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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BANCOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**Notice.**

Copies of **GRIP's Almanac for 1881** have been mailed to every newspaper upon our exchange list. If not received in due time enquiry should be made at the Post Office.

**To Correspondents.**

Will the author of the little satire "Sir John and Sir Charles" kindly send his address to the editor of **GRIP**.

**Free Will.**

BY C—X.

Delivered in Dufferin Hall.

Sir,—An illustrious philosopher of pro-historic origin has placed upon record the undeniable fact, that perambulating excursion in pedestrian exercise up the far-famed thoroughfare of Eastern Palestine is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties; and in attempting a discussion of this momentous question, we are at once deposited in a co-relative psychological position. In animadverting upon the unshackled and untrammelled condition of the evolutions of our inner consciousness, our intellectual visuality is obstructed by the extreme difficulty attendant upon an investigation into the diversified volition of natural phenomena. We confess our utter inability to understand the smallest approximation of consanguinity between the uncontrolled volition of our materialistic environment, and the mythological cosmogony of the Judaic Theocracy, and if our accumulation of bioplastic adipose is not so co-related, then I can both sociologically and theoretically, inductively and deductively, demonstrate the incontrovertibility of the pantheistical dogma enunciated by all who have endeavoured to prosecute psychological research. The speaker then stated that his limited time would not allow him to enter into the question at any greater length, and after removing the aggregation of perspiration off the rohmboid protuberances of his sanguinary carapace, he collocated with his chair amid great applause. The chairman then announced that the accumulation of wealth would ensue, after which the meeting adjourned.

**Grip's Syndicate.**

As various Syndicates are now offering to construct the Canada Pacific Railway, **GRIP** having formed a Syndicate, hastens to make his terms public. They are as follows:—

First.—This Syndicate shall be known as **GRIP's Syndicate**, formed expressly for the purpose of building the Canada Pacific Railway, and is composed of the following well known capitalists and public men:—**GRIP**, Deliberative Dormouse, Gaddy, Ja-Kasse, Sharp Sixth, and Timothy.

Second.—The Government to build all that portion of the road from Callendar to Winnipeg, and from Kamloops to the western terminus of the road.

Third.—These portions of the road are to be handed over to the Syndicate as fast as completed, and thereafter to be the property of the Syndicate.

Fourth.—The Government to survey, ditch, grade, fence and lay the sleepers on the prairie sections; and to furnish the rails for these sections to the Syndicate at half price.

Fifth.—The Syndicate to lay the rails, furnish the rolling stock, and work the road on condition of a grant of \$50,000,000 in gold, and all that part and parcel of land lying between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and from the north line of the Saskatchewan Valley southward to the United States boundary.

Sixth.—All lands and property of the Syndicate to be free of taxation forever, except such taxes as the Syndicate may see fit to impose on settlers for their own use and benefit.

Seventh.—Government to pay a premium of 35 per cent. on all material now or hereafter brought into the country for the construction and working of the road.

Eighth.—The entire road to belong to the Syndicate, their heirs and assigns forever.

Ninth.—The Syndicate to have the power to issue paper Legal Tender Currency to the full value of their property.

Tenth.—The road to be of such standard of value, and to be finished in such time as the Syndicate may see fit.

Eleventh.—The Syndicate will furnish as security, **GRIP's** subscription list, and the personal effects of the members thereunto belonging.

Several of these clauses may appear objectionable, but that is a mere secondary consideration as we have the Government under our thumb, and intend to keep them there.

**Sir Charles Interviewed.**

Being, along with his Conservative confederates, very highly indignant at Mr. Blake's cowardice in avoiding a meeting with Sir Charles Tupper, Mr **GRIP** despatched a gentlemanly reporter to interview the redoubtable knight on the subject.

Sir Charles was found in his back office sipping iced claret, and thinking over the subject of the legacy he intends leaving his posterity. The reporter was received with the exquisite politeness which distinguishes the members of the present Cabinet, and invited to take a seat. The following colloquy then ensued:—

Rep.—I understand that Blake declines to meet you to discuss the Syndicate terms at a public meeting. Is that so?

Sir Chas.—It is; it's as true as Sir John's Hochelega speech.

Rep.—Can you assign any reason for his apparent cowardice?

Sir Chas.—I can. He is simply afraid to meet me.

Rep.—And why should he be afraid? He has rather the better side of the case in this affair hasn't he (between you and me)?

Sir Chas.—Undoubtedly he has, and he is the greatest of special pleaders; but still he is plainly afraid to meet me.

Rep.—Dear me; it's rather queer, isn't it; but why should he be afraid?

Sir Chas.—Young man, you are getting too inquisitive. But if you *must* know, I may as well tell you first: as last that he knows he wouldn't have any chance. My boys would worry the life out of him with interruptions and cat-calls, and when I took the platform I would twist and stretch things to such an extent that it would take a forty-Blake power to get them straightened out again.

After thanking Sir Charles for his courtesy and frankness, our representative withdrew.

**Notes from Our Gaddy.**

DEAR **GRIP**.—Does not one of those jolly old proverbs say something about "A little knowledge makes us wondrous wise." Well, it is of no real consequence whether it does or not, anyway I have been studying anatomy. Yes, I think that is what it is called, anatomy. After diligently studying the subject for as much as three-quarters of an hour, I have arrived at the conclusion that some decided improvements might be made in the human form divine. By the way, what utter bosh is talked about "the human form divine." Divine fiddlesticks! Take the ordinary ta-de-da-di male, toggged up in swallow-tail and white cravat, ready for a swell ball, and there is not a more unromantic or unpoetic creature in existence. Why he will move his legs as if "By Jove, you know, where the deuce shall I put these things. They are dweadfully in the woad, you know." And his arms he will carry as gracefully as the stuffed arms of a sawdust doll. Take the human being at its birth. Is there any creature more helpless, except, perhaps, a juvenile cock-sparrow? Why, an infant porker is as lively as a bee half an hour after birth, and ready, at any moment, to take a round out of its brothers and sisters in defence of the big test. But that is not the point. My idea is to return to first principles. According to Darwin it is not such a very long time since we had the ornamental addition of a tail, and why it was done away with, I can't imagine. One of the stupid whims of our ble-sed civilization, I suppose. A tail is just the thing we want. Something like a cow's tail, only the brush end to be of feathers instead of hair. Just think for a moment now what a really splendid thing it would be. The feathers, of course, you could dye according to fancy or complexion. Fair persons could have blue tails, dark persons, red tails, and to the ordinary dark, dismal clothed male, the introduction of a bit of color would be superb. Fancy walking down street with the charmer of your heart on one arm, and a nicely colored tail under and over your other arm, as an officer carries his sword. Why, it would be simply elegant. Who has not been driven to the verge of desperation by some pretty little fly taking a mean advantage of him when both hands have been engaged? All that is wanted is a tail. In summer it would be worth millions, oscillating over the shoulder as a fan. And then on Maria's evening out, while gazing into her eyes and whispering fond hopes of eternal nothings, to pat her on her rosy cheek with a light blue tail! Lawks; oh my! There is no mistake about it, old bird, we have got to encourage the growth of tails. GADDY.

**The Mackinnon Pen.**

We have had one of the Improved Mackinnon Pens in the office for the last three months, and find it to be the best pen of the kind we have ever seen. From the construction and material used we should judge it would last a life time. It is easily understood, and requires nothing but observance of the directions to have it work to perfection. In our opinion it is a great boon to those having a large quantity of writing to do. Mr. Hamilton, who is at present canvassing the city, will call on all commercial men shortly.

Mr. C. S. Lord, is the new managing editor of the New York Sun, taking the place of Ballard Smith, who retired on Friday last.

W. L. Alden, the writer of the humorist editorial in the sixth column of the New York Times, is about to sever his connection with that paper and go over to Harper & Brothers.

Miss Kellogg was called before the curtain at the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg one evening twenty times, and in order to empty the house it was found necessary to turn out the lights.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents. Plats 20 cents. Grip's Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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