

The Pacific Railway.

Enter Ontario. To her enter British Columbia, with cock's feather in her cap.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Well!

ONTARIO.—(bowing)—Certainly, ma'am. What did you please to say?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—My railway! You are the paying member of the Confederation, and I apply to you. Why is it not built?

ONTARIO.—My dear madam I am very sorry. But the expense!

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Expense! Humbug! A paltry excuse. Why, the Yankee Union Pacific cost only two hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. This cannot cost more.

ONTARIO.—Two hundred and twenty-five millions! (Gasps for breath and sinks into chair.)

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—That's all. And I want it at once! Immediate! (Rushes furiously round.)

ONTARIO.—I have not got it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—You must borrow it, or—(shakes her fist).

ONTARIO.—And run in debt till my people must leave the country, and all the land is in the Sheriff's hands!

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Don't care! Better thaps would come in, buy you out cheap, and start afresh.

ONTARIO.—Then we are all to go in debt to the selling-out point to buy you a railway?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Yes. And if you don't I'll appeal to Britain!

ONTARIO.—And if Britain does not feel inclined to press us to ruin ourselves?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Then I'll annex myself to the States!

ONTARIO.—Perhaps I might not allow it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—(Looking extremely fierce)—How are you going to hinder it?

ONTARIO.—As I managed the Red River folks. Send some volunteers there, or get England to leave a regiment with you.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—I shall play the very deuce! I shall rebel! I shall declare war on tyrants! I shall eradicate oppressors! I shall call in sympathizers! I shall—

ONTARIO.—If you should, we must send you all to the Central Prison, or some other institution. Perhaps build a ward for you.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—(Cooling down)—Say, now, that would be rough on me. Tell you what. Buy us out.

ONTARIO.—At what figure?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Pay us for our improvements and location, and give us enough additional to set us up in the States, besides mileage.

ONTARIO.—Ah, I see. Pray, would a million apiece for all the inhabitants satisfy you?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—What?

ONTARIO.—Would you be kind enough to leave the room?

(*B. C. exit. Scene closes.*)

Not on Grand's Catalogue.

To be sold, a valuable thoroughbred Nightmare, in splendid condition. Has been raised with great care, and at vast expense, by the present Proprietor, on Boarding House Hash. Underdone Pork, late Suppers and selected Fixings. Will go through the longest night's work at a tremendous rate, and be as fresh and full of life at the end as she was at the first start. Many a bright morning has the owner been thoroughly worn by his tremendous exertions, while this magnificent animal has never turned a hair. *Confirmed ill health and feebleness of the Proprietor the only reason for selling. No reasonable offer will be refused. Address DYSPEPSIA, Cemetery Avenue.

Indications of the Reaction.

THE Grit philosophers were greatly agitated over the peculiar phenomenon visibly athwart the sky on the evening of the torch light procession. It was a broad band of white light passing from the south-east to north-west horizon, and threw the torches into the shade. The Conservatives claimed it as a part of the ceremonies, and the hapless Grits, being unable to offer any proof to the contrary, were much cut up at an exhibition of sympathy in such an unexpected quarter.

The Influence of Example.

IT is said that several of our hitherto respectable citizens, who belong to the Reform Party, are emulating the example of their leader MACKENZIE, much to the embarrassment of our coloured brethren of the lime-pail fraternity. Whenever white washing bills are sent to these Grits for settlement, they lay them on the table, read them three times and then pass them. This is the sort of conduct the rule of a Grit Government inspires.

MR. MACKENZIE, hearing that JOHN A. had a torch-bearing procession, remarked that a' Conservatives were light-minded.

The Toronto Field Battery.

They have placed themselves at the disposal of the British Government. The Czar heard it by telegraph at once. That Autocrat trembled. St. Petersburg shook. Russia quaked. The war is over. The Russians took to their legs. The Turks threw down their arms. Servia and Roumania submitted abjectly, and sent all their soldiers in chains to be hanged at Constantinople. Wheat fell to 50 cents a bushel, and the Russian Government, writhing in agony, sent in a humble submission to Queen Victoria (who hadn't anything against 'em) and the following to GRIP:

ST. PETERSBURG, May 2nd.

Great Monarch:

Your Queen has declared neutrality. Canada has not declared her intention of breaking it. But your Battery have. We know their fury. The British Government had no intention of fighting us on behalf of the Turk; but it seems the Battery have. They could not be restrained. They would have swept over us like an avenging flood. I could defeat Turkey. I could fight England. But I shrink with alarm from the shock of the T. F. B. We give in. We must. A Battery which, raised, clothed and instructed by Canada, could without asking Canadian leave "put itself at the service of the British Government," evinces a degree of desperation, boldness, recklessness, and determined independence, before which Russia could never maintain her ground, and we surrender unconditionally.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

A Serious Word.

A moment GRIP will throw his motiey by—

Abandon merry jest and satire sly,
And say this word to all Canadians true,
Think what you still have done, and what you do.
Behold your country broad—is it not, say,
A laughing stock to all the world to-day?
With land to feed a hundred millions, you
Along the border live, a pauper few,
Little increasing, for your increase pours
Yearly to foreign, and to wiser shores,
Where men rule. You this great truth should know,
Countries and manufactures grow.
What would you do—what would it profit you
If wheat to-day through all your borders grew,
While all you sell it for must go, next day,
British or Yankee dry-goods bills to pay?
And what is left?—yield smaller and more small,
Until the famished land grows none at all.
What wheat could broad Quebec not once export?
Now, buys her flour at some Ontarian port.
'Think you exporting cattle more to do?
Is Ireland's fate so pleasant, then, to view?
Know you this fact, Canadians:—When you see
One country manufacturing to be
Another agricultural—the first
Grows richer, but the other still is cursed
With poverty, for all that it can grow
Must as the life-blood to the other flow.
That other sends not all in fair return.
It has a surplus which enriches. Learn
To understand, nor longer cheated be.
Your interests and those of your country see.
You toil unceasing for a pittance bare.
The profit goes to him, who fat and fair
In other and more cunning regions dwells,
And manufactures, and complacent sells
The fruits of twenty minutes work to you
For that which took you two full days to do.
You bleed apace; at every port they stand—
The importers, with their lancets in their hand.
Change, change it all, and thus in future do:
Whoever sells, let money stay with you.
Send it not forth, but spend it here at home.
If here, to borrow it you need not roam.
Your tools, your arms, your raiment, make hard by.
Your farmers will your workmen all supply
With food, your workmen them with all they need,
Each helping each, and profit shall succeed.
Thus working, they shall overspread the land,
A garrisoning and a mighty band.
Strength shall arise, and Canada be known
Not as a petty colony alone.
But we must move; the golden stream runs by;
Forever on its bank we starve and die,
Afraid to venture. Let us henceforth say,
No longer shall our lives thus waste away.
The present's here; the lazy past is done,
We'll have a country, or we will have none.