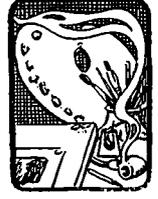


Price 5 Cents

\$2 Per Annum.

The School Principal's Return.

"Israel, this is a very bad report Miss Canada gives me of you—talking, playing truant, fighting with little Cliffy Sifton. I must punish you; hold out your hand."



Jim Dumps—Jim Pliny Whitney Dumps—
 Long wept, but now for joy he jumps;
 The chance of office seemed so small
 He scarcely dared to hope at all—
 But extra force has come to him
 And now they call him "Sunny Jim."

Comme il faut!

Ma chere Annette, the moon is beaming—
 (I fear she's not, but never mind :
 I have to write like other poets,
 So please excuse mistakes you find) !
 Thus, we will say, the moon is beaming,
 (Although I cannot find her ray) :
 Come, let us wander 'neath fair Luna,
 And—*permettez-moi de vous embrasser!*

Ma chere Annette, the stars are shining—
 (I am not sure, I hope they shine ;
 And if they don't—well, do not blame me—
 It surely is no fault of mine) :
 And so, we say the stars are shining,
 ('Tis certainly the poets way) ;
 Come, roam with me *sous les etoiles*,
 And—*permettez-moi de vous embrasser!*

Ma chere Annette, the birds are singing ;
 (Or if they're not, they ought to be ;
 For poets, they are always warbling,
 And if for them, why not for me) ?

So, to repeat, the birds are singing,
 (Tho' 'tis October and not May) :
Venez ma chere, and walk beside me,
 Et—*permettez-moi de vous embrasser!*

Ma chere Annette, the flowers are blooming
 (In some hot-houre, I know 'tis true ;
 That fact's enough for me, *ma cherie*—
 'Twill do for me, why not for you) ?
 And, like the poets, "flowers are blooming,"
 (If not now, some other day) :

Ah, *ma mignonne!* come breathe their perfume,
 And—*permettez-moi de vous embrasser!*

Ma chere Annette, methinks my metre
 Is not such as I should use ;
 What with *vol langue*, and what with English
 In its course it seems to lose !

Mais, however, let it go,
 I have finished—but to say :
Comment trouvez-vous mon sujet—
 " *Me permettez-vous de vous embrasser?*"

—L'EMBRASSEUR.

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

Vol. 1. OCTOBER 25, 1902. No. 22.

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.

NOW that the great coal strike is settled, the peoples of Canada and the United States need no longer trouble their heads with the problem of trusts, unions, etc. Such matters are of importance only at such times as they cause sudden and national calamity. So long as the capitalists do not come into actual conflict with united labor, and so long as they rob us quietly—that is without causing editors to become alarmed—we are, and, of course, should be, perfectly satisfied with our condition of peace and good will amongst men.

The conflict that is but now ended was a dangerous one, for it almost started the people to think, and actually to have doubts as to the divine right of the acquisitive man to that that he acquires. Surely it is well that Mr. Baer and his colleagues perceived this tendency to independent thought, and realized what its destructiveness would be, and so took steps to soothe the disturbing minds into a state of normal thoughtlessness.

No more will be heard of State ownership of a public necessity till the miners' union once more thinks itself strong enough to separate a decent part of their earnings from the coffers of their employers, and to direct it into places but little frequented by likenesses of either the King or the goddess of liberty.

AUTHORIZED, deauthorized, reauthorized! The little squabble in the Ontario Cabinet over the authorization of a primer for use in the Public Schools has been productive of some good, inasmuch as it has given us the aforementioned authoritative words, one of which—deauthorized—is new. But before George N. Morang gets through with the Minister of Education we may have yet another—dereauthorized.

But what we are more concerned about and what we want to know is: Was it the *book* or the *publisher* who was authorized? Also what is the particular pull which these publishers of school-books have whereby they are able to make a Minister put a book on the authorized list or to take it off, or, to put it back on the list after it has been taken off, at their sweet will?

"W'EN a feller once begins goin' downhill," wrote Josh Billings, "everything seems speshally greased fur the occashun." The truth of this homely adage is exemplified by the rapid descent of the Ontario Government, and the increasing symptoms of demoralization exhibited by the Liberal party. The astounding revelations of the South Oxford election trial have brought them perceptibly nearer the abyss. The one hope that remained to them, after the elections had swept away their majority, was the anticipation that, by unseating some of the Conservative members-elect, they might be enabled to carry enough constituencies at the bye-elections to give them a working majority. Even that slender shred of comfort is now vanishing. Even supposing that a few seats are vacated, a fresh appeal to the country in the light of the iniquities exposed in the South Oxford trial would simply deal the finishing stroke to a discredited and moribund Administration.

Ordinary bribery is such a universal and generally-admitted feature of our political system that it shocks nobody. Politicians of both parties hypocritically pretend to deprecate it, while conscious that the party which undertook to conduct a campaign without expending money in the purchase of votes would be doomed to overwhelming defeat. The average citizen sees no particular harm in it, or at best deplures it as a necessary evil, owing to the depravity of the fellows on the other side. But wholesale subornation of perjury is another matter, and, case-hardened as public opinion is as to ordinary corruption, it will not tolerate such vile methods as have been employed on behalf of the Liberals in South Oxford, and will eagerly seize the first opportunity of administering a crushing blow to the Government that sanctions them.

It will be useless for the Administration to plead ignorance. No intelligent man, familiar with political workings, will believe that such things are done by subordinates without the knowledge and approval of those at the head of affairs.

Through all this weltering chaos of impending destruction and gathering gloom there shines one gleam of hope. Foremost among their assailants, fired by the vindictiveness which always animates the truly righteous, is Sammy Blake, and Sammy Blake's record is that of a political hoodoo. So far he has always brought disaster to every cause that he has espoused. His ill-omened friendship is the only feature of the situation which need cause Mr. Whitney any disquietude.

AS the "Arbitration March" strikes up, how vigorous and cheering it is, after the grumblings and mutterings of a hungry mob. When the musicians turn a page, will the strength and clearness of the notes prevail? We fear, rather, that the music will soften into a drowsy lullaby that brings peace by numbing the faculties.

Portraits by Moonlight.



HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Brief Biographies.—No. XIV.

BY SAM. SMILES, JR.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE was born a Canadian in 1833, October 13th. He got a college education, and has had heaped upon him honors innumerable, but not enough to satisfy.

For reasons best known to himself, he refused appointment as Chancellor of Upper Canada under the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald in 1869, as Chief Justice of Canada under Alexander Mackenzie in 1875, and as Chief Justice of Ontario under Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1897.

He has been accepting and declining and resigning office, with a variability that has become chronic, for many years. There is a strong feeling that the subject of our sketch always took into account, "What is there in it for me?" rather than, "Can I help Canada?" There is a strong feeling that he would rather be king-maker than king, and would be master, or know the reason why. When the hon. John Sandfield Macdonald was defeated he (Blake) said, "Speak now," and much has been said of it, but, in the opinion of THE MOON, the remark of the hon. gentleman was occasioned by reason of his colleagues not knowing enough to speak at the right time without a prompter.

In securing the leadership of the Liberal party, after the defeat of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, partisans charge that he played false to his leader. How untrue and calumnious this is, we can all realize, when we reflect that we have not the hon. gentleman's word that the charge is true. In the laying bare of the Pacific scandal, and Mr. Blake's undying hostility to the company, laymen may see a zeal for the independence of Parliament, and for public purity generally, that was not maintained when Mr. Blake took a brief from the C. P. R., to prove that the Government of Canada, and not the C. P. R., was wrong. To any that blame him, we may say they do not understand the legal mind, which can

minutely sift the difference *between a moral wrong and a legal right.*

The hon. gentleman, is scrupulous and above any bribery, by whatever name it is called. When, about 1886, a round robin among members resulted in Parliament voting \$500.00 extra sessional indemnity to its members, only two out of the whole throng refused the accursed stuff: Hon. Alex. Mackenzie would not take his share out of the treasury, but the Hon. Ed. Blake gave *his share* to the Reform Association of West Durham, *where it would do the most good and could have no corrupting influence.*

When, in 1878, the Liberal party suffered defeat under Alexander Mackenzie, it succeeded in persuading Edward Blake to lead it out of the wilderness of theoretical Free Trade and back to plausibility and office. He led it for a time, but soon tired of his plaything, complained of ill-health, and resigned.

The subject of our sketch has been called great, but it would be difficult to say in what his greatness consists. Great speeches he has made, as judged by collected and coherent delivery, but what has been accomplished by them? To be heard by distinguished persons, and by large numbers, and to be quoted by newspapers having a world-wide reputation, is, according to some, to achieve greatness, but, if the matter rests at that, great vanity, alone, has been gratified for a time. In the making of such a speech or the wearing of a new bonnet, the effect only differs in degree.

In 1890, when he declined the nomination in West Durham, and announced his retirement from public life, and again, in 1892, when he accepted the nomination of the Home Rulers of Longford, in Ireland, we are convinced that the reason for his change of mind and political base was *not* because other self-seekers in an Imperial Parliament were large enough game for him, but that, in Dominion affairs, they were too small.

His entry into Imperial politics was expected, by his Irish admirers, to produce great results. He was in the confidence of the Canadian branch of the Liberal Imperial party; he was in the confidence of the Irish Nationalists; but they were not in his. He had his own plans. Gladstone was going the way of all flesh. Who could say but that a tall, commanding Irish-Canadian would find a mantle and become a new Elisha? It was not to be. His academic and precise sentences did not electrify, and the hope of a Liberal leadership and a British premiership was frosted in the bud.

So closes the political and life work of one who might have been truly great. If he honestly wished for Home Rule for Ireland, he was not practical enough to see that the Nationalist party leaders would not and could not aid him. Nearing the limit of ordinary human life, Hon. Edward Blake finds himself with some money, much learning of a certain kind, the reputation called honorable, and the knowledge of a wasted life. Assuming and admitting his great ability, he, a native of Canada, trained, nurtured and provided for here, abandoned Canada to the mercy of political vultures, to become a professional Irishman, in a land that sought him not, and needed him less than did Canada.

A New Formula Needed.

" $3 \pi^2$," remarked Professor DeLeury, thoughtfully.

"I don't really care very much how many *pies are squared*," grunted the Dominion Premier, somewhat irritably; "but, if you mathematicians could truthfully tell me that 'one Tarte are quartered,' I should be a grateful man."



"What has he done, Policeman."

"He wouldn't move on when I told him, so I arrested him."

"But the poor fellow has lost his hearing."

"Well, mum, he'll get it before the magistrate, so you don't need to worry."

The Mountain Climbers.

THEY were among the sublime peaks around Hamilton. The party was composed of two, the Canadian Knight and the New Girl.

Proudly the Knight stood at the base of a bald, steep cliff, clothed in his new coat of arms. A long, strong rope was coiled around his left shoulder, and his escutcheon was in his pocket. I think it was his escutcheon, but it may have been his jack-knife.

The New Girl stood by his side in bloomers and admiration. Pointing to the heights above, she said, "Let us scale the cliff."

"Yes," said the Knight, "we will scale the cliff." And, taking from his pocket a small hatchet, he did scale it. Applying acid, by its effervescence he pronounced it to be limestone.

The Knight had jested.

"Come," said the Knight, "and he led the way around the base of the cliff to a place where the ascent was perpendicular. Taking off his coat of arms, he tied the rope around the waist of the New Girl, then grasped it firmly with his teeth.

"Now we will ascend," said he, through his teeth and the rope.

Cutting notches for his hands and feet, the Knight made his way upward, drawing the Girl after him. It was hard work and dangerous, but his courage and his teeth held firm. After hours of patient

climbing, the Knight at last reached the top of the cliff. Drawing a breath of relief and the Girl up to his side, he sat down for a moment's rest.

"Well, wouldn't that squeeze you," said the New Girl, as she unfastened the rope from her waist. Then, with the new "gracile glide," she moved to the edge where the cliff was steepest.

A deep, yawning chasm hung down before her, and her golden hair was hanging down her back.

Poised gracefully, the New Girl stood on the edge of the precipice, 13,729 feet above the level of the Old Woman, looking down into the abyss below.

Something moved under her feet.

It was her shoes.

Her feet had moved, too.

An eagle screamed overhead.

Looking up quickly, the Girl lost her balance, and before she had time to find it, she had fallen over the cliff.

"Well, wouldn't that scare you!" she exclaimed, glancing over her shoulder at the Knight, as she disappeared over the edge.

Like lightning the Knight seized the rope and sprang to the cliff's edge.

"Catch the rope!" he shouted, and, as he spoke, he hurled one end of it straight toward the falling girl with all his strength.

Would his aim be true?

Would the rope reach her in time?

The Knight had never yet failed in such an emergency, and he was not to fail then.

Swiftly the rope sped downward, uncoiling gracefully.

The New Girl watched every motion of the Knight and the rope with interest and admiration. She was half way down the precipice when the end of the rope reached her. Seizing it with both hands, she prepared herself for the shock when the rope should run out and stop. It came soon and sudden.

"Well—wouldn't—that—jar—you!" she murmured.

Quickly the Knight drew her up to the top of the cliff.

"Now we will descend," he said.

—JIM WILEY.

A Landscape Lyric.

The ruddy sun is sinking slowly toward the west,

Leaving his flame upon a clouded sky;

Tinting the hills and trees a misty carmine hue—

A lovely picture for an artist's eye.

Oh, well! perhaps—but there's a picture that to me

Surpasses anything that I have seen;

And, also passes—daily—by my office door,

Viewed with delight behind my window screen;

A living picture that no artist quite could paint,

A girl with regal form and face so fair.

The moon's soft rays beneath the trees the other night

Were but a setting for this jewel rare.

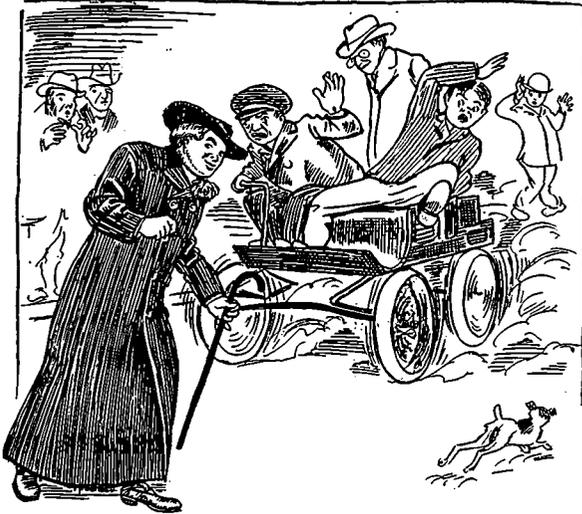
Her hair, like heavy ropes of burnished, glist'ning gold,

And eyes whose glances cause my heart to stir—

Stir? In fact it cuts a red-hot Woodbine clip,

Why—I'd leave my happy home for her!

—THE STENOGRAPHER.



Willie: "I wonder who is that pretty girl across the street, who is looking straight at me. I'll wander over closer."

How the Office Staff Solved the Difficulty.

SHIVERING, the editor crouched beside the office stove. Moccasins, wrought with divers weird devices, adorned his feet; an Arctic hood encased his head; a huge camper's blanket fell in graceful folds about his form.

The stove was empty, but still he crouched over it. A kind of instinct told him that this was the correct thing to do.

Suddenly his gaze fell on a compressed heap of coal and wood jokes lying near him. His glance wandered from the jokes to the stove, and from the stove back again to the jokes. The old temptation returned to him with ten-fold force.

"Would it be *right*," he muttered fiercely, "would it be *honorable*—to burn those jokes? At home, the contributors are waiting and longing for news of them. Dare I do it?" He forgot that he was not alone.

From a Yukon sleeping-bag in the corner came a voice. It was the clear, crisp cackle of the business manager.

"Honorable enough—you poor frozen donkey!" (Such was the genial conversational style of the B. M.) "Half of them hadn't a stamped envelope along, anyway. Coal and wood jokes ought to make a splendid blaze. You do have a brilliant idea occasionally."

The editor's face brightened, a word of encouragement from the business manager always did him a world of good.

"You're sure they aren't too green to burn?" went on the manager. "Some of those jokers have wretched judgment in selecting fuel."

"Any that I have looked at were perfectly dry," replied the editor, simply.

"Then they'll burn all right," rejoined the business manager, cheerfully. "I hope they won't make a lot of soot and joke up the chimney."

"Never fear," laughed the editor, whose spirits were rapidly rising. *They* won't joke up anything. There isn't a sootable one in the lot."

The manager waddled along the floor in his sleeping bag, and together they knelt beside the little stove. In a few minutes a jolly blaze was peeping through the cracks in the door.

"Isn't this too lovely for anything!" gurgled the typewriter, running in from the outer office, and holding out her little hands to the fire. "How did you manage it, anyway? You're not turning foolery into fuelery, are you?"

They told her all. "And the best of it is," they added, "we have enough out there to last us a fortnight."

It was the typewriter's turn to have a bright idea. "Why don't you," she suggested, "advertise for coal and wood jokes at special prices. We'll have the comfiest time here all winter." In girlish glee she threw aside her gauntlets and clapped her hands.

And thus it was that in the next issue of that New York comic weekly appeared in italics the following ad:

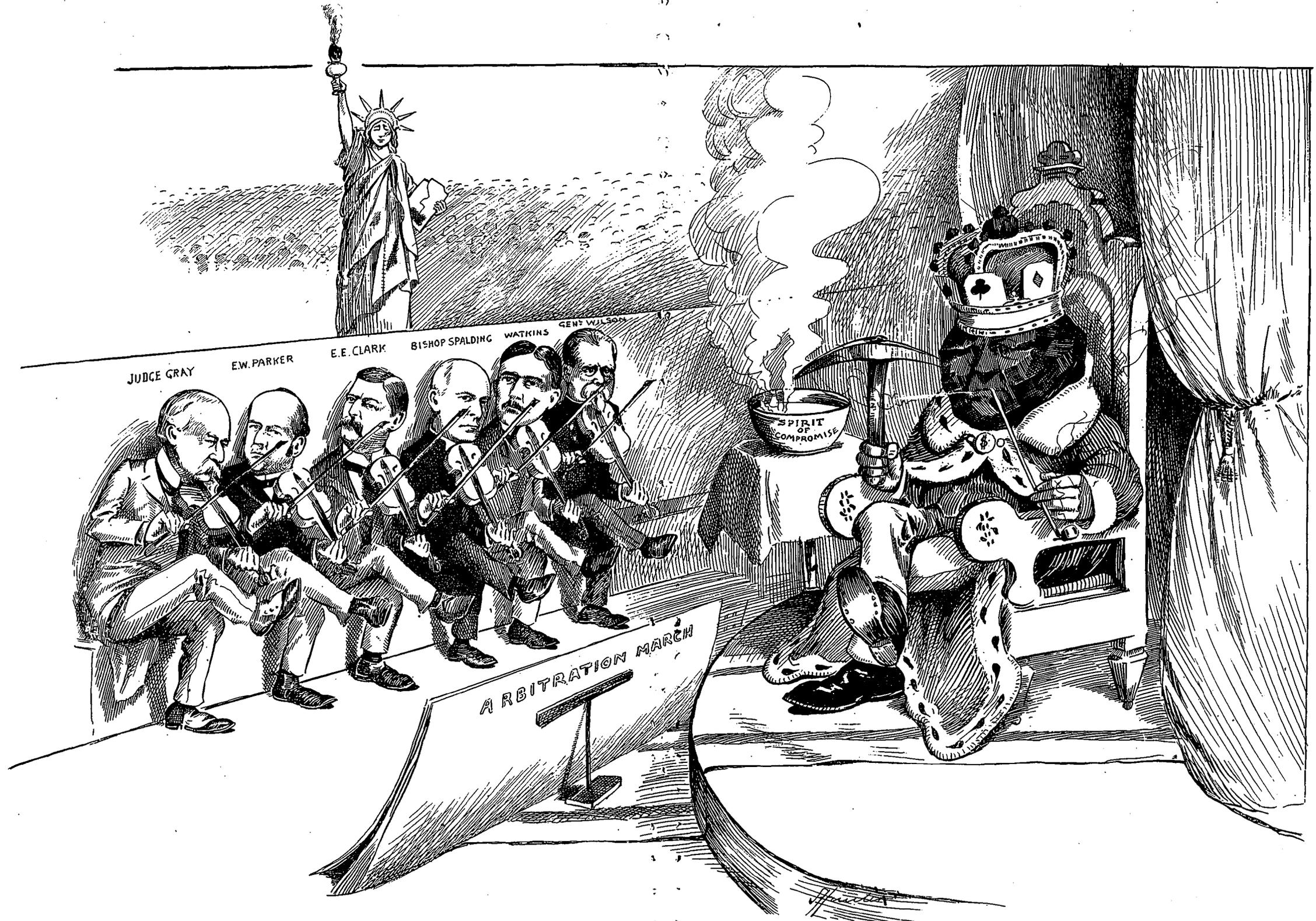
"All coal, wood, coke and peat jokes submitted will be carefully examined, and highest prices will be paid for anything sootable for conflagration."

—A. L. W.



Willie: "Perhaps you'll be more careful, after this, not to try to rush the half-back at 'Varsity. You spoiled a little flirtation of mine, too."

THE MOON.



A New Version of an Old Song.

Old King Coal
Was a cranky old soul,
And he found himself in a mix ;
So he called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers six.

CHORUS—"Tweedle deedle de,"
Said the fiddlers,
"And merry we'll all be ;
For there's none so rare
As can compare
With the Sons of Harmony."

Latter Day Legends.—No. 11.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

(Anastasia and Fitzgerald were in love with themselves.)

FITZGERALD knew that Anastasia's papa had a large sized bunch of money, on the strength of which Anastasia and her mamma broke fiercely in upon the four hundred.

Anastasia knew that Fitzgerald was the second son of a noble house, and that his elder brother, Lord de Montague, was in feeble health and a childless widower.



"Their tete-a-tetes were most interesting."

Thus Fitzgerald was an embryo lord, due to arrive in possession of vast estates and a great position any old day.

Their tete-a-tetes were most interesting. It was not often that two such great catches were wasted on each other.

In his mind's eye, Fitzgerald saw himself in the future enjoying all the comforts of a luxurious home, which some of Anastasia's pa's wad should pay for.

Anastasia's dreams were of a coronet of real diamonds to wear to

church on Sundays, and a carriage with the de Montague arms on the gate thereof.

In due time they were married, and a hundred copies of the paper containing a lovely description of the event were purchased at wholesale rates for transmission abroad.

It was only when a few months had passed that the awakening came to the lovers.

Alas, Fitzgerald found that papa's wad was a thing of air. Papa was putting on a heavy set of frills, but had not known what it was to be on easy street since the day when he had been a peaceful and virtuous carpenter in a small town.

Anastasia discovered that Fitzgerald's prospects of presenting her

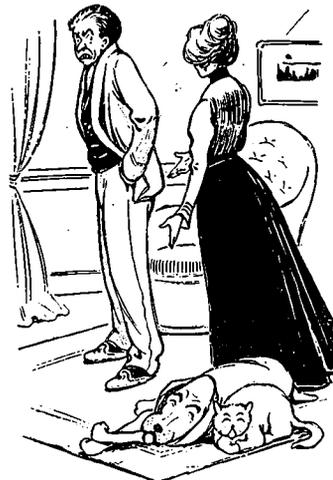


"Enjoying all the comforts of a luxurious home."

with a diamond coronet were as remote as pa's chances of being made Governor-General. She learned that every man that comes from "the old country" is not necessarily a disguised member of the British aristocracy.

Alas, Fitzgerald's acquaintance with lords and ladies had been through his early occupation, that of waiter in a club.

It was when the full force of these facts burst upon them both, that they saw how necessary it always is not to judge a milliner's stock by the hats in the window.



"The awakening came to the lovers."

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.

A Nice Pie He'll Make.

"In your absence the Tory papers have been puffing that Tarte up tremendously," whispered the Honorable Willie Mulock to his friend Wilfrid.

Wilfrid's sunny smile departed.

"I never did care for puff pastry," he moodily replied.

"Couldn't you get a rolling pin, and—"

"Roll him out again," interjected Wilf. "The very thing! I'll roll him out in a jiff, and convert him into a political turnover!"

"Go slowly," said the cautious P. M. G. (Pie Maker General), or you may make a queer pie of it. Don't forget about Sifton the Flower, whatever you do."

"Oh! I'll sift it," laughed Wilf. "It'll likely turn out all right, Billy, and if it doesn't, and Tarte deserts us, I suppose I'll only be—"

"Getting your desserts for being so late at the political banquet," struck in Willie, with a merry "Ha! Ha!"

They shook hands genially, and the interview was at an end.

A. L. W.

More Than He Bargained For.

"Nita, Wan-ita, be my own fair bride,"

He warbled in the days of long ago.

She blushed assent, and so the knot was tied

Which binds two lovers for their weal or woe.

And now ten children look to him for bread,

So that he sings in quite a different metre,

Care lines his brow and labor bows his head,

At first he'd only bargained for one-eater.

—P. T.



The Art of Conversation.

"You must have lived quite a long time."

"Yes, ever since I was a boy."

The King's Jester.

"Ha, sirrah fool," quoth His Majesty, as the Jester entered the presence, "I am about to employ thee on an errand of mercy. One of our ancient servitors, Will Forrester, the groom, lieth grievously sick at his cottage. We have sent our own physician to attend him, and he hath also the benefit of the ghostly ministrations of our chaplain. But his mind is ill at ease, and if thou wouldst sit half an hour with him, and while away the time with merry jest, it might soothe and console him. He is not long for this world, I fear me."

"I' faith, 'tis both a wise and a kindly thought, your Majesty," said the Earl of Hackney, "for an' the quips of your Jester bring not resignation and a desire to depart this life, I know not what would."

"Haste thee, Jester," said the monarch, "and do thy best to divert William's mind from the pains with which he suffers."

"To hear is to obey, my liege, howbeit the mission is one to which I am all unused, and I would I had an hour or so to prepare me therefor."

A rapid glance over the text books of his profession failed to discover any jokes specially adapted for the sick room. "Well-a-day," mused the Jester, as he set out, "my calling is largely an empirical one. How is it that none of my predecessors have penned a word embodying selections of jokes suitable for different occasions? 'Tis a long-felt want. Here I am completely thrown on my own resources, and dependent on the inspiration of the

moment. But, I don't suppose our friend will be in a critical frame of mind, so I guess I can work off some of the old gags on him. Simple, easy jokes, such as don't require any mental strain, are needed in such a case."

On entering the cottage, he was ushered at once into the sick room.

"Well, William," he said briskly, "how goes it?"

"I'm ailing badly," said the patient. "The King, God bless him, has been very good to me."

"Yes, your sovereign hates to see you sufferin'. See? So you are ailing? Well, I hope you won't come to your bier."

The patient groaned. "I heard that in a circus nigh thirty years ago," he said, and then was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which lasted for some time.

"Pretty bad spell of coughing," said the Jester, by way of laying the pipes for another humorism.

"Yes," said the patient. "Worst I've had yet."

"But there are worse spells of coughin'. For instance, it might be spelled with a double 'f'. See? It's just as well to take a cheerful view of these things; look on the bright side. You feel infirm now, but if you should happen to die, after they had buried you, with a heavy tombstone on top, you'd be in-firmer. Catch on? From the way you gesticulate, I judge the jest-tickles you. Cheer up, man; never say die. Talking about dying, I made up a new conundrum as I came along: 'Why do people dye?' Give a guess?"

"Oh, don't bother me with conundrums."

"Why, it's easy—Think a minute—Give it up, do you? Why, for the benefit of their hairs.—How's that? You seem depressed. Time enough for that later—there is deep-rest in the grave, you know."

"Oh, go away! please go away," said the victim, as he turned his face to the wall.

The court physician here entered noiselessly, and made a hasty examination of the patient's condition.

"Good gracious! Why, his temperature has risen two degrees! He is in a fearful condition of nervous prostration. I must ask you to leave the room at once."

"Well, well," said the Jester to himself, as he left the house, "I'm afraid my ministrations have failed to alleviate his suffering. I suppose there are some constitutions which cannot bear an excess of hilarity. Really, it's very embarrassing. How could I be expected to have a selection of jests appropriate to such an occasion anyway?"

—P. T.

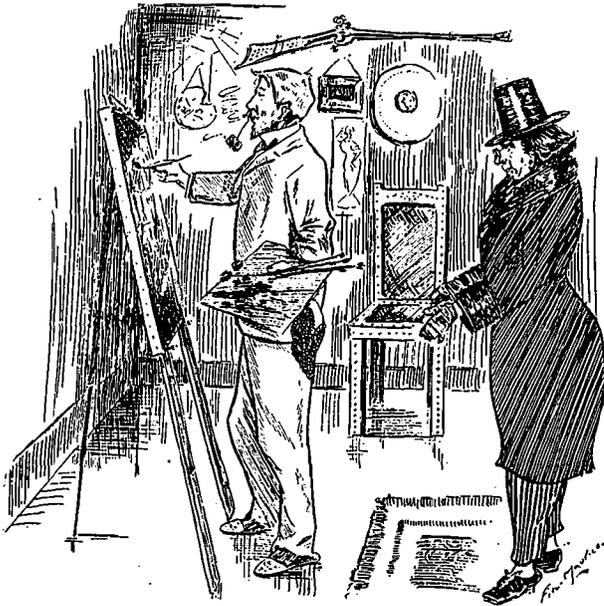
Might Have Been Worse.

Applicant for Situation (concluding list of his qualifications): "And I am a University graduate."

Employer: Um; and how long is it since you graduated?"

Applicant: "About six years, sir."

Employer: "Oh, well, then, that's not a very serious drawback. You've probably forgotten all you learned there by this time. I'll give you a chance."



Tennyson Muggs: "I am thinking of publishing my next volume of poems under the name of Smith."

Raphael Buggs: "But think of all the really nice people who will fall under suspicion."

An Abstruse Science.

"WHAT'S your graft these days, McGuffy? Are ye in politics still?"

"Naw—politics nothin'. It's gettin' altogether too mixed-up now-a-days. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to git onto the game. I'm through with it. I'm goin' ter stick ter sport, or the confidence biz, something that a feller kin understand. Politics be gosh-jiggered."

"Youse was in dis North Shenanagin case, what's in all de papers, wasn't you?"

"Yes, consarn it! An' I made a holy show of myself afore the Beak. He said I oughter get about ten years, but raly 'twan't my fault. Ye see, I wuz hired by de Grits—foller me keerful, now—"

"Yes, ye wuz hired by de Grits. Dey's got de most stuff. Go on."

"I wuz hired by the Grits to swear that I'd been bribed by the Tories to swear that I'd been bribed by the Grits to swear that I'd been bribed by the Tories to swear that I'd been bribed by the Grits—"

"Hully gee! I don't kinder seem ter catch on. Say it agin, an' say it slow."

"I got \$20 from the Grits—"

"Yes, I understand dat part of it,"

"—To swear that I'd been bribed by the Tories to swear that I'd been bribed by—"

"Oh, come off! I'd never git dat through my head."

"Naw, I guess not. Talk about the double cross;

why, it aint noways in it. I got myself all tangled up, and gave the whole game away. No, politics is gettin' a blamed sight too complicated for me. I'm out of it." —P. T.

Seen During the Eclipse.

To THE MOON, 48 Adelaide St., East, Toronto:—

Dear Sir: I send you these few lines, to say that when we were eclipsed the other night the Sun was, also. When Terra showed black, and the light failed, I got out my glass, and saw things that at other times are hard to see.

I saw a respectable-looking citizen eyeing a respectable-looking shade tree; in a few minutes the tree was gone.

I saw a coal dealer look anxious when he got news that the strike was being settled.

I saw an undertaker look sad as he heard a woman's tale, that John wouldn't last through the night, and I heard him, as the woman left, say, "Thank God for His blessings."

I saw an alderman wink to himself, get out his pencil, and figure, "1,000 cords credit before men, a pull with the poor, and a farm cleared at the city's expense."

I saw a Premier look black as he read Canadian papers, and say, "Sacré bleu! I haf bin use mean, mon ami Israel, but I will get back at you.

Comprenez vous?"

I saw a Cabinet Minister wink, and say, "No lak it, eh? W'at for you not? Vous avez no odder choice, mon dear Sir Wilf. I shall be entreprenneur of ze new Cabinet. See?" Yours, etc.,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A Wood-land Zephyr.

AFTER LONGFELLOW (Long After).

Tell it not to country farmers,
City fathers did the trick;
Foster surely was a charmer
When they bought his golden brick.

See them hauling swampy timber—
Charity is always good—
Twenty miles they'll have to limber;
Foster calls it *giving* wood.

Keen he eyes the marshy hollow,
Gloats upon the swampy plain,
"Cleared and drained 'twill make a fallow;
It will bear a wealth of grain."

"Twenty dollars on the acre
Wouldn't clear this stuff away;
Later they may call me fakir,
Let them, I have made my hay."

Tell it? Yes, to all the people,
Later we their coats will warm;
Shout it loud from every steeple
"Aldermen have cleared a farm."

—ISMAEL.



"Say, when does the last train go out?"
Overworked Official: "Not in your lifetime."

The Joke Exchange.

THE market opened fairly, with a good demand for seasonable novelties. Municipal campaign jokes are in requisition, but few consignments have as yet arrived, though an ample supply for all requirements is in sight.

Several large shipments of summer girl and watering-place jokes, remaining unsold in the hands of dealers, have been bought up at a low figure by speculators and placed in cold storage till next season.

School examination jokes have been selling fairly well, but prices are ruling low, as the market has latterly been flooded with an inferior hand-made article produced by child labor, which competes unfairly with the genuine machine-made output of the factories. A fair-to-middling grade is offered in lots of one dozen at 50c., f.o.b.

Some choice brands of campaign stories and political gags, which have been but little in requisition since May last, have changed hands on private terms, in view of the possibilities of another campaign.

Antiques are considerably sought after by almanac-makers and minstrel troupes. Some fine consignments of the Renaissance period, and the time of Queen Elizabeth, went off at good prices.

The Baer movement in the American market has rendered coal jokes practically unsaleable, and several large orders have been cancelled.

P. T.

Proof Positive.

WITH a light and buoyant step, carelessly humming a popular tune, he entered the apartment.

"I am a little late, darling, but I couldn't help it," said he, kissing his wife tenderly as she rose to meet him. "So glad to get back to my own precious love." And he kissed her again.

"I wonder what makes Henry so unusually affectionate," she mused.

"Is dinner ready?" he asked in an unconcerned sort of way.

"Yes, Henry, in a minute. But, poor dear, I'm afraid there isn't a very good one. You see the fish wasn't very fresh—really, quite uneatable—and I'm afraid the meat is overdone. Bridget is so careless—and—"

"Never mind, little one. Don't worry over it. I'll make out somehow," he answered, philosophically.

She gazed at him fixedly for a few moments, surprised at his unwonted equanimity. A shadow flitted across her features for a second.

"Henry," she said hesitatingly.

"Yes, darling?"

"Darling" again; the first time since the honeymoon," she thought. "Oh, Henry, I'm sorry to trouble you, but I really must have some money."

"Well, dear, how much?"

"A good deal. My dressmaker has sent in her bill again. It's—it's over three hundred dollars."

He drew a long breath. "Three hundred dollars; Well, hubbie likes to see his little wife well dressed. And she always dressed in such good taste, too. Come and give me another kiss and I'll write out the cheque at once."

She gave him one searching glance and burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, Henry," she moaned; base, treacherous, deceitful man! My worst suspicions are confirmed. What is the nasty thing's name?"

"Lines to the Moon."

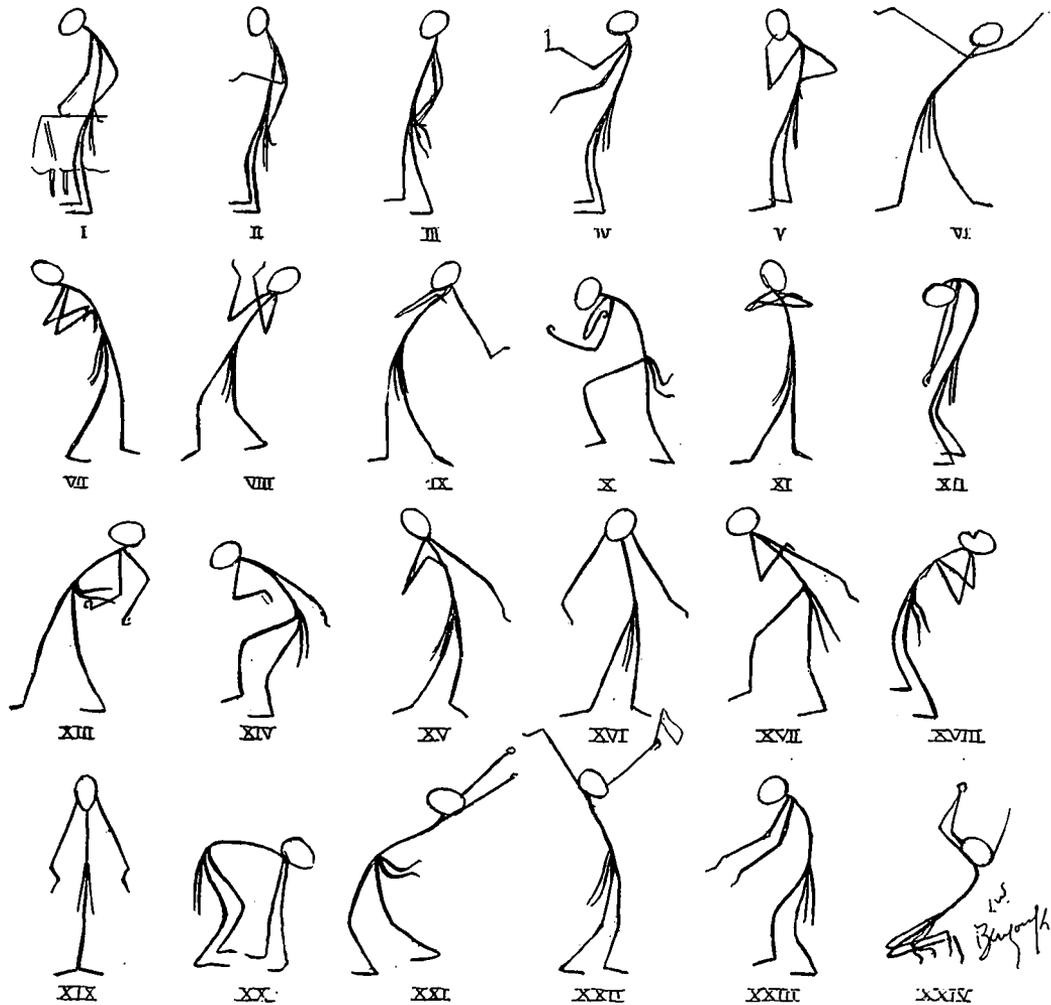
Of course, "the bear that walks like a man" needn't be Kipling's, but there be Ursi Majors who have need to beware of a mere minor (miner), and however the biggest of operators may choose to act, like a great Baer his claws may be cut, if he tries to squeeze too hard even a mere miner.

Is it another indication of militarism that the GREAT Captains of Industry (who are, at least, *majors*) exact their obedience from mere minors?

The commission appointed by President Roosevelt will find the miners' demands quite reasonable. The most ambitious of them, it is easy to predict, would be quite satisfied if improved conditions enabled him to get anything like a Baer living.

—SAM JONES.

A contemporary contains some touching verses entitled, "To a Mule." This habit of morbid introspection on the part of our minor poets should be discouraged by editors.



Outline of an emotional spell by Mr. Ross.

1. Ladies and gentlemen.
2. It gives me pleasure to see such a large and intelligent audience.
3. I will frankly confess that the present situation in Ontario is peculiar and—er—disconcerting.
4. At the present moment we have scarcely a working majority.
5. A condition which has for some time engaged our most serious attention.
6. This is a Province which possesses illimitable resources.
7. And a Government which I do not hesitate to say is the best Government the world has ever seen!
8. That such a Government should be left in such a penury of supporters, fills me with astonishment and dismay.
9. A coalition is suggested. I reject the proposal with contempt.
10. No! We will fight the thing to a finish.
11. We will meet Parliament with the dignity and composure of conscious innocence.
12. But when I think of the public lack of appreciation, I am prostrated with grief.
13. "Ross must go," do they say? Ross will not go! It is not to be thought of!
14. What! Reject us in favor of an outfit like that?
15. Just imagine comparing Whitney with me!
16. Or St. John with Stratton!!
17. Or Foy with Gibson!!!
18. It makes one laugh!!!
19. There is simply no comparison!!!
20. "I would rather be a dog and bay the moon," than take such timber into my Cabinet!
21. I tell you again, Ross will NOT go!
22. I appeal to you in the name of the Old Flag, to keep a truly loyal Government in office!
23. I implore you?
24. I beseech you?

(Audience disperses in tears.)

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until you see the name

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McAllister sae dour the
morn?"

SANDY: "He's nae yet had
his drap o'

Dewar's Whisky

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