



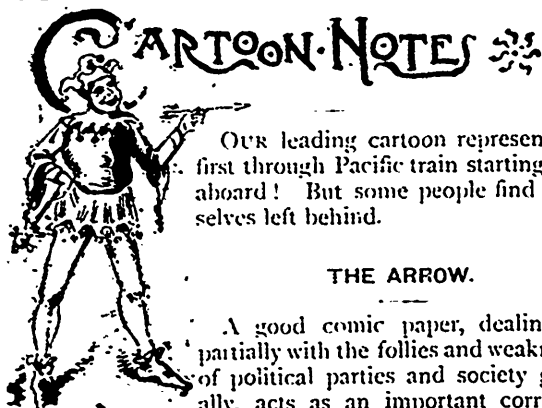
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OUR leading cartoon represents the first through Pacific train starting. All aboard! But some people find themselves left behind.

THE ARROW.

A good comic paper, dealing impartially with the follies and weaknesses of political parties and society generally, acts as an important corrective and should be generally supported. *Grip* is too clearly partisan to accomplish this great end. THE ARROW has a wide field and a grand opportunity. There is often more in a cleverly conceived cartoon than in a six hours' speech, a magazine essay, or a Sunday sermon. THE ARROW will no doubt rise to the occasion.—*Northern Advance*.

FISHY.

The angler to the brooklet hies,
Puts on his hook the tempting bait
Of wriggling worms or gaudy flies,
Then for the troutlet lies in wait.
Next day, when by his friends brought
The nature of his catch to state,
He tells of heavy fish he caught,
And, as before, he lies in wait.

W. L. S.

A PIPER in a Northumbrian town was once asked if he could play "Within a mile o' Edinboro' Toon." "Within a mile! Why, mon, I could play within ten yards o't."

THE RETURN.

SCENE A modern drawing room.

J. D. Edgar (walking impatiently up and down) sings:
"Where is my wandering boy to-night?
Oh, has he pulled the strings aright?
Are the Young Liberals getting"

Ah! here you are." (Enter *Edgar, Jr.*)

Edgar, Jr.: "Yes, father, here I am, all that is left of me, left of"

Edgar, Sr.: "Oh, stow that: how did you get on?"

Edgar, Jr.:

"Annexation to the right of me,
Secession to the left of me,
Independence in front of me
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at by shot and shell,
I waded in like—well"

No matter, father, I got the best of them."

Edgar, Sr.: "Nobly done, my son: so you shelved them?"

Edgar, Jr.: "Yes, father, but it was a tight squeak. You see the fellows were bent on ramming an annexationist manifesto through the Convention, for the purpose of securing some more of that American hoodle for use in the next elections. In fact, they seemed to be extremely anxious for hoodle."

Edgar, Sr.: "Of course, quite natural, and I may even say quite laudable. But how did you manage to shunt them?"

Edgar, Jr.: "In the way you told me, father. I showed them that the French bolters would never stand that on account of losing the privileges of the Church."

Edgar, Sr.: "And what did they say to that, my son?"

Edgar, Jr.: "Don't the Church!"

Edgar, Sr.: "But, of course, you showed that we can't afford at the present juncture to—naughty-word the Church—at least in public?"

Edgar, Jr.: "Certainly, father: and then I gave him the little present you sent him, with your love."

Edgar, Sr.: "How did he take it?"

Edgar, Jr.: "Like a fly. He just put it in his vest pocket without counting. After that I ran the Convention to suit myself—that is to say, to suit *yourself*."

Edgar, Sr.: "You have a great head, my son."

Edgar, Jr.: "So have you, father."

Curtain.

THE SONG OF FREE WHISKEY.

Hurray! hurray! for the glorious day
When they carried the Scott Act law,
For I get in my work like a regular Turk
Since they took to drinking me raw.

I can make them feel queer when they take me as beer,
And as lager some sport I afford;
Put oh! drink me neat, and you'll roll up the street
As tight as a boot or a lord.

I've a jolly good way of securing my prey.
It works like the snare of the fowler;
Just look at the noses that, blooming like roses,
I paint day by day with the growler.

The Scott Act's my friend, for business 'twill send
To the dickens, and quicker than wink
It will perjury cause and discountenance laws,
And drive all the merchants to drink.

But if whiskey is free it will satisfy me,
No matter whose business is sunk;
For the growler is found in a hole in the ground,
And the whole town is off on the drunk.

J. A. F.