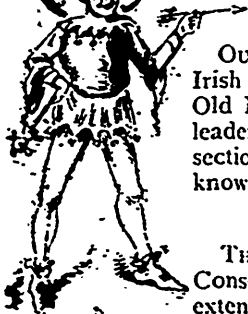




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CARTOON NOTES



Our leading cartoon this week on Irish Home Rule shows how the Grand Old Man is rising to the position of leader, not of the people, but of a section of Her Majesty's subjects known as the Irish Nationalists.

The next picture, showing the great Conservative leader on a sick bed extending a friendly greeting to the Liberal leader, who (though not agreeing with Sir John in politics) has called to ask for his veteran opponent, illustrates what we think should be the feeling existing between the rival political generals.

The picture on the seventh page is a scene on James Street, Hamilton, which our artist vouches for: but THE ARROW cannot agree with the old yeoman's idea that the ladies of the Ambitious City are supplied with understanding requiring such very large shoes to cover it.

THE WISH-BONE.

We'd had the apples an' the pie,
 An' folks wuz feelin' jolly.
 Erasmus held the wish-bone dry,
 An' offered half to Polly.
 They wished, she gave a bashful laugh,
 Then pulled—he got the biggest half.
 She laughed agin, an' blushed right red,
 An', gosh! but she looked pretty;
 "I've lost my wish," she smilin' said,
 "Now isn't that a pity?"
 She seemed to take it so to heart,
 He wished he'd broke the smallest part.
 "Let's tell. Don't mind the charm," sez he,
 "Although perhaps we break it.
 I wished a kiss you'd give to me."
 Sez she: "I wished you'd take it."
 I guess I needn't tell to you
 That both them wishes then kim true.
 —Chicago Rambler.

OUR DAILY NEWS.

We believe that even yet in these improved times of advancing feminine supremacy and anti-alcoholic tendencies, that for a depressed circulation stimulants are prescribed. The difficulty is for the doctor to know what stimulants to prescribe for different kinds of depression; for instance, the depressed circulation of a young lady would want a different stimulant from the depressed circulation of a banker. This is where the difficulty comes in. Then the circulation of a librarian; all these are questions for the faculty to consider. But paramount of all serious cases of failing circulation is that of a daily newspaper. Only the strongest measures can be of avail; and, as in instances the medical doctors have been known to prescribe nitro-glycerine to be taken internally by the human subject, so the literary doctors, the editors, have in serious cases prescribed the introduction of the most explosive species of news in the columns of congested patients to work off the numbers issued. In these cases very often the editor has mainly to rely on the fecundity of his imagination, and it is certainly generally effectual for the moment, although the reaction may be ultimately serious. When the wish is father to the thought, and the news evolved from the editorial cranium is exactly what he would be delighted to see—fact, not fiction—this class of doctoring reaches perhaps its highest form of success.

THE PURITY OF THE GRITS.

We always had the idea, no doubt grown up from the often repeated blowing of their own trumpet, that the Grits were above all corruption—that anything like venality stank in their nostrils, or, we should say, in the nostrils of their leaders, upward turned in sniffing virtuous contempt at the rest of peccant mankind. But we are now undeceived. To-day they congratulate themselves, the Grand Old Man, and Ireland, that Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill fixed a high price for land with the intention of bribing the Irish landlords, and others interested, to betray the Empire against their conscience; trusting that this corruption will have the effect of bringing over a majority to the Government, and enable a measure to pass which will, etc., etc., etc.

We always have doubted those who are so ultra-virtuous in their protestations: "verily, they protest too much;" but we never knew any giving away equal to this before.

1. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*
2. Murder will out.
3. What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.

We recommend these proverbs to the mature consideration of the Liberal party.

NOTHING LIKE LOOKING FORWARD.

Another bank teller has vanished from a provincial town, and some thousands of dollars and a lady book agent also disappeared at the same time. Probably the teller, with praiseworthy foresight, requisitioned the dollars and lady book agent to enable him to turn over a new leaf.

Editor.—I don't see why our paper don't make more money. Mr. Quill. Everyone seems to speak highly of it.

Quill.—Yes. I believe it is generally liked. Even the sheriff to-day acknowledged he had an attachment!