

## — THE ARROW —

### POINTERS.

By refusing to sign any new contracts with Godson until the Garrison Creek sewer is satisfactorily settled, Mayor Howland has demonstrated the fact that he was not letting his mouth run away with him before the elections. He has taken the proper course, and the bull by the horns at the same time. Things have come to such a pass in this city, that the Riot Act had to be read to the contractors, and civic officials especially, in view of the large works we are about to undertake. Go on, Willie; you have made a mistake or two, but so long as you draw in the strings as you have been doing, you will have our support for the Mayoralty.

BUT don't lose sight of the fact that the public have a right to know what the Police Commissioners are doing. The city reporters are all men of discretion, and you may depend they will not publish anything which would be contrary to the public interest. Where public money is spent, the people want to know what is being done with it; and, honestly now, don't you think the days of Star Chambers are over?

I AM glad to see that a police patrol for the Island has been decided on, as I suggested some weeks ago. Another improvement that should be made is the rigid inspection of the ferry boats from time to time, to see that they do not carry more than their proper number of passengers, and that their life boats, cork belts, fire hose and other life-saving apparatus, are adequate for their needs and in proper working order. The London disaster is not forgotten yet, and it is too late to look after such things when the mischief has been done.

THE first howl from the counties in which the Scott Act has just been put in force is to hand. It arrived immediately after the first market day, in tolerably well-developed form, and has been growing rapidly ever since. Guelph is already some thousands of dollars poorer, and real property is a drug in the market, and the market, judging from the associated press reports, is a drug in itself. By and by, when our temperance friends find the value of everything they own shrunk from twenty-five to fifty per cent., and their local taxes on the jump, they will cease to regard the liquor traffic as an unmitigated curse to the commonwealth.

FOR two weeks the Deacon has been shedding crocodile tears because Parliament refused to render itself liable to another snubbing, and because Mr. Blake's Home Rule resolution was rejected in favour of that of Mr. Costigan. This in spite of the fact that many leading Liberals in England, Mr. Blake and the good Deacon himself, do not agree with the bill as a whole, but only in its general principle, while the Blake resolution went the entire animal. Still the good Deacon holds forth on the Loftiness of Mind of his political Moses, as if the whole business had not been a bid for votes, which goes to show that the Deacon is not only a Scribe but a Pharisee likewise.

By the time this is in print the Street Car Strike will most likely be over, but I wish to record my appreciation of the model manner in which it has been carried out.

The conduct of the men has been above reproach. No person can deny the right of the men to form a union if they wish, and equally no person can deny the right of the Company to refuse employment to union men. In my opinion the Company has made a mistake, for their men will form another union sooner or later, and the trouble will all have to be gone through again. Nowadays, in matters of business dispute between equals, arbitration is the usual resort. If it works well between individuals, why should it not between corporations and their servants?

THE United States Senate is not now quite so anxious for our gore as it was on account of the fisheries seizure. In fact, the captain of the *Adams* has literally got himself out of the frying pan into the fire; and by the time we have made a few more examples of the Gloucester fish thieves, Frye will be left alone to frizzle in his own fat, and the august body above mentioned will listen to reason. Like the rest of the world, and to be in the fashion, Canada has "gone on strike" on the Fishery Question.

THE GALLEY BOY.

### DAWKINS AT "THE FALLS."

Well, I'll be blamed, if this ain't ruther steep!  
What lots o' Natur's liquor on the leap!  
Into this orful holler down it pores,  
It hisses, sizzes, swishes, splutters, roars.  
Oh, my, Niag! I ruther feel to think  
You might turn sev'ral mills with all this drink.

Tremenjuous chasum! built of solid stone;  
I guess there ain't your equal nowhere known.  
It makes a fellow's skin feel creepy, creepy,  
To look into your howls so deep and heapy.  
It must be fifty foot from top to basement;  
But, Jiminy! they say to my amazement  
The whirlpool's nigh on two miles down—dead:  
How fur a chap would sink if he got drowneded.  
Fust thing he knew he would be surf-ocated,  
And for to live with Davy Jones he rated!  
Only I ain't quite sure that Jones's quarters  
Reaches as fur up as them there fresh waters.

Jerusalem! I kinder want to jump it,  
But once Sal got me home, she'd make me "hump it."

Down stairs I walked beneath yon rum old roof.  
Dressed up in clothes made out n waterproof.  
You bet, Niag, you make an awful holler;  
The show is cheap to farm hands at a dollar.  
My guide declared, as sure as he was born,  
He was the chap what to-ck in Mrs. Lorne:  
The Marquis, too, and others of the suite,  
He said had travelled with him on the route.

I didn't travel on no root myself,  
But clawed alongst a slippery limestone shelf  
Built close agin the rock. I swear, by thunder!  
I couldn't see how fur it went anunder.  
I kep athinking how a trip would tell,  
And slip a fellow sudden off to—well,  
It ain't no matter, but a leetle prayer  
Is mighty comfortin' right down in there.

Goliath and Methusalem! How I'm flabbergasted  
To see this powerful spillin' whully wasted.  
I guess it must be nigh on fifty year  
Sence my "old man" fust paid a visit here;  
And still it keeps a sloshin' on right to the sea,  
But where the 'tarnal liquor comes from puzzles me.  
Our crick and Morgan's both to once, in spring  
Ain't more'n a patch to this consarned big thing.  
I seem to have a 'orter kinder notion  
That them Falls rises in the Arctic Ocean.

F. IDDLÉ, D.D.