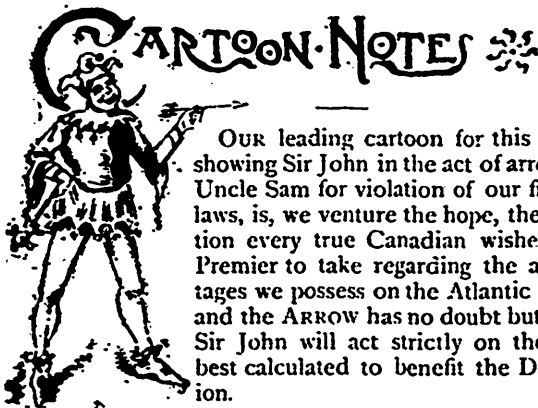




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OUR leading cartoon for this week, showing Sir John in the act of arresting Uncle Sam for violation of our fishery laws, is, we venture the hope, the position every true Canadian wishes our Premier to take regarding the advantages we possess on the Atlantic coast, and the ARROW has no doubt but what Sir John will act strictly on the line best calculated to benefit the Dominion.

THE second cartoon, showing to what extent men like Hon. E. Blake and J. D. Edgar will go to secure office, does not reflect credit on the above named gentlemen, and will recoil on their own heads. Our Catholic and Protestant Irish friends are too well posted on the tactics of these politicians to be deceived by such clap-trap as was heard in the House of Commons two weeks ago.

#### HUMORS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*Sir John* (listening to Casey's speech).—"What is the difference between Casey and a barn door?"

*Hessen, M. P.* (timorously).—"Because there's a jack-ass behind it?"

*Sir John*.—"Oh, no, much simpler; one is a barn door, and the other is a *darned bore*."

*Macmullen* (Grit).—"The Minister of Militia did not require spurs to assist him in his flight from Winnipeg during the Riel trouble."

*Sir Adolphe*.—"And you might add that the member for North Wellington needed no spurs to assist him in his flight from the House when shirking the Riel vote!" (Roars of laughter, and cries of "Where's Macmullen?")

*Cook, M. P.*.—"Mr. Chairman, in everything I say I endeavour to keep within the limits."

*Macmaster, M. P.*.—"Timber limits." (Roars).

*Wells, M. P.*, marches into the House after an absence of several weeks.

*Chorus of Members*.—"Stranger in the House!"

On a recent occasion nearly half of Mr. Blake's regular supporters deserted him on an important resolution. The next day a meeting of Conservatives took place in one of the committee rooms, when that distinguished timber grabber, Mr. H. H. Cook, M.P., strolled into the apartment by mistake. He made a hurried exit, meeting Mr. Mackintosh, M.P. That gentleman asked "what he was looking for." "Oh, I was just looking for a party," was the answer. "By jove," rejoined the member for Ottawa, "I should think so, *after last night's vote!*"

(Verse discovered on the wall of a room at the "Russell," usually occupied by Cameron, M. P., for Huron):

"So Colin once slept in this bed,  
Where my poor limbs abide;  
I now believe what's often said,  
*How easily he lied!*"

#### NOT KNOWING, CAN'T SAY.

'Twas in a wild umbrageous spot,  
A house for twenty miles was not  
existent.  
A solitary horseman tore  
Amidst the underbrush, and swore  
persistent.  
He heard the thunder's awful roar,  
Beheld the lightning more and more  
intensely.  
The wind rushed fiercely thro' the trees;  
Both horse and man disliked the breeze  
immensely.  
But whence they came, or whither they  
were going  
That awful night, I cannot say,  
not knowing.

CONTRIB.

#### THE ADAMANTINE JIM.

Before the Committee Jim Edgar stood up,  
The effect of his weighty words heightening,  
By slinging himself in a statuesque pose  
Like Ajax defying the lightning.

"What? Give up the names of the men who to me  
Their bosoms' best secrets confided?  
The Bastille I'll go to before I'll do that,"  
Remarked Edgar in accents decided.

But he could not give up what he had not to give,  
With his charges he'd only been fishing,  
And his strongest hope now was to stick to his text,  
To get out of a regular dishing.

So now "Adamantine" Grip vows that he is  
(Which is taffy from John to the owner),  
Still, his many defeats would make any man hard,  
And the Bleu kick should make him a groaner.

Yes, he is adamantine, moreover he's tough,  
There is toughness within and without him,  
Excepting his heart, he is all of him hard,  
But his cheek takes the cake round about him.

J. A. F.