

THE LANCE.

The Grit M. P. Arriving at Ottawa.



WHAT HE BRINGS.

The Grit M. P. Leaving Ottawa.



WHAT HE TAKES AWAY.

These point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Many trite maxims, by Grit Tritons made
A fitting time for "application" wait—!
Meanwhile, why should we throw them in the shade?
Though all unfit to make our country great!

To make a "big push" many pushers tried
Why, never did they, like George Brown, succeed?
Because when Simpson for deposits cried
Brown knew just when and why, he'd freely bleed!

For George had felt his pulse! Again we learn
The threadbare complot, drill-room phrase "speak now"
The Indians use it too—they quick discern!
It suits their manners, at the great "pew-wow"!

Palen and Goderich harbours! princely jobs—
Show how a Premier "comes down handsomely"
How he may fill Grit Canvassers deep fobs—!
Which naught depletes, save an Election spree!

What marvel that the *Neebing plot* looks well—
When friends can pic-nic in its precincts free!
We may guess too, what worked the potent spell?
The Lawyers, and the Valuators' fee!

If "lots of money" can corruption scare
And "bribery" be everywhere put down
May we not have a bun-feed *on the square*?
At the famed Kaminiis-ti-quas slab-town?

If the "hotel" be counted somewhat *thin*!
Let pic-nics follow bun-feeds faster, thicker!
Then when the Lib-Con. guests shall raise a din
We'll pitch them—! no, we'll say, "let's go and liquor!"

They seem to be having a Jol(l)y time of it in Quebec. But it Angers the people to see the constitution trampled on.

Mr. Rine is still on the war path in the western part of the Province, where they take up "silver collections" for him. He is going to have his name changed to Rino.

Bob Acres—War Minister.

If, *after dinner*, Jones cried douse the flag!
Of Britain, proudly o'er the fortress flymg,
'Twas that "Dutch courage" might find vent in brag!
As then, for Parliament he thought of trying,
He "guessed" no Judges there would heed his boast,
But let it pass for its true worth—as bluster.
His annexation club then ruled the roast,
And he, *the Colonel*, surely would pass muster!
Then, when Sir Hastings Doyle, to make amends—
Invited him to say regrets for bragging,
Dutch courage passed out at his finger ends,
And ever since this mocking soldier's flagging!
Jones never yields; he's staunch as stubborn mule,
The LANCE has drawn afraid to jump the hurdle!
But this our warrior admits—when cool,
No more by treason's cry our blood he'll curdle!

Conundrums.

When does a mouse resemble a South Sea Islander? When he shows his can-nibble propensities.

Why is a difficult question of law like a mean trait? Because it is a naughty (knotty) point.

Why is a cowardly soldier in battle like an egg in process of hatching? Because they both show the chicken when the shell's burst.

Why do some of our show swells resemble Elijah? Because they go off occasionally in chariots of (h)ire.

Why do the colored folks in Hamilton resemble certain fish? Because they are taken up by de-bate.

A Plea for the Minister of Militia.

Jones ever warlike, when a volunteer—
Once in his life mistook the time to *cheer*!
If too impulsive then, the blood of youth
By party-zeal on fire—forgot the truth?
Let him now show how deep is his regret,
And give the loyal *reasons* to forget!
His crime might be atoned for by new zeal
Such as true men of the Dominion feel!
For Queen and flag, whose folds we see unfurl'd
As the great central banner of the world!
If he a loyal record would not *dish*—he
Should clear it of *shop business*—that is *fishy*!
And this forget not—men in his condition,
Like Caesar's wife, should be above suspicion!

Mr. Dymond, M.P., should take the M. P. off the end of his name
Any man who can make three and four hour speeches without turning
hair can never be said to be M. P.—that is to say *empty*.

It looks as if J. O'Donovan Rossa could not get a place to lecture in.
Let him go over to the island. He could talk then as much as he likes,
and hurt nobody. It would be a good place to indulge in the Lamenta-
tions of Jeremiah.

Here comes the spring poetry epidemic again. It has broken out in
several sections of the country, but in a very mild form. The best thing
to do with a man who has the premonitory symptoms of shedding poetry
is to rebuke him in the most stern manner—the more stern the better.

The way the Grits put the Quebec case is this:—If Mr. Letellier De St.
Just has done wrong the country will condemn him, and if he has done
right the country will uphold him. It is therefore merely an experiment.
It is like betting on a horse race. If you win it is all right, but if you
lose it is wicked.

Then and Now—1873 v. 1878.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF GRIT REFORMERS IN BRIEF.

THEN—No Coalitions, but how soon their shift.
NOW—In '78 they say, "Let the ship drift!"
THEN—Economy's the policy next heard,
NOW—"Encourage Yankee trade!" becomes the word.
THEN—Reduce of Ministers the number!—next
NOW—"Baby" and "Chat's Canal" is all their text.
THEN—Again, the Purists purity desire,
NOW—And ask, "Who set the Parliament on fire?"
THEN—They claim a vigorous Administration!
NOW—Then ask, who pelts the men of highest station?
THEN—Their platform plank *was* independent men!
NOW—"We like office! Try us once again!"

Doctors may differ—but they have "degrees!"
And are not like Grit statesmen—sorry elves!
Who stand before the world—"Anomalies!"
Who differ from each other, and themselves!