

attitude of the Council. M. Joly acted as if sure of his men—and probably he was in his own unsuspecting mind; but subsequent events have proved that he had no substantial grounds for his confidence. The Hon. M. Chauveau, seeing the chance of a better and more permanent position, nobly sacrificed himself to the best interests of the Province by resigning his place in the Cabinet. The Hon. Mr. Ross, actuated by the same, or kindred motives, has also resigned, and now it looks as if M. Joly's position will soon be rendered untenable. The sooner an appeal is made to the people the better, and M. Joly should now go to the Lieut.-Governor and demand a dissolution of Parliament for that purpose. We want practical speech with those fifteen Councillors.

RUMOUR has it that if M. Joly were to request a dissolution it would be refused; that M. Chapleau or Dr. Ross will be sent for to form a new Ministry; that if the re-election of Ministers appear doubtful, the House will be adjourned, thus giving the new Government some eight months of grace, during which period much patronage would be judiciously dispensed, and the minds of many electors changed. But Dr. Robitaille's history, and the strictly fair and honourable course he is now pursuing, forbid the supposition that he would lend himself to any such disgraceful party tactics.

MOST observant men believe that neither party can carry on the Quebec Government. The Assembly is so equally divided that only an accident can bring about a change sufficient to allow one party to work well in spite of the others—and political accidents rarely produce permanent results in the preponderance of power. So that just so soon as the fifteen Councillors are brought to the mind of the people M. Joly should set about finding a place for some of the good men of the *Bleu* party. A really good and strong Government might then be found—one that would command the respect of the people; and M. Joly would be able to cut himself adrift from some very undesirable drags.

#### A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time three men entered into partnership to carry on an extensive business for creating public wants and letting contracts by wholesale. The work of the firm was divided thus: The business man, who should tell the people what they needed, let out contracts, decide how much should come back to the firm by way of commission, and transact all business in general. The second was to cultivate the clubs, and such popular resorts as street corners; his talents were to be allowed to run in the way of cigars, and dry sherry, and rings for pushing relatives: by common consent he was to know nothing of the business, but had to initial all contracts and cheques, just to show that he was a member of the firm. The third was a sleeping partner: his function was to dress well, dine the best class of customers, drive the firm-carriage, look after the interests of his friends in a sublime sort of way, read the circular sent out in the early part of the year, and sign the report at the close of it. For a time all went well, the firm doing much business, and each member behaving well unto himself and to a large circle of prospering friends. But it came to pass that the club-and-dry-sherry member of the firm took to finding fault with the member who did the work, because his (the club member's) friends were being neglected when contracts were given out; he remonstrated, and used hard words in an indiscriminating and promiscuous manner. But the business member of the firm held stoutly to it that his friends and relations did the work cheaper, and therefore it was to the interest of the firm that they should have the contracts. But the club member would not be persuaded, and being a partner he could not be ignored. So one day when business was good, and a lot of money had been allowed to accumulate in the safe for the purpose of paying the friends of the business member, and the office clerks, and sundry old servants who had used up their one talent and become "dead beat" in working for themselves—the irate club member of the firm seized a favourable opportunity, locked the safe, put the key in his pocket, and vaulting on to a high stool that stood by a desk, and pointing solemnly to the closed safe, said to the astonished business member of that firm: "Sir, how do you propose to put an end to that 'dead-lock'?" Whereupon that business member of the firm, stretching his weary limbs on a bench, and saying "This way," composed himself to rest; and the

sleeping partner, taking up a commanding position on the top of that closed safe, sang softly to himself:—

Othello once found his vocation gone,  
For he had no friends to lean upon:  
Letellier lost his official head,  
For his friends got a stroke which laid them dead;  
But my usefulness is increasing fast—  
My friends will be happy when this quarrel is past.

Moral the first: Never form a partnership with unreasonable men unless the law is on your side.

Moral the second: Fools can break a sound Constitution by racing it against a hill.

Moral the third: Never secure your Cabinet by a Nut-lock; for, unless the combination is in Safe hands, it will become a "dead-lock."

#### ENGLAND'S TROUBLES.

Poor and dear Old England seems to have troubles increasing on her hands every day. A little while ago we were cheered with the news that she had achieved "peace with honour," and although some of us felt that the "honour" was of a questionable kind, we had great hopes about the "peace" part of the programme. But not much quiet has fallen to her lot since then. Greece was unsatisfied with her frontier line, and is unsatisfied still; the Khedive of Egypt complicated matters between England and France; Cetewayo failed to see the philosophy of British annexation theories, as propounded by Sir Bartle Frere and applied to himself and his subject Zulus—brought his warriors out to defend his ideas and their homes—outnumbered the British army and outgeneralled Lord Chelmsford for many months, and although beaten at last is, by all accounts, not yet made harmless. And now, just as we had begun to hope and believe that freedom from foreign complications would enable British statesmen to turn their attention in an earnest, practical manner to home matters, the horrible tragedy in Afghanistan bursts upon us, opening up again, as it inevitably will, the whole question of England's relations to Russia in Central Asia.

NO sooner was the fearful mishap to Cavagnari and his body guard heard of than the English people, with their usual impetuosity, shouted for revenge. But it is a little humiliating, not to say disturbing, to find that before any punishment can be meted out to the fierce Afghans, England is notified that she "must have an understanding with Russia in regard to the measure of the satisfaction to be taken." That is to say, Russia intends to regulate the wrath of England, so that the Afghans must learn to regard Russia in the light of a protector, and England in the light of an oppressor. And England must submit to this dictation or fight Russia in alliance with Afghanistan. This would be a serious business. Russia has an enormous army, and would be fighting on a friendly soil, and the Afghans are no mean power. It is evident now that but for the assent of Russia, England would not have made such short and easy work of the Afghans. The pledge given to Russia, that Afghanistan once taken, the troops should be withdrawn from the territory, leaving only an Ambassador at Cabul with a small body guard, gave the English Ministers a temporary show of success, but now that the game is up, it will recoil upon them with crushing force. The compact served their turn for an hour, but now that it is at an end, a new one has to be made, or the quarrel fought out in hot blood. That there will be a fresh understanding is, of course, probable, but that it will put an end to the conservative Government is almost certain. I am disposed to agree with a writer in an American paper, who says:—"When England fully understands that the famous scientific frontier, of which she has heard so much, and which was to guarantee her against Russia in Asia, was obtained by a war, made under Russian sufferance, permission and patronage, as we may say, and that this war was waged and closed in conditions imposed by Russia, she will, perhaps, cease to regard the Earl of Beaconsfield as a politician who leads all Europe by the nose."

#### THE "POST" AND THE SARDINIAN.

According to a report in the *Montreal Post*, the Allan S.S. "Sardinian" had a very narrow escape a few days ago. Here is the thrilling way in which it is told:—

"THE SARDINIAN ALMOST ASHORE.—The dense fog which prevailed along the Canadian coast last Thursday, and to which the wreck of the S.S. Quebec is attributable, came near causing the loss of one of the noblest vessels which