

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 6TH JULY, 1878.

Ancient Troy Taotios.

GRIP presents the public this week with a classical cartoon. As most of his readers are learned, like himself—embracing all the university men, civil service people, and members of the liberal professions—this allusion to the story of ancient Troy will be understood at once. But, as there may be a few persons in the Dominion who may not be posted in classics, GRIP condescends to relate briefly the story aforesaid. It is originally told in a celebrated poem, by Mr. J. BURR-HOMER, the greatest poet of ancient Greece. According to this celebrated writer, the Greek army, under the command of JOHN A. MACDONALD and Dr. TUPPER, besieged the city of Troy, which was vigorously defended by the Trojan Grits under MACKENZIE. The incidents of the affair are related in imperishable verses, much superior to those bearing the X mark of the poet which appear in the *London Advertiser*. For a long time the besiegers did nothing beyond throwing mud, but afterwards they assaulted the walls with steel rails and other formidable weapons. They made an unlimited number of charges, but without much effect. The walls of the city were proof against the most terrible onslaughts, and the siege appeared to be a hopeless enterprise. But the Greeks did not despair; the ever recurring thought of the flesh-pots and loaves and fishes which they knew to be heaped up in Troy, nerved them to persist in the uneven combat. But at last their patience became worn out, and they were on the point of giving up, when a brilliant idea struck their commander, JOHN A. He determined to gain entrance to the city by strategy. The peculiar strategy he hit upon was to build a large wooden horse, put all his warriors on the inside of it, and then induce the Trojans to let it go in, by representing that it was only part of a harmless little circus. This wooden horse he accordingly built and called THE NATIONAL POLICY. The poet doesn't say whether the Trojans let it in or not; in fact that will not be known until after the general election.

Conservative Opinion of Quebec.

Isn't it wicked of that JOLY,
Running without a tail to be?
Why don't DUFFERIN stop the thing?
Evils extreme bad precedents bring,
Evils to country yet we could stand,
If we'd the treasury still to our hand,
But to see Radicals gobble the cash,
That's what acutely *does* settle our hash.

The Tune Changing.

SIR JOHN (*to people*).—I address you as an advocate of Protection to Native Industries. Those other fellows are all Free Traders. I am the original—

MACKENZIE.—Hee hees. Hee wasna ane in—in—in—whan was it? Hee has been ane nac time ava. I mysel am no a Free Trader. I have always said it was impossible here—

TUPPER.—Horrid lie! Awful stretcher! (*roars*) Hee said at Dundee-e-e that he-e-e was a Free-e-e-Tr-a-der-r-r, he-e-e did! He-e-e struck it out of his pamphlet of spee-e-e-ech published here! He-e-e did! I am the Protectionist! I am the original—

Times EDITOR (*Hamilton*).—The Reform body is the only one to grant Protection. We are the ones. CODLIN is the friend—not SHORT. I am the original—

Free Press EDITOR (*London*).—Hee lies! Hee was Free Trade every day last week—

Times MAN.—What of it? I was Protection every day last year—I am the original—

Free Press.—Shut up. I am the —(*aside*—what the deuce am I?)—Yes, I am the advocate of Free Trade who support the advocate of Protection. I am the original—

G. B.—Yes, vara oreegenal, (*aside*) Sandy, mon, is it na time tae turn oor coats? Thae deils o' the *Mail* are over heavy for ma editors o' late—oor arguments are being knockit intil a cockit hat. What if we yell Protection the noo?

MACKENZIE.—Na, na. But we are the oreegenal Protec—

OPPOSITE PARTY.—No, no; we are the—

PEOPLE IN GENERAL.—Blest if we take either of you. Are there no honest men in the country, unconnected with party, who will tell us what to do?

Horrible.

To the Editor.

Sir.—As an injured individual, I wish to warn your readers against a serpent on two legs who goes round with a waggon selling strawberries which are biggest at the top.

Yours,

SILLIUS.

P.S.—The serpent also makes a horrid and most aggravating noise, and interferes with us as scills them at the regular stores.
Toronto, July 4, 1878.

The Excuse.

St. PAYTHER he looked from out the gate.
For the divil had troublesome been of late,
An' the divil a crayture could come shtraight
Because of the divil's beguillin'.

"I know," St. PAYTHER did remark,
"That the wicked basic, whose ways are dark
Is somewhere widin' my very park,
An' there he is an' smilin'!"

An' sure he kem wid a lep an' a skip,
An' he turned at the Saint his oogly lip,
Oh, wouldn't he like to give him a nip,
Wid his claws so sharp an' shinin'?

An' he said "Yer Riverince, what do I hare
Yersilf to yersilf a shpakin there,
Slanderin' me? I grately fare
Yer Riverince has been—dimin'."

An' the blissid Saint looked down an him,
An' the coals in the divil's eye grew dim,
An' thin he thrimblel in ivery limb,
Wid St. PAYTHER'S mesmerizin'.

An' St. PAYTHER said, "What is it ye mane,
Pokin' about me alley an' lane,
Turnin' my vishitors back again?
Your maneness is surprizin'!"

An' the divil he said, "I don't do so:
It's me would think it mesilf below,
Sure it's I'm a gentleman born, you know,
An not a mane bone about me.

"It wasn't your vishitors, Surr, at all.
They kem this way in a mishtake shmall,
For it was on me they wanted to call,
For they couldn't do widout me.

"Friends av my own, an' my delight,
Folks who on earth . . . by day or night
Set the Orange an' Green to fight
Widout a cause or rayson.

"Just that they might betune the two,
Get some cash an' a place or two,
Many a wan the thrick does do,
In this an' ivery sayson."

An' the Saint he said, "You raschal owld,
I don't want thim; for wance I'm sowld,
Will yez take good care they don't ketch cowl'd?
The wicked imps o' thrayson.

Treason in the Camp.

To the Editor of the Mail.

SIR:—Do we Liberal Conservatives intend to carry the next general election or do we not? I believe you will answer, we do. Well, then, what does our chieftain mean by talking in public like he did at Weston on Dominion day? you know—and he knows—that the principal plank in our platform is that the country is going to the dogs, and yet listen to what he said at the masonic demonstration:

"Here we are on the tenth commemoration of that event (Confederation) a prosperous, contented people—an orderly and law-abiding people—with good hope of the future, having confidence in ourselves and our future prosperity."

This, sir, is simply an outrage on the Conservative cause. How can the people be prosperous and contented and full of confidence, if, as we say the country is going to the dogs. I am fairly astounded at Sir JOHN forgetting htmself in this way, because I always believed him to be a man of tact. I call upon you to fetch him up to time the same as you would fetch me, if I happened to put my foot in it like that.

Yours &c.,

AN INDIGNANT CONSERVATIVE.