

— THE ARROW —

MORE PROVERBS PERVERTED.

A stitch in the side draws up the face.
 Point the muzzle of your gun at your friends. "*Self*
 preservation before everything."
 There is something to be learned from everything—
 even from the fall of the *Globe*.
 A good beginning helps to hide a bad ending.
 Never put off "seeing a man" when the heir of the
 house is sad and mournful.
 Resist the Bobby, and you will get six months.
 Bottles of brandy are followed by—*more*.
 A "spark" may raise—enough to get married and
 starve.
 Shallow waters contain the finest trout.
 "Sinners *stand* in slippery places." Saints don't;
 they *sit* down—suddenly.
 All is not coal that goes into the bin; half of it is
 water and the other half dust.
 A place for everything. But you needn't put it there,
 you know.
 Shun a fool; he doesn't want you bothering him.
 "The proximity of an ass is known by his braying."
 Remember this. Don't open your mouth too often.
 Love your neighbour as yourself; always provided that
 your neighbour is a first (class) person, singular number
 and feminine gender.
 Better to go to bed supperless than eat the cake your
 wife bakes.
 Patience and perseverance—and the stovepipe *may* fit.
 Honest loss is worse than being burglarized.
 Be just to yourself before you are generous to your
 mother-in-law.
 The rink floor is a rock large enough for all to throw
 themselves on.
 One pun is bad—*two* puns merit death.
 A cripple can go round a race-course.
 Trust not a man who *always* sells at half-price.
 Nothing is too troublesome to do for your girl;
 nothing is easy enough to do for your wife.
 Think of rest, and stop working.
 Take a *fool's* advice (that's mine), and you'll pull
 through pretty well. Take a *philosopher's*, and order
 your coffin.

BLIND TO ALL ELSE BESIDE.

Tell me not that she is false,
 Tell me not that she is fickle;
 For I'll not believe your tale
 When she makes such *coarse* pickle!

Tell me not her teeth are false,
 Tell me not her bust is sham;
 For such calumny I scorn, sir,
 While she pots such *kerfaw*!

Tell me not that she is forty,
 Tell me not my love does dye;
 I will *die* before I doubt her
 While she makes such *figon pie*!

Go your way, consummate croaker,
 Vex me not with foolish tales!
 I will love her while her cellar
 Holds in a *honey bottled ales*.

GEO. H. CANDLER.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a
 young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her
 home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go
 with a crank."

FROM "MIKADO."

The young maiden's sighs from her sweet bosom flit,
 Much, much too profound for so sweet a tit bit:
 "What makes me so pensive?" she suddenly cried,
 "Does Eolus woo me and Zephyr beside?"
 With a smile on her lip which her sadness belied—
 "Oh! fellow! my fellow! my fellow!"

A SIGH.

My love she has departed,
 And left me here to pine,
 She's gone, and taken her own heart,
 And also taken mine.

And now, without that organ,
 Whatever shall I do?
 I think she's very heartless for
 To leave me heartless too.

And as I haven't got a heart
 Within my aching breast,
 My bosom, once so full of love,
 Is now an *empty chest*.

I think when I depart this life,
 Cremation shall engross
 My empty trunk for fuel,
 And a *fuel* mourn my loss

CONTRIB.

THE GRAND OLD COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Gladstone?
 I, said Chamberlain,
 And I feel like Cain(e);
 I killed Gladstone.

Who saw him die?
 I, said Goschen,
 Without any emotion,
 I saw him die.

Who'll make his shroud?
 I, said Argyll,
 In superior style;
 I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?
 I, said Lord Randy,
 For I've got the tools handy;
 I'll dig his grave.

Who'll carry the link?
 I, said John Bright,
 With my sweetness and light;
 I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner?
 I, said John Morley,
 For I miss him sorely;
 I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll sing a psalm?
 I, said Fowler,
 A regular howler;
 I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?
 I, said Parnell,
 'Twas for Ireland he fell;
 I'll toll the bell.

—*Full Mall Gazette*.

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 & Sox, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.