

# THE LANCE.

## THE LANCE

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

## LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Harvey is no longer agent for THE LANCE. Any parties who may have subscribed to him, and do not receive their papers regularly will please notify us.

### From The Seat Of War.

DEAR LANCE,

For one moment pray lend your attention.  
Telegraphic despatches are mostly invention.  
This is proved to be so, for the stuff they were loaded  
With, has, by the latest reports, been exploded.

Not a little sent out by the newspaper staff  
Has, it must be admitted, been nothing but chaff;  
For of all the accounts of rack, skirmish, and battle,  
Not a few, Sir, have ended in smoke and in rattle.

Spite of this, 'tis admitted by all men of sense,  
In the army the feeling is one of suspense;  
If to any one branch I am asked to confine  
My remarks, I would say—those attached to the line.

Though, if war were declared Sir, the general feeling,  
Would be one of grief, still there's no use concealing  
This fact, which the major part of us must know,  
The army, at least, into transports would go.

I'm afraid my advices may prove rather stale;  
You get news so much faster by wire than by mail.  
That of rousing your interest I'm quite despondent,  
However, I am, Sir, your war correspondent.

### Hallam in Europe.

The self-important Hallam has gone to Europe armed with introductions from the Mayor to the Prefect of the Seine and the Mayors of the leading cities of Great Britain and Ireland. And how is our worshipful Hallam described by our worshipful Mayor? As a leading Toronto merchant! What an idea Hallam will give of leading Toronto merchants! How the Frenchmen will hold their noses and lift their eyebrows as Hallam enters with a hide thrown gracefully over his shoulders and a copy of the *Globe* protruding from his pocket. But the most portentous display will be when Hallam insists on presenting himself at the Tuileries and replies in London to the toast of Canada. How proud we shall all feel to be sure! The man should be hid who at sight of the thick-hided Hallam wearing a hide and responding for Canada would not hide his diminished head. "How will you speak French in the capital of France?" Hallam was asked. "I will speak English," was the reply. "But the Prefect does not understand English." "Then," replied Hallam, "I will converse by means of bows," and he bowed with the inimitable grace of a piggy-wiggly holding a drawing room in a corner of the stable-yard. His interlocutor lit a cigar and walked away thinking what a great city Paris is.

There is one man in Parliament who doesn't propose to stand any nonsense anyway. His name is Bunster. Some of these days, if the bugle players and tin-whistle blowers of the House don't look out Mr. Bunster will proceed to forcibly eject the whole Grit crew. This would be anticipating the action of the people.

### The two-faced Financier.

Cartwright explains! His celebrated shield  
Had brass and silver sides—but not two faces!  
The silver side made British treasure yield—  
The brazen side won Canada's good graces!

"There's no deception"—speech as true as steel—  
He says—though steel rails cost a pretty penny!  
The silver'd shield displayed soon gained a deal.  
The brazen side alone, had not gained any!

Cartwright made no wry-faces—t'other side  
Show'd faces that reflected without glasses—  
Let no one then, the quaint idea deride!  
Cartwright's cartoon (in No. 6.) of brass is.\*

People unlike the LANCE—not sharp in point  
Who pun and fun, should careful be to start right  
Else while the times are sadly out of joint—  
They'll never wield a two-faced shield, like Cartwright!

\* No offence or disparagement intended by competition with the copper-faced Minister.

Our poet is decidedly of the opinion that 'tis better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

These are the balmy days when people can take long walks without their overcoats. For further information enquire at the pawnbrokers.

Mr. Mackenzie has been telling the members of the House that truth is stranger than fiction. It is a good deal more of a stranger to him, sure enough.

O'Leary, the pedestrian, can walk more miles in less time than any other man living. But even O'Leary can't walk as fast as a hungry Grit on the hunt for office.

A talented Grit member of the House is very much offended because the Halifax *Herald* man called him a donkey. A good many people think it was roughest on the donkey.

April showers bring forth May flowers. They also bring forth big cabbagees and able-bodied beets. You can spell beets two ways and it won't reflect on the vegetables a bit.

Lots of people think that the steel rails scandal will be largely the means of switching the present Government off the track. This would, in fact, almost semaphore gone conclusion.

If anybody has a spare barn or so kicking about doing nothing he should call it a hotel, take a couple of good Grits into his confidence, and sell it to the Government for about five times its value.

The question that seems to be troubling the minds of some people most just now is Women's Rights. We know about a score of young men who have been jilted three times apiece by giddy girls. Must we call these young men Women's Lefts?

If Gladstone's butcher should ever happen to wrap up Gladstone's meat in a piece of the Toronto *Leader*, and Gladstone should happen to see what the *Leader* says about him, there would be another suicide, followed by an election for the British House of Commons.

"There is nothing like leather," as the small boy said when he deftly removed a small slice of sole leather which he had concealed about his person just previous to being interviewed by an irate father in the woodshed. His father had taken him to the woodshed so that he woodshed tears.

A Miss Skiff was married the other day, and all the papers are wishing her much canoe-bial happiness, and hoping her husband will let whiskey alone and take to the water kindly, and all that sort of thing, which, while wherry kind is also ferry disinterested. But Miss Skiff will likely say to the papers, "yacht to stop this nonsense, or yawl get into trouble."

If England should go to war with Russia, and Sitting Bull should kick up a fuss with the people of the North-West, and the Fenians should make another raid at Pigeon Hill, and the Colorado beetle should once more attack the potatoes, the Minister of Militia—which his name it is Jones—would be kept busy. He would doubtless get out of the difficulty by stowing himself away in a dry goods box.

When the name of Major Walker, of London, began to smell on account of the bribery and corruption that was proved against him in court, the Grits dropped the "Major" and thereafter called him "Colonel." They are doing something of the same kind with Minister of Militia Jones, for the London Grit organ now sweetly refers to him as "Colonel." We do not know whether he is a "Colonel" or not, but it seems to be plain that he is a pretty hard nut. The joke is on the kernel.