

THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

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Registered letters at our risk.

J. A. WILKINSON, PUBLISHER,
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LANCE.

SINTE SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1878.

Napanee—Lennox.

Cartwright who shields us by finance,
Dissatisfies our pointed LANCE—
He who beneath deficits *four*!
Now runs the Ship of State, ashore!
Who shows, with shuffling mates, his hand
And play—to make this a cheap land
To live in, sure 'tis *folly* clear—
Patriots would have their land *more dear*!
And so when starving equine jade
Awaits the growing grass in blade—
These Cheap Jacks of free trade but show
The horse dies ere the grass can grow!
Thus men who might sell tape and bobbin,
Now sell their country all by jobbin'.
Where are we drifting? who can see?
Will four deficits set us free?
Was Cartwright lord of Lennox made—
To sink us by a "slaughtering" trade?
Our interests holds he not too light—
When our wealth vanishes from sight?
What, then, should loyal Lennox do
If not, o'er Cartwright cast her shoe—
Strap on his back the load of debt
Beneath whose weight we groan and sweat?
Shall Lennox not decline his rule—
And no more handle an edged tool?
A two-faced shield, like two-edged sword
That cuts all faith in Statesman's word?
If men would now gain what they lack—
And punish fitly—send him back;
Else brazen shield again will be
Displayed by Lord of Napanee!
In guise of brass—alas 'tis plain
"RICHARD will be himself again!"

Prospects in South Ontario.

MISTHER LANCE,

I write these few loines to let you know how things look down here in the political arena. Thim truculent Tories are at their ould thricks trying to make capital out of ivery sort of thing for their old war-horse Gibbs, but we are just goin' to make thim take back sates ivery one of them this toim. We are making a grand scheme up in airmist, and when it is complete it will make them ould corruptionists peel their eyes, you bet! You see our plan is to just bring out Glinn,—you'll moind that he is the same fellow that run on the Tory ticket in West Durham, and gave ould E. B. Wood such a bastin'. Well, this toim he is on our side, and is goin' for Gibbs lively and will never let up on him until he treats him ivery bit as ugly as he did ould Wood. You see Glinn's big hould is on promises. He says he will get a railroad for Oshawa, iron smeltin' works for Whitby and glorious prosperity for the whole ridin'. He has promised to marry all the widdys, to father all the orfans, and school all the children. He will bring good crops, peace and plenty; fill the ridin' wid manufactures, and make markets, at high prices, for all our products. He will enrich all the farms wid the choice guano, and will put jack screws under all the swamps and raise thim up so as to make arable lands of thim; but over and above all this—and moind this is a profound secret—it is said, on good authority, he intends to spend a handsome sum amongst us chaps in putting down bribery; do you see?

Now you'll not wonder that we are both happy and hopeful wid such prospects before us, and I just want to say Hooroor for Glinn.

Yours in the bonds, &c.,

TERRY MORIARTY.

O, Be Joyful.

Let's be cheerful! no more tear-full
Great Mackenzie's fame shall be—
His cheap policy—though fearful
Simply works, by rule of three!

Taking to his bosom—Cartwright,
Sending Coffin to his rest;
Huntingdon in copper-art right
Next he folded to his breast!

They by powers, for which they've striven,
Duty off *three* "dear" things take;
Making cheap the land we live in,
If a living one can make.

First Umbrellas! There's no blunder—
So protect from rains the hat!
Next shoe-rubbers!—they go under,
They our soles protect!—that's flat!
Spectacles come third, to finish—
These enable us to see
Double—never to diminish
Beauties of Grit policy!

These great popular protectors
Serve for head and eyes and feet;
Cartwright's *two-faced shield*,—Electors
Could not with more pleasure greet!
Blame no more, then, knaves who rule us,
Keeping Place and pelf in view—
We at least have, while they fool us,
Free-trade, and *protection* too!

Advertisement Extraordinary.

"SMART BOY—who can milk and attend to horse; one accustomed to the country preferred. Mr. Lambe, 37 Front street East."—*Mail, April 6.*

Heaven help us! Under a Tory regime we were often compelled, during times of depression to part with our horses, but never to milk 'em, even if we could get a boy "smart" enough to perform the business. Please explain, Mr. L. We are familiar with most breeds of horses. Is there an *udder* breed of which we've never heard?

Oliver, Davidson & Co.

Oh Oliver, ye've made a stir—
Aent that slab hotel, man!
Of two rooms fit, and land a *bit*
Ye made an *unco* "sell" man!
But *hec*, dear friend note the sad end,
The "*plot*" is all too thin, see!
Your survey'd *plan*, secured your man—
But ah! ye *sold* Mackenzie.
'Tis well if he, get off *Scott-free*!
Sincere tho' his condition!
That Geordie's rails, and Neebing's tales,
Show signs of *Grits' Commission*!

Our Orchestra Chair.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—This week Miss Minnie Doyle made her first appearance in Toronto, in the character of *Zeta*, in a new sensational play of that name; and subsequently in "*Magnolia*." Her charming appearance and artistic acting created a very favorable impression. The remaining characters were very creditably sustained by the stock company, notably Messrs. Brink, Dalton and Banks, the latter as usual affording much amusement.

At the GRAND "*Fanchon, the Cricket*" was the principal attraction. It is almost needless to say the lively *Fanchon* found an admirable representative in Miss McAllister. The rest of the cast were all that could be desired.

Political Paradox.

The Kami nisti-quia *job* began
First with a *plot!* and next with a plan!
Which was which, and whether was how—
The LANCE to its readers can't tell now!

Formal Reform.

There's form in all things! Government reform
Is non-performance of the plainest duties;
This forms a subject that has raised a storm—
And shows deformity in our *State Beauties*!
Mackenzie formed so hard a *house* of Bricks,
And left, for form's sake "nothing to reform,"
That nothing now, will end his knavish tricks
But ballot *boxing*, and a *Hastings storm*!