

— THE ARROW —

THE MODERN EDIFICE WHICH THE HON. JACK ERECTED.

This is the mansion that quaintly looks
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks,
While the red painted roof in contrast is seen
With the walls of decidedly bilious green,
And shady verandahs, all darkly complected,
Which surround the new villa which Jack erected.

This is the massive and finely carved door ;
And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,
Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the brilliant electric light,
Which plainly reveals to our curious sight
The carvings upon the massive door,
And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,
Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the furniture, quaint and rare,
With a monogram carved on each stately chair,
Which is seen in the brilliant electric light,
Which also reveals to our curious sight
The carvings upon the massive door,
And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,
Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the fireplace, famous for miles,
For its exquisite frame of painted tiles,
Which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare,
With a monogram carved on each stately chair, etc.

These are the polished brazen "dogs,"
Which support the crackling beechwood logs,
Enclosed by the fireplace, famous for miles,
For its exquisite frame of painted tiles,
Which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare,
With a monogram carved on each stately chair,
Which is seen in the brilliant electric light,
Which also reveals to our curious sight
The carvings upon the massive door,
And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,
Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks,
While the red painted roof in contrast is seen
With the walls of decidedly bilious green,
And the shady verandahs, all darkly complected,
Which surround the new villa which Jack erected.

This is the charming, youthful bride,
Who over this beautiful home will preside,
Who will gaily lead a luxurious life,
As the rich old widower's second wife,
Very unlike the maiden forlorn,
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
And worked on the farm from morn till night,
While she sewed for the priest by candle light,
In the first little house that Jack built.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

A young Duke was coming to stay at the house of newly rich people for a night during an election. The good lady, in a pleasurable flutter, marshalled her household, and instructed all her domestics as to their deportment. "Mind," she said impressively, "if the Duke speaks to you, you are to say 'your grace,' when you reply."

The Duke arrived, and was shown to his room by a very pretty housemaid. He was young; it was an election time; he was in a happy humour. "My child," he said, "you are a very pretty girl; almost pretty enough for me to kiss."

The girl was confused, and blushed; then, joining her hands before her in a proper devotional attitude, recited with exemplary gravity: "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful."

CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.

D. DORENWEND'S "HAIR MAGIC" IS A POWERFUL REMEDY for Baldness, Thin Hair, Gray Hair, Dandruff, etc. The only sure cure in the world. For sale everywhere. Ask your druggist for **HAIR MAGIC**. Take no other. **A. DORENWEND, Sole Manufacturer, 105 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.**

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Dineen he sat within his toney store,
While others on the street were rather dull,
Yet he seemed doing even more and more
(At least that corner place was rather full),
When suddenly outside there was a roar,
And then a clash of cymbals and a drum :
"What's that?" he asked ; a man put in his head :
"It is the Knights of Pythias," he said.

Far down the street they came with measured tramp
In serried ranks, their banners floating gay,
And as it rained each one had spread his gamp,
A warlike, grand, magnificent array ;
For each one bore of high emprise the stamp,
That is insignia not of yesterday.
Their leader halted right before the door :
"This is the place, I think, great Dineen's store.

"Great princes, knights and powers, you here see
Before your eyes the end for which we came.
We would be perfect ; and none so can be
Unless his tile from Dineen's lately came.
Now, let us crown ourselves victoriously,
So, Pythian Knights, your souls may proudly flame
When, to your homes returned, it's quickly seen
You've bought your hats from that great man Dineen.

"How shall your hearts expand when those bright eyes,
Those rosy lips, shall greet you with sweet smiles?
Vain are those other fellows' groans and sighs
When they do see those most ecstatic tiles.
Some boast their shirts and e'en perchance their ties,
Yet he who but has these his fate reviles.
For he is nought indeed who's never been
To corner King and Yonge to see Dineen.

"An ancient hard once read above a door :
'All hope abandon ye who enter here,'
But you may know that each one looks a Moor
Who does not quickly through *this* portal steer.
There are hats for 'King,' for Church, tennis, the Moor,
Plugs, rounds, square, Christie, Lincoln, also Bennett—
(Another we forget, so cannot pen it).

"So take your choice according to your needs
Ye Pythian Knights, the world should dominate.
This is no question of divided creeds,
For Dineen's hats are as decrees of fate.
Before them vanish e'en a widow's weeds,
Turned to a bridal veil by other mate ;
In fact, it's said by a dual attraction
They've sometimes caused a breach of promise action."

Then through the portals of great fashion's fanc,
Each knight in order ranged and donned a tile,
And each one as he left, they say, was fain
To catch his image, with complacent smile,
In the great mirror, where you ascertain
If the fit's good ; you can't go wrong in style,
Because your hat, wherever it is seen,
At once declares itself bought from Dineen.

Thus marching through the streets, the people shout,
Behold the knights who pilgrimage have made
Unto Toronto, where, without a doubt,
They've found where "hats are hats," a spade's a spade.
The man is now a dude who was a lout,
For to Dineen he's *less than value paid*.
And now the knights, content, do seek the cars,
At home to mash their sweethearts, wives, mammas.