

**The Quebec Deadlock.**

Life is short and the Resolutions of the Legislative Assembly against JOLY are long. Mr. GRIP takes the liberty of boiling them down for the benefit of his busy readers:

That an humble address, (very humble; it is humbleness gets over 'em) be presented to our chum, Lt. Governor ROUBAILLE, forwarding the following resolutions.

1. That JOLY is getting altogether too firm a hold on the affections of the people of Quebec.

2. That he has shewn his ability to give the Province good government, and to relieve it of many of its burdens.

3. That in the meantime Tory chances for enjoying the flesh pots are growing unpleasantly thin.

4. That it is contrary to Tory custom to be in the cold shades of Opposition.

5. That our accomplice CHAPLEAU and his colleagues in the Opposition, being men of little influence and much malice, have failed to make a good impression on the people.

6. That it is evident they can never unseat JOLY if left to themselves.

7. That we feel it our duty to give them a helping hand, expecting to share the plunder.

Therefore, this Legislative Council coolly ask you to dismiss the JOLY Government, and thereby, according to Tory doctrine recently belloved from every mouthpiece of our Party, perpetrate a constitutional outrage similar to that for which LETELLIER was decapitated.

**The Agricultural and Other Resources of Ontario.**

(From our own Special Commissioner.)

BARRIE, Aug. 26.

SIR,—You will at once perceive by the address of this communication that I am now conducting my enquiries in this vicinity. I found that the resources of Coboconk were not so extensive as I had anticipated, and therefore I deemed it expedient to extend my field of enquiry. With this object I left Coboconk early in the morning; in fact I left at day-light; and in order the better to make my enquiries, I left on foot. By a really remarkable instance of failure of memory, I forgot to return the black-cloth pants and the plug hat of my landlord, which he had so kindly lent me. This was most unfortunate, for as I travelled through the country I was sometimes mistaken for a burglar, and sometimes for a member of Parliament, and in either case my reception was not genial. Indeed, at one road-side hostelry, where I was suspected of being an M. P., I was ejected in a manner extremely humiliating. I may say painfully humiliating, and was quite unable to sit down for some hours. (Those pants need reseating). However I arrived on the second day at Barrie, a beautiful town, situated in a peculiarly favoured agricultural district, and with great resources still to be developed, where I was received most favourably.

One of the most remarkable resources of Barrie, especially in connection with the N. P.,—a resource which was largely developed at the elections last year, is Mr. DALTON MCCARTHY. In your interest, sir, I at once decided to interview that gentleman. On enquiry at his residence, a pleasant young man with an Irish accent and a slight fragrance of the sod, who holds office in the domestic arrangements of Mr. MCCARTHY, told me he was engaged.

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Remembering the careful manner in which the *Globe* and *Mail* commissioners had obtained information respecting the Vice-Royal party when at Niagara, I thought it desirable to speak in a kindly manner to the pleasant young man, and ultimately he accompanied me to a neighboring hotel. We smiled. The P. Y. M. after the third smile, informed me that Mr. MCCARTHY's sisters and cousins and aunts were also sisters and cousins and aunts of Sir JOHN's—that Sir JOHN was very anxious that D. McC. should join his little cabinet arrangement—that D. McC.'s respectability would supply an element not too largely found in the little arrangement;—that D. McC. had deemed it undesirable to enter the little arrangement inasmuch as the stupid and preposterous farmers around this place had changed their views about the N. P., and did not wish to be protected; that in consequence there might be electoral difficulties;—and finally the P. Y. M. remarked that it was very dry weather. I summoned the waiter, fresh smiles were introduced, but owing to your having omitted to send me remittances, I found it desirable to cut our interview short. I quietly but firmly absented myself. I fear that P. Y. M. had to discharge the bill, which is a very discreditable affair to yourself. You will send me those remittances at once, won't you? I subsequently learned that the P. Y. M. used bad and unscriptural language regarding myself, after I had left him, on which I was much pained. Send the remittance without delay.

As the recent regatta formed the only subject of general conversation in this town, I thought it desirable to ascertain the popular feeling with regard to Our Edward. Accordingly, though the process was most repulsive to myself, I visited the bars of the various hotels, and gathered from the people in their moments of relaxation, their opinions of the late race. At each bar a different opinion prevailed. The following reasons were assigned for the Champion's loss of the race:

1. Because he was out of training.
2. Because he ate too much pudding.
3. Because he drank too much beer.
4. Because he couldn't win.
5. Because his paternal responsibilities were too much for him.
6. Because he had read a tract on the subject of gambling and racing.
7. Because he didn't want to.
8. Because—at this period of the enquiry I was taken unwell, and my mind is too confused to remember what took place.

YOUR COMMISSIONER.

**The Doctors to the Telegram.**

O JACK, O pray don't take away  
Our innocent percentages.  
We all go in you know for tin,  
And "casual advantages."

"Dead-lock in Quebec!" read Mrs. PARTINGTON in the morning paper. "No more'n I expected," she exclaimed, "them members has been usin' their jaws altogether too much down there a tryin' to git JOLY out. Dead-lock is incurable too, I've been told."

The *Mail* book reviewer startles us by saying:

"Blackwood is fairly good, and none the worse that, at this season, there is no desperate outburst of old Toryism in it."

The *Mail* evidently knows what a bad thing "old Toryism" is for the hot weather. Why don't it have more mercy on its own readers, then?