unto himself—none of that! I will go forth unto the land of Canuck, and will say unto the great Burr P, and likewise to him of grand stature, whose ships cover the sea, whose temples cover the earth, "Behold I come among you that I may say unto you that you are the victims of a precious swindle. The fish cease to swim in the city of Parr, and the vessels of all nations cease to spread their wings within its borders; therefore, send neither gold or silver to the city of the East in exchange thereof of promises to Eldermen! For I am the great and mighty owner of the Stone Jug, at the sight of which all men hang their heads." And he went forth and took with him another great man of the people, that all things might be Dunn brown, and when he spoke Burr P. and the others bowed their heads even unto the ground and smote their breasts, and said, "Be it so; we know you to be great among the people, even greater than the Elder man!" And he returned, loaded with milk and honey. And the people on hearing these things did not bite the dust or wear sack cloth and ashes, but remarked, "Let it rip until after the Election."

Small by Degrees and beautifully less, or the Coming Industrial Exhibit in Fredericton.

THE CARTOON, so long as it lives, will be a friend of Art, from its first attempt in struggling infancy, to its later display at a more advanced period. We have just seen the Julius Inches' ideas of encouragement for Exhibition purposes. We quote:

For best Collection of Millinery,.....	$10.00
Best Display of Ladies' Haberdashery,.....	10.00
For Best Collection Original Paintings, in Oil.....	10.00
" " " " " in Water.....	6.00

Comment is unnecessary. If it had been Julius Cæsar or any other intelligent heathen, instead of Julius Inches, it would have read thusly:—

No persons will be encouraged to exhibit any adornments for the female sex, as their extravagance in such matters is quite natural and does not require any extra artistic display in that line. The owner of the best collection of original paintings will be crowned in public and presented with a freehold house and vineyard, and a ticket to a front seat at the Coliseum with opera glass and spruce beer free of charge, on all occasions when a munching up of Christians by ferocious animals will take place at Government expense.

"It was ever thus," with our Provincial exhibitions. Do the managers suppose it is any inducement for an artist to come from St. John, or any other part of the Province, and place his pictures in a bad light because he cannot help himself, and be subjected to the red tape questions of a parcel of fellows with blue ribbons in their button-holes, who are getting $5 or $6 per diem to show off their manly proportions, and "go for" strangers. No, I rather think not! The real artists of this Province, whether professional or amateur, do not desire to be classed with milliners, cow-boys, pig-pens, horse jockeys, big carrots, gigantic squashes, or anything else that may desire to obtain the dollars of the Agricultural Society. They merely ask for an acknowledgement of merit; give us a medal, they say—whether of silver, bronze or leather, we care not. Patent leather, from the Gibson factory, would answer, if strung with a piece of blue ribbon, and presented gracefully, by whom—aye? Won't the Marchioness of Lorne be here? There's a wrinkle for you, Julius—equal to the sale of 10,000 tickets!! Let her present the leather medals, and they will feel as good around the neck of the wearer as if they were made of precious metal. It is useless, however, to give Provincial Agricultural shows a wrinkle for they never pay. Query—why? Because they admit too many *Beets!*

CUM GRANO SALIS.

The Governmental procession to Carleton last Thursday evening was interesting and instructive. The candidates and their retinue of prompters, bottle-holders, hired elocutionists, &c., made an imposing show as they wended their way down the floats. The most remarkable feature was the plethoric state of their coat pockets—the swell reminded one of the prosperous days of crinoline. There are curious people in the world—irrepressibly curious! One with that kind of temperament was a *compagnon de voyage.* He went for one of the party in the following manner:—

"What does it mean?" he asked, slapping his hand on the protuberance at the same time.

"Who are you for?" mysteriously asked the retainers.

"I'm for down with Sir John ——"

"All right; then come with me to a quiet corner. This night," continued the retainer, "will forever seal the doom of the bloodthirsty Sir John and his bandits. This night will draw towards our beautiful banner every voter in Carleton. This is the programme, mark you. Every man of our party carries a peck of salt. Each speaker carries a speech—a mealy, floury speech, *a la* Jeremiah. The audience will be sucked in by their eloquence and coaled up by their delivery, then at a given signal we intend bringing down the house by putting salt on every Carleton fisherman's tail."

OUR SKETCH FROM PETITCODIAC.

We present our readers with a very life-like scene from that pic-nic at Petitcodiac. It speaks for itself. Sir Knight is reported to have said:

—"that in eight weeks the fishery award of five and a half millions would be paid, and that he would endeavor to have as much of that money as possible spent in Westmorland County. He asked if they would send him back to see that this money was well spent. (Loud cheers of "Yes," "yes.")

The proper name for the yokels who swallow that would be golden calves. Oh, yes! Yes; they would help him spend the money, no doubt! The most satisfactory manner of disposing of the "swag" would be to hire Murray's great band chariot; fill it well with the Fishery award doubloons; roll it out to the middle of Tantramar, and then invite every man, woman and child in Westmoreland County to another glorious pic-nic and a general scramble. Don't you wish you may get it?

The following dialogue is respectfully dedicated to Alderman Brittain:—

Miss King Square, Carleton—"How very green you look, Cousin Queen Square!"

Miss Queen Square, Carleton—"If you are above us in station, you need not sneer and get jealous because your man got a new green patch sewn in my russet-brown dress. After all, you are nothing but old Guy's Ward, and a dirty old fright at that.

Miss K. S., C.—"I suppose you are beginning to feel your oats, next thing I suppose we may expect to see you bursting out into arborescent effulgence?"

Miss Q. S., C.—"As you have swallowed a school house, we must excuse large words. You doubtless think some tasteful leaves should adorn my brow, I am of that opinion! My guardians humbly say they cannot go into extravagance, willows are good enough."

Miss K. S., C.—"That reminds us of the old saw. Where there is a will, oh, there's a way."

It is said that a new Opposition paper, to be called the CARTOON, is to be started next week, under the management of ex-Aldermen Russell and Mr. J. Boyd.—*Torch.*

Thanks *Torch.* May your fire like that of the Vestals never go out. The co-partnership referred to above we have not the honor and privilege to acknowledge (wish we could.) We have to paddle our own canoe unaided through the various financial and editorial dangers which generally beset the stream of this and similar enterprises.