

The Knights Benighted.

"There came a sound of revelry by night,"  
The Blake and Brick-layer parties had united!  
The prospects at Quebec were growing bright,  
Another of the Smiths had just been Knighted!  
The "shield" of double face showed silver there,  
Though "Lucius Seth" thought copper thereby slighted;  
Yet both rejoiced, that "Grit reform" stood fair,  
Another of the Smiths had just been Knighted!

Cartwright and Huntingdon of letter'd fame,  
Whose metal faces masked them, un-affrighted  
Joined with the Premier to "keep up the game!"  
Till yet another Smith might soon be Knighted.  
Friends Oliver and Davidson were there,  
Vail and all beaten candidates invited!  
With Proton Nixon, his accounts to square,  
Another of the Smiths had just been Knighted.

The Chief's sworn friends came all! they'd have a spree;  
Sir John, the wily foe, must be indicted!  
The trade in brass and copper be kept free!  
Another of the Smiths might soon be Knighted!  
The Kami-nas-ty job had been perfumed;  
The guests of Neebing's slab hotel, delighted;  
Another slander 'gainst John A. exhumed;  
Another of the Smiths, too, had been Knighted!

Dymond, of *Globe* report, met Ryan's looks,  
Whose tell-tale telegrams had all been righted;  
Cartwright's deficits were confirmed by Crooks!  
Another of the Smiths had just been Knighted.  
The Lib.-Con. champion they would bring to book;  
See that no future scandal should be quite hid;  
Into the Moylan case take a last look—  
Another of the Smiths had just been Knighted.

By Northern Railway they would meet "steel rail"—  
If one pass'd muster t'other might be whi-ted.  
Of Foster-jobs—says, "dead men tell no tale!"  
And now another of the Smiths is Knighted!  
Give "tit for tat" in scandals. Why shall they  
Go free, when Grit shortcomings all are cited?  
Lib.-Cons. can root out scandals every day,  
Yet 'spite of them another Smith is Knighted!

They have no care, tho' Nixon's railway ties,  
Which timid M. P.'s in committee sighted,  
Should strike some timid backers with surprise,  
Before another of the Smiths be Knighted!  
Let heathens rage! Dymond the *Globe* can move.  
There's nothing to reform! why get excited?  
If Lib.-Con.'s 'gainst Reformers nothing prove  
Another of the Smiths will soon be Knighted.

Tho' JUSTICE needs two "heads" Grits have but one—  
Thus office-holding policy is blighted.  
Beware! Shall they not pack the Senate soon,  
With Smiths and Browns as fast as such are Knighted?  
Let, then, all Smiths in copper, clay or brass,  
Who suffer in their country's cause be sighted;  
Then the base metals for pure gold shall pass,  
And JOHN, last of the Smiths, may be be-nighted!

Lambton Epigram.

Why will the Lamb-town men be ever sheep-y?  
The wool drawn o'er their eyes, aye, worse than sleepy,  
They too much trust Mackenzie—their pet lamb—  
A boss, that Lambtown safely cannot cherish;  
Because he drives them like a battering ram,  
At last to leave the "erring sheep" to perish!

The Platform of Consistency.

"No Coalitions!" such the plan Grit policy first drew,  
Shown by the fusions of the past—since eighteen seventy-two;  
An "Independent Parliament," the next plank brought to view,  
The "Anglin and Vail printing jobs" the illustration drew;  
"Economy of public cash" composed plank number three,  
Which the deficits yearly prove a slight mistake to be!  
The fourth subjected public funds to Parliament's control,  
Three millions for steel rails alone, paid out Mackenzie sole!  
"Purity of Elections," gave the fifth plank, as a text  
Madiver, Simpson and Big Push! show well the precept vex'd;  
"Able Administration" stood the bait for number six,  
Well illustrated by pretence of purity, plus tricks!  
In railway Foster jobs, and all the out-puts of hard times!  
That leave no room for reason's rule—a little room for rhymes—  
When principles are bankrupt all—plain common sense asserts  
Its rights—and each deluded Grit, quits IDOLS, and deserts!

A Joly Question.

What of Quebec? And when will end her folly?  
Has she no punishment for one un-Just?  
Will she return a House with head so Jolly  
That the majority will hail or trust?

A policy of fraud will little serve them—  
For the burnt children will avoid Rouge fire;  
And loyalty, with broken faith will nerve them  
To give the Rouges taste of loyal ire.

A Parody.

When Luc Letellier stooped to folly  
Quebec's best interests to betray,  
He sought a friend! that may be Jolly!  
To help Grit power, and place, and pay.

No saintly art his scheme can cover,  
Or shield him from the Patriot's eye!  
Who'll serve him as maid serves false lover,  
Send him to coventry—to die!

Right Joly Men.

Innings for Rymal, who Grit humor shows  
That should disarm the clownish joker's foes.  
Humor's a better shield than Cartwright bears,  
When wanting cash his double face he wears.  
Ill humor only marks the grave St. Just,  
Fit to inspire in candid minds disgust;  
But Oliver, and Crooks, and Rymal, all  
Steal hearts away—they are so comical—  
Thus Oliver, who gave friend Crooks a seat,  
Repay himself by that queer Neebing cheat,  
And its collaterals! That's purely funny,  
Apart from paltry sentiment or money!  
Tho' Rymal told a friend there were some Crooks,  
Or crooked calculations, in the books,  
And while ironically meeting praise  
To Oliver, made jokes on Crook-ed ways—  
These are the only Joly men we cheer,  
For fun has nothing from the LANCE to fear!

A Reigning Error Corrected.

An event oft occurs, viz., a very wet day,  
Which is so unaccountably strange in its way,  
That, although you may say it is not an uncommon one  
Still you'll admit to be quite a phenomenon.

When Jupiter Pluvius looks from his throne,  
And sees that the earth is as dry as a bone,  
Then he turns on the cold water tap up aloft,  
And philosophers tell us the water is soft.

Now, I think I can show in a sentence or two  
That philosophers tell us what isn't quite true;  
(Though a *savant* might better do this than a bard),  
How can water be soft when it's coming down hard?

Now that the silver glut is on, would it not be well that the Finance Minister see to the re-silvering of one side of his Shield, at least for the sake of economy, like that which influenced the Premier in buying the Steel Rails when the market was glutted. But apart from that silver nuisance—the public should bear in mind that a five cent piece of silver, will entitle them to a copy of the LANCE, all over the Dominion! Thus the LANCE, too, has a silver side, as all may see.

Brotherly Love.

They met, where M. P.'s crowd,  
And methought Charles would shun him,  
Yet he spoke, in whisper loud,  
Like a bailiff that might dun him:  
"Now you're Premier, let me say  
I desire a new commission!  
With elections on in May,  
I shall be in poor condition!  
If you want no more steel rails,  
Look out sharply for some other  
Good job! or there will be cause  
Of *ra-il anguish*, my good brother!"

Joe Miller and Joe Rymal.

Joe Miller ground his jokes above his mill!  
Fit place for "attic wit!"  
Rymal takes his spontaneously at will,  
From Miller's, adding Grit!  
It follows then, as his stump speeches run,  
"Joe Miller's" come to mind,  
If not so racy as a clown's in fun!  
They're of a horse-stable kind!