



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

Vol. I.—No. 12 |

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 20th, 1878.

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OPINIONS.—Letter from Sir John A. Macdonald to the publishers:—
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THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

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Registered letters at our risk.

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

LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1878.

Our Title Clear.

Subscribing friends who take the LANCE in,
And think, perchance, a "wit's a feather!"
See, when our title-page you glance in
Our terrier dogs run well together.

Their *aim*, the wily Fox, is leader—
Making *free* run to gain *protection*—
Impressing every picture reader
With views of natural selection.

"Public opinion" follows closely,
"Economy" runs neck and neck too—
The Hunter's horn sings out jocosely—
While he the "Patriots" gives a beck to!

The Fox leaves "Honesty" behind him—
"Truth" and "Consistency" still baying;
His hope forlorn, they ne'er may find him
Lest by the "hounds" he'll suffer flaying!

Hard by the *stump*, the Hunt is flying,
And promise frightened MAC, a Lancing;
The Leader his good steed is plying—
Between the maples see them prancing!

'Tis hard to venture an opinion—
But soon the Hunt of our selection
Its *brush* will bring—and this Dominion
See Hunt—or hunted, 'gain *protection*!

Legal Intelligence.

(ON OUR PART.)

While we attended the Police Court the other day to assist in the administration of justice, a particular case came before the Bench for adjudication. A gardner (a man, by the way, who was not afraid to call a spade, a spade) was informed against for having caused his bull-dog to worry a cat. In a report of this kind, we pass over the covert attempt at a pun by the worthy Police Magistrate, who based his judgment dismissing the case on the state of the *purse* of the accused. We think the decision may be upheld upon other grounds. It was shown that the accused did not own the cat. Now, it is only a social offence to wound another man's *feelin's*; the law does not regard it as an indictable one.

A Question-able Matter.

Had Kaminis-ti-quia once a Hotel?
Is there an inch of it left—or an L?
Neebing's hotel—who can answer it well?
Only a question, if mortal can tell!
How could one get to it? had it a bell?
How were the doors? could Grits enter it well?
Stood it in hollow, hill side or dell?
Had Davidson's Company built it to sell?
Was it a needy and seedy Hotel?
How did the Architects make the price *swell*?
Can Clarke or Wilson or Savigny tell?
Whitewashed, or painted *Brown*, did it show well?
Had it a carpet, can Oliver tell?
Had it a lodging room, cellar or cell?
Had it a wash-tub or kitchen or well?
Had it a sewer or other foul smell?
Had it a fowl-house or rookery-knell?
Was it well lighted and airy, *do* tell?
When Boarders "went for it," did they rebel?
If from the roof of it any one fell—
And found himself *sold* off, before the hotel
Who'd be the salesman, and who feel the "sell"?
Would not the compact a history tell—
To make Cartwright aspirate H with an ell?

A Rhymer's Reason.

Would our wise men all combine,
Our great interests regulate,
They might make our fair Land shine,
Save from wreck the Ship of State!

They might end Mackenzie's tricks
Give one-sided Trade, the ban;
Relegate him back to bricks
To pursue his olden plan!

Let him his reward receive
Thus—to make his end *sublime*;
Then—departing he would leave
Footprints on the *clays* of time!

Patriots then might hope to find
Brick-layers sticking—to their clay!
His record be—unique of kind:
"He ruled, by giving *rails* away!"

The Fashions.

It is rumored that *book-mustlin* will be in much favor as an appropriate costume for *blue-stockings*, instead of *prints* as heretofore. As there is no *periodical* change in the style of dress, something *novel* is hailed with delight.

The *Spring Skirt* which will be most generally worn this year is—
Crinoline!

Nothing has yet been found which can supply the place of Real Laces,
However in the outfit for walking they will only be worn in the *shoes*.

Trains are much *worn* at this time of year—especially if the dress have done duty all through the winter.

Epitaphical.

When Mackenzie departs from this region of woe,
Let Coffin carve this on his stone;
"He *let* contracts, commissions, jobs everything go!
And was every Grit's friend but his own!"

Luc Let-el ier might change his name—and must
Ere he can dub himself *Saint*-just!
From public censure, till he goes scot free,
Luc-ky Let-tell-liar, needs a spelling bee!

The times tell of war—not why or what for—
While in politics—scandals increase!
Yet our "rulers" ne'er show why these things are so—
While their policy's all of a piece! (peace)

Our Orchestra Chair.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—"Jane Eyre" has been the principal attraction this week, the accomplished Actress Miss Charlotte Thompson, appearing in the little *role* supported by the Wallack Combination.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—A varied Bill was presented, commencing with the interesting Irish drama "Granuaile." The character of *Shamus O'Rielly*, was ably represented by Mr. Barry Conlan. The support of the Stock Company was excellent, Miss Bradshaw's *Mary Clare*, and Mr. Halford's *Conner Kennedy*, being especially good. "Kate Kearney" was announced for Good Friday Matinee, and in the evening "All that Glitters is not Gold," to be followed by an afterpiece written for Miss Sallie Holman, entitled "Bubbles." Mr. Joe Banks is the author, and plenty of amusement may therefore be expected.

Letter-hunting Epigram.

Oh! Lucius Seth, the record saith
Of certain sin—it's wage is death!
If public men the conscience *steel*—
They, "penalty" should pay—or feel!
If "letter-cribbing" be the crime—
This penal sentence well might fix 'em
Stamp letters to the end of time—
And lick the mucilage that sticks 'em!

The only time that a workingman is not justified in striking for higher wages is when he strikes his employer.

There is going to be an eclipse of the sun in the course of a month or two. The Grits will blame Sir John Macdonald for it, of course. They will say it is an old eclipse which they found in one of the pigeon holes at Ottawa, and they are not responsible for it. Sir John is always doing something wicked. Next thing we know there will be a total eclipse of the Grit party.



SIR JOHN AND THE DRAGON

Borrowing more Cash!

"Is our Boss book'd for Paris Exhibition?"
Quoth Jones to Cartwright, so the wags declare;
He's looking lean—as kine in poor condition,
And now of rest and travel needs a share!
"He go? oh no!" the two faced SHIELD replied—
"I must go try again for British *peff*!
Mac must remain! for when Dundee he tried
He made an *exhibition* of himself!"

Serio-Comic Organs.

For the sake of amusement, in dull weather, the comic element of the newspapers is most easily met with in the political organs of the Government in one of the Maritime Provinces, which, as in Quebec, habitually tell stories for the Marines. The mouth-pieces of factions are expected to support the little knot of conspirators from whom their own support is derived, and usually do so, except when drawn aside by some topic of more immediate self interest affording diversion to readers, and turning off attention from some new scandal calculated to damage the Government that feeds them. The organ at Halifax, keeps one "subject" (of the Queen) on which to practice, and sings to one tune only. The subject is an M. P., and begging pardon for naming him ("Woodworth"), we note that the great and good proprietors of "the organ" seem to live and breathe in fear of his baneful influence, of mysterious, probably, magnetic character. They get drinks on the strength of "Woodworth," *bet*-ting with one another, what he will do next; their sleep, washing and lodging, seem to be dependent on the profitable discussion of his name in the inside, outside, and poet's corners of the organ. Yet they never appear to say hold, enough! but let their angry passions rise when reasoned with, and show that by comparison, the Insane Asylum is not half so prolific in matter for their columns (though it, too, has been hauled over the coals)—as Woodworth!! It will be interesting to follow the Turk and Russ war, till the Elections come on and off, to note what new crimes and what legal evidence the organ will offer to convict "Woodworth" of bribery, forgery, perjury, or any other *ry*, that may help him to abandon politics and leave the organ without a grist of slander or scandal to grind for the delectation of the *Marines*.

The organ, unlike the LANCE, is impressed by the idea that their bare assertion will pass for gospel truth, and that no evidence is required to condemn their supposed foes. They prefer, like a certain Coroner in their vicinity (an M. P., too, by the way), to take the law into their own hands and administer it without a jury. Yet the organ has not the excuse of the Coroner, that he can pocket from \$2.50 to \$7 by the operation. However, times are dull, and everything is legitimate in war and politics, and there are worse pursuits than making fun out of public characters, especially if they commit political suicide for the sake of a Crownner's inquest where no law interferes. An old-fashioned friend at our elbow is accustomed to say when he is serious, "to feel poorly, to dress poorly, to seem poor, to be poor, is need a very poor sort of business as the world goes"—and so with the style of political warfare here referred to—it's a poor business for a semi-respectable organ of a Government, even of the lowest province, to paddle out political *rot* for the pretended edification of its readers, while all the time advertising itself, and advising the public who want news, to "get the best!" The organ gave its best support to the late Minister of Militia, and failing his election shouted with equal *vim* for the present Minister, ignoring the flag story of the last one, tho' confirmed by the first as well as by other good judges. By the way the ghost of Vail is said to be still haunting the pureiens of the drill shed and the Provincial offices, where he will meet the existing Minister of Militia when he goes back on his friends. But this is the comic era of political literature and jesters or Lances will soon be considered the only legitimate organs at the service of Dominion Government just as *Punch* in London is made to point the way for our home-rulers. In parting with the "organ" by the sea, can we not induce it to appreciate the comicality of its policy? Comparing small things with great—the LANCE displays mind without *animus*! The organ evinces *animus*, without a mind fitted to realize the funny phases of political discussion. Cannot the proprietors resolve themselves into a funny company, and publish the organ arowedly as a channel, by which funny stories may be told to the *marines*?

There was an obituary notice in the papers the other day of an old lady who lived until she was one hundred and three years of age. She never used tobacco in any shape or form. If she had, she might have been a hundred and six or seven by this time. Such is life.

Epigram on Dull Times.

The secret motives and designs of Government to find,
The opposition Guardsmen it most seriously taxes—
And so many of our public men dull axes have to grind,
'Tis clear the *world* (of politics) turns mainly on its *axes*!

A Score of Troubles.

Oh, Tremblay! name that ranks a *score* and more!
Pierre—answering well the Premier's name *Alex-is*!
Four Thousand Dollars forms the latest score—
Your cribbing from the public crib! it vexes!

Notes by the Way.

People complain about the high price of bread. And yet everybody knows that the higher bread rises the better we like it.

"The Philadelphia Dental College had a banquet—a *toothsome* one doubtless."—*Am. paper*. Plenty of gum drops.

We learn that a Mr. Hobbs has been appointed ticket agent at St. Thomas. We presume he "rose to hobb-serve."

The papers are still harping about the lost Charlie Ross. He may be a very remarkable boy, but he is 'nt the *found*-er of the Ross family.

This would not be a good time to enter a libel suit against anybody for calling Toronto "muddy York." An indictment wouldn't *lie*, as the lawyers say.

Roy, the Brahmin priest, is charged with having two wives. He ought to be sentenced to live with them both in the same house for life, as well as his mothers-in-law.

Deacon Black was expelled from the Presbyterian Church, in Georgia, for permitting a dance in his parlour.—*Am. paper*. He will therefore come short of church promotion by *many feet*.

People are complaining again of the quality of water supplied by the city. Tompkins, who rarely drinks water, says the trouble seems to be that there is a visible scarcity of whiskey about it.

What this country wants is more Mackenzies. Every now and then a vacancy occurs in some of the departments at Ottawa and there isn't a Mackenzie waiting to step into it. This is painful. It should be seen to.

It bothered us a good deal to know what all this talk about the bonus of ten thousand dollars granted to the Ontario and Pacific Junction Railway by the City Council meant, and why people were asking so many questions for as to what became of the money. And then we heard that J. D. Edgar was president of the Company. After that everything was quite plain.

The members of the anti-treating society have reduced their principles to a science. But the way they evade them is more than scientific. Whenever anybody treats, they take a cigar, and then whenever they treat themselves they take a drink and the others take cigars. By that means they do not receive a drink from anybody and do not treat anybody to a drink. And so they have a good time generally, and do not break their pledge.

Dymond got a bad showing up at Ottawa the other day. He said he wasn't responsible for the *Globe's* Ottawa despatches and didn't control the reporters. And then one of the reporters pointed out that he did what was far worse,—he sent despatches in the name of the reporter which the reporter had never seen. Dymond represents the constituency formerly represented by Robert Baldwin. The only points of similarity between the two men is that one was Baldwin and the other is baldheaded.

Backers—And That Sort of Thing.

When vulgar folk, their spittoons need—
Who smoke and chew like rough bush-whacker
They crave excuse for use of *weed*!
The *odium* falls on bad *tobaccer*!
So when the Premier perpetrates
A *job*—say Foster's!—he avers it
That Fleming must exonerate
Quick—to his *backer*, he transfers it!

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