

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

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LATEST information from South Africa shows a restored public confidence and trade revival which augurs well for the future of that country. But who, think you, are reaping the benefit of this altered and much to be desired condition of things? Is it Mr. Bull or his Boys who brought it about—and at so terrible a cost? No. There were conspicuously two gentlemen who stood afar off and mocked and called vile names while that road to Peace and Prosperity was being pushed through and the rocks removed. Their names were Jonathan and Fritz. And to-day, thanks to that benevolent old Free Trader who has constituted himself roadmaker to the world, they, Jonathan and Fritz, unhampered by tariff or toll gate, are reaping the benefit.

It is magnificent—but is it business? Is it fair to the British tax-payer, or is it likely to fire the Boys with any wild enthusiasm for future road work.

THE most active man in the Dominion Cabinet at present is our volatile, title-less, but up-to-date compatriot Tarte.

The way in which he buzzes about with his dredge the “J. Israel,” and says things and does things is a perpetual joy and surprise.

But then Tarte always was a surprise. He was, we believe originally a “bolt” from the “Bleu.”

THE refusal of our leading party papers to pass over or condone the late ballot thieving and election debauchery, and their straightforward denunciation of the same, may be considered as “one of the hopeful signs of the times.” The manly acknowledgment of the *Globe* that the party (Tory party) has done those things which it ought not to have done and left undone considerable that it should have done, together with the *Mail's* frank and sorrowful admission that many elections were shamelessly stolen by the party (Grit party) and that too many Grits are still out of jail, are cases in point.

Let us thank heaven for a pure and fearless press.

MISDEAL, is the term to apply to the recent Ontario elections. Mr. Ross shuffled the cards—some are so low as to say that he stacked them—and dealt them; but the game, by some mischance, was blocked. Now the only thing that is left for a man of Mr. Ross's sensitiveness is to call for a new deal. We may therefore expect to see in the papers any morning that fresh general elections will be held in the immediate future. In fact, even now the sensational Tory press is openly stating that the elections will, most assuredly, be held. Of course it is absurd for the Tories to make any such positive statements, for how can they know anything of the government of the country?

Of course there is one difficulty in the way of a new election, *i.e.*, Sir Oliver Mowat. It was reported yesterday that he was in sympathy with the Ross government. Very well! but tomorrow he is likely to be a staunch Tory. Who can tell what Sir Oliver will do at any moment? Even the strong minded Sam Blake had a bad “turn.”

Then, again, what would happen if the new elections should result in another dead-lock? What could Mr. Ross then do but hold yet another election, and so on *ad infinitum*? In the meantime who would govern the country? Who else but Sir Oliver? But, ah! Sir Oliver, you know—. Yes, yes, to be sure, we know! Poor Ontario is a laughingstock already.

LAST week the editors of the Toronto daily papers made the startling discovery that George N. Morang & Company had placed a long, three-column advertisement in their sheets—beg pardon, papers! In their hysterical excitement they seized pens and screamed—letterly of course—that Morang & Co. had produced a most wonderful set of books.

Now, if the books themselves had been sent to each of these papers, they would not have attracted much attention—possibly none. But a three column ad., which runs three-quarters of the way down the page, is suddenly thrust under an editor's nose; how can he refrain from starting? And when an editor is once startled, the only means that he has at his disposal for relieving his nerves of their overload of vibrations is flowing ink.

Some prying persons have wondered and surmised what could have made the press so unanimous in their praise of a geography that looks like an arithmetic. These persons should be suppressed. Are they so small-minded as to suppose that Morang & Co. would be so mean as not to assist these hard-working writers? Surely not, when they have their literary factory running in full blast, and the dog-days on hand! To be sure the editorials were all alike; but why not?

Judge Tallbrow: “Isn't Judge Snooper very lenient to automobilists.”

Judge Strait-tip: “Of course. He is trying to butt into society.”

Everything in THE MOON is original. There are no stealings