

THE LANCE.

The One-Horse Shay.

By special request we give a view of that "One-Horse Shay," from a photograph taken on the spot!



"Bye-and-bye you'll see a load go rushing down the road
Which leads to that oblivion of which hist'ry has no say;
Should you ask who they are, you'll find Aleck is there,
And all the crew that's left in his one-horse shay."

The Quebec State-Craft.

Anomalous and puzzling, looms Quebec,
But who the wreckers! and which is the wreck?
The LANCE might answer give, in merry voice:
"You, who the show-men pay, can take your choice!"
For ne'er did ship of state run such a rig!
The pirate crew regard her not a fig!
Wreckers and rescuers run so "neck and neck"
The puzzle is who shall be saved from wreck?
All state-craft simply narrows to 'a tug!
The Captain Jolly, ranking with "Hm-Bug!"

Chaff from our Hamilton Corn-tributor.

A bank that would not be injured by a run on it. A fog-bank.
The great Russian Ursa Major would like to change Asia Minor to Ursa Minor.
Why is a bankrupt merchant like a man blind of an eye? Because he's lost a sight.
Fletcher Harper says, "there are only five American writers of real merit." Show me de-merit.
St. Petersburg can't be a nice burg to live in just now. An alarming war fever prevails there.
Is the Russian Mos-cow a distant relation to John Bull? McGinnis thinks she is a belliger-aunt.
An exchange says, "Who shall take care of the Indians?" Why, the best re(a)d-man to be sure.
A Constantinople special says, "The Kurds have revolted." That's the whey with these cream colored loons.
An exchange says, a common hatred is a bond of love. Yes, but when it lasts too long it becomes a bond-age.
Earl Russell's condition is greatly improved.—Exchange. We would rather see another Russ-ill than this aged statesman.
Adam was the first unfortunate card player we read of. He lost a good deal when the devil euchred him out of his bower in the garden.
No trout can be lawfully sold until April 1st.—American paper. Nothing strange; every poor sardine can be sold on that day.
A new Communistic journal in Paris has been seized.—*Md. Dispatch*. The police just said come-you-nast-(ic) journal, and it suck-comed.
Was Babel started on the Tower plan?—Exchange. No, it was a plain structure, the architects of which were noted for sky-entific attainments.
"There seems to be a good deal of bad blood in Montreal lately." We do hope they will stop trying to knock you-late people who keep untimely hours.
The Parkhill *Gazette* man says the Forest *Mercury* man don't pay his baker. He should not make such crusty remarks.—*London Advertiser*. He means, we infer, that he sponges for his bred; dough he not?

\$2,000 Estimated for Storage of "Steel Rails."

How about storage? in the open air
For brother George's rails! does that seem fair?
Neebing's hotel stood better "on the square!"
For there at least was cellar-room to spare!
Its sparsely shingled roof shut out night air—
Its valuables veiled from the sun's glare—
The famed hotel too had a pair of rooms—
Of rust and dust was sometimes swept by brooms,
But here beneath the canopy of heaven
The rust (like yeast) the lump of rails will leaven!
Bright rails, and dear, piled lumber-like across—
The only store they share, is store of dross!
How fitly like—while crumbling to decay—
"Romes' smouldering shrines or Tadmor's columns gray!"

Diamond out Dymond.

Why does that Dymond hailing from North York
In Parliament keep popping up like cork?
Of little weight! as if his wits were bottled
And Sir John A. all utterance had throttled!
Because that Diamond is a thing of paste
And scissors—wanting elements of taste.
By paste and scissors, long Brown Grits he led;
So with paste minus taste, he eats his bread!

Count Shouveloff ought to hurry up and do it. People are getting tired of him.

There is a vacancy in the Italian Cabinet. Why not send Brother Pat-Ullo to fill it?

"What this country wants is free trade," as old Nobbs said when he went into a grocery store on Yonge street and helped himself to four codfish.

An Act of Parliament is to be brought in shortly to change the name of the Reform party to the Deform party, because it deforms everything it lays its hands on.

It is suggested that the United States Government should give a prize chromo with every silver dollar. Is this because a ninety-three cent dollar will not make one dollar-ous enough?

There is one thing about Mr. Plumb which his opponents do not give him credit for. He always hits the subject he is driving at in the centre. That is to say, he is a sort of Plumb-centre.

Isn't it beginning to look as if the United States was trying to play a scaly trick in this fishery case. At any rate our neighbours are getting too o-fish-us. We should send them our bill C.O.D.

Some of the people want to know if the people of Quebec are getting justice by their government being upset. Of course they are: Letellier de St. Just-ass. This is bad French but it is good spelling.

The question to be decided in Quebec is whether a responsible government or one man shall rule. One man tried to rule in France in opposition to the people, but he failed. So will the one man in Quebec.

We hear tell of a man who has run away with his mother-in-law—eloped in fact, and deserted his woe-stricken wife and family. Don't believe a word of it. The mother-in-law has eloped with the man. He couldn't help himself.

There is more mud to the square yard in Toronto than in any other city on the continent. And yet there are more ladies with small feet to be seen on the streets on muddy days than when there is no mud on the streets at all. A man told us so.

And so the Mercer estate is not settled after all. We had an idea all along that it was not going to slip out of J. D. Edgar's hands so easily as that. He would have been declared the lawful heir long before this, only that he is bald-headed.

There is that old story going the rounds again about a man having carried a frog around inside of him for seven months. What this country is clamoring for is a frog that has carried a man inside of it for the same length of time. Where's your frog?

The young men with Ulsters are in a painful state of mind. They can't wear their Ulsters much longer, and they are afraid to shed them on account of the scarcity of bifurcated garments underneath. You ask what are they to do in such a case. We trow sir, we do not know.

A man has brought a bill into Parliament which provides that nobody shall be put off a train between stations just because he has neglected to go through the formality of getting a railroad ticket. All that is needed now to make people happy is for some other man to bring in a bill to prevent conductors from wearing sharp-toed boots.