

## — THE ARROW —

### ST. PETER AND THE PULLBACK.

A little Pullback sought one day  
The gates of Paradise;  
St. Peter wiped his spectacles  
And rubbed his ancient eyes.

And throngs of female angels came,  
With curious gaze the while,  
Intent, as ladies always are,  
To see the latest style.

The Saint put on his glasses then;  
An observation took:  
"What! what!" he said, "this traverses  
The laws of musn't look.

"Tied back in front! Piled up behind!  
"Twill never do, I fear!  
The thing is too ridiculous—  
You cannot enter here."

What did she do? My curious friend,  
She got behind a tree;  
And in a jiffy she was dressed  
As angels ought to be.

St. Peter kissed her then, and said,  
"Pars in, my little dear;  
But mind, you mustn't introduce  
Such naughty fashions here."

A FRENCHMAN sought a donkey to endow  
With power to speak the thoughts within his head;  
But here our donkeys, each man will allow,  
Have often spoken what should not be said.

That's not the worst: they say an awful lot,  
Yet never utter that which they should say;  
And whether in the House or in it not,  
Their rambling twaddle boreth those who stay.  
Talk of to-morrow or of yesterday,  
Nought of to-day, nought practical, but lalble  
Like to a flock of geese or female rabble.

They say that nature guideth to the ends,  
And fitteth all that all shall smoothly go;  
P'raps o'er men's tongues and wits she now expends  
Care that shall suit t'other sex, you know,  
In the near future; that the labial flow  
Of female parliaments may not be daunted,  
Or by the ghost of common sense be haunted.

Yet stay; the girls must rule because the men  
Have grown so very frivolous and silly  
That in a thousand you can not find ten  
Think on their own account, but, nilly nilly;  
They follow in the track of Nan or Billy  
Who leads the flock; and as Nan has most cheek,  
Her sex will rule the roast, and man not dare to speak.

CYCLOPS.

CYNOLATRY, or dog-worship, is the latest fashionable mania among women. No New York or Boston lady considers her costume complete nowadays unless she has a small beribboned lapdog to tuck under her left arm. The sausage-makers have been doing their best to work up a hydrophobia scare, but so far without avail. The price of provisions is steadily rising and as a consequence prime cats are firmer in first hands, with every prospect of a corner in spring kittens.

*Appreciative Employer.*—Mr. Wiggins, I have been very much pleased with your assiduity and attention to business during the past year, and I have determined to reward your fidelity by making you my junior partner.

*Horrificed Employee.*—Junior partner—me—no, sir! Don't do it—just reduce my salary, and let it go at that.

### THE HONOURABLE TIM.

Did you ever hear of Gritty Tim, once Speaker of the House,  
Who made the Independence Act of Parliament a muddle,  
Down by the sounding sea, you know, he was the biggest toad  
(Although he isn't *very* big) in a very little puddle.

But, like the other fabled frogs, he soon grew too inflated,  
His puddle got too small for him, he sallied westward, ho!  
He turned the editorial crank till he was nominated  
To hold the fort in Simcoe and to be McCarthy's foe.

The Orangemen will vote for him because of Riel's hanging,  
Which he strongly recommended—just before the deed was done,  
Though afterwards he ate himself, and said it was "an outrage,"  
But for consistency, you know, Tim Anglin takes the bun.

The Catholics, the Irishmen, will vote for him serenely,  
Because they love the Rouges well, his ultramontane friends;  
Besides, does Timothy not boast he carries in his pocket  
The votes of *all* the Catholics, that all on them depends.

The Volunteers will vote for him, vote early and vote often,  
Because he has insulted them, insulted all the force;  
And when he smites their starboard cheek they'll turn to him the  
other,  
For that's the sort of men they are; that's what they'll do, of course.

They all will vote for Timothy, for Timothy the Blue-nose,  
Who distant from his native haunts a wanderer doth roam;  
And when election day comes round they'll mark their little ballots,  
Which will total up for Timothy—poor Tim—to stay at home.

J. A. F.

### THE REASON WHY.

HE.

She has no mass of golden hair,  
No wondrous piles of money;  
I cannot say that she is fair,  
Nor that her temper's sunny.

And yet I call her "sweet" and "dove;"  
I am in truth devoted.  
I swear she is my only love;  
My ardour's oft been noted.

Why do I seek her ev'rywhere?  
Why ever have I sought her?  
Her father is a millionaire,  
And she's an only daughter.

SHE.

He is not comely to the sight,  
He has no great position;  
He cannot like a Dickens write,  
Nor can he paint like Titian.

I do not like him very well;  
His presence oft distresses.  
Why do I not this to him tell,  
And spurn all his addresses?

In youth I spurned too many men,  
For whom I've since been sighing,  
I've not the choice that I had then,  
And time, alas! is flying.

An Arkansas genius conceived that monkeys would, on account of their nimble fingers, make splendid cotton pickers with a little training, and further calculated that one good hand could manage about ten monkeys, and the expense of cotton picking be reduced to a minimum. When the experiment was tried, however, it was found that instead of one good hand being able to manage ten monkeys, it required about ten good hands to one monkey.