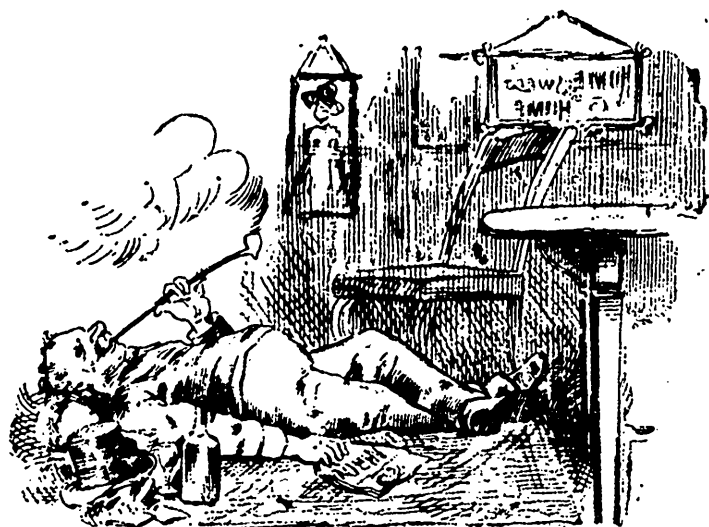


— THE ARROW —



When a man's single, he lives at his ease.

THE Maine point of the following of-fishial lines is to prove to our piscatorial American cousins that they are the (h)jerring ones :

Yankee	Blue Nose
Doodle —	" <i>Twigez vous ?</i> "
(Cranky—	Soon shows
"Boodle"),	Knows you.
Bought bait	Blaze 'way,
On sly.	Who'll care ?
Not "straight"—	We play
Mr. Frye,	Fair, square.
Bait bought	Stripes, stars,
On sly ;	Can't fool
Got caught	Our tars
On fly.	And John Bull.
Uncle Sam,	Our fish
Phelan mad,	Your Frye.
Swore "damn"	Our dish
Like mad.	Your lie.

F. IDDLÉ, D.D.

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

Citizen : See here, you sold me a fish last night and warranted it to be boneless. Now, sir, that fish was so full of bones I couldn't eat it.

Fish-dealer : Oh, you wanted it to eat, hey ? I thought you wanted to keep it.

EXPLAINED.

The following is told of a well-known diner-out whose love of oysters is notorious. At a dinner-party one evening oysters were duly served to him ; but, when he got the fourth, he sent his plate away. The hostess, by whom he sat, observing this, expressed her concern, adding, "I assure you they are natives!" "I don't doubt it," he replied ; "but that last one I ate was a settler!"

AN Irishman, owing to dreadful misfortunes, resolved to commit suicide. But as he did not wish it to be known, lest it should leave a stain on his family, he left a note on the table to the following effect : "I hope you will not think that I committed suicide. My death is the result of an accident. The pistol went off as I was cleaning it."

TWO LOVE STORIES.

No. 1.

A dashing young, slashing young soldier of fame
(As it's no business of yours, I'll not tell his name)
Was engaged to a maiden ; but ere they were wed
He was called to the wars, where he fought hard, and bled
For the good of his country, and left there for dead.

When the dreadful event was disclosed to the maid,
She fainted away, then recovering, said :
"I shall never—no never—have heart for another ;
I'll live all my life with my father and mother,
And grandma, and uncle and aunty, and brother."
She didn't, though.

No. 2.

A fashionable, dashing young lady of seven,
Was beloved by a rather fast youth of eleven,
Who smoked bits of cane, chewed gum now and then,
Swore "by gosh" and "by jingo," and sat up till ten.

He mustered up courage one day to propose,
But the lady was haughty and turned up her nose,
Which disgusted our hero so much, that he said
He'd continue a bachelor till he was wed.
Which he did.

CONTRIB.

ICHABOD.

A TRIOLET.

Departed is the glory of John O'Donohoe,
If one believes his story,
The Tries all are gory—
Departed is the glory,
And John is full of woe ;
Departed is the glory of John O'Donohoe.

J. A. F.

HOW AN OLD DOMESTICATED HAND ACTS.

Scene—Smoking room of club. Time—Any time after midnight.

Jawkins, newly-married man : "No ; I've really nothing to complain of about my wife, except her memory. But that is awful ; she never seems to remember even the most necessary things."

Pawkins, married some years : "Ah, well, mine was just the same till I found out a perfect cure for it ! Whenever there is anything very particular I want Mrs. Pawkins to remember, I write it down on a slip of paper, and gum it on the looking-glass ! See ?"

It is said that there are few better amateur mechanical engineers in the country than Lord Rosse. There is a good story told of his visiting a large factory in the north of England some years ago, when one of the partners in the concern, passing through the works, was struck by the remarks being made to the foreman by the not particularly striking-looking visitor. Entering into conversation himself with the young man, he was so impressed by the intimate knowledge displayed of the mechanical details of the business, that he exclaimed, "You are just the man I want ! If you are out of a job, I will give you a first-rate billet here ; and, at all events, leave me your name and address, in case of your being at liberty on some future occasion." "Thank you-er ; I am er the Earl of Rosse, and I am not-er seeking employment-er just at present," was the characteristic reply, in Lord Rosse's usual dry, hesitating manner.

WHY is a quack like a locomotive ? Because he cannot go on without puffing.