



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

Vol. I.—No. 11.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 13th, 1878.

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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, Marsden & Co. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

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

"It is a valuable addition to the scanty store of Canadian books, and does much credit to Mr. Davin's industry, impartiality and literary skill.

"Yours truly,
"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

"To give even the faintest idea of its contents would far exceed the space we can allot to the subject. . . . Mr. Davin brings to his work and labour of love unbounded enthusiasm and intense sympathy with the people whose story he relates. . . . Open where we may the greatest affluence of reference and amplitude of record are manifest."
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—Toronto Mail.

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The River in the Desert. (poetry.)
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Asleep, by Chas. Sangster.
The Neapolitans d'Mozart, (poetry.)
A Few Hours in Bohemia, Ida.
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THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

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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.

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 *Crits' 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.

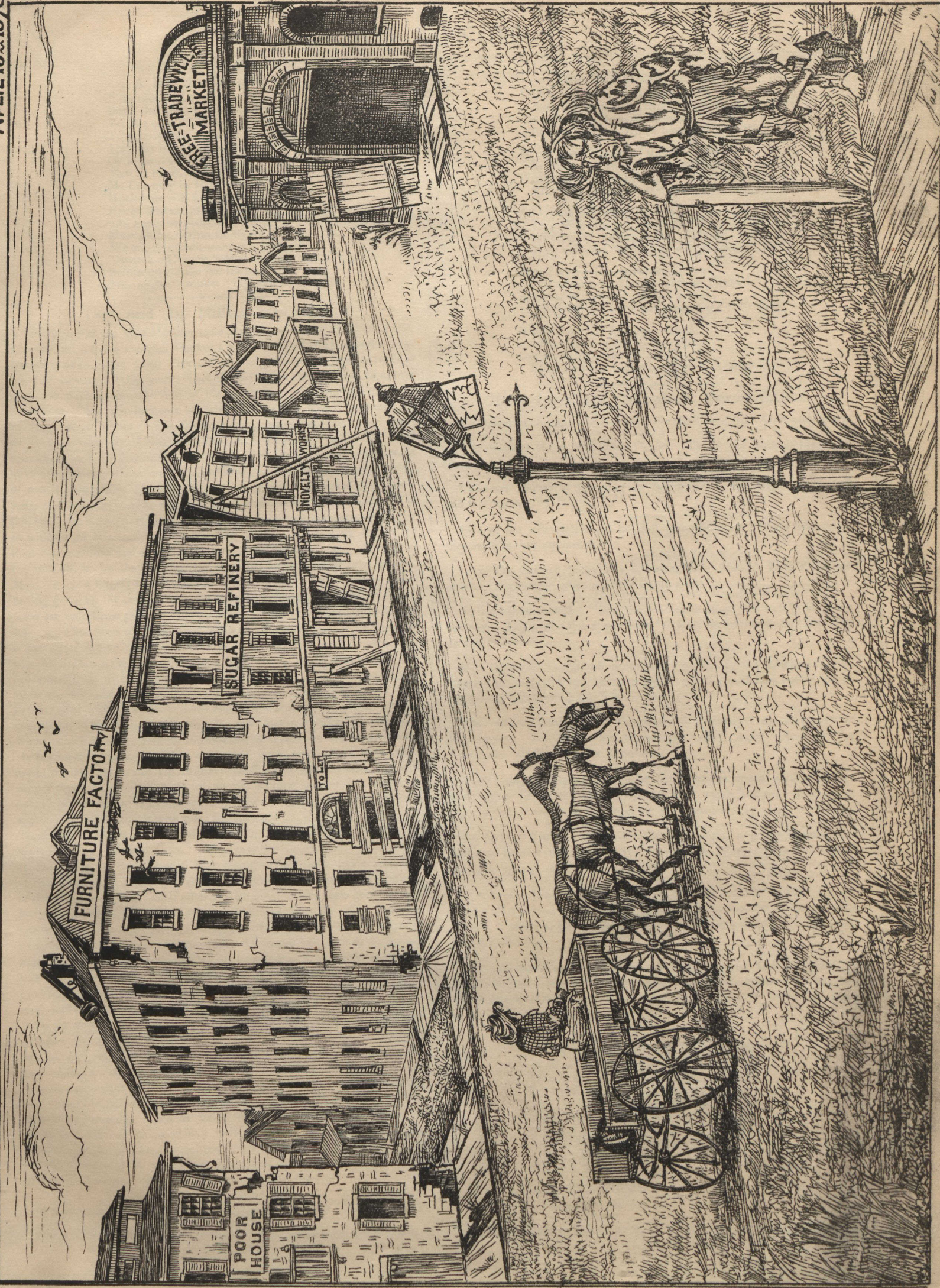
At the GRAND "*Fanchon, the Cricket*" was the principal attraction. It is almost needless to say the lively *Fanchon* found an admirable representative in Miss McAllister. The rest of the cast were all that could be desired.

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*!



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A Railing Question.

Fifty thousand rusting rails—
Bears the Ship of State along;
Yet the Grit Pilot never fails
To give or lend them for a song!
This, his bright scheme, to clear the deck—
Or loose them from a lusty hold!
That in N. B. and old Quebec
M. P.'s may be like old rails, sold—
Mackenzie still with harden'd glance
Keeps bravely playing April fool;
Can none, to check him, help the LANCE?
Must all be victims to his rule?
We ask our track-men, can they not
"Switch off" such "dead-heads" high in Station—
Before they drive the train to pot!
This might "protect" our nascent nation!

Out and In Militia Ministers.

The return of the War Minister from Halifax, where he had a brief run, to revive his *flag-ing* energies—makes a point for the LANCE, if not a new, at least a news point. Our Cartoon of No. 5 illustrates how capable is Jones of making a "big push!" yet many readers may be slow to appreciate the pushing promptitude of his action since the application of the Telephone to the requirements of private as well as official business, till they hear what follows: The arrangement of wires between Long wharf in Halifax with the Club, Drill-Shed, and Registrar's office for local operations, and the first-named connecting with the main line to Ottawa is obviously calculated to serve the purpose of the Ministry, at a great saving of cost in comparison with the enormous telegraphic expenses of the past year, and will doubtless be found a labor-saving affair on all hands. Yet this has been merely incidental to the more important consultation of the *in* with the *ex*-Minister and his clubbing friends. The great feature of their conversations and caucus consultations is described by a reporter of the 30th ult. to be the race for *guv-nor*, for which rumour says the *ex*-Minister has a largely-signed popular address in his behalf—Denny Dunn having given up the contest by a compromise in favor of the local Premier, there are only three publicly known aspirants for the place. The Digby man bases his claim on his avowed commercial principles. If he wins, he is willing to sub-let Government-house, in the existing scarcity of hotels, to be run, during the summer at least, as a cheap boarding-house for the accommodation of transient Digby men, and to take in the Yankee refugees while the hot season prevails, or till the fishery award is tender'd. He has engaged with an eminent hash and fish-ball artist who will run the concern, with the exception of the attic apartments, and of the reception rooms, which he will retain for the holding of levees and conversaziones. He has business relations with a celebrated wine merchant, whose vaults are in the cool vicinity of the Military Docks and guard-room, who will supply *super* sherry, very nutty, at an old shilling (24 cents) a bottle, or he will permit any wine bibber on temperance principles, to bring his own winter port, when dining with him, by payment of a nominal corkage of five cents. (This, it is presumed, will be invested by taking stock to that extent in a copy of the LANCE.) If he gets the appointment, Government House is destined to be rescued from obscurity and to be again the scene of the old-fashioned festivities that have become a portion of the history of those lower regions. The other two candidates have their good reasons for preference also, but of these there will not be time to speak until the Quebec elections are over—such higher matters compelling a preference over the events of the lower provinces. In conclusion, it may not be too much to say that Jones promised his city constituents to re-lay the horse-rail-line with old iron rails, such as Mackenzie gave Ferris of New Brunswick, or others, equally good, that will soon be taken up, to make room for the steel ones before they become too rusty to bear handling.

To the question of a constituent, whether the war with Russia was likely to affect the price of fish-barrels of which he had a large stock—or of another who enquired the probable future price of malt and kerosene oil, he promised to send a written reply after consulting the Premier! He gave no encouragement to an inventor of a new patent harness for mules, who based his claims for patronage on the fact that ours is a *stable* government! He hurried away, as usual, by *express train*, in the hope of reaching a station with a church in it on Sunday, and with the parting sentence to his election committee, "My voice is all for war." It is hoped that none of our contemporary journals will appropriate from this exclusive intelligence, or repeat our stories to the Marines!

SIR JOHN'S remedy for a country suffering from Grit rule—LANCE it!

The Lance-ing Process.

A Grit asks, what's the use of chaff?
And cartoon wit, or stinging strictures?
One answer is—to make friends laugh—
And teach them how to hang Grit pictures!

When canny "frauds" together band—
By *jobs* to waste the public treasure;
Wit-chaff is wafted through the land—
Affording profit, fun and pleasure.

And when our windy rulers try—
To puff themselves like frogs uproarious;
LANCE pricks the bag of gas, whereby
They collapse, 'mid derision—glorious!

Along with solids, give them fun—
Just as with food there's zest in bitters!
And Satire's work is not yet done—
Till prod of LANCE has pierced the "Critters."

When Grits buy specimen Hotels,
Slab-rotten-ness in every rafter,
Get *invoices* cooked up as *sells*—
Shall they not praise our scorn and laughter?

Chaff from our Hamilton Corn-tributor.

"Farmers have started plowing." We shall soon hear *harrowing* news.

"50 paupers in the poor house."—*Ex.* That's the pauper place for them.

"Cannon Farrar is lecturing in Scotland." He might go far-rer and fare worse.

Two of our new policemen are tall, powerful men. Some folks think they were not wanted a-tall.

"Try the Eclipse Extra Dry Champagne."—*Times.* What's the use of a *dry* champagne when a fellow wants a *wet*.

An exchange remarks "that the wholesale stores are well lit up every evening and present a fine appearance." Must we infer from this that they do a *light business*?

Miss Braddon's novels are persistently ignored by the London *Times*. There is no *af-fiction* lost between them—yet she evidently makes lots of stamps notwithstanding the "hard times."

The national council of "Sovereigns of Industry" are in session at Washington. Ten States are represented.—*Am. paper.* And yet the Americans call themselves a Republic.

"An American genius thinks he can alter the course of the Niagara River so as to cut the Canada side off from water."—*Spec.* This is the worst attack of water on the brain we have heard of.

ON DIT—"That Jones the Minister of Militia, is going to get a new shako up for the volunteers." We thought Dr. Tupper gave him a good shake up enough during the late debate.

"A French Jeweller has hung himself because he couldnt make a watch to fit a shirt button."—*Exchange.* He must have stud-ied committing the deed. A *watch* should have been kept on his *movements* so as not to let him *dial* like that.

It is said that "the reason a girl cannot throw as far as a boy is because her collar bone is several inches longer and some distances lower down which interferes with the free action of the shoulders." Does this apply to the *mary-low-bone* cricketers?

Political Nursery Rhymes.

There was a Grit Leader—Mackenzie!
Who in speech worked himself into frenzy—
In behalf of steel-rails and steel-pens, he
But pen-ny-less still were his gains!
Then in *old-iron* rails he went jobbing—
While a brother in *steel*—took to fobbing!
Till the Doctor, the process termed "robbing"
Then he yell'd from the *iron-y* pains!

AN ANOMALY.—How is it that traffic continues on King Street, when it is *blocked* from Simcoe to the market?

Midland Railway OF CANADA.

COMMENCING on Wednesday, Dec. 5, 1877, and until further notice, trains will

LEAVE PORT HOPE for Lindsay, Peterboro', Lakefield, and intermediate points, at 6 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6:15 p.m., and for the Georgian Bay, Waubashene, and intermediate points, at 10:15 a.m.

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For further particulars see Pocket Time Cards, to be had at all Stations.

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Peninsular, begirt with the beautiful waters of New York and Newark Bays, and with the Killvon Kull and the woody heights of Staten Island in front, it proves to be absolutely protected from malarious influence, while its exposure to the South Sea breeze decidedly softens its climate.

Wykeham Institute is worthy of this favored spot, and deserves a wider reputation. Its lady founder and principal, Mrs. W. Townsend Ford, being by position free from the motive of necessity, still pursues her profession of 27 years past, as a Christian woman's mission. The best possible testimonials are the attachment of her pupils and the long term of years they remain under her watchful care. Her vernacular is French, the Germain is equally familiar, and the English could not be more natural to a native of this country; so that all three languages are acquired and spoken in equal perfection in her family. At the same time, solidity in the foundations of education is the specialty, extending even down to the "hard pan" of cooking, housewifery and sewing. The space given to study and recitation rooms, is unusually liberal and well appointed, and the recreation, in doors and out, is well provided for.

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