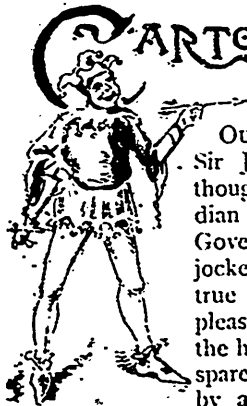




Vol. I. TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1886. No. 5.

Published every Thursday. SUBSCRIPTIONS, INCLUDING POSTAGE, \$3.00.
 ADVERTISEMENT RATES, which are fixed on a very reasonable scale, will be forwarded on application. Special reductions are made for 6 and 12 months. Advertisements from abroad must be prepaid.
 Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made payable only to the Publishers. CRAWFORD & HUNTER, 14 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CARTOON NOTES



Our leading cartoon this week shows Sir John again in the saddle; and though a small minority of the Canadian people may wish to see the Government horse ridden by a reform jockey, we venture the opinion that the true friends of Canada are more than pleased that the Grand Old Man at the head of the Government has been spared to again mount the saddle, and by a firm hand likely to guide the horse of State for many years to come.

THE cartoon on the last page, showing the Hon. (C.) Mowat expressing sympathy with the Irish Americans in their efforts to free Ireland from the yoke of England, is suggested by reports received from Chicago giving our little Premier the credit of not only expressing sympathy personally for Ireland in the fight for freedom from English rule, but undertaking to speak for a large section of our people, who we feel satisfied have no sympathy for a movement calculated to bring unutterable ruin to our grand old Empire.

THERE are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when our set lies down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant-hill of important, fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the corral.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE G. O. C.; OR, GRAND OLD CONVALESCENT.

Not a sound was heard of political joke;
 Our Johnny lay sick and worried;
 And every supporter softly spoke,
 As a condolence call he hurried.

He lay on his bed, and his nose proclaimed,
 By its workings, his agitation,
 As he heard how Blake in the House declaimed,
 And wanted his shoes for his station.

Darkly and dim in the dead of night
 Thoughts that might others have daunted
 Coursed through his brain, of the bitter fight,
 Where his faithful friends were taunted.

He thought, could I rise from this wretched bed,
 And enter the House of a sudden,
 Blake would think he had eaten a pound of lead
 Instead of his usual puddin'.

The bright morning came, and he felt not the same,
 Altogether a different man;
 Quite jolly and fit, and, in fact, he was game;
 So he jumped from his couch and ran.

He entered the House. Said Blake, "What a chouse!
 I never expected his coming!"
 But his voice was drowned as the cry of a mouse
 In the loud applause that was humming.

With shout on shout what a terrible rout
 Made these members given to sinnings.
 They sang together, "Without a doubt,
 He's a jolly good fellow, 'jolly and stout,'
 And goes in for another innings."

CYCLOPS.

THEY are having a little tempest in the Ottawa teapot. It seems that Mr. Principal McCabe, of the Normal School there, while presiding at a public concert given last St. Patrick's Day, took exception to the playing of "God Save the Queen" at the close of the performance, and administered a sharp reproof to the leader of the band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards for wantonly outraging the feelings of the audience by playing the obnoxious anthem. The circumstance has evoked quite a controversy in the local papers, which forms very amusing reading. Now it may be said that the matter is "none of THE ARROW's funeral," but it does seem that it is rather unfortunate that the ingenuous youth of the capital should have as their "guide, philosopher and friend" a man who, under the thinnest veneer of loyalty, may be led at any moment by feelings of "patriotism" to instil into their young minds thoughts and ideas certainly not calculated to make them grow up into loyal citizens. THE ARROW would respectfully call the attention of the Minister of Education to the subject.

LOYALTY. An old Scotch nurse once came to die who was the sole depositary of a mysterious secret affecting the descent of property, and touching the good name of the house in which she had lived. A priest urged her to confess, and reminded her of providing for the safety of her soul. "The safety of my soul!" she said: "and would you put the honour of an old Scottish family in competition with the soul of a poor creature like me?"—*Mr. Froude in Fraser*.

A CHICAGO man who has recently returned from Europe, was asked what he thought of Rome.

"Well," he replied, "Rome is a fair-sized town, but I couldn't help but think when I was there that she had seen her best days."—*New York Sun*.