

FRANK CAYLEY

NO. 65 KING STREET EAST  
RENTS COLLECTED, INVESTMENTS PROCURED, ESTATES MANAGED, INSURANCE EFFECTED

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF CANADIAN WIT AND HUMOUR

VOL. I. NO. 15.

JULY 17, 1886



DAVID KING AND YONGE / PRUDEN / LARGE WOOD / A SPECIALTY

MOLLER & CO. (STOCK AND GRAIN BROKERS) New York Stocks, Chicago Grain, Provisions and Oil, bought or sold for Cash or on Margin  
Please refer to articles with New York Chicago and Oil City

PRICE 5 CENTS \$2.50 PER YEAR

Hurrah! Everybody asking for Davies Brewing Co's Bottled Ales

— THE ARROW —

**TORONTO LAND and LOAN COMPANY**  
Office, 9 Toronto St., Toronto

This Company is formed for the purpose: 1. Of buying tracts of land. 2. Of subdividing and selling them in lots. 3. Of advancing money for building, securing the same by mortgage. 4. Of investing in mortgage securities. It can advantageously invest whatever sums may be intrusted to it. Shares, \$500 each; with option of paying up 25 per cent. or any greater amount. Houses and lands for sale; terms to suit. Apply to  
ARTHUR HARVEY, President. EDWARD GALLEY, The President.  
Or W. C. BIDDOME, Secretary.

**COOLICAN & CO.**

Real Estate and General Auctioneers  
Union Block, 38 Toronto St.  
TORONTO, ONT.

Sales of City Property, Farm Lands, Farm Stock, Bankrupt Stock, Merchandise, Fine Arts, Jewellery, etc., professionally handled.

Sales of Household Furniture at private residences conducted in a modern and highly satisfactory manner.

**CASH ADVANCED ON CONSIGNMENTS**

Thirteen years' successful experience in the profession warrants us in guaranteeing satisfaction to those favouring us with sales.

**P. M. CLARK & SON**

TAILORS

Gentlemen's Haberdashers.

95 King St. West, - Toronto

HEADQUARTERS FOR

CHEESE and FINE GROCERIES

**I. E. KINGSBURY**

GROCEER AND IMPORTER

TELEPHONE 571. 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

**Cunard S.S. Line**

Sailing every Saturday and every alternate Wednesday from New York for

LIVERPOOL

**Anchor S.S. Line**

Every Saturday for GLASGOW

SAM OSBORNE & Co., 40 Yonge St., Toronto.

**HARRY A. COLLINS**

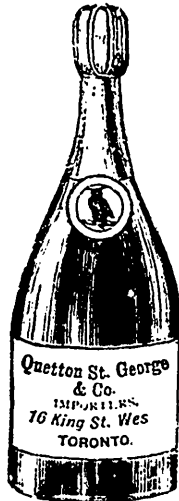
90 YONGE STREET

IMPORTER, DEALER AND MANUFACTURER OF

House Furnishing Goods

BABY CARRIAGES, ETC.

**TODD & CO., SUCCESSORS TO**



**Quetton St. George & Co.**

Wine and Spirit Merchants

16 King Street West, Toronto

THE

**Canadian Pacific RAILWAY**

IS THE TRUE TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTE  
IS THE TRUE SCENIC ROUTE  
IS THE TRUE SPORTSMAN'S ROUTE  
IS THE TRUE TOURIST'S ROUTE  
IS THE TRUE COLONIST'S ROUTE

QUEBEC

MONTREAL

OTTAWA

NIAGARA FALLS

TORONTO

LAKE SUPERIOR

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

—AND THE—

GLORIOUS ROCKIES

Are, with a thousand others, the attractions afforded by this line

Great Inter-Oceanic Route.

It is also the favourite line to

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Superb Sleeping Palace Cars, luxurious Dining and Parlour Cars attached to a 1 Through Trains.

For Maps, Time Cards, Rates, or other information, apply to any of the Company's agents.

W. C. VAN HORNE, Vice-President. GEO. OLDS, Gen. Traffic Manager.  
D. McNICOLL, General Passenger Agent.

**WHITE STAR LINE**

ROYAL MAIL STEAMER

NEW YORK to LIVERPOOL Every Thursday

Strictly first-class. Electric light throughout. All passengers berthed on the saloon deck, and seated at the same time in saloon, which, after meals, makes a delightful drawing room.

T. W. JONES,

General Canadian Agent, 23 York St., Toronto.

**O'KEEFE & CO.**

Brewers and Maltsters

SPECIALTIES:

ENGLISH HOPPED ALES

XXX PORTER

PILSENER LAGER

Corner Gould and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

THE **GOSGRAVE**

MALTSTERS BREWERS Brewing and Malting Co.

AND BOTTLERS OF

INDIA PALE ALES and EXTRA STOUT

Cor. Queen and Niagara Sts.

TORONTO

THE

Toronto Brewing and Malting Co.

(LIMITED)

Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers

284 SIMCOE STREET

TORONTO

ALEX. MANNING, PRESIDENT. A. F. MANNING, SECRETARY.

**Silver Creek Brewery**

GUELPH

CASK ALE AND PORTER

BOTTLED ALE AND PORTER

Always in Stock at

23 CHURCH ST. - TORONTO

GEO. FRYER, Agent.

G. SLEEMAN, Proprietor.

**J. J. COOPER**

IMPORTER - MANUFACTURER

SHIRTS

Scarfs, Gloves, Underwear, etc.

Jerseys, Boating, Cricket and Tennis Shirts, Belts, etc.

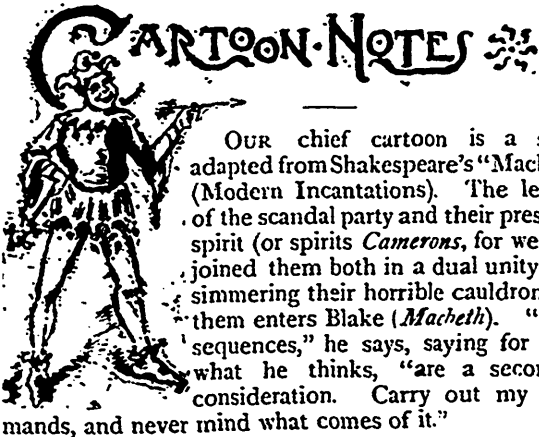
109 YONGE STREET - TORONTO



VOL. I. TORONTO, JULY 17, 1886. No. 15.

Published every Saturday. 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 & COMPANY,  
 14 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Subscribers not receiving their numbers of "The Arrow" in due course are requested to advise Crawford & Co., 14 King St. West, Toronto, per post card.



OUR chief cartoon is a scene adapted from Shakespeare's "Macbeth" (Modern Incantations). The leaders of the scandal party and their presiding spirit (or spirits *Camerons*, for we have joined them both in a dual unity), are simmering their horrible cauldron. To them enters Blake (*Macbeth*). "Consequences," he says, saying for once what he thinks, "are a secondary consideration. Carry out my commands, and never mind what comes of it."

THE second, a duplicate cartoon, represents the old boy, Gladstone, before and after the great election. John Bull in the first is watching him with suspicion; in the second he has applied the needle of public opinion to the inflation of wordy self-consequence. Collapse!

NOTES ON THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE has at last achieved something tangible. He has smashed the Liberal party, and completely effaced himself. His political career may be considered closed; and he who only four months back commanded a total in the Commons of 170 votes over the Conservatives, has been crushingly defeated at the polls, and the power he grasped so eagerly, and held so tenaciously, will be surrendered, with much bitterness and heart-burning, in humiliation and disgrace.

MR. LABOUCHERE thinks that Gladstone is defeated because enough of his supporters did not go to the poll! Very likely.

OUR townsman, Professor Goldwin Smith, is doing splendid work for the Union cause in England. It would be a graceful act if those among us who approve his action in this matter were to present him with some simple but expressive token of our regard.

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY is again ill. These attacks have been quite too frequent of late, and cause anxiety among all those who regard him, not so much as a party leader, but as a genuine and representative English gentleman.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT has been again returned to the Imperial Parliament. It may be safely inferred that in this instance Jacob's ladder was John Bright.

HENRY LABOUCHERE has been returned second on the poll by the atheistical cobblers of Northampton; this will displease the egotistical Henry, whose address to his electors might have been summarized in the words: "Thou shalt have no other god but me."

THE CORRUPTIONIST COOK.

When, in Parliament, friends of the late Mr. Riel Attempted a march on the Tories to steal,  
 Oh, none grew more tearful relating the ills  
 Of the Indians than Mr. Philosopher Mills.

Oh, salt were the tears of this excellent man.  
 When the Tories' misdeeds to relate he began,  
 And he showed how the agents the bacon did "hook,"  
 "Hear, hear," echoed Mr. Corruptionist Cook.

He said the poor Indians defrauded had been—  
 in fact, such a scandal he never had seen;  
 He vowed that Sir John was a wicked old crook—  
 "That's a fact," shouted Mr. Corruptionist Cook.

Now, you never would think these two excellent men  
 Had defrauded the Indians again and again;  
 That Cook in corruption was steeped to the gills,  
 As also was Mr. Philosopher Mills.

And the price of their virtue was not very steep,  
 They sold out their honour remarkably cheap—  
 The amount that they got when they went through poor "Lo"  
 Was only a mean eighteen hundred or so.

But there's this to be said, as you'll see at a glance,  
 They might have got more, but they hadn't the chance;  
 The Grits were defeated, and this is what fills  
 With anguish both Cook and Philosopher Mills.

J. A. FRASER.

HARWARDEN.

MISS GLADSTONE writes: "Papa regrets the result of the elections, of course, but he is not at all disconcerted. He is quite happy; and at this moment is reading Dante under a tree."

We would refer the Grand Old Man to a line of that poet—an inscription over the entrance to the lower regions—

"Ali hope abandon ye who enter here!"

WHICH is the longest word in the English language? "Smiles," because there's a mile between the first and last letters.

A MILLIONAIRE who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him: "I do admire a rich green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.



ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

Gladstone before.



Gladstone after.

A FAIRY TALE A LA GRIMM.

Once upon a time there lived in a beautiful city near a lake a man who was familiarly known as William.

Also as a very model, moral Bill.

He was highly respected and loved by the fair matrons and gray divines of the city where he dwelt. He was an excellent Bill.

Though he was of the male gender, they loved him so much that they made him a *mayor*—mayor of the beautiful city by the lake.

Now in the beautiful city there was a very scrawny, dilapidated park.

On the borders thereof William the mayor, the delight of matrons and divines, dwelt—in the mansion of his wife.

William the good loved flowers; he also loved the bare, dilapidated park.

William did—the mayor.

So, with grand beneficence and a great head, he called the civic gardeners, and bade them lay out an enchanting garden opposite his door—right there in the bare park—in the barest place.

And he passed a by-law—William the mayor did—preventing the people from gathering those heavenly geraniums and things.

Oh, but he was a good man, was William.

He said to the people, "See my garden." And they saw and raved thereon—on the garden; yes, on William the mayor's garden.

And they paid shekels to the civic gardeners—the people did—for the large divine flower-plot in front of William's door, where formerly used to be the bare, dilapidated park.

Once upon a time people were very good and moral, and cultivated a taste for flowers in William, their mayor, and paid therefor.

That was a great age—for model, moral Bills, and such things.

It was also a great age for unselfishness: the people never asked for flower-beds where they might see them freely, when they paid for them.

No, it was a very century of *Bill-iousness!*

We hope it will never come again.

MORAL.

There is none. There is nothing moral about it. It is highly *im-moral* to have red, unclotted geraniums opposite the portal of a mayor named William—familiarly Bill.

GEO. H. CANDLER.

A LAMB-ENT.

A NEW SUPERSTRUCTURE ON AN OLD FOUNDATION.

Mary had a little lamb,  
With wool as black as soot,  
And every one whom Mary met,  
This lamb was sure to butt.

It followed her to school one day,  
Which was against the rule;  
And as he didn't know the forms  
They stood him on a stool.

Of times in mere affected wrath  
Would little Mary beat it;  
And then in ecstasy would say,  
"The darling, I could eat it."

But in the course of nature's laws  
This lamb became a sheep,  
Was destined for the slaughter-house,  
Which made poor Mary weep.

'Twas sent unto a butcher man  
Who killed it, wicked sinner,  
And then with caper sauce was cooked,  
And served for Mary's dinner.

No more 'twill frisk and skip about,  
No more 'twill play and gambol,  
No more with Mary go to school  
Or in the meadows ramble.

Its skin is now by lawyers' clerks  
Employed instead of papers,  
Its wool is cloth, its mutton ate  
Along with all its capers.

CONTRIB.

POINTERS.

THE perambulator nuisance has grown to such proportions in Toronto, that it is time a stop was put to it. A woman pushing a baby carriage appears to think she is "monarch of all she surveys," and creeps on the even (or uneven, as the case may be) rear of her way, utterly regardless of the legs and skirts of other people. No matter how crowded the streets may be, whether it is Saturday night or Monday morning, the perambulator, like the poor, we have always with us. A by-law of the city prohibits the running of any wheeled vehicle upon the sidewalks within the corporation limits, and there is no exception made in favour of perambulators. If it is absolutely necessary that babies should be yanked around the streets, at any rate they should either be carried, or kept off the principal thoroughfares. The next time I am run down by a perambulator, I shall see whether that by-law is a dead letter or not.

THE attempted solution of the Scott Act difficulty by a Crooks Act licensing board is not the correct way out of the mess. These gentlemen decline to prosecute any hotelkeeper who does not break the provisions of the Crooks Act. But, as a matter of fact, the moment the Scott Act was proclaimed in force they officially ceased to be, and they therefore have nothing to do with the Ontario statute, which is overridden by the Federal enactment. Nowhere is the Act being enforced. I was in the county of Wellington the other day, and saw liquor sold over the bar with considerably less attempt at concealment than is generally the case in a Crooks Act county after hours. The proper way is for Mr. Mowat to enforce the Act wherever the people have carried it, and if they are not tired of their bargain long before the three years of trial expire, my name is Johann, and I'm a Dutchman.

INSTEAD of Blake telling his party in Nova Scotia that he refuses to take up their cry of secession, as any man loyal to the Dominion would do, he pats them on the back, congratulates them on their success, and only wonders that they have stood Sir John and the Tories so long as they have. This shows whither he is drifting. Then, in order to throw dust in the eyes of such members of the Grit party in Ontario as are loyal (and they are many, as he will one day find to his cost), he says, "Make me premier, and I will quiet the secessionists;" by what? giving them better terms—the very thing for which he and his ragamuffin brigade denounced Sir John in the most unmeasured terms on two or three occasions. But while he is making this statement, he knows that his lieutenants in the Province by the sea have declared time and again through the late campaign that this will not do—that straight secession, with the control of their own tariff, is what they will have, and nothing short of it.

THE Grits have been out so long that they are desperate, and to get in they are prepared to do anything. If they can't get in, they are even willing to go in for annexation, so as to neutralize the power of the Tories so far as possible. The first step in this direction would be either the declaration of Canadian independence, or the disintegration of the Dominion, either or both of which measures the Liberal Conservatives, backed up by a large number of loyal Grits, will resist with all their might.

It is by this time fully apparent that England will have none of Gladstone's "scheme for the gradual dismemberment of the empire." If he had proposed a federation of the United Kingdom, giving to England, Ireland and Scotland each a local legislature with pretty much the same powers as are vested in our local Houses, the bill would probably have carried, the Irish would have been satisfied, and the whole country benefited. Domestic legislation is and has been at a standstill for a very long time; and by this course the Imperial Parliament would be left free to deal with those larger questions which should have occupied its attention, to the exclusion of almost everything else.

It seems likely that it will be left to a Tory Government to pacify the country; and it is not at all unlikely that this will be the measure adopted. This is really the first application of the principle embodied in the imperial federation scheme. But before that can be brought about, England must be healed of her free trade, for which there is no longer, nor has there been for many years, any necessity. However, in spite of the sneers of the annexationists, independents, and others, imperial federation will some day be carried out, and the greatest empire the world has ever seen will be so knit together as to be absolutely invincible.

THE GALLEY BOY.

PEOPLE ONE MEETS BEHIND.

Yes, doubtless I am doing wrong  
To use the muse for such a song  
As that which now she sings;  
Yet still, I think I know a few  
Respected men who often do  
Disport behind the wings.

A reverend dean, a scripture leader  
(Of course, he went there as a pleader),  
I've often seen behind;  
And once a bishop in disguise  
Was standing right before my eyes,  
And shocked my layman's mind.

Young callow curates too I've met  
Behind the "flies" with "Kate" and "Bet,"  
Discoursing (not) the weath,  
The leader of a Sabbath school  
I've seen in "green room" play the fool,  
When out of wifely tether.

Of course I would not dare to print,  
For all the bullion in the mint,  
That their designs are bad;  
And yet I'm almost sure with me  
Most heathen people will agree  
Such conduct is most sad.

GEO. H. CANDLER.

PRAIRIE FARE.

*Host*: "Sorry, old man! Did not expect you to dinner. Nothing, you see, but potatoes and mustard."

*Guest* (dismayed): "But I don't like potatoes."

*Host* (with cordiality): "Ah, then, help yourself to the mustard."

A MISER died over in Brooklyn the other day, leaving £400,000 to an intimate friend. This fact disposes of the theory prevalent so long, that a miser has no intimate friends. One must admit, however, that £400,000 is a pretty big price to pay for one.

— THE ARROW —

MODERN INCANTATIONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*First Witch*.....*Fielding.*  
*Second Witch*.....*Laurier.*  
*Third Witch*.....*Edgar.*  
*Hecate*.....*Blake.*

*First Witch :*

“Thrice the blatant *Globe* has howled.”

*Second Witch :*

“Thrice, and once has Sanfield whined.”

*Third Witch :*

“Brown’s ghost cries ‘It’s time ! it’s time !’”

*First Witch :*

“Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poisoned slanders throw,  
M. C., who retired alone,  
Days and nights full thirty-one,  
Venomed falsehoods sleeping got,  
Simmer in the charming pot.”

*All :*

“Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.”

*Second Witch :*

“Slips of Deacon’s leaders take,  
In the cauldron boil and bake,  
Poem of Edgar, tongue of Cook,  
Western scalp and contract book,  
Cartwright’s sums and Laurier’s gun ;  
Of Indian’s flour make a bun  
With Riel’s blood. Stir races’ hate,  
Simmer here the country’s fate.”

*All :*

“Double, double, nation’s trouble,  
Fire burn, the slander bubble.”

*Second Witch :*

“Rebel thoughts of anarchist  
To throw in should not be missed ;  
Lies, all colours, blue and red,  
Slanders which may not be said,  
All the vain imaginings  
He who would secession brings.  
Seek fanatic spirit dire,  
Add its heat unto the fire ;  
Stir the pot and make it bubble ;  
We will work a nation’s trouble.”

*All :*

“Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.”

*Third Witch :*

“Cool it with hypocrisy—  
That’s what charms democracy.”

*Hecate :*

“Ah, well done. I commend your pains,  
And every one shall share the gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing  
To mix the scandals each doth bring.”

SONG.

“Spirits of Dunkin and Scott,  
Spirit of Brown we call,  
Spirits whose names we may not  
Speak, pour your vials of gall.”

*Second Witch :*

“By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.”

*Enter Blake.*

*Blake :*

“How now, you secret, black and midnight hags ;  
What is’t you do ?”

*All :*

“A deed without a name.”

*Blake :*

“I conjure you by that which you profess—  
Though little you believe it—answer me !  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the Churches ; though anarch’al waves  
Confound and swallow civilization up ;  
Though agriculture die, and industry  
Doth wither at the roots ; and public works  
Do topple down upon their builders’ heads,  
And all that’s prosperous in the state do die—  
Yet do ye my behests.”

\* \* \* \* \*



MODERN INCANTATIONS.

THEKÉ IS THE RUB.

“Why is a whist party in Calcutta like an old Mackintosh?”

“Give it up?”—

“Because it's Indian rubber.”

AN IMPORTANT ELEPHANT.

*Teacher:* How many elements are there?

*Little Boy:* Water, fire, earth, air and—

*Teacher:* There isn't any other element, is there?

*Little Boy:* Yes, there's another elephant in the circus down town.

AFTER JULES VERNE.

I was engaged in the great experiments at Paris which were rapidly clearing away the difficulties of aerial navigation. Already almost absolute control had been obtained of the gigantic machine, whose buoyancy far exceeded any that had been previously constructed.

A fortunate combination of events had made this possible. Chemical research had nearly at the same date solved two difficulties—one the manner in which that lightest of metals, aluminium, could be produced in large quantities as cheaply as iron; the other the production of a gas so light that it was difficult to express its relation as to weight with hydrogen.

To navigate our balloons, if they could now be so called, for they were more like gigantic torpedo boats, near the earth, a large amount of the propelling power had to be used in keeping them down: it was only with a full cargo that they remained near equilibrium.

One great evil and danger was incurred in the use of the new ethereal gas: it at once exploded with terrific violence when brought in contact with oxygen and its gaseous compounds. It was therefore impossible to lessen the buoyancy of these machines by ejecting the gas into the atmosphere. Fortunately, the ether had very little expansive power, and there was no danger of the bursting of the gigantic aluminium capsule at high altitudes.

On a memorable occasion, on the 4th of June, 1894, Dr. Alorado, the great inventor, M. Jardine, the Government official appointed to watch the experiment, and myself, ascended from the Champ de Mars about noon. We intended to run to Brest, in the teeth of a strong north-wester. There we were to take in a party of eminent scientific men, and return *via* Bordeaux. We expected to be in Paris again about 9 p.m. The moorings were loosened and the electric machinery started at the same moment. In spite the rapid action of the depressing fan, we ascended with great rapidity. At 2,000 feet altitude, the Doctor turned on another current, to prevent a greater ascent. Paris was already out of sight in the east. A loud, sharp crack gave evidence of some accident. We regarded each other in consternation.

The Doctor looked below, and pointed without speaking. The earth seemed flying away into space. Already we could again see Paris; and beyond, far beyond, are those the Alps rising up? As we look, we see even into Italy. Instantly we seize our receptacles of compressed air, which we always carry. Not a moment too soon—a second later M. Jardine's dog falls in convulsions, and expires on the floor of the car.

Our rapidity of ascent seems to increase. Looking to the north, the faint outline of the British Islands is distinctly visible. A great cloud of black smoke shows where the metropolis of the world sends up its voice of millions.

By the medium of a telephone we can communicate by speech. "The reversing fan has broken," said the Doctor. "Can nothing be done?" inquired M. Jardine. "Nothing," I said, gloomily; "if we attempt to let out the gas, we shall be blown into atoms in a moment. We must let fate do what it will with us; perhaps we may reach some planet, or the moon." "We are rising still more rapidly," remarked the Doctor. "The high velocity through the air has produced an electrical state in the balloon antagonistic to the earth, which is now repelling us into space."

We looked at the chronometer; it was only 12.50. In fifty minutes we had reached an altitude from which we could see the configuration of northern Europe laid out as in a map. Our speed augmented each moment. In one hour the earth hung a great brazen ball below us, with a crescent of darkness creeping up on the eastern edge. Rapidly the circumference of the planet seemed to diminish. We were shooting outward with a velocity equal to a shooting star, yet there was no sense of motion, no vibration; our only index was the rapid dwindling away of our mother earth. Probably at one time we attained a rate of upwards of 100,000 miles an hour.

Our position was so wonderful, so marvellous, so exciting, that we lost sight of the peril of our ultimate destiny. We had left the earth and were yet living; might we not continue to exist; might we not be the pioneers of the human race who would open the way to other worlds, greater, more beautiful, more excellent than the one we had left behind, which mankind had nearly filled with an overteeming population. Thoughts like these passed through our minds, and very few words were spoken.

Some hours had elapsed, when we were conscious of a curious sensation; we felt as if some power were impelling us to rise towards the balloon over our heads. It was like, but more gradual, to the sensation projecting you forward when the brakes are suddenly applied on the cars. We regarded each other inquiringly; when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the whole machine with one tremendous swirl turned over; we lost sight of the old earth, which was now over our heads, and saw below us —

(To be continued).

POPULAR PROVERBS PARAPHRASED.

Everything is not an idea which strikes you: sometimes it is a brick.

Old hens are good for eating—grain.

A drink in your hand is worth two in your neighbour's flask.

A large "bustle" proclaims a small reality.

Seek to get money: especially other people's.

Take care of the cents: the dollars will spend themselves.

As a man lives so will be his liver.

As a man dyes, so will be the colour of his hair.

Excess calls in the bailiffs.

When angry, count three before you strike: if very angry, don't bother, strike first.

Be temperate—when you are strapped.

Knowledge makes a man starve; ignorance makes him grow fat.

The man of many friends is generally a bad friend to himself.

He is a foolish man who has turns.

Night is not dark to the Thomas Cat.

A hungry man smells dinner a long way off.

One swallow doesn't constitute a meal.

Every man's house is a roosting place for his wife's relations.

Fools sometimes have much wisdom.

One child is the brightest ray in a parent's heart: two children make the saddest clouds in his bank book.

He who giveth to a beggar maketh the saloon-keeper rich.

If you desire to know, find out; do not ask.

All things have a cause, scandal excepted.

The hasty angler often hooks himself.

Short friends take long drinks.

When a woman smiles, mischief lurks in ambush.

Out of debt, out of groceries.

The girl with the most understanding wears the largest skirts.

Better to go round than stand still.

Ponder these maxims and—do as you think best.

GEO. H. CANDLER.

MICHIGAN lumbermen object to raw lumber being allowed to come in free. Of course all objection would disappear if the lumber were COOKED.



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Banged, "busted" and crimped,  
 Starched, feathered and gimped,  
 Fluted and gored,  
 Languid and "bored,"  
 Daintily hopping, tediously shopping—  
 Behold her, admire the *belle*.

Puffed, powdered and tinged,  
 "Cropped," frizzled or fringed,  
 Flowered and laced,  
 Lady-like faced,  
 Airily tripping, "ethereally slipping"—  
 Boom, boom for the *belle*.

Dyed, scented and decked,  
 Gold-spangled and specked,  
 Deformed at the waist,  
 Quite in good taste,  
 "Waves" on her head (false, be it said)—  
 Kneel, kneel to the *belle*.

Sweet, womanly fair,  
 Bright eyes and hair,  
 Gloriously bright,  
 Heavenly bright,  
 Sunshine all bringing, joyously singing—  
 "Hats off" to the *girl*.

GEO. H. CANDLER.



CARRYING OUT ORDERS.

"Well! I don't see any sense in hanging it, but I suppose it must be done."

IN Peru they often cut a dime in two to make change, says a correspondent. That is nothing; they will split a cent in other places.

WILFULNESS OF THE SEX.

In a city in Germany some years past, a man of mature years had recently wedded a young bride. He had occasion suddenly to leave home, and he feared, as mature husbands are apt to, that in his absence his youthful wife might carry on a flirtation with a young officer of their acquaintance.

He confided his anxiety to a very old friend. The friend bade him keep his mind at ease—he would undertake all responsibility. The day after the husband had left, the friend called on the lady. "My dear madam," he said, "you must be surprised to see me so early, but I have to tell you of a request of your husband, very peculiar, incomprehensible to me, but he made a point of my calling on you to give this message. It occurred to him at the last moment, a curious fancy, but he was haunted with a fear that you would, in his absence, smoke his large new meerschaum pipe, and he begged me particularly to request you not to do so."

"How very absurd!" said the lady. "I never smoked in my life—not even a cigarette. What could have put such an idea in his head?"

The friend had no sooner taken his leave than the lady sank into a profound reverie. "What can it be? So unlike Rudolph: there must be something in it. I declare I have a good mind to try, it is so ridiculous of him. I will try. There can be no harm in it." No sooner said than done. She took the meerschaum from the cupboard and, putting in some tobacco, essayed to smoke. She did not do very well, but she got a mild kind of a light, and the aroma of the weed filled the room.

A ring at the door. Looking out, she saw the very young officer whom her husband had wished to guard against. "How provoking! I can't see him. What would he think if he found the room full of tobacco smoke?" So the young man was sent away disconsolate.

The next day she refrained till late in the afternoon, trusting the young man would call, and when it was too late to hope for his arrival, she thought again of the pipe. "I declare I will try (*him*) again" (pipe in German is masculine gender, and is spoken of as *him*). Again she lighted the pipe, and this time succeeded in getting it to draw finely. The smoke floated in wreaths through the apartment. A ring at the door! "Heavens, 'tis Rudolph!" She dashes to the cupboard, puts in the pipe, and shuts the door. The husband enters; he detects the smoke; he grows scarlet with rage. "Where is he? You infamous woman, where is he?"

"Oh! Rudolph, I did not mean any harm; I only touched my lips to him."

"Your lips? Where is he?"

"He! in—in—a—the—cupboard!"

The sword flies from the sheath; he rushes to the cupboard, flings open the door; the pipe falls at his feet. "Where is he?" he exclaims, glaring.

"My, there he is, dear; I have not hurt him a bit, I'm sure," pointing to the pipe.

The old friend dropped in to supper, and they had rather a pleasant evening, but the lady never could quite understand the matter.

*Brother George*: "Girls, did you hear what a sad thing happened to Fred Jones yesterday?"

*Girls* (in alarm): "No! What is it?"

*Brother G.*: "The poor fellow had to have his arm taken off."

*Girls*: "Oh! how terrible! how did it happen?"

*Brother G.*: "Well, it happened on the tennis ground. He was sitting by Mrs. Smith; they were then alone, when suddenly he put his arm around her."

*Girls*: "Well, go on. What then? What happened?"

*Brother G.*: "Well, it was then it had to be taken off."—*Stratford Times*.

## — THE ARROW —

### THE MODERN EDIFICE WHICH THE HON. JACK ERECTED.

This is the mansion that quaintly looks  
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks,  
While the red painted roof in contrast is seen  
With the walls of decidedly bilious green,  
And shady verandahs, all darkly complected,  
Which surround the new villa which Jack erected.

This is the massive and finely carved door ;  
And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,  
Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks  
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the brilliant electric light,  
Which plainly reveals to our curious sight  
The carvings upon the massive door,  
And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,  
Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks  
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the furniture, quaint and rare,  
With a monogram carved on each stately chair,  
Which is seen in the brilliant electric light,  
Which also reveals to our curious sight  
The carvings upon the massive door,  
And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,  
Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks  
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the fireplace, famous for miles,  
For its exquisite frame of painted tiles,  
Which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare,  
With a monogram carved on each stately chair, etc.

These are the polished brazen "dogs,"  
Which support the crackling beechwood logs,  
Enclosed by the fireplace, famous for miles,  
For its exquisite frame of painted tiles,  
Which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare,  
With a monogram carved on each stately chair,  
Which is seen in the brilliant electric light,  
Which also reveals to our curious sight  
The carvings upon the massive door,  
And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,  
Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks  
Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks,  
While the red painted roof in contrast is seen  
With the walls of decidedly bilious green,  
And the shady verandahs, all darkly complected,  
Which surround the new villa which Jack erected.

This is the charming, youthful bride,  
Who over this beautiful home will preside,  
Who will gaily lead a luxurious life,  
As the rich old widower's second wife,  
Very unlike the maiden forlorn,  
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
And worked on the farm from morn till night,  
While she sewed for the priest by candle light,  
In the first little house that Jack built.

### MISUNDERSTANDING.

A young Duke was coming to stay at the house of newly rich people for a night during an election. The good lady, in a pleasurable flutter, marshalled her household, and instructed all her domestics as to their deportment. "Mind," she said impressively, "if the Duke speaks to you, you are to say 'your grace,' when you reply."

The Duke arrived, and was shown to his room by a very pretty housemaid. He was young; it was an election time; he was in a happy humour. "My child," he said, "you are a very pretty girl; almost pretty enough for me to kiss."

The girl was confused, and blushed; then, joining her hands before her in a proper devotional attitude, recited with exemplary gravity: "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful."

### 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 eustachian tubes. 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. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.

**D. DORENWEND'S "HAIR MAGIC" IS A POWERFUL REMEDY** for Baldness, Thin Hair, Gray Hair, Dandruff, etc. The only sure cure in the world. For sale everywhere. Ask your druggist for **HAIR MAGIC**. Take no other. **A. DORENWEND, Sole Manufacturer, 105 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.**

### KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Dineen he sat within his toney store,  
While others on the street were rather dull,  
Yet he seemed doing even more and more  
(At least that corner place was rather full),  
When suddenly outside there was a roar,  
And then a clash of cymbals and a drum :  
"What's that?" he asked ; a man put in his head :  
"It is the Knights of Pythias," he said.

Far down the street they came with measured tramp  
In serried ranks, their banners floating gay,  
And as it rained each one had spread his gamp,  
A warlike, grand, magnificent array ;  
For each one bore of high emprise the stamp,  
That is insignia not of yesterday.  
Their leader halted right before the door :  
"This is the place, I think, great Dineen's store.

"Great princes, knights and powers, you here see  
Before your eyes the end for which we came.  
We would be perfect ; and none so can be  
Unless his tile from Dineen's lately came.  
Now, let us crown ourselves victoriously,  
So, Pythian Knights, your souls may proudly flame  
When, to your homes returned, it's quickly seen  
You've bought your hats from that great man Dineen.

"How shall your hearts expand when those bright eyes,  
Those rosy lips, shall greet you with sweet smiles?  
Vain are those other fellows' groans and sighs  
When they do see those most ecstatic tiles.  
Some boast their shirts and e'en perchance their ties,  
Yet he who but has these his fate reviles.  
For he is nought indeed who's never been  
To corner King and Yonge to see Dineen.

"An ancient hard once read above a door :  
'All hope abandon ye who enter here,'  
But you may know that each one looks a boor  
Who does not quickly through *this* portal steer.  
There are hats for 'King,' for Church, tennis, the moor,  
Plugs, rounds, square, Christie, Lincoln, also Bennett—  
(Another we forget, so cannot pen it).

"So take your choice according to your needs  
Ye Pythian Knights, the world should dominate.  
This is no question of divided creeds,  
For Dineen's hats are as decrees of fate.  
Before them vanish e'en a widow's weeds,  
Turned to a bridal veil by other mate ;  
In fact, it's said by a dual attraction  
They've sometimes caused a breach of promise action."

Then through the portals of great fashion's fanc,  
Each knight in order ranged and donned a tile,  
And each one as he left, they say, was fain  
To catch his image, with complacent smile,  
In the great mirror, where you ascertain  
If the fit's good ; you can't go wrong in style,  
Because your hat, wherever it is seen,  
At once declares itself bought from Dineen.

Thus marching through the streets, the people shout,  
Behold the knights who pilgrimage have made  
Unto Toronto, where, without a doubt,  
They've found where "hats are hats," a spade's a spade.  
The man is now a dude who was a lout,  
For to Dineen he's *less than value paid*.  
And now the knights, content, do seek the cars,  
At home to mash their sweethearts, wives, mammas.

**Hands, Echlin & Garvin**  
BARRISTERS

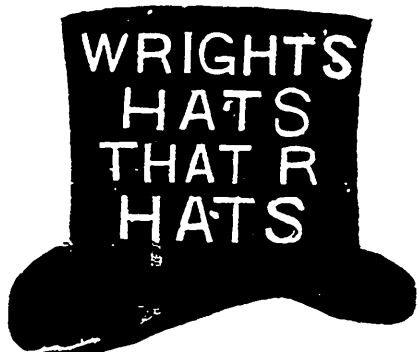
Solicitors, Notaries Public  
CONVEYANCERS, ETC.

Offices: 16 King St. East, Toronto  
Money to Loan at Lowest Rates.

J. BALDWIN HANDS. R. P. ECHLIN. FRED. W. GARVIN.

**Ontario Society of Artists**

NOW OPEN **Annual Exhibition**  
AT  
10 O'CLOCK A.M. **ADMISSION 25 CENTS.**



LATEST SPRING STYLES

CHRISTY'S AND LINCOLN & BENNETTS'

SILK AND FELT HATS

**WRIGHT & CO.**

55 KING STREET EAST

**Intercolonial Railway of Canada**

The Royal Mail Passenger and Freight  
Route between

**CANADA AND GREAT BRITAIN**

and direct route between the west and all points on the  
Lower St. Lawrence and Baie de Chaleur. Also New  
Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Cape  
Breton, Newfoundland, Bermuda and Jamaica.

New and elegant Pullman buffet sleeping and day  
cars run on through express trains.

Passengers for Great Britain or the Continent,  
by leaving Toronto at 8:30 a.m. Thursday,  
will join outward Mail Steamer at  
Halifax a.m. Saturday.

Superior elevator, warehouse and dock accommoda-  
tion at Halifax for shipments of grain and general  
merchandise.

Years of experience have proved the Intercolonial, in  
connection with steamship lines to and from London,  
Liverpool and Glasgow, to Halifax, TO BE THE  
SWIFTEST freight route between Canada and Great  
Britain.

Information as to passenger and freight rates can be  
had on application to ROBERT B. MORRIS, West-  
ern Freight and Passenger Agent, 11 Rialto House  
Block, York Street, Toronto.

D. NOTTINGER,  
Railway Office, Chief Superintendent,  
Montreal, N.B., November 11, 1912.

**REID'S**  
AT THE **Haymarket**

FOR FINE LIQUORS

Importer of Irish and Scotch Whiskeys

BASS'S ALE AND GUINNESS'S STOUT ON DRAUGHT

TELEPHONE 495

**JEWELL'S**

JORDAN STREET, TORONTO

Restaurant conducted on European system.

Every variety of Fish and Game  
in season.

CHOICEST BRANDS OF WINES.

Also an excellent Lunch Counter from  
12 o'clock noon until 3 p.m.

Grand Opera House

**Refreshment Rooms**

Best of Imported Wines, Liquors and Cigars

D. SMALL, Prop'r.

**JACOB HERR,**

**Piano Manufacturer**

(LATE OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.)

90, 92 and 94 Duke Street,  
TORONTO

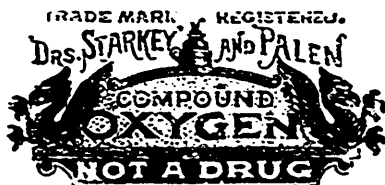
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

**TAYLOR & CO.**

DESIRABLE SUIT OF CLOTHES

At a price below competition.

69, YONGE STREET, opp. Dominion Bank.



529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**CANADA DEPOSITORY:**

**E. W. D. KING, - 58 Church St., TORONTO**

A New Treatment for Consumption, Asthma,  
Rheumatism, Neuritis, Catarrh, Headache, Delirium,  
Rheumatism, Nephritis, and all Chronic and Nervous  
Disorders.

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application  
to E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., Toronto, Ont.



**RUPTURE!**



Cures every child sure, and  
that of every adult; we  
accept as irrefragable testimony of our  
patients' health. *Patented in  
England.* Send stamps for literature  
and questions for a free trial.  
We will answer every question.  
Address,

EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., 23 ADELAIDE ST. E., TORONTO.

**"THE ARROW"**

The Leading Cartoon Paper of Canada

5 CENTS PER COPY  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM

Published Every Saturday

BY—

**CRAWFORD & COMPANY**

14 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE TORONTO  
NEWS CO.

**JOHN YOUNG**  
THE LEADING  
**UNDERTAKER**

347 YONGE STREET  
Telephone 679

- A Special Silver Medal Awarded at Toronto, 1885 -



**Inodorous Portable Bedroom Commode**

A—Urine Separator. B—Urine Receptacle. C—Excrement Tank.

Over 16,000 in Use. Awarded 16 First-Prize Medals.

## HEAP'S PATENT EARTH or ASHES CLOSETS

*Pat'd Nov. 24, May '85 Oct. '85. Also in U.S.A.*

**WHAT IS AN EARTH CLOSET?** An Earth Closet is a mechanical contrivance to conveniently cover excrement with earth or ashes. This covering at once suppresses all odour, and gradually absorbs and neutralizes the matter itself. The soil needs to be emptied about once a week, or when full, and the reservoir to be filled when empty—once in two or four weeks perhaps. Nothing could more perfectly answer the purpose. It gives out no odour; is not ill-looking; its usefulness is not limited.

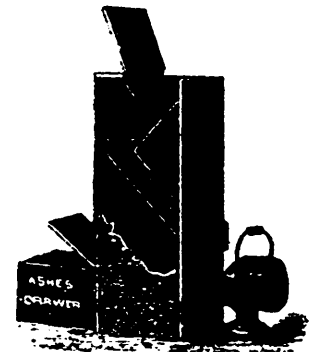
The Earth Closet is regarded as indispensable wherever there are not stationary conveniences in the house; and in respect to smell, "modern improvements" are rarely as satisfactory. It can be placed in a bath room or any convenient place in-doors, or in a shed.

# READ!

"Twenty-five of these Commodes were supplied to the Mount Royal Hospital, Montreal, and the Medical men and lady nurses in charge expressed themselves well pleased and satisfied with them."

Professor Goldwin Smith says: "I have pleasure in testifying that the Earth Closets (1) supplied by your Company to houses occupied by members of my household, are found to work extremely well, and to be very conducive to health and comfort."

"Very Rev. Dean Inouer (London) is pleased to testify to the value and usefulness of the Bedside Commode, supplied to him by Mr. Heap. It has fulfilled all the promises made for it in the printed circular, and he strongly recommends it for the use of invalids." [We may add, it is a No. 9 Pull-up Commode and stands by the Dean's bedside, he being a confirmed invalid.]



**AUTOMATIC**

**"DUSTLESS"**

## Cinder Sifter

**EXCELS ALL OTHERS**

## Heap's Patent Dry Earth or Ashes Closet Co. (Limited)

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST AND TESTIMONIALS

**Office and Showroom:**

77 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO

President—Wm. Heap, Managing Director.

Vice-President—J. R. TAYLOR, Sec.-Treas.

TELEPHONE 65. Mention "Arrow." To Manufacturers—Patent Rights on Sale. U.S.A. Factory, Muskegon, Mich. English Factory, Manchester.

**JAMES PAPE, FLORAL ARTIST,**  
973 Yonge Street,  
Head-quarters for choice Flowers of all kinds. Wedding Bouquets and Funeral Designs arranged on short notice. Orders by Mail or Wire promptly filled.  
TELEPHONE 1461.

**\$500.00  
REWARD!**

**WE will pay the above Reward for any case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Indigestion or Constipation we cannot cure with WEST'S LIVER PILLS, when the Directions are strictly complied with. Large Boxes, containing 30 PILLS, 25 CENTS; 5 Boxes \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.**

### THE EAGLE STEAM WASHER



Is the best Washing Machine on earth

**FERRIS & CO.,**  
87 Church St., Toronto

Good Agents wanted in every county

ESTABLISHED 1856

## = P. BURNS =

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

# COAL AND WOOD

OFFICES

Cor. Front and Bathurst Streets  
Yonge Street Wharf  
51 King Street East  
534 Queen Street West  
380 Yonge Street

## Toronto

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ALL OFFICES

### Duck's Hotel

AT THE HUMBER.

Every accommodation for guests. Summer Pavilion and Dancing Hall. An attractive Lawn and Summer House, Shooting Gallery and other amusements.

J. DUCK, PROPRIETOR.

### THE QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL,

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

This hotel is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and is located on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Niagara river. The rooms are mostly en suite, and well adapted for families. Lawn tennis and croquet lawns in the grounds of hotel. Good fishing, bathing and boating. As a family hotel, the Queen's Royal can be safely recommended as a desirable residence for the summer months. As excursions of all kinds are not allowed on the grounds, families can rely on finding the Queen's Royal a refuge home, and with the patronage of the best people. During the past season a square piazza has been erected on the east, west and north fronts of the hotel. For terms and diagrams apply to M. GAWA WINNIFT, the Queen's Royal.