

— THE ARROW —



The Standard Opera Company has turned its attention to "Olivette." As they draw good houses night after night, it may be considered that the Toronto public don't much care *what* they see, as long as they *do* see something.

The latest *on dit* of the theatrical world is, that Patti finds the noose matrimonial galling. Can't people give her even two months of peace?

Harry E. Dixey seems to have caught the London playgoers by the short hair. Royal personages sup and breakfast with the clever little comedian, and fashionable dames are Dixey wild. If, amidst all this flattery and success, he keeps up the standard of his work, he will surprise most of those who know him.

Lizzie St. Quinten has, after many vicissitudes, once more regained a position something like her old one in New York. She will think twice before she goes "barn storming" again. Oh, fancy! Her Canadian experiences were not the very brightest imaginable; although wherever she went she left scores of admirers behind.

THE MAN AT THE PLAY.

WISDOM'S ARROWS FROM FOLLY'S BOW.

I want 2 tell u a lot: i am pining 2 giv u reel good advice, but i carnt think of anything just now. all the same, i am goin to post u on the rode to Eliza-um!

I want 2 kno y the *Globe* is used so much to wrap things up in—sew dose the decon, i no.

Isn't *durt* corled *grit*? isn't a gritty shete a durtie one —i waft 2 no, u kno.

I smell—that the suers stink: can the mare howl and loose this cent?

Has any 1 ceen a lost pole esse man? i sore i run awa the uver nite, there was a row at the corner sale oon—he was properly tagged; please return 1 u to the draper on caught street and he will bee promoted. he is a blue looking creeture, and ansers to the name of bobby.

Any 1 detaning him from going on—his duty—will be required 2 giv him nurve tonik. He nedes it.

U went 2 c her majesty's opera, didn't u? u won't go again, will u? i'll pin a four u don't! n-bee. That is a met-a-for for a *bet* a for.

I think i'm orfully funny—but i carnt make u think so, can i? no! but ile keep on till u doo, or i di.

My life is insured—*u'd* better take out a *pars* for the *west*!

But the Arro will reche u, o most unhappy an-i-mal! R doo till nxt week.

G. H. C.

MUNICIPAL MENINGITIS.

It is a strange thing which befalls a man: so soon as he enters a municipal council. He steps as it were at once over a threshold of gold. The future is bright with many a promise, and right stiff is his back bone. Hydraheaded jobbery and abuse shall melt away in the scorching furnace of his unflinching rectitude, even as a vast acreage of pumpkin pie in a room full of boarders at a girls' school. Alas, how speedily melteth away his back bone—utterly gone its rigidity! How soon doth he hug abuse to his bosom, how tatally soon doth he consort with the jobber.

The inflexible Spartan fadeth away, and the complacent guest at the free lunch appeareth in his stead. He still seeketh indeed a threshold of gold, but by a far more devious if less wearisome path.

He may well ask, in the language of the enterprising American who has invented a new patent medicine, "What is this strange disease which has come upon us?" Why is the whole moral nature of a man wrenched aside and distorted the moment he becomes an alderman? Are these things governed by some mysterious rule altogether inexplicable and repugnant to the ordinary laws which dominate our being, and must therefore be submitted to and grappled with, like measles or croup, and dealt with merely on the basis of alleviation instead of prevention? Or is the disease attributable to mere human agencies, which may be treated on the principle of entire repression? The subject is one of enormous interest, not only to the speculative student of physiology and metaphysics, but to the tax-payers, who contribute largely to drains which don't drain, and to sewers apparently constructed to explode the theory that water won't run up a hill.

We may as well confess that we have brooded deeply over this strange matter without as yet being prepared with a theory absolutely satisfactory to ourselves. It should scarcely be that man's entire moral nature is wrecked the moment he enters the council chamber; and yet an assemblage of aldermen develops an amount of cussedness, the aggregate of which is somewhat appalling to the ordinary mind.

We shall, however, on our trip to the blue sea (whither we propose wending our way so soon as our subscribers rush in with shekels in such numbers as to warrant the outlay) subject the abstract question to a searching test in the crucible of our most profound consideration, and will, on our return, submit to the almost countless host of our readers the matured result of our intellectual struggle.

We doubt not that these worked out results of boiled down thought will not only prove of inestimable value to the general public, but will form the basis of an entire remodelling of our municipal system, one of the first fruits of which will be an irrepressible clamour on the part of the whole people that we run for mayor at the very earliest opportunity; and we may say in advance, so as in a measure to allay the craving of the populace, that such a solicitation shall have our best consideration (this is, we believe, what statesmen say on like occasions), especially if we find that our present mayor is successful in his modes of acquiring popularity; as we feel perfectly satisfied that we can beat him all to fits at that sort of thing. In fact, we don't mind admitting right here, that as a repressor of vice we are far ahead of Howland any day, and we can repress ourselves as well, which is more than he can manage.