



"No one ever employed sovereign power, acquired by guilty measures, to promote good ends."—Tacitus.

Vol. I.—No. 6.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 9th, 1878.

[Price Five Cents.

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### VOICES OF THE NIGHT.



"Pretty time of night this to come home, you villian!"



"Shell out, or——"



"Shut out!"

"If you're waking call me early!" (1 a.m.)

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Fragments of the War 1812, by Dr. Canniff.  
My Grandfather's Ghost Story, by W. J. D.  
The River in the Desert, (poetry.)  
Aunt Cindy's Dinner, by E. S. B.  
Asleep, by Chas. Sangster.  
The Neapolitans d'Mozart, (poetry.)  
A Few Hours in Bohemia, Ida.  
The Hiring Schoolmaster.  
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# THE LANCE.

## THE LANCE

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, at 111 Bay Street, Toronto. Subscription price \$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. Single copies, 5 cents, to be had of all News Dealers.

Advertisements inserted in the LANCE, on outside pages only, at very moderate rates.

Contributions from our friends for the columns of the LANCE will be thankfully received.

Registered letters at our risk.

J. A. WILKINSON, PUBLISHER,  
P. O. Box 757.

## LANCE.

SINE SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

### Grits at Sea.

I.

Condemned in the dock yard, a battered old hulk,  
The Grit barque "Obstruction" was lying,  
Too clumsy her model, unwieldy her bulk,  
For old iron and junk scarce worth buying.

II.

She'd ruined her owners, her crew in disgust,  
Deserted her decks in a lump, as  
They found that her Captain, unfit for his trust,  
Had mistaken the "cat" for the compass.

III.

Since then, all neglected, she mouldered in port,  
Shunned by sailors, and sneered at by shippers,  
Of rot, rats, and roaches, the harbor and sport,  
The scorn of all modern built clippers.

IV.

Her business had gone to a prosperous Line,  
The ships "Urion," "Progress," "Dominion,"  
The meteor flag was their symbol and sign,  
And their backer was Public Opinion.

V.

At length certain parties, whom nothing could teach,  
In desperate plight and condition,  
Again patched her up, set her floating, while each  
Went aboard with a roving commission.

VI.

By as motley a mob she was mastered and manned  
As e'er went to sea in a slaver,  
Rouge, radical, ratter the ravenous band,  
With Cauchon to furnish the flavour.—

VII.

A lout to a guardsman you cannot convert  
By the very best help of the tailor,  
And quid and "tarpaulin," and "ducks" and blue shirt,  
Don't make a land-lubber a sailor.

VIII.

The Skippers were "duffers" at working the ship,  
Tho' they bragged that they knew all about it,  
Thirteen "men in a bowl," was a hazardous trip,—  
It would dish them, no sane man could doubt it.

IX.

Although long at Lloyds she'd been struck from the list,  
And under commercial embargo,  
Mackenzie, whose Mill grinds all manner of grist,  
Held huge risks on the vessel and cargo.

X.

Tho' down by the head, and crank "dozy" and frail,  
She looked as if they would soon lose her,  
They taugtened the halyards and crowded all sail,  
And took her to sea as a cruiser.

XI.

At first, in smooth water, with prosperous gales,  
They held on their course in high revel,  
But she soon struck a reef, unshipped rudder, split sails,  
And she's going, stem on to the — bottom.

XII.

Electors, you'll soon have a question to meet,  
Of hope the Grit cause has no spark in,—  
Yon water-logged craft, or our sea worthy fleet,  
Pray which will you choose to embark in?

### Intercepted Dispatch.

From S—y of S—e for the C—s to G—r G—l D—n of C—a.  
MY LORD.

Some dispatches and papers of late  
Have caused Her Majesty's Government great  
Surprise and anxiety.—How can we construe  
The speeches you made in your progress through  
The Dominion? From the far East to the West—  
You declared the people were loyal and true  
To Our Lady the Queen—but late facts attest  
Discrepancies rise twixt your speeches and acts,  
Hence rumor demands we inquire into facts.

At a time when the Empire is beating to arms  
When the air's full of rumors and war-cloud alarms  
And we only wait the first shot to be fired  
Your force should be ready, if duty required;  
You take to your Cabinet—the why is not clear—  
A man who declared, with his hat off he'd cheer  
If from the flag-pole Our Flag was torn down.—  
Can such advisers as he be loyal to the Crown?  
How you take his advice—or your confidence tend?  
Is a problem we hope you'll solve or defend.

The past as the Revenue office betoken  
The occupants there have disloyally spoken,  
Their speeches and writings most surely portray  
Their fealty lies—where lies the most pay.  
He who dealt in pyrites and copper we hear  
The law courts decide was a swindle made clear,  
If such men as these your confidence hold,  
I think we may say the Dominion is sold.

When the House you dissolved some five years ago  
Because 'twas corrupt and in morality low,  
The house next elected—the present—we're sure  
By the records in Court has proved most impure.  
No doubt you'll claim, as in your duty's discharge,  
Your Council commands a majority large,  
This majority you must take as the test  
How the country leans, when its confidence rests—  
This view then would seem to infer as the fact  
The House and the Country in view are intact,  
If such be the case, then your speeches involve  
A great question of fact, we trust you should solve  
Should your Council, the House and Country agree  
The people are not what you wrote them to be.  
If the people are Loyal and true to the Crown  
Your Council should not your confidence own,  
Your course then appears—to your Council disclose  
No confidence further on them you repose—  
Appeal to the people—first call to your side  
Those men that are Loyal—and the issue abide.

February 25th, 1878.

### Chaff from a Hamilton Corn-tributor.

Can a blow be hard that makes itself "felt."

Ducks of bonnets an'd-rakes of husbands bring many a family to destitution.

"'Tis sweet to be re-membered," as the man said after being fitted with a pair of wooden-legs.

"Jean Pierre Antigno, painter is dead"—Ex. There is now no color in his palette countenance.

It is expected that about the 15th of July Hanlan and Ross will likely "meet to part some oar."

A local paper refers to the late poultry show as a "convention of the lay-ity." This is an eggs-quiz-it pun.

A Hamiltonian who has for some years been married to a handsome shrew, believes with the poet, that "a thing of beauty is a *jar* forever."

We learn that the ladies' gallery at the House of Commons is undergoing certain alterations. It probably requires a few additional "stays" and fan-lights.

An exchange goes into raptures over a lady singer who sings falsetto. We know of a lady who has a beautiful false-set-too, and she never opens her mouth about it.

Some parties are agitating for the formation of an anti-tobacco society. They better *leaf* it alone, or our tobacconists may "pipe" all hands and give them a broadside from their "myrtle navy."

The *Canadian Illustrated News* says, "Dancing masters seldom have any money, but they're always taking steps to raise some." Is this done by making scholars "foot up" the bill?

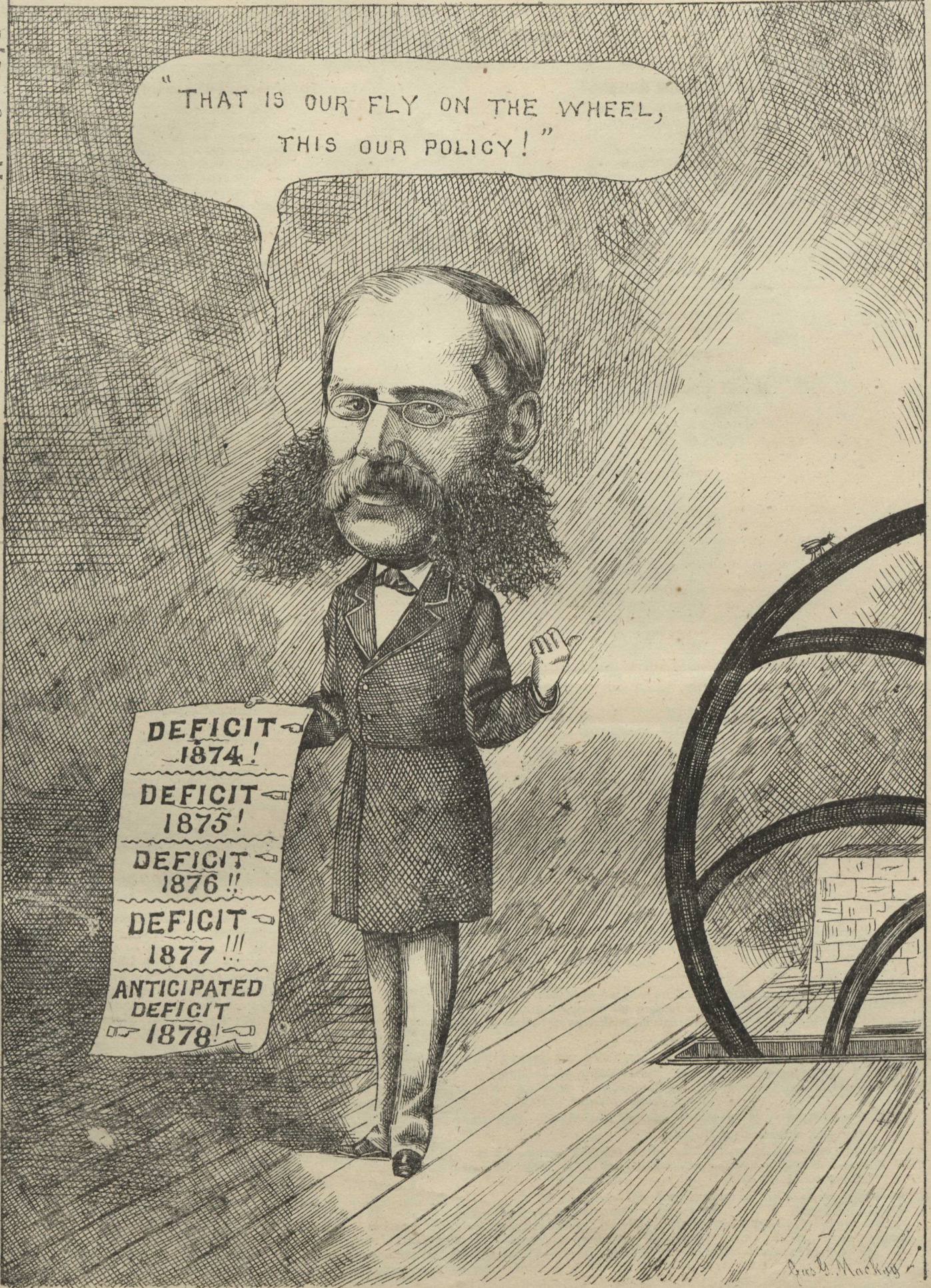
A dramatic company were recently rotten-egged in the States while playing the "Shaughraun." The fun commenced during the wake-scene. These are doubtless the people referred to in "Grey's elegy," who wake-d to eggstacy the living lyre (liar).—ED.

MAR. 9. 1878.

"THAT IS OUR FLY ON THE WHEEL,  
THIS OUR POLICY!"

DEFICIT - 1874!  
 DEFICIT - 1875!  
 DEFICIT - 1876!!  
 DEFICIT - 1877!!!  
 ANTICIPATED DEFICIT - 1878!

LANCE Vol. I. No 6.



Geo. H. Mackay

OUR FINANCE MINISTER  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE SPOT)

Prize Poem.

From the Wasp.

Take that banner down 'tis British,  
We don't want it, 'tis not Grittish.  
Drag it, haul it through the gutter,  
Take it down, I, Jones don't like it,  
Furl it, tear it, fold it, strike it,  
Fling it in the nearest dyke, it  
Never more shall flaunt or flutter.

Furl that flag, it hurts my vision  
Kick it, treat it with derision,  
Blue nosed friends, 'tis my decision ;  
Why, oh why, does it still wave ?  
Who will climb the pole and tear it ?  
He will be my friend, I swear it ;  
My last dollar I will share it  
With him, be he fool or knave.

Haul that flag down, 'tis not wanted  
By this colony undaunted,  
Take it somewhere else and flaunt it  
Shoot the rag, we hate it here.  
I am Jones, the Nova Scotian ;  
I am bounded by an Ocean,  
And I have a mighty notion  
To inhale a pot of beer !!

(He is now supposed to have liquored.)

Powers of evil ; is it thar yet ?  
Bring me down that piece of scarlet  
Would I were a climbing varlet  
"I would not beard me, mock me, long.  
Hack the pole, hew down the flagstaff,  
Let each little boy in rags laugh,  
Care I not for wit or wag's chaff ;  
Quashy, quishy, wassy wong.

(A decade has rolled over and our hero is now Minister of Militia.)

I am loyal, I am grittish,  
I am everything that's British ;  
See my tears, and hear my groans,  
For my naughty protestation,  
For the speech 'gainst annexation  
Of the honourable Jones,

Let it wave, the flag is splendid ;  
If one time I tried to rend it,  
Why I only did pretend it,  
Hard conditions to extort.  
For the subject truly loyal  
(See the *Globe*) should loudly cry all  
Cries, republican and royal,  
Parties are prepared to buy all  
Patriots who of cash are short.

The Milk in the Coconut.

To the Editor of the LANCE,

As I notice in a bookseller's window your fine partait of our dear Minister of Militia, I write to thank you for the effort to bring Halifax a little into notice by furnishing so cheap, and yet so admirable a likeness of Alfred G. as that of which I speak—price five cents. You know the kind of opposition he met down here and yet came off conqueror, as you'll see he always will when he gets his resruits properly drill'd at the shed where he and Doctor Tupper had the tall talk the night before election. But that's all moonshine now, as the spurs on your picture of "Alfred the Malicious," which the Lib-Cons. saucily name him, show that he rode right out of sight of the Doctor on that Saturday as well as the Sunday railway ride. This last is only a "Sabbath day's journey" of six hundred miles, which I consider to be a great feat, though the *pairty* don't brag of it like anything. However, we've won another election to-day (Feb. 27th) and that's just as great a victory as the other (though it's it's local) and there's some difference of opinion as to the class of victory to which it belongs. What's the fact? Why, one White and Tommy Robberson, son of Honest Robby, ran for the local seat, and the former who supported the Government (that's our side) got a majority in five places in the county of Shelbourne, while White had to put up with a majority in only three! Now as five is more than three our side claims a victory, and yet the White men say they have a *nate* majority because the three polling places show two eights in counting the votes, viz, 88, over Robby's five ballot boxes. But decide it anyway you please, our organ says the result has no political significance and the professions of White were a "blind" and blinded the voters of three districts, leaving the five to see clearly the way to give Robby a majority. This, you see, accounts for the milk in the coconut—that is Robby's head, and he supports Minister Jones, whose picture we all admire, and we hang him in our drill sheds.

A RECRUIT.

A London paper wishes "that somebody would kill half the dogs in that city and tan their hides with the bark of the other half." As an undertaker for the killed half we would suggest dog-berry.

Songs of Mowat No. 1.

Mr. Christopher Frazer,  
He's sharp as a razor,  
He's a regular blazer,  
When debating runs high.  
To win the folk's hearts,  
He distributes his *cartes*,  
And he plays well his parts—  
When he's under my eye.

More than once he outshined me,  
But that could'nt blind me,  
To the force that's behind me,  
When he's taking a shy.  
Though they say he'll rule me,  
And with His Grace school me,  
Be sure he wont fool me—  
My orb is too spry.

Frazer: "Thats all in my eye."

Songs of Mowat No. 2.

When Archie blundered,  
And the Tories thundered,  
And the world wondered,  
I often sought  
For our salvation,  
With dubitation,  
And commiseration,  
And stultification,  
And emigration,  
And Brown-laudation,  
All without consolation,  
And then I thought,—  
That if we could  
Bring K. C. Wood,  
Into a guilty mood,  
He might well be bought ;  
So one night late  
I arranged my bait,  
And I didn't wait,  
But threw my line—  
And Wood was caught.

Songs of Mowat No. 3.

Your first it rhymeth to a star,  
Your second rhymeth to the lea,  
And you yourself are different far,  
From twinkling star or glimmering sea. Pardee.

Your first thought is not to shine.  
Your second *certes* not poesie,  
Far better throw financial line,  
And make a haul in humbug's sea. Pardee.

Conundrums.

In what way does Peter differ from Timothy? One toiled all night and caught nothing, the other was Anglin all the time—made great hauls, and got a lot of loose fish around him.

What is the difference between an Earl of Huntingdon of the 13th century, and Lucius Seth of the present one? One was Robin Hood—the other performed its equivalent on some Speculators in Copper.

THE IRISHMAN IN CANADA. By NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, author of the "Fair Grit," "The Earl of Beaconsfield," "British vs. American Civilization," etc. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

OPINIONS.—Letter from Sir John A. Macdonald to the publishers:—"TORONTO, November 30th, 1877.

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