

would have succeeded but for the incident alluded to, so apparently trifling in itself, and yet fraught with disaster to the best interests of progress and civilization. There is very little to tell about what happened. Puts, calls, options, shorts, longs, bulls, bears, reports, etc., were in full blast and a good season in prospect, but each of the operators had other work to attend to. One had a potato farm; another a mine; another a wood lot, and so on down the whole list. The man with the farm found that the bugs were growing faster than the potatoes; very naturally he wanted men to attend to the matter and tried to hire them. What do you think they wanted? They demanded as much cash in advance as the wheat operator expected to make out of his deals *and their living besides.* The other operators faring in like manner, they tried to get legislation to compel these labouring fellows to go to work. They got a bill rushed through and an injunction served on a leading workman, compelling him to go to work. The document was received with thanks; it was then cut into pieces for shades for young cabbage plants; a warrant for committal for contempt of court followed. The farmer received it also and taking off the red seal, stuck it on his stable door for his young son to shoot peas at while one of the girls took the blue paper itself for copy for "large hand" which she was trying to learn. The militia was then ordered out to compel order and respect but the seeds of treason were already growing. The soldiers said that if the farmers could ask so much for their work they should want that and more, for using murder-tools is more disagreeable work than killing bugs or cutting wood. The end came with a crash; each operator sold to some other large quantities of stuff, but as none of the farmers would give their crop except for value received, they had to look to each other for the returns. The potato farm man had to take his wheat gains in a promissory note which was made payable "three days after convenience." He settled his liabilities with a document of a like nature; they all mutually agreeing. As they had no goods and nothing that would take the place of goods, it was no use pushing each other too hard for payments.

The last effort to revive old commercial

methods was made by a man who had suffered from an electric shock and had lain in a state of coma for several years, during which period commercial decadence had set in. On regaining consciousness he found himself unfitted for active work and decided to sell out his goods and invest the proceeds in a savings bank. The protestations of his neighbours to the effect that money would not now increase in a bank were lost on him. He put it nearly all in and sat down to wait for the interest. His surprise was great to find that at the end of a year there was no increase; at the end of two years there was still no increase and some of the coin was getting tarnished while the bills were blue moulded. The last public record described him looking dazed and incredulous, while eking out an existence by cultivating carrots. What led to this sad state of things in Luna is taken from reminiscences in the *Daily Dodger* of the "good old times that were."

The history of the Lunatics B.H.S. (before the Holy Smothering) is but fragmentary and vague. A.H.S. (after the Holy Smothering), the outlines of what they said and did; how they lived and died; loved, hated—I regret to say that lacking the leavening influences of our Christianity, they were very implacable and cruel to all those that differed from them—feared, dug, spun, ate and drank, becomes more clear. About that time commerce and communication being in a backward state, a lack of more than local confidence engendered much strife and contention.

It was therefore then decided to stimulate patriotism by getting up a national flag that would be appropriate and suggestive. After a conference between the upper and lower classes a design was adopted and a very large sample hoisted at the capital amid tremendous cheering. The design displayed in the centre of a changeable field that always harmonized with the light, the figure of an ass with the head of an agriculturist. The animal was hitched to a gin-mill and walked the round of the track. On its back was a huge howdah, in which sat a lawyer, a legislator and a merchant engaged in a game apparently of the nature of draw poker; while a parson, straddled on its neck and asleep, acted as driver. A pole strapped to the howdah