



THEY DO NOT WANT THE LOCALS IN THE WAY.

Scene at Ottawa.

RAILROAD SPECULATOR.—Fact is, those local Governments are in the way everywhere. Never be any real, actual sweeping railway progress till the whole lot of little insignificants are shunted off the track and left to rust in the ditches.

CITIZEN.—But, sir, their knowledge of our local affairs—

SPECULATOR.—Local affairs! Sir, they should know nothing about local affairs, or at least they should not be allowed an opportunity to use their knowledge for the obstruction of progress. No, sir, give us Legislative Union, and a sole and central Government at Ottawa; or else let all the Mowats go, and all the little local machines do just as John A. bids them. That will do just as well.

CITIZEN.—But, my dear sir, isn't it a dangerous thing if you find yourself attempting to override knowledge? Surely the local people know their own affairs best.

SPECULATOR.—Knowledge, sir! Knowledge is the worst thing in the world sometimes! The Tree of Knowledge was very properly forbidden to our first parents. Why, sir, we can't introduce a sweeping measure in railroad progress, but some rascally locality or another pops up its head, shows off its local knowledge, and sometimes actually succeeds in getting the thing squashed, merely because a common lot of local people are going to be injured.

CITIZEN.—But, sir, the object of railroad progress, I should say, was to benefit the people of every locality.

SPECULATOR.—Benefit the people! Well, of all the delusions. Benefit the people! Might have been in the pre-historic stone and copper ages, if they had had any lines, but not now, my dear sir, not now.

CITIZEN.—What, then, is now called railroad progress?

SPECULATOR.—Why, sir, railroad progress is the management of great lines, the formation of syndicates, the obtaining of bonuses, the securing of subsidies, the watering of immense stocks—

CITIZEN.—Dear me! I thought railroad progress was the carrying of goods economically, rapidly, and safely.

SPECULATOR.—No doubt that is the case—nominally, in prospectuses, and such. But the real railroad progress is that we carry out the great system as we have it in many countries now, and soon will have it here—a vast machine, so to speak, consuming vast supplies of food and executing great work—

CITIZEN.—Certainly. Carrying.

SPECULATOR.—Oh, yes, that, no doubt, is

done—most important. But not all. Not all. No, sir, the railway system is a big mill, taking in bonuses, subsidies, subscriptions; throwing out lots of things, too. Sir, a railway system, well executed, is a Catharine wheel throwing off in all directions all the time men who have made their pile and retire—flings 'em off to Florence, to Paris, to England. Hope to have it here. Got it partly, happy to say. See these libel suits. *Globe's* going to catch it. Teach them to interfere with big railway men.

CITIZEN.—And the local Governments are in your way.

SPECULATOR.—Certainly, while reform, and not properly under thumb. See that Toronto esplanade: business. The Grand Trunk could never have pushed it through in Toronto. But once at Ottawa, the French members neither know of nor care for Toronto local interests, and did the trick for the G. T. With one central government and no locals, we'd work it every time. Provincial rights, indeed! Nonsense! Dominion rights—big speculations—stocks watered—syndicates formed—fortunes made—that's the ticket. Hooray! Mowat must go!

CITIZEN (aside).—I believe those railway chaps do own the country, and will soon put us all up at auction. (Exit.)



MASHED POTATOES.

"Billy," said Jimmy, looking over a bill of fare at a coffee house on King-street east, "It must take a mighty long time every day to mash enough potatoes for this place."

"Oh, no," replied Billy, "it don't take long. They have a patent process."

"How's that?" queried the other.

"Why, they just bring in a few bushels of 'spuds,' here into the dining room, and let 'em cast their eyes round on the gurls. They're mashed in a few minutes."

One of the waitresses overheard the remark, and the gallant Billy gets his lunch at reduced rates, all the girls chipping in and paying part of the cost.

JOURNALISM 1900 YEARS AGO.

A RELIC FROM POMPEII.

The following are extracts (translated) from a newspaper recently discovered amongst the Pompeian ruins. A skeleton, brandishing a massive stone paste pot in one bony hand and grasping the cervical vertebrae of another human osseous structure with hair falling down over its scapulae and clavicles with the metatarsal bones, of the other leads the discoverers to fancy that they have come upon a printing office and that the two skeletons are those of an editor and a spring poet. Be this as it may, the explorers have forwarded the translations given to GRIP, with a request to publish them to show how rapidly the style of reporting has changed since then—only some 1900 years ago

(From the Pompeii *Trubannero*.)

"AT HYMEN'S ALTAR.—Quite a ripple of excitement was caused in fashionable circles by the nuptials of Mr. * * * and the charming Miss. * * * who are members of the *elite* of Pompeian society. * * *

The *dejeuner* was gotten up in the most *recherche* style, and was partaken of by the happy couple and the invited guests, after which the newly united pair left for their bi-annual tour, on their return from which they intend to hold a reception."

"THE GALLOW'S TREE.

"Marcus Scevola, the cow-boy from theother side, paid the penalty of his crimes this morning. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step and on the bolt being drawn, the body fell with a sharp swish. The corpse, after hanging the usual time, was subjected to a *post mortem* examination, and pronounced by the coroner and medical men present to be quite dead."

THE LAST SAD RITES.—The funeral obsequies of our late lamented fellow citizen, Antonius Curtius Gracchus, Esq., (a prominent church member and dry goods merchant on Brutus Avenue) took place from his residence last Tuesday. Though we cannot but express our sorrow at his untimely decease, we feel that what is our loss is his gain.

"He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

NIPPED IN THE BUD.—A dog fight took place on Forum street yesterday, but was speedily nipped in the bud by the arrival of Codstable Quintus Polthogus, who parted the belligerent canines and arrested a little girl of seven years, who was on her way to market, and who happened to be passing at the time.

(From the "*Viator*" column of same paper.)

"I heard a good story of my friend Maximus Caligula, the tragedian, a few days ago. As he was walking down one of our principal streets he was accosted by an acquaintance with the words 'Is this hot enough for you?' My friend immediately replied, 'Dum spiro perspiro,' his witty sally being greeted with roars of laughter from those who heard the *bon-mot*."

Amongst the clippings from exchanges of the *Trubannero*, we find the following:

1ST. **CITIZEN.**—Got a match?

2ND. **Do.**—It would be hard to find a match for you.—*Punch*.

Space will not allow us to publish any more of these extracts, but those given will show what rapid strides journalism has taken since the days of the *Trubannero* of Pompeii.

GRIP'S PHILOSOPHY.

Love, like other flames, is apt to flicker if there are too many draughts upon it.

If you want to see how sweetly people can agree with you, acknowledge your faults.

If patients would tell their doctors the whole truth a great many druggists would be hard up.

There is a color yet to be invented—the color of some borrowers' money.

To obtain the love of a pure and noble woman is the luck of many men—to feel thoroughly deserving of it is the fate of few.

Women dress from fear of other women; men from respect to themselves—sometimes.

The most truthful man in the world is a liar when he is drunk. There are no such boon companions as liquor and lies.

The man who will acknowledge to others that he is in the habit of drinking often finds it difficult to make the same confession to himself.

Many a man will lend another a hundred