

blunders have been committed which we trust it will not repeat; but, after all, we might go further and fare worse. The love of change for the sake of change is a symptom of fever and not of health, and even were the electorate afflicted with the malady, it is difficult to see which way it could turn for relief. The Opposition leaders are not yet skilled in the duties they have on hand, and it would be a pity, or rather a gross injustice, to put a premature stop to their education. They are yet in the early stages of their apprenticeship, and they must get a long way in advance of the chromo and canoe-couch stage of progress before they can be entrusted, as a body, with the administration of affairs. The Public Works Department is fair game for them, and the Finances may be so manipulated as to puzzle the public, who care very little about figures, and will not take the trouble to examine them. Figures are useful for the purpose of mystification, as any one who has hurled a shower of the ten digits at his opponent is aware and this Arabic warfare with the numerals may be serviceable to them, and is sure to worry Mr. Crooks.

There is, however, another aspect of the approaching elections, and it is not a party one. While Confederation was under discussion, some of its opponents prognosticated that the local legislature would be merely a sort of magnified County Council, aping legislative forms, but otherwise remarkable for nothing but feebleness and mediocrity. If we may judge by recent experience, these prophets ought to humble themselves before every municipal body in Ontario—the comparison is so obviously unjust. In the County Councils there are no parties; in the Legislature there are two—which accounts for the difference between them. The House is divided into Government and Opposition, Reform and Conservative. They are both parties of purity—the old, original one; the new, eager, and

captious one. Under one or other of these names they are now appealing to the people, and yet, though they were put to the torture, neither could indicate the slightest point of difference between them. They are both pure, both enlightened, both progressive, both enterprising, and both economical; but each is prepared to deny that the other possesses any of these estimable qualities. Neither of them has any distinctive policy—not a shred of principle it can claim as peculiarly its own. When they change sides, they change clothes, and both are as well fitted by the new suits as they were by the old. The actors exchange parts, but the play—whether tragedy, comedy, farce or burlesque—is the same. It is the old children's game of French and English over again, in which each party insists on enjoying occasionally the advantage of serving the country and receiving its pay. If a man whose abilities or eloquence would be of special service to his country, crosses the House, those he has left set upon him. Why? Because he has deserted his party, and the welfare of his party is of more importance than the welfare of his country. Therefore he is a traitor, and the government he has joined receives the terrible name of Coalition. We do not care to fill in the outlines of the picture; but if any one desires to learn what party government is, when parties have no *raison d'être*, let him study the debates of the last two sessions of the Ontario Parliament. The subject is not an attractive one, and we shall dwell on it no longer. What we desire to ask the people of Ontario is this—shall this state of things continue? The remedy is in their own hands. They have the power to shake loose the fetters of party; the power of choosing representatives of ability, of enlarged views, of sterling character, and of honourable and manly instincts, no matter by what political name they may be called. We are prepared to submit, for the present, to the party system as an evil which must be