

TERMS:

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

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The Cartoon.

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

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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 presumptive 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,
Hast 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 knew 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 Propbet 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