

— THE ARROW —

MR. BLAKE said at London that he never would consent to construct a political platform out of the material of the Regina scaffold. He is of the same opinion still; but if "the boys in No. 6" can manage to work said material up into a scaling ladder, why, there can no be objection to that.

THE legal fraternity will breathe more freely now. The Local Legislature has adjourned, and for a whole year, or nine months at any rate, they can lie down in their beds—that's the only place they ever do lie, except perhaps at the Hall or in the Court, or, or—well, where the duties and exigencies of the profession make it necessary. But to return, and go straight to the mark as an arrow should. The lawyers will, for nine months to come, feel secure that the law, as they explained it to their clients to-night, will be the same law which will decide the case to-morrow.

THE ARROW is glad we are going to have the new Parliament buildings at last, and would only like to be able to give unstinted praise to the Local Government for taking the matter in hand; but the employment of a Yankee architect is a big fly in THE ARROW'S ointment. If in fair competition a Yankee architect carried off the prize, THE ARROW would not begrudge him his success; but to call in a man to pronounce on the plans of others, and then reward him for rejecting them by employing him to get up other plans, doesn't look square.

DR. ORTON has spoken on the Riel question, but unfortunately the report of his speech which newspapers give us is very much condensed, and we are not in possession of the arguments which he used at Batoche to prevent Middleton from making a masterly retreat.

THE Ottawa Citizen thinks Mr. Blake is willing to "use the Regina scaffold as a stepping stone to office." The Citizen's grasp of the situation is pretty good, much better than its ability to employ metaphor.

THE Hamilton Spectator thinks that when some of the Rielite members come back to their constituents, they will find that even the plea of insanity won't save them. They would be mad, now, if the Spec. should turn out to be a true prophet.

"So HOWLAND'S unseated," said an unoffending citizen to a member of the Caledonian Society. "Ay, mon, he's nae mair." Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend without further notice.

THE Local Legislature has affirmed the principle that pool, billiards and bagatelle are all more or less destructive to juvenile morals. Just why it should be immoral to knock balls about on a green table with a cue, and quite moral to knock them about on green grass with a mallet, is something which perhaps no fellow will ever understand.

THE man who is jealous and envious of his neighbour's success has foes in his own heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

SCENE.—King Street, in front of a well known clothing establishment. Young lady, enraptured, gazing at a manly form clothed in faultless suit of the firm's best "ready made."

"Oh! beautiful being, shed  
The love light on my head  
From out those eyes.  
Let me as at a shrine,  
Bask in this light benign,  
Ere reason flies  
From this poor frame,  
So weak, so tame,  
Yet so immense in sighs.

"Thou art fine fashion's glass,  
Reflecting as we pass  
The true in dress.  
The beautiful and true,  
From toque to buckled shoe,  
Without excess.  
Thee I adore,  
And would implore  
From thee one fond caress.

"I see thee every day,  
Stand pensive in my way,  
Thou man of guile.  
You're perfect in your pose,  
But round your well-cut nose,  
Lurks ne'er a smile  
To cheer a heart  
That feels the smart,  
And burns with love the while."

Here a gust of wind causes the manly form to topple over and fall forward in her arms.

"But, sir, don't make so free,  
Or else I straight shall flee,  
And call a cop.  
But stay, what's this I hold?  
A man of wood,—and cold!  
Catch me ere I drop,  
Joy's gone from life!  
Lend me a knife!  
Let me this anguish stop."

Just here policeman 4, 11, 44 appears and performs his great wood-splitting feat.

THE BOLTERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

The voters that bloom in the spring, tra la,  
Do not seem enticing to Blake;  
For "race and revenge" are played out, tra la,  
And the bolters have shifted about, tra la,  
Though they'll vote their "regrets," they will break;  
And that is the reason I say or I sing  
The bolter's a buster who blooms in the spring—  
Tra la la la! Tra la la la la!  
The bolter who blooms in the spring.

When Laurier carries his gun, tra la,  
And Edgar is hunting up gas,  
Sir John's getting solid all round, tra la,  
And most of his party is scound, tra la,  
For that hanging has tickled the mass;  
And that is the reason I say or I sing  
Blake's "out" on the bolters who bloom in the spring—  
Singing tra la la la! sing tra la la la!  
The bolters who bloom in the spring.

J. A. F.

"PA, what is a limited monarchy?"

"A limited monarchy, my son? Well, England is a limited monarchy."

"Oh, I see. Well, what is an unlimited monarchy?"

"An unlimited monarchy, my son, is that exercised by a three days old baby. Every father knows what an unlimited monarchy is."

It's the little things that tell—especially the little brothers and sisters.