

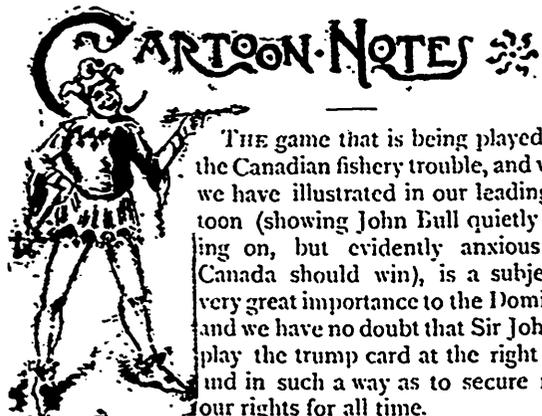


VOL. I. TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1886. No. 9.

Published every Thursday. SUBSCRIPTION, INCLUDING POSTAGE, \$2.50.
 ADVERTISEMENT RATES, which are fixed on a very reasonable scale, will be forwarded on application. Special reductions are made for 6 and 12 months. Advertisements from abroad must be prepaid.
 Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made payable only to the Publishers.
 CRAWFORD & HUNTER,
 14 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to the fire of last week in the building of the Mail Job Printing Company, we were unable to publish "The Arrow" for that week.



THE game that is being played over the Canadian fishery trouble, and which we have illustrated in our leading cartoon (showing John Bull quietly looking on, but evidently anxious that Canada should win), is a subject of very great importance to the Dominion, and we have no doubt that Sir John will play the trump card at the right time, and in such a way as to secure for us our rights for all time.

THE cartoon on the seventh page is a fair illustration of the tactics of Hon. E. Blake during the past session, to secure, if possible, office at the expense of principle. The Riel vote, and the vote on the Irish Home Rule question, gave ample proof that the leader of the Opposition would make any sacrifice of principle to secure the overthrow of Sir John Macdonald and his cabinet.

WE have received a letter from a gentleman signing himself "Adam Phool," in which he offers for sale at one-tenth of their original price (\$5.00) thirteen tickets for the Montreal Derby Sweepstake, now held by him. The letter is too full of profanity to admit of its publication in these columns, but we publish the gist of it, and shall be glad to forward to the proper address any offers which may be made by those of our readers who wish to speculate.

A PIG IN A POKE.

A poor old fakir stood out in the cold;
 His clothes were tattered, his feet were sore,
 An empty basket was under his arm
 That had held merchandise years before.

And though his basket was empty now,
 And he'd nothing to sell, the poor old guy,
 He still entreated the passing throng
 To "Step this way, gents," and "Come and buy."

When asked what he sold, he said, "Various things:
 I'll give satisfaction, or else know why;
 It matters not that I show no goods,
 You'll be well pleased if you'll only buy."

The most of the passers only jeered,
 But still there were some who joined his ranks,
 And this pig-in-a-poke-dispenser found
 Himself surrounded by sundry cranks.

But though they bought, and in votes they paid,
 They never have seen the goods as yet;
 His soul is lofty, serene and high—
 And they don't dare ask him what they're to get.

[Here the poet's feelings overcome him.

For they're all chilled through by this party old,
 Who is tired, so tired, of the dismal cold;
 Who needs his policy heeled and soled;
 Who's neither courageous, nor strong, nor bold,
 Who rants of "corruption" and "Tory gold,"
 Who cannot his cranky followers hold;
 Whose party is mostly beneath the mould;
 Whose passing bell will be shortly tolled,
 And his name I'll yell, or my heart will break—
 In-search-of-a-policy Edward Blake.

J. A. F.

TO A CERTAIN M.P.

The vilest man upon the earth
 Is sometimes subject for our mirth;
 We often can afford to smile
 At actions of the deepest guile;
 And you are so transparent, sir,
 We treat you like a yapping cur.

You're playing at your little game
 At filching every man's fair fame;
 You're piling up unto the skies
 A monument of wicked lies;
 But when your lies touch men of note
 They hurl them back, sir, in your throat.

If your ambition goes no higher,
 Then be a strong consistent liar,
 Be more ingenuous in your style,
 Your efforts now but make us smile;
 You haven't brought a single charge
 But we've sailed through it "by and large."

If you had but a tinge of shame
 I'd mention here your dirty name,
 But every one will know you by
 The simple name of M. C. LIE.
 Beware, M. C., some day you'll choke
 In getting off some lying joke.

J. A. F.

ARCADES AMBO.

GEN. HEWSON: Welcome to private life, John. You're well out of the "bloody Government."

JOHN O'DONOHUE: Whisper, Butt, me boy, that's what troubles me; I never was in it.

GEN. H.: Why don't you sue John A.?