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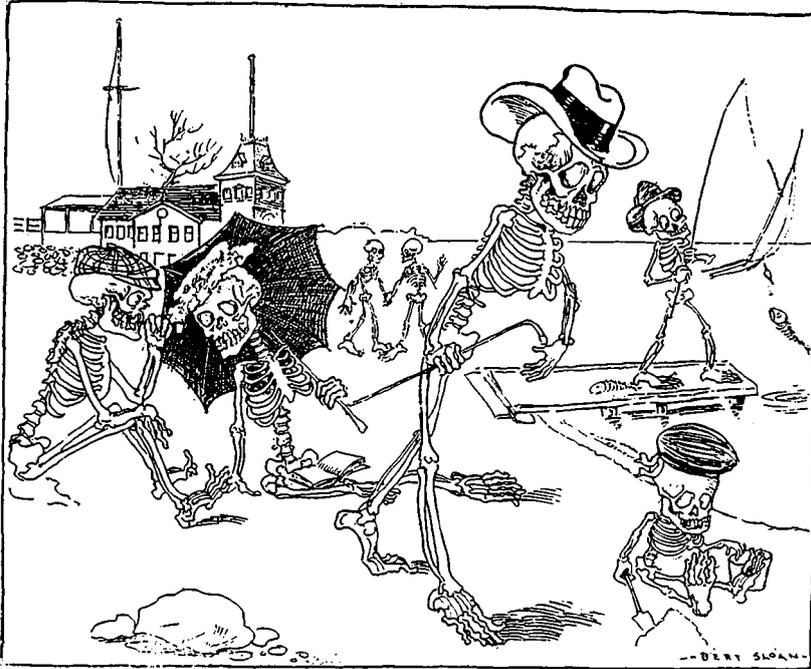
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THE MOON PUB. CO.



An X-Ray at the Sea Shore.

"I don't care much for that Mr. Openwurk. There's not much in him."
"No, indeed; I could see through him the first time I met him."

A Rural Oracle.

Inter business ez a sage
I seem goin',
Ez my wiskers wite with age
Keeps a-growin'.
Wen folks pass the time o' day,
"Uncle Jed," they often say,
"How'll the weather be terday —
You'll be knowin'."

Yisterday ez Denham's bar
I wuz passin',
Seen a crowd uv fellers thar,
Jest a-gassin'.
"How's the 'lections," feller said,
"Wich side's comin' out ahead,
Now we'll hear from Uncle Jed—
Quit yer sassin'."

Ef a hoss the staggers gits,
'Taint uncommon,
Or a kid is took with fits,
Or a woman,

An' the doctor ain't to home,
It's ter me the neighbors come,
Thinkin' I kin help 'em some—
Mus' get some one.

Somehow jest by stayin' round
In one section,
Keepin' long enuff 'bove the ground
Fur inspection.
Feller seems to kind of rise,
Ez time goes, in folkses eyes,
Bimeby they think he's wise—
I've no 'bjection.

Inter business ez a sage
I seem goin',
Ez my wiskers wite with age
Keeps a-growin'.
Thar's one drawback I mus' say,
It's a busness that don't pay.
Some o' these days p'r'aps it may—
Thars no knowin'.

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

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

Vol. 1.

AUGUST 9, 1902.

No. 11.

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.

ATIRED feeling comes over one when reading in sundry Tory papers to the effect that Mr. Ross will go to the country at an early date. Prof. Goldwin Smith is quoted as an authority to the effect that, according to parliamentary law and usage, Mr. Ross can't go to the country, but has the option of resigning or meeting Parliament. This dictum of Mr. Smith's recalls the story of the market trader of long ago in "Muddy York" who was prosecuted for selling butter prints that were light weight. Said a neighbor, "They've put Brown in the stocks for selling light weight."

Someone said, "But they can't put him in the stocks for that."

"But he's in!"

"But it's against the law; they can't put him in."

"But I tell you he's in!"

Why so much fuss about a little matter? If Ross resigned, Whitney would have to go the country for want of a majority. "To the victors belong the spoils." Ross, with patronage to dispense and a treasury to draw upon, has a better chance to win than a lot of ex-ministers would have with nothing better to draw upon than their past record. Mr. Ross has proven in the past that he can create precedents. Why not now? We claim in the face of the whole Tory press, that he can go to the country, and if again returned by a majority of one, repeat the operation again and again till something better turns up. The Ross Administration is working for its health and the good of the people. *We are the people.* A rabid Tory press pretend to believe that, if the present Government remains in power, large slices of the public franchises will be given away. Readers of THE MOON can rest assured that nothing of the kind can happen. That part of the work of "building up" Ontario has been fully developed.

NOW that the din of battle has died and our boys are back, let our memories be of peace. The sight is frequent of young men in khaki, legs wound from the knee down with stuff that does not make them look less, hat of wide spread and canted as though the wind was abeam, spurs, and two bullets crossed on the side of the hat; very fierce it all looks, but, laddies, would you swagger round with daggers were these the weapons? Wondrous tales ye tell of exploits on the veldt, but not more wondrous than a fisherman tells who returns from the lair of the bloody mosquito, and he needs not his rod and hooks to back his statements. His simple word is enough. A warrior with expansive bullets behind a rock is brave after a fashion, but give him a knife and put him foot to foot with the foe and in many cases his liver will be as water. Put away your baubles, boys, and let us sing of peace.

MCADAMS is out of jail and the S.C. of B.C. is at the bat.

Mc. apologised as was fitting. When Twain's beaver climbed a tree to get away from the dog, somebody doubted the beaver's ability. Twain explained the difficulty by saying, "Can't climb a tree? By gosh, he had to climb a tree; the dog was acrowding him!" We cannot speak positively on the merits of Mc. and his charges. Perhaps he said more than he could prove, when the final tribunal was the S.C. of B.C. We think it possible that Mc. is a fool, even a — fool, mayhap a — — fool, but, taking the other horn of the what-you-call-it, suppose McAdams was right when making his charges, what then? Did the Supreme Court of British Columbia do right by putting their maligner in the stocks where he must crawl or soak? Right without a doubt. What are the powers of the Court for but to exercise?

Dennis meets Grogan on his beat, armed with club and sixshooter.

"Here, Grogan, arrest that big fellow, Smith; he's drunk and elbowed me off the sidewalk."

"Go on wid ye, Smith is too much av a gentleman to bother wid the likes av you, and besides Smith is drunk and not raysponsible."

"But," says Dennis, "he has no right to push me off the sidewalk."

Grogan: "Ye must have done something. Smith is a gentleman, a foine gentleman. I've knowed him spind tin dollars in tin minutes. Move on, Dennis, an' no back talk." Dennis does not move on and gives much back talk. The conference ends by Dennis being arrested and getting justice to the extent of \$10 or 30 days.

Right? Of course it is, but we have not yet learned to exercise to the full our glorious liberty.

Hon. Dross wants to beat the Government and hold the keys of office and can, with the help of Hon. Gross. They have been drunk together or have met accidentally in a house with red blinds, and hold each other in much esteem. Gross helps Dross to win, and is discreetly ignorant of some things. Dross makes Ross a chief justice. Now, to say Justice Gross is a rascal, whom we all knew to be a rascal before, is contempt of Court, but we can say that Dross, though a Minister of the Crown is not to be trusted with a contract. This also should be contempt of Parliament and punishable by imprisonment, if we are ever to have even-handed justice. Let us hope that the time is near when no mere person dare hint a word about any one in a public place, unless they are prepared for transportation north of the 75th parallel north latitude, so that there may be perfect liberty for us who are on top.

This is not a case of a certain editor making charges of favoritism, but of *anybody* who dares to do so. There are those who will say that judges would better assert their dignity by preserving a dignified silence. That depends on what he owes his appointment to. A Gross appointment to a Dross has no such dignity to maintain, for who can take a bitter thing out of a sweet. Gross owes his appointment to a stuffed ballot. He must maintain his dignity with a stuffed club.

Everything in THE MOON is original. There are no stealings

In a Northern Ontario Berry Patch.



No. 1

Mrs. Settler (who is nearsighted): "If yeh'd stop sniffin' an' gruntin' an' trompin' down th' bushes so much, Isaac William, an' come round this side the stump, they's dead loads of 'em."



No. 2

The Bear (who has "come round"): "Great Jimmie Conmee! but she's pale and scart. I believe, in fact, I got a little pail myself."

The Observations of a Lazy Man.

THE ordinary self-made man would have done much better if he had let out the job.

It is not safe to regard yourself as a genius simply because others look on you as a fool.

The proper interpretation of the Golden Rule depends on whether it is to apply to Toronto or Pekin.

The wages of sin is death, and the queer thing is that there is no account of a failure of payment.

Truth, crushed to earth, may rise again, but too frequently it's in a shape that even its own mother can't recognize it.

The principal use of politics is that it makes a man forget all his other annoyances.

The mau who is always wanting to bet has generally no brass but that on his face.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," but most of us are constituted so that we don't care for sweet things anyway.

It is always easy to populate hell—with one's neighbors.

—N. W. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. B. asks: 1st, "How can I perfect myself most quickly in the sinking of oil and gas wells and obtain a practical knowledge of a donkey engine?"

2nd, "Can I become a critic of the masters in art, after three months in a Toronto art school?"

3rd, "I want to be a poet of prominence, but am not yet able to make "Sunlight" rhyme with "Paddock." Where can I get lessons?"

4th, "I wish to come quickly to the front as a great author, and get well advertised. Whom should I imitate?"

We would recommend your enquiring of our distinguished fellow countryman, Mr. W. A. Fraser.

C. D. asks: "Is the Methodist Book Room justified in publishing books of a light and trashy character, even questionable, so questionable as to be refused publication by other publishers? Such books as "The Market Place," by Harold Fredericks; "Phillip Windwood," by Stephens, and "The Cardinal's Rose." I had understood that the primary object of the Methodist Book Room was to publish high-class literature in the interest

of Religion, the Methodist Church and the Master?"

This touches us in a tender spot. We are, in an indirect manner, somewhat in touch with the great Methodist Church. Our "Devil" attends a Methodist Sunday School and is as religious as the nature of his business will permit. The presses on which THE MOON is printed, the ink used, the paper and pulp mills from which we get our raw material, even the tobacco chewed by our compositors is controlled by, or has some Methodists on the directorate of the various companies interested. We admit, without particularizing, that many of their publications contain matter not in keeping with the Sunday School or divine service. We admit that the original purpose did not anticipate what has since been done but, in explanation of our—and their—position let us point out that *business must be conducted on business principles or not at all*. To meet a long felt want the Methodist Book Room has been *re-organised*. The Rev. William Briggs has been retained partly to give tone to the business and, we suppose, partly because of his personal interest in the undertaking. But we feel safe in saying that many of the objectionable publications have slipped in without his personal supervision—indeed we doubt if the rev. gentleman would read them. Our answer is in brief that *business is business* and is for the working week while the high principles of Methodism are for the day of rest so that we can begin a new week with a clean slate.

Brief Biographies.—No. IV.

By Sam Smiles, Jr.

RT. Hon. Sir Wilfred Laurier, G. C. M. G., K. C., D. C. L. Oxon, LL. D., P. C.—we don't know what the two last letters might mean, but they would stand for "Political Charlatan"—was born somewhere in Quebec, Nov. 20th, 1841, and was the son of his father.

Elected to represent Drummond and Arthabaska in 1874, he has for many years sat for Quebec East and his picture, in the Commons, Ottawa. He has been Premier of Canada since '96, and, though the duties are arduous, and the pay small, it is understood by well-informed people that the right hon. gentleman is still willing to sacrifice private interest that so he may continue to serve his country.

Since entering public life Sir Wilfrid has been a consistent advocate of Free Trade, and won the gold medal in the gift of the Cobden Club for his efforts in that direction. He has also been a consistent advocate of reciprocity with the U. S., closer-relations with the Mother Country, tariff discrimination against the U. S., commercial union with the U. S., Imperial unity and protection to Canadian industries.

The subject of our sketch is a Frenchman, a Roman Catholic and a Canadian. When in Ontario or Manitoba, Sir Wilfrid is a Canadian first. On every occasion when appearing in public, while the order in which his qualifications come to the front may vary with the environment, *he is always one of them first*, and the others follow as they may.

With an early training Sir Wilfrid might have become a great soldier. At the time of the North West troubles he evinced a warlike tendency and was even willing to personally bear arms—whether for or against Her Majesty does not matter now—but the cares of office, and perhaps the added years have apparently quelled his martial ardor.

Sir Wilfred, amid the turmoils of political life, has found time to build himself a stockade to prevent the possibility of political assassination. On account of its natural strength and armament he has named it "Torres Vedras," and it is. It is fortified with modern armament of the most approved type, consisting of 10 long range breech-loaders, firing 12-inch shells that burst on falling, and fill the camp of the enemy with a fog of words that leave them so lost in mist that they fail to fire their own guns; 50 quick-firing snipers guard against the possibility of assault. The missiles are so dazzling as to destroy the sight of the stormers. Should the enemy fire Protection shot, he answers with Free Trade shells. If they shoot British preference for the colonies, he shoots loyal bombs. When an unheard of stranger is introduced to the man of many smiles, his strong point is not that he has heard of him before as a person of parts, but that he says so.



Where He Draws the Line.

Deacon Pegleg, severely: "I am uncompromisingly in opposition to any and all desecration of the Sabbath, but I shall permit no fish that swims to pull me into the water, even if it is Sunday."

Examination Papers in Cram University.

ANSWERS. A centiped is one who walks about and begs pennies. From "centum," a \$, and "pedestrian," one who walks on his hind feet.

The course of the blood is purple when it leaves the heart, and red when it leaves the body. It then passes into the duodenum where it receives the red corpsicles; it is then expelled by the lungs through the aesophagus and so reaches all parts of the body through caterpillar action.

Diastaste is derived from "Die as taste," the remark made by Demosthenes when they offered him the hemlock poison.

Dextrine is the right hand thumb of the front foot of a monkey or anybody else.

The salivary glands are all located in the body and are the cause of too much mercury.

The gastric juice is the foam of a fellow that has a fit; so called because they look gastly.

A conjunction is a word in geology that is used to join two others, thus in A-B; the sign -- (minus), is a conjunction because it joins A and B.

Dropsy is a sudden disease, and its favorite form is appoplexy and paralysis.

Cesar was a Roman general who stabbed Brutus for making a speech about himself and then choking Hamlet to death. His real name was Pompey, but he got nick-named Ceasar for his celebrated remark at the Rape of Lucrece, when he couldn't catch one of the maidens he said to his leftenant, "Seize her," and it stuck to him ever after.

Lays of Ancient Rome was written in 1492, and is supposed to be written by Shakespere, but he blames it on Bacon, who in turn blames it on Ignatious Donnelly.



Blind Patriot: "Hoorra! God bless de king!"

They Unhanded Him.

"Unhand me, villains!" shouted the traveller, struggling in the grasp of the brigands.

"Certainly, signor!" replied the bandit chief with the chivalric courtesy of his profession, as his swarthy features lit up with the Mephistolean smile which his followers had learned to regard as more terrible than his sternest frown.

"Giacomo," he continued, "kindly comply with the desire of our distinguished guest. We shall have to send some souvenir of him to his friends to hurry up the ransom and it may as well be the member he has indicated an any other."

Prompt in obedience to his chief, the low-browed ruffian addressed drew his poniard and deftly severed the captive's right hand at the wrist.—P.T.

Knew His Value.

Pa: "Freddie, if you are very good I will take you to the circus."

Freddie: "Huh! How much yer goin' ter give me?"

Pa: "Give you! You young rascal, what do you mean? Isn't it enough that I pay for your ticket?"

Freddie: "Nawt much it aint! I'm onto your game. Here's you an' ma an' Muriel an' Aunt Eliza all hankerin' to go, an' me the only kid around that you can take for the look of the thing. You've got to take me anyhow if you go, an' I don't move till you put up half a dollar."—P.T.



Snip: "You ought to be ashamed, you ain't got an ounce of patriotism in you."

Flip: "Aint room fer it—(hic)—'m full uv beer!"

She: "Will you love me always."

He: "Yes, dear; any way you like."

THE MOON



A SECOND ANIEL.

THE SUMMER GIRL : " I asked father if I should marry "

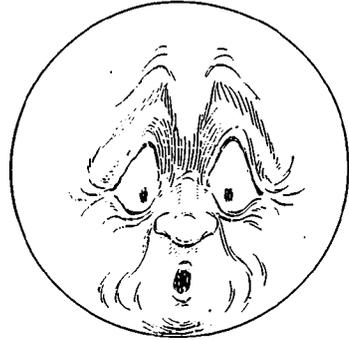
THE SUMMER MAN : " And what did he say ? "

THE SUMMER GIRL : " He said, decidedly not ; if I were with you I would not have asked his advice. "

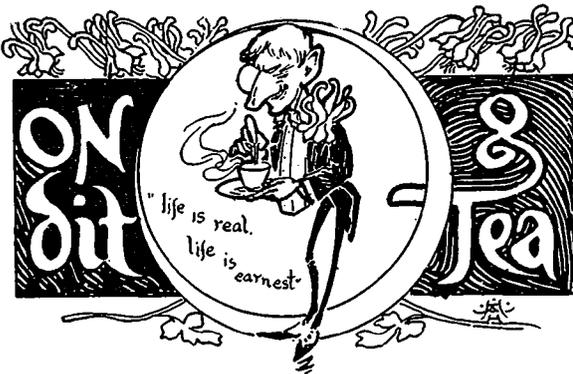
What the Man in the Moon Saw.



We rode by the river together,
Our hearts with affection attune;
The waters were all of a quiver
Beneath the bright light of the moon.
My heart was as light as a feather,
All bright and illumined with bliss;
And as we rode onward together
The moon-man was sleeping like this—



He called me as fair as a houri
Or flower that the honey-bee sips,
And set my heart all in a flutter
By craving a boon from my lips.
I told him that no man ever
By me had been granted a kiss!
And then glancing upward I noticed,
The moon-man look at me like this—



A Charming 5 o'clock Tea was given by Mrs. DeRot, at Somewhere Villa, on Wednesday awfta'noon lawst. The tea room was beautifully draped with dried tea leaves strung on threads, *a la* dried apples. The gowns of the ladies, the breeches of the gentlemen, the curtains, the carpets, the coverlets, the cook and the cat, were all decorated with a tea leaf pattern. The effect was very pretty. The gentlemen drank "Cold Tea."

The Race Question.

"Pa," said Tommy, the American boy, looking up from the newspaper he was trying to read, "what is the race question?"

"The race question," answered pa, "is simply this: which horse won?"

"But that isn't what I mean," said Tommy; "it's something about the color-line—"

"Oh, it's the color-line you want to know about, is it?" said pa. "The color-line is something like the clothes line. It is used as a mark of extinction, and is often conferred upon negroes who have achieved notoriety in some way. They are usually diffident about receiving it, but sufficient pressure is brought to bear upon them and—"

"But, pa," broke in Tommy, "I don't think that's just what the paper means. It says something about Booker Washington and the President—"

"Oh, you want to know about Washington's dining with the President," answered pa, "Well, that's rather old now, but here are some verses I wrote about it at the time," and pa produced the following:

Mr. President Roosevelt,
Everybody knows he felt
Friendly, kindly, quite true blue
To North and South and me and you;
And one day,

A Charming Hop and Supper was pulled off at the residence of Captain Hawser, of H.M.S. Stone Hooker, Pearl Street.

The Menu included lifeboat food raw, ditto boiled, ditto fried; snails on toast, fried soles, the uppers being abandoned; Root's root beer; *pommes de terre, a la* in their pelts; fresh sea herring saturated with chloride of sodium. The ladies were all full ship-rigged with fore-top balloon jibs and hellum-a-lee. Lady Hawser was conspicuous in an anchor pattern paletot, cut décolleté on the port side, with scuppered sleeves. The train was a small anchor chain trimmed with sardine tins. The effect was something new and quite chic.

The gentlemen chewed nothing but "Navy" and danced minus shoes and stockings, and wore only pearl ornaments.

He: "I had my picture taken."

She: "Was it returned?"

What the Man in the Moon Saw.



Very soon in his zeal he succeeded,
In placing an arm round my waist;
I struggled, protested and pleaded,
And chided the boy for his haste;
I told him someone might be looking,
Such conduct was surely amiss,
And then that mean, horrid moon-man,
Winked at me exactly like this—



His arm I then tried to remove,
I tried—well—not very hard!
But all my attempts at resistance
His ardour more forcibly fired,
At last on the lips I'd denied him
He planted a passionate kiss,
And when we looked upward together,
The old fellow was laughing like this—

So they say,
Booker Washington came that way.

Mr. Booker Washington, he
Lives 'way down in Tuskegee,
Teaches colored folks to know
This from that and thus from so;
And Roosevelt
Spoke as he felt,
And struck young Booker below the belt.

And then he laughed and says, says he,
"Just you come and dine with me."
So into the dining-room they went,
The colored man and the President;
Then the Dixie man
And all his clan,
To kick and criticize began.

Said the Dixie man, "'Tis a great disgrace,
The colored man must know his place;
We must strangle a hundred or so at least,
To atone for the sin of that one feast;
For Black is Blight
And White is Might,
And more than brains by a thunderin' sight."

Says the Dixie man, "You may walk and talk
With the colored man, but you take your chalk
And mark 'round the table where you dine,
And call it the gentleman's color-line;
For it's rank disgrace
For a darkey's face
To be seen in such a sacred place."

"It will do for a prince beyond the sea,"
Says the Dixie man, "but not for me;
For merit and honor and talent's knack
All go for naught when they're bound in black;
And the nigger, he
Must stoop to me
In this glorious land of liberty,"

Says the Dixie man, "You may shoot and burn,
That's the only way a nigger will learn."

But words like these, it seems to me,
Are inspired, no matter from whence they be,
By the blood of a bull,
And a good nigger's wool
Is better than that by a pitchfork full.

A white man may have a heart as bad
As the wickedest negro ever had;
And a colored man's heart may be as true
As any white man ever knew.
And Booker T.
Washington, he
May come, if he will, and dine with me.

—JIM WILEY

Jobs: "Did you hear about the kidnapping?"
Bobs: "No."
Jobs: "Yes; a young boy was found sleeping on a
doorstep."



The summer boarder, watching Mrs. C. skim the milk:
"Why, Mrs. Crops, we never see any of that nasty yellow
scum on our city milk."



The boy lifts up his head, he walks erect, he feels that he's a man. (He has been asked to buy a paper for the first time in his life).

Prayer to Hon. George W. Ross.

What the heart of the Ontario Liberal says to the Psalmist.

I.

Dear George, if ye hae crooned the King,
And set the Empire right,
Mak haste tae journey home, and bring
Us comfort in our plight.
The verra keepers o' the House
Are tremblin' in their shoon,—
Oh, may we see your smiling face,
And may we see it soon.
For there's nae luck about the House,
There's nae luck at a' ;
There's little pleasure in the House,
When our gudeman's awa'.

II.

Murk, murk hae been the simmer skies,—
The sun we've seldom seen ;
But still within these hearts of ours
A deeper dark hath been !
And while all at the gay banquet
Prood Kings ye've gossiped with,
The alarum of your fa' was set
By Doctor Goldwin Smith.

III.

"And how keeps Lennox?" ye will cry,
While leapin' frae the ship ;
But, oh ! the answer, George, will freeze
The smile upon your lip.
In Renfrew ilka other Grit
Announces he will run—
'Twill need that silvered tongue o' yours
To bring them doon tae one.

IV.

And Stratton's bowed, as tho' wi' years ;
Poor Harcourt canna' work ;
And Dryden hatl' forgot his steers ;
And Davis his North York.
Where's the majority ye left
When ye began to roam ?
Oh, ask your heart, is time of stress
A time to leave a home ?
For there's nae luck about the House,
There's nae luck at a' ;
There's little pleasure in the House,
When our gudeman's awa'.

—NORMAN W. C.

A Drowning Man, Etc.

It was night. Through the darkness and raging storm crept a man. Heedless of the furies of the elements, with hair dishevelled, and a wild look of mingled despair and recklessness upon his face, he pressed forward till he reached the edge of the embankment. Here he paused for a moment, gazing downward through the darkness toward the rushing, angry waters beneath. Only one awful, ghastly purpose could have brought him to this lonely, desolate spot upon such a night. He prepared himself without a shudder, muttering incoherently at first, but gradually becoming more intelligible. "Ruined!" he cried bitterly. "Nothing remains in life for me. My supply is completely exhausted. I shall cast myself over yonder bank, and thus,"—but suddenly he started up, a merry smile slowly dawning upon his face. "Saved!" he exclaimed jubilantly, "there is the panama hat!" and straightway vanished into the darkness, concocting a fearful joke about a drowning man clutching at a *straw*. He was the man who "dishes up" the ping-pong jokes and poetry for *The Daily Sphinx*.

Rialto: "Why wouldn't Bluejowls go fishing?"

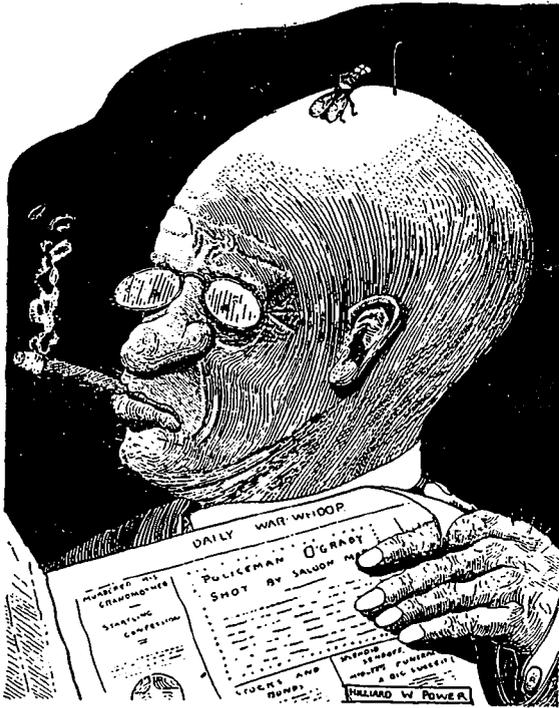
Footlites: "He hadn't time properly to dress and create the part."

Newcome: "Do you see much of the other members of the family nowadays?"

Brashly: "Yes, indeed. We have a row in progress that brings us together a great deal."

Askit: "I wonder why old Grubber works so hard."

Bighead: "That's easy. He works so hard in order to earn money to enable him to hire other people to do the things he needs to have done."



Explorer Fly : " By Jove, this must be the North Pole ! "

A Corker.

There is a young lady in Hague,
Who wears a cute little cork legue ;
She has numerous beaux,
But not one of them kneaux
That her swinging gait hangs on a pegue.

This maiden has never a doubt
Of the power of a smile and a poubt ;
And the play of her eyes
Is a pretty surpreyes,
When one of her beaux is about.

When the favored one urges his suit,
She will blush in a manner most cuit ;
She will yield him her heart
With an exquisite eart,
And her hand and her cork leg to buit.

And the fellow that's doomed to be caught
Will rejoice at his fortunate lought ;
But we sha'n't think it queer
If he gets on his eer,
When he finds what a corker he's gought.

—JIM WILEY.

A Timely Moral.

In an Ontario country churchyard is the grave of a child, eleven months and two days old. Beneath the name and age on the headstone is this inscription : " Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land ! "

More Familiar.

Sunday School Superintendent : " But Peter had another name. After he had been with the disciples, and they knew his character, by what other name did they call him ? Tommy, can you tell us ? "

Tommy : " Pete. "

Come To Stay.

Young Hightalk (grandiloquently) : " Look where you will, in science, in commerce, in literature, the day is his. The young man has come to stay. "

Old Brown : " That's what I think, whenever young Baffles spends the evening with Minnie. "

Unanswered Prayer.

Gentleman : " What are you crying about, my boy ? "

Boy : " The preacher—said that—we'd get—whatever we petitioned for,—and I prayed that Tuck Williams ud get killed—and he only got his arm broken. "

The Best He Could.

Fond Mother : " O, Willie, how was it that you hit poor little Harry Smith with a stick ? "

Little Willie : " I hit him with a stick 'cause I couldn't find a stone. "

We Humbly Trust.

We would recall, and that right soon,
Those saturated days of June ;
Or if we can't we fain would try
The moistened ones of past July ;
But failing these we humbly trust
We wont quite sizzle through August.

—P.J.



My Summer Girl.

I told her one evening that she was a peach,
As we sat in the arbour alone ;
Yet when she refused me, I started to preach
And declared that her heart was a stone.

That pleased her so much, she did straightway relent
And we settled the date then and there,
And that strawberry-blonde has no cause to repent
That the minister made us a pair.

—HALLAM

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