

— THE ARROW —

PARKDALE.

THE Parkdallians are in some doubt as to whether annexation to the city or amalgamation with the United States would tend most to their advantage. THE ARROW would humbly suggest that a radical change be made in their administration, and that after consolidating their debt they solicit the services of some Christian politician to assist them in procuring an Act allowing the spreading of their indebtedness over at least one hundred years. This course might bring temporary relief. The city of Toronto having hemmed this budding municipality in on all sides, it behoves the ratepayers thereof to bestir themselves, or their debt will soon bear as heavily upon them as the course of certain newspapers in the Riel question does upon the Honourable the Leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House.

QUO.

Said Howland, in the early days,
"My seat is safe, I will not go,
Though Felitz does his little best,
In spite of that *quo warranto*."

But now the ices of March have come,
And Mr. Howland has to show
His business basis, ere he sits
In spite of that *quo warranto*.

And Master Dalton tries the case,
And says to Howland, "Out you go;
You are not Mayor of the town.
As shown by this *quo warranto*."

J. A. F.

"I MUST congratulate you on your marriage, Mr. Pugsby. Your wife is a charming woman."

"She is, indeed; loving, amiable and accomplished, and so easy pleased."

"Oh, I knew that when I heard she was about to marry you."

"Now, you young scamp," said Binks, Sr., as he led his youngest out into the wood-shed and prepared to give him a dressing down, "I'll teach you what is what."
"No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll teach me which is switch."

And then the old man's hand fell powerless to his side.

That purp doth bark
So after dark,
That balmy sleep won't come to me;
And every night
Till morning bright
I'm in *purp-etual* miser-ee!

—Washington Hatchet.

So pun and fun
Together run,
With many turns and combinations,
And people swear
And tear their hair,
To read such dog-gone *purp-etulations*.

THE Rev. Sam Jones advises us to "kick this old world as we would a rubber ball." No, guess not, Sam. We've seen the trick before, only it was done by placing a common strawberry blonde brick beneath an antiquated tile on the sidewalk. It is a pretty good trick, Samue', but it will only take outside the city limits.

BAD city for the wicked—Cinn.
Good city for a wine-bibber—Port-land.
Good city for the empty—Phil.
Good city for an Indian—Lo-well.
Bad city for a man with false teeth—Gnashville.
Good city for a laundry—Washington.
Good city for the wealthy—Rich-mond.
Good town for a sea captain—Salem.
Good haven for the illiterate—New Haven.
Bad city for a musician—Sing Sing.
Good town for impudent dudes—Young-kers.
Great place for American defaulters—Toronto. See?

SCIENCE is a great thing. Fancy a machine with the requisite intelligence to break up a grain of corn and separate the gluten from the starch. Yet that is just what they have got machinery doing at the resurrected Toronto Syrup Works. The gluten contains all of the corn that is valuable for cattle food, and out of the starch they make pure, wholesome syrup. It is a great age we live in. Ancient Rome and Greece were pretty well advanced, all things considered, but neither Julius Cæsar nor Alexander ever dreamed of pouring over their "buckwheats" genuine maple syrup made in a few hours out of American corn. Solomon and Solon were pretty well up in the ologies of their day, but they died without knowing any other use for corn than to manufacture mush of it. Even the fathers of the present generation had only advanced towards civilization as far as the distillation of forty-rod.

JUDGE McDougall and a jury have tried the city, and found it guilty of keeping a public nuisance. The public nuisance is the Police Court, not the institution itself particularly, but the building. Fortunately the judge suspended sentence, or we would by this time be all languishing in a felon's cell. But if the nuisance is not abated, we'll catch it at the next session of the Court. It's a good job his Honour refrained for the present, for, of course, as the whole city can't be locked up at once, it will be necessary to lock up the Mayor, as the city's representative; but we have no Mayor; Mr. Howland is not qualified to suffer in our stead. Perhaps Alderman Baxter would do. But here comes in a difficulty. The city is a nuisance; Alderman Baxter as senior alderman, in the absence of a Mayor represents the city; therefore Alderman Baxter is a nuisance. So far the case seems clear enough; but if Ald. Baxter is a nuisance, Judge McDougall cannot commit him, for the law forbids any one to commit a—but, pshaw! law is not THE ARROW's forte.

THE Esplanade is one of our burning questions. Columns upon columns of wisdom have been offered, through the city press, by way of solving it. It remains unsolved, probably because most of the said columns have remained unread by all but their writers and the unfortunate proof-readers. The public will not refuse to read THE ARROW's method of solving the difficulty, for THE ARROW is not going to propose one. Thus we cleverly escape the comments of hostile critics. But still THE ARROW will venture this much. There are several railways running into the city; every one of them is a public convenience, and the public interests require that they shall all have access to the Esplanade. Consequently, the public interest demands that the matter shall be so arranged that all the railways shall have a fair and equal chance.