

The Contest in Quebec.

Though long had ceased the clang of noise and strife,
That marks the fever of our public life,
Still rare excitement at "The HOUSE" bore sway!
What's the majority? men asked each day—
The fierce Rouge organs named the number twenty!
Mackenzie thought it more than margin plenty—
But Huntingdon all lingering doubt to shelve,
Agreed with Smith to put it down at twelve!
Burpee thought, counting "independent" men—
That Lucius Seth had better call it ten!
Laurier declined to draw the point too fine,
And begged of Blake to settle it at nine!
Scott felt that he would not the truth mis-state,
If his addition simple, made it eight!
While Coffin, not so deep in the *Rouge leaven*,
By Coffin measure sawed it off at seven!
Laflamme in view of personation tricks,
Was satisfied if he could fix it six!
Jones to the new position seemed *alive*,
And named a friend who once *got in by five*!
Lelletier took French leave, and *Saxon* swore,
He could not figure it as more than four!
And Mills, with gritting teeth and savage grind,
Profanely vowed, he only three could find!
While Cartwright—facing the dull side of Shield—
Made *two* the figure the returns must yield,
And "cat-call Dymond," clownish in his fun,
Cried, for a won-der, let us call it *won*!
Why, Oliver exclaimed—"you bet" on Jolly,
I stake a town-lot, he has *one*, by golly!

Now LANCE still thinks, so many doubts eathral,
The Joly *Rouges* have not *won* at all!

Our Orchestra Chair.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—"RAINBOWS."—Miss Safford's new play affords excellent opportunities for a display of that dramatic power for which this accomplished lady is justly celebrated. Her impersonation of *Helen* is a very clever piece of acting, especially where, in the second act, she claims her child from her inhuman husband. Her descent of the rope in the old tower scene was watched by a breathless audience. The child actress, little Ruby, in the character of *Little Goldie*, sings several pretty pieces in charming style and renders her part in a very natural manner. Mr. Allan Halford was even better than usual in the character of *Clarence Worth*. The cast included Miss Bradshaw, Miss Dollie Banks, Mr. J. Storey, and Mr. J. T. Dalton. A matinee will be given on Saturday.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—A Backwoods Romance, entitled "Brigham Young's Angels," was announced for the latter end of the week, at this theatre.

Pitty the Gritty.

To *Lance*, comes a note from a *Rouge* or a Grit—
Who says he has studied our paper a bit,
Where by turns all his JOLY companions are hit,
And he thinks it's no joke to be worried by wit!
We tell him, there's nothing like mirth for the blues!
But the Premier and Cartwright, can *pass* if they choose,
Till Rothschild, the latter a loan shall refuse—
So we'll still mingle fun with political news!

He refers to the one-sided news of the *Globe*—
That a globe has two sides—'tis a puzzle to probe!
Joseph's coat was the *Globe's* emblematical robe—
It's consistency taxes the patience of Job!

SIMPSON voters *in batches*, could once mesmerize,
And Bank-customers canvass, by notes that surprise;
So the Maskinonge voters should open their eyes,
When M.P.'s of two "Houses" joint measures devise.

Or take P. A. Fateux, of *Banque Ville Marie*!
Who has paid his addresses to Ho-de, M.P.P.,
In a letter so like, that it Simpson's might be!
Would news topics like these suit Rouge Grits such as he?
Or of Smith, whose "trawl-fishing" takes no heed of *spaxon*!
When into his *cranium* light fails to dawn!
Who forgets three-mile limits are not worth a thought!
Fish *at sea* do not spawn, and near hand may be caught!

But avast! though not *Rouge* we don't rank Grits as foes;
The *Lance* may be jolly, yet JOLY oppose;
And news of State secrets *Lance* must not disclose,
Since Quebec has gone JOLY, as all the world knows.

A *bas* to the *Rouges* but hail to good Grits;
To them we give "pepper" and *salt* for "tit bits!"
Tho' since drawing Grit news from official *on dits*,
It's only when saucy, would *Lance* spoil their ease!

The Coming Harvest—of what?

"The sower shall reap, and the spinner
Shall gather the work of the loom,"
But Canadians want for a dinner
And employment—yet *want* is their doom!
The Grits give the States free connection,
And our chattels sell but for a song!
But our products will get no protection
While "Grit whips" can handle the *thong*!

Notes by the Way.

The first straw hat was out to-day.—*Ex.* Out of reach probably.
We presume the Day of Judgment will have to settle the war question.
The Sultan ought to appoint the Bey of Fundy his finance minister.—*Exchange.*
The Canadians are getting alarmed.—*Am. paper.* Yes, we are getting all-armed.
Rum blossoms indicate an early fall.—*Ex.* This chap evidently "nose" all about it.

Foxes are becoming very scarce in Great Britain.—*Spec.* England will have to *hear* it just now.

San Francisco has about 100 gambling houses.—*Am. paper.* "Shade of Pharoah" can such things be?

The Duke of Westminster's income is \$10 a minute.—*Exchange.* This is making a "note of time" in earnest.

An exchange says: "Shall we have truth?" "Not if I know it," says Mackenzie, "at least not from me."

An exchange remarks that Mr. Cole is a fluent and ready speaker. No doubt of it; it is from *coal* that we get all our gas.

Mr. Dawes wants a different kind of Washington monument built.—*Am. paper.* Perhaps he's after a "venerable pile."

A war would evidently benefit Canada.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.* Doubtless, but Miss Canada don't want a benefit just yet.

Falstaff enquires "What is honor?" To say the Tories were all drunk and the Grits all sober. Ask Dymond if it aint.

Very wide belts are coming in.—*Fashion Notes.* If the ladies wear wide belts, they will probably want to do a good deal of "buckling."

They can now photograph a heart beat. That beats anything out in the way of perfecting a science, excepting the Grit science of letting contracts.

The Beecher scandal is as limp as a cheap style of door mat.—*Com. Advertiser.* Still the public like to get a *g-limps* of its features occasionally.

Athens, Ga., is crying for a mint-julep, we suppose.—*Am. paper.* We suppose she is so inflated with pride that nothing but a paper-mint will do her.

If Polly ropes us in through rose-scented blandishments and pie crust blandishments, and we marry wot the law look at it as a Polly-gammon-us marriage?

Edison, of telephone fame, is only 31 years old.—*Ex.* When he gets older he will perhaps know better. We couldn't expect much from a Neddys-son.

The Cherokee Indians are civilized enough to possess a public debt of \$187,000.—*Am. paper.* No doubt this was owing to the swinging pace of the war club.

"Prince Arthur Duke of Connaught is to marry Louise of Prussia. Arthur is the best of the family." The American who wrote this paragraph is evidently a Connaught man.

A clergyman lately removed from his foot a piece of glass that had been 40 years working through. Ge whillikens, just think of the pane.—*Ex.* He surely wasn't a native of Glass-go.

Agents of the English government are in this country buying war-horses.—*Ex.* If they would only buy up the owners most of them would make heavier charges than the horses.

Tennessee's tobacco crop is estimated at 60,000,000 lbs. This is outrageous, and an anti-tobacco society established in Montreal. Now is your time to raise "Cain," and particularly smoking cane.

It is said that Hogarth would sketch any face that struck him on his finger nail. If he had ever met our Lucius Seth he would have found it impossible to have sketched him on anything smaller than a copper.

There were 83 murderers hanged last year in the United States out of a population of 50,000,000.—*Am. paper.* This is out of all proportion to our spirit of enterprise. We must "rope in" and "trap" a few more.