



The Great Grab.

The phenomenon of a mirage is not uncommon in our North West Territories, and whenever such a thing appears it is greeted by all beholders with wonderment and admiration. An entirely different emotion is likely to fill the breast of any North West settler whose mental eyes can detect the portentous thing which hangs over that fair domain at the present moment. It is not a mere mirage, however, but a gigantic verity, which may soon become all too visible to the corporeal senses. The vast and itching claw of the Syndicate is ready to make a fatal grab, if government and parliament prove recreant to their high trust. Let the people see to it that if this outrage is consummated, it shall not be because the public voice was unheard.

The Mayoralty.

A good many respectable Conservatives feel compelled to vote for the nominee of their Party, because notwithstanding that Mr. Close is a very unpalatable dose to swallow, they claim that if he is defeated the *Globe* will announce it as a blow against the National Policy. This is about as sensible and mainly an argument as that used by certain other Conservatives who say they must support the Syndicate scheme, and give away our lands in the North-West, otherwise the Government will be humiliated. What does it matter to the citizens of Toronto what the *Globe* or any other paper may say? The question before the people is whether Mr. Close is a proper person to occupy the highest position in the gift of the city. GARR most decidedly thinks he is not.

Many farmers have excellent sheep dogs but Toronto has the Boss Sheppard.



The Reckless Skater

Grip as a Mentor.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Kingston *Daily News*, in a recent letter, said:

Sir John Macdonald is much improved in health. This (Monday) evening he appeared in excellent health and mixed freely amongst members on the Ministerial side. There is "life in the old man yet." He seemed to enjoy Grip's last cartoon. He and Sir Charles Tupper had considerable fun this evening while examining the contents of the Canadian *Punch*. No public man in Canada can appreciate a joke better than the Premier, even if it be at his own expense.

A sense of humor is a valuable quality in a public man, and GRIP is glad to know that his work amuses our careworn statesman. But it is intended to instruct as well as amuse, and these honorable gentlemen would do well to study the moral meaning of the cartoons, after sipping at the humor which bubbles on the surface.

The Syndicat

GOTLIEB.--Pat, vat you dinks about dose Syndi-cat now. You did heard Blake in dot St. Lawrence Hall?

PAT.—'Troth an' I did that same, an' if the schreamin' varmint didn't git a bastin' that noight, thin oim a Dutchman.

GOTLIEB.—Yaw, dot is zo! Vat you dinks
of dis Glose peeerness.

PAT.—An a mighty Close business it is too; bad luck to the thirty ohmadouns that conceiv-
ed the idea av running the loikes av him. Oh,
whirra, whirra, fwat is this foine counthry
coming to?

A Section of Ancient History.

And it came to pass in the reign of Ali Lorne Bey, the Caliph of all that country lying between the two great oceans, and from the country of the Yankee even unto the North Pole, that the Pasha John A. was chosen his Grand Vizier, and Ras-al Tup-per was chosen second in command. And they were men of great repute because of their wily tongues, for their words were sweet in the ears of the people, and their promises of plunder to their followers were great. Yet was not the Pasha a true believer, as he was a partaker of the intoxicating juice of the grape, and of the distilled juice of grain. And in the second year of the reign of Caliph Ali Lorne Bey, the Grand Vizier and Ras-Al Tup-per took council with themselves, and said, Lo, we will build the great iron road, and forasmuch as our friends have for some time been without plunder, therefore will we now give unto them that for which they long. And that their deeds might not be too closely scrutinized they went unto a far off land and there arranged the scheme. And they apportioned unto their followers each one his share, and returned unto their own land with great blowing of trumpets wherewith to blind the people. But the people waited patiently for the terms to be made known unto them, and were not deceived by the fine allegories of the Grand Vizier because they knew he had deceived them aforetime. And when the terms of the contract were made known, behold the people rejected them, because of their stupidity, and because of their corruptness. And they petitioned the Caliph to dismiss his unworthy servants, because if his scheme were carried out it would result only in enriching a few, and bring ruin on the country. And the Caliph listened to the prayers of the people and drove his unworthy servants forth with blows, and contumely and scorn was heaped upon them, and every man spat upon them, because such stupidity as theirs had not before been seen in the land. And their followers who had expected to profit by them, cursed them for being so utterly soon and before-hand in their calculations, but the country was happy.

Current events—Plumb puddings.



"Endymion."

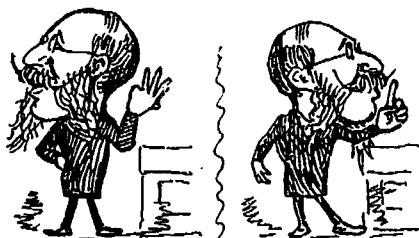
Garr makes bold to draw aside the curtain and permit the public to squint into the study at the Grange. The gentleman sitting in the chair is enjoying himself intensely—though his face does not betray his inward feelings. He is engaged in the work upon his famous monthly, and at the present moment is roasting "Eudymion." GARR doesn't like to encourage anybody to break the golden rule, but he feels justified in winking at the Professor's little exhibition of fit-for-tat.

Tobaccoconist.—Will you Hav-an-a cigars?
Crowd.—Kill him.

An innocent farmer who offered an adulterated turkey for sale on the market the other day, excused himself for stuffing the crop with pebbles on the ground that he couldn't find out how many stones it weighed otherwise.

Under the delusion that the regular charge for whipping a Port Hope editor was from \$1 to \$5, a young man named Frank Lowe the other day pummelled the *Guide* man. He was fined \$27. This is a warning against Lowe conduct, and ought to be taken by editors as well as their assailants.

Cartwright's Speech on the Syndicate.



There are three hypotheses, Mr. Chairman.

First, — That they
were mad :



Second,—That they were bought.

Third,--Or, they were sold!