

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

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THE retirement of Mr. Willison from the editorial chair of the *Globe* is a matter of more than local interest, for it may be taken as one of the straws that show how the wind that has wafted Messrs. Laurier and Ross along, blows—in fact, it may show us how it is ceasing to blow. Whether Mr. Willison's resignation was or was not caused by his disapproval of the ways and means of the Grits, it will exert a powerful moral (or immoral) influence in favor of the Tories. The retirement of the editor-in-chief of the leading Liberal organ at so critical a time can not but be taken by a large part of the public as evidence of the editor's lack of faith in the Governments that he has been called upon, heretofore, to support.

Besides the political side of the move, there is the journalistic side, which is of much more importance. It is said that Mr. Willison intends to take the editorship of a new morning newspaper in Toronto, which journal will be financed by Mr. Flavelle. If this report be true, it means that we shall soon see a Toronto daily that will be a complete novelty in the field of journalism. Mr. Flavelle can not be expected to finance a paper that will not be a model of morality, reliability and philanthropy (the salaries paid the staff will be very large—quite equal to those paid in a departmental store). We shall find in the new paper's columns no reports of ungentlemanly sports, no police-court news, no obscene advertisements. We shall, however, expect to read the truth concerning politics—mighty scant reading, it seems to us.

Will not this be a shock to the newspaper readers of Toronto? Think of a daily paper that dares to tell the truth, without fear or hope of favor! THE MOON is continually getting into hot water for telling about half of the truth; what would its life be worth if it ever tried to tell it all?

The name of the new paper will be the *Antidote*, or the *Corrective*, or the *Spasmodic*, it is said. We sincerely hope that it will not be the *Opiate* or the *Astrin-*

*gent*, for we have other dailies that are entitled, through long establishment and constant practice, to either, or, for that matter, to both of these titles. We should not like to see Mr. Willison start out with a High Court suit for infringement of established rights on his hands.

A FEW months ago, a young man named Larkin stole a bag, containing \$500 in gold, from the Toronto Customs House. After a good deal of ado, he was sentenced to the Central Prison. About the same time a young fellow stole a letter containing a dollar or two from one of the Toronto Branch Post Offices. He was promptly sent to the Penitentiary at Kingston. The other day, after serving out about a quarter of his time, Larkin was given his liberty. The other young fellow is still doing time.

Larkin was not sick, and, it is stated, was not particularly well-behaved whilst in prison, but there must have been some reason for the action of the Government in his case. THE MOON is not particularly blood-thirsty. In fact, it is not by any means sure that there is so very much difference between the chaps that are in prison and those who are not. But THE MOON stands for an honest deal, and if Larkin stole \$500.00, and is entitled to pardon, why not the rest of THE MOON's friends, and particularly the young fellow that went down about the same time for stealing a letter?

Will Charlie Fitzpatrick, K.C., please explain?

IT is with pleasure that we read of Lord Roberts' refusal to pay five thousand dollars to the College of Heralds for the privilege of hanging his banner and shield in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. Lord Roberts is the first gentleman that has had the courage to refuse payment of whatever sum the college has seen fit to demand.

When the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army ended(?) the South African War, he was presented with a neat little purse of five hundred thousand dollars, and was made a Knight of the Garter. Naturally the College of Heralds decided that here was a good mark from whom they might extort a good round sum. They repainted his tin shield, gave it an extra coat of varnish, and presented their bill. They forgot, however, that they were dealing with a man that has, in his day, bought more than one gold brick. This time he refused to be buncoed. He has his garter on tight, is not afraid of losing his clothing, and is sure of getting some of the free advertising that Lord Wolsely cornered for so long, so he pins a medal on each pocket and refuses to deliver.

Why do not the friends of Mr. Ross suggest that he start a College of Heralds in Queen's Park? They would then not need to take up fifty thousand dollar subscriptions for that gentleman by means of begging.

Everything in THE MOON is original. There are no stealings.