

— THE ARROW —

MICACEOUS SCHIST.

I HAPPENED to be at the station when Hon. O. Mowat arrived in town from his trip to the Pacific Slope. After congratulating him on his healthy and stalwart appearance, I asked him: "Oliver, how did you like the Slope, anyway?" "I liked it so well," said the hon. gent, "that I sloped myself as soon as possible." "Sir," said I, "after all, there is no country like Ontayreco. By the way, are you pressingly in need of a clerk in any of the departments? I don't care much for salary, and less for work." "What are your politics?" "Hain't got any at present anything you like." "Just so," said the little Premier, "your case will have my deepest consideration."

WHEN walking up the noble ward yesterday, I happened to meet Mr. O'Brien and Mr. O'Keefe. They were discussing the relative merits of Blue Ribbon beer and Tangle Leg whiskey. Being a total abstainer, the subject did not interest me. "O'B.," said I, "how about Proudfoot's decision? Why, you know, my boy, you should never express contempt for anything, even Tangle Leg whiskey." He gave me a look that would freeze all the election whiskey in Muskoka, and took a lateral traverse for the Avenue.

HAPPENING to meet Mr. Ald. Harry Piper the other day, he kindly gave me an invitation to visit the Zoo. Being a somewhat celebrated natural historian, I take great interest in the manners and customs of all wild beasts, both quadruped and biped. The red squirrels, with their playful gambols and bushy tails, delighted me. The porcupine, though, is like Clara Vere de Vere, not the one to be admired. I in a playful mood proceeded to smooth down his fur, when I suddenly felt a sensation as if I had tumbled into a bower of Scotch thistles, whereupon Mr. Piper laughed, and said "Look out, cul; keep your hands off the animals." This I thought unkind of Mr. Piper.

MICA.

TO THE HONOURABLE PETER.

Since I have started writing verse,
Oh, nothing could be sweeter,
Than that I write a verse to thee,
Thou Honourable Peter.

Thy voice is melody itself,
And nothing could be sweeter,
Not even note of nightingale,
Than note of thine, oh, Peter.

(Thy promissory note, perhaps,
If backed in proper manner,
In any bank in Montreal
Would carry off the banner).

Thy trouble though, perhaps, is this:
Thou sittest on a teeter;
Sometimes thou'rt up and sometimes down,
My Honourable Peter.

Thou art not steadfast, art not true,
About the bush a heater,
And that's what spoils thy paper too,
My Honourable Peter.

Thou art a party of thyself,
Which could be managed neater,
If thou'dst remain three days the same,
Oh, Honourable Peter.

J. A. F.

ANOTHER BRUTE.

The testimony in the impending divorce case of Skinderly vs. Skinderly will form another heart-sickening revelation of the disgustingly brutal treatment practised upon a long-suffering wife by the husband of the period.

Mrs. S. deposes that during the first few months of her married life her husband was kind and affectionate, and never once threw up to her any disparaging reference to his mother's style of cooking; but about three weeks ago he went on a fishing trip, and as an extra delicacy she made some sponge cake for him to carry for his lunch. When he returned she said:

"And how did the cake do, 'Gustus'?"

"First rate; I lost both sinkers the very first bite. That cake came in very handy," and then he chuckled in a repulsive manner.

About a week after this she invited her own family to tea. Her husband cast a look round the table, excused himself, and left the house for a few minutes. He returned carrying a vial and a small sponge.

"My dear," he said solemnly, as he uncorked the bottle, "I see you have made some more of that sponge-cake. When you see that I am breathing heavy and regularly, remove this sponge and ram my share of the cake down my throat with the handle of a fork—I am going to take chloroform!"

"I HEAR you are highly satisfied with your new minister, Brown?"

"Satisfied is a tame word to express our opinion of him. We are delighted with him."

"He is very eloquent, I understand."

"Eloquent! Why, sir, when he is preaching, he affects the congregation so powerfully that there is hardly any interest taken in the flirtations of the choir."

—*Boston Courier*.

"THERE were two men got into a fight in front of the store to-day," said a north-end man at the supper-table, "and I tell you it looked pretty hard for one of them. The biggest one grabbed a cart stake and drew it back. I thought sure it was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as the head paused in his narrative the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidences of a growing humorist, but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth tart, he gasped and resumed his supper.

A NEW YORKER, looking for rooms for winter quarters, struck a good-looking landlady on Shawmut Avenue, and, after terms were arranged for "board and lodging," remarked that he wanted something hot for supper, and was met with the reply they always had it. On taking his seat last evening, with a slim-looking spread before him, he remarked to the girl that he expected something hot, when Bridget said, "Pot's the matter wid the tay?"

—*Boston Globe*.

A FASHION writer speaks of something entirely new in fall dress costumes for ladies. The writer probably refers to modesty.