



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

Vol. I.—No. 10.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 6th, 1878.

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OPINIONS.—Letter from Sir John A. Macdonald to the publishers:—
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Registered letters at our risk.

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LANCE.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Harvey is no longer agent for THE LANCE. Any parties who may have subscribed to him, and do not receive their papers regularly will please notify us.

From The Seat Of War.

DEAR LANCE,

For one moment pray lend your attention.
Telegraphic despatches are mostly invention.
This is proved to be so, for the stuff they were loaded
With, has, by the latest reports, been exploded.

Not a little sent out by the newspaper staff
Has, it must be admitted, been nothing but chaff;
For of all the accounts of rack, skirmish, and battle,
Not a few, Sir, have ended in smoke and in rattle.

Spite of this, 'tis admitted by all men of sense,
In the army the feeling is one of suspense;
If to any one branch I am asked to confine
My remarks, I would say—those attached to the line.

Though, if war were declared Sir, the general feeling,
Would be one of grief, still there's no use concealing
This fact, which the major part of us must know,
The army, at least, into transports would go.

I'm afraid my advices may prove rather stale;
You get news so much faster by wire than by mail.
That of rousing your interest I'm quite despondent,
However, I am, Sir, your war correspondent.

Hallam in Europe.

The self-important Hallam has gone to Europe armed with introductions from the Mayor to the Prefect of the Seine and the Mayors of the leading cities of Great Britain and Ireland. And how is our worshipful Hallam described by our worshipful Mayor? As a leading Toronto merchant! What an idea Hallam will give of leading Toronto merchants! How the Frenchmen will hold their noses and lift their eyebrows as Hallam enters with a hide thrown gracefully over his shoulders and a copy of the *Globe* protruding from his pocket. But the most portentous display will be when Hallam insists on presenting himself at the Tuileries and replies in London to the toast of Canada. How proud we shall all feel to be sure! The man should be hid who at sight of the thick-hided Hallam wearing a hide and responding for Canada would not hide his diminished head. "How will you speak French in the capital of France?" Hallam was asked. "I will speak English," was the reply. "But the Prefect does not understand English." "Then," replied Hallam, "I will converse by means of bows," and he bowed with the inimitable grace of a piggy-wiggly holding a drawing room in a corner of the stable-yard. His interlocutor lit a cigar and walked away thinking what a great city Paris is.

There is one man in Parliament who doesn't propose to stand any nonsense anyway. His name is Bunster. Some of these days, if the bugle players and tin-whistle blowers of the House don't look out Mr. Bunster will proceed to forcibly eject the whole Grit crew. This would be anticipating the action of the people.

The two-faced Financier.

Cartwright explains! His celebrated shield
Had brass and silver sides—but not two faces!
The silver side made British treasure yield—
The brazen side won Canada's good graces!

"There's no deception"—speech as true as steel—
He says—though steel rails cost a pretty penny!
The silver'd shield displayed soon gained a deal.
The brazen side alone, had not gained any!

Cartwright made no wry-faces—t'other side
Show'd faces that reflected without glasses—
Let no one then, the quaint idea deride!
Cartwright's cartoon (in No. 6.) of brass is.*

People unlike the LANCE—not sharp in point
Who pun and fun, should careful be to start right
Else while the times are sadly out of joint—
They'll never wield a two-faced shield, like Cartwright!

* No offence or disparagement intended by competition with the copper-faced Minister.

Our poet is decidedly of the opinion that 'tis better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

These are the balmy days when people can take long walks without their overcoats. For further information enquire at the pawnbrokers.

Mr. Mackenzie has been telling the members of the House that truth is stranger than fiction. It is a good deal more of a stranger to him, sure enough.

O'Leary, the pedestrian, can walk more miles in less time than any other man living. But even O'Leary can't walk as fast as a hungry Grit on the hunt for office.

A talented Grit member of the House is very much offended because the Halifax *Herald* man called him a donkey. A good many people think it was roughest on the donkey.

April showers bring forth May flowers. They also bring forth big cabbagees and able-bodied beets. You can spell beets two ways and it won't reflect on the vegetables a bit.

Lots of people think that the steel rails scandal will be largely the means of switching the present Government off the track. This would, in fact, almost semaphore gone conclusion.

If anybody has a spare barn or so kicking about doing nothing he should call it a hotel, take a couple of good Grits into his confidence, and sell it to the Government for about five times its value.

The question that seems to be troubling the minds of some people most just now is Women's Rights. We know about a score of young men who have been jilted three times apiece by giddy girls. Must we call these young men Women's Lefts?

If Gladstone's butcher should ever happen to wrap up Gladstone's meat in a piece of the Toronto *Leader*, and Gladstone should happen to see what the *Leader* says about him, there would be another suicide, followed by an election for the British House of Commons.

"There is nothing like leather," as the small boy said when he deftly removed a small slice of sole leather which he had concealed about his person just previous to being interviewed by an irate father in the woodshed. His father had taken him to the woodshed so that he woodshed tears.

A Miss Skiff was married the other day, and all the papers are wishing her much canoe-bial happiness, and hoping her husband will let whiskey alone and take to the water kindly, and all that sort of thing, which, while wherry kind is also ferry disinterested. But Miss Skiff will likely say to the papers, "yacht to stop this nonsense, or yawl get into trouble."

If England should go to war with Russia, and Sitting Bull should kick up a fuss with the people of the North-West, and the Fenians should make another raid at Pigeon Hill, and the Colorado beetle should once more attack the potatoes, the Minister of Militia—which his name it is Jones—would be kept busy. He would doubtless get out of the difficulty by stowing himself away in a dry goods box.

When the name of Major Walker, of London, began to smell on account of the bribery and corruption that was proved against him in court, the Grits dropped the "Major" and thereafter called him "Colonel." They are doing something of the same kind with Minister of Militia Jones, for the London Grit organ now sweetly refers to him as "Colonel." We do not know whether he is a "Colonel" or not, but it seems to be plain that he is a pretty hard nut. The joke is on the kernel.

APRIL 6 1878

Littell's Vol. 1. No. 10



AFTER THE BATTLE
(AS IT WILL BE)

Turpin vs. Turpitude ; Or, The Two Dicks.

Long years ago on Hounslow's famous heath,
The bold Dick Turpin, well armed to the teeth,
Used pistols, as a mild, persuasive aid,
To ease the helpless travellers he waylaid—
But times have changed, and now that worthy man,
Our Dick—Dick Cartwright's—hit upon a plan
To coax the bloated plutocrat to yield,
He merely shews a "silver-plated shield,"

(See Hon. R. J.'s speech at Aylmer.)

A Good Sign—Oliver, Davidson & Co.

Let the ramshackle shed have a ghost when it's dead
Give the Neebing Hotel a good sign !
Messrs. O., D. and Co. with Mackenzie, will show
How their "arms" embrace his and *combine* !
They so plotted the job, that with cash safe in fob
There is rest from the "Hostler's" alarms—
Ka-mi-nis-ti-qui-a, points a *deep* water-way
To the INN—of the "*too friendly ARMS* !"

W. M. makes known his requirements through the columns of the *Mail* as follows:—

WANTED—To apprentice, a sharp boy to the tailoring trade.

No doubt it is intended to make a *cutter* of him. We would suggest an application to Mr. Shears. It is almost *needles* to point out that any *goose* ought to answer the requirements of an ordinary tailor. W. M. evidently wants a *pattern* boy.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.—The buoys have been placed in the western channel—Mail. Suppose they have. We cannot see any such proof of intelligence in this as to call for mention in the daily print. Every intelligent man performs his ablutions every day, and sees that his boys do the same; and he gets no great praise for intelligence in that respect. We can't understand it. We trust our usual truthful contemporary will convey the information to the *marines*. We think it shows great marine stupidity if the boys have not been in the water all winter. We sincerely hope the price of admission to the swimming baths about to be erected will be so low that even the children of sailors will be able to display their intelligence by taking advantage of them, and thus avoid the necessity of waiting till the ice goes out of the bay in the spring and the opprobrium of having such private matters appearing in the public print.

The Injured Constitution.

Luc (less) Letellier's first resolve
Was place and power to keep in view—
The "House" he therefore must dissolve
And trust dear luck, what next to do !
What cared he for a House in tears
As when the Devil drives—"needs must" !
And so Quebec's set by the ears—
To please the Saint—nick-named *un-Just* !
The country's hope—elections o'er—
Bad LUC—may find no absolution
Nor on the spendthrift's plan of yore
Patch up a *broken CONSTITUTION* !

The Quebec Muddle.

Saint Just's fair game is "*laissez faire*" !
Or what's less fair—a *ruse de guerre* !
A LUC-penny toss'd up in air
Chance gives the answer, we infer—
'Tis this—Elections must be run—
For which M. P.'s decry their *luck* !
The Joly Ministers feign fun—
But vow, they'd rather "*run a muck* !"

OUR ORCHESTRA CHAIR—"The Hidden Hand," a play noted for strong dramatic effects and situations, has been the chief attraction this week at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House, and was well acted. Miss McAllister's *Capitola* was a markedly excellent performance. The benefit of Mr. John Nickinson, the popular business manager was announced for April 5. At the Royal Opera House "The Flying Scud" was revived with great success. Miss Sallie Holman was a capital *Kate*, and Miss Julia Holman and the remaining cast were all that could be desired. Mr. Halford's *Nat* was especially good. The programme included a very droll entertainment by Mr. Cool Burgess, with other amusing novelties, all of which were applauded to the echo.

Neebing-Town-Plot.

Know ye the town of—who's name ?
Ka-mi-nis-ti-qui-a—that's jaw-breaking !
Say Neebing Plot—deserving fame
Where "lots of money" Grits are making ?
Who is responsible ? Who pays ?
The sums for some things so surprising ?
The Premier squelches *jobs* he says
By his new rule—*extemporising* !

Chaff from our Hamilton Corn-tributor.

McGinnis wants to know if the Czar's wife is a bruin-ette.

"Every cloud has a silver lining." It must be *electric-plate* by thunder.

Anagram on the Premier—(Alexander Mackenzie) E' man I think Alex.' crazed.

One of the earliest flowers of spring—the bull-frog—he's the earliest *croak-cuss*.

Doesn't it look rather out of place to see the Russian bear sit down on an Ottoman.

The Guelph *Mercury* has come out in a new dress. We suppose it will be a read one.

A London paper says "a thunder storm visited us yesterday evening." Did you have a *shake* over it ?

We hear that a homestead to the Premier is talked about. McGinnis suggests that there be a *steel rail-ing* round it.

England is in a desperate condition between Rossa and Russia.—*Ex.* She may teach them both to die-in-er mite.

In the fisheries award the Americans, although deeming the *scales* of justice fair enough, seem to wish to step out of the *net* sum.

"Apples at \$1.00 a peck will make farmers daughters sought after.—*Ex.* Yes, if they act *de-core-us* and don't "*sass*" too much.

The Shah of Persia is shortly expected in Paris. We suppose if he visits Dublin he'll be made a paddy-shah (padisha)

An exchange says "a dull razor and a returned Californian are always well strapped." Probably because they don't *hone* anything.

Grasshoppers are hopping out of their eggs in Missouri.—(*Spec.*) This should have been legs, but p'raps the writer don't believe in "*L.*"

"The order prohibiting passengers from taking dogs in street cars is in operation in London." Can't he take 'em if he pays the *cur-rent* fare ?

A handful of green clover was plucked in the battery, Quebec, on the 1st of Murch.—*Exchange.* The chap must have been on the batter eh.

"Joaquin Miller is in favour of cremation after death." We always gave him credit for poetic *fire*, but we don't think he will ever reach *Burns*

Gen. Bishop, of Ohio, wears a steel pen coat on dress occasions. That's the write costume.—*Can. (Ill.) News.* We suppose his legs are *ink-cased* in *pen-taloons*.

A Stratford paper says a little baby was found in a fence corner near that place lately. It was probably left there by "miss-stake." It was a *gross attempt* at infant-aside.

Why are novelists the most remarkable animals ? Because their tales come out of their heads.—*Exchange.* More remarkable still *some persons* go out of their heads by these tales.

George Eliot's last novelette, "The Lifted Veil," is described by a critic as "altogether disagreeable, with not an element of interest in it." That's nothing, many a *lifted veil* discloses disagreeable features.

A Newberg woman threw a lamp at her husband's head the other evening. If anything would make a man feel hot-headed that ought.—*Commercial Advertiser.* Yes, especially if she threw it with a *wick-ed intention*.

The short dress for the street is at last an accomplished fact.—*Fashion Notes.*

Man wants but little here below
But wants that little *long*.

Emigration is what is needed for our criminal classes. We would advocate the issuing of free passes by way of the hempen line.—*Chicago Journal.* Wouldn't by way of your-rope do just as well?—*Commercial Advertiser.* This subject seems to have touched a sympathetic cord in these fellows.

Midland Railway OF CANADA.

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

LEAVE FORT 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, Waubauskene, 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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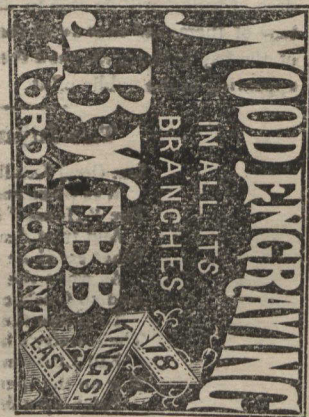
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