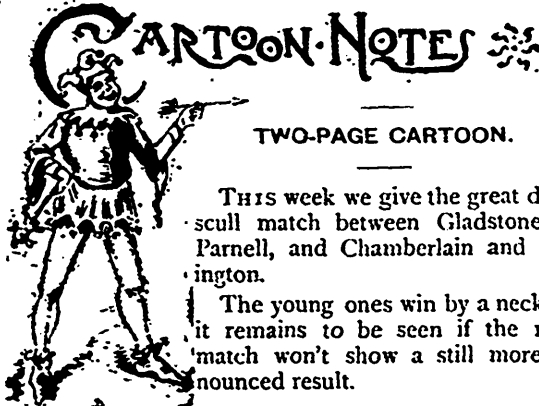




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TWO-PAGE CARTOON.

THIS week we give the great double scull match between Gladstone and Parnell, and Chamberlain and Hartington.

The young ones win by a neck, and it remains to be seen if the return match won't show a still more pronounced result.

IN MEMORIAM

THOMAS BOYLAN, DIED JUNE 11TH, 1886.

His laughter-loving face is still at last,
 Where every mirthful quip and quirk was glossed;
 Poor Tom! alas, thy joking days are past.
 He never malice or ill-will has shown—
 His heart was filled with charity alone—
 And no man's foe was he except his own.
 His life was but a hard one at the best;
 Misfortune though he treated as a jest.
 At length his sun has set behind the west.

J. A. F.

A PIECE OF FOLLY.

A youth of mild tho' manly mien
 Adored a maiden just eighteen,
 With light brown hair of golden sheen;
 Her hands and face were always clean.
 Her eyes were always blue;
 Her cheeks were like the garden rose,
 She wore a slightly turn-up nose,
 Prunella boots encased her toes—
 The young man called her Sue.
 'Twas in a Knights of Labour 'bus
 She promised him (his name was Gus)
 To be his own—his wife;
 And so those two enamoured souls,
 Regardless of the price of coals,
 And meat and butter, tea and rolls,
 Agreed to pay all Hymen's tolls,
 And settle down for life.

CONTRIB.

THE DEACON BECOMES OUR COMPETITOR.

On Friday last the *Globe* in an editorial complains that Surgeon-General Bergin, M.P., has thrown a slur on the status of workingmen. It accuses the Doctor of claiming to be of higher grade than workingmen, and quotes his speech thusly: "Medical men ought to be at the head of the social scale: but if, in consequence of overcrowding, the profession was degraded to the level of workingmen so far as fees were concerned, it would be impossible for them to occupy their proper position."

Really, the Deacon ought to lecture on the hidden meaning of the English language. To the uninitiated the Doctor's words simply convey the meaning that if a medical man only gets a workingman's pay, he can but live like a workingman.

And the Deacon grows more funny as he proceeds to comment on the above. He reproaches Sir Leonard Tilley for excusing the high taxation on certain cottons by saying that such cottons were worn by ladies and not by the wives of workingmen. Of course, a workingman's wife *may* be a lady, as a workingman *may* be a gentleman. The Deacon would hardly claim to distort the language so far as to assert that all men and women are ladies and gentlemen. But this has nothing to do with the matter; Sir Leonard used the term lady to express a female sufficiently well off to buy goods which were expensive.

We wish the Deacon every success in the new line of journalism he has taken up. We feel he will be a formidable rival, but we are always the first to acknowledge eminent genius when we meet it. We know it will spoil the flight of our young ARROW; but what a relief to Canada if the *Globe* should really succeed in becoming interesting, even if it is by being only comic.

A BURNING SHAME.

B—ns was a poet who wrote Tam o' Shanter,
 B—ns has more meaning, not at all of magic,
 B—ns is a man Toronto now may barter,
 Because his trade have sentence passed quite tragic.

A burning shame, indeed, to pay a thou—
 The city must be really mad with ire!
 Why, if the merchant cheaply does endow,
 He's taxed and made to charge more for one's fire!!

Things are most queer in this most funny world!
 If merchants keep up charges by combining,
 And Knights of Labour, with their flags unfurled,
 Enhance their wages with their brass bands whining.

Where's it to end? if each pays more and more
 For all they buy, who is the better paid?
 If Jack does take from Jill, Jill from Jack's store,
 Things must be equal, and no more be said.

But yet poor B—ns must mulcted be of cash,
 Because a city contract he took cheap,
 And Scotch he be, himself he should not fash,
 But—

We really don't know, but feel that our citizens will be right in trusting themselves to whatever may be the outcome of

PAT'S MEDITATIONS.

A NEW VERSION.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to chapel to-night," she said.
 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm engaged for *this* Sunday, sir," she said.