

— THE ARROW —

FROM THE POLITICAL MIKADO.

On a tree by a river our Blakie did sit,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow !
And I said to him, Blakie, why do you emit
That willow, tit willow, tit willow ?
Is it weakness of intellect, Blakie? I cried !
Or your Party, in which you cannot confide ?
And wiping his spectacles, then he replied,
Oh willow, tit willow, tit willow !

He slapped at his chest, and he four-rowed his brow,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow !
I'd like to be Premier, but do not know how,
Oh willow, tit willow, tit willow !
He stormed, and he called every minister knave,
Till all wondered a staid man could so mi-behave,
And Echo arose with a censure quite grave—
Oh willow, tit willow, tit willow !

Now I feel quite as sure, as I'm sure that my name
Isn't willow, tit willow, tit willow,
'Twas blighted ambition, that made him exclaim
Oh willow, tit willow, tit willow !
And Johnny remaining so ol-durate, why—
So Blake's reputation remained but to die ;
And Echo comes back like a sweet ly and ly—
Oh willow, tit willow, tit willow !

E. G. N.

—March 19th, 1886.

A GOOD SEND-OFF.

Thinking it probable that some of our readers might appreciate the quaint phraseology of the dark-complexioned race, the following fervent petitions are given as having been poured out by the minister on the departure for the season of one of his prominent members :

"Rough-skod his feet wid de preparation ob de gospel o' peace. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Gib him de eye ob de eagle dat he can spy out sin afar off. Wax his hand to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truf. Keep his feet in the narrer way an' his soul in de channel ob faith. Bow his head low beneaf his knees, an' his knees way down in some lonesome valley where prayer an' supplication is much wanted to be made. Hedge an' ditch 'bout him, good Lord, an' keep him in de strait and narrer way dat leads on to heaven."

DIGNITY depends in a large measure upon surroundings. It is impossible to maintain a dignified deportment if you happen to snap your suspenders while running to catch a train.

THERE has never been but one socialist in North Carolina, so far as the people know. About the time this fellow began claiming that every one should divide up, and that the world owed him a living, he was missed from society and hasn't been heard of since.

BOSTON girls are not ignorant of geometry. A young Bostonian handed his girl a lozenge shaped like a heart the other night.

"What is this?" she asked.

"It is a kiss," he replied.

"A kiss is not heart-shaped," she said.

"No?"

"No, it is elliptical."

A MAN never realizes how little his word is worth till he receives a black eye and attempts to explain how he came by it.

HE.—Ah! my dear, if our little Charlie had lived we would not be going out this way every evening. Is there ever a moment that you do not regret his death?

SHE.—Most decidedly there is. Suppose you yourself were to die and Charlie were still alive, what a position I should be in. A widow with children hasn't half a chance.

A FEEBLE FATHER.

"FATHER," he began, after taking the old man out back of the barn, "your years are many."

"Yes, my son."

"You have toiled early and late, and by the sweat of your brow you have amassed this big farm."

"That's so, William."

"It has pained me more that I can tell to see you, at your age, troubling yourself with the cares of life. Father, your declining days should be spent in the old arm-chair in the chimney corner."

"Yes, William, they should."

"Now, father, being you are old and feeble and helpless, give me a deed of the farm, and you and mother live out your few remaining days with me and Sally."

"William," said the old man, as he pushed back his sleeves, "I think I see the dri' o' them remarks. When I'm ready to start for the poor-house, I'll play fool, and hand over the deed. William!"

"Yes, sir."

"In order to dispel any delusion on your part that I'm old and feeble and helpless, I'm going to knock down half an acre of cornstalks with your heels!"

And when the convention finally adjourned, William crawled to the nearest haystack, and cautiously whispered to himself: "And Sally was to broach the same thing to ma at the same time! I wonder if she's mortally injured, or only crippled for life!"

JONES.—I understand your wife is down with the measles.

SMITH.—She had quite a severe attack, but, I'm happy to say, is now convalescent.

JONES.—Glad to hear it. I suppose she now reminds you of the Phoenix.

SMITH.—How so?

JONES.—Because, if she is convalescent, she is rising from her ashes.

"No," said the dying punster, with a grim smile; "no, I don't object to flowers, but don't have any violets, please. I shouldn't care to have my grave violeted, you know." It was immediately agreed that it was best he should go.

"Sweet little maid with the sweet blue eye,
Why art thou dancing so much and so high?"
Saucily nodding her shapely head,
"I'm whooping it up until Lent," she said.

THE Hon. Peter Mitchell will not vote for the Landry resolution, as he has paired with Sir John, but all rumours as to any dissensions in the ranks of the third party may be safely set down as an invention of the enemy.