

* THE * ARROW *

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This first number of "The Arrow" may be taken as a specimen copy. The regular issue will commence April 8th.

TO THE PUBLIC.

To-day THE ARROW, tipped with good-will and winged with good intentions, is loosed from the bow of enterprise, and flies straight at the target of public favour. Behind its barbs, which will be found short and sharp, lurks no venom to harm those it may graze in its flight, for its mission is to tickle rather than to torment, to teach rather than to tantalize. The quiver is filled with them, and once a week one will be fitted to the string of fancy and sent forth to hit whom it may. Although it will always aim to bring down the follies, foibles and funnyisms from their favourite roosts, where necessary, the shaft, whetted to a keen edge, will cut deeply. The chief archer has calculated all the distances, has a nice appreciation of elevation, and is thoroughly informed as to the direction of the wind; so he releases his first Arrow, confident that it will never become a groundling, but fly straight to the mark at which it is directed.

LEADING CARTOON.

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 Opposition. Over the grave of his Last Hope stands the leader of the great Reform Party.

"Such grief is sacred—
Drop the curtain."

Whenever the North-West correspondent wishes to turn an honest penny, he works the combination, and the terror of the plains springs from his lair and terrifies the public. It is strongly suspected that the correspondent is a retainer of the ranch owners, and that he uses his imagination to discourage honest settlers from crowding the cattlemen.

The leader of the Opposition finds the old pump difficult to work, its internal mechanism having somehow become disordered. It rattles and squeaks, but the spring has been pumped dry, and instead of water to nourish the thirsty, it gives forth only an empty sound.

SHE AT TOILET.

He.—At last, dearest, I have discovered the true key to your feelings.

She (indifferent).—Ah! Indeed! What?

He.—Hairpins.

She.—Hairpins!! What *do* you mean?

He.—Give it up (making for the door)? They fasten your locks.

And he "put."

AS EVINCING the adoption of monarchical customs in this country, we would point to the fact of there being, during the present session at Ottawa, several hundred "Gentlemen in Waiting" there.

They are principally Reformers, we believe.

HON. WILFRED LAURIER warmly affirms that had he been on the banks of the Saskatchewan last summer he would have carried a gun against our troops. Now, Wilfy, you really musket less excited, for had you Metis then you might possibly have been hurt, and then we should probably have missed that eloquent speech of yours.

THE hon. member for W. Huron, though a little Cameron the subject, still considered it his duty to put a heavy charge "agin the Government." Next!

SCENE—THE MAYOR'S PARLOUR.

The Mayor alone.

Mayor.—I am the Mayor of York, a muddy sink,
And muddy water I will make all drink;
Yet in my cupboard here I'll find, I think,
Some koumiss strong enough to make one wink.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger.—Sir! Sir! The cars have struck! I mean the men
Have struck! The cars—

Mayor.— Give me a PEN.

(Writes)

"You cars! You Smith! Your iron rail in town
I'll with an iron rule suppress, knock down.
"Outrage on men! Outrage, I say, outright.
"The men you've sacked reinstate them this night;
"Or, with the city's power, your charter I
"Will abrogate, in fact, entirely.
"In failing thus to run your blooming cars,
"You make me feel quite warlike. Oh, great Mars!!"

(Speaks)

Ah! those meek lambs, the mild-faced workingmen.
So cruelly dismissed, defend, oh, PEN!

Enter City Solicitor.

Solicitor.—What have you written, sir? Come, let me see.
Great Scott! This cannot! dare not! must not be!
You've got no case.

Mayor.— No case? We've every right.

Solicitor.—I do believe your Worship, but to-night
You've writ a letter which will not hold water,
Which is a thing to do you had not oughter.

Mayor.—You thin' it'll leak, and so make a muss.
Destroy this copy. Where's that message cuss?

Re-enter Messenger.

Oh, here you are; and, pray, where is my letter?

Messenger.—Oh, please, sir, Mr. Smith says, "Praps you'd better
"Just run a car yourself, and then you'll know
"How the town mob its favours do bestow.
"And if the mob, which for the city acts,
"Does stop the road, why surely our compacts
"Are broken by the town, and we can sue,
"Recover damages for losses due."

The Mayor wails, and the Solicitor and Messenger revive him with koumiss from the cupboard.