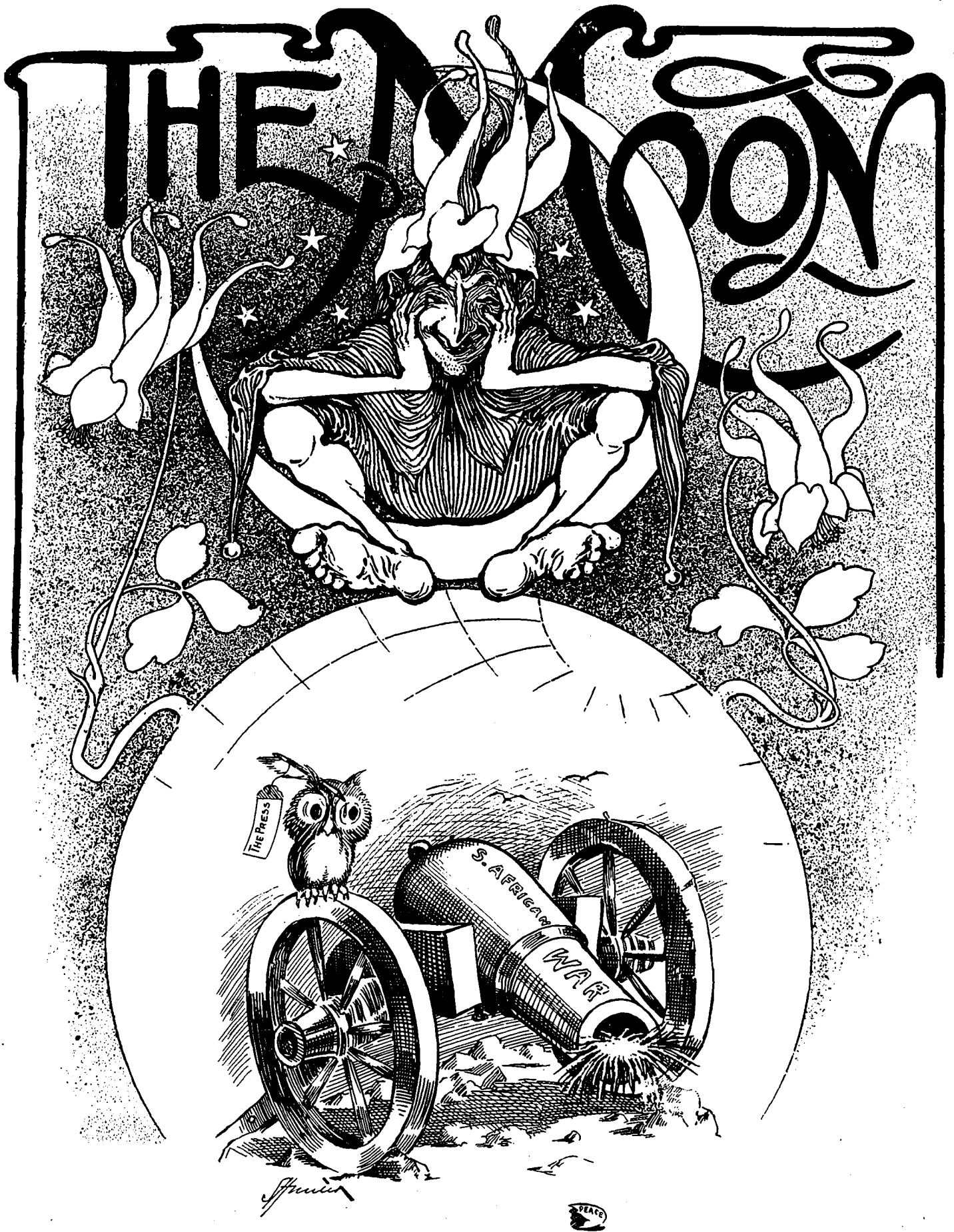


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MINERVA, THE OWL: "Well, our white-winged friend, the dove of Peace, has actually hatched her

The Empire of Business

By ANDREW CARNEGIE

If there is any one man who typifies the successful American man of affairs in the fullest and best sense it is Mr. Carnegie. The author's direct style and felicity of phrase are well known; in this volume he talks of matters in which he has shown himself one of our most masterful figures. Among the subjects covered are:

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The Manchester School and Today

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The Common Interest of Labor and Capital

What Would I Do with the Tariff?

With frontispiece portrait.



Watch for it



The Moon



Is this not the wrong official to make these discoveries?

"Husband," said the new woman on her return from Change, "We are ruined. •I was completely wiped out ; nothing is left."

"Never mind, my dear," he replied, "I won ten sets at ping-pong."

"The best speaker in Canada," "The finest orator who ever delivered a political oration," "The greatest son this province has produced," "The most eloquent public man that has ever appeared on a political platform, or any other kind of platform in Canada," is now convinced respecting the number of votes as well as of beans required to make four.

"I have the greatest scheme in the world," said Colonel Sellers.

"Yes!" said his intended victim.

"Yes, sir, the greatest in the world. We form a company of only a million dollars capital, and manufacture butterine."

"Pshaw! that's old as the hills!"

"Yes—old butter; but wait." (An anxious pause.) Promoter resumes: "We make the butterine; we mix one pound of it with one ounce of hair—and we have the real thing—the finest table butter!"

"Eureka! We have struck it!"

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

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JUNE 4, 1902.

No. 2

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No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

AT LAST.

The peace that had been so long expected, and which was suddenly announced on Sunday last, failed to arouse the wild enthusiasm that many looked forward to. With becoming dignity the people of Canada conducted themselves. By so behaving we have disappointed our envious detractors across our southern boundary. They had prophesied that we should go wild with delight! Imagine the British nation making itself undignified merely because it has carried one of its wars to a successful conclusion! We are used to victories; we expect them. We are glad that peace has come, but we know when to carry ourselves seriously. The closing scene of a great tragedy is not a thing to be received with loud huzzas.

To one clause only of the treaty of peace we object. Great Britain is making the same mistake in South Africa that she made in Canada, that is the mistake of recognizing two languages. The Boers may speak in either English or Dutch. In the past they have given little evidence of good taste; we do not doubt which they will choose.

The poor, little T. Eaton Company has discovered that it cannot afford to live up to the Printers' Union scale; so it finds itself with a nice, comfortable strike on its hands. No doubt Mr. Eaton is right in his contention that printers are entitled to no more respect than the girls that he employs at starvation wages. Go right ahead, Mr. Eaton. Preach the gospel of generosity; give a few dollars to charity (whenever it is good advertising); but make your employees work! What consideration can they expect? What right have they to it? Absolutely none! So continue to grind them—but, don't forget to preach benevolence.

Speaking of the book ring, the other night, Mr. Ross said: "Just fancy the Methodist Book Room being in a 'ring'! I leave Mr. Whitney to fight that out with Dr. Briggs and Dr. Potts and the great Methodist Conference; and if the Methodist Book Room is in the ring, then I think there will be a stampede from the Methodist to the Presbyterian Church, to which I belong!"

Haw! Haw! Even the horse laughed. The idea of the Methodist Book Room's not making money when it gets the chance is too, too good! Haw! Haw! Without doubt, Ross is a humorist.

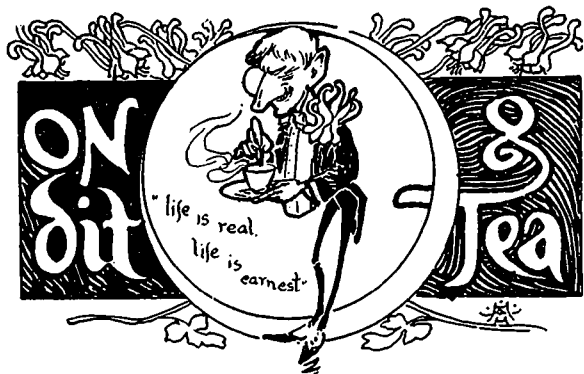
We beg leave to acquaint the public with a fact of which few seem to be aware, i.e.: That on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1902, in the Province of Ontario, a general election took place. On first thought one might think it strange that so important an event could occur without the news becoming widely known; but, taking the result into consideration, all cause for wonder vanishes. It would seem that there were two parties in Ontario—there are two, yet, by the way—and that neither party had a policy. But, as it was time for an election—in fact, the time was past—they held one merely to see which party would get the right to sell subsidies. The result is not definitely known, but it looks as if both parties had been defeated. No doubt the public is sick of them both.

Ontario is about to find herself in a mighty awkward position if she does not drop her stubborn indifference and move on. Like one of David Harum's famous horses, she stands still and chews the bit. Ross and Whitney both sit in the buggy and coax and shout to no purpose. Not a step will she move, forward or backward. And here is where her trouble will come in.

Mr. Ross is becoming disgusted. He will crawl out from under the saddle of the war horse, and leave the Provincial ship of State to plow its furrow with no one but Whitney to direct its footsteps through the needle's eye. Then the metaphorical Ross will give Sir Wilfred a seat in the British House of Lords—and Ontario may go to——Whitney!

What? Ross has not the giving of seats in the House of Lords? Nonsense! Ross can do anything. If you don't believe us, ask Mr. Ross. We stake our reputation on his answer.

Though many have tried, no one has yet been able to corner the wild oat market.



The London *Times* says that the King and Queen attended a performance of "Sapho" the other evening. How naughty!

Mrs. Angus McWhirter, wife of "Donald," well-known as a stevedore on Church wharf, is living *en pension*, with Mrs. Murphy on Terauley street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovead have given up their beautiful home in St. John's ward for the summer, and are now *in punchin'* in a large stone house in Kingston.

At Mrs. Jack Init's dance the other night, Mr. Willie Comeon, Mr. Fred Boroughs and Mr. Tommy Rott, are said to have flirted with three of our prettiest girls quite amusingly.

Lovely, adorable, gorgeous, superb, charming, delightful, beautiful, chic, stunning, delicious, dashing—my word! Stir in the names till the mixture is thick—and you have that emetic known as the "Social Column."

The street railways of Canada are adopting the practice of similar companies in Europe, where they have two styles of transfer slips: One for the common herd, and another, marked "Trawnsfer," for the other creatures, who can't pronounce it vulgarly—because they chew gum, we suppose.

"The gown described in this column Monday morning as worn by Mrs. Patterson, of Embro, at the Woodbine, on Victoria Day, was the toilette adopted for the occasion by Mrs. Hugh Guthrie, of Guelph, who is the guest of Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones. Mrs. Patterson was not present."—*Toronto Mail*.

Now, would not that disgust even a healthy jack-ass? Ugh, Ugh! How sickening!

Mrs. Saffron-Head entertained the Peroxide Club at a yellow tea on Saturday last. The flowers used in the decorations were dandelions and yellow iris, and the tea was taken through straws. The effect was quite *kerslop*.

"These men with circulars should be banished," said the Undertaker, drawing from his pocket a little folder. "They walk into any place they can get into, just as if they had the right. The other day I was showing some caskei. to a customer, when he stooped and picked this out of one. Here it is; just read it!"

I took it and read: "Dear Sir: The time is now at hand when the fact that you need ice will be impressed upon your mind. We deliver ice everywhere, and at all hours. Order at once and so save yourself inconvenience from the heat. Yours resp'tly, The South Pole Ice Co., Limited."

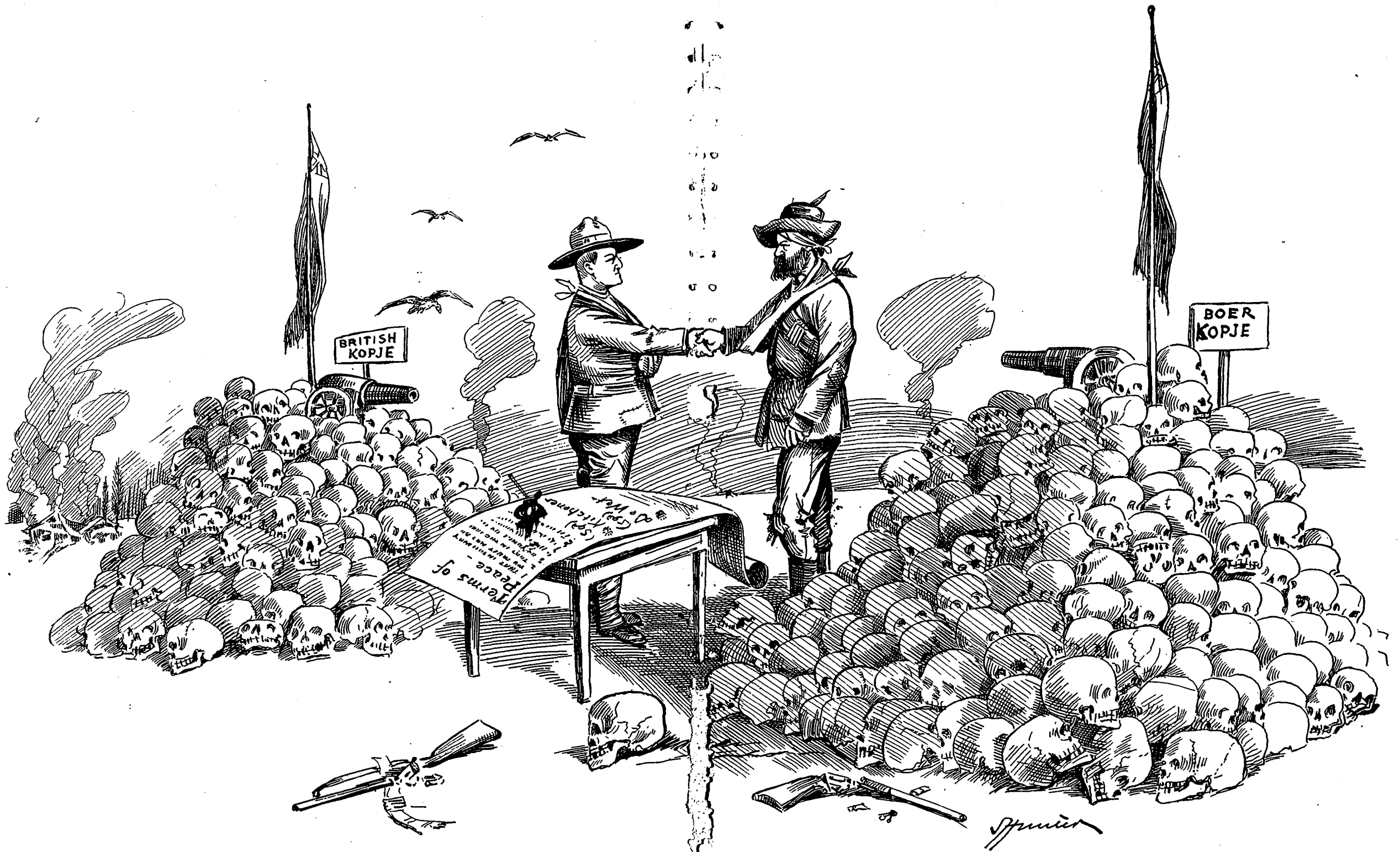


NOT A MENTAL TROUBLE.

Uncle Jacksing: "Yo' say dat Eph Snowball am dead from too much head work. Did hees mind gib way?"

Mr. Toots: "No sah, dat niggah hed er buttin' contes' wid Squire Jones' prize ram—and hees neck gib way."

AT LAST



BRITISH PRIVATE TO BOER PRIVATE: "Possibly if we who did the fighting and suffered most had done the signing too, it wouldn't have been delayed so long."



NOT OUT OF DANGER YET.

MR. ROSS: My, but that was a fierce eruption. I thought that volcano was extinct.

NOTICE.

THE MOON is published with the object of supplying Canadian readers with satire and humor dealing as much as possible with Canadian subjects. For some years past, those persons who read publications of this nature have been forced to buy the comic papers of the United States, and these, while unsurpassed in broad humor, are so intensely "American" that they are always objectionable, and often decidedly offensive, to any patriotic Canadian.

To the patriotic Canadian, then, THE MOON respectfully presents herself and expresses her assurance that she shall never intentionally offend. At the same time she begs leave to request that she be given a standing invitation to call regularly and discuss the rights, the wrongs, the foibles, of this Canada of ours, and, perhaps, muster up enough humor to have a quiet laugh, without being under an obligation to Uncle Sam for it.

Please put your name and address in the application form below and send it—with two dollars—to the address given, and you shall receive THE MOON once a week for FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

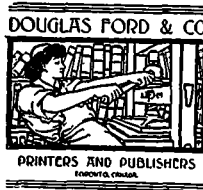
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