

A BATCH OF LETTERS.

The following letters "mysteriously disappeared" from the post office the other day. We publish them in the hope that they may, perchance, meet the eye of their respective owners, who, no doubt, are anxiously awaiting their arrival. The letters can be obtained by calling at this office, proving property and paying for this advertisement:

DEAR BROTHER,—Yes, I think the course you are adopting in regard to the series of articles at present appearing in the *Globe* is the correct one. There is nothing like ridicule when you have no arguments at hand. I have on several occasions (as you possibly may have noticed), pursued a similar course in my speeches with admirable effect. I would suggest, however, that in dealing with such paltry matters as the "Boundary Award," the "Streams Bill," &c., you say as little as possible. These questions have to do with the rights and privileges of Ontario, and have not the remotest reference to the real question at issue, viz., "Mowat must go!"

Before closing I must again express my gratification at being able to so thoroughly control your editorial columns. It is certainly gratifying to find that amid the growing tendency of the press to independent thought and action, you at least have no desire to be other than the vehicle and mouthpiece of

Yours,

JNO. A. O'DONALD.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have been away from home for some days attending to my senatorial duties, and only received your post card this A. M.

I will endeavor, if possible, to be present at your 5th of November celebration. Bro. Clarke and myself will travel together, leaving here on the morning of the 5th. (Any little reception you may choose to give us will be fully appreciated). The editor of the *Evening News* is preparing, under my personal supervision, an elaborate drawing of the scene which took place under the British House of Commons upon that memorable morning. I might mention that this picture promises to be equal to any yet produced by this famous artist.

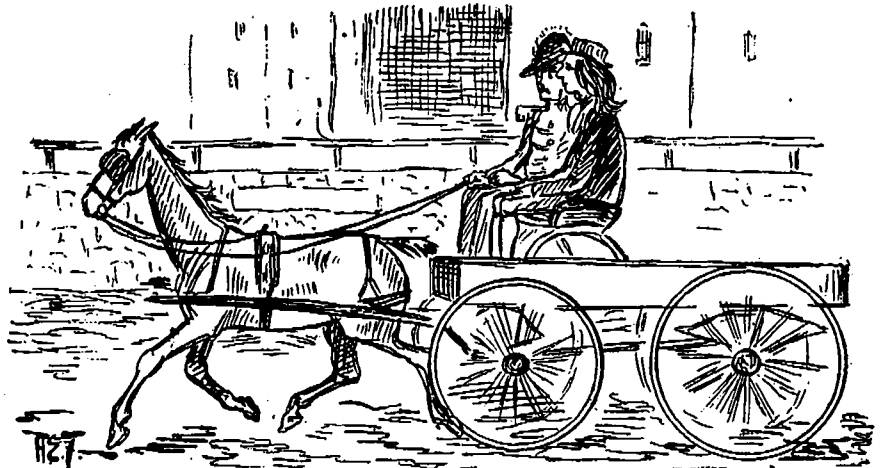
Yours fraternally,

JNO. MACDONALD.

DEAR BROTHER,—Allow me to thank you for your manly and disinterested defence of our beloved Scott. Some one remarked in my hearing the other day that possibly you might have political purposes to serve in thus vindicating the name of my gifted countryman. I was justly indignant at the base insinuation, and resented at once. The *Globe* stoop to be influenced by political motives? Never! As the discussion of this to me serious subject proceeds, it becomes more and more apparent that you are actuated by no other desire than that of sacredly defending the memory of one who has been maligned by the *Mail* for party purposes. I can fully appreciate the painful task you have undertaken. Your well-known love, admiration and esteem for the *Mail* must serve to make the duty of rebuking it all the more trying. But you have not allowed the ties of friendship and respect to hinder you in the path of duty. You have nobly discharged your obligations to Scotland's slandered genius, and, as you say, "can look back with complacency upon the discussion, fearless of results." Of course you can.

Yours thankfully,

COL. DELORNE.



OSCAR WILDE IN HALIFAX.

(His Actual Experience.)

MR. WILDE IS DRIVEN OUT TO GEN. SIR P. McDUGALL'S IN THE MILITARY SECRETARY'S "CARRIAGE."



THE TWO POLITICIANS.

Feargus Donald McIvor, you know, was a Grit, And Francois Labelle was the bluest of Blues, And night after night they would meet, and they'd sit, Propounding and quarrelling over their views.

"I admit we are prosperous, Mr. Labelle," McIvor would say, "and in that we agree; All people with eyes can see that very well, But it's all thanks to Providence—not the N.P."

"Ah, Monsieur McIvor," Labelle would reply, "I doubt not that Providence always is kind, But it only helps those who would honestly try To better themselves, as you always will find."

"While you were in power no hand did you stir,— In talk and talk only, you showed forth your zeal: Make Canada cheap—that's sufficient for her," You said, and then settled like flies on the wheel."

"You are right," Feargus Donald McIvor would say, "We certainly did all we could for the poor; They had luxuries then they can't think of to-day,— That I'm telling the truth you'll admit, I am sure."

So they'd sit and they'd argue for night after night; No symptoms of weariness either evinced; They both felt assured they were both in the right,— Of their soundness of argument both were convinced.

But as small drops of water will wear away stones, So arguments, used with decision and force, Must tell in the end—as this old pair of drons Found out—it was merely a matter of course.

For Feargus McIvor and Francois Labelle Respected each other too much to make light Of the other one's arguments; so it befel That they'd ponder them over when parting at night.

The consequence was that you'll find them to-day, Still arguing on—just for argument's sake— But Feargus McIvor sticks up for John A., And Francois Labelle's a supporter of Blake!

MORAL.

Partisan Politician, whose deep-rooted views Prevent you from serving our Canada well, Make you reddest of Rouges, or bluest of Blues— Think of Feargus McIvor and Francois Labelle.

CABINET CONVERSATION.

Private and confidential, as only stolen for GRIP at immense expense.

SIR CHARLES—What shall be done about the Ontario Local? The columns of the atrocious *Globe* reek with most infamous statements concerning the character of the Conservative party. They declare that Mowat must be sustained, because he would be succeeded by our friends, and that our friends would resemble us, and that we are—I cannot repeat it (*turns pale and sinks into a chair*).

SIR JOHN—My dear friend!—(aside—Confounded dear, too, some of his goings-on have cost us). My dearest friend! Take this (*pours him out a bumper*). Never fails.

SIR CHARLES—(Drinks and is revived). I now can say it. They accuse me of being—No, I can't—(*sinks back*).

SIR JOHN—(aside)—Hope the rascal has done something that will let me pitch him out! My dear fellow, do not be cast down. Rouse yourself. What rascally falsehoods are they circulating?

SIR CHARLES—(casting off weakness, rising and roaring)—They call ME corrupt! They declare that the excellent and patriotic arrangement with Ondonk was a swindle, and that the money obtained by the contractors went into the pockets of, for all they know, —, yes, Sir John. But I denounce their in-fa-m-y to the im-mor-tal u-ni-verse! (*strides up and down the room, and swings his fists, to the great danger of Sir John, who shrinks back*).

SIR JOHN—My esteemed friend (aside, —I wish our steamed friend below had him; he'd 'steam him)—never mind: it's not so bad. Hark in your ear. Listen to the old man. Don't want too great a reputation for purity just now.

SIR CHARLES—What! Do I hear a Minister of the Crown propose such a thing to me? To me? Do not want purity? Then, sir, you do not want ME!

SIR JOHN—(aside)—True, if I could only do without you. Now, I'll make his eyes twinkle.—Sir Charles, you know my affection for you?

SIR CHARLES—Thoroughly, my dearest friend. (aside—Blest if I don't. Throw me over in a minute if he could).

SIR JOHN—Then, my excellent sir, as has been frequently remarked in the House, when, in the course of human events, the opposing motives draw the will in contrary di-