

# THE ARROW

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## CARTOON NOTES.

### NO POLICY TRAMP.

Eight tedious years I've toiled the country round,  
 Till my own voice has wearied me with sound—  
 A long-drawn sound, that fills my heart with woe.  
 The voters' ears I've dinned, perhaps you know,  
 With all the other names I find for Tory:  
 How they're corrupt, and thieves; what battles gory  
 They fought, and, fighting, slaughtered volunteers;  
 And e'en for this I've dropped some Riel tears.  
 To shed these naturally I think a feat is.  
 By them I hoped to win the Blues—which Mectis—  
 And all in vain! No nearer to these lips  
 Is the sweet cup of office, which one sips  
 For washing down one's throat ambrosial power,  
 Making an earthly heaven of each hour.  
 Far! far away, the bench whereon I'd sit.  
 Vainly I've taxed my tongue, *but not my wit.*  
 Ah! Thence perchance the reason! Can it be?  
 Not having *wit*, I have no *folly*.

### PROMOTION TO THE TREASURY.

Some men earn their advancement by their amiability;  
 Some gain their successes in life by the gratitude of those  
 they have benefited; and perhaps the inner consciousness  
 of such philanthropic beings must be as pleasant to  
 themselves as the honey of the first clover blossoms is to  
 the summer bee.

Yet there are others who adopt quite a different course  
 and gain equal advantages.

If, for instance, a native of a country take advantage  
 of a temporary foreign domicile to publish and circulate  
 lies on a class of his fellow citizens, who have  
 lost health and life and limb for the public bene-  
 fit he may, it appears, get a snug berth for his pains;  
 and he is equally comfortable in his inner consciousness,  
 of the intellectual pleasure of such a man could only  
 emanate in successful malignity.

### CYCLOPS.

Words are altogether unnecessary to further describe  
 the impressive scene which our artist pictures as taking  
 place in the well filled cemetery of the Dominion  
 position. Over the grave of his Last Hope stands the  
 leader of the great Reform Party.

"Such grief is sacred—  
 Drop the curtain."

WE have received a number of communications which  
 cannot be published, as the writer's name was not given.  
 In future, correspondents are requested to enclose their  
 cards, not for publication, but as an earnest of good  
 faith.

## A GREAT MORAL VICTORY.

The Riel row was over, the Deacon's work was done,  
 And 94, that mighty score, was floating in the sun;  
 And as he at his desk did sit, he did not tetch it a bit.  
 All crimson'd was that banner that flung over his face,  
 Despite Blake's speech, that straight did teach  
 The cry, "Revenge and race."  
 For 94 was what it bore emblazoned on its space.  
 "How shall we stem this torrent?" the Deacon wildly cries,  
 "I'll write a screed that all shall read,  
 The crowd I'll mesmerize;  
 I'll raise a shout will knock them out,  
 And them I'll paralyze."  
 So then he set about it, to mesmerize the crowd;  
 He told them that "the Tories were villains heavy brow'd;  
 The Grits", he said, "had surely won  
 Had they but something different done;  
 The wicked, wicked Tories were cowards in their hearts,  
 They'd snatched their victory lucrily by using vilest arts;  
 Their victory too was not a gain." And he'd proceed to make it plain.  
 "They wouldn't have amendments, they would have yes or no  
 Direct on Landry's motion, they'd made the Grits eat crow;  
 They wouldn't let Ned Blake, the great,  
 Run as he liked the Riel debate.  
 This manifest unfairness the people would resent,  
 No longer would the Tories the public represent;  
 The Government, in fact, should stop—  
 The Opposition run the shop."  
 And at the next election—the prophet has the floor—  
 Ned Blake will be returned to power—by minus 94.  
 Upon my life, 'tis thus 'twill be  
 A famous moral victoree.

J. A. F.

## APRIL VICISSITUDES.

Tuesday's snow-storm gave enough comic episodes to  
 make an issue of THE ARROW this week almost super-  
 fluous.

Principally the ludicrous element centred on College  
 Avenue, where a car, deserted high and dry in drift by  
 its driver and horses, was for hours the ark of refuge of  
 belated wanderers. A lady saw it in the distance with  
 a glad heart, and set out to walk to meet it: afterwards  
 she set out to walk down town. A jolly party were  
 sheltered in the car, resting after their exertion on reach-  
 ing it, and beheld in the distance a young superlative  
 dude making for it as rapidly as the tightness of his  
 garments would permit him.

To ring the bell was the instant impulse of some  
 mischievous sprite: and behold! the youthful masher,  
 after a spasmodic effort to mend his pace, precipitated  
 himself incontinently into the midst of the car, to meet  
 the congratulations of a laughing crowd.

## THE CATTLE MARKET.

The wise citizens of the city have voted down an  
 improvement. No doubt economy is a great virtue,  
 but there is such a thing as being penny wise and pound  
 foolish. Probably, however, the wisest course to obtain  
 a satisfactory result was not pursued. Had some  
 months back arrangements been made for every head  
 of butcher's meat, particularly the calves and sheep, to  
 be polled as it entered the market, the affirmative  
 votes in favour of a decent death and proper mortuary  
 after coming would have been in great majority.

Of course the health of the devourers of the carcasses  
 would not have met with much consideration on the  
 part of the quadrupeds: that would have been an inci-  
 dental advantage which the bipeds would have appreciated  
 about next August.