

# THE LANCE.

## THE LANCE

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, at 111 Bay Street, Toronto.  
Subscription price \$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. Single copies,  
5 cents, to be had of all News Dealers.

Advertisements inserted in the LANCE, on outside pages only, at very moderate rates.

Contributions from our friends for the columns of the LANCE will be thankfully received.

Registered letters at our risk.

J. A. WILKINSON, PUBLISHER,  
P. O. Box 757.

Our Agency in Halifax is at Morton's Book Store, 195 Hallis Street, where subscriptions will be received, and where back numbers can be obtained.

## LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 11TH, 1878.

### The House That Mac. Built for Temple Worship.

'Tis an old tale, where jolly boys abound,  
Of storied house, a certain jolly Jack built—  
How "malt" lay there—how, in it, "rats" were found,  
So of the "temple" JOLY, Brown and MAC. built!

Once the Grit Temple stood all fair to sight,  
With high cap'd pillars rare,  
Whose burnished sides reflected the sun's light,  
And all was brilliant there.

Brown to Mackenzie gave the model plan,  
A marvel in design,  
Where every Province symbolised her man,  
Their strength there to combine.

MAC. sought for its foundations stiff, Grit clay,  
And dug down to hard pan,  
But mixed with trait'rous sand—and thus decay  
In the clay-tiles began!

Just as by "greed of place and lust of power,"  
Men, once pure, fall away,  
To "organized hypocrisy,"—an hour  
Will bring its sure decay.

So did the emblematic brick of Grit,  
Great "pillars" cap'd in state,  
Shorn of consistency soon crack and flit,  
The sport of damning fate!

Cauchon, and such like *models*, proved but *shams*!  
Nor perfume left behind—  
The Lauriers, Lairds, St. Just, Jones, Laflamms,  
No "odours" brought to mind!

Frauds formed the base whereon the Temple stood,  
Men marvel'd at the "shrine!"  
Till pillars fell away like rotten wood,  
Or coal in crumbling mine.

The atmosphere around soon hazy grew,  
In precincts sleepers lie,  
With burdens on their shoulders, old and new,  
Then came the hue and cry!

A Joly Samson, hailing from Quebec,  
Essayed to save the State,  
But the Grit boat he sailed in went to wreck,  
And left him to his fate!

Still the blind worshipers to IDOLS joined  
Their cry, "let us alone!"  
Still worship'd each his "pillar" carved and coined—  
Fell down to brick and stone!

That emblem of "assurance," Big-push-Brown,  
The pillars would support,  
He had designed—they never should come down,  
Gone coons! of fools the sport—

But Brown, like Samson, 'neath the tumbling roof  
Will fall, to rise no more!  
Quebec and B.C. kick, and stand aloof,  
Grit Temple-worship's o'er!

Now Lent is past—the Government of Lent!  
Lent to St. Just, as men prepared to fast—  
Scarce raised their flag—Jones for the heliyards went  
To pull it down? or nail it to the mast!  
He now finds pillary punishment, and worship  
Leaves to the Premier—nicknamed now "his CUR-ship!"

### Notes by the Way.

Grit candidates are beginning to take a deep interest in farmers' stock and mothers' babies just now. What does it mean?

Brown is getting anxious to know the price of sucking pigs in North York about now. He bought them at fancy figures in South Ontario, once.

Some of our people are growing nervous over the probabilities of another Fenian raid. These frightened ones evidently forget that Jones is our Minister of War. We are safe, friends, perfectly safe.

Quebec or no Quebec? that's the question. People are sometimes said to have "come within one of it," but Letellier seems this time to have come within two of it.

There are rumours of an early election for the Commons. Mackenzie wants to hurry up while his friends in Quebec, have control of the treasury, which will only be until the fifth of June.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says, "Nature intended that every man should be honest." If that is so, Mackenzie must be the most unnatural man living, if, perhaps, we except Lucius Seth Huntington.

They say the phonograph can whistle, sing, howl, and jaw; but when it comes to asserting that Grit politicians are honest, it just gets it back right up and refuses to lie.

The Grit Temple of Liberty is built in the Alexandrian style, and has a Brown front. There is, however, a great deal more front than either Alexander or Liberty about it.

Lucius W. Pond, an ex. U.S. Senator, is in a State prison. He was not as fortunate in his little piccadillos as our Lucius has been. He is Postmaster-General.

Some one has lately discovered that there is a law in force which permits money to be carried as baggage. Proton Nixon says he knew of the existence of such a law as long ago as the days of McKellarism.

The New York *Sun* says Tweed was a very "generous man;" and the Norristown *Herald* suggests that it was "with other people's money." Strange, but that's just what's the matter with our Mackenzie.

The P. I. man says George Washington "stood up and told the truth like a little bell-punch." Mackenzie says:—"He has no use for either a bell-punch or a George Washington, at Ottawa, and as to that thing that they call "truth," he knows nothing about it.

Mrs. Gen. Gaines attributes her still youthful appearance to soap and water and a clear conscience. Unless the former can effect it without the aid of the latter, we may expect to see all our leading Grit politicians grow prematurely old.

Bertram, of West Peterboro', is opposed to protection to manufactures; but modestly accepts of an exemption from taxation, for ten years, for his wollen mills, from the corporation. This is another specimen of Grit consistency.

The Peterboro' *Examiner* man has been up here this week, consulting with the big luminary as to what course he should adopt in reference to the Sir John libel, and naturally enough has concluded to do whatever George Brown does. Here is the force of example exemplified.

Ten millions of hair pins are manufactured annually in the United States. Would it not be well if Mackenzie would have his brother Charles go into that kind of business and use up his rusting steel rails for stock? This would cause the rails to become useful as well as ornamental, and then Mac. could say, "That's the kind of a hair-pin I am."