



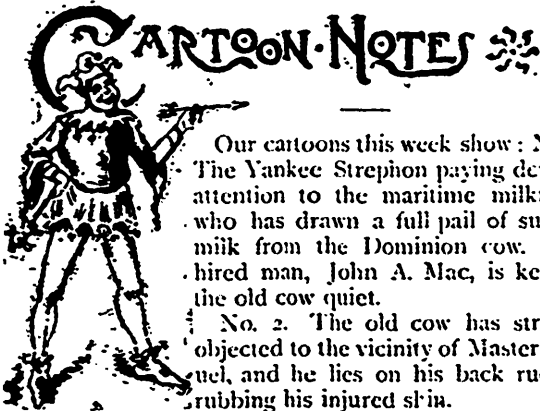
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SIR JOHN AND THE YOUNG LIB.

"You are ancient, Sir John," the Young Liberal said,  
And your hair is past changing to white,  
And yet of the country you still are the head;  
Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," said Sir John, "I made thousands of friends,  
And I never got into a pet;

"It was not my ambition an iceberg to be,  
So you see they all stick to me yet."

"You are old," said the youth; "One would hardly suppose  
That your nerve was as steady as ever,  
But the way that you managed that Riel vote shows  
That you really are deucedly clever."

"In my youth," said Sir John, "I learned one or two things  
Which Ned Blake would do well to remember:  
With me it is June every month in the year:  
With him it is always December."

"Another one is, and I'll give it to you,  
My benighted Young Liberal gleaner:  
You never should throw dirty water away  
Until you have some that is cleaner."

J. A. F.

GLADSTONE.

Stand there, old man, firm stand,  
'Tis freedom grasps your hand  
And calls you son.

Brave sower of good seed,  
Grand champion of great deed,  
Well have you done.

Above the cries of hate  
Your voice, the voice of fate,  
Awakes the land.

Old Ireland lifts her head,  
Hark! to the mighty tread  
Of help at hand.

England's enfranchised heart  
Throbs in responsive start  
To your grand call.

And patriot thunder rolls  
Around the sacred polls  
You freed to all.

Fear not, you grand old man,  
Pride and oppression can  
Not long hold sway.

For England wills it so:  
Behold! the golden glow  
Of freedom's day.

—W. W. Lord, Jr., in Philadelphia Times.

A REVISED EDITION.

Stand there, you traitor, stand!  
The Fenians grasp your hand  
And call you son.

Weak sower of bad seed,  
Your lust of power, and greed,  
This deed have done.

Do you the Empire hate,  
That thus you'd smash the state  
Disrupt the land?

Old England lifts her head,  
Hark! for you well may dread  
The help at hand.

England's enfranchised heart  
Throbs in responsive start,  
To Union's call.

And patriot thunder rolls  
Around the sacred polls,  
"Traitors shall fall!"

Aye! fear, misguided man!  
You and disruption can  
Not long hold sway.

The British Empire grand,  
In spite of you shall stand  
For many a day.

J. A. F.

THE ARROW, the new Illustrated Weekly published at Toronto, makes some splendid hits. Among the cartoons recently was one showing the interior of Mr. Blake's second-hand clothes shop. He has contributed to his stock in trade his own cast off political suit, for over the inscription "Wardrobe of E. Blake, the great political lightning change artist," hang an independence coat, a green coat, a blue coat and a coat of many colors. He has also for sale cheap the rebel Privy Councillor Laurier's little musket. The proprietor, sitting at a table, is trying to write a circular, but having penned "Blake is the voters' friend," he has stuck for an idea, not being able to call to mind any evidence of such friendship. He has before him also a previous failure—his policy, which he could not make out—in which he is not alone, for no man can make it out.—Oshawa Vindicator.