

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 *guy-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 could't 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 many-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?