

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

THE PRESS.—THE ARROW is the title of the new twelve page illustrated journal of Canadian wit and humour, which has just made its appearance in Toronto. It gives good promise of being to Canada what *Punch* is to England.—*Perth Expositor*.

NEW COMIC JOURNAL.—We have received from Toronto the first number of THE ARROW, an illustrated weekly journal of Canadian wit and humour, designed to "shoot folly as it flies."

It is a neatly printed and illustrated paper of twelve pages, and announces its mission to be to tickle rather than torment, to teach rather than tantalize.

We wish it every success, and hope, as says the *Week*, that this time we shall have really a comic journal, not a bitter little party organ disguised in motley.—*Fredericton Capital*.

THE ARROW GRIP'S RIVAL.—We have received the initial copy of THE ARROW, a new comic paper, published by Crawford & Hunter, No. 14 King St. West, Toronto. It is after the style of *Grip* and exactly the same size, but as full of humour as a newly laid egg is of meat. Should it fulfil the proper functions of a paper of its class—let its arrows fly in all directions with honest impartiality—it will obtain popular support. We have "party" enough. A Canadian *Punch*, to be successful, should show no party leanings. THE ARROW has the best wishes of the *Advance* for a long career of shooting and plenty of cash prizes.—*Northern Advance*.

THE ARROW, a new comic and cartoon paper published at 14 King St. West, Toronto, is now a formidable rival in the field where *Grip* for years stood alone. *Grip* has rendered itself offensive to the Liberal Conservative party by its repeated attacks upon prominent men of that political faith. Since its connection with the Ontario Government printing began, *Grip* has been a Reform cartoon paper, and hundreds of Conservatives withdrew their support from it. Its hits at moral and social evils are too much one-sided also. We welcome THE ARROW, and hope that it may go straight to the mark every time and show up Reform misdeeds and hypocrisies as well as Conservative wrongdoings. The first number contains an excellent cartoon of the Hon. E. Blake weeping over a grave at the head of which stands a tombstone with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of the Bleu kick. Aged 4 months." On the grave lies a wreath, with the words "From E. B." inscribed thereon. The crape on Blake's hat is fully a yard long, and he weeps copiously over the infant. Another cartoon represents an eastern newspaper correspondent out west writing up "An Indian Rising." "Lo" in paint and feathers, springing up out of the correspondent's writing table (Jack-in-the-box), is most laughable indeed. A third cartoon is Blake at the Riel pump. He works hard and violently at the handle, but the old lady of the Reform party fears there is "little use in the effort for us, Edward." Crawford & Hunter are the publishers, and \$2.50 per year is the price of the new paper. We would advise our readers to try THE ARROW for six months or a year. It deserves encouragement from the Liberal Conservative party.—*Brampton Conservator*.

THE ARROW.—We have received this week a specimen copy of THE ARROW, a comic paper just published at Toronto. THE ARROW will be a supporter of the Conservative party, and may be regarded as a sort of antidote to *Grip*, whose Grit proclivities have of late years been so decided as to make its pretence of independence the best joke it has got off since its foundation. The new paper is neatly got up, its political cartoons are well executed and denote considerable insight, while its paragraphs, wholly humorous and semi-serious, are well written and very entertaining. We trust THE ARROW may succeed. It will deserve to do so if its future numbers are as good as the one we have before us.—*Sherbrooke Gazette*.

PAT'S REHEARSAL.

Two Irishmen once made a bet, which was that one of them would not drink half a gallon of beer in five minutes. A minute or two before entering upon the wager, Pat remarked to a friend of his:

"I am sure to win, because I know I can do ud."

"How do you know it?" asked his friend.

"Why," answered Pat, "because I've just been and tried it on with water, and I did ud, and shure if I can do ud with water, I'll asily do ud with beer."

Of course Paddy lost the bet.

A MILD sort of merited libel: "Well, how were the ladies dressed?" was asked at one of the clubs of a member who had just come from a very fashionable dinner party. "My dear fellow," he replied, "I really don't know. The fact is, I didn't think of looking under the table."

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher. "if your father borrows \$100 and promises to pay \$10 a week, how much will he owe in seven weeks?"

"One hundred dollars," said Johnny.

"I'm afraid you don't know your lesson very well," remarked the teacher.

"I may not know my lesson very well," Johnny frankly acknowledged, "but I know my father."

AN absent husband telegraphed to his wife: "I send you a kiss." He received as a reply: "Spruce young man called and delivered the kiss in good order."

PARLIAMENTARY PUGILISM.

If dogs delight to bark and bite,  
As we are told they do,  
It surely can be only right  
That men should do so too.  
"One touch of Nature," Shakespeare said,  
"Doth make the whole world kin,"  
So punching of your neighbour's head  
Should not be held a sin.

This blacking one another's eyes,  
Some learned doctors say,  
Affords the best of exercise  
And gives the muscles play.  
And when the fight is over, there  
And then the trouble ends:  
They both shake hands, and peace declare—  
The scrimmage has but cleared the air  
To make them better friends!

NO NOTE IT HE!