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Price 5 Cents

Another recruit joins the ranks of the unemployed.

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 snhill 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 Margnates on the first page? If not, why not?

Kit

"The Moon" of Toronto, the comic weekly, has a good issue now last week. The title-page cartoon shows Sir William Mulock holding a post-office wicket, marked "K. O. M. G." and saying "I got this bunch of letters for myself by the last English mail." There are eighteen or twenty clever sketches and a quantity of bright reading matter by various contributors. "The Moon" accepts contributions for original work, and in this way contributes in some very good form in style.

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

A NEW MOON
 The brand new luminary has appeared in Toronto. Laughter and humor all over this broad continent from our old friend the Lady Moon. This New Moon sports borrowed rays. "New goods and cash down" is its motto. "This is a neat little magazine. full from cover to cover of bright, clever, Racey (beg pardon!) racy fun, and Canadians should join in a practical welcome to the first and only Canadian comic magazine. What will real jolly, "new" Moon. 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 off as we thought."

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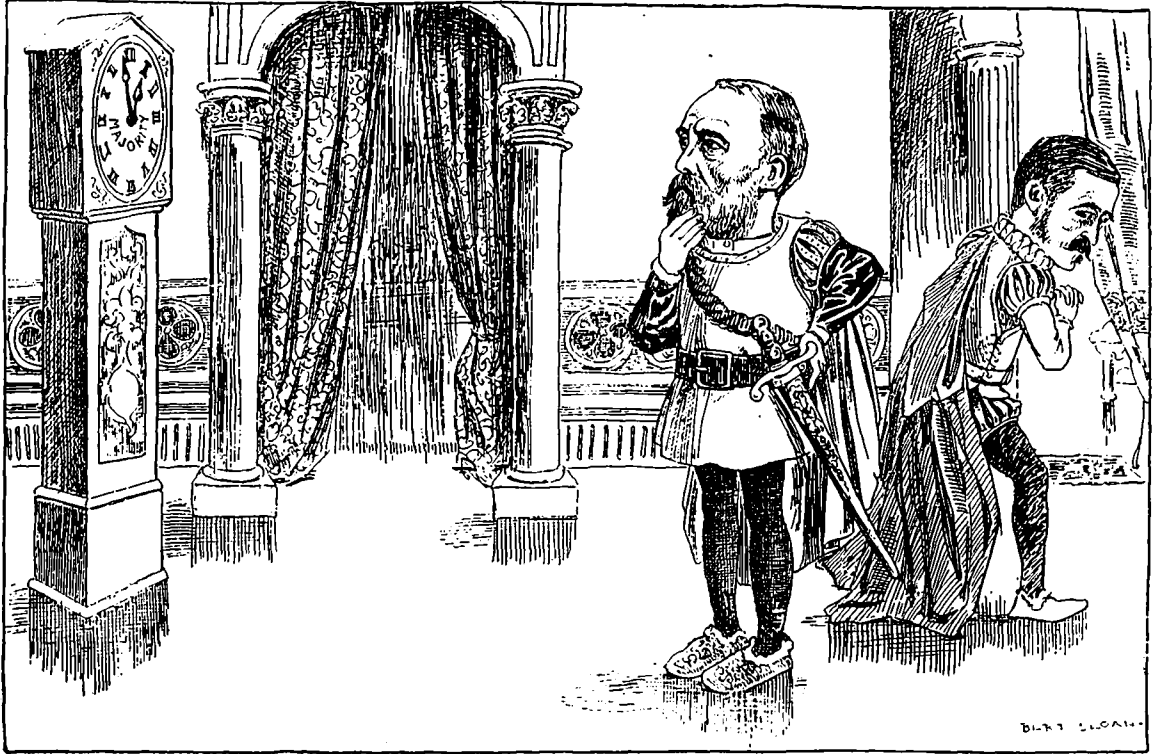
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Scenes from Shakespere.

Ross, the Moor: "Othello's occupation's gone!"—*Othello*.

The Chappie's Fate.

The chappie to the races goes,
With nobby coach and pair,
And shiny hat, and modish clothes,
Beside a damsel fair.

On dead sure tips he bets his cash,
Upon an "also ran,"
Which down the stretch goes all to smash,
And spoils his every plan.

With blasted hopes and vanished gold,
His maiden him deserts;
And he for once completely sold
Returns to selling shirts.

—P. J.

The Up-to-date Maid.

Oh! the up-to-date maid
Can, without occult aid,
See a trail of connubial care
In the wake of the man
'Neath the financial ban;
And she gives him the "freeze-out" for fair.

For she's out with her bait
For the man with the plate;
Though his head may be minus its locks,
She will overlook this
For the unalloyed bliss
Of ensnaring the man with the "rocks."

—P. J.

The Spirit of the Age.

Said the man to the maid, as they sat in the shade,
"Oh give me your promise, do;
Say you'll be my wife—twenty years of my life
I'd give for the love of you."

Said the maid to the man, as she blushed 'neath her tan,
"Be a little more generous, do!
'Tis Friday to-day, make it twenty-one, pray,
And I think that the deal will go through."

—H.

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

Vol. 1.

OCTOBER 4, 1902.

No. 19.

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.

GREAT excitement still prevails in newspaper circles over the Tarte-Sifton trouble; and, as might be expected, injustice is heaped upon both factions. The most amusing piece of nonsense that has been produced by the disturbance is the cry of disloyalty that is being raised against Mr. Tarte by those persons that have no interest in the matter, or by those whose interests are likely to be injured by an increase of the tariff. This cry brings to the front, and lays naked before the eyes of the public the principles on which the affairs of this country are conducted, when we depend upon the system of party politics for the selection of our Government. A Cabinet Minister is to be accused of disloyalty to his leader if he chooses to express his belief that a wrong that has made Canada ridiculous for years past, should now be righted. This is interesting. Political etiquette demands that he refrain from expressing any opinion that does not emanate from his chief. In other words, the public that either gains or suffers by the laws that are passed by the Government, should not be permitted to hear the Cabinet Ministers express their opinions concerning these laws. The opinions should be whispered into the ear of the Premier. The Premier then makes a mathematical calculation, which brings him to a decision as to how far the public should be informed in matters that concern its welfare. It is always a safe venture to wager that the result of all this mysterious action will be legislation that will please the West and injure the East, and legislation that will please the East and injure the West. In this way both extremes are made happy, for each has been bought with a sop and tickled at the other fellow's displeasure.

Be it understood, once and for all, that a Premier acts in the capacity of a priest. His work is purely political. The ministers must make their communications through him—he peptonizes them.

It is evident, then, that Mr. Tarte has acted—and continues to act—in a very naughty manner; he should not break the boss rules of politics, but should await the return of Sir Wilfrid, that the public may get, not uncooked food, but the predigested article.

A TORY safe in his seat.

"Belleville, Ont., Sept. 28.—The appeal against the return of Mr. E. Gus Porter, M. P. for West Hastings, came up for hearing at 12.30 o'clock yesterday in the court house, before Chief Justice Falconbridge and Justice Street. No one appeared for the petitioner. The case was dismissed without costs, the whole proceedings not occupying more than five minutes."

A Grit safe in his seat.

"Cobourg, Sept. 28.—The West Durham election trial came off here yesterday morning at the court house, before Chief Justice Falconbridge and Mr. Justice Street. No one appeared for the petitioner, James McCormick. The case being called and no evidence offered, the petition was duly dismissed."

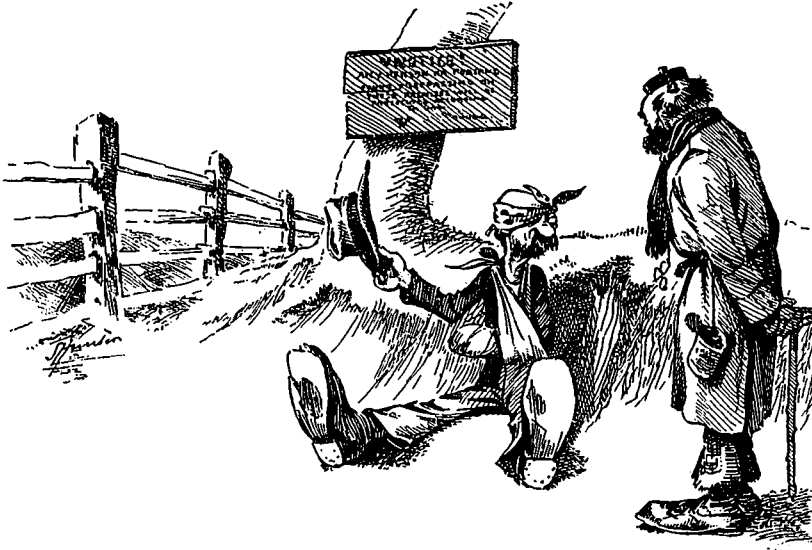
This saw-off was arranged some weeks ago. The Dominion Elections Act requires the judges in every case of withdrawal of an election petition, where they are of the opinion that the withdrawal is the result of any corrupt arrangement or in consideration of the withdrawal of any other petition, to report such opinion to the Speaker.

Of course there was no evidence of any saw-off before the judges. Therefore they have no opinion and there will be no report to the Speaker—though what good such a report would do Heaven only knows.

The Man in THE MOON in his innocence wonders why the thing was not done at Osgoode Hall, without the necessity of the court travelling first to Belleville and then to Cobourg. But it appears that the judges have made a rule that those things shall be done only in open court, in the court house of the constituency affected. This is to ward against saw-offs. Incidentally the plan adopted works to the advantage of the judiciary, though, of course, that is not the reason why it is done that way. The judges are each paid two hundred dollars for each election trial. A trial is a trial, whether it lasts two weeks or five minutes. Thus for their journey to Belleville and Cobourg on Saturday the trial judges will receive eight hundred dollars. But, of course, that has nothing to do with the case.

THE refusal of the Rev. Dr. Barclay to accept the principalship of Queen's University may be welcomed as one of the noblest examples of self-sacrifice that THE MOON has had held up to her since birth. The reason that prompted Dr. Barclay to refuse the offer is, no doubt, purely patriotic. He feels that he is now fairly well provided for, so he wishes to leave the principalship of Queen's to one of his younger countrymen. It is understood, of course, that no one but a Scot is eligible for the chieftainship of any of our universities or colleges.

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



Full Compensation.

First Gentleman : " Yeh see, it was dis way. I was ridin' out on de cowcatcher of de 4.40 when dat mug of a fireman see me, an' biffed me wid a six pound chunk er coal an' derailed me."

Second Gentleman : " Aint yeh goin' ter sue the company?"

First Gentleman : " Naw. Didn't I up an' git away wid dat coal before dey could stop de train."

The King's Jester.

" Wie gehts, Heinrich? How you vas, emmerhow?" cordially enquired the Jester, as Prince Henry of Battenburg strode into the reception room of the palace. " Yoost in dime, mein vriend, dey taps a new keg auf lager pretty soon alreaty. How dot gatch you, heh?"

" Potzransend! Dot ish too much!" said his Highness, with a fierce scowl.

" Doo much? Oh, I see; you been pooty vell loaded up alreaty. But I dink you shtand yoost von more mit us. You don't haf to dreat pack again you know."

" Oh, bud dot vas outrageous!" said the Prince indignantly, " vat you means mit dese inzults? Donner und blitzen, but I vill satisfaction haf," and he strode off in a towering passion to seek the King.

The English peers who were in attendance looked at each other and smiled faintly: " The Prince was never very popular in England."

" Methinks that his Highness is somewhat wroth," said the Duke of Norfolk, " even to the use of language which becometh not these precincts. You pushed the ject over far, Jester."

" Faith an' he cannot abide fooling he should e'en eschew the court," replied the latter. " As for his language, I have heard many a rounder oath from courtly lips in his own land. Dids't ever, my lord, hear the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin?"

" I wist not that he was given to profanity," replied the Duke.

" Then his name i' faith much helieth him," explained the Jester. " Verily, we English have no cause to love these cousius German, for, like this Prince of Battenburg, they do batten off our burghers. Good sooth 'twere well if our Parliament did ordain that when they come hither to push their fortunes at court they should e'en wear on their doublets the legend, ' Made in Germany.' "

" Have a care, Jester, you touch the royal house somewhat closely. There be those who might construe your words as a reflection on the House of Hanover."

" An I am to be judged by how the folk do construe my words, I might e'en resign mine office and forever hold my

peace. Nay, nay, I am a right loyal fool, and no cur to bite the hand that feedeth. But though I be true subject of King Edward, I owe me no allegiance to his cousinry, nor to the German underlings who climb to preferment by court favor. God forfend!" —P. T.

Not Fair to the Verger.

" What impresses me most about this great abbey," gurgled Miss Pilonne Theagonye, " is its historic atmosphere, its absence of any modern air. One breathes here the breath of bygone centuries, and feels—"

" It may be badly ventilated, mum," interrupted the offended verger, " but it's not so bad as that."

—A.L.W.

Accounted For.

Samjones: " Miss Biddlecome is a peach, and no mistake."

Borax: " How do you account for it in view of the fact that her parents were a pair?"

Samjones: " Well, the old man was a good deal of a grafter." —P. T.

Smith: " I have just given my son a full college course, with a post graduate course in Germany."

Jones: " But he is only four years old."

Smith: " What of that? I have taught him to say: ' I don't know, you don't know, he don't know; we don't know, you don't know, they don't know,' and what finished education goes beyond that?"

American Notes.



His Honest Opinion.

Rev. Drytalk : "Might I ask how you like my sermons?"

Dr. Fallasleep : "Well, to be honest, I like them in small doses."

Strength of Habit.

"You are a cure," they said, "and must go. We cannot longer support you here. Besides, with your quips and your quirks, your puns and your points, you are corrupting the other patients. Go!"

The patient at the Free Sanatorium rose to his feet. "Let me," he pleaded, "ask you four conundrums before I leave, and I will depart without force."

Weakly, they yielded. "Surely we can bear *four* more," they thought. "Then—he will go."

"Tell me," he said, "why this institution should be carefully guarded by the Dominion Government."

"We don't know," they grunted irritably.

"Because it contains the coughers of the realm. Here's another: Why is this an excellent site for a Sanatorium?"

"We don't know," they shouted.

"Because it's so near to Grave-an'-hearse. Try this: When a 'lunger' leaves the Sanatorium cured, why does he consider 'Free Sanatorium' a poor name for it?"

"WE DON'T KNOW," they yelled, perspiration pouring from their brows.

"Because he gratefully looks back to it as the 'dearest spot on earth.' Now—fourth and last. I leave this spot with a great deal of affection for it. What kind of affection?"

"WE DON'T KNOW," they fairly shrieked.

"Pulmonary affection," said the "lunger," as he turned on his heel and strode rapidly away.

Warily, sadly, with faces haggard and drawn, the attendants gazed till he was out of sight—then breathed freely.

"May we never again have the editor of a comic paper for a patient!" was what they simultaneously exclaimed.

—A. L. W.

The anthracite coal strike situation remains practically unchanged, being still in eastern Pennsylvania. During the past ten days, a good deal of rioting has occurred. If these riots continue, Gov. Stone and Sen. Quay threaten to hold another secret conference; and if this does not have the desired effect, J. P. Morgan will be asked to give the conference his moral support. As an emergency measure, Sen. Platt, of N. Y., may be asked to make another prophecy.

The state troops camped in the striking regions are giving but little trouble, and it is thought that the local constables will be able to keep them under control. Meanwhile non-union miners are being protected by women with shotguns and hat pins, and Hungarian patriots are clubbing the life out of innocent persons in the name of Liberty.

The price of coal is now almost as high as the price of freedom, and the people of Buffalo are being kept warm by burning indignation.

In politics, the chief topic of interest at present is the Trust Question.

The President seems to think that all that is necessary is to put a ring in the nose of the Trust, attach a rope to the ring, and place the rope in the hands of the Attorney-General. By this means, he proposes to give the Trust some hard Knox.

It seems to us, however, that, considering the relative size of the things at the ends of the rope, there might be some little Knox going the other way before long.

The Democratic party, being, as usual, opposed to whatever the Republicans favor, finds itself in a difficult position just now as regards the Trust and the Tariff. The difficulty lies in the fact that the Republicans are spreading themselves all over these questions, leaving scarcely any free space for Democracy to plant its foot. Democracy, therefore, is likely to fall back on Free Silver and Anti-imperialism, and if so, who shall deliver us from the mouth of metaphors.

Apropos of the Trust Question, it is said that Morgan, Rockefeller and others are organizing a religious combine, having for its object a more liberal and uniform standard for admission at the Gates of St. Peter, a cheapening of the cost of transportation across the Dark Waters, and the production of certain new and improved brands of Brotherly Love. Mr. Morgan is now negotiating for the *Charis* and other boat lines, and will soon have independent control of Jordan Water Navigation.

The combine will be organized under the laws of New Jersey, and will have offices at New York, Chicago and Manilla, with wireless communications with New Jerusalem.

All existing religious organizations may be merged into the new combine by subscribing to the rules and regulations that Morgan may indicate from time to time, and exchanging their present holdings in the various brands of religious goods for common stock in the new trust. The generosity of the trust is seen in the fact that they agree to furnish free transportation one way on the Styx to all who refuse to be merged.

As a result of the above organization, M. Hanna and other politicians are considering the advisability of a tariff on religious importations. Nothing is settled yet, except that, to produce revenue, the duty should be specific rather than *ad valorem*.

—JIM WILEY.

Latter Day Legends.—No. 8.

THE LADY AND THE BOARD.

IT came into the mind of the School Board that there should be a more practical turn given to education.

A tired feeling was coming over the community when they saw that their schools were but teacher factories, or places where the young were given the elementary training in humbug necessary for the narrow

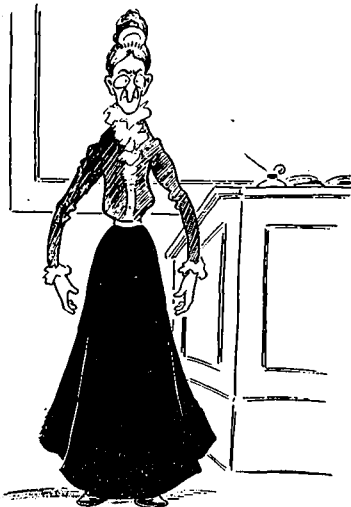


"Might become long-haired sisters."

the-matter-with's?"

The people did not see why the law, the church and the dissecting room should be the only means of earning a frugal livelihood open to the world.

Behold, one day there came unto the Board a lady member, who had herself full of reform and fat. She demanded that there should be orders issued to the chiefs of the brain farms that hereafter they must be prepared to furnish instruction in any of the professions open to either sex.



"Pose as living pictures."

and crooked path which leads among those who sally forth at eventide, armed with dried femurs and other clubs, and get chased by the police while making a collection of movable signs, and singing "What's-

It was especially enjoined upon them that they pay due regard to such branches as would fit the females for self-reliant bachelor life; such callings as were chief money-getters for single ladies, and in which they excel man.

Thereupon a great fear came upon the tillers of mental soil, for they knew not what might happen to them. But they decided to hold

their jobs while the price of beef was up and the coal strike continued.

Therefore it came to pass that the high chiefs and their myrmidons went out into the world and learned what callings were the great winners of wealth for the bachelor girl of the day.

And behold, when the schools once more resounded to the happy glee of gladsome youth, the teacher taught the little girls how they might become long-haired sisters and comb their locks to slow music with graceful touch in plate glass windows, at so much per.

Other little dears were taught how to pose as living picture artists and human models for classic statuary. They were shown the art of mixing fancy beverages and conversation, so that Willie boys in refreshment establishments would take martinis made of fusil oil and boiled orange peel, and pay two prices for them.

It was when the flaxen-haired maidens at the brainery were being taught how the highest priced bachelor ladies won fame in vaudeville by doing a double flip flap turn in their songs of the day, that the School Board called in to see how the new system was working.



"By doing a double flip flap."

Then it came to pass that the reform element was eliminated, and once more the voice of the old-time ology was heard in the land while the bringing up of bachelor girls to be self-supporting was left to chance.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

At the Teachers' Meeting.

Miss Brown: "I secure perfect order in my line by giving stars for good marching. When twenty stars have been placed on the board, I reward the class by giving no homework."

Principal: "And you, Miss Green, do you also give stars?"

Miss Green: "No, stripes."

The Finest.

Thomson: "To hear you talk, one would think no other city in the world had police but Toronto."

Henderson: "Well, no other city has the same kind I hope."

THE MOON



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
1 0 2

A NECESSARY PRELIMINARY TO THE OPENING OF THE SOCIAL SEASON.

"You are competent to make free use of foreign words and phrases, such as *on dit*, *en pension*, *en fete*, etc?"

"Oh, yes, ladies. I am a graduate of the 'Roosevelt correspondence school of social press agents.'"

"We think you will do. See to it that our names appear daily."



PIPE DREAMS—1

A respectable old party was one day seen to enter a disreputable joint and to indulge freely.



PIPE DREAMS—2

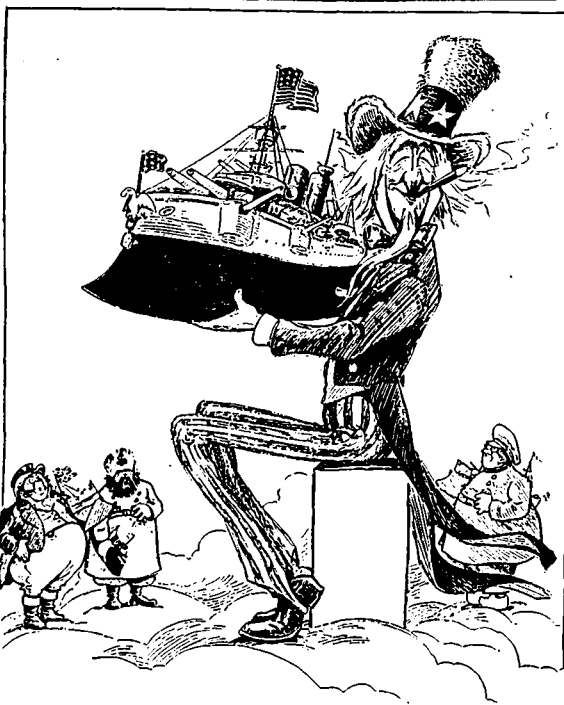
He first sees himself as the greatest nation on the face of the earth.

A Fable of American History.

ONCE upon a time there was a small boy, named Sammy, who went to the junior school beside the village green. He was a well-behaved and intelligent little fellow, and was especially noted amongst his companions for the grand ideas he had about such high subjects as Liberty, Right, Justice, Honor, Truth, and so forth. His manly bearing and cute sayings made him a favorite, not only with his little school-fellows, but also with many of the big boys who attended the Academy, which was on the other side of the green. Few of these lads would ever miss an opportunity of giving him a friendly greeting or showing him a kindness, for he was indeed a very popular little chap. There was, however, one exception to this rule, in the case of a big hulking Academy lad, named John, and, strange to say, he was Sammy's cousin. Though he had every reason to be proud of the relationship, he quite failed to appreciate the little fellow, and not infrequently took occasion to annoy him. At last one day he met Sammy on the play-ground, and demanded that he should take up a certain weighty-looking parcel, and carry it until he (John) should give him permission to drop it. Sammy at once rebelled. In his old-fashioned style he drew his small body up in dignity and said: "No, cousin, I refuse. It is not because the weight is beyond my capacity, but because I regard your demand as unjust and tyrannical." And throwing the object, which was about the size of a box of tea, upon the ground, he marched away and left his relative in a pretty rage. Next day Sammy appeared in

the play-ground with a tame eagle, which he had in some way obtained, and was displaying it proudly to a circle of the little boys, when along came his ridiculous cousin and peremptorily ordered him to wring the bird's neck, threatening that if he did not instantly obey he would do it himself, and give Sammy a good trouncing into the bargain. The other little boys, fearing the scowl of the big chap, ran away, and poor Sammy, though he stood up bravely, began to fear that he would lose his pet. But just in the nick of time he caught sight of a big, strong boy coming out of the Academy gate. It was Pierre, a lad who had always shown a warm friendship for him. Sammy called loudly to Pierre, and the latter, suspecting that something was wrong, came running towards the cousins, just as John had grabbed the eagle and wrested it from the smaller boy. Pierre soon understood the matter, and he went in heartily as the ally of the persecuted lad, and between them John received the trouncing he deserved, and was glad to deliver up the bird. Pierre received it from his hands, and with true French politeness delivered it to its rightful owner, while Sammy thanked him heartily, and ever after regarded him as the noblest young fellow in the world.

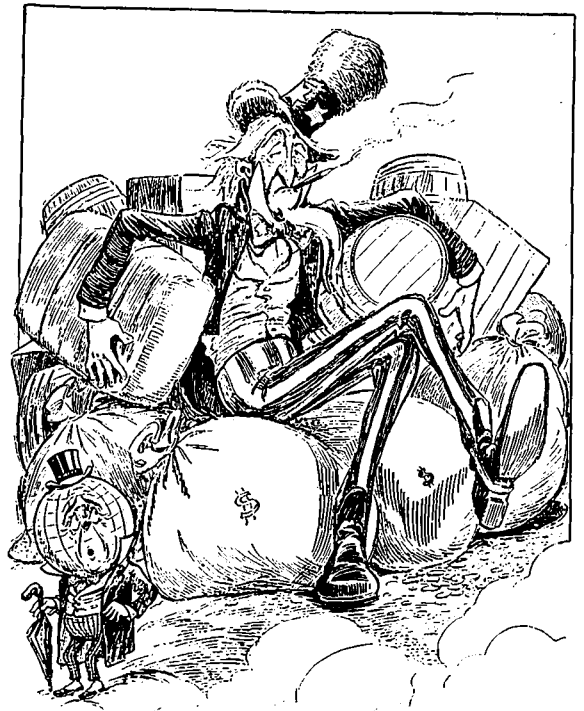
In due course, Sammy grew up and left school, and it will surprise no one to learn that, as he continued to cherish the noble ideas which had distinguished him as a boy, he became one of the grandest of men. He could never look upon tyranny or treachery without abhorrence, and his devotion to Liberty, Right and Justice only increased with his years. When he was well past middle



PIPE DREAMS—3

Now he thinks he owns the largest, most powerful and finest navy that has been.

life, it happened that business called him to the village of his childhood, where he was received with much hospitality and honor, as one who had shed lustre upon his native place. In the Lyceum, which the village now boasted, he was made the guest at a grand entertainment. In the speech he made upon the occasion, he pointed with pride to the portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Sumner, Webster, and others, as heroes who had, in their various ways, expressed his views, and whose names, for this reason, he revered. He said he cared nothing for party, so long as the principles of human brotherhood and justice were held sacred. His oration made his fellow-townsmen prouder of him than ever. At the close of the proceedings, and after the general audience had dispersed, the honored guest was invited to sit down with a select coterie of gentlemen, in a special upper room, for a little supper. The persons forming this club-within-a-club were distinguished chiefly for their wealth and their military ardor, and, although Sam found himself scarcely in accord with some of the ideas they expressed, he joined very courteously in their conviviality, and when he was pressed to sample their "favorite tippie," an imported wine, known as the Imperial brand, he did so without the slightest misgiving. When the function was over, Sam thought he would like to pay a visit to the old school play-ground, and, having parted from his entertainers, he bent his steps in that direction. He arrived on the arena of his boyish joys



PIPE DREAMS—4

He next dreams that he controls the world's money and other markets.

and griefs just in time to witness a scene which vividly recalled his long-ago trouble with his cousin, and for a few moments he stood by to learn the nature of the case. What he saw was a good-sized fellow (whose name, as he presently found, was Don) maltreating two dark, little chaps, Philip and Cubey, who were doing their best to beat him off, though they were, by no means, equal to the task. It appeared that Don had been compelling the little boys to carry him on their combined shoulders, a game which, after a time, they grew tired of, and refused any longer to play. The cowardice of the thing appealed to Sam's feelings, and, without further ado, he administered a cuff on the lug to Don, which sent that overbearing urchin sprawling on the grass. Then, turning to Cubey, he said kindly, "There, my little friend, that settles the case, go and enjoy yourself, and my blessing go with you." With many thanks to the kind gentleman, Cubey obeyed; and meantime, little Philip was looking up admiringly at the deliverer, and awaiting his opportunity to express his thanks. But, just as Sam turned to him—no doubt, with the purpose of repeating the words he had used to the other lad—he experienced a strange feeling in his head. Whether it was the effect of the Imperial wine which he had recently tasted, or whatever had caused it, the result was an instant alteration in his expression of face and voice. Philip was amazed to see a scowl suddenly take the place of the look of kindness—a scowl which made the big



PIPE DREAMS—5

He imagines that John Bull comes cringingly to his feet and begs permission to exist. His greatest ambition is realized.



PIPE DREAMS—6

He dreams that he has licked all creation, and throws bouquets at himself.

gentlemen look as mean and truculent as Don. "As for you," he said, glaring at the poor little boy, "my intention is to ride on your back just as Don was doing, only, please notice, that I call it 'benevolent assimilation.' So hunker down without further nonsense." The poor little chap could hardly believe his ears, and hesitated until a sharp swat on the face convinced him that the man was really in earnest. Then he fought and kicked for all he was worth, and continued his "rebellion" with all his might, even after the crushing weight of his new persecutor was upon his puny shoulders.

At last accounts, the once noble-hearted Sam—now undoubtedly suffering from aberration of principle on account of that Imperial drink—was punishing and torturing his victim in a way that Don could never have surpassed for meanness.

LATER.—It is now believed that this paroxysm of insanity will pass away before long. Experts, who have been examining the Imperial wine, say there is no room for doubt that it is responsible for what has happened.

J. W. BENGOUGH.

New Books.

A MODERN Phonic Primer. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company, Limited.

This is no cheap, trashy novel, but an educational work of great excellence, as witness the following from a two page preface that is half advertisement and half a primer—for the teacher.

"This Primer has been prepared with a view to teaching the first principles of reading by the Phonic

System, but it will be found equally well adapted for use by any other method."

This is really a good idea to have a *general purpose* class book, that is a *special* on one subject and also on any other, something like one of those handy tools in a cutler's window, that is all jack knife, also all saw, tooth pick, corkscrew, gimlet, tweezers, scissors, file, nut cracker and pliers.

"It may be permitted, however, to call attention to one important merit in the system, which is that it stimulates the interest and arouses the self-activity of the child—he uses his knowledge to gain new knowledge."

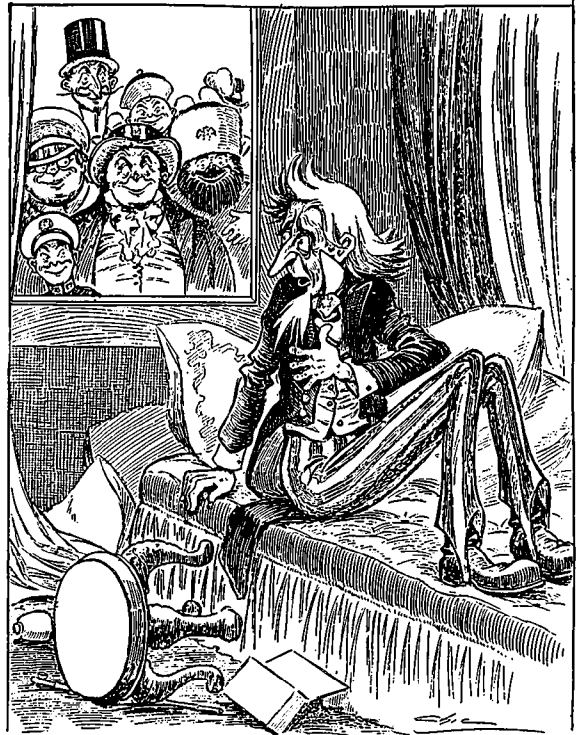
That is well, but what are we to infer? That if taught by any other system he will use his knowledge to lose what he has gained?

So much for the *preface*. The book is better because it has pictures in it and the preface has none. There are pink and green cows and blue dogs. There is, on page 50, on a pond, a goose with a duck's head. The bird, judged by the rest of the picture, must be as big as a half-ton yacht. On page 61 there is a picture of little Bo-Peep fast asleep on the grass. Her feet are in the foreground while her head rests on a hillside that must be a mile and a half away. Truly the most gigantic figure of animal life yet published. The bee hives are of a pattern not now seen, and the water-wheel is of a type that was somewhat common seventy-five years ago. Some of the text reads as if it was smoothed from an American school book. It seems a pity that the person who was the author of the preface did not compile the primer also. The editing of a phonic primer for children is a matter requiring serious attention, and not to be accomplished by one's typewriter in an afternoon.



PIPE DREAMS—7

Now he thinks his army the finest, his daughters the most beautiful, his colleges the best, his statesmen, writers, artists, actors, athletes and possessions the greatest, his merchants the wealthiest and his constitution the grandest in the world. He gathers the world into his grip and is reaching for the other planets, when—



PIPE DREAMS—8

He awakens and finds that he is the cause of much amusement.

Morang's *Phonic Primer* is well printed, on good paper, and with its color plates is an attractive book for children, but as a *phonic* aid to the child in learning to read, it is lamentably defective. Noting a few of the many weak spots in the work, page 7 has an antiquated bee-hive doing duty as an aid to the youthful mind in the writing of the letter M. Rather far fetched when the archway of a gate or a croquet hoop would at least be something nearer the mark. The skeleton of three steep pitched roofs or tents seems to serve no other purpose than the filling up the page. On page 8, the figure of a skiff with sail set takes the place of a mast, and necessitates explanations by the teacher. On page 9, a tent is described as a camp, the lesson being the hard C, which should have included K, as in crook, croak, etc. The soft C, page 49, as in space, spice is grouped with G, instead of with S. One of the best (?) things in the book is on page 20, where the double consonant TH, as in lath and moth, is misleading to the child by the introduction of "this" and "that."

Page 21 is devoted to E, short. The long E, as in fever, not appearing in the work at all. On page 31 the author lends color to the idea that he hails from Aberdeen or some "ither noarth part." The lesson is the sound of OR, and the examples include sport, short, cord, storm, etc.

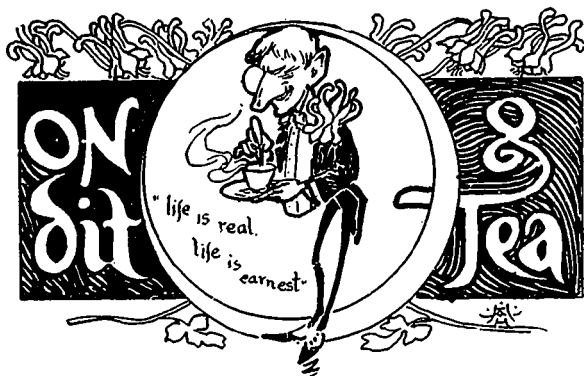
Page 34 treats of the sound of CH, as in church, chat, match, and includes "bench," "much." If bench is pronounced properly the latter word would be *mush*. The sound of N.G., on page 40, is appropriately so marked

N.G., as we know of no other way to pronounce the double consonant in English. Page 42 treats of the sound of WH. The examples include "whip," "wheel," "wharf;" but *wharfore* thus we know not. Perhaps the author does.

But, the book has its uses, as any public school teacher will find who peruses it. They will get a laugh, at least, and be prone to wonder whether the author was a dry goods clerk, or a Bookie. One quotation from the text, and we have done, as a complete criticism of the book would require more space than *THE MOON* can afford:—Page 20. "The old hen has been on her nest two weeks. It will take one more to hatch the eggs." This statement is a deep scheme to develop what a psychologist would call "causality." The enquiring youth will take up the last clause and reflect; "One more; one hen? One nest more? No. One egg more? Maybe, but then, it can't be that, for, perhaps, the hen—O, bother, the teacher looks cross; I'll ask ma." And so "Morang's *Phonic Primer*" teaches the young idea how to shoot—questions at somebody, so as to learn what it is all about.

To be fair to the public, and not unfair to the publisher, we are bound to say that, while the author has made some attempt to produce a *Phonic Primer*, he either has been culpably careless, or does not understand Phonics.

May: "I hear that Clara has Old Gotrox on a string."
Belle: "I think that on a tape would be nearer the mark, judging from the way she watches the stock-ticker these days."



THE house and grounds were gaily decorated at 005 Jarvis Street, City, on the occasion of the quiet, happy wedding of Miss Eliza Jane Joblots to Mr. W. J. Jackplane, at the residence of the bride's father, mother, two brothers, and three sisters, a maiden aunt, and the mother-in-law of the bride's father, whose maiden name was Taffy, being the only surviving daughter of the late Col. J. P. Taffy, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's junk, "Alert," on a cruise in the Adriatic, in the 72nd year of his age, of a son. Friends will please accept this invitation. No flowers.

AFTER a severe illness, contracted by exposure to the late rains, when driving to meet the midnight express going south, and failing to notice the north-bound freight, bearing, among other goods, imported by the enterprising Swyndler Bros., a carload of stove and nut coal to warm the grates and hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Vandoodle on their return from their wedding trip to the old cities of the New World.

THE feminine hearts of Fruitville fluttered with a joyous flash on the occasion of the nuptials of Miss Myra Muggs to Reggie, youngest son of Reginald J. Smith, at the residence of the bride's mother-in-law. The bride wore a train of creme de la creme, with a bodice of double-width wincey in blue, fawn, and terra cotta. The corsage was cut away on the weather beam, and the sleeves were trimmed with brisket. She was supported by her young sister, Alexandra Theodora Muggs, who wore a dress of pale blue paletot, trimmed with orange marmalade. The groom wore pants of peacock green, and Nonesuch suspenders. The breakfast was a la Patee, with pomme de terre fixings. The presents were many and varied, there being thirty-seven varieties of silver salt cellars and a hodful of hat pins.

Man: "Don't you feel awfully sore at the price you have to pay for coal this winter?"

Editor: "Not half so sore as at the price I have to pay for jokes on the price of coal."

On Dit.

A new aristocracy has arisen in Toronto—those who can buy coal. These people, when they have decided to buy a ton, go down to the office and ride proudly up on the coal cart. Parties are given, and before the coal is finally carried into their safe deposit vaults, they take all their friends out for drives. "Some persons" have tried to enter this exclusive set by filling wagons with hay, and renting, at a considerable figure, a layer of real coal to cover the top. By good fortune this fraud was discovered, and the participants in the attempt were given the coal-shoulder.

Sounds Nice, but it's only an Advertisement.

"Not with your eyes I fell in love,
Though deep and wondrous fair,
But with the massy softness
Of your shining nut-brown hair."

He whispered these words in the twilight,
And her heart beat high with hope,
While she murmured low—
"How much girls owe
To Yarker and his Tar Soap."

When George Washington was a little boy, and did not want to be sent to bed, did he make the excuse of being unable to lie?

No Return.

To be the wind and kiss her cheek,
I would not give a plack;
For, if she should be so inclined,
She couldn't kiss me back.

He: "Young Softly and Miss Spooner are inseparable, yet I don't suppose they exchange a dozen words in a week."

She: "Oh, they probably communicate with each other in the sighin' language."

Altered Now.

That fellow's awfully rich. He's got coal to burn.

Subbubs: "Backlot's wife spends most of her time at her mother's, doesn't she?"

Earlybird: "She does. It looks as if he married her on the instalment plan."

The Contents, Please?

"My six brothers have farms so near each other that a horn will call them all together in fifteen minutes."
"What's in the horn?"

A burglar expecting to make a rich haul in gold got taken in by coppers. Oh, Fudge!

"Ah, my friend," said the actor, proudly, "I made a grand hit last night."

Friend: "Yes? What baseball match were you in?"

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