

**The New Excuse.**

Cries our DIZZY, now BEACONSFIELD :—As for the war,  
Which is getting such vast notoriety  
And which you are now pitching into us for,  
It's all done by a Secret Society ! !

They've got agents, assassins, stuck everywhere round,  
All monstrosities still countenancing.  
GLADSTONE's one, we've no doubt, and you see where he's round,  
With a dagger towards us advancing.

Our Lord DERBY and I had fixed everything well,  
These vile Christians to keep in subjection  
To the Porte, and the rascals did basely rebel ;  
And he's giving 'em proper correction.

Violated they have every principle sound ;  
And our ally of Bosphorus waters  
Only just pays 'em back, going jollily round,  
Busy killing their wives and their daughters.

The Servians have broken the treaties which we  
Made with Turkey, and Russia, and others ;  
So it's only poetical justice, you see,  
When we break up the Servian inothers.

All Conservative Ministries still must enforce  
What Authority is Constituted ;  
And the Turks can do nothing too wicked, of course,  
To a land by rebellion polluted.

Yes, the Turks treat such vile Revolutionists right,  
Which they are, it is easily telling,  
By their friends, our upsetters, that GLADSTONE and BRIGHT  
Going everywhere sympathy yelling.

But you don't think with me, as I easily see.  
We shall have to resign on the question.  
I have no more to say ; I've got out of the way,  
To look after my health and digestion.

**Current Events.**

No 6.

*Me darlint Grip,*

Since me lasht epistle the Corporation av the City has kept me hard at work diggin holes in the streets an fillin thim up again, an puttin green poshts fwhere they will do the most good to the Aldermin and the contractors; an so, atune thim all, I havn't had air a chance av luckin aroun' on Public Events, an am impty av news wid regard to the Consarvatif Reaction.

I larn that Sur JOHN hav tuck down his circus tint, an retired for the sayson from the perfession av aitin' buns, but I hope the Reaction will go on all the same widout that. Spakin av the circus puts me in remimbrance av BILLY MICKDOUGULL, bliss his sowl. Fwhat's this I do be hearin from the min on the road, about me noble BILL axin Mистер MICKENZIE for a job fwhin furst the Grits kem into office? It cuddin't be the same MICKDOUGULL, cud it, now? Fwhat, him that the *Mail* says has more brains than nine av MICKENZIE's min putt in a heap ! Bedad, av the *Mail* is right in that matter, perhaps that wud account for the exintricittys Mистер MICKDOUGULL do be goin on wid ivery wanst in a fwhile, an now I begin to think mebbly its not all a lie I'm towld about this same gentleman, to whit namebly, that he gev Mистер MOWAT a broad hint av the same keind fwhin he furst kem back from bein an Immigration Agent beyant the say. Sez Mистер MICKDOUGULL to Mистер MOWAT, sez he—so I'm towld, sorra a bit wud I tell this on me own authority—but I'm towld he said, sez he, "Mистер MOWAT, fwhat a splindid apportunity yez hav at this blessed moment to unite the scathered iliments av the Reform Party, an make wan grand consolidation out av thim !" at the same time puttin himself in an attyude so that any man av gumshum cud see he was wan av the Scathered Ilimints. Sure it's little such a carackter is apt to do towards bringing about the glorious day that me frind Mистер MICKENZIE BOWEL has in his minds eye fwhin he savs—The Consarvatif Reaction, is it a fiction or a fact?

The right keind av a man for the workk is THOMAS WHITE Junyer, Isquire, av the *Montreal Gazette*, a lithy man an a gentleman, not to mention Steel Rails an other accomplishmints. I am glad to see that Mистер WHITE has succeeded afther several months av torture to his imminse brain in provin til a diminstration that Mистер MICKENZIE, the preemeer, is a Delibrate Falsehud. I did not rade all this lether in the *Mail*, I ax Sur JOHN's pardon for this offence, but the fact av it is I can't get a wake's lave av absnce at the prisint time, and I wuddin't thry to worry it through in less time nor that.

Me an NORAH in botheration about goin to BACHER's icture. We

do be nearly in a fight ivery male time about the subjec. Furst, I tuck home that *Globe* (I ax Sur JOHN's pardon wanst more, for this, but it was accidental bein rolled roun a loaf av bread). I found that the *Globe* towld its rayders not to go, for the gud av their sowls, an av coorse that med me and NORAH at wanst detarmin to go, af we perrishit in the attempt. Thin the *Mail* kem out, an, wud ye blave it, it backed up the *Globe*, an thin av coorse, me and NORAH cuddin't go, as good Consarvatiffs not to minton Christians. But by the same token, both av thim low-lifed papers does he printin in big letthers about BACHER's lecture, and advertisin it every day. Luck at that, now !

TERRY TIERNEY.

P.S.—Me and NORAH is goin to hear BACHER. We have come to this detarmination, not because we blave in BACHER's innicence, but to show our contmpt for the miserable money grubbing hypocrites av the *Mail* an *Globe*. BACHER may be a wulf in sheep's clothing, but the sheep's skin he covers his rottenness wid is not half so tattered as thim that covers the dirty carcasses av Iditers that wud take money to assist in corruptin' the morals av their fellow citizens, bad cess to thim !

T. T.

**Grip's Commercial Knowledge.**

GRIP wrote a rhyme the other day, which told his friends around, To Mr. MORRIS' statements not to pin their faith profound,  
When at our hospitable boards he told us just before,  
That we could undersell the States, on far Australia's shore

GRIP pointed out, what was to him, and should to all be clear,  
That those could undersell us there who undersold us here.  
But politicians, newspapers, and Boards of Trade were few,  
GRIP grieves to say, who understood the clearness of his view.

They all declared the one thing which would give our commerce ease,  
Was sending off a lot of goods to the Antipodes.  
And straightway is a big ship got ; she lies at Montreal,  
While tons of freight are pouring in in number noways small.

Our Government—still Free Trade cracked—of course would give a hand,  
When lo, some plain words from New York have brought things to a stand,  
And they're informed—what GRIP before had told them that he knew  
That Mr. MORRIS' statements were, in language plain, not true.

And GRIP will tell these merchants what, as such, they should have known,  
You can't get other markets while you haven't got your own.  
Protect your industries ; give them such tariffs as are fair.  
Get your own market ; that once got, you then may look elsewhere.

The report that the New Custom house is to be conducted on teetotal principles doubtless arose from the fact that the unicorn has so far been left without his accustomed horn. This joke was made because nobody could see the point.

**The Steel Rails.**

What's quite unfair,  
There's lots will swear,  
To prove a Premier tainted.  
And TOMMY WHITE,  
GRIP thinks not quite  
As white as he is painted.

But GRIP must say  
This very day,  
There came three columns long out,  
Where THOMAS he  
*Mail* readers see  
Brings accusation strong out.

New points are found  
And fresher ground,  
Till GRIP's calm mind judicious  
Begins to doubt,  
And he speaks out  
That things do look suspicious.

But GRIP has not,  
Yet both sides got,  
But notes the full asperion,  
And lets it stick,  
Till next picnic  
Shall give MAC's answering version.