

The best way to do this is to incessantly shout "gee" and "haw" alternately at the top of your voice. These sounds are supposed to make animals turn to the right and left respectively, and if you change so often as to make them not know which way to turn, they are pretty sure to go straight. If you can't get them and the plough round at the end of the furrow, you must be as obtuse as the Opposition Quartette in the Local Legislature.

As soon as you finish ploughing, sow something. Do this stealthily and surreptitiously cover it up at once, or the birds may see it. Cucumbers are perhaps as good as anything on newly cleared land. They are readily saleable in back settlements, are cooling in hot weather, and make excellent pickles. Wheat is too commonly grown to be a profitable crop, and rye is made use of for such debasing purposes that I hope to see it eradicated from the land. If you have not sown your wild oats already, sow the balance of them. These are like the *Canadian* and *New Dominion Monthlies*. They are serials.

### The Comet.

#### WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES!

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

IMPUDENT moderns, who pretend to know more than their grandmothers, deny the sanguinary influence of comets. But what do they say to the threatened war with the United States?

That bloodthirsty comet influenced the mother-in-law of the Mayor of Montreal to throw a pail of slops out of her window, and maliciously caused one of her female tenants to be under the window at the time. Of course the female tenant got a bath. Then the comet went to work again, and got the female tenant to bring the Mayor's mother-in-law before the Police Magistrate.

The Mayor, no doubt influenced by the comet—for how else can such unprecedented conduct be accounted for—appeared on behalf of his mother-in-law and procured her acquittal. Then the comet insinuated to the female tenant's husband, an American citizen, that the Mayor had exercised an undue influence upon the Police Magistrate, and, by virtue of his office, perverted the law. So the female tenant's husband complained to his Government, and wants the insult to his wife wiped out in Canadian blood.

The President called upon the British Government to surrender the Mayor and his mother-in-law, and GRIP has private advices from his Washington correspondent that all the Yankee volunteers are being supplied with new uniforms.

Our Government should order Mr. JENKINS to move in the Imperial House of Commons for the extradition of the man Cogota, who, by discovering that infernal comet, brought about the difficulty. Ex-Attorney-General CLARKE intends moving for an Act by the Manitoba Legislature, abolishing mothers-in-law, and all other matrimonial institutions throughout the world. He proposes enforcing the Act, if passed, by the aid of all the Mounted Police who escape the terrible mosquitoes of the plains. Of course CLARKE has private ends in view, for there is no telling how large a force of mothers-in-law may eventually be fondly seeking him. Still, if he succeeds, one source of complication with the Yankees will be dried up. In the meantime, GRIP has organized his contributors into two battalions, and they are ready and eager for the fray. The ladies of Canada are embrodering on the regimental colours the glorious legend, "Never say die." Let the Queen's Own be on the alert. The Governor-General's Body Guard has been sent to Lako Tenciscamungur in charge of the Ottawa Civil Service Corps and *vice versa*. It was feared that the warlike cries of those heroes would cause the enemy to believe themselves to be confronted by ferocious savages. They would then mass the whole American army against the point where the Ottawa men fought, and go in for a war of extermination, like that against the Modocs. We would be forced to reprisals and might hang GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, and —. But the prospect that opens is too frightful to gaze upon any longer. GRIP will issue an extra when war is declared, for which he has prepared a cartoon on President Grant, so awfully funny that he expects at least one-half of the American army will die of laughing at it. He will make game of the whole universal Yankee nation if it isn't cautious!

#### Barnum and the "Montreal Witness."

A SCRIBE of the *Witness* staff last week interviewed BARNUM. His account of the "great showman" is too good to be lost. It must be remembered that the *Witness* is a moral and religious paper of the most pronounced description, which howls every day against Popery, Rum, the Theatre, light literature, and all manner of sinfulness. The editor don't allow advertisements of saloons or immoral amusements to appear in its pure columns. It has a "Children's Corner," in which the bad boy is remorselessly pursued to the deepest degradation. It has paragraphs—texts of scripture—headed "Threefold

cord" and "Helps to every day holiness," in juxtaposition to market reports and police items. Its editorials would have met the fervent approval of Mr. STIGGINS and Mr. ANTHONY HANUK. It was never known to advertise a circus till BARNUM's came along. Then the noble countenance of that great man appeared in its columns with the announcement of his "Great Travelling Museum, Menagerie and World's Fair" with its "100,000 Cardinal Curiosities, Representative Animals and Amphibious Marino Mounsters." There were also half-a-dozen puffs of the circus.

In the same issue appeared a mournful editorial concerning a Sabbath breaking ferry boat which sinfully persists in giving hard-worked showmen and tired laborers an opportunity of breathing the pure air of St. Helen's island on the day of rest. But the reporter's account of his interview with BARNUM explained the anomaly. From it we learn that Mr. BARNUM's features express the *bonhomie*, or geniality of temperament, which has always characterized the great showman. He had formed the acquaintance of Mr. JOHN DOUGALL, the founder of the *Witness* publications, and intimated that the *New York Daily Witness* was a very valuable paper. "I wish we had forty of them over there," said he emphatically, "for they would do great good, the New Yorkers were too much devoted to sensational literature."

Mr. BARNUM admits, free of charge, to his "Colossal Exhibition" every person who purchases his autobiography for one dollar and fifty cents. The book is cheap at the money too. There a public that—according to BARNUM—likes being humbugged, may learn the true history of all BARNUM's original sells. We can fancy the showman mournfully presenting JOHN DOUGALL with a copy of the book, and regretting that its value is not appreciated by those wicked New Yorkers who "are too much devoted to sensational literature."

Mr. BARNUM expressed gratification on learning that the *Witness* here as well as its coadjutor in New York, was increasing in circulation, and intimated that his great shows and menageries had always been conducted on moral principles. "My early ambition was to combine instruction with rational amusement."

We have a dim recollection that P. T.'s "early ambition" to "combine instruction with rational amusement" was productive of that celebrated animal which differed from the traditional mermaid only in the circumstance of its being dovetailed. "JOICE HATH also" combined "instruction" as to the infancy of GEORGE WASHINGTON with the "rational amusement" of BARNUM himself. The "What is it?" was a remarkable illustration of "moral principles."

Mr. BARNUM further said the majority of showmen pandered to the low tastes of certain classes in their entertainments and never appeared to see that they thus lost the support of the community at large.

It will be seen that the great showman while lending his valuable approval to the two *Witnesses* and uttering the most moral sentiments, did not for a moment forget business. We at first supposed that it was a fellow feeling that made Messrs. DOUGALL so wondrous kind. But now we find the explanation in the fact that BARNUM has of late done a little temperance oratory, and claims to have been sober for thirty years, which we quite believe.

Teetotalism covers a multitude of sins from the eyes of the DOUGALL type of humanity.

We think that BARNUM's latest exploit of gulling the *Witness* not the least humorous of his many humorous doings, and wish the veteran all the success which his adroitness deserves.

But for the absurd twaddle which, because BARNUM's common sense has kept him from intemperance, would make of him a moral hero, we have no words to express sufficient contempt.

The *Witness* exemplifies very fairly the remark of the profound and witty Frenchman, HENRI BEYLE (M. DE STRUDHAL): "The popular press is flagitious precisely in the measure of its sanctimony."

### A Classic Pun.

GRIP wishes it distinctly understood that his acceptance of the following pun is not to be taken as a precedent. He has given it space in part from a fine feeling of courtesy to its author, Dr. RYERSON, and in part because it is very unlike the common run of puns. It is said that Dr. SANOSTEN assisted Dr. RYERSON in putting the thing into shape. Dr. McCAYL has kindly undertaken to explain the joke to all inquirers:

COMATOSE.

SCPTICAL PUPIL.—The discovery of our nebulous visitant being directly traceable to Cocomatations, may there not reasonably be a strong metaphysical doubt as to its existence?

PROFESSOR (*decidedly*).—Not so. *Coggiato, ergo sum.*