

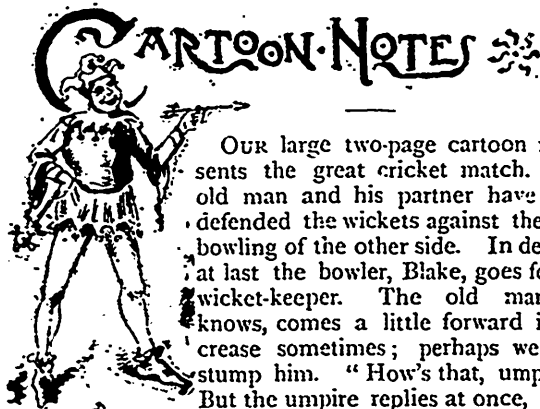


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OUR large two-page cartoon represents the great cricket match. The old man and his partner have long defended the wickets against the best bowling of the other side. In despair, at last the bowler, Blake, goes for the wicket-keeper. The old man, he knows, comes a little forward in his crease sometimes; perhaps we may stump him. "How's that, umpire?" But the umpire replies at once, "Not out!" and Blake has to resume his slow twisters.

Our second cartoon represents the Mayor figuratively represented walking late at night in the park, in confidential conversation with his loved City Queen. The guardian of order consigns him to the lock-up, to be brought before his own self in the morning, when his situation will be as embarrassing as that of the Lord Chancellor, in "Iolanthe," appealing against his own decisions.

TORONTO NONSENSE RHYMES.

There was an old club in a city,
Whose members were heavily witty;
From studying "Grip,"
Their tongues could not slip;
Perhaps from that cause they were gritty.

Their Sec. was laboriously funny,
They say he took care of the money.
And asked what he thought,
Said, "To do as we ought,
Take 'Grip'; 'tis the true Attic honey."

Now we who do write for "THE ARROW"
Have never a thought which is narrow;
Can admire the "Raven"
When he's nicely engraven,
Though he's read by a sow and her farrow.

A LEGEND OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The noblest man in all the Clan
Macpherson
Was quite a short and stumpy sort
of person.
He wore a kilt, and played a lilt
so finely,
The laddies pranced, the lassies danced
divinely.
He always wore a long claymore
and bonnet,
A battle shield, with crest and field
upon it.
It came to pass, he loved a lass,
and told her;
But she was cold as any beauld-
er—colder
Not that she felt the noble Celt
would harm her;
But, be it said, she wished to wed
a farmer
She long had known. Macpherson, prone
to rash things,
When crossed by luck, would run amuck
and smash things.
She feared that claymore sharp would slay
her charmer,
Which dreadful view much tended to
alarm her.
So colder still she grew, until
he quivered;
Still colder, chill, and colder, till
he shivered.
At last a block of icy rock,
Macpherson
Was frozen hard, a deadly yard
of person.
The lassie said: "I would not wed
to please him;
And so to free myself from he,
I free-ze him."
CONTRIB.

SECESH.

Out in the cold for many years
Most dolefully they waited;
Their eyes ran down with briny tears;
Their sad lot they berated—
That wicked, bad and bold Sir John
Their every scheme frustrated.

First this they tried, and then tried that—
They got "caul'd kail" for supper;
The Tories gave them tit for tat,
And "busted" them by Tupper;
They trounced them in the lower lands,
And downed them in the upper.

Their leader said, "This will not do;
I'll make a bold confession;
My scheme I will unfold to you—
It simply is secession.
The *Globe* will help us, so will Blake—
At least, that's my impression."

To cut it short, they fought and won;
The *Globe* grew quite elated—
"If we can't run the thing ourselves"
(So in effect it stated),
"We'll break Confederation up.
And to the States be mated."

J. A. F.

"WHY aren't the organ-grinders numbered in this country, same as they are in other countries?" indignantly asked a gentleman just returned from abroad. "Because they are numberless," replied one who had never been away from home.