

Improbabilities.

That Mr. MORRIS will ever cease to look as though he expected a kick behind.

That the transfer of Mr. O'CONNOR to the Post Office Department will cause the Irish Catholics to forget their grievances.

That the *Globe* will ever cease to love and admire Archbishop LYNCH.

That the *Evening Telegram* will ever discover that independence in politics consists in something more than squirting dirty water on both parties in turn.

That Sir LEONARD TILLEY will account for the increase in bankruptcies during 1879 by ascribing them to the action of the N. P.

That Mr. PHIPPS will take Sir JOHN again into favor.

That Mr. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN's noble heart will ever cease to glow with indignation at the shameful cruelty whereby the Headless Rooster was lost to society.

That the Rag Baby can become a worse nuisance than at present.



Our New Lt. Governor.

There is nothing particular in the above sketch—excepting a highly competent and respectable City Solicitor. We merely wish to see what Mr. J. B. ROBINSON will look like in the regimentals of the Lt. Governorship of Ontario. We are satisfied that if appearance constitute fitness for the station, no better man can be found. In case this distinguished gentleman is appointed, SIR JOHN might justly mark his sense of past political services by abolishing the present three-cornered hat, and providing the new incumbent of the office with a gorgeous three-legged milking stool.

Nonsense.

It was a young man named MACMASTER,
Who once talked a little bit faster
Than the *Globe* would allow,—
So he made his Kotow,
And barely escaped a disaster.

The *Evening Telegram* observes that the *Ottawa Citizen* "seems to have been converted into a literary dumping-ground, into which every scribbler shoots rubbish at will." True, true; the *Citizen* is growing more like the *Telegram* all the time.

How to get a change of 'air.—Buy a wig.

"You may talk of the beauty of the Pyramids," said Miss SOCIABLE to a distinguished traveller, "but as for me, give me pyramids of ice cream at a supper-table."



Pat-ronage.

Our benevolent Premier has taken action to relieve the distress of the Irish—not by sending abroad a handsome donation from the public chest to assist the suffering people of the Emerald Isle, but by giving the portfolio of the Post Office to Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR, and thus bringing joy to the breasts of our own Celtic citizens. The country cannot but applaud this action, for it must be confessed the tribulations of Mr. O'CONNOR's countrymen in Canada were very grievous. The amount of pap they received was by no means in proportion to their numbers and influence, for their representative in the Cabinet had been shelved as President of the Council and could command none of the good things. It is all right now, however, and we hope Mr. BOYLE and all the other malcontents will come back to the Government ranks without delay. We shall soon see beaming Milesian countenances peering through the wickets of the Post Offices throughout the country in place of the grumpy Scotch mugs that remain here and there. So let there be joy amongst our downtrodden fellow-citizens.

It is not true that Mr. EDWARD BLAKE suggested to Pope LEO XIII the name of his newly established official paper—the *Aurora*.



The School Book Wrangle.

The human heart, which is prone to take more or less delight in a dog-fight, under whatever sort of coat it may beat, cannot but enjoy the tussel now going on amongst the rival firms of School-book publishers. Into the merits of the quarrel we do not propose to enter further than to present the above little sketch, which epitomizes probably all the "merits" it contains. If the wrangle results in destroying monopoly, and cheapening the text-books which the rising generation of school-boys thumb to pieces with so much facility, it will be a great gain to parents and guardians. And so mote it be.

The Modern Nero.

The Emperor NERO fiddled while Rome was being burned, and his modern prototype, G. B., plays gleefully while the country goes to pot. The *Globe* cannot conceal its ecstasies in announcing the fact that the business failures of 1879 exceed those of any year of the Reform regime. No doubt this is sad, if true, and there is just as little doubt of its truth. Is G. B. then a heartless wretch like the old Roman tyrant? O dear, no; on the contrary he is a most genial and good natured old gentleman, who wouldn't hurt a fly. It is not GEORGE BROWN you see in the picture; it is Partyism incarnate, and if NERO ever had more heartlessness, vindictiveness and cruelty in his nature than Toryism and Gripism have, all we can say is that historians have flattered him most fulsomely. Our cartoon does not exaggerate the spirit of faction as presented in the politics of our day, and it is submitted for the careful study of all thoughtful bystanders.

A Short Sermon.

DAN RICE, the well-known circus clown, announces himself as converted under Mr. MOODY's preaching and some of the religious papers have already raised the cry of "fraud!" We are not told that DAN has acted inconsistently with his profession (of Christianity), and it appears to Mr GRIP that this conduct on the part of the religious editors is scarcely what a poor prodigal has a right to expect. DAN was never treated so badly in the ring. Church papers please copy.



An Interesting Game.

Our Minister of Public Works and Brother JONATHAN are at present engaged in a deeply interesting game of speculation. The stake for which they are playing is the carrying trade of the great lakes. At last accounts Yank had a point or too in his favor, but when our man plays the cards he has in reserve, there may be a change in the luck. In other words when Canada has secured the Lake Erie level, the deepening of the Welland Canal to 14 feet, the abolition of the harbor dues, and the diminution of insurance and ocean freight, the game is ours, for the Canadian route to England is 500 miles shorter than any Brother JONATHAN can command.

An advertiser in the *Globe* announces that he has succeeded in "restoring the hair to numbers of the most hopeless cases." Any man who can do this can surely cure bald-headedness.