

Touching Letter.

To MR. PHIPPS from the Conservative Party.

Dear Son:

It is with grief and pain, not to speak of terror, that I have just read your letter in the *Globe*, which I think it was very evil of you for to write the same. Haven't you got no instinct of common humanity left, that you should threaten to destroy and to murder your own mother? O, spare me. It is five long years now since I tasted of the sweet things in the Treasury, and it would be unspeakable cruel of you to snatch them away just when they are in my grasp. Of course I know you can put me out of office, because you put me in. You say so yourself and your letter in the *Globe* corroborates your statement. O, my dear beloved son, don't use the tremendous power you have, to smash me up. I will ax Sir JOHN to do something for you. He says you won't take nothink but a portfolio, and I know the portfolios are all spoke for before you. Now, won't you, for the love you natively bear to your own political mother, take something else? Do, please accept of a Lieut. Governorship or a village post office or summat like that, won't you? Poor Sir JOHN he weeps constant, to think you won't give him no more help to work up the National Policy, and I know if he could choke off TUPPER or TILLEY he would give you a seat in the Cabinet, but they can't be got rid of and so you see the poor Chieftain has his hands tied. O, beloved ROBERT W. have some compassion on me in my miserable state. Here is the starving people clamoring for the National Policy,—your National Policy, that you made up and carried out all by yourself—and now we don't know how to work it without you! O, don't leave us! We could bear anything but your displeasure. Try and get into a Christian frame of mind and act charitable towards

Your loving mother

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

Typical Statuary.

The New York *Herald*, in an article on LORD DUFFERIN'S idea of forming a grand international park at Niagara Falls, suggests that the grounds should be embellished with "ornaments in keeping with a sincere attempt to restore the original picture," such as groups of Statuary representing Indian life and character. GRIP endorses the *Herald's* suggestion. It is a happy thought, and he will see that it is carried out so far as the Canadian side of the Park is concerned. Already he has made rough sketches for a few of the Canadian groups. One represents the noble Red Man, White Eagle, scalping the Toronto Lacrosse Club; another depicts a demoralized Onondaga very much under the influence of fire-water, reading the law on the subject of selling liquor to Indians; a third represents a squaw standing knee deep in snow with the thermometer 190 below zero. This is to be a typical figure of Canada, and will be executed in London, England. GRIP has an abundance of good ideas; if his American friends are at a loss for a few to embellish their side of the Park, let them consider the following: UNGLE SAM in the act of keeping a treaty with the Sioux; General HOWARD pouring blessings and bullets into the Red Man's wigwag; SITTING BULL caressing the American Eagle, &c., &c. In addition to these there might be an international group, representing a lot of unhappy Indians (American side) gazing across at a lot of happy ditto (Canadian side)—typical of the respective Indian policies of the two countries.

Private and Confidential Conversation.

Listened to by our invisible reporter through a key-hole in the Mail Office.

1st GRABBER.—Hooray! We're in at last. This now is really something like. I thought those Grits would stick there forever.

2nd GRABBER.—Why, they're not out yet. They won't go out. They ought to be punished! Yes. Severely! Isn't there an Act? There ought to be. See what they're taking from us. Count it up. What is the annual expense of the Dominion?—isn't it about—I don't know many millions—but I shall say there are a hundred millions paid out in offices yearly. Now, if MACKENZIE keeps office six months when he hadn't ought, isn't that fifty millions taken from the Conservatives—their own—just as much as if they'd mined it in a mine? I'm sure no miner ever sweated as I have at elections. It's robbery! MACKENZIE ought to be transported for life, and it's treason too, so all his property ought to be divided among—I mean it ought to go to the country.

3rd GRABBER.—And as we now represent the country, that's us.

MODERATE MAN.—Are you so sure MACKENZIE should resign at once?

1st GRABBER.—Sir, I am afraid you are here as a spy on honest men. What business have you here at all? Suppose you did give great help at the elections, what do you mean now? What are elections for, but to give cash to the party that wins? You will get an office, no doubt. What more do you want? Why are you taking the part of that swindler MACKENZIE, who is holding back our spoils—our proper earnings, I mean?

MODERATE MAN.—I don't want an office that I know of. I worked to get men in fit to run Protection.

2nd GRABBER.—Oh, of course, that was a very good cry, and got us in, and of course we'll do something in it, if we can, if opportunity and time and all that serves. But the chief thing is why don't MACKENZIE go out? You ask why should he. In the name of the millions he is robbing us of daily, why should he not?

MODERATE MAN.—When has a Premier to resign?

3rd GRABBER.—Why, everyone knows. When he's lost his majority in Parliament.

MODERATE MAN.—Is it in any way certain, considering the changing current of human events, that this very parliament might not support MACKENZIE when it meets? Consider how public sentiment has often changed. Surely MACKENZIE cannot say he will have no majority in the House till he knows it. These are official matters, and the first principle of government is not to act till you have official information. MACKENZIE cannot have official information that he has no majority in the House till he is defeated there on a motion. Come, now, is he so very wrong?

4th GRABBER.—It's plain you are a Grit, and a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a public spoliator, and more things I can't think of. Get out! (*They put out the Moderate man*). Now he's gone one can breathe freely. Now, what's to be done?

2nd GRABBER.—Oh, we must have an article in the *Mail* denouncing him as a thief, robber, traitor, villain, scoundrel, and anything else we can think of, if he don't fork over the swag at once.

3rd GRABBER.—Oh, we've been doing that for years. No, the traveller only folds his cloak tighter when the wind blows. Let's soften him into loosening his hold. Let's get the *Mail* to write an article saying he really is a good fellow, and should have fifty thousand dollars given him—if he'll only leave at once.

3rd GRABBER.—Make 'em leave the last out—he'll know what it means.

4th GRABBER.—But isn't it too broad? After abusing him so?

1st GRABBER.—Nonsense! Nothing's too broad. We've got a big majority, and mean to do what we please. JOHN A. is supreme—that's us. Why, didn't we give lots of places to our friends before we went out. What do we care? What did our *Mail* say to some one this week? "If you give so-and-so such and such a place, we are authorized to say his appointment will be cancelled." What can be broader than that? We're going to do as we like. I want a million.

2nd GRABBER.—I want another.

3rd GRABBER.—I want one, so does my son.

4th GRABBER.—You shall all have 'em. We're in Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Whoever would have thought it?

(*Our reporter left*).

The Change of Ministry

BY MRS JONES.

I'm sure as how I never did see no more use of changing And from those hold Grits to them Tories a back and hither and everywhere ranging.

For here we've been four years, a raging around the country and a burning To get some new Ministers in; and lo! it's just hold ones returning.

Whatever did them hold folks know as run it with Monsieur CARTEER, But run us in debt, and they shouldn't have never had no more part here.

And now they comes poking in grandly, projecting their hugly hold noses, Which their himperence ought to get rapped now, which it is what I here now propos.

Protection some clever folks planned out and now it the best of all jokes is To hear these hold umbugs, "Hooray, to carry it hout we just the folks is;" What they wants is the pay which attaches; but has for them doin the work, sir, They'd do as they did, wich is nothink; they would, hevery jolly hold Turk, sir.

Wich I now tell the truth, as I should, for one may be approachin their last days,

It's clever and new chaps we wants, and not them old fogies of past days, The National Policy framers—its them as must come to the front now, And has to them hold-fashioned umbugs, why off of the track they must shunt now.

Let JOHN A. put new men—he knows—wich I mean, in is Had-ministration,

Wich knows ow to drive on with full steam, and build hus hup hinto a nation.

But if its the Compacts and U. E's, and Senators he's to rely on, We'll just jerk him hout in a crack, ere JACK ROBINSON once he can cry on.