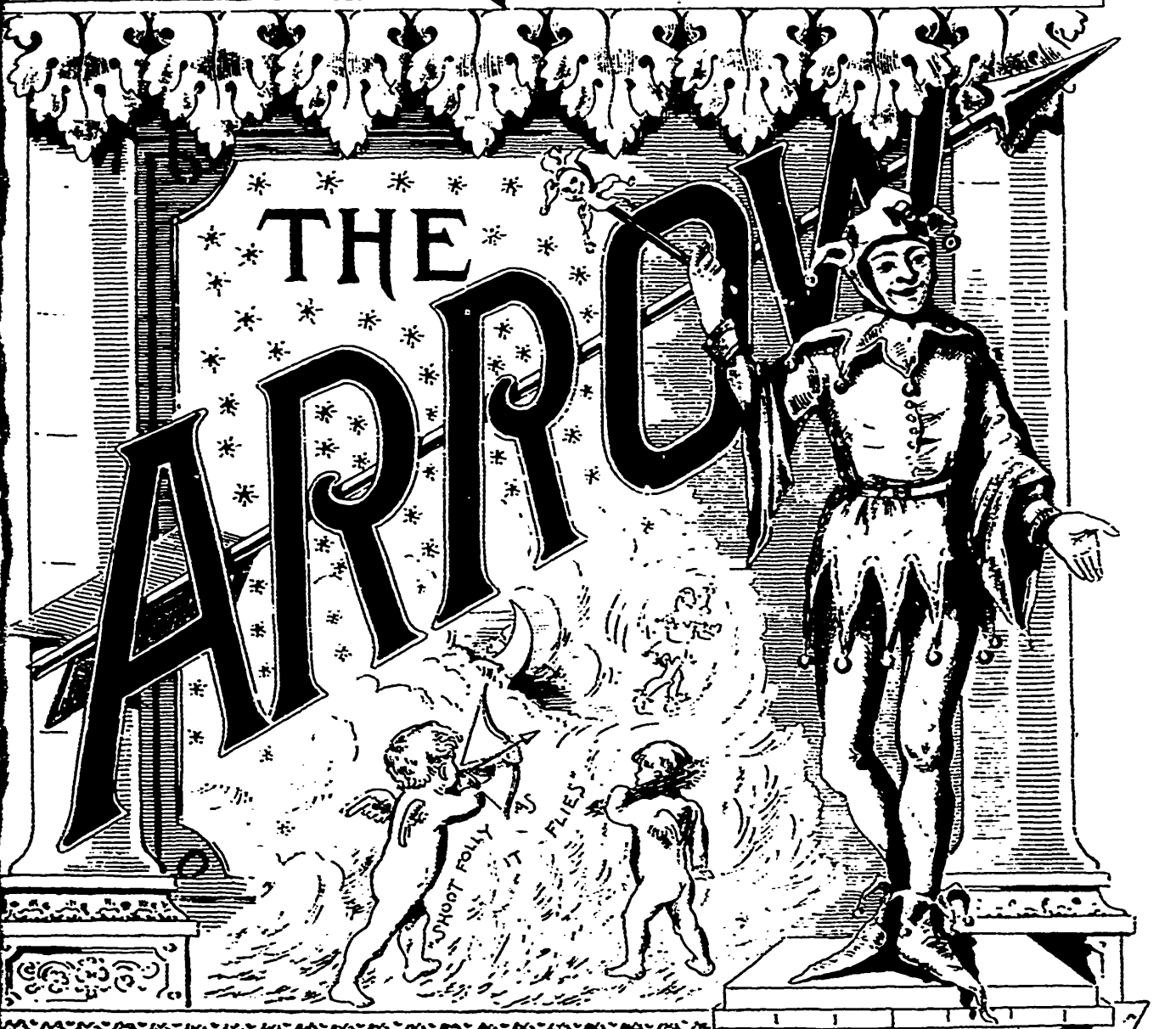


AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF CANADIAN WIT AND HUMOUR

VOL. I. NO. 2.

APRIL 8, 1886

THE ARROW



PRICE 5 CENTS    \$2.50 PER YEAR 

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, \$100 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, Vice-President.
Or W. C. BEDDOME, 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

GROCER 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. COLLIN'S

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

ROYAL

Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multi-titude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 125 Wall Street, N. Y.**

ADVERTISE

IN THE

ARROW

THE LEADING

Cartoon Paper

OF CANADA

Crawford & Hunter

PROPRIETORS

14 KING ST. WEST

WHITE STAR LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

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.

S. 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 COSGRAVE

MALTSTERS BREWERS Brewing and Malting Co.

AND BOTTLERS OF

INDIA PALE ALES and EXTRA STOUT

Cor. Queen and Niagara Sts.

TORONTO

Toronto Brewing and Malting Co.

(LIMITED)

Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers

284 SIMCOE STREET

TORONTO

ALEX. MANNING, PRESIDENT.

A. F. MANNING, SECY.-TREAS.

ANGOSTURA

BITTERS

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavour, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavour to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent
51 Broadway, N.Y.

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World

DOUBLE TRIUMPH AT LONDON, 1885

Grand Gold Medal of International Inventions Exhibition, also Grand Gold Medal by the Society of Arts for "Best Pianos and several meritorious and useful Inventions."

The Largest Establishment in Existence

Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York

THE ARROW

A GREAT MORAL VICTORY.

VOL. I. TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1886. No. 2.

Published every Thursday. SUBSCRIPTIONS, INCLUDING POSTAGE, \$5.00
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.

CARTOON NOTES.

NO POLICY TRAMP.

Eight tedious years I've toiled the country round,
Till my own voice has wearied me with sound—
A long-drawn sound, that fills my heart with woe.
The voters' ears I've dinned, perhaps you know,
With all the other names I find for Tory:
How they're corrupt, and thieves; what battles gory
They fought, and, fighting, slaughtered volunteers;
And e'en for this I've dropped some Riel tears.
To shed these naturally I think a feat is.
By them I hoped to win the Blues—which Mectis—
And all in vain! No nearer to these lips
Is the sweet cup of office, which one sips
For washing down one's throat ambrosial power,
Making an earthly heaven of each hour.
Far! far away, the bench whereon I'd sit.
Vainly I've taxed my tongue, *but not my wit.*
Ah! Thence perchance the reason! Can it be?
Not having *wit*, I have no *folly*.

PROMOTION TO THE TREASURY.

Some men earn their advancement by their amiability;
Some gain their successes in life by the gratitude of those
they have benefited; and perhaps the inner consciousness
of such philanthropic beings must be as pleasant to
themselves as the honey of the first clover blossoms is to
the summer bee.
Yet there are others who adopt quite a different course
and gain equal advantages.
If, for instance, a native of a country take advantage
of a temporary foreign domicile to publish and circulate
lies on a class of his fellow citizens, who have
lost health and life and limb for the public bene-
fit he may, it appears, get a snug berth for his pains;
and he is equally comfortable in his inner consciousness,
of the intellectual pleasure of such a man could only
begeth in successful malignity.

CYCLOPS.

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
Graves. Over the grave of his Last Hope stands the
leader of the great Reform Party.

"Such grief is sacred—
Drop the curtain."

WE have received a number of communications which
cannot be published, as the writer's name was not given.
In future, correspondents are requested to enclose their
cards, not for publication, but as an earnest of good
faith.

The Riel row was over, the Deacon's work was done,
And 94, that mighty score, was floating in the sun;
And as he at his desk did sit, he did not touch it a bit.
All crimson'd was that banner that floated on his face,
Despite Blake's speech, that straight did teach
The cry, "Revenge and race."
For 94 was what it bore emblazoned on its space.
"How shall we stem this torrent?" the Deacon wildly cries,
"I'll write a screed that all shall read,
The crowd I'll mesmerize;
I'll raise a shout will knock them out,
And them I'll paralyze."
So then he set about it, to mesmerize the crowd;
He told them that "the Tories were villains heavy brow'd;
The Grits", he said, "had surely won
Had they but something different done;
The wicked, wicked Tories were cowards in their hearts,
They'd snatched their victory hardly by using vilest arts;
Their victory too was not a gain." And he'd proceed to make it plain.
"They wouldn't have amendments, they would have yes or no
Direct on Landry's motion, they'd made the Grits eat crow;
They wouldn't let Ned Blake, the great,
Run as he liked the Riel debate.
This manifest unfairness the people would resent,
No longer would the Tories the public represent;
The Government, in fact, should stop—
The Opposition run the shop."
And at the next election—the prophet has the floor—
Ned Blake will be returned to power—by minus 94.
Upon my life, 'tis thus 'twill be
A famous moral victoree.

J. A. F.

APRIL VICISSITUDES.

Tuesday's snow-storm gave enough comic episodes to
make an issue of THE ARROW this week almost super-
fluous.
Principally the ludicrous element centred on College
Avenue, where a car, deserted high and dry in drift by
its driver and horses, was for hours the ark of refuge of
belated wanderers. A lady saw it in the distance with
a glad heart, and set out to walk to meet it: afterwards
she set out to walk down town. A jolly party were
sheltered in the car, resting after their exertion on reach-
ing it, and beheld in the distance a young superlative
dude making for it as rapidly as the tightness of his
garments would permit him.
To ring the bell was the instant impulse of some
mischievous sprite: and behold! the youthful masher,
after a spasmodic effort to mend his pace, precipitated
himself incontinently into the midst of the car, to meet
the congratulations of a laughing crowd.

THE CATTLE MARKET.

The wise citizens of the city have voted down an
improvement. No doubt economy is a great virtue,
but there is such a thing as being penny wise and pound
foolish. Probably, however, the wisest course to obtain
a satisfactory result was not pursued. Had some
months back arrangements been made for every head
of butcher's meat, particularly the calves and sheep, to
be polled as it entered the market, the affirmative
votes in favour of a decent death and proper mortuary
after coming would have been in great majority.
Of course the health of the devourers of the carcasses
would not have met with much consideration on the
part of the quadrupeds: that would have been an inci-
dental advantage which the bipeds would have appreciated
about next August.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The morning sunlight streamed over the well-spread breakfast table.

It lighted also the clear-cut features and stern dark eyes of Mrs. Standish, as she bent over her morning paper.

"You are late."

The words were addressed, as she raised her head, to a fair, pretty blonde man in a violet dressing-gown embroidered with daisies and sunflowers, who had just entered.

He made no answer, but slipped quietly into his place behind the coffee pot.

"I think," continued Mrs. Standish, with the growl matrimonial perceptible in her voice, "that considering I have to work hard all day and you have nothing to do but keep house, you might be down before half-past eight to see my breakfast is comfortable."

Mr. Standish pouted his red lips, and stroked his carefully banded moustache with a pretty gesture.

"Don't be unkind," he said, looking with his appealing blue eyes into his wife's darkly handsome face. "You know that I am not at all strong, and I have a headache this morning." He sighed a little, and Katharine's heart softened. Her husband's beauty had always a great fascination for her, and he looked lovely now.

"I didn't know your head ached," she said, half apolo-gizing. "But ring the bell for the girl to call a cab—there's a love—while I light up; it's so horribly late."

Mr. Standish rose to obey. One sees as he does so that he is tall—quite six feet—and has an exquisitely proportioned figure. Small wonder that he reigned king of his social world.

"I want you to have something nice for dinner to-day, darling," said Mrs. Standish, hastily lighting her cigarette, "as I shall most likely bring Smith home with me."

"Oh, Kate! and you know I hate that woman," cried her husband, as he sank into a low chair near the fire, and cast a sidelong glance at his fair self in the mirror above the chimney-piece.

"You hate all my friends, Herbie," said Mrs. Standish, with a mournful tone in her voice; "but we won't quarrel at parting. Good-bye, pet."

She strode across the room, and, taking the cigarette from her lips, stooped to kiss him. But he pushed her pettishly away.

"You know how I hate that horrid smoke," he said; "it makes me feel quite ill. Do go."

She laughed, but her big womanly heart was wounded as she left him.

* * * * *

He never forgot that day. He transacted his light household duties, visited the nursery to see his babies, called and shopped with a friend, and went through all the usual and monotonous trifles that make up a man's life; but through it all there seemed to run a foreboding note of utter sadness.

Towards evening he made a careful toilet, and sat down at the window to watch for his wife.

Perhaps I was a little unkind this morning, he thought. The moments passed and the rain poured without. She did not come.

* * * * *

All day Mrs. Standish has been thinking of her pretty husband, and wondering how it is that love seems to have faded from their home.

She remembered the joyful day when she had led him to the altar. How soon all joy had gone.

"Perhaps," she sighed, "I have been too much occu-pied with business. I must try and be more with him."

The end of the day saw her speeding home in the express train with joyful heart; a pretty present for her husband lay snug in the breast pocket of her coat.

She has not asked Smith home, and is looking forward to an evening's *tele-a-tele*, when much is to be forgiven and explained.

She leans back in the car and takes the cigarette from her lips, as memories of her husband's blue eyes come to her.

"My darling," she says aloud; "he shall never suffer again."

[Alas! thus do generous noble hearts waste them-selves on the vain, the weak, the narrow].

Even as the words crossed her lips there was a head-long crash, a flash of light, and then to her the world was no more.

* * * * *

There was sorrow and woe in the home that night, where the young husband sits by his motherless children, widowed and desolate. "And I rejected her last kiss," he moaned; "I told her to go, and she went to her death." A moment's pettish caprice—an impulse of ill temper—had laid for him the foundation of years of re-morse and anguish.

TRIX.

N. P. OR N. G.

"What's the meaning of N. G.?" said Old Brown's little Pete, As he upon his little stool sat at his father's feet;
"And, dad, there is another: What's the meaning of N. P.?
I hear of them so often, and they always puzzle me."

Come hither now, my little Pete, and sit upon my knee—
Sit down, and be as quiet as you possibly can be—
And I'll explain the meaning and the philosophic
Of the cabalistic letters N. P. and eke N. G.

Not long ago we used to get our boots and shoes and clothes
From Yankee manufacturers, and underwear and hose
We used to buy in England. So our money, don't you see,
Was all spent out the country. Now, that we call N. G.

The implements for farmers' use and all the cabinet ware—
None were made in Canada, except, perhaps, a chair
Or so, with rockers, where old granny, like a clam,
Would rest all day contented—all came from Uncle Sam.

Our boys approaching manhood off westward all would go,
There was nothing here at all to do except to rake or hoe.
So they'd pack their traps and dust out for the "fair land of the
free"—

That's what they used to call the States. Now, that we call N. G.

Now, Petey, things grew wuss and wuss, and John A. says, says
he,
I'll try a little quiet scheme, I'll call it the N. P.,
And see if we can't keep our cash to spend right here at home—
We can't p'r'aps build it in a day, nor could the Romans Rome.

So he put a tax on foreign goods, and straight commenced to rise
Woollen mills and factories, with chimneys to the skies;
No Boston pegged boots now are seen, nor shoddy clothes we see;
They're blocked out by his little scheme that's known as the N. P.

Now clothes and boots, and household goods, are cheaper than
before,
Altho' the Yankee eagles scream, the English lions roar;
So, Pete, my boy, run out and play; I think you've learned from
me
(For your daddy wears a big head) what's N. G. and what's N. P.

DOMITIAN DUFFY.



NO POLICY.

METRE BY MOONLIGHT ALONE.

The lamentations of the chief of the Water Works Committee regarding the waste of water during the hard weather are, we understand, about to be set to metre.

Surely there is some mistake.

Instead of the official's sentiments, it must be himself *in propria persona* who is to be set to meet her; and we pine for full particulars as to time and place, besides would like to know who she is, and how it all came about.

No doubt she is an Undine.

N.B.—Undine was a water spirit without a soul (sole), and so she will go softly to the rendezvous.

THE TWENTY MILLIONS.

"Well," said old mother Gritsom to her relative Johnny, "you are a sawney. You don't mean to say you have gone and loaned all them apples to young New Pacific? Twenty thousand barrels at a thousand each is 20,000,000 (twenty millions); you'll never see any more of them." "Time will show," said Johnny, with a smile and a wink.

And early one spring day New Pacific had a string of teams delivering apples at Johnny's store, and old mother Gritsom looked on from the opposite side of the street with uplifted hands, exclaiming, "Lauks-a-daisy! Who'd ha thought it?"

COMIC OPERA TRANSFUSED.

"My dear," said a kind mother to her little "Iolanthe" in a "Pinafore," "you must have 'Patience:'" and afterwards she asked her, "do you know what 'Patience' is?" Emphatically replied little Pinafore, "Yes, waiting."

Now we want to know if Patience is waiting, what is Iolanthe? But Iolanthe must have been also waiting, and in a "Pinafore." *Did she "Mak-a-do?"*

Perhaps the last is most appropriate, although paraphrased from William's "Much-a-do about nothing."

LILLIPUT RAILWAYS.

What a thing, a great thing, is enterprise.

How one undertaking carrying success instigates another, and yet another.

Our roller coaster on the Island of last season bids fair to blossom before long into something more imposing.

Fancy the ecstatic delight of young Torontess in being able soon to take a through ticket on the railway from Hanlan's Point to the East Gap.

No doubt there will be sleeping cars and dining saloons on board, and tickets will be issued so that parties or couples can get off and "stay over" at the various points of interest *en route*.
CYCLOPS

Employment Agent—You said you didn't care what sort of a domestic I sent you.

Lady.—I didn't say that, I know.

Employment Agent.—As to colour, I mean.

Lady.—Yes, I remember, I did. Either black or white, I said.

Employment Agent.—Well, I filled the stipulation, didn't I?

Lady.—No. The one you sent me is green.



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE understand that Mr. Stetson has arranged for one more week of the "Mikado" at the Grand Opera House, commencing on Monday, the 12th inst. As this is positively the last appearance of this popular company, we feel satisfied the Toronto public will show their appreciation of Mr. Stetson's favourable opinion of our city, in appearing for the third time with his admirable company, by turning out in goodly numbers.

MODJESKA, the distinguished actress, will open an engagement at the "Grand" on Thursday, the 8th inst. She will appear in "Adrienne," "Donna Diana," and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." We bespeak for her bumper houses, and a rare treat for the Toronto public.

SENATE REFORM.

"Reform of the Senate" we're told is required.
And when we see senators mainly inspired
By low, petty malice and personal hate,
Interrupting the progress of public debate,
Some reform should be had, there is not the least doubt;
But begin by reforming such senators out!

FRENCH DOMINATION AGAIN.

Riel! your friends have no cause to complain;
For it seems it was not altogether in vain
That Amyot thundered and Laurier spoke,
Since Edward the Great has passed under the yoke.

AN "INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR."

SCENE—*New Building in course of erection in view of Government Offices.*

Government Clerk (to Fellow Clerk).—"Say, Fred, I've been watching that bricklayer for the last twenty minutes, and he has not done a stroke of work all the time! The country may well be going to the dogs!"

Easy-going Bricklayer (to Fellow Artisan).—"Say, Bill, I've been watching that 'ere clerk for the last half-hour, and, blow me! he's done nuthin' all the time! Taxes may well be high! Wonder what pay he gets for that?"

MR. TODHUNTER has written a play in which Mrs. Langtry will appear in the spring. The name of the author, by the way, will be recalled to the audience every time a young man goes out between the acts of the play.



PACAUD'S REWARD, OR HOW TO WIN A SESSIONAL CLERKSHIP.



JEWELL'S

JORDAN ST., 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.

No woman ever answers a call by telephone without smoothing down her hair, working up a smile, and trying to make a good impression on the transmitter.

"Why are the benches of Osgoode Hall the meanest lot out?" "Because they are constantly calling fellows to the Bar, and never give them a drink."



LATEST SPRING STYLES

CHRISTY'S AND LINCOLN & BENNETTS'

SILK AND FELT HATS

WRIGHT & CO.

66 KING STREET EAST

AFTER THE BALL.

The music has died away,
Its rhythm has ceased to thrill:
But echoing notes astray
Are loud in my fancy still.
The ring of that waltz-quadrille,
Like a lullaby song of old,
Is sounding afresh in my drowsy ear,
And wheeling before my eyes, appear,
With gracefulness timed to the haunting strain,
Gay ribbon, bright jewel and gorgeous train—
A vision of silk and gold.

Fair faces with joy replete
On muscular shoulders lean;
Feet, daintily sandaled feet,
Coquettishly dart between;
White skirts, but at moments seen,
Yet lavish in brief display,
Go saucily by with their wanton sweep
Like patches of foam on the stormy deep,
And fanciful columns retreat, advance
And mingle again in the fairy dance,
So wild in my brain to-day.

Stay, resonant music loud,
Yet sweet as a cradle-song;
Nor vanish, O phantom crowd,
Who gracefully move along.
Still closer around me throng;
Forever I fain would keep.
Your beauty to compass the mystic bed
Where reveries nestle and dreams are bred,
Draw nearer and enter my closing eyes,
That closed they may see you again arise
To dance in the halls of Sleep.

THE MIRTH-PROVOKING CLOWN.

What clowns and pantaloons do in the summer is popularly supposed to be a mystery as profound as the authorship of "Junius." With the approach of winter they blossom forth in big type, but where are they and what do they do in the off season if they have not a public house to keep or money enough put by to keep them?

Do clowns when they grow old become pantaloons? Not always. Men have often started as pantaloons and become clowns. There are several sorts of clowns: the legitimate stage clown, the canvas clown, the circus clown, the clown at a penny gaff, and the street clown. Life is none too rosy with some of these. "Most of the street clowns die in the workhouses," said one of them when interviewed by a reporter. "In their old age they are generally wretched and poverty-stricken. I can't say what I think will be the end of me. I daren't think of it, sir." And a few minutes afterwards the reporter saw him dancing and singing as though he were the lightest hearted fellow in all London.

Cheap pathos-mongers delight in representing a clown as the father or husband of some fair fragile girl who falls and breaks her bones, or in rescuing whom he breaks his own. That kind of nonsense is almost always sure to be popular. He is also very frequently depicted as a solemn long-faced man, moody and taciturn in private life. The clowns I have known have in society mostly been men of few words. But there seemed to be no secret sorrow gnawing at their hearts.

"Who wouldn't be a waggybone, it's such a jolly lark?" sings the poet, and a lark it must be to recompense the poor strolling Jack Pudding for all the hardships he is compelled to put up with, and the miserable pay so often doled out to him. Some may have their clownship thrust upon them, but not many, I should think.

How many boys, I wonder, have longed to be clowns? and for that matter, how many ladies, big and little, fallen in love with them? A carriage lady before now has married a clown.

What is the relationship between clown and columbine? The general impression is, I fancy, the columbine in private life is Mrs. Harlequin; but this is not always the case, and I have known a stepmother play columbine to her stepson's clown.

Does the clown make his own jokes as well as invent the comic business? I think, by the fine old crusty flavour, the verbal pleasantries have mostly been "handed down." A clown questioned on the subject said, "I have read a great deal of *Punch*, but the jokes are nearly all too high there. Indeed, I can't say I think very much of them myself. The principal way in which I've got up my own jokes is through associating with other clowns."

A clown's life is at all times a hard one, and occasionally even a martyrdom, and it is a well known fact that a clown had his jaw broken by a blow with a property baby, and went on playing for four hours after the accident with the fragments of broken bone still in his face, to different audiences, each performance lasting a little over half an hour. His subsequent tortures in consequence of improper medical treatment are too dreadful to write down here. "Don't they hurt themselves?" I have often heard asked. *Rather, sometimes.*

"THE TERRIBLE CHILD."

SCENE—*A Railway Carriage.*

PERSONAGES—*The Mother; the Child.*

The Child.—What's making this noise?

The Mother.—The carriages, dear.

Child.—Why?

Mother.—Because they're moving.

Child.—How?

Mother.—It's the engine drawing them.

Child.—What engine?

Mother.—The one in front of the train.

Child.—Why's it in front of the train?

Mother.—To draw the train.

Child.—What train?

Mother.—The one we're in.

Child.—Why does the engine draw the train?

Mother.—Because the driver makes it.

Child.—What driver?

Mother.—The one on the locomotive.

Child.—What locomotive?

Mother.—The one in front of the train! I've just told you.

Child.—Told me what?

Mother.—Hold your tongue! You worry me!

Child.—Why do I worry you?

Mother.—Because you ask too many questions!

Child.—What questions?

Mother.—Oh, good Heavens! No wonder so many men won't marry!

TEACHER—"Miss Sinnico, please parse the sentence, 'Adolphus married Caroline.'" Miss S.—"Well, 'Adolphus' is a noun, because it is the name of a thing; 'married' is a conjunction, because it joins Adolphus and Caroline; and 'Caroline' is a verb, 'cause it governs the noun."



ALONE WITH HIS GRIEF.

LINES

BY A CERTAIN DOUGHTY PROVISIONAL OFFICER NOTED FOR HIS PREVISION.

I confess that war isn't my forte,
Nor a game that I greatly delight in ;
When it comes, though, I think a snug fort,
If well victualled, 's the best place to fight in.
Some people will sneer, I'm aware ;
But with strong walls before and behind me,
I bid the foe come if they dare,
And they'll always know where they can find me !

AN ANGEL PREMATURELY.

"Mother, what is an angel?"

"My dear, it is a little girl with wings, who flies."

"But I heard papa telling the governess yesterday that she was an angel. Will she fly?"

"Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first thing to-morrow."—*Vanity Fair*.

"WHAT is that drab object hanging from the lower limb of that apple-tree?" asked a dude of a freckled country boy.

"That," said the boy, "is a sort of football that we strike to make our 'muckle' big."

"May I try it?" asked the dude.

"I guess so," replied the boy, as he moved off a good distance.

So the dude drew back and drove his fist right into an old-fashioned hornets' nest, and got his sleeves chuck full.

Send a two-cent stamp, with your name and address distinctly written, to the boy, if you want anything like a true picture of the *faute*. We are not equal to the task.

AN exiled Canadian incidentally strayed out of his room in a Western hotel, and in a moment of abstraction fell down the ten-story elevator well. They got up what they could of him and laid it out on a sofa.

"Don't disturb me," the exiled Canadian faintly gasped, while an expression of great ecstasy played over his features. "Ah! I haven't felt anything like it since I used to ride a toboggan in my own dear native land."

A peaceful smile slid into his face, and he was gone. He never came back. He couldn't.

"My dear," said Mr. Porcine at the breakfast table one morning, "I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you. My affection has been unremitting."

"I should say so," replied Mrs. Porcine, sharply; "I never got a cheque from you all the time I was East."

And Mr. Porcine left for his office without kissing his wife.

Miss Parvau.—I was almost sorry, mamma, that you spoke so rudely to that poor little Mrs. Wilkins.

Mamma.—Well, my dear, pray where is the satisfaction of being in the first society if you cannot snub those who are out of it?

It was a small boy from down in Maine who, visiting his Boston relatives lately, was asked about his school, his progress in his classes, etc. "I can't thpel worth a thent," said the Maine youngster, "and tho I have to thtay at the foot; but (very proudly) I've got the biggeth feet in the clath!"

A HARLEM widow has a monkey that gets drunk every night, and she says if it would only snore in its sleep, it would be a good substitute for her late husband.

A GIRL in Oakland, Cal., has a perfectly developed mouth in each cheek, in addition to the usual scolder. This furnishes a large field for discussion.

PAUPERS are still sold at auction in Nova Scotia to the lowest bidder. A very good article of distinguished family in reduced circumstances can be had there for a few dollars.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It is a marked indication of the inward cussedness of a man's nature that he invariably feels aggrieved when he buys an accident insurance policy, and then travels five thousand miles without so much as a stone-bruise.

"ARE you a marrying man?" was asked of a sober looking gentleman at a recent uptown reception. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "That's my business. I'm a clergyman."

COUNTRY BRIDE (looking over the bill of fare)—"John, what's 'Patty de see grass?'" Groom—"Sh! Don't talk so loud, or people'll think we're ignorant. It must be French for celery."

THERE really seems to be no limit to the possibilities of science. The London *Times*, for instance, in its birth notices, announces: "To Lady —, a daughter; by cable." What next?

A YOUNG man, the guest of an uptown family, was fined twenty five dollars for "kissing a pretty chambermaid against her will." Why in thunder didn't he kiss her against her lips?

LADY (to small boy)—"Then you never had educational advantages?" "No, mum: not that I knows of. I've had airy-sipilas. If what you said is worse nor that, I don't wanter ketch it."

"BRING you some snuff, Mrs. Toodles!" he ejaculated, as he paused with his hand on the latch. "No, no, Mrs. Toodles, the times are too hard for such extravagances; you must tickle your nose with a straw."

"WHY, I thought you and little Flossie Brown were great friends." Little Miss Fashion—"So we are; but you wouldn't have me play with a little girl who dresses her dolls in last year's fashion, would you, mamma?"

COUNTRY AUNT—"It must be terrible hard work dancing at a full dress ball." City niece (dressed for the ball)—"It is very fatiguing." Country aunt—"I thought so, seeing as you're almost stripped to the waist for it."

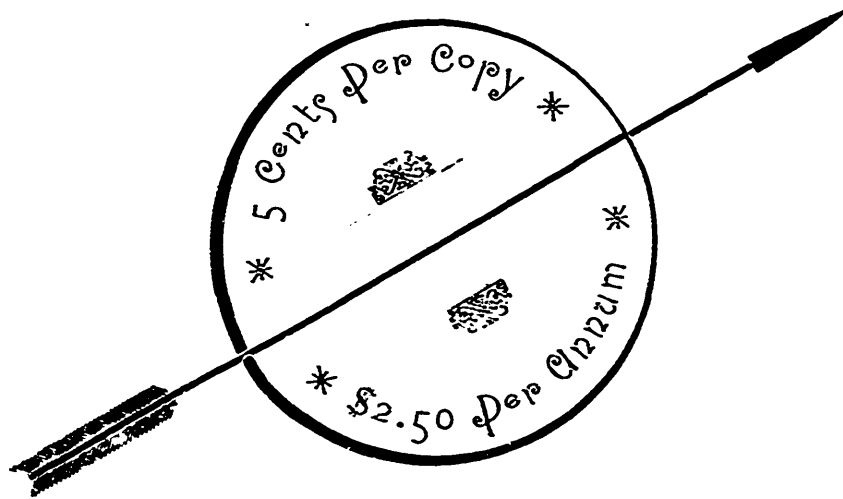
A TROY business house advertises "Collars and cuffs. Full wedding outfits." A Trojan wedding must bear a close resemblance to a hall of classic statuary, but it must be terribly uncomfortable to marry when the mercury is courting zero.

MISTRESS (to waitress)—"How is this, Jane, we have but two chops?" Jane—"If you please, ma'am, Bridget says as how you didn't order enough meat for both tables, and it gives her a sick headache to do with less than three chops for her lunch."

A YOUNG society lady asked Gus Snobberly, a New York dude: "What has become of your dog, Mr. Snobberly?" "I have disowned him, ye know. He barked at a Bwitish fwend of mine, and I disowned him on the spot. He is no longer a dawg of mine."

The Arrow

* The Leading Cartoon Paper of Canada *



Published



Every

Thursday

BY—

Crawford & Hunter



12 King St. West

TORONTO



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

Patd Nov. 24, May '82, Oct. '85. Also in U.S.A.

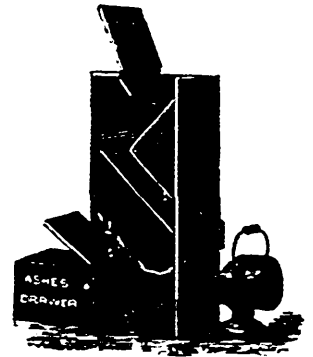
WHAT IS AN EARTH CLOSET?—An Earth Closet is a mechanical contrivance to conveniently cover excrement with earth or ashes. This covering at once suppresses all odour, and gradually absorbs and neutralizes the matter itself. The pail needs to be emptied about once a week, or when full, and the reservoir 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 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 Hooper (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. 2 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:
57 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, Madegon, Mich. English Factory, Manchester.

JAMES PAPE, FLORAL ARTIST, 78 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 1462.

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
34 Queen Street West
329 Yonge Street

Toronto

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ALL OFFICES

W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Would call attention to the large and varied stock of general house furnishings comprising

TABLE LINENS

SHEETINGS

CURTAINS

They are now showing the largest and cheapest stock of Lace Curtains ever offered to a Toronto Public.

