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Organizer Smith: "Best I can do, Mr. Ross, that man Whitney got in the pantry and left only one majority, but he didn't even touch the Referendum."

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2. To the NEWSDEALER who sells the greatest number of copies during the month of August we will pay FIVE DOLLARS cash.

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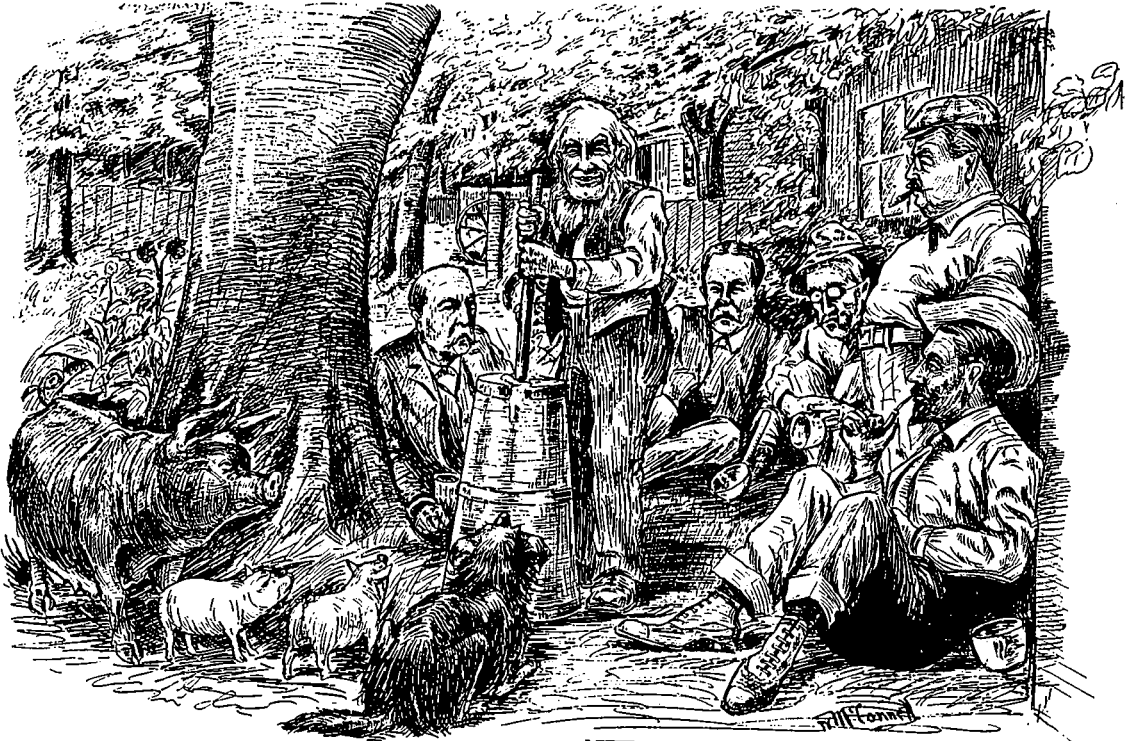
The Moon

is published every week at 48 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

Price 5c. per copy.

\$2.00 per annum IN ADVANCE.
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THE MOON PUB. CO.



Force of Habit.

The rustivating capitalists make a corner in butter-milk.

A Model of Economy.

The king was in his counting-house,
His face was very blue ;
The treasury was empty and
The coal bill almost due,
And when he thought of beef and pork,
He swore a quite a few.

"You've saved, my dear, the nation,"
Right valiantly he swore,
As sitting down to dinner
His face was calm once more—
The queen had served up blackbirds,
As she did the day before ! —N.W.C.

A.D. 2000.

Airship Ticket Agent : " Tickets here for Heaven."
Passenger : " It is Hades that I wish to see."
A. T. A. : " In that case take the Submarine Mail Ship
over there."

Fisherman's Luck.

Fisherman, fisherman, what did you catch?
Have you had many bites to-day?
You wakened us all with your merciless tread,
This morn when you went away.

Oh ! I caught a very fine cold in the head,
As I fished 'neath the willow tree,
And I'll swear that I had near a million of bites,
For the skeeters feasted on me.

—H.

A.D. 1910.

Hotel Guest : " What is that buzzing sound in the
atmosphere?"

Manager : " That is the wireless, and this is election
night, you know."

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

Vol. 1.

AUGUST 16, 1902.

No. 12.

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 Coronation is over at last will our readers permit us to express an opinion of the rise and fall of the loyalty(?) that is so wildly demonstrated by that part of the populace that makes day and night hideous with its expressions of devotion to—the Lord only knows what!

The conduct of the persons who made up this by no means insignificant (numerically, of course) part of our population, reminds us very much of the manner in which the members of a herd of swine express their sympathy when one of their fellows grunts or squeals.

Pig number one imagines that he has just evolved a thought; he grunts, or squeals, his satisfaction. The other members of the herd, fearful of being thought thoughtless, squeal and grunt in unison. Each trying to show how much greater is his thought than those of his fellows, squeals louder and louder and jumps and frisks about uproariously.

Now, that is exactly what would have happened in Canada, if the Coronation had taken place on the twenty-sixth of June. The preliminary squeals had already started when the news of the King's illness stifled them.

Why, then, was there no squealing on the ninth of August? *All were busy nosing in the food trough!* The pig is a greedy animal.

We do not approve of the senseless squealing at all; but if it was the proper thing to do had the Coronation taken place on the day originally set aside for the ceremony, it was equally the proper thing for the day on which it actually was held. But, as we hinted before, loyalty of this type is soon drowned in a pail of milk.

WHEN a big man receives a slap in the face from a man who is not half his size, the big fellow has some scruples about retaliating. He straightens himself up, breathes heavily, grinds his teeth, and finally informs his little persecutor that he had better run away and escape annihilation. But the little fellow repeats the blow, this time with clenched fist. This is too much. The big man seizes his antagonist, and the two maul each other to the full. But strange to say the little man has, for a time, the better of the fight. He pulls the big man's nose, blackens his eyes, tears his coat, and soils his

linen to such an extent that it will take more than one washing to bring back its snowy whiteness.

But finally the big man wins. The little loses from lack of bodily might. Reluctantly he surrenders.

Now is the big man's opportunity. He must regain his self-respect, to say nothing of the respect of the on-lookers. He seizes the little fellow by the hand; he binds his wounds—letting his own nose bleed the while; he tucks him under his arm, buys him a drink and swears he is the best fellow on earth.

After this the big man is quite proud of himself. Magnanimity is a great restorer of self-respect.

And so the British statesmen and marshals entertain the Boer generals.

A MOST remarkable state is that in which the Government and Opposition in Ontario find themselves. The general elections left the Ross Government with a majority of one claimed, which is, as everyone knows, an impossible working majority. Besides this, there are several seats under protest, the decisions of which will decide definitely whether the Ross Government is the choice of the electors or not.

In most countries the decisions of these protests would be considered of sufficient importance to demand their immediate decision. Not so in Canada. Here it is the custom for the judges to take their holidays at this season of the year. On the tick of the clock, off they go, leaving the people to cool their heels till September, when they may be pleased to resume work. Of course their action is legal; we do not for a moment wish to hint otherwise (think of the fate of McAdams!); but is this business? What business man would leave his factory when an important matter needed his attention, just because this happened to be the time of year when he takes his holidays?

But—but—but we shall say no more in Canada. There is such a dignity doth hedge a judge, etc., etc. We can think hard, though!

IN a rag of a magazine published in Boston is a group of three of the most perfect type of posing fakirs possible of conception. They are: That effeminate ass whose name is Smith, or Jones, or Brown, or something like that, who calls himself Richard Le Gallienne, Elbert Hubbard, the chief fakir of the "Roycrofters," and that other poser who always stands like a swan with its neck out of joint that he may play the part of St. Jerome. We know of only one man whose egotism would add to this picture—that is Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire.

A. D. 1999.

Marsian Immigration Inspector: "Who is this immigrant?"

Orderly: "A billionaire from Earth."

M. I. I.: "Return him as not desirable."

Had Been There Before.



No. 1

Reggie (who is picking "just a few berries for camp luncheon y' know"): "Positively laden black with berries, and all to myself. Why, our young rural friend must be blind."



No. 2

The Young Rural Friend: "Well, I may be blind, but I don't go buntin' inter no wasps' nest, by jings."

A Mésalliance Averted.

Lord Prendergast De Villiers was a heavy British swell
 With a castle and a long pedigree,
 But he'd mortgaged his estate, his indebtedness was great,
 For he lived in a style very free.
 He had gone to Monte Carlo, where he tried to break the
 bank,
 Instead of which the bank broke him;
 He was hand and glove with "Wales," which much
 expense entails,
 So his bank account was getting very slim.

He'd heard that in America were multi-millionaires,
 Whose daughters fain a title would espouse,
 So he bad farewell to home, and was wafted o'er the foam,
 And his voyage was a long carouse.
 When he landed in New York he was met with open arms,
 And soon became the lion of the day,
 His sporting notoriety, enthused the best society,
 He mingled with the wealthy and the gay.

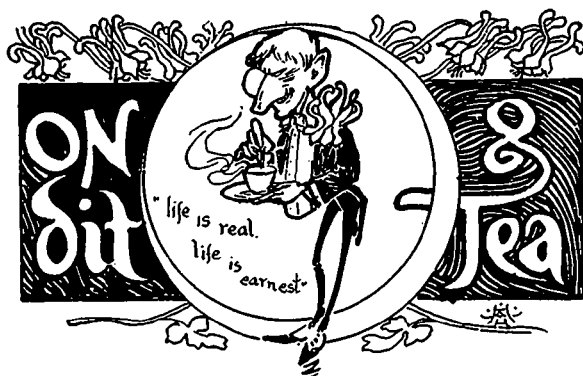
Mr. Hiram Bullionraker was a gentleman of means,
 Who sometime before had made his pile out west,
 He'd a winsome only daughter, Lord De Villiers quickly
 caught her,
 She'd been longing in a title to invest,
 Her father oft invited him and grew to like him much,
 As both were of a sporting turn of mind,
 His lordship told him tales of the times he'd had with
 Wales
 And the "Darby" and diversions of that kind.

Bullionraker in his turn would descant on western life,
 Which seems generally marked by sudden death,
 Gambling fights and lynching bees, how for fun they
 shot Chinese,
 Hair-breadth 'scapes enough to take away your breath,
 And his lordship would take in all his host's stupendous
 yarns,
 Far too well-bred incredulity to show,
 He would lean back in his chair, with a *blase*, languid air,
 "Ya-as, must be aw'fy jolly, don't cher know."

One day they talked of fox-hunting, and Bullionraker said:
 "Say, out California-way the sport is prime,
 You don't have to go the rounds with your horse and
 your hounds,
 Why, I've often shot a dozen at a time."
 Lord Prendergast De Villiers sprang indignant from his
 seat,
 Brought his fist down on the table with a bang,
 Gone his *blase*, languid mood, stern as Nemesis he stood,
 And his voice in tones of scorn and passion rang.

"Shoot foxes! and then boast of it! To think I'm this
 man's guest,
 Nay more, bis daughter's now my promised bride,
 Oh, the horror and the shame, that would soil our
 honored name
 By alliance with a shameless vulpicide!
 Sir, I leave your roof forever and I spurn your daughter's
 hand,
 De Villiers cannot stoop to mate so low,
 My'scutcheon bears no stain, and untarnished shall remain.
 Shoot foxes! Oh, 'tis monstrous! Let me go!"

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



AT the Coronation the Queen's dress was of magnificent cloth of gold, veiled with ivory white tulle, and the train was of velvet, lined with ermine. The costume was ornamented with elaborate gold embroideries, and the tulle overdress was embroidered with roses, thistles and shanrocks. It was finished in a high transparent collar of old lace, edged with gold.

ON Monday last the editor of THE MOON was attracted by the sight of a little boy, about three years old, in rags and filth, taking ravenous bites from a mouldy crust that he had dug out of a garbage box that stood in the street before the house of someone less unfortunate than he. While he ate of the disgusting lump, a little girl—his sister, no doubt—stood watching him enviously. Both children were mere walking skeletons—human beings dried up into withered little husks by blasting poverty.

QUITE a number of our young people were present at the arrest of Colored-Sergeant Johnson, of the Salvation Army, on the occasion of his last jag. All enjoyed themselves immensely. Police Constable McManus, nephew of Rev. Archibald McManus, and a cousin of Mrs. P. D. Q. Wilkins, wife of the well-known milk pedlar of Ward 3, officiated in his usual masterly manner, dressed in copper blue.

A LARGE crowd attended the soiree of the Higgins', Saturday night. It was not until 4 a.m. that the house broke up. Fourteen empty kegs were found amidst the ruins in the cellar.

THE Rev. Morris Macguire, pastor of Witchwood Methodist Church, has taken his family to Hamilton for a few days. His vacation bluff worked alright.

Conclusive Proof.

"That man Jones is full of energy."

"Why?"

"Because I never saw any come out of him."

The Chicken's Complaint.

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Make me an egg again, pure, clean and white;
I'm lonely and homesick, and life's but a dream,
I'm a poor chicken born in a hatching machine:
No father to love me, no place to call home,
I'm compelled in this wide, weary world to roam;
No mother to teach me to scratch or to cluck,
I can hardly tell whether I'm chicken or duck.

—SHEBA KEENE.

Miss Sentimental: "Which day do you consider of most importance in a woman's life?"

Mr. Meanman: "Bargain day."

Jaspar: "I wonder who was the original vegetarian."

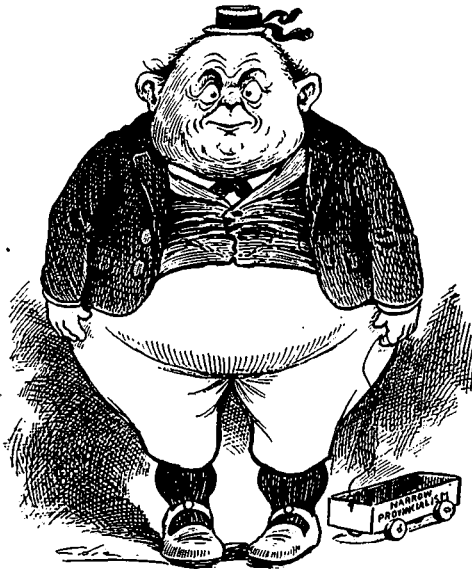
Jumpuppe: "Nebuchadnezzar, of course. He ate grass like an ox, you know."



He: "Do you see Jenkins across the road? Well, he calls his wife 'Echo'."

She: "Why, George?"

He: "Because he says she always will have the last word."



Creed of the "Little Canada" Party.

I believe in Great Britain.

I believe in Great Britain's army and navy.

I believe in accepting the protection of the British army and navy.

I DO NOT believe in paying my share for this protection, under which I enjoy unprecedented peace and prosperity.—Amen.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. F. asks: "How can I become an adept as a dramatic critic; the central idea being that I may use what is called "padding," fill up my page and leave an impression that is favorable to the show in question and yet not commit myself to anything, in fact, fill space and say little?"

What you want needs special training and great care should be exercised in the choice of a tutor. We suggest a talk with the *Mail and Empire* dramatic critic before he has dined.

G. H. asks: "Where can I get the latest conclusions and deductions of the world's greatest thinkers and writers on the ultimate destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race; the destiny of the U. S. in relation to the civilized world; the solution of the Eastern question; the origin of life; the fate of Canada in the commercial struggle of the world, and the equation of probabilities as to eternity having a definite beginning?"

Such trifling questions we have not time for considering, but we would suggest a quiet talk with Prof. Goldwin Smith.

I. J. writes: "I am comparatively young, being now in my fourth year. I wish to correspond with some one

who makes a specialty of replying to juvenile correspondents and gives prizes for the best letters sent them, if accompanied by a subscription and an assurance that the letter in question is the work of the writer. Am I too old for competition in your juvenile columns?"

Ans.: You are over the age for us, but you write a nice letter and we would like to help you. Write to *Pharos* of the *Globe*.

K. L. asks: "I want to learn the following and don't know who to enquire of:

1st, Is J. L. Hughes a fit and proper person to be chief inspector of our city schools?

2nd, What are the proper qualifications for an inspector?

3rd, Are the public school classes properly graded?

4th, Do the public school trustees know anything?

5th, Who is the most learned man in Ontario on matters connected with school law, studies, books, examinations and anything else that may crop up?"

Ans.: It is a somewhat large question or series of questions, but if you are serious about it ask John Ferguson, M.D., B.A. F.R.C.S., also ex-professor of Toronto Medical School, expert in murder trials, and xx-pert on society insurance.

Not in the Market.

"My advice is," said the lawyer, "that you settle the matter by a compromise with the defendant."

Plaintiff: "Jist that, weel, a think a'll awa hame."

Lawyer: "Stay a moment, sir, my charge for the advice is five shillings, which I think very reasonable."

Plaintiff: "Oo, ay! It's verra cheap a've nae doot, but a'm no go'n tae tak it."



Bat and Bawl.

THE MOON



First annual excursion of the Boer Old Boys' Association to Potchefstroomsdriftsnekkopjefontein. The Mayor reads the address of welcome.

Latter Day Legends.

THE MEETING OF THE YELLOW MEN.

"**B**EHOLD there is within our land a strange man from the region of the East, even near unto far Cathay," quoth the mighty man of the great journal.

And straightway he sent unto Ching Tung a reporter who was skilled in the art of handing out conundrums to noted people about the wages they paid their maid servant, and if they borrowed much money from their man servant, and what kind of wash their sisters bleached their hair with.

In his youth they called his name Aleck, but now many who knew him well called his name Mud. He boasted that he had been kicked in seven languages and thrown down stairs by all the great men of the day.

Aleck hastened unto the presence of the new representative of the Chinese Emperor's mother-in-law.

Now, Ching Tung was a man with a winning smile, but he used the same smile whether he was winning or not. For was he not rich in rice, clothed in Confucian philosophy and chubby with much chop suey? Ching Tung was a sport.

When Aleck appeared before him, Ching Tung asked him if newspapers were printed with ink or glue.

When the reporter had answered, Ching asked him if all Americans swelled up through their hair, like mushrooms in a mossy meadow, or if they just wore their hair off getting up against the real thing.

He asked if reporters stole their clothes ready made, or only stole the money to buy them with.

He wanted to know why the New Yorkers trimmed their copper with brass by putting buttons on their policemen.

He asked if they put such big mirrors in all their bar rooms to make the drunkards reflect, or only because their customers were never satisfied until they could see double.

He asked the gentle scribe if he used glasses as a brace



to keep his nose from growing any more crooked, or only because he was cross-eyed; if he was so lean because his paper didn't pay him a sufficient number of yen per to feed full, or if he lost his money playing poker.

He asked him if his wife was as ugly as he was, and if she supported him entirely, or if her parents helped her out on the job.

Then the eighth hour of the day having arrived, the bell for the evening meal tintillated sweetly. Ching Tung shook hands with himself, and told the reporter to be sure and come next day, as there were a whole lot more things he wanted to know, and they could have another good time together.

Thus it was that His Celestial Majesty's new representative to the United States was deeply impressed with the kindness and courtesy of the papers, which send nice talky men around to give information to visitors.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.



The Blues.

What with nothing to wear and nothing to do,
And no where to go but out;
And no one to talk to the whole day through,
And nothing to talk about.
And nothing to eat that is tempting and sweet,
And no where to rest where its cool;
And someone else sitting on my favorite seat,
Where I always sit as a rule.
And actually someone else reading my book
That I was so interested in,
And my marker deliberately out of it took,
So all over I'll have to begin!
Although I suppose I could sit down and play,
The piano is all out of tune;
As for finding a piece that "I feel like" to-day,
I might as well cry for the moon!
My hair's coming down and needs "doing" again,
Some ironing has to be done;
But from these things just now I will refrain,
Warm work in the summer I shun.
I might as well tell you each one of my woes—
The minute details of the blues;
For I'm blue from the crown of my head to my toes,
From the tip of my hat to my shoes!
I feel "mad" at myself; I feel "mad" at my friends;
I can't "bear" anybody I know;
And when this most miserable, crazy, fit ends,
There'll be several "gods" in a row
For whom I would do anything just to please,
Tho' to think of it now makes me "mad,"
I feel foolish, and ugly, and quite ill at ease,
But I'm not the least particle sad.
To be lonely or sad would be quite a relief,
For then I'd find something to do;
The feeling I have will most likely be brief,
While it lasts, though, I'm "properly blue"!

—H. K. D.





First Friend: "Old Jack Notherglass is drunk again, poor fellow. Trying to drown sorrow, I suppose."
 Second Friend: "Well, if he hasn't succeeded, sorrow must be swimming."

Brief Biographies.—No. V.

SAM SMILES, JR.

DAVID BOYLE was the son of his father, and was born in Greenock, Scotland, in the forties. His father came over from Ireland after Wm, the Conqueror—long after. D. B. says that Wm. the C. did not come over from Ireland, but we know better. He crossed the Boyne in an orange boat and so became Prince of Orange. David Boyle is curator of the Canadian Institute, but, if you take a look over his human remains, you will decide with us that he is not much of a curator. Not one of his Indian skulls has been properly cured. They are all degrees of brownness, mouldiness and rottenness, and while he boasts of his being an educational institution, not one of his Indian skulls can speak English. He shows skulls that are brachycephalic—wide headed—and others dolicocephalic—long headed. D. B. beats the Indians both ways on skull measurements. He has been dolicocephalic enough to secure the appointment to the mustiest, dustiest, dolefullest and softest job in the gift of a petrified, mummified government, and is brachycephalic enough to hold down his job. We looked over his lot of pipes that he claimed were very rare and found that he had several gross of them, and not an up-to-date pipe in the lot.

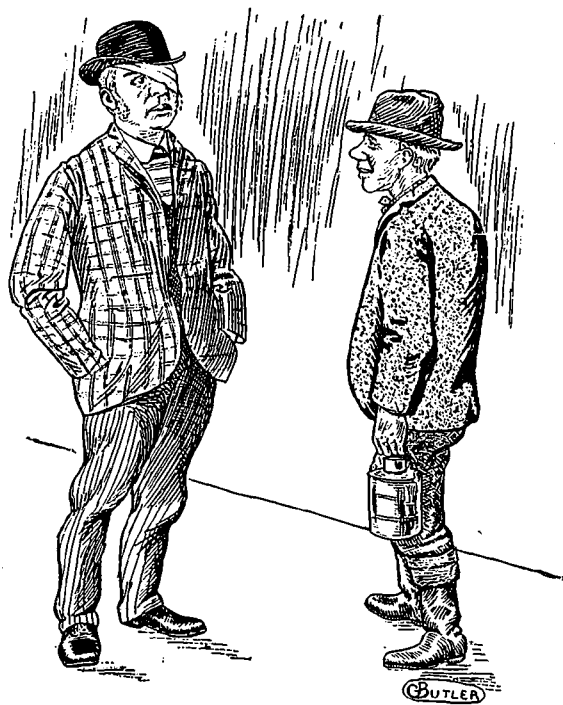
The subject of our sketch began adult life as a farmer; as he deteriorated with age he became a blacksmith, and as virtue oozed and natural depravity developed, he became a teacher of a public school, and was always able to demonstrate to enquiring youths that the birch was mightier than the pen. One of his strong points is his very natural pride in, and use of, good grammar. Were you a cabinet minister or an imported duke the redoubtable padagogue would not hesitate to correct your pronunciation or spelling, "that he may be seen of men." Anyone unfortunate enough to make his acquaintance will have it impressed upon them that the curator is

Scotch, and is not ashamed of it; even boasting of it on occasion in the most unblushing manner.

D. B. is very sardonic, and is said to be passionately fond of sardines, tho' not as great an authority on fish as in his offshal capacity he might imagine.

When at his office Mr. Boyle's chief occupation is sitting around and smoking a villianous pipe and looking wise—which is easy—or keeping from talking his visitor to death, which is not so easy. We are told that he can give you the date of death, the age, sex, name and occupation of every skull in his possession. We doubted the last feat until he proved that each skull on his shelves had occupied a certain grave, and had been unearthed by himself. He is the champion grave robber of North America. He was only worsted once, though he thinks himself all wool. He fought Gage on the school book question, and stumped the province to prove Gage wrong. Gage won, not because he—Gage—knew more of the business in hand than Boyle, but because Mr. Boyle knew less. He wished afterwards he had not engaged in the enterprise.

When old ladies visit the museum Mr. Boyle shakes hands with them through a well-built edition of the true and only trysting stone, and 't is said he is having a genuine blarney stone built for his use when shaking hands with ladies who are not old.



Sympathy.

"Me wife sthruck me wid an iron."
 "Did she sthroike while th' iron was hot."



An Ordinary Hoboe.

(With apologies to R. K.)

He's a grimy, dusty beggar,
But he makes his annual call;
So, reluctantly, we take him as
we find him,
While we quickly loose the
watch-dog,
And eject him from the hall,
'Ere he leaves a lot of little
things behind him.

—P. J.

Raw Onions.

When gentle springtime fills the air
With odors sweet from flowers rare,
What perfume most of all "gets there?"
Raw onions!

What odor more than any other
Sticketh closer than a brother?
Beats the love of any mother?
Raw onions!

When in the crowded church at prayer
You kneel beside some brother there,
What makes you wish for purer air?
Raw onions!

When one makes love to some sweet miss,
What is it robs it of its bliss?
What spoils the flavor of the kiss?
Raw onions!

If we would of it's terrors cheat
Each onion breath with which we meet,
We all must buckle to and eat
Raw onions!

—MALCOLM J. MCCARTHY.

A Delicate Subject.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Moonshine is said to be helpful in some diseases. I am in poor health, sometimes flushed and flabby, sometimes thin and care worn and always suffering from indigestion. What will help me?"

Answer: Our medical department is out of joint; the manager having gone out to see a man and having the bad fortune to see two. We can therefore do nothing, but we would recommend that you peruse the following testimonial from a one time sufferer. The matter came to

our notice through an agent of the company interested having sought to make an advertising contract with THE MOON:

LILAC-BUSH P.O., Aug 1st, 1902.

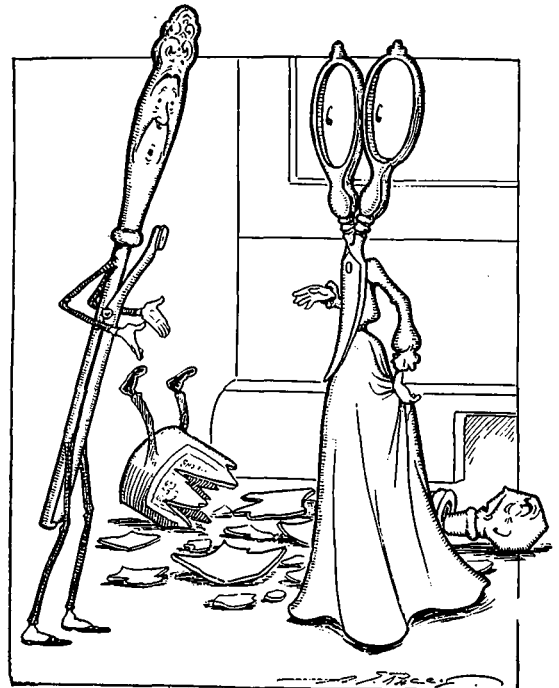
TO THE LIFE-FORGED-CHIP-CEREAL FOOD COMPANY,
Buttermilk Crick, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: I wish to offer you my heartfelt thanks for the great benefits, both to health and pocket, that your preparations have conferred on me. Last summer I had a gone feeling and was so reduced down I could scarcely walk. I consulted a physician of note who, after a diagnosis, told me that I was suffering from contraction of the liver, enlargement of the spleen, Bright's disease of the kidneys, enlargement of the heart, incipient paresis, tuberculosis of the bowels, and persistent inflammation of the appendicitis. With care I might live three weeks. My weight was then 81 pounds. I was desperate and determined to live, if possible. I heard of your life foods and determined to try some. I bought a 1 lb. package and used it in two days. I found that I had gained 2 pounds in weight. I bought 1 dozen and found in three weeks, and using no other food, that I had gained 36 pounds. I bought 2 dozen more and at the end of six weeks I had gained 84 pounds more. I now weighed 203 lbs, which was 50 lbs. more than I had ever weighed before. I now decided to stop taking your foods, but I went on gaining flesh for a month, and had to take some anti-fat to keep from going 300 lbs.

I got a new idea. I had a lot of hogs that didn't seem to get on: always lean and hungry. I got a case of your foods, and with 1000 lbs. of the stuff put 1000 lbs. of pork on the lot in three weeks. As your food cost me 15c. per lb., the pork cost me 15 cents. I lost on the food, but I made on the pork. I talked to your agent about it and he said, "You don't need the labels and the hogs don't care for advertising. Why not go to the mill, for it would then cost you about 50c. per hundred." I got my last lot there and am now feeding it to all my stock, and consider it good food for stock *if it can be got at the right price.*

Mrs. Gushley: "Don't you think mankind is improving?"

Cynicus: "Yes, indeed. All men now have opinions, and a day may come when some of them may acquire knowledge."



Miss Scissors: "Dear me! Why did poor Mr. Perfume Bottle commit suicide?"

Mr. Curling Tong: "Because he didn't have a scent left."



"If I could be whate'er I would,
What do you think I'd be?
Only a puppy, so that I
Might always follow thee."

Wide flashed her eyes in cold surprise,
She turned and said "I vow
I think it foolishness to wish
To be what you are now."

—H.

"The Premier Manufacturing Co., Toronto."

WE had just noticed this on a wagon perambulating the street, when we turned a corner and came face to face with J. Pliny Whitney, Esq., M.P.P. After greetings, and his asking us when we thought we'd be full, and our answering that if the subscription list kept swelling for another month as it had done in the previous one, we would be in a position to be full every day, we indicated the wagon and remarked that it was a great scheme. J. Pliny said probably it was, personally he did not know nor cared aught of such sordid matters as advertising.

We said we referred not to the advertising but to the manufacturing; how handy to have a shop where we could send a crippled premier to be re-bushed, re-brained or re-instated, or if the framework was not worth it, have a new premier made of good metal or wood that might last a generation.

The leader of the Opposition gave us such a stentorian glance of scorn as froze the levity in our liver.

"I will admit," he said, "that a premier of cast metal would possess merits above the present incumbent, but the trouble in the past has been that they have lasted too long. I cannot recall the case of a single premier of this province who did not outlast his usefulness. Of course a majority—no, Ross has not a majority. Would I? I have the popular majority now. Don't count on a switched majority. The people are with us. Who said I was in town now with a view to look up and

consult about forming a cabinet? Oh, you MOON people are too knowing. We are not prepared to make our plans known to friends of the Ross Government. Oh, you needn't try to look indignant. The last so-called independent satirical illustrated published in Toronto, was nothing but a Grit heeler, so we are suspicious of the breed, of course you touched up Sir Wilfrid in your last issue, but if you want to be independent you must hit the Grits hard. The last was too mild and no more than the truth. Premier manufacturing indeed! No doubt it has been the way in the past, but a new order of things is at hand, when premiers will not be manufactured, but born, and now, my little man," stooping and placing his hand on our head, "Be independent and you will be successful."

Examination Papers in Cram University.

ANSWERS. A precedent is an adverb or word going before a noun to show the extent of its meaning. Example: John struck Billy. Struck is an adverb showing what John meant.

Syntax is knowing how to rite and spel well.

Etymology is the study of bugs.

Biology is to think of two things at once. From bi, twice.

"E pluribus unum" is a French motto which means "Evil be to the thinker of evil," and is put on all army contracts.

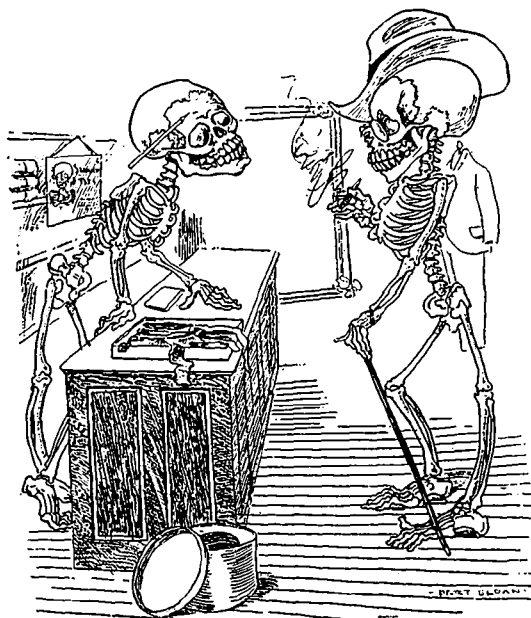
"Dieu et mon droit" is a motto for all soldiers, and is Greek for "Devil take me if I get scared."

Erebus was a old Greek theological dog and carried sticks for Charon.

Jack: "Don't you think that May looks good enough to eat?"

Belle: "Not quite. She looks to me to be only half-baked."

Every man has his price and every woman her temptation.



"Well sir?"

"I want to get a stand-up, turn-down collar-bone, please."



"POLICEMAN FLYNN," by Elliott Flower, 300 pp. and 12 illustrations, some of them good enough for THE MOON. Toronto: Copp, Clarke Co. This is a very readable book, if you have nothing else to read. The policeman is something of a philosopher as well as a humorist. Here is a good sample of the book:

HE IS WORRIED BY POLITICIANS.

"There do be three gr-grades iv liars," said Policeman Flynn, in a burst of confidence, to his wife.

"To which iv thim do ye belong, Barney?" she inquired solicitously.

"G'wan, now!" retorted Policeman Flynn. "Ye'll be provokin' me to thry to sell ye to a comic pa-aper, ye will that. 'Tis no joke I'm tellin' ye. There do be three gr-grades iv liars in this wor-rl'd. First ye have th' common liar, an' 'tis easy carin' f'r him. Nixt ye have th' artistic liar, who can dhress a lie up to ray-simble th' truth, so 's ye have to look f'r th' shtraw-berry ma-ark on th' lift ar-run to tell which is th' other. An' thim ye have th' politician, th' gr-reatest liar iv thim all."

This last remark does not refer, as some may suppose, to the Ontario Government; but just to the ordinary New York politician. —ED.

"THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE," by Emmerson Hough; Toronto: McLeod & Allen; is a novel 7¾ inches long, by 5½ inches wide, by 1 inch thick. It contains between four and five hundred pages, and six good illustrations. The weight of the book is a little over a pound, so that the literary taste of Canadians will be satisfied to the full. We understand that the publishers of the book are selling about half-a-ton of it a day. This is another strong point in its favor.

N.B.—By the way, we may say that the text of "The Mississippi Bubble" is as good as anything else on the market.

Not worth a cent—An English farthing.

When fisherman meets fisherman then comes the string of lies.

Some Little Things.

Little drinks of whiskey,
Little drams of gin,
Make a man feel tipsy
And his head to swim.

Little cups of ice-cream,
At a church bazaar,
Make a dollar bill seem
Scarcely up to par.

Little sheets of paper,
Little drops of ink,
Make a modern writer,
Many people think.

—P. J.

Mrs. Subbubs: "Do you find that these electric fans coul the rooms?"

Mrs. Lonelylots: "No, but they make such a noise we can't hear the mosquitoes."

Irish Father (with commercial aspirations for his son):
"Yis, me bhoy is going in fur booziness."

Visitor (watching door of saloon opposite): "Just so! I can see him going in now."



Mr. Jackson: "Say, dah, Sam Johnsin', what you got in dat yar bag?"

Mr. Johnson: "Ah got cheekins, an' if yo' guess how many dar is I'll give yeh dem bof."

Mr. Jackson: "Dar's two."

Mr. Johnson: "Aw shaw, some one must a tole yeh."

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