

### The Ottawa Theatre.

MR. CLANDEBOYE, lessee, has the honor to announce the re-appearance—procured at great expense—of the celebrated tragedian, comedian, and acrobat, GEORGE BROWN, who will take leading parts in several gems of his ordinary repertoire. He will be the principal character in the tragedy of "The Ruined Manufacturer; or, the Woes of the Working-man." He will also play *Wirepuller* in the farce of "The Unreforming Reformers; or, Rest and be Thankful." He will also exhibit his astonishing equestrian performance of Riding the Reform, Green, and Orange horses at once, driving before him the Sir JOHN and TUPPER ponies at the same time. He will afterwards, assisted by the well-known NED BLAKE, perform the "Sudden Cure; or, the Healthy Patient." No free list. No half price. *Vivat Regina (Jones volente).*

### A Combat Between the Drivers of the Conservative Buss and Reform Van.

JOHN.—Conscience! ALIC what's the matter?  
You've grown thin instead of fatter.  
Driving does not agree with you.

ALEX.—That is a fact, I know it too,  
The constant pulling of the rein  
Gives my nerves a frightful strain,  
Which makes my heart faint and weary  
While trav'ling this road so dreary.

JOHN.—Your horses are too poorly fed,  
They show it by the drooping head.  
They must have oats or they will die,  
So try and feed them ALIC try,  
Give better, more substantial food,  
Not bricks and mortar, stone or wood,  
Contract or steal some oats and hay,  
Procure them ALIC in some way.

ALEX.—Why! Trade is lame, can hardly walk,  
And when I drive her she will baulk.

JOHN.—Pamper her, pet her as you may  
You'll never cure her in that way.

ALEX.—She may improve, if, as you say,  
I give her plenty oats and hay,  
I'll take the bridle off her head  
And give her liberty instead,  
To roam the fields of my domain,  
And she will soon get fat again.

JOHN.—The Yank's will cross o'er forty-five  
And take your mare for a drive  
Extract the marrow from her bones  
And let her die 'mid pains and groans.

ALEX.—I'm hourly losing oats and hay  
My barns are empt'ing day by day  
Contents abstracted by the load  
So I must turn her on the road.  
The wintry months are gliding past  
And my little stock won't last  
To bring me through the month April  
So she must vegetate awhile.

JOHN.—I know too well what spoiled your hay  
And left you without oats to-day  
For on enquiry I did find  
It was a pig that felt inclin'd  
To fatten on the best of grain  
Under shelter from the rain,  
So it took refuge in your shed  
As by a hoggish motive led  
To satisfy a craving greed  
To dine upon the best of feed.  
While eating there with great delight  
It ne'er thought 'twas in a bad plight  
Until captured doing harm  
Then with fright and great alarm  
It shew'd it's heels—off for the West  
A sty of liberty and rest  
Where it may view the prairie o'er  
And meditate on days of yore,  
While crushing 'tween its ivory tusks,  
The Prairie corn from sweeten'd husks,  
To fill an inward aching void.  
With sweetest morsels unalloy'd.  
Now! as you say you lack good food  
I will send you some, if you would  
Receive it as a gift from me  
'Twill fatten any horse—you see.  
My barns are stack'd full of such grain,  
My horses cover'd from the rain,  
Protection like a massive wall  
Keeps them safely in the stall.  
When you have fed yours for a while  
Just take them out—not for a smile,

And give them oatmeal, gruel and bran,  
And we shall see a dashing span.

ALEX.—At pic-nic parties all so gay,  
You always make a fine display,  
You're always greeted by the crowd  
With acclamations long and loud.  
Your prancing horses take the eye,  
Of every one whom you pass by,  
Who look—enraptur'd with delight,  
Become ecstatic at the sight.  
But my lame steed commands no prize  
From any one—unless I rise  
In self defence her worth to tell—

JOHN.—You always have a blust'ring swell  
Of words, of egotistic sham  
With which you never cease to cram  
The minds of those you wave at will  
To take your sugar coated pill.  
Thinking it dropp'd from angel's tongue  
They swallow—then they feel they're stung.  
With deep remorse and raging ire  
They strive to quench the inward fire  
Which has been kindl'd in the breast  
By your steal-(thy) act suppressed.

ALEX.—You're not afraid of any draught  
Won by an artful, planning, craft,  
Which will inebriate the mind  
Or in the purse it's level find.

JOHN.—Insinuations of your kind  
Are blossoms of a feeble mind  
Which fall like snow on maiden earth  
Making no impress by their birth.  
So faulty, worthless, base, untrue,  
They're born to fade like morning dew.  
You'll want drafts to meet deficit  
So you must steal or solicit  
Aid, by increased circulation,  
To cover loss by speculation.  
The Budget has disclos'd a tale  
Which makes one shudder and bewail  
While thus revolving in the brain  
Most anxious thoughts in rapid train  
Of the fearful doom impending  
Brought about by reckless spending  
Of the country's well earn'd treasure  
Which was lavished without measure  
Upon a few within the fold  
Whose hungry mouths you've shut with gold.

ALEX.—Your words I'll not refute with rage  
While driving such an equipage  
But merely say a fond "adieu"  
While taking thus my leave of you.

OTTAWA, 15th March, 1878.

### The two P's—Palmer and Plumb.

Two P's that are M. P's. and as like one another,  
As peas in a pod, or as brother to brother,  
In a certain respect grow alike more and more,  
For PALMER'S a grunter and PLUMB is a bore.

### The Two Scenes.

(Scene in Montreal.)

CROWD (To Council).—We must break the Orange windows.  
COUNCIL.—All right—(To peaceable citizens).—You will be so kind  
as to pay the bill for damages.

(Scene in Toronto.)

CROWD (To council).—We must break the Catholic windows.  
COUNCIL.—All right (To peaceable citizens).—You will pay the dam-  
age, please.

The peaceable citizens in both cities pay, and ask each other how  
long Canada is to be made a bear-garden for the pleasure of our Irish  
fellow-citizens, and how long they are to pay the piper for the said  
bear-garden.

THE APPARENT QUESTION OF THE DAY.—When are the elections?  
The real question.—Who will have the majority?

The House of Commons should be a very square body by this time.  
They have had PLUMBING enough this Session, but it does not seem to  
BUDGET.

The *Mail* can't answer the *Globe*. That's because it isn't a female.  
"Conservatives are thinkin' av gittin' up another origin," said PETHER  
FINUCANE to us. "Its articles are distitute av pints, the same bein' owin'  
to sindin' their Quartz to London, mebbe." And PETHER wandered  
off, smoking.