



### Keep the Wheels Greased.

Mr. GRIP, who knows more or less about everything, flatters himself that he is particularly well posted on railroading, and if he had only been aware that his friends of the Credit Valley line were in trouble he might have given them the benefit of his advice several weeks ago. He is pleased to know that they have extracted themselves from the temporary difficulty, however, without his assistance, but even now a few words of counsel may not be amiss.

The secret of successful railway management may be conveyed in one brief phrase, namely, "Keep the wheels greased." Every truly great railroader, from STEPHENSON down to BIRDGE, has acted upon this principle, and without a practical application of it no Company ever flourished. Superficial observers may labor under the delusion that it is only necessary to apply grease to the wheels, but sometimes it is made manifest that not only the actual running gear of the trains, but the employees—especially if they threaten to go on strike—must be occasionally greased, to ensure their smooth working. Grip's advice to the Credit Valley, therefore, is to keep a good stock of grease on hand, and apply it liberally all around. If this is attended to, no future trouble need be apprehended, and the road will become all that the fancy of GEORGE LADLAW has painted it.



### The Conquest of the United States.

Business has been so brisk in Canada of late that our people haven't had time to talk about the recent remarkable conquest of the United States by Canadian forces, much less to indulge in the national demonstrations which the importance of the event would justify. It shall not pass by without being celebrated, however, for

GRIP must have his crow over it if nobody else does. There is so little of national enthusiasm in this blessed Dominion—thanks to those who throw cold water on Canada First movements—that it is quite possible some of our readers may not be aware that an invading force recently left the shores of Canada with the avowed purpose of capturing the neighbouring Republic. Yet such is the case. These desperate warriors numbered only a dozen or thereabouts, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in discipline and heroism. They were armed with curious crooked sticks netted at one end, and wore a breezy but picturesque uniform consisting of striped blue and white tunics, brown trunks, stockings and slippers, their heads being crowned with skull-caps. The captain of this noble band determined to make short work of the campaign by moving directly on New York. The American forces, however, were on the alert, and the invaders, on reaching Staten Island, found a tremendous host ready to defend their native land. Several pitched battles followed in rapid succession, but the Canadians proved more than a match for the enemy, scoring a brilliant victory on every occasion. Having subjugated the regular troops brought against them, the invaders planted an ornamental silk flag upon the battle field in token of victory, and then, (contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, we regret to say) proceeded to demolish a vast quantity of cakes and pies belonging to private citizens. Not content with this, they next attacked the private citizens themselves, directing their forces principally against the defenceless young women. The object of the invasion having been fully accomplished, the Canadian warriors returned home without the loss of a single man—though some of them who were single men before they left Canada may not long remain so, as a consequence of the invasion. Yes, the United States is conquered—hereafter Lacrosse will be their national game, and base-ball will take a back seat!

### Abusive Language.

This morning at the Police Court of Public Opinion, an interesting case was heard. It consisted in a chronic dispute between a gravegentleman who gave as his occupation that of Professor, and who claimed to be employed in the *Bystander* office, and an elderly female, resident on King Street, and for many years employed in the service of the Grit Party. The Professor had been at one time in the service of Mrs. Globe, but they fell out, and now the neighbours complain a great deal of their abuse of each other. Mrs. Globe was most noisy and violent, but what she wanted in wit, or rather in "wut" she made up for by getting people in England to write letters abusing the Professor like a pickpocket. The Professor, who had once lived in Bidlinggate, London, England, had the command of a copious vocabulary of invective, and every now and then said things of Mrs. Globe that went all over the city, and make her fit to run up the telegraph poles with rage. He would say "The old lady is more old than lady-like. She never knows her own mind, and mistakes for a sharp stiletto, the incompetent blunt bodkin with which she tries to stab in the back those who don't care to be forced to listen to her anile and vapid chatter." The worthy Magistrate advised both parties to be better behaved and more full of Christian charity. We trust his counsel may lead to a happier state of things.

A lunatic in Brooklyn, N. Y., has challenged Dr. TANNER to a fifty days go-as-you-please starving match. This sort of thing is even more objectionable than the pedestrian mania, but it cannot be questioned that it is a highly appropriate form of amusement for the hard times. This is emphatically a *fast* age we are living in.



### Historical Repetitions.

History has a habit of repeating itself, and sometimes such a repetition may be anticipated. Here for instance is a case in point. There are a great many Canadian knights strolling about the streets of London at present, and amongst them there is a venerable gentleman known as Sir HUGH ALLAN. Another is called Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. Now, supposing these distinguished personages should happen to meet one another—that would be the first historical repetition, for it is well known that they met in the year 1873. Then, suppose Sir JOHN should intimate to Sir HUGH that the Canadian Government contemplated building a certain big railway, and were looking about for a company that would undertake the job. That would be repetition No. 2. And then suppose that Sir HUGH should hint that he would like to get the charter, and Sir JOHN should reply that he might have it "on certain monetary conditions." This would be a very striking repetition of history, too.



### Imaginary Conversation.

*Husband*—This extraordinary man, TANNER, persists in his fasting experiment, my dear. I observe by the paper that he is in his twenty-third day, and is going along famously, in fact he is getting fat on it!

*Wife*—He's a most absurd and fool-hardy creature, as I've said before. I wonder that you take so much interest in him and his ridiculous experiment.

*Husband*—Ridiculous, my dear? Not at all; on the contrary, I look upon Dr. TANNER as a most remarkable person, and I do feel interested in his experiment, as every practical man ought to. Why, my dear, if it can be demonstrated that the people of this country, for instance, can subsist comfortably without eating, it will be the grandest thing that ever happened; it will reconcile them to the National Policy!

Good hiding places—slaughter houses.