

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 tall 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 damage, 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.