

# THE ARROW

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## CARTOON NOTES.

OUR leading cartoon, showing the Minister of Agriculture advising John Bull with reference to pauper immigration, is, we think, a fair illustration of Canadian feeling on the subject of the Home Government sending to the colonies the poor and destitute of Old England.

THE railway strike, or little differences in committee, at Ottawa, though not so serious as the Gould strike, is, we think, to be regretted. The public generally would prefer the quarrel settled in the way suggested by our cartoon, provided the Hon. Edward would take the position of bottle-holder.

THE cartoon on the last page we have no doubt will be of great assistance to Sir John in warding off our American cousins, if he acts strictly on the lines (not fishing) we have suggested.

WE regret to learn that, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts put forth by Ald. Saunders and Frankland, Mr. John Laidlaw will not represent Toronto at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition to be held in London (England) this year. This will be the city's loss. Mr. Laidlaw's experience as an Exhibition Commissioner, coupled with his characteristic *bonhomie*, would do more to further Canada's interests at the coming Exhibition than all the efforts of the host of incapables who will probably be turned out from the office of the Canadian Commissioner in London to represent Canada and the interests of Canadians.

## PARKDALE.

We are glad to see that the Reformers of West York had so unanimous a meeting. When little birds so in their nest agree, there can be no question as to the result of the hatching.

## THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

"This is the ape of form."—SHAKESPEARE.

Once upon a time, my dears,  
Many years ago,  
All the men wer' monkeys—  
Animals, you know,  
In all these handsome dudes  
Walking on King Street,  
You can see their grandsires' ways  
Are not obsolete;  
For if you observe, my dears,  
Well the "masher" shape,  
Easily you'll recognise  
Man once more an ape.

TARIO.

On King and Bay what high-topped pile does rise,  
Like to some ancient castle which of yore  
Reared its proud towers to the summer skies,  
Held by a giant who is named Farrar,  
Who neighbouring Grits, they say, does deftly harry,  
Assisted in his politics and hunting  
By a good man—I think his name is B—g.

E'en so on King, much lower in the town,  
A dour house its grim front shows afar,  
A "Globe" above, which once indeed, when Brown  
Did guide the helm, was something nearly par;  
But now there is no folly which could mar  
The pabulum they serve up to the Grits;  
Enough to make their leaders lose their wits—

That is, if they e'er had them; for the "World"  
Hints oft without a doubt they are insane.  
Points to Canadian kerchief fresh unfurled,  
The creases fresh, without a single stain:  
This is our flag: we need not o'er the main  
Britannia's history, nor yet her Peerage,  
Nor e'en the Crown, or paupers sent per steerage.

A curious window this! 'Neath crystal clear  
Doth stand a clockwork, which the numbers show,  
To prove that advertising is not dear  
In papers like the "Telegram," you know:  
The numbers come as from the press do flow  
Copies by tens, by hundreds and by thous.  
This editor, I fancy, has some nous—

Quite different from the man who near on Yonge  
Sad rules a little sheet with stress of pain;  
You'd think it had been thrust in earth: a song  
Of melancholy lamentation is its strain,  
As nought on earth could compensate again  
For what it lost in heaven, when with the dews  
It fell to earth, and found itself "The News."

Have you e'er seen within a hencoop's bounds  
A chicken much affected with the pip,  
Opening his bill to utter plaintiff sounds?  
Staggering from side to side, he oft does slip;  
On life he has a very slender "Grip."  
Dear me! it's strange! indeed, without intending,  
I've hit the name I wanted in that ending.

To earn our daily bread is the desire  
Of men who toil beneath the summer skies,  
To earn it by the pen or by the lyre—  
The latter oftener indeed they prize.  
For music each one innocently sighs;  
Some do it all the time, but some more meek  
But try it on the public once a "Week."

They try but once a week, and then they write  
The purest English in most weighty articles;  
What though the substance always lacketh spite,  
And wit is found to scintillate in particles,  
To see it one must use the best of barnacles.  
Yet much they do, I must say, has some pith  
Extracted from the head of G—d—n S—th.

And now I feel my muse sustain a shiver,  
As o'er her grave had walked some deadly form,  
Or death had drawn from his replete quiver  
The arrow fatal to the mortal worm.  
Vain to avoid one's fate it is to squirm?  
How's this! escaped! ye evil powers aroint!  
Laugh at the "Arrow." Why, it has no point!

And so "Mail," "Globe," the "World" and "Telegram,"  
"The News" and "Grip," the "Week," and last, the "Arrow,"  
Exhibit each capacity and flam  
Of worked-up sentiment. Of parties' farrow,  
Such sucking pigs, and hatched goslings callow,  
A Press to lead the people! Who can tell  
Where they may lead? unless perchance—Ah! well!

CYCLORS.