



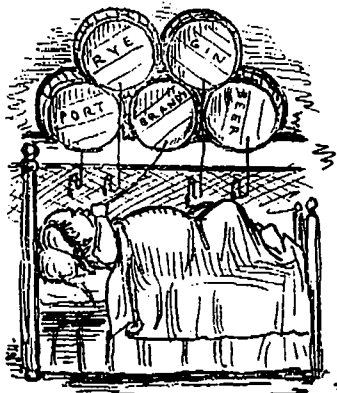
**"Grip's" Advice to Perrault.**

Read the poster on the wall and govern yourself accordingly. Thus (and thus only) may you realize your fond dream of American annexation.

**A New Comic Paper.**

Since when has the *Mail* come out as a comic paper? That article on Monday in which it stated that "the government of Sir JOHN A. McDONALD had been unfortunately compelled to resign in 1873," is about as fine a piece of sarcasm as we have ever read. And again when it says recent examinations have considerably lessened the cost of Section B," are we to understand that it is speaking literally, or is it only getting funny. If true, then we suppose certain men, who were concerned in that Section B affair, have been compelled to disgorge, although we believe it was a close bargain all around.

- AN incendiary--A base-burner.
- A BOX on the ear is a hand-out.
- BOARDING house coffee is a mocha-ry.
- KETTLEDRUMS are no longer novel-fans.
- NOR born to bluish unse-n--the measles.
- A SWELL fellow--a man with the mumps.
- THE first soldier to present arms--the baby.
- TWO streams running parallel are concurrent affairs.



**A Hint to Householdors.**

Old LUSKINS is having a new house built at Parkdale, and proposes to have his bedroom fitted up with "all the modern conveniences."

**The Syndicate.**

Reason given by the *Mail* to show that the Pacific Railway Syndicate Bargain is a good one.

Because ten years have elapsed since the promise to build the Pacific Railway was made. Therefore the granting of \$25,000,000 in cash, \$35,000,000 in completed railways, and 25,000,000 acres of land, which SIR CHARLES TUPPER stated last session of parliament, would upon the completion of the road be worth \$5 per acre, in all \$185,000,000 to build a road which at their own estimate can be constructed for \$75,000,000, is a good bargain.

**The Syndicat.**

GOLDEN.--Pat, dot Syndicat has been let de bag out.

PAT.--Troth an' ye may well say that same, an' a purty baste it is. Did ye iver see the loikes av it?

GOLDEN.--I doand. I'ds Bismark vat could vix dot peesness, py Shiminy.

PAT.--Och, murther! Bismark ye want. I tell yees its O'Connell and the Land League ye want. I'm goin' to lave the counthry.

GOLDEN.--Und I de goundry vill go oud. Zo.



**The Rough-Shod Rider.**

The manner in which that intrepid jockey JOHN A. has been riding his lumbering steed "Parliamentary Majority" since the session opened, fully attests that his cleverness in the pig-skin is as great as ever. As an admiring Ottawa stable boy remarked the other day, "the old feller can put the 'oss through jest as he likes." Nothing could be more skillful than the way in which he drove the animal over the leaders of the Opposition on Monday, though it certainly was rough on the weaker party. The lad MACKENZIE had asked the Government to bring down papers relating to any other offers to build the railway besides the one then lying on the table; and later on the boy BLAKE requested that, in view of the gigantic and stupendous importance of the occasion, the discussion of the Syndicate bargain should be delayed until the 5th of January. These impertinences were promptly punished in a manner befitting the dignity of a Government that can talk composedly about "\$25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land." SIR JOHN mounted his rough-shod and well-broken charger and simply rode right over these two urchins. It was certainly a startling thing to do, but it must be remembered that JOHN A. is a startling Premier.

- Wayfarer to Irish navy as funeral passes,
- "Hullo PAT, who's dead?"
- "PAT.--"Faix I dunno sir, unless it's the gintleman in the coffin."



**A "Wild" Goose Chase.**

Mr. GRIP distinctly and emphatically repudiates all responsibility for the title affixed to this sketch. It is the work of a bold and sceptical person who recently listened to certain speculative discourses in Bond Street Church, on the Mounds of Tara. Mr. GRIP, however, acknowledges the picture as his work, but refuses to say whether he intended it for an angel or not.

**A Butting Occurrence.**

Last Saturday a goat of the William persuasion was wandering around the station-yard in St. Catharines and ultimately took it into his head to take a walk upon the platform. A finely dressed gentleman was perambulating the platform arrayed in a stylish ulster and plug hat, and was doubtless ruminating upon the affairs of the nation, when the goat struck him amidship and made him think of a Thunder storm. One of the station hands then undertook to put Billy out, and was doubled up and knocked into the middle of the ensuing week, for his pains. As the train moved away from the station a yardman was running down the yard for dear life, with William slowly gaining in the rear.

"This world is all a fleeting show," but it takes mighty lively work for some of us keep a grip on our tickets of admission, however poor the show is.--*Boston Globe.*



**A Startling Contrast**  
"Telegram or Truth!"