

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

There are some creases in the middle of pages.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									✓		

THE
NEW BRUNSWICK
MUSEUM

Ac. 20630

PIANOS AND ORGANS

AT NET WHOLESALE PRICES.

NO AGENTS!

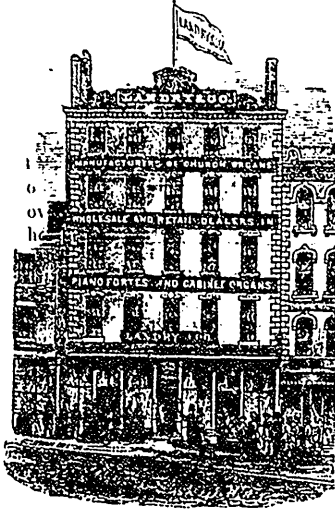
NO COMMISSIONS!

Parties wishing to procure a fine Pianoforte or Organ, are requested to call and examine our stock, the largest and finest in New Brunswick. No fancy prices asked. Terms reasonable.

LANDRY & CO.,

52 KING STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.



ESTEY ORGANS—New and beautiful styles. CATALOGUES FREE.

McCAFFERTY & DALY,
CORNER KING & GERMAIN STS.

To make room for our FALL importations, we are clearing off our whole stock at a great reduction in price.

**BARGAINS
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.**

The best value in GREY and WHITE Cottons, Prints, Dress Goods, Table Linens, Cloths, Silks, Satins, Gloves, &c. &c.

McCAFFERTY
AND
DALY,
SAINT JOHN,
N. B.

THE CARBON!
A SERIO-COMIC AND ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.
VOL. I.
NO. 1.
J. & J. HEGAN & CO.,
DRY GOODS AND CARPETS,
NO. 19 KING STREET,
SAINT JOHN,
N. B.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1878.

NO. 1.

THE
BEST

SPRING MEDICINE

AND

BLOOD PURIFIER,

Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron.

Price 50 cts. per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$2.50.

STRANGERS, TOURISTS, EXCURSIONISTS, SPORTSMEN
AND ALL VISITORS TO THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

SHOULD CALL AT

MACKENZIE BROTHERS' ESTABLISHMENT,

Which is celebrated for the highest class and best Manufactures of BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL GOODS: Headquarters for Reiffen's 1st Quality Gloves.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT,

47 KING STREET,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TERMS :

The Price of the Cartoon will be \$2.00 a year, postpaid to any address in Canada or the United States.

Parties remitting should either register their letters, or send Money Order payable to the order of E. J. RUSSELL.

Advertisements in this paper will be charged according to space and location. Rates moderate.

All communications to be addressed to "Editor CARTOON," St. John, N. B.
The Cartoon will be for sale at all the leading bookstores in the Dominion. Single copies, 5 cents each.

The Cartoon.

Issued from the Office of R. & E. ARMSTRONG, Germain street, St. John, N. B.

EDWARD J. RUSSELL, - - - - - Editor.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 20, 1878.

INTRODUCTION.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," is the testimony of the wisest of men, and a wise man of a later day has left on record that

"The gravest beast is an ass,
The gravest bird is an owl,
The gravest fish is an oyster,
And the gravest man is a fool."

And so we endorse these pointed sayings. In this busy care-carking world, men become tired of hard figures of arithmetic and dry discussions, and it is a positive relief when sated with these, to indulge in a good hearty laugh. Thus it is, that the keenest business men enjoy the cartoons of *Punch* or *Fun*, *Grip* or the *Lance*. If a boy falls on the street, all the other boys laugh at him. If a girl has her new dress spoiled by a shower at the last pic-nic her girl companions generally enjoy the little mishap, and the sufferer's distress thereat. Such is human nature, whether we can cure it or not, and so in the larger matters of life, we laugh at the failing attempts of those who aim to fill positions which they are unfitted for—or to direct others when they are not fit to rule themselves, and men laugh at the folly and enjoy the disappointment of the presumptuous ones. When these are pointed out good naturedly with pen or pencil, then no one is hurt. The object of it is taught a lesson and the passing folly is shot down as it attempts to soar.

You see a group on our streets, and a genial smile on every face in it. You may almost know before seeing him that a merry-hearted, good-natured humorist is of the party. At a public gathering where dulness has reigned, the audience yawning, and longing for "Home, Sweet Home," a name is announced, and at once you see all lift up and the expectant eye is raised and the merry laugh that doeth good like a medicine is heard through the hall. Such an one is a public benefactor, his presence is more health inspiring than a whole college of physicians and a wholesale drug store in the bargain. He is the cheerful companion, welcome to every dinner party or tea gathering, to every children's romp, or merry social meeting in home or society. It has been well said by Addison that "the greatest humorists I know of are men eminent for their humanity." You will find such men even to old age, with all that love of youth, and having that hearty sympathy with all that is good, which endears them not only to their own circle, but also to the outside world. You will never find such men deceitful or crafty, or untrustworthy, but hearty companions, steady, ever-trustful friends—unselfish advisers. Such men see the ridiculous in human nature. They laugh at it, they hold it up to view, and the laughter becomes contagious: and thus just what the genial humorist does in society by his personal presence or speech, we

propose to do with our pen and pencil. We shall not be "as the fawning, sneaking, flattering hypocrite," of whom Tillotson says, "that he will do or be anything for his own advantage," but like of him whom Addison writes—

"In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Tho' art such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hust so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee or without thee."

With these sentiments, we beg to introduce THE CARTOON to a New Brunswick audience.

YE HARBOR COMMISSION.

AN EASTERN ROMANCE.

There was a certain city in the East which bore the ancient name of Parrtown. In recent times it was considerably marred from the effects of a big roast. Now there ruled over that city certain wise men at the head of whom was one supposed to be wiser than all the rest. The first were called Aldermen, originally Eldermen—but changed the title for fear of being thought connected with one who dealt in daily stories. The wisest or Head Beetler was called Mayor, and occupied a nest lined to the brim with the gold and silver of the slaves of the city. Now it so happened that the slaves of the city got very poor and they clamoured that their shackles might be lessened; and they prayed to the wise men after this manner:

"To you! Oh mighty man, whose beard is as the Rising Sun, whose sandals wear eternal polish, whose steeds are swift to shed dust; and all o' the rest of ye's! Go forth and sell for gold our city fish-pond and all the temples and hanging gardens with which it is adorned, that we may eat, drink and be merry."

And they went forth—three in number. Now the city had other wise men, who yearly met at the great Temple of Palaver at Ot-tar-war. They proceeded thither by swift beasts that snorted fire from their nostrils until they arrived in the land of Canuck; then they wended their way to the Temple of Palaver. And on their way thither, behold the great man whom they sought appeared before them. "Hullo," said he; "Hullo, yourself," said they, "and see how you like it!" "What's your little biz?" said he. "That's your concern," said they; "Oh! mighty Burr. P. (that was his name) we come to sell you our harbour and contents thereof." "Harbour! Harbour!" and here the mighty Burr. P. raised his Ebenezer; "never know you had one, never saw it. Do you laugh at my beard? Hal-e-faix (spelt as pronounced by the warriors of the nation) says you have none, and Hal-e-faix never lies. Go to the man of Fish (this is no cod)! Depart from this land, or by the beard of the Prophet Mak-en-zy we will compel you to eat dirt." "Keep cool, oh mighty Burr P.," said the wise men of the city of Parr, "or we may call in the great Ballot Boxes." "In that case," remarked Burr P., looking particularly green about the gills, "let us ascend to the Palaver House—and, pray, what do you take to drink?" And they all took medicine and became well pleased with each other. And they lingered in the land of Canuck three days, and were sent home, loaded with promises of silver and gold, and they became great among the people, and particularly with Will Elder man, who rejoiced with them much, as they brought promises of great wealth and all that sort of thing.

Now it so happened that there was a great man in the City of Parr who was high in the counsels of the merchants. He, moreover, held in his right hand a great stone jug, out of which the wicked drank when requested by the judges of the land, and it was always kept full. Now this great man heard of the promises that filled the city with joy and gladness. And he said:

An Art Gallery for Saint John.

To the Editor of the Cartoon:

Sir,—I have a vague impression that many years ago a wealthy merchant of St. John, who was quite an enthusiast in Art matters, did leave in his will a sum of money towards the erection or maintenance of a St. John Gallery of Art. If you can throw any light on this subject, you will oblige

MacFAGGIN.

["MacFaggin's" impression is correct. A bequest to the extent of about four or five thousand dollars for some purpose connected with the formation of an Art Gallery, we think can be found in the last will and testament of the late John Owens. A gentleman who saw the will states it to be as high as ten thousand dollars. I suppose there are persons in this city well up in this important matter. Will they kindly furnish the public with full information through the press.]—Ed. CARTOON.

Our advent was anticipated by the *Globe* in its issue of the 16th. We were billed for that evening. (Thanks for the advertisement—*although somewhat in error*). We wish the *Globe*, moreover, to understand that we are not a party paper in the accepted sense. We are independent. If we espouse the Liberal Conservatives we do it from choice and not from necessity. With the New Brunswick political chess-board before us, which we have studied for over twenty years, we have been taught to look upon the New Brunswick party, and the friends of that party at present in power at Ottawa, as opposed to every movement that was at all likely to benefit the masses—Anti-Liberals, Anti-Confeds, Anti-Schools, in fact Anti-diluvian. Their present position and tactics are inconsistent with their well-known principles, hence our selection.

To Correspondents.

The letters of the following correspondents we reject and return, with thanks: "XYZ," St. Andrew's; "Uno," Newcastle, and "Bro. 1 Arrow," Woodstock. Too much animus, gentlemen! Fun is fun. If you will be kind enough to re-write and leave out the objectionable portions, we shall be pleased to give your letters publicity.

Country correspondence arrived too late for publication in this issue.

A public gentleman of considerable elevation in Kent County society, remarked the other day in a speech, that he had been a close student of Geography(?) for over two years, and had arrived at the following conclusion and would bet a beaver hat in support of the hypothesis—that there were four eclipses in each year. No one took up the bet, The geographical students in the crowd were scarce. A fact!

In the reign of England's Virgin Queen some fifty thousand Mynheer von Dunks well skilled in the arts and manufactures got in some trouble in their native country and for conscience sake left, and crossed over to the land of the Free. They found great encouragement and in order to retain these thrifty and clever people, the wise old Queen put on a big tariff on Dutch manufactures. What was the consequence? In a few years Britain was exporting to Holland—comparatively speaking—Dutch merchandize in large quantities, to the disgust of the Dutch generally. That is a policy that Alexander considers destroys a country. For further particulars see Motley.

The red-coated warriors of St. John intend visiting Sussex to-morrow. A Pic-nic or gathering under the flag of the 62nd Batt. will be part of the programme. We ask the ladies to swell the ranks, and file off in a vast host by the early train to the tuac of "J'aime la Militaire." The profits of the excursion, if any, will be spent in arming the regiment with helmets, cap-a-pie-cc.

REFORM.

What's in a name—(that name the word REFORM!
When used by so-called Liberals, Conservatives to scare—
Naught but an empty pledge—a thing still-born—
A wicked mockery, delusion and a snare!

"For a handsome cab I've got,
And a handsome horse I trot—
Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! Your honor, Cab!
I'll take you like a shot."

On Friday last, a commotion was observed on the Market Square. A dog fight in full force was the supposition; many rushed to see the canine feud, and were disappointed and disgusted when they found out the trouble. It appears that his Worship, the chief peeler, and the Alderman of the *chapeau blanc* were drilling the cabbies.

"Fall in," shouted one of the generals, and in popped the cabbies, head foremost into their respective rumble-tumbles.

"Come out, you asses," shrieked a second general in disgust. We judged there was a division among the three.

"Right wheel," echoed the third, and they seized the correct whirlingig.

"What are you doing?" asked the three generals.

"Don't know," shouted all the cabbies, in chorus.

"As you was," screamed the chief.

"I! I! sir," and the last movement was executed in masterly style, and chaos again reigned supreme in the Market Square as it has been for several weeks.

Since our reporter handed in the foregoing we understand that his Worship will not allow more than twelve public coaches to remain on the Square at a time. The rest can move on—wander around seeking whom they can take in—or stand, where? they ask. On their dignity, of course, says our Sphinx.

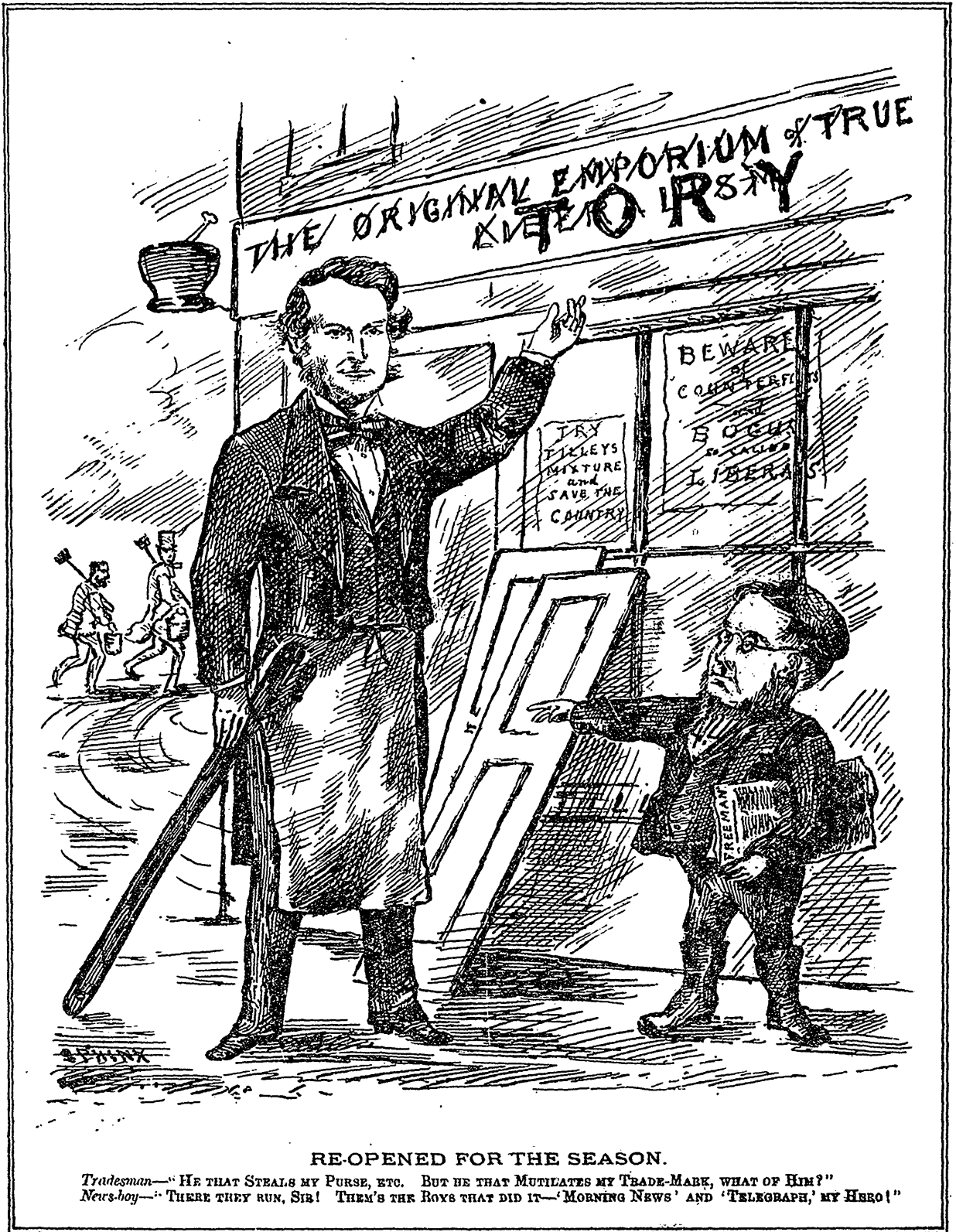
HERE'S A CHANCE FOR A SWEET SIXTEEN OR THEREABOUTS.

Particularly wanted, by a gentleman bordering on middle age and moderately well off, a wife. She must be a few years younger than himself, healthy and well-proportioned. Beauty of face not absolutely objected to; but preference would be given to a plain girl, that is to say, not an ugly but a commonly good-looking one, whose face will not spoil. She must have blue eyes, light hair, and have her hair always neatly brushed back. No money expected with her; but the more she has the better. Must be sufficiently well educated to read and understand the CARTOON. Need not personally play or sing, or be endowed with any pictorial skill, but must be capable of enjoying Art and have Music in her soul. Her reasoning faculties, at the same time, must be sufficiently well developed to enable her to draw a correct inference. It is necessary that she should be well versed in cookery, needle-work, and all the ordinary provinces of feminine usefulness.

She is required to be further characterized by the following peculiarities. Natural repugnance to ear-rings and chignons. Loathing and abhorrence of rouge and skin-powder. Love of finery and good living, no matter how ardent, if of the latter rather than the former, accompanied by content, to let both be limited by pecuniary circumstances. Solicitude about dress and decoration with a view to pleasing her husband; perfect unconcern as to pleasing anybody else. Utter contempt for the ridicule of acquaintance, incurred by necessary economies. Unfeigned dislike to balls and evening parties. Disposition to cultivate all the elegancies of life, always in subordination to comfort, and when retrenchment is necessary, choice to retrench first of all in show. Any amount of passion for furniture, so long as the dinner-table is cared less for than the dinner, and the dinner is not extravagant. The utmost fondness of trips, travelling, staying at the sea-side, theatres, concerts, and every sort and kind of real pleasure and amusement, provided always that self-denial of enjoyment imposed by circumstances, can be borne without repining or melancholy. Finally, she must have no relations. Any young lady, whose abilities, inclinations and conditions, coincide with the foregoing will find in the advertiser a most affectionate and indulgent husband, who will let her do whatever she pleases.

Further particulars will be cheerfully given on application at the office of THE CARTOON.

It has been calculated and the calculation is within bounds, that the two words, Pacific and Scandal, have been used by the Government orators in this city upwards of 387,650,381,604,998 times since the commencement of the campaign.



RE-OPENED FOR THE SEASON.

Tradesman—"HE THAT STEALS MY PURSE, ETC. BUT HE THAT MUTILATES MY TRADE-MARK, WHAT OF HIM?"

News-boy—"THERE THEY RUN, SIR! THEM'S THE ROYS THAT DID IT—'MORNING NEWS' AND 'TELEGRAPH,' MY HERO!"



A BAD CASE.

*A Knight he would a-wooing go!
Whether Friend Isaac would let him or no.*

Sir Knight—"ENCORE, MAM'ZELLE, ONCE MORE SE'L VOUS PLAIT."

French Vote—"JAMAIS, MONSIEUR. YOU DECEIVE ALWAYS."

Voices in Distance—"STOP THAT MASQUERADING AND COME DOWN OR WE'RE LOST. YOU KNOW SHE IS ALL RIGHT."

Sir Knight—"YES, ISAAC, ALL RIGHT TO FALL INTO ANOTHER FELLOW'S ARMS. CAN'T COME. SEND FOR MAC OR C*****HT."

THE REAPER.

THE reaper reaps the yellow grain,
 At morning, noon and dewy eve:
 And homeward wends his loaded wain,
 At morning, noon and dusky eve,
 The reaper binds within his sheaves
 The budding flower, with velvet leaves,—
 The ten-friled vine that loved the corn—
 The young,—young rose, without a thorn.

The reaper cometh while we sleep!
 O'er ravished fields we wake to weep!
 The reaper cometh, while our eyes,
 Gaze o'er the seas or in the skies!
 He cometh with a step so still
 No thought obtrudes of wrong or ill.

Who is the reaper? ask the grain
 That loads his back and dismal wain!
 Who is the reaper? ask the flower
 That withers 'neath his baleful power!
 Who is the reaper? ask the vine
 That did the growing corn entwine!
 He is not Death, for Death is good,
 Though oft by men misunderstood.

—H. L. SPENCER.

PROFESSOR O'TOOLE ON MONEY.

(o)

MONEY, SIR," said the Professor emphatically, and closing up his off-eye knowingly—"money is *the one thing* Archie-Medez, of Ballymacstuttery—(though fellows that know nothing of his forbears or Irish history, set him down as a Syracusean swell)—money is *the one thing* required to take a rise out of the univarse, an' peg our planet a few stars higher."

Having delivered himself of this opinion as though it were the revelation of an oracle, our Hibernian philosopher unbuttoned the eye whose speculation had been muffled; then "readying his dhudeen," as he himself expressed it, re-filling it, carefully placing the "dottle" on the top, as though within its ashly substance slumbered the true Promethean fire, he applied himself to the business of smoking with such determined energy, that his whiskers dived into two yielding concavities, as his cheeks met and kissed inside.

"Money!" he continued, derisively, between his whiffs—"money!—do any of yez know what money is?—ov course ye'll say 'Yis, an' then that 'll be the *last* lie ye tould; but I'll tell ye what it is. It's everything, an' can do everything, barrin' make an Irishman or a Saxon, or a cherub out of what's left of a Cabinet Minister, when the devil has taken his own. Oh, ye may laugh if ye please—but it's thrue for all that, as the white-boys sed to the informer, when they sated him, comfortably on the still-fire, and basted him wid whiskey; till there was nothin' left of him but one boot, an' the golden guineas melted together, that he got for splittin' on 'em, but which they rammed down his throat aforehand wid the square end of a poker.

"Now, money," continued O'Toole, "is like a parson's text, and may be divided into three heads, tho' what they do with the bodies and tails is a fit subject to be opened and digested at an early opportunity, as the cannibal said to the missionary, when he borrowed his scalp as a sample, an' trussed him up ready for cookin' on the next feast-day. Well, money, as I sed, might be divided into three heads as thus—

READY MONEY,
 HARMONEY,
 MATRIMONEY.

"What's the sinews of war?—Ready Money! What's the product of peace?—Ready Money! 'What's your creed?' sez the Bishop to Mick the miser—'Anan?' sez Mick, for he'd a mighty nice knack ov hearin' nothin' he didn't want to—'What's your religion?'—'Ready Money,' sez Mick, quite cute, like; an' saix I think he was nearer the creed ov the millions an' the Bishop, in his answer, than the Bishop or the millions would like to confess.

"Without Ready Money there can be no *Harmony*—but the

chink ov the shiners is melody itself; and here I'll observe, as Copper-nosed Corporal Casey did—ho was'n't christened Copper-nosed Corporal Casey, ye know, he was christened Teddy—but he was called Copper-nosed Corporal Casey for short. 'Ready money,' sez the Corporal as he listed the yokel with a bad shillin', 'Ready money, if it's good, is good, an' if it ain't, you must pass it; that's part of the whole duty ov man.'

The Professor—his unquestionable claim to the title was not based upon honour achieved, inherited or thrust upon him, but simply from the fact, as he himself confessed, that he "*professed*" everything about which he knew nothing, and consequently, as 'was said of Miss Finigan wid regard to her new crinoline, was the centre of a large circumference"—the Professor had the lead in our little after-dinner quartette, and well he kept it; to talk, or even hint, at the possibility of getting a word, or the echo of it, in edgeways, would be as absurd as to try and bolt a door against a bailiff with a boiled carrot, or keep back a spring tide with an egg-spoon. O'Toole was all there, and the merry twinkle of his eloquent eye, as it flashed in unison with the "buttermilk-and-whiskey" richness of his brogue—a brogue so thick one might cut it with a knife—induced us to tolerate a pedantry we did not know how to crush, and make a compromise that relieved ourselves of the necessity of talking, while we listened to his absurdities for the sake of his native humour and honest good heart.

"As I've tould you a trifle about the first of my heads—that is, Ready Money—and glanced at the second, which is *Harmony*, I'll now come to the one with which both the others must be associated, or there 'll be 'blood upon shirts, an' wigs on the green!' as Pat O'Dwyer remarked, after a *rookery* at the Carlow elections, when he contemplated the polis engaged in pickin' up by instalments, an' sortin' in a turf-creel, all that was left of their sergeant, half a dozen of their comrades, and the magistrate who read the Riot Act, until a flyin' brickbat tuk a liberty wid his parts o' speech—that one is the subject ov my discourse at the present time o' spakin'—an' it's one nearest the heart ov every faymale woman, as Widdy Kinsella sed or the money she was to take from the 'Buryin' Club,' after she had planned her ould man in the churchyard, as the poet beautifully observes,

'Wid his toes turned up to the daisies.'

It is a subject that has a language to be understood—a language that any one wid ears of an ornaty lenth must understand, as Terry Riley sed, when he awoke one fine mornin' in foren parts, an' heard the fine barrowtone voice of a donkey seronadin' him under his windy. 'Glory be to St. Patrick!' sez Terry. 'there's a Christian language I understand at last. Musha, musha!' sez he; 'sure an' I thought since the very childre *parleywood*, the poor ignorant baste might folly their bad example; but asses—I mane four-footed ones—ain't all fools, an' that's more nor I'd like to peril my sowl by swearin', when I'm spakin' o' some wid only half the complement o' legs.'

The Professor's assurance that there was "no offence intended to anybody present" might have been kindly meant, but certainly was not complimentary. The dancing devil in his eye was a merry one, nevertheless; and as, figuratively speaking, he had plenty of rope, we patiently awaited the fulfilment of the adage.

One step in the right direction—i. e., towards the fulfilment of the consummation so devoutly to be wished—was evident in the strength, and depth, and body of "pure Dinville" he poured into his tumbler—a draught unbaptized, unsophisticated, uncontaminated with water. He raised the goblet, and looking through it lovingly, broke out into spontaneous song:

Oh, whiskey is nectar!
 Achilles an' Hector,
 St. Patrick, O'Connell, and Brian Boru,
 Minerva an' Vahus,
 An' Coriolanus,
 All drank it, and christened the draught

"Mountain Dew.

As men it inspires us—
 As heroes it fires us—
 As lovers it taches us sootherin' ways—
 So bendin' to Beauty
 Is hardly a duty
 When Beauty clings round us wid

"Do, if you please."

He inverted the tumbler, and never winked—that fellow might be warranted “A1—treble-copper insided!”

He smacked his lips, and proceeded—offensively at first—as his opening remark, or innuendo, will avouch.

“Well, havin’ our poor relations—the four-footed ones—I’ll come to the subject of me discourse—an’ that same, as you know, is Matrimony—the holy estate, as Father Donovan called it, though, to be sure, he never tried it, but little Lanty Doolan, who did—muchly—sed, when his betther three-quarters-an’-a-thrifle bate him first of all till he looked like a sick nigger wid a full crop of the mazes, and then gev him in charge to the pedis for ‘salting her.’ Holy! sez Lanty, by the hocky, I wish it was holy enough for me to find a hok to squeeze through out of it! An’ a hard life he had ov it—for she was mortal strong—wid an arm so stout, that the shadow ov it ‘ud knock the crutch from onnder a cripple. She’d think no more, when her back was riz, or takin’ him up this away” (here the Professor suited the action to the word, by grasping the landlady’s ‘harmless, necessary cat,’ and so suiting the cat to the action, that ‘the subsequent proceedings interested him no more’), “an’ chuckin’ him down on a hard wooden sate, or a stone windy-sill—wrong end up—than a policeman would ov swarin’ that a black pig was a Christy minstrel. Poor Lanty—axin’ your pardon for sayin’ it—used to look, when she tuk a squint at him out ov her gimlet eye, as if he’d rather be in any other man’s skin than his own—an’ small blame to him; for there was such a twist in it, that any honest corkscrew, afther seein’ it, would immediately retire from business, an’ niver aftherwards have the check to look a dacent bottle of whisky in the face.

“Well, Lanty, as I was sayin’,” continued the Professor, as he took up tenderly the comatose grimalkin on his knee, and galvanized him into one of his other lives by pouring a glassful of the doctor immortalized by Heroes, Goddesses, O’Connell and O’Toole, down his innocent throat—“Lanty, as I was sayin’—bad luck to that cat!—he doesn’t take to his drinking scientific ally—he’s written his name on my fingers in red ink of home manufacture; an’ there he goes, staggerin’ an’ sneezin’, wid his tail down. Well, Lanty, as I was sayin’, was a *dawnshee* little crathur, about the size of a *leprechaun*—he looked for all the world as if he’d been made out of the sweepin’s of a dissectin’ room. He’d a pair of legs—oh! none ov your every-day *old* ones, but a rale pair—both turnin’ the one way—just like number eleven (11) on a gentleman’s hall door—only the first one was a capital one, an’ t’other was in Italics. If you’d seen him, you’d swear he’d been hirin’ ‘em out second-hand from a grave-yard, an’ that the sexton that lint ‘em out was drunk—seem’ that one was long an’ strong enough for a gramydier, an’ t’other too short and thin for a gillygooley. Poor devil!—he’d an up-and-down kind o’ life ov it, as Tony Fitzgerald sed, when he tuk to studyin’ architecture practically (he began by carryin’ a hod); but I’ll tell yez of Tony some other day. In the meantime, my subject is Matrimony—Matrimony, or Wedlock. The first name, ‘Matrimony,’ takin’ its rise from the matter o’ money a man is supposed to reserve when he sells himself to a she-keeper; an’ the second title, ‘Wedlock’—demonstratin’ the lock he finds to his cost he can’t pick, when the clergyman has turned the key in it, wid his last ‘Amin.’”

I need scarcely say that there were many breaks in the foregoing; but, in order to simplify matters, and bring the opinions of the modest Professor to the “fore,” I have omitted, and mean to omit many questions and responses, and only allude to one occasion—one of many—when, like a true astronomer—but with a different kind of glass—he took “observations” of the flies disporting on the ceiling through the bottom of his emptying tumbler.

“Matrimony, or the hymeneal state”—he proceeded, without even the suspicion of a hiccup—“I’ve heard remarked by some of the deluded but repentant victims who have been kitch-ed in the kinnubial thrap, is like a little heaven below. *Below*—now, what do they mane by *Below*?” They can’t mane earth; for the atmosphere, by all accounts, is sometimes too hot and unconvenient, an’ ‘any change,’ as the smasher sed when they nabbed him an’ the bad guineas upon him, would be ‘change for the better.’ Maybe it’s becase love is what they call an exotic, an’ wants heat to make it grow, even when, like the tail o’ Moll Flanagan’s ould cow, it grows *downwards*. An’ talkin’ o’ down—sure I was tould by a scholar onet, or a party that they say

in prent wint *down* to bring *up* his wife—wint down wid a lyre—but, by my conscience, I think the fellow that tould me was the biggest liar. Oh! he was mighty particular, an’ tould me who it was, too. One Orpheus by name, a kind ov banjo-player by thrade. Now, av he sed he wint *down* to lave *her* there, one might bleeve it, but the contrary proves the impossibility ov it. Besides, her name wasn’t a name at all at all—it was only what one ov his pals sed to him when he kem up alone. ‘You’re rid-I-see,’ sez he. ‘Ov what?’ sez ould Parchment-an’-catgut. ‘Why, ov yer wife, to be sure,’ sez t’other.

“Now, Matrimony, to my mind, ought to be a fair partnership; but all the wives an’ married faymales took Hoopy McCormack’s view ov it. An’ sure his view ov it was exactly like the handle ov a pump—t was all o’ one side. He was called Hoopy becase he had a wooden leg. He wasn’t born wid it, you know—he only inherited it. Well, they do say ov Hoopy, that one night when he was in Dublin an’ drink—an’ he the same token there was few people could put themselves outside a few scaldin’ tumbler’s o’ whisky punch in as short a time as Hoopy—one night, when he was in drink an’ Dublin, the end of his wooden leg got into one of the fire-plugs in Sackville street—an’ he, being occupied in his mind, kept on walkin’ around it wid the live leg till mornin’, holdin’ out his latch key, an’ wonderin’ who had run away wid the front door. Well, as I was sayin’, all the faymales—particularly the ones licensed by their marriage lines to worry—take Hoopy’s view ov the partnership—an’ I’ll tell ye how. Hoopy, ye see, was partners onet on a time wid Cawdy Cortigan in a private still, down near Knocknaudderry; an’ the gaugers happenin’ to get a scent ov the poteen, Hoopy an’ Cawdy had to run for it; but, thrue to their partnership, they tuk the poteen along wid ‘em. “What’s partnership, Cawdy, *avie*?” sez Hoopy, as he did his ‘dot an’ carry one’ afther him—‘what’s partnership, *alanna*?’ ‘Oh, its a fair an’ aquil divisioin ov profit an’ labour,’ sez Cawdy. ‘That’s just my way ov thinkin’, sez Hoopy; ‘so if I carry the *whisky*, and you carry *me*, the profit ‘ll be all right, and the divisions of the labour aquil.’

“But, comin’ back to me subject—Matrimony, they tell me, is called a civil contract—it’s called so by the law—but by the hocky, Murtough Mallowney was nearer the truth than he sed, that the rayson it yvas a civil contract, was becase all civility ended at the altar—when the masculine victim had tie’ the knot wid his tongue that he couldn’t after ontie wid his teeth. Howsomer, be all accounts, it’s an ould ancient institution, an’ I have heard that a good wife is a bargain any day—an’ a bargain that seldom comes singly—but, singly or doubly, its’ like what they call an epidemic—chronic in the case of widdys, an epidemic that kem to our ancestors as natural as the mazes. It breaks owt, I’m towd, in their posterity, when they’re about escapin’ from their teens. The symptoms in the faymale showin’ strong when she begins squeezein’ in her waist until it ain’t half an armful, and making a bloon ov her back hair. An’ in the male when he makes up his mind to makin’ clane pipes dirty, an’ to feelin’ for nothin’ at all on his upper lip. Howsomer, if it be that it must be had onet at laste in a lifetime, my opinion is that, like the hooping cough, it’s lightest when taken early; but, if it ain’t taken wid a trifle ov the *rale* money, there’ll be precious little ov the *Harmony* in the mixture. An’ as most ov the people ov the day, who haven’t had the disease, are likley to catch it by rubbin’ again those that have, an’ squeezein’ the fingers ov those that haven’t, I’ll just conclude my remarks an’ my last tumbler wid a conundrum. ‘Why is the state of matrimony like a besieged city in war time?’ Do ye give it up?—Well, it’s becase those that are *outside* are wantin’ to get *in*; an’ those that are *inside* are wantin’ to get *out*!”

CRAWFORD WILSON.

Who are these people who shout out Reform,
And with plausible bancombe would take you by storm?
Who cry down Protection, and deny the “Big Show”?
Why, says Brother Jonathan, they’re the fellows I love!
Who are these men with the Liberal mask,
Who never yet studied a Liberal task.
With their cant about duties and Liberal stories,
Why, he whole box of dice are real and out Tories.

NOTICE—The next number of the CARTOON will be issued next Tuesday—although we intend (after getting into good running order) making Saturday the day of publication.

LONDON
AND
Kidderminster
CARPET WAREHOUSE.

JAMES HEGAN,
DIRECT IMPORTER OF
CARPETS, CURTAINS,
TABLE LINEN
—AND—
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS!
56 KING STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
aug 20
S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Nails, Tacks, Horse Shoes, Horse Nails,
Clinch and Pressed Nails.
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory, Georges Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
aug 20

T. B. HANINGTON,
DIRECT IMPORTER OF
Genuine Havana Cigars, Virginia Tobaccos,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Goods of all kinds.
The stock is all of the best quality and prices low.
Liberal discounts to wholesale buyers, jobbers and
expressmen.
93 PRINCE WM. STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.
aug 20

W. BRUCKHOF,
DEALER IN
Pictures, Mirrors, Mouldings,
Brackets, Fancy Goods, &c.
PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALITY.
58 King street, St. John, N. B.
aug 20

R. & E. ARMSTRONG, LONDON HOUSE,
(Successors to C. Armstrong & Co.)
BOOK & JOB PRINTERS.
ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
executed promptly and at reasonable rates.
Commercial Printing a Specialty.
Office: 85 GERMAIN STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
All Orders entrusted to our care, will re-
ceive prompt attention.

GREAT BARGAINS
—IN—
BOOTS AND SHOES.
CLEARING OUT SUMMER STOCK at Greatly
Reduced Prices at
Sweeney's Fashionable Shoe Store,
London House Block, Corner Market Square and
Prince Wm. Street.
An Immense Stock on hand of Ladies' Misses' and
Children's Kid, Goat, Sergo and Pebble Button Boots
and Shoes, with a very large stock of Men's, Boys and
Youths' Boots and Shoes of all kinds, which will be
sold at a large discount on former prices, in order to
clear out balance of Summer Stock.
JOHN SWEENEY.
aug 20

G. F. DEVINE,
Professor of the Theory of Harmony and
the Practice of Music.
Organist of Trinity Church and Mechanics Institute,
PUBLISHER AND IMPORTER OF
Sheet Music, Music Books, Strings, and every
article appertaining to the Trade.
95 GERMAIN STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
GOODS MAILED TO ORDER.
aug 20

JOSEPH MCCOLGAN,
RESTAURANT AND DINING SALOON,
—DEALER IN—
OYSTERS, GAME, PASTRY, ICE CREAM, &c.
103 King Street, St. John, N. B.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

BENJ. R. APPELBY,
DEALER IN
FLOUR, MEAL, FISH AND GROCERIES OF
ALL DESCRIPTIONS
WATER STREET, CARLETON.
aug 20

Retail.
SILK DEPARTMENT.
WE have Just received the following lines, to
which we direct special attention:—
Black and White Stripe
DRESS SILKS.
A few Pieces only at 75c. per yard;
COLORED CASHMERE DRESS SILKS
in the following shades:—
BRONZE—In Light, Mid. and Dark; DRABS—In
the new shades Castor and Havana; SEAL
BROWN, DARK BROWN, NAVY BLUE,
SLATE, MYRTLE, PRUNE;
Trimming Velvet and Satin to match.
A full assortment of all prices in
BLACK SILKS,
Which for value and durability of wear can be
highly recommended.
N. B.—None but regular makes kept in stock;
each piece stamped with the maker's name.
Black Velvets and Satins; Reversible
Paisley Shawls; Black Cashmere
Square and Long Shawls.
Sunshades, in Silk and Brazilian Twill.
J. W. BARNES & CO.,
London House Retail,
3 and 4 Market Square, St. John, N. B.

A. J. LORDLY & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
FEATHERS, MATTRESSES,
GLASSES, &c.,
WARE ROOMS
93 GERMAIN STREET,
opposite Masonic Hall,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
aug 20

EDWARD F. LAW,
WATCHMAKER, &c.,
180 UNION STREET.

GLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.,
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Particular attention given to Watch repairing.
aug 20

WORTHMAN & SPENCER,
PATENT MEDICINES, CORKS, &c.,
Wholesale at Lowest Prices.
PARADISE ROW,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
aug 20

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.

(o)
JUST OPENED:

ONE CASE BLACK SILK FRINGES, ONE CASE COLORED CASHMERE SILKS, ONE CASE BLACK CASHMERE SILKS.

ALSO:--

A Large Stock of SUNSHADES and a Great Variety of FANCY GOODS, &c.

J. W. BARNES & CO.,
MARKET SQUARE & CORNER CHARLOTTE & UNION STREETS.

Aug 20

FLOUR, MEAL, TEA, &c.

IN STORE:

500 B BLS. "OLD GLORY" FLOUR,
200 bbls. TEA ROSE,
200 " HOWLAND'S CHOICE,
300 " EGGLEBLOCK,--BAKERS,
100 " MAYFLOWER,
600 " CORN MEAL,
150 " OAT MEAL,
150 " MESS PORK,
100 " WHITE BEANS,
100 half chests TEA.

TO ARRIVE.--Part due.

400 B BLS. "HOWLAND'S CHOICE,"
700 bbl. TEA ROW,
500 " PLIMSOLL,
500 " PRIDE OF ONTARIO,
300 " TRANQUILITY,
300 " WHITE BUNS,
100 " MAJOR,
200 " HAXALL,
1200 " CHOICE WHITE WHEAT AMERICAN FLOUR,
1000 " CORN MEAL,
300 " OATMEAL.

FOR SALE BY

HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

INSURANCE BLOCK.

GENERAL AGENCY.

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE.

CAPITAL OVER \$25,000,000.

ROBERT MARSHALL, General Agent, Notary Public and Broker.

OFFICES.--COR. MARKET SQUARE & PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of London. Established 1803.
HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. Y. Organized 1810.

THE ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY. Incorporated 1819.

THE MERCHANTS' MARINE INSURANCE COY, of Canada.

THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY. INCORPORATED 1833.

Marine Insurance effected on Vessels, Cargoes and Freight to and from any part of the commercial World. Time and Voyage Policies issued at once, on terms and conditions as customary. Fire Insurance effected on brick and frame dwellings, stores, warehouses, merchandize, steam saw mills, ships on the stocks, and all descriptions of insurable property at lowest current rates. Application respectfully solicited.

ROBERT MARSHALL,

GEN. AGENT, NOTARY PUBLIC AND BROKER.

1878.

29TH JULY.

1878.

THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER FOR SALE:

600 CASKS MOLASSES--Porto Rico, Barbadoes, Trinidad, Cienfuegos, Cardenas and Demerara, 60 casks SUGAR--Scotch Refined and Muscovado, 500 chests and half chests Fine and Medium Tea, 3 tons COFFEE--Mocha, Java, Ceylon and Rio, 100 kegs BICARBONATE OF SODA, 700 boxes and half and quarter RAISINS--Fine, Dehesa Layers, London Layers, Sultan, Valencia and Loose Muscatels, 200 cases CANNED GOODS--Peaches, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Baked Beans, Oysters, Solesters, Salmon &c., &c., 100 cases Preserved MEATS AND SOUPS, 60 boxes and barrels CHEESE--Nova Scotia, Ontario and Dutch Valley, 340 lbs. TOBACCO--Smoking and Chewing, various brands, 1300 boxes SALT--1 lb., 10 lbs., and 20 lbs., 40 sacks NUTS--Filberts, Walnuts and Castanets, 100 boxes EXTRACT LOGWOOD--1 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb., 45 qr. casks French WHITE WINE VINEGAR, 20 casks and cases ASSORTED CONFECTIONERY, 50 boxes PREPARED CORN, 30 cases LARD, in 3 and 5 lb. Tins, 60 tubs and firkins BUTTER, 30 cases Montserrat and Gross & Blackwells LIME JUICE and LIME JUICE CORDIAL, 6 casks Colza SIGNAL OIL, 30 cases BATH BRICKS; 100 sacks extra quality BUTTER SALT.

A large assortment of German and Havana Cigars, Aniline Dyes, Extracts and Essences, Baking Powder, Handford's Bread Preparation, Chocolate Liquor and Gelatin for Confectioners use, Hams, Bacon and Shoulders, &c., &c. Oranges, Lemons, Peaches, Onions, Cocoa-Nuts, Apples, and other fruits; and are daily receiving large consignments of Eggs, Butter, Buckwheat, Flour and other Country Produce.

JARDINE & CO.