

THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

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Registered letters at our risk.

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

LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1878.

Our Title Clear.

Subscribing friends who take the LANCE in,
And think, perchance, a "wit's a feather!"
See, when our title-page you glance in
Our terrier dogs run well together.

Their *aim*, the wily Fox, is leader—
Making *free* run to gain *protection*—
Impressing every picture reader
With views of natural selection.

"Public opinion" follows closely,
"Economy" runs neck and neck too—
The Hunter's horn sings out jocosely—
While he the "Patriots" gives a beck to!

The Fox leaves "Honesty" behind him—
"Truth" and "Consistency" still baying;
His hope forlorn, they ne'er may find him
Lest by the "hounds" he'll suffer flaying!

Hard by the *stump*, the Hunt is flying,
And promise frightened MAC, a Lancing;
The Leader his good steed is plying—
Between the maples see them prancing!

'Tis hard to venture an opinion—
But soon the Hunt of our selection
Its *brush* will bring—and this Dominion
See Hunt—or hunted, 'gain *protection*!

Legal Intelligence.

(ON OUR PART.)

While we attended the Police Court the other day to assist in the administration of justice, a particular case came before the Bench for adjudication. A gardner (a man, by the way, who was not afraid to call a spade, a spade) was informed against for having caused his bull-dog to worry a cat. In a report of this kind, we pass over the covert attempt at a pun by the worthy Police Magistrate, who based his judgment dismissing the case on the state of the *purse* of the accused. We think the decision may be upheld upon other grounds. It was shown that the accused did not own the cat. Now, it is only a social offence to wound another man's *feelin's*; the law does not regard it as an indictable one.

A Question-able Matter.

Had Kamini-ti-quia once a Hotel?
Is there an inch of it left—or an L?
Neebing's hotel—who can answer it well?
Only a question, if mortal can tell!
How could one get to it? had it a bell?
How were the doors? could Grits enter it well?
Stood it in hollow, hill side or dell?
Had Davidson's Company built it to sell?
Was it a needy and seedy Hotel?
How did the Architects make the price *swell*?
Can Clarke or Wilson or Savigny tell?
Whitewashed, or painted *Brown*, did it show well?
Had it a carpet, can Oliver tell?
Had it a lodging room, cellar or cell?
Had it a wash-tub or kitchen or well?
Had it a sewer or other foul smell?
Had it a fowl-house or rookery-knell?
Was it well lighted and airy, *do* tell?
When Boarders "went for it," did they rebel?
If from the roof of it any one fell—
And found himself *sold* off, before the hotel
Who'd be the salesman, and who feel the "sell"?
Would not the compact a history tell—
To make Cartwright aspirate H with an ell?

A Rhymer's Reason.

Would our wise men all combine,
Our great interests regulate,
They might make our fair Land shine,
Save from wreck the Ship of State!

They might end Mackenzie's tricks
Give one-sided Trade, the ban;
Relegate him back to bricks
To pursue his olden plan!

Let him his reward receive
Thus—to make his end *sublime*;
Then—departing he would leave
Footprints on the *clays* of time!

Patriots then might hope to find
Brick-layers sticking—to their clay!
His record be—unique of kind:
"He ruled, by giving *rails* away!"

The Fashions.

It is rumored that *book-muslin* will be in much favor as an appropriate costume for *blue-stockings*, instead of *prints* as heretofore. As there is no *periodical* change in the style of dress, something *novel* is hailed with delight.

The *Spring Skirt* which will be most generally worn this year is—
Crinoline!

Nothing has yet been found which can supply the place of Real Laces,
However in the outfit for walking they will only be worn in the *shoes*.

Trains are much *worn* at this time of year—especially if the dress have done duty all through the winter.

Epitaphical.

When Mackenzie departs from this region of woe,
Let Coffin carve this on his stone;
"He *let* contracts, commissions, jobs everything go!
And was every Grit's friend but his own!"

Luc Let-el ier might change his name—and must
Ere he can dub himself *Saint*-just!
From public censure, till he goes scot free,
Luc-ky Let-tell-liar, needs a spelling bee!

The times tell of war—not why or what for—
While in politics—scandals increase!
Yet our "rulers" ne'er show why these things are so—
While their policy's all of a piece! (peace)

Our Orchestra Chair.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—"Jane Eyre" has been the principal attraction this week, the accomplished Actress Miss Charlotte Thompson, appearing in the little *role* supported by the Wallack Combination.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—A varied Bill was presented, commencing with the interesting Irish drama "Granuaile." The character of *Shamus O'Rielly*, was ably represented by Mr. Barry Conlan. The support of the Stock Company was excellent, Miss Bradshaw's *Mary Clare*, and Mr. Halford's *Conner Kennedy*, being especially good. "Kate Kearney" was announced for Good Friday Matinee, and in the evening "All that Glitters is not Gold," to be followed by an afterpiece written for Miss Sallie Holman, entitled "Bubbles." Mr. Joe Banks is the author, and plenty of amusement may therefore be expected.

Letter-hunting Epigram.

Oh! Lucius Seth, the record saith
Of certain sin—it's wage is death!
If public men the conscience *steal*—
They, "penalty" should pay—or feel!
If "letter-cribbing" be the crime—
This penal sentence well might fix 'em
Stamp letters to the end of time—
And lick the mucilage that sticks 'em!

The only time that a workingman is not justified in striking for higher wages is when he strikes his employer.

There is going to be an eclipse of the sun in the course of a month or two. The Grits will blame Sir John Macdonald for it, of course. They will say it is an old eclipse which they found in one of the pigeon holes at Ottawa, and they are not responsible for it. Sir John is always doing something wicked. Next thing we know there will be a total eclipse of the Grit party.