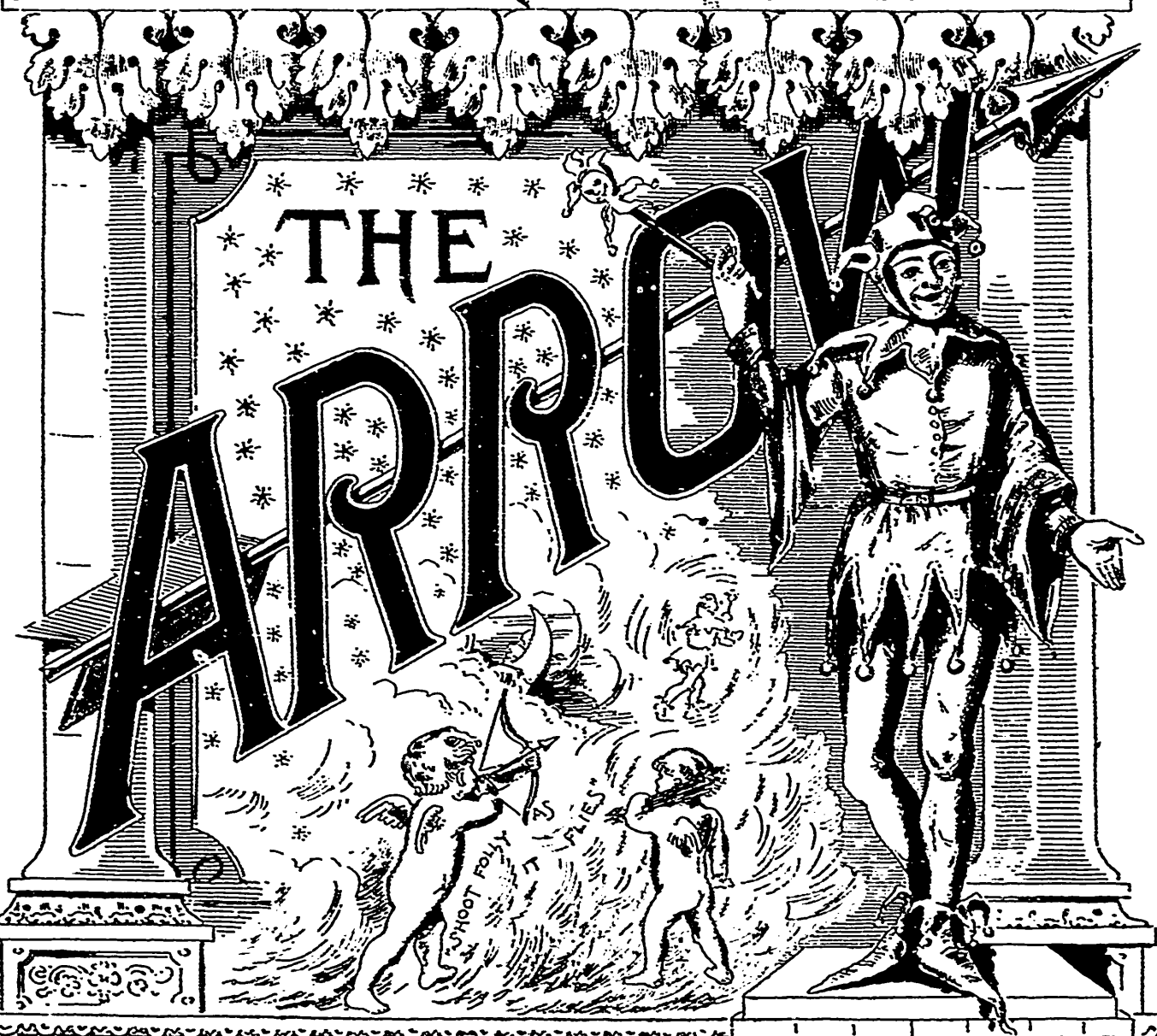


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MARCH 25, 1886



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## \*THE\* ARROW\*

VOL. I. TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1886. No. 1.

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.

This first number of "The Arrow" may be taken as a specimen copy. The regular issue will commence April 8th.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

To-day THE ARROW, tipped with good-will and winged with good intentions, is loosed from the bow of enterprise, and flies straight at the target of public favour. Behind its barbs, which will be found short and sharp, lurks no venom to harm those it may graze in its flight, for its mission is to tickle rather than to torment, to teach rather than to tantalize. The quiver is filled with them, and once a week one will be fitted to the string of fancy and sent forth to hit whom it may. Although it will always aim to bring down the follies, foibles and funnyisms from their favourite roosts, where necessary, the shaft, whetted to a keen edge, will cut deeply. The chief archer has calculated all the distances, has a nice appreciation of elevation, and is thoroughly informed as to the direction of the wind; so he releases his first Arrow, confident that it will never become a groundling, but fly straight to the mark at which it is directed.

## LEADING CARTOON.

Words are altogether unnecessary to further describe the impressive scene which our artist pictures as taking place in the well filled cemetery of the Dominion Opposition. Over the grave of his Last Hope stands the leader of the great Reform Party.

"Such grief is sacred—  
 Drop the curtain."

Whenever the North-West correspondent wishes to turn an honest penny, he works the combination, and the terror of the plains springs from his lair and terrifies the public. It is strongly suspected that the correspondent is a retainer of the ranch owners, and that he uses his imagination to discourage honest settlers from crowding the cattlemen.

The leader of the Opposition finds the old pump difficult to work, its internal mechanism having somehow become disordered. It rattles and squeaks, but the spring has been pumped dry, and instead of water to nourish the thirsty, it gives forth only an empty sound.

## SHE AT TOILET.

*He.*—At last, dearest, I have discovered the true key to your feelings.

*She* (indifferent).—Ah! Indeed! What?

*He.*—Hairpins.

*She.*—Hairpins!! What *do* you mean?

*He.*—Give it up (making for the door)? They fasten your locks.

And he "put."

AS EVINCING the adoption of monarchical customs in this country, we would point to the fact of there being, during the present session at Ottawa, several hundred "Gentlemen in Waiting" there.

They are principally Reformers, we believe.

HON. WILFRED LAURIER warmly affirms that had he been on the banks of the Saskatchewan last summer he would have carried a gun against our troops. Now, Wilfy, you really musket less excited, for had you Metis then you might possibly have been hurt, and then we should probably have missed that eloquent speech of yours.

THE hon. member for W. Huron, though a little Cameron the subject, still considered it his duty to put a heavy charge "agin the Government." Next!

## SCENE—THE MAYOR'S PARLOUR.

*The Mayor alone.*

*Mayor.*—I am the Mayor of York, a muddy sink,  
 And muddy water I will make all drink;  
 Yet in my cupboard here I'll find, I think,  
 Some koumiss strong enough to make one wink.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messenger.*—Sir! Sir! The cars have struck! I mean the men  
 Have struck! The cars—

*Mayor.*— Give me a PEN.

*(Writes)*

"You cars! You Smith! Your iron rail in town  
 I'll with an iron rule suppress, knock down.  
 "Outrage on men! Outrage, I say, outright.  
 "The men you've sacked reinstate them this night;  
 "Or, with the city's power, your charter I  
 "Will abrogate, in fact, entirely.  
 "In failing thus to run your blooming cars,  
 "You make me feel quite warlike. Oh, great Mars!!"

*(Speaks)*

Ah! those meek lambs, the mild-faced workingmen.  
 So cruelly dismissed, defend, oh, PEN!

*Enter City Solicitor.*

*Solicitor.*—What have you written, sir? Come, let me see.  
 Great Scott! This cannot! dare not! must not be!  
 You've got no case.

*Mayor.*— No case? We've every right.

*Solicitor.*—I do believe your Worship, but to-night  
 You've writ a letter which will not hold water,  
 Which is a thing to do you had not oughter.

*Mayor.*—You thin' it'll leak, and so make a muss.  
 Destroy this copy. Where's that message cuss?

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Oh, here you are; and, pray, where is my letter?

*Messenger.*—Oh, please, sir, Mr. Smith says, "Praps you'd better  
 "Just run a car yourself, and then you'll know  
 "How the town mob its favours do bestow.  
 "And if the mob, which for the city acts,  
 "Does stop the road, why surely our compacts  
 "Are broken by the town, and we can sue,  
 "Recover damages for losses due."

*The Mayor wails, and the Solicitor and Messenger revive him with koumiss from the cupboard.*

MR. BLAKE said at London that he never would consent to construct a political platform out of the material of the Regina scaffold. He is of the same opinion still; but if "the boys in No. 6" can manage to work said material up into a scaling ladder, why, there can no be objection to that.

THE legal fraternity will breathe more freely now. The Local Legislature has adjourned, and for a whole year, or nine months at any rate, they can lie down in their beds—that's the only place they ever do lie, except perhaps at the Hall or in the Court, or, or—well, where the duties and exigencies of the profession make it necessary. But to return, and go straight to the mark as an arrow should. The lawyers will, for nine months to come, feel secure that the law, as they explained it to their clients to-night, will be the same law which will decide the case to-morrow.

THE ARROW is glad we are going to have the new Parliament buildings at last, and would only like to be able to give unstinted praise to the Local Government for taking the matter in hand; but the employment of a Yankee architect is a big fly in THE ARROW'S ointment. If in fair competition a Yankee architect carried off the prize, THE ARROW would not begrudge him his success; but to call in a man to pronounce on the plans of others, and then reward him for rejecting them by employing him to get up other plans, doesn't look square.

DR. ORTON has spoken on the Riel question, but unfortunately the report of his speech which newspapers give us is very much condensed, and we are not in possession of the arguments which he used at Batoche to prevent Middleton from making a masterly retreat.

THE Ottawa Citizen thinks Mr. Blake is willing to "use the Regina scaffold as a stepping stone to office." The Citizen's grasp of the situation is pretty good, much better than its ability to employ metaphor.

THE Hamilton Spectator thinks that when some of the Rielite members come back to their constituents, they will find that even the plea of insanity won't save them. They would be mad, now, if the Spec. should turn out to be a true prophet.

"So HOWLAND'S unseated," said an unoffending citizen to a member of the Caledonian Society. "Ay, mon, he's nae mair." Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend without further notice.

THE Local Legislature has affirmed the principle that pool, billiards and bagatelle are all more or less destructive to juvenile morals. Just why it should be immoral to knock balls about on a green table with a cue, and quite moral to knock them about on green grass with a mallet, is something which perhaps no fellow will ever understand.

THE man who is jealous and envious of his neighbour's success has foes in his own heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

SCENE.—King Street, in front of a well known clothing establishment. Young lady, enraptured, gazing at a manly form clothed in faultless suit of the firm's best "ready made."

"Oh! beautiful being, shed  
The love light on my head  
From out those eyes.  
Let me as at a shrine,  
Bask in this light benign,  
Ere reason flies  
From this poor frame,  
So weak, so tame,  
Yet so immense in sighs.

"Thou art fine fashion's glass,  
Reflecting as we pass  
The true in dress.  
The beautiful and true,  
From toque to buckled shoe,  
Without excess.  
Thee I adore,  
And would implore  
From thee one fond caress.

"I see thee every day,  
Stand pensive in my way,  
Thou man of guile.  
You're perfect in your pose,  
But round your well-cut nose,  
Lurks ne'er a smile  
To cheer a heart  
That feels the smart,  
And burns with love the while."

Here a gust of wind causes the manly form to topple over and fall forward in her arms.

"But, sir, don't make so free,  
Or else I straight shall flee,  
And call a cop.  
But stay, what's this I hold?  
A man of wood,—and cold!  
Catch me ere I drop,  
Joy's gone from life!  
Lend me a knife!  
Let me this anguish stop."

Just here policeman 4, 11, 44 appears and performs his great wood-splitting feat.

#### THE BOLTERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

The voters that bloom in the spring, tra la,  
Do not seem enticing to Blake;  
For "race and revenge" are played out, tra la,  
And the bolters have shifted about, tra la,  
Though they'll vote their "regrets," they will break;  
And that is the reason I say or I sing  
The bolter's a buster who blooms in the spring—  
Tra la la la! Tra la la la la!  
The bolter who blooms in the spring.

When Laurier carries his gun, tra la,  
And Edgar is hunting up gas,  
Sir John's getting solid all round, tra la,  
And most of his party is scound, tra la,  
For that hanging has tickled the mass;  
And that is the reason I say or I sing  
Blake's "out" on the bolters who bloom in the spring—  
Singing tra la la la! sing tra la la la!  
The bolters who bloom in the spring.

J. A. F.

"PA, what is a limited monarchy?"  
"A limited monarchy, my son? Well, England is a limited monarchy."  
"Oh, I see. Well, what is an unlimited monarchy?"  
"An unlimited monarchy, my son, is that exercised by a three days old baby. Every father knows what an unlimited monarchy is."

It's the little things that tell—especially the little brothers and sisters.



ALONE WITH HIS GRIEF

Music and Drama.



GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"A BARBER'S SCRAPE." Mr. W. H. Fuller, author of "H. M. S. Parliament," has engaged the attention of Toronto theatre goers this week with his bright and clever comedy, "A Barber's Scrape." It is thoroughly amusing; so much so, that from rise to drop of curtain the laughter is continuous and hearty. The situations are most amusing, the songs good, and the hits, particularly those of a political character in Mr. Richard Golden's topical song of "I'll give you a pointer on that," are quite clever.

"A Barber's Scrape" should have bumper houses for the balance of the week.

MONDAY POPS.

PAVILION MUSIC HALL—LEHMANN-MUSIN CONCERT. The number of applications for extra seats for the concert next Monday has been so great that its success is beyond doubt. The plan opened at Nordheimer's on Wednesday.

It is extremely improbable that this Concert Company will appear again here this season. It is many years since so illustrious a trio of artists have appeared together in this city, and no one should miss an opportunity of hearing them.

A PEDDLER WITH A HEART.

A peddler of tinware in one of the mountain counties of this State called at a farm-house the other day, where the woman wanted to sell to him a bearskin.

"Taint worth no great shakes," said the peddler, after looking it over. "The b'ar was killed two months too early."

"How much?" asked the woman.

"About seventy-five-cents."

"See here, stranger," she continued, as she gave the skin a rub; "when I tell you that this 'ere b'ar clawed my husband to death less'n two months ago, and that I'm still a grievin' widder woman, can't you make the price a dollar?"

Being a man of sentiment and tinware combined, he said he could.—*Wall Street News.*

WHAT is taken from you before you possess it? Your photograph.

THE HOUSE OF RATS.

About the time that rats began to take up the customs and civilization of men—and that was long, long ago—a colony of the little animals took up their abode near a large lake.

They chose a muddy bay, sheltered from the great waves by a low island, and they improved their location until they had a really fine city. Of course rats can't do without drains—in fact, they are always found together—so the city was honey-combed with sewers of the most approved fashion. Yet there arose occasional disputes even about this popular subject, for a great palaver arose because some rats were said not to have properly builded one of these drains, that they had used soft brick, so more easily to find their way in. Every other rat was angry, because it was thought that every rat should have a fair chance and share equally. These rats were very fond of talking, and had many talking houses in very many different places, where they were supposed to settle and arrange all the necessary rules and arrangements for the comfort, well-being and prosperity of themselves.

They had a very great talking house in this city of theirs, in which many things had been said and many things done—so many that its ancient walls and chambers were redolent of rats of all kinds of scent. There was the strong, rich-smelling old conservative rat, and the rather fetid and disagreeable radical rat—these of long ago; more modern were the rats who tried to palm off their national odours as purchases from Messrs. Rimmel, and call their various smells eau de Cologne, eau de vie, or whiskey. Then there were the cold water rats, and these were worst of all; for, whether out of pure cussedness, or because there was not strength in the element to keep it from corruption, the emanations from these rats was so overpowering, that all the others had to cut their whiskers to lessen the sense of olfactory discomfort. At last the foul accumulations of scents, of smells of all old timber berths, of road bosses, of rotting old logs that had been left half rolled, became too much to endure, and an old grey rat gasped out a proposal that a new talking house should be built.

And it was decided *nem con.* that a grand new house should be built.

Now, on the other side of the large lake were a great nation of rats who were different from our rats, as their distinguishing marks were bright starry eyes and stripes on their tails.

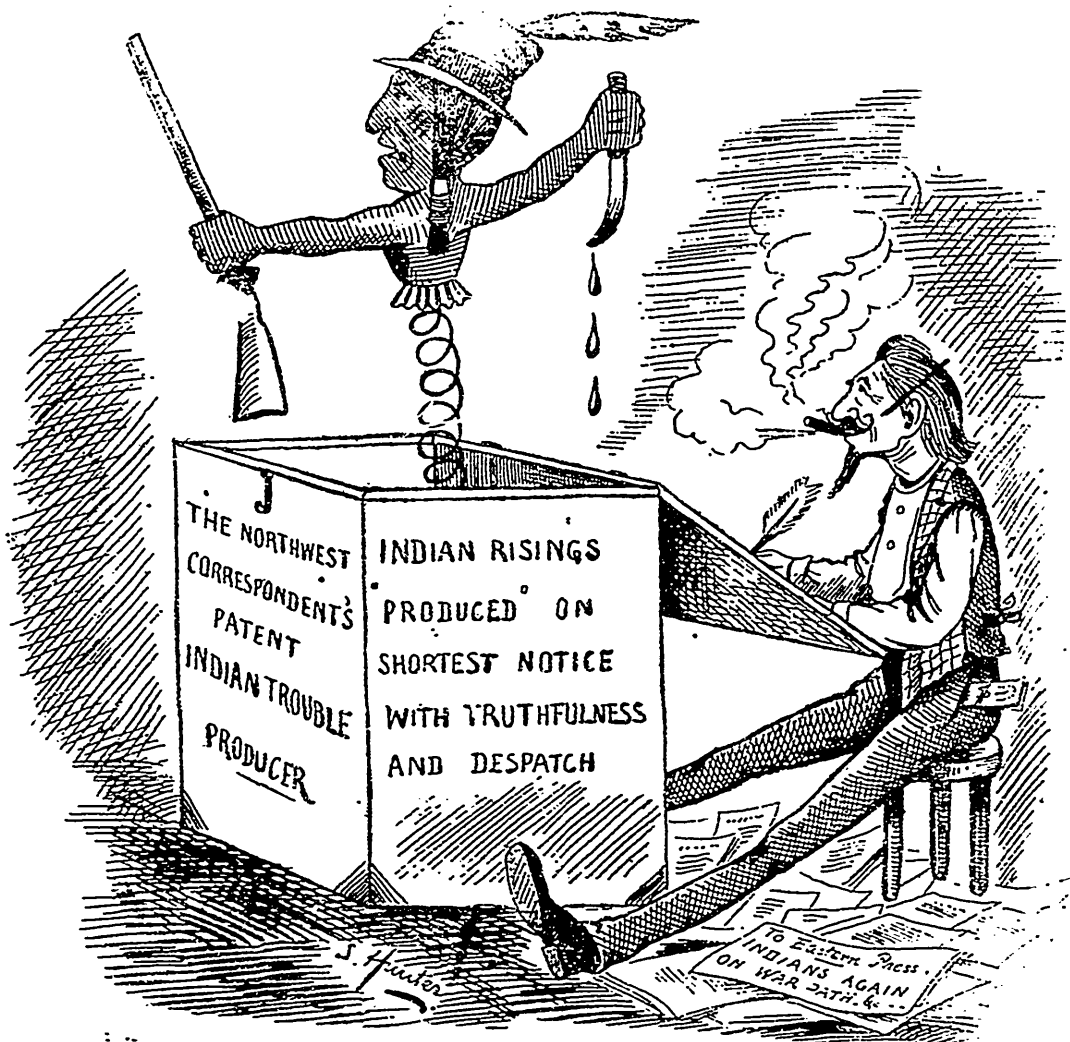
They were a very sharp and prosperous kind of rat. The principal talking rats of our city were very fond of these strong, striped rats, and wished very much that their own eyes were stars, and bright, and their tails were striped.

"If," they said, "we could only become a part of their nation, perhaps our eyes would be bright and our tails striped." So they tried all possible means to get their fellow rats to have their eyes polished and their tails striped, but only a few cared about it.

So, when they were to put up a new talking house, a sly old grey rat said: "Let us put up a building like the striped-tailed rats have, and get their smell well into it, and if our rats come into these rooms they will soon come to like the smell, and do as the Yankee rats do."

So they sent for an architect from the other side to build the new House of Legislature.

THE fishery question—"Got a bite?"



AN INDIAN RISING

Or the North-West correspondent's latest method of providing news.

THE ACE TOOK THE TRICK.

We were married—she and I—  
In the spring;  
Said she, as we settled down  
In our cottage in the town,  
“Love, we now begin life’s reign,  
And of this, our small domain,  
You are king.”

And a happier man than I  
Ne’er was seen;  
And the future seemed to be  
Ever full of bliss to me,  
As I told my fairy wife,  
“Of my fortune and my life  
You are queen.”

Then her mother in our home  
Took her place;  
Then this life became to me  
Full of woe and misery.  
From the day she came to us,  
Though I dare not raise a fuss,  
She was ace.

“Say, Mr. Gogglescope, what do you come to our house so often for?” Gogglescope (patronizingly)—  
“Now, Tommy, you must ask your sister Clara that; when she comes into the parlour, just ask her.” “Well, I did, and she said she’d be blest if she knew.”

WHEN you see a young man sitting in a parlour, with the ugliest six-year-old boy that ever frightened himself in the mirror clambering over his knees, jerking his white neck-tie out of knot, mussing his white vest, kicking his shins, feeling in all his pockets for nickels, bombarding him from time to time with various bits of light furniture, calling him names at the top of his fiendish lungs, and yelling incessantly for him to come out in the yard and play, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a comic almanac, you may safely bet, although there isn’t the sign of a girl apparent in a radius of 10,000 miles, you can bet your bottom dollar that howling boy has a sister who is primping in a room not twenty feet away, and that the young man doesn’t come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

## — THE ARROW —

### PARKDALE.

THE Parkdalian is in some doubt as to whether annexation to the city or amalgamation with the United States would tend most to their advantage. THE ARROW would humbly suggest that a radical change be made in their administration, and that after consolidating their debt they solicit the services of some Christian politician to assist them in procuring an Act allowing the spreading of their indebtedness over at least one hundred years. This course might bring temporary relief. The city of Toronto having hemmed this budding municipality in on all sides, it behoves the rate-payers thereof to bestir themselves, or their debt will soon bear as heavily upon them as the course of certain newspapers in the Riel question does upon the Honourable the Leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House.

### QUO.

Said Howland, in the early days,  
"My seat is safe, I will not go,  
Though Felitz does his little best,  
In spite of that *quo warranto*."

But now the ices of March have come,  
And Mr. Howland has to show  
His business basis, ere he sits  
In spite of that *quo warranto*.

And Master Dalton tries the case,  
And says to Howland, "Out you go;  
You are not Mayor of the town.  
As shown by this *quo warranto*."

J. A. F.

"I MUST congratulate you on your marriage, Mr. Pugsby. Your wife is a charming woman."

"She is, indeed; loving, amiable and accomplished, and so easy pleased."

"Oh, I knew that when I heard she was about to marry you."

"Now, you young scamp," said Binks, Sr., as he led his youngest out into the wood-shed and prepared to give him a dressing down, "I'll teach you what is what."

"No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll teach me which is switch."

And then the old man's hand fell powerless to his side.

That purp doth bark  
So after dark,  
That balmy sleep won't come to me;  
And every night  
Till morning bright  
I'm in *purp*-etual miser-ee!

—Washington Hatchet.

So pun and fun  
Together run,  
With many turns and combinations,  
And people swear  
And tear their hair,  
To read such dog-gone *purp*-etrations.

THE Rev. Sam Jones advises us to "kick this old world as we would a rubber ball." No, guess not, Sam. We've seen the trick before, only it was done by placing a common strawberry blonde brick beneath an antiquated tile on the sidewalk. It is a pretty good trick, 'Samue', but it will only take outside the city limits.

BAD city for the wicked—Cinn.  
Good city for a wine-bibber—Port-land.  
Good city for the empty—Phil.  
Good city for an Indian—Lo-well.  
Bad city for a man with false teeth—Gnashville.  
Good city for a laundry—Washington.  
Good city for the wealthy—Rich-mond.  
Good town for a sea captain—Salem.  
Good haven for the illiterate—New Haven.  
Bad city for a musician—Sing Sing.  
Good town for impudent dudes—Young-kers.  
Great place for American defaulters—Toronto. See?

SCIENCE is a great thing. Fancy a machine with the requisite intelligence to break up a grain of corn and separate the gluten from the starch. Yet that is just what they have got machinery doing at the resurrected Toronto Syrup Works. The gluten contains all of the corn that is valuable for cattle food, and out of the starch they make pure, wholesome syrup. It is a great age we live in. Ancient Rome and Greece were pretty well advanced, all things considered, but neither Julius Cæsar nor Alexander ever dreamed of pouring over their "buckwheats" genuine maple syrup made in a few hours out of American corn. Solomon and Solon were pretty well up in the ologies of their day, but they died without knowing any other use for corn than to manufacture mush of it. Even the fathers of the present generation had only advanced towards civilization as far as the distillation of forty-rod.

JUDGE McDougall and a jury have tried the city, and found it guilty of keeping a public nuisance. The public nuisance is the Police Court, not the institution itself particularly, but the building. Fortunately the judge suspended sentence, or we would by this time be all languishing in a felon's cell. But if the nuisance is not abated, we'll catch it at the next session of the Court. It's a good job his Honour refrained for the present, for, of course, as the whole city can't be locked up at once, it will be necessary to lock up the Mayor, as the city's representative; but we have no Mayor; Mr. Howland is not qualified to suffer in our stead. Perhaps Alderman Baxter would do. But here comes in a difficulty. The city is a nuisance; Alderman Baxter as senior alderman, in the absence of a Mayor represents the city; therefore Alderman Baxter is a nuisance. So far the case seems clear enough; but if Ald. Baxter is a nuisance, Judge McDougall cannot commit him, for the law forbids any one to commit a—but, pshaw! law is not THE ARROW's forte.

THE Esplanade is one of our burning questions. Columns upon columns of wisdom have been offered, through the city press, by way of solving it. It remains unsolved, probably because most of the said columns have remained unread by all but their writers and the unfortunate proof-readers. The public will not refuse to read THE ARROW's method of solving the difficulty, for THE ARROW is not going to propose one. Thus we cleverly escape the comments of hostile critics. But still! THE ARROW will venture this much. There are several railways running into the city; every one of them is a public convenience, and the public interests require that they shall all have access to the Esplanade. Consequently, the public interest demands that the matter shall be so arranged that all the railways shall have a fair and equal chance.





THE USELESS PUMP

CALLING FOR GORE.

Two bold, bold men are breathing hard,  
Their dreams are wild and sanguinary,  
Their long black robes they would discard  
And go and join the military.

The loyal Irish, so they say,  
Need money now and men to show them  
That all Canadian air't "Home Rule"—  
That most of us out here will "go them."

But when our boys went forth last spring  
To fight and die upon the prairie,  
These doctors bold, of whom I sing,  
Upon my life, were far more wary.

Poor boys, shot down to die alone—  
The heroes of a grateful nation--  
Had neither Wild nor Potts to give  
Them spiritual consolation.

J. A. F.

"It is a beautiful song," he said, as the flute-like tones of her voice and the tum-tum of the piano accompaniment died away in the frescoes of the ceiling, "but I am not partial to secular music. I love the grand old hymns best."

"Indeed!" she said, as she ran her fairy fingers lightly up and down the seven octaves.

"Yes," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "the grand old hymns for me."

"Well," she murmured, as a rosy blush stole over her damask cheeks, and the long silken lashes shaded the bright and beautiful eyes, and a sigh, soft as the perfumed zephyr that rustles the leaves in the umbrageous grove at eve when the diamond dewdrop trembles on the petals of the modest rose, slightly stirred her bosom, "well, I do not know that I can blame you, for I am rather fond of a certain him myself."

Then a season of osculation ensued, over which we regretfully drop the curtain.—*Boston Courier.*

## — 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.

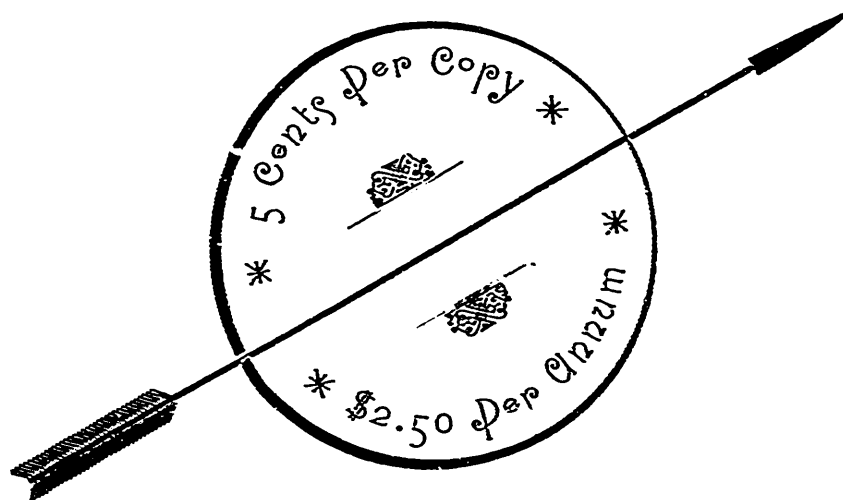
"No," said the dying punster, with a grim smile; "no, I don't object to flowers, but don't have any violets, please. I shouldn't care to have my grave violeted, you know." It was immediately agreed that it was best he should go.

"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.

# The Arrow

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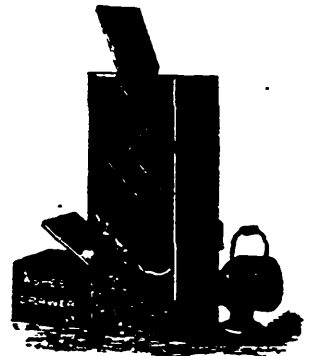
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