

— THE ARROW —



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The "Mikado" at the Grand is drawing crowded houses, and is well deserving of public favour, the company being in every way an admirable one.

PADDY'S GRIEVANCES.

Ould Gladstone is but a commotherin' villain;
Begorra, he thinks that the Irish are green!
Does he think that the true sons of Erin are willin'
To lave him in peace, and depart from the scene?

He'd have us lave Westminster all to the Saxon,
No more to raise ructions and fight for the cause;
While the fellies that's left, sure, would put every tax on
That we'd have to pay by *Imperial* laws.

And then his oidee av the polis and sojer—
Supposin' thim devils from Ulster came down,
We wouldn't daur say to a one av them, "Load yer
Revolvers, me darlins, and droive thim from town."

Bad luck to his free tradin', murderin' madness:
He thinks, I suppose, that the Irish will buy
Their goods, jush as now, from the Saxon with gladness,
While their own trade is dead; yes, they will—in me eye!

But the worst is to come: it is this point that sticks us—
Sure it's here that he thinks we are left in the lurch;
Not contint that he robs us, and gags us and tricks us,
Be the great howly poker, *he's down on the Church!*

J. A. F.

"It doesn't take the din and smoke of battle, with
the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the charge
and retreat, to bring out the bravery in a man's nature."

"That's a fact."

"In the humble walks of every-day life may be found
hosts of heroes braver than many who have led armies
to victory."

"Yes, I have made the same observation myself. But
what inspires the reflection?"

"I was just reading in the paper about a woman who
has just married her eighth husband."

Mr. Footlite (husband of a popular actress).—I desire
to sue my wife for divorce on the ground of non-support.

Mr. Woolsack.—Yes, sir; you have an excellent case.

Mr. Footlite.—And I want to put in an extra claim
of damages, say \$10,000.

Mr. Woolsack.—What for?

Mr. Footlite.—For damage done my constitution by
my drinking with the press in order to secure favourable
criticisms.

CHARGE OF THE DRESS BRIGADE.

(SOME WAY AFTER THE POET LAUREATE.)

Half a league, half a league, half a league rearward,
Right thro' the mire and dirt,
Much to its beauty's hurt,
Sailed the rich silken skirt,
Half a league rearward.

Half a yard, half a yard, half a yard fully,
Hirsute and woolly,
Into the liquid air
Rose up the pile of hair
From other heads sundered,
While seated upon it,
Rode the brave bonnet—
Rode, though it wonder'd.
Curls to the right of it,
Curls to the left of it,
Curls to the rear of it—
Curls that were plundered.
What tho' men shout, "Oh, fie!
Fortunes you've squandered."
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do or die;
"Charge to the clerks," they cry—
"Charge by the hundred."

MOVED TO TEARS.

"John!"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you remember coming home last night and ask-
ing me to throw you an assorted lot of key-holes out of
the window, so that you might find one large enough and
steady enough to get your latch-key in?"

"Yes, dear."

"And do you remember the night before how you
asked me to come down and hold the stone steps still
enough for you to step on?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the night before that how you tried to jump
into the bed as it passed your corner of the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"And still another night when you carefully explained
to me that no man was intoxicated as long as he could
lie down without holding on, and then attempted to go
to bed on a perpendicular wall?"

"Yes, dear."

"John, do you realize that you have come home sober
but two nights in the past two weeks?"

"Have I, dear?"

"That's all; and you ought to be ashamed of your-
self, too. The idea of a man of your age— But,
John, why, you're crying. There, there, dear, I didn't
mean to be too severe. After all, you *did* come home
sober two nights."

"Yes, that's what makes me feel so bad."

And then the meeting was adjourned.—*Rambler.*

"Pa," asked a little boy, "when a man goes into
office does he have to take an oath?" "Yes." "And
when he goes out of office does he take an oath?"
"Yes: but there is nothing compulsory about it."—*Life.*

It was Josh Billings who originalled the phrase that
is now a national expression, "The business end of the
wasp;" and when he said to a lady, "It is better to be
laughed at for not being married than to be unable to
laugh because you are," he uttered a sentence, to use
one of his own expressions, "bulging out with first-class
wisdom."