

— THE ARROW —

The Organ Grinder: He's mad! Weel, I'm awa. [Exit.]
Micawber (aside): I'll make a speech if I swing for it. [Noise heard of an approaching mob.]

Quebec is pleased, Ontario's mad,
 And mad because I say I feel
 (To please (Quebec) an interest in
 The stringing up of Louis Riel.

What though their sons have fought and bled
 In putting that rebellion down?
 Can they not see I'm votes ahead
 Through sneering at the bauble crown.

[Shouts of "Down with the martyr maker," "Send him to join Riel," etc.]

I hate the people, coward fools,
 They cannot see the game I play.
 And now I fall between two stools—
 Cries of "Hang him" growing nearer.

Good gracious me, it's time to skip.

[Exit Micawber.]

(Curtain).

A VISION OF THE SEA.

Within a week I had a vivid dream. I saw plainly a mighty iceberg, with pinnacles reaching fantastically to the sky. It was like a floating cathedral, but the mist of incense was the dense fog of the chill north. I could see the green waves dashing on its carved pediments, and its translucent foundations vanishing in monstrous depths. I remembered a weird story of the Eisjungfrau, and I looked to see if I could discover her gleaming draperies, as though she had a throne on the highest battlement. Then, suddenly, there seemed to come, as with the rush of doom, a dark form rising on the swelling wave. I heard no crash, no cry; but as the ship struck head on, the masts went by the board, and there opened a frightful hole in the bow, through which I saw the water pour, as through a mill-race. Almost instantly the deck was filled with people rushing about frantically in search of aid. Then having backed away by the rebound, the great ship gave a sudden lurch and plunged into the depths. At that moment I saw Shammai Kip and his bride go down together, she clinging to him, and his face lighted with the perfect peace of love and courage.

"TEN little fingers toying with a mine—
 Bang! went the powder, and then there were nine.

Nine little fingers fixing rockets straight—
 Zip! a kick backward, and then there were eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to heaven—
 Roman candle "burst," and then there were seven.

Seven little fingers punk and powder mix—
 Punk was ignited, and then there were six.

Six little fingers for a "sisser" strive—
 One went off with it, and then there were five.

Five little fingers loading for a roar—
 Boom! went the cannon, and then there were four.

Four little fingers with a pack made free—
 Crash! went a cracker, and then there were three.

Three little fingers found the fuse burned blue—
 Bombshell too previous, and then there were two.

Two little fingers having lots of fun—
 Pistol exploded, and then there was one.

One little finger fooling with a gun—
 Didn't know 'twas loaded, and then there was none."

"IT COMETH NOT, HE SAID."

The smiles come back to the sufferer's face,
 And joy to the mourner's soul;
 And the stars come back to their nightly place
 From their wanderings round the pole.

The winds come back from the storm-tossed sea,
 And the flowers come back in the spring,
 And the river comes back at eve o'er the lea,
 And the birds come back to sing.

May flower comes back, and the violet,
 And the blossoms that bloom on the tree;
 But that old silver dollar I lost on a bet
 Will never come back to me!

S. W. Foss.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

I came over in the *Servia*. The weather was delightful. So was that charming young widow. Only remnants of weeds remained to her, like a last year's leaf or two on a graceful sapling bursting into leaf in the warm springtide. We walked, talked, played together all the amusements which are possible on board a steamboat. What delicious strolls up and down the deck after dinner, when the moon in the east was lighting up the waves in a long lane of brightness, leading our imaginations away who knows where?

I felt she responded to my half-expressed tenderness, and I—I reproached myself—it was wrong—I was cruel. Vain hopes. How would I ever tell her? I was a married man, with four great bouncing boys at home, and a wife!—save the mark—called Mary Jane.

The days and evenings passed but too swiftly. The time approached only a few hours now till we should reach New York, yet I had confessed nothing, although I had whispered many things, which were not to the point, however.

Oh how sweet and yet how bitter were those last moments.

* * *

We were in the harbour. The tender—ah! significant name—came alongside. I was close to her now, I had made up my mind at the last moment to tell her. "Mrs. Honeyman," I whispered, "we must part soon; I shall always remember this voyage, and yet"—"Ah! here you are, cara mia," said a deep male voice. "Oh! Charley," exclaimed the widow as she turned. There was a sound, I knew it only too well. Her brother, of course, I thought. "Mr. Smith," said the widow, turning, "let me introduce Mr. Jerome. Mr. Jerome, Mr. Smith. George, you must thank Mr. Smith for the great care he has taken of me on the voyage. And Mr. Smith, I know you will be glad to meet Mr. Jerome: we are (with a curious inflection of voice) to be married tomorrow." (*Spoons*).

THE most extraordinary incident of absent-mindedness is told of a clergyman, who forgot what he was about in the middle of a prayer and sat down. In a moment he arose and, pointing to the amazed congregation, said: "Oh! by the way, amen."—*Stratford Times*.

CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and ear. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DAVIS & SONS, 201 King Street West, Toronto, Canada. *Scientific American*.