

— THE ARROW —

communities, and will have an outlet for their surplus among the people of the far West, unless the N.P. is done away with, in which case the Americans will immediately gobble the market. In fact, they are already trying to do so, as the country is swarmed with Yankee drummers and speculators who have come over to spy out the land. It behooves our manufacturers to plant themselves firmly there by at once opening relations with the dealers, for though the business to be done may be small at present, no man dare say what the next few years will bring forth.

THE GALLEY BOY.

THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.

Good-bye Pear's soap; good-bye Balm of Gilliad; good-bye pearl powder. Rough towels, cold water and saucers, which contain the sacred finish of the toilet, hide your diminished heads—your time is no longer. An ancient goddess comes—resumes her olden sceptre; in another form, it is true; she no longer rises from the sea: her voice is no more like the murmur of the waves on the beach.

She comes the sacred type of the ancient Brahmin, meek, soft eye, fragrant and lowing. She is a cow! And how? Does she not give milk?

Cannot milk be turned to koumiss? Koumiss, combining the virtues of the tree of life and the flower of beauty, of nectar of olympus and the sustaining power of Epps' Cocoa.

In Russia we are told the koumiss complexion is universally admired. The consumers of koumiss become shell cameos as to their skins, in which ivory and carmine are happily blended. But have the Russians ever walked down King street?

Still, Russians are experienced. No people travel so much. They ought to be judges of complexion.

People with knowledge of the world do not now believe that the *grandes dames* of the Court of the Czar sustain nature with pounds of caviare and wash it down with refined cod liver oil. There must be something in koumiss. Koumiss—is there not a caressing, soft and gentle sound in the word, like the sighing of a lever—kou-miss—but we are losing ourselves.

We have just returned from the island. We had koumiss and we are lost in wonder!

NURSERY RHYME.

Little boy Mowat, come, toot me your horn;
They're breaking the Scott Act as sure as you're born.
Where's the little boy who looks after the law?
Seriously considering and holding his jaw.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY has formed a Government undoubtedly much stronger than the one over which he presided a short time since. He is about to inaugurate his accession to office by a most important concession to Canada. With the "celestial terminus" secured and the Fisheries question satisfactorily settled, the inhabitants of this part of Greater Britain will quite realize the advantage of a strong Conservative administration, both at Ottawa and Westminster.

I.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A barrel full of rye,
In a Scott Act county;
Isn't that a pie?
When the tap is running,
Bring the growler in;
Fill it—that's the way to make
A pocket full of tin.
Boys will pass the growler,
Irrigate their throats;
Presently they all will be
Just as full as goats.

Mowat's in the counting house,
Counting out his money;
Hardy's with the Indians
Trying to be funny;
Scott Act's in the country
Feeling pretty sick;
Whiskey gets the best of it
And downs it every lick.

II.

Robbin and Bobbin, the big aldermen,
Can't keep a secret - they've done it again;
Blab and Big-mouth are the beautiful names
People are calling at Alderman James.

III.

Little Louis Riel
To the Breeds did appeal
In speeches that were positively torrid;
Before he went on ice
He was far, far from nice,
And now that he's cold, he is horrid.

IV.

Toll! bell, toll!
The *Globe* is in a hole!
Who put it in? Little Tim Anglin!
Who'll get it out? The Deacon won't, I doubt!
Ah! what a bad little boy was Tim
To knock the old *Globe's* glory dim;
It did no harm, so the story runs,
But libelling priests and abusing nuns.

AN EXPLANATION.

Some of our friends want to know who or what is "The Galley Boy." We don't mind saying we know him. Well, he is an imp of darkness, like all imps, of a mischievous disposition, fond of fun and, strange to say, *not* fond of pie. He knows of most things which go on, for the whole news of the country passes through his hands. He is—listen while we whisper, gentle reader, that no tender susceptibilities be shocked—he is—the *printer's devil*.

THE REASON SHE ASKED.

"Mother," said a sweet little girl, "did you not tell me baby was sent from Heaven?"
"Yes, my child." A pause.
"Mother, I don't wonder they bounced baby out of Heaven."

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

A lecturer is addressing a Young Men's Christian Association.

"Never," he said, "my young friends, think of entering any place where you would not take your sister. Bear that always in mind, and it will keep you from harm."

"And keep us from getting shaved, as well," shouted a *maunais sujet* in the lobby of the hall.