptness in ordering 2,000 troops to load with ball cartridge, has probably saved a couple of dollars worth of window glass, and should earn for him the undying remembrance of all persons interested. Whatever his traducers may say, those who have known and met him will agree with us that he can always be relied on to conduct all public business in a very lady-like manner.

The Modern Way.

First Sweet Girl: "Mamma says I really must get thoroughly built up before the cold weather comes. What doctor had I better consult?"

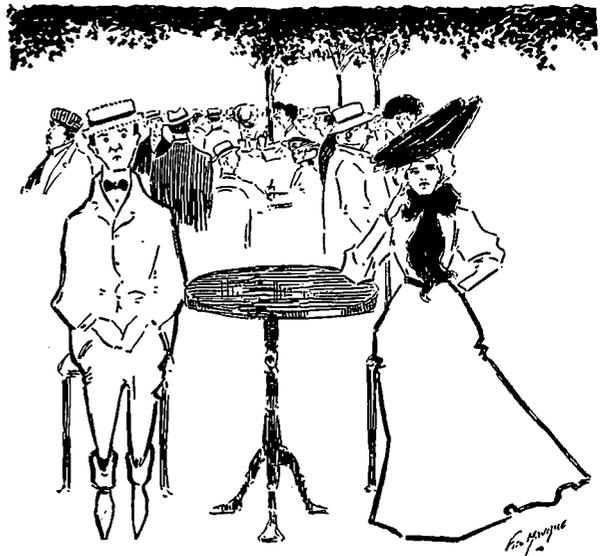
Second S. G.: "You absurd thing, don't go near a doctor. Let me introduce you to my tailor. He's a specialist in that line."

A Natural Conclusion.

Johnny: "Pa, is Mr. Gadzooks a gentleman?"

Pa: "Yes, Johnny, at least, a gentleman of the old school."

Johnny (reflectively): "They taught a great many scripture texts at that school, didn't they?"



A Midsummer Tragedy.

Clarinda has said she would like an ice cream soda more than anything else.

George, however, is "broke."

He is here depicted awaiting death, calmly and like a man.

THE MOON



“How is the water, Mr. Ping?”
“A trifle wet this morning, Miss Pong.”
“You seem to be in good spirits, though?”
“Oh, yes; good spirits and water are not a bad combination, you know.”
“But such a lot of water, Mr. Ping, with just one stick in it.”

Latter Day Legends.—No. 3.

THE TOURIST AND THE TOILER.

AN epoch had arrived in the life of Mr. Julius Calixto Browne. He had not sent for it. He was not aware of having done anything to encourage it to come. He just got up one morning and the epoch was there waiting for him.

When people called him "old chap" now, they meant it. The time was at hand when he must ask himself the question: "Am I growing old?"

When the maid servants who passed the beer, when he went out with the boys, had called him "Puppa," he pretended to treat it as a joke. He told them about early baldness and premature grey hair being an hereditary peculiarity of his family. One of them, who wore a glittering sunburst of real Alaska chips in the wad of hair she had nailed on over her brow, and

who answered to the name of Gert, said that was just like her pa. His hair was getting thin and grey and he wasn't but sixty-one.

J. Calixto Browne labored under the fond delusion that he passed for thirty-nine. He had got into the habit of telling people that he was "just 39, the 14th of May." It was

true, but that 14th of May had been ten years before. And there came unto him the thought that it must be need of rest which caused persons to call him old. He would hie him unto some village retreat, where gurgling brooks sung nature's sweet lullaby.

So it came to pass that he sought a spot away from the carking cares of commerce. He would go out each day, even in the train which the time-table told him left at fifty-four minutes past seventeen. He would bask in the health-giving solitude, where a haughty husbandman hired out basking privileges at \$9 per.

In the early morn, when the pearly dew was on the grass, and the merry birds were twittering in the greenwood tree, he would return every day to the grimy, grasping, tired city—rested, refreshed and ready for a new day of toil.

His wants were few and simple, and with but a camera to aid him daily in the study of nature in his rural retreat, he at first started out. Later on he discovered that there were other things he occasionally needed.

When the evening of the first day had come, they fed

into him a meal of canned corn beef and soda crackers and preserves and store cheese, for they were up to date

and knew the ways of the city bred, even if they were living far from the madding crowd.

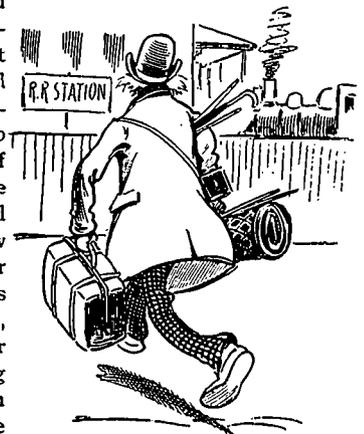
The frugal family in the kitchen stowed away a bunch of hot meat hash, flavored with onions, and hunks of home-made bread; and when the eighth hour had come and the sun was going down, he would have tarried yet a little while to drink in

the softness of the evening when the moon cast its silver radiance over the scene, but they told him that that house did not keep late hours; and when he came out on the second day he brought with him two bottles of beer, for it so happened that the thirteen-cent tea bought from a wagon, that they had been regaling him with, was richer than beverages he was wont to irrigate with in the hours of relaxation.

When the agriculturist who presided over the rural home, saw the beer bottles, he said unto the sojourner: "We don't allow no liquor brought into this house, we are agin' it." And Browne had his eyes opened, and he saw that he had been carrying on a life of wickedness and riotous living. He was abashed and humiliated before the face of all the family.

Each day when the fourth hour of the morn had come and darkness was still upon the land, the husbandman would rise and go forth in his stocking feet and shirt sleeves. He would extort milk from certain horned beasts who chewed the cud of contentment in the barn. Then would Mr. Browne know that the soft whisper of the mosquito was over for the night, and he would slumber until the silvery song of the little alarm clock told him that he had ten minutes to catch his train.

Now, the farmer was one who had cultivated the soil,





"It's a lovely view, isn't it?"
 "Yes, out of sight."

Of Interest to Novelists of the New School.

TO those interested or engaged in the historical novel and novelette industry, the result of the recent conference of our native historogophists will be interesting. It will be remembered that, at this conference, a committee consisting of Miss Agnes C. Praut, Mr. Charles D. Hobarts and Gilbert Sparker, Esq., M.P., was appointed and directed to draw up the postulates and axioms of the science of historometry. The results of their efforts were approved by the conference, and have at last been given to the press. It is hoped they may be of much use to amateur historogophists.

POSTULATES.

Let it be granted :

1. That a straight lie may be preserved from any one point of time to any other point of time.
2. That an historical lie may be reproduced any number of times without correction.
3. That a period of time may be described without any verity and at any distance from that verity.

AXIOMS.

1. Books which are sequels to the same book, are sequels to one another.
2. If sequels be added to sequels the results are shekels.
3. If sequels be deducted from sequels the results are shekels.
4. Books which are muddles of the same theme are equal to one another.
5. The past is greater than the present and equal to the sum of all the sequels and shekels.
6. Lies which coincide with one another are equal to one another.
7. All historical novels are sequels to one another.
8. Two historical novels which contradict each other cannot be built on the same lie.

—A.L.W.

All to do Over.

Statesman : "It doesn't pay to be polite in politics."
 Friend : "For instance?"
 Statesman : "I schemed to get a man out of a job, and when he resigned I politely asked him to reconsider, and he did."

May : "I hear you are engaged."
 Belle : "It is not so."
 May : "That's what I thought."
 Belle : "How dare you."

Philosopher : "It is better to be thankful for what we have than to grumble for what we have not."
 Cynicus : "Indeed it is, by that method we have so much less to attend to."

The best authorities agree that the size of a green apple and the size of the stomach ache it will cause are in inverse ratio.

A funny thing about all the great steals told of in the papers recently, is that they were made by men of "unquestioned integrity."

and he knew most green things when he saw them. So when the early evening of the third day had come, he took his summer tourist out and showed him a turnip field which the grubs had been sampling.

There was a face of mourning upon the land all thereabout.

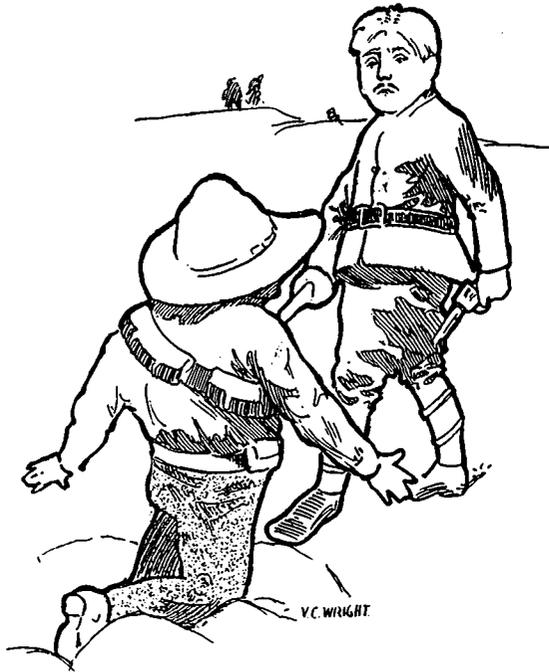
He told Mr. Browne that he thought there was "something wrong with the sile." He gave him a sample of the soil and asked him if he would hand it over to one of those learned in earthly matters to be analyzed. Scattered in the sample was a handful from a pickle bottle of "pay dirt" that the husbandman's cousin had sent as a souvenir from the Klondike the previous Christmas.

The next day Mr. Browne succeeded in leading the untutored farmer into letting him have a half interest in the turnip patch for ten thousand pieces of silver. The toiler might have had more, but he was not sordid and was willing to share a good thing.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

First Passenger : "Why I thought you were too old a traveler to get sea-sick."

Second Ditto : "I'm not sea-sick, I've just been reading the latest interview with Dr. Parkin."



Force of Habit.

The Vanquished: "Oh, mercy, mercy! Have you no mercy?"

The Victor (an ex-drug clerk): "No, but I have something just as good."

Answers to Correspondents.

Rusticus. No, the Plains of Abraham was not won by General Brock, nor did he call out to those below: "Up guards and at them."

Heather. Your view of the question is correct. Edward the Seventh is not the seventh of Britain, but the first. Edward the Sixth of England was the last Edward of England. There is no king of England now. His Majesty may not take this view of the question. If so, advise him to read *THE MOON*, price 5 cents, or, if he is not thoroughly convinced of the soundness of our contention, let him consult with the chiefs of the cattle thieves north of the Tweed and he will get his answer.

Pedagogue. Your best plan would be to make a disturbance and threaten to bolt if you don't get your terms. We think your books, as school readers, are not any worse than those already authorized. Your largest item of expense will probably be the cost of getting the big papers to discover that there is a crying need for your books, but—the thing can be done. For details, ask some practical publisher, Morang for instance; he knows more about that kind of books than we do.

Parent. Your fears are not likely to be realized. Dr. Parkin has given his word that he will not abandon Upper Canada College till a man can be found who can fill his shoes. Let that suffice. We don't know whether the Dr. takes 11's or 12's, but you can rest assured that

with a new head master, the school will not be worse conducted than at present. In the interval, we suppose he will have to attend to the Cecil Rhodes bequest after hours.

The Reason Why.

Why's that man ever complaining
That the world is never right?
When it's fine he wishes it raining;
When it's dark he wants it light;
When it's cold he wishes it hotter;
When it's hot he wants it cold;
I think I've discovered the matter:
Poor fellow, he's getting old.—P. J.

"Let us slobber over you or we will trample on you" is what the people of the present time say to their heroes.

He: "Don't you find it hard to remember the words of that anthem?"

She: "No, but I find it very hard to remember how many times each word is to be repeated."

There are some men who have to take a drink before they can have the nerve to think well of themselves.

Anarchist: "Modern corporations are mostly water."

Beersteiner: "Vy, I always thought mine was from drinking beer."

In certain smart circles a woman who is above suspicion is beneath notice.

Cholly: "Why are you sneezing? Have you got a cold?"

Chappie: "Cold nothing. I have just heard that the King has taken snuff again."

First Mosquito (when the kerosene struck them): "Ugh. What's that?"

Second Ditto: "Tastes like a reform wave."



Watched.

Within my watch's lid,
A magic charm is hid.
A tinted photograph of wife mine.
It will work two ways you see—
For while she's watched by me,
She's always there to keep me up to time.—H.



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How many second natures is it possible for a man to have?

Two Men.

When you meet a fellow mortal
Who has struck a streak of luck,
And left a lot of former friends behind him,
You may credit him with genius,
Great ability and pluck,
But circumstances place him where you find him.

And the world is full of others
Whom good fortune never struck,
Who are equally as great in heart and mind, Jim,
And the charm of life would vanish
If the element of chance
Did not enter in the life of all mankind, Jim.

When you meet a fellow stranded,
Up against it, in hard luck,
Don't hastily condemn, despise, or scorn him.
You can never know what circumstance or sad mis-
fortune struck,
And left him in condition so forlorn, Jim,
And he may have latent intellect, character and pluck,
And the future may with laurels yet adorn him.

Parquet: “Will you ask that woman to remove her hat so that I can see the stage?”
Usber: “I'd rather ask the manager to move the stage.”

Bobbs: “Talk of imposition, I was suffering from toothache yesterday, and went to a dentist to have the nerve killed. He performed the operation and charged me nine dollars.”
Dobbs: “And, did you not object?”
Bobbs: “No. I didn't have the nerve.”

Buster: “You rail at doctors, but I notice that when you are sick you send for one.”
Redhead: “O, you can't hold a man responsible for what he does when he is sick.”



Billy James, (who had been carousing at the Noble Bull, starts home about 8 a.m.): “By-y-y Gorrey-y! that's a prehistoric animal I-I-am sure-er. Oh, Lord, if I get past without disturbing his nibs, I'll never touch another drop.”



Capital to Labor: "Root away, hog, I'm leaving a few small potatoes for you."

There be better jesters in America where men speak highly of the pretty wit of one McArthur of our own realm of Canada. But they tell me he hath a soul above the cap and bells and inditeth plays in blank verse. By'r Lady an he can restore the glories of the classic drama he shall be Sir Peter anon."—P.T.

Willie: "I heah that Cholly is huht?"

Chappie: "Yaas, pooah devil. He got hit on the head with a ping-pong ball and it caused a compound fwacture of the skull."

The Royal Jester.

"GRAMERCY," quoth King Edward, as he emerged from the Council Chamber and lighted a fragrant Havana, "but the burden of kingship is a weary one. Ho, there! I would drain a flowing goblet of Burgundy. Ha, sirrah fool, hast thou no merry quip to beguile the passing hour? For the last twenty-four hours thou hast been as dull as ditchwater, by my halidame."

"That will not I, gossip Ned," replied the Jester.

"Wilt not what, fool, and why not?"

"Will not buy thy halidame. 'Tis a commodity that we of the commonalty may not aspire to. An thou wouldst bestow on me a title now, I might e'en think on't."

"Nay, nay, methinks I have knighted enough fools of late to last a twelvemonth. But, talking of fools, how likest thou the last poem of our laureate?"

"An 'tis of a verity his last it liketh me well indeed, but an it be as seemeth more like only his latest, faith, 'tis but so-so and not worth the perusal."

"I fear me his Pegasus is but a sorry jade," replied the monarch."

"Why how canst thou speak thus, Ned? 'Tis not so, I tell thee, for verily he soareth not. So he is not soar-y. But, be that as it may, I conjure thee, gossip Ned, do not discharge him from thy service or shorten him by a head, as thy right royal ancestor Henry VIII, of uxorious memory, had done ere this I trow."

"And wherefore not, fool an I list?" asked the King.

"Why, quotha? Because an thou dost, he would be more ex-Austin than ever."

"Ha, the point is well taken. But leave us now, for we must e'en dress for my Lady Beezletope's function. Ah me, 'tis a weary world."

"Passable, passable," mused the monarch, as the Jester quitted the Presence, "but hardly up to the mark."

The Latest Favorite.

At the bars you can buy
Plenty drinks for the dry
But the best of the bunch
Is the ping-pong punch.

"Can you show me something good in pail butter?" asked the backwoods customer of the dry goods clerk.

"No," replied the obliging young man, "but I can show you some nice prints."

"Yes," said the physician, upon leaving the hospital after his daily visit, "I think I'm something of a ward healer myself."

"This will do for the present," remarked the young man, selecting a diamond brooch to be sent to his best girl.

The man who is smart enough to know the right thing to do is usually too conceited to do it.

Judging from the width and number of the Panama hats made on it the isthmus must be broader than some promoters would have us believe.

Jones: "Who is the greatest pugilist in the world?"
Smith: "Why Jim Jefferies, of course."

Jones: No, he isn't, I know a woman who licked him."

Smith: "Who was she?"

Jones: "His mother."—A.M.F.

A Tear for Posterity.

Bighead: "There is one thing that makes me feel very sad about the puffed up authors of to-day."

Jasper: "Indeed."

Bighead: "I can't help thinking how, when they are old and forgotten, they will worry their grandchildren with press clippings."

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