

FRANK CAYLEY

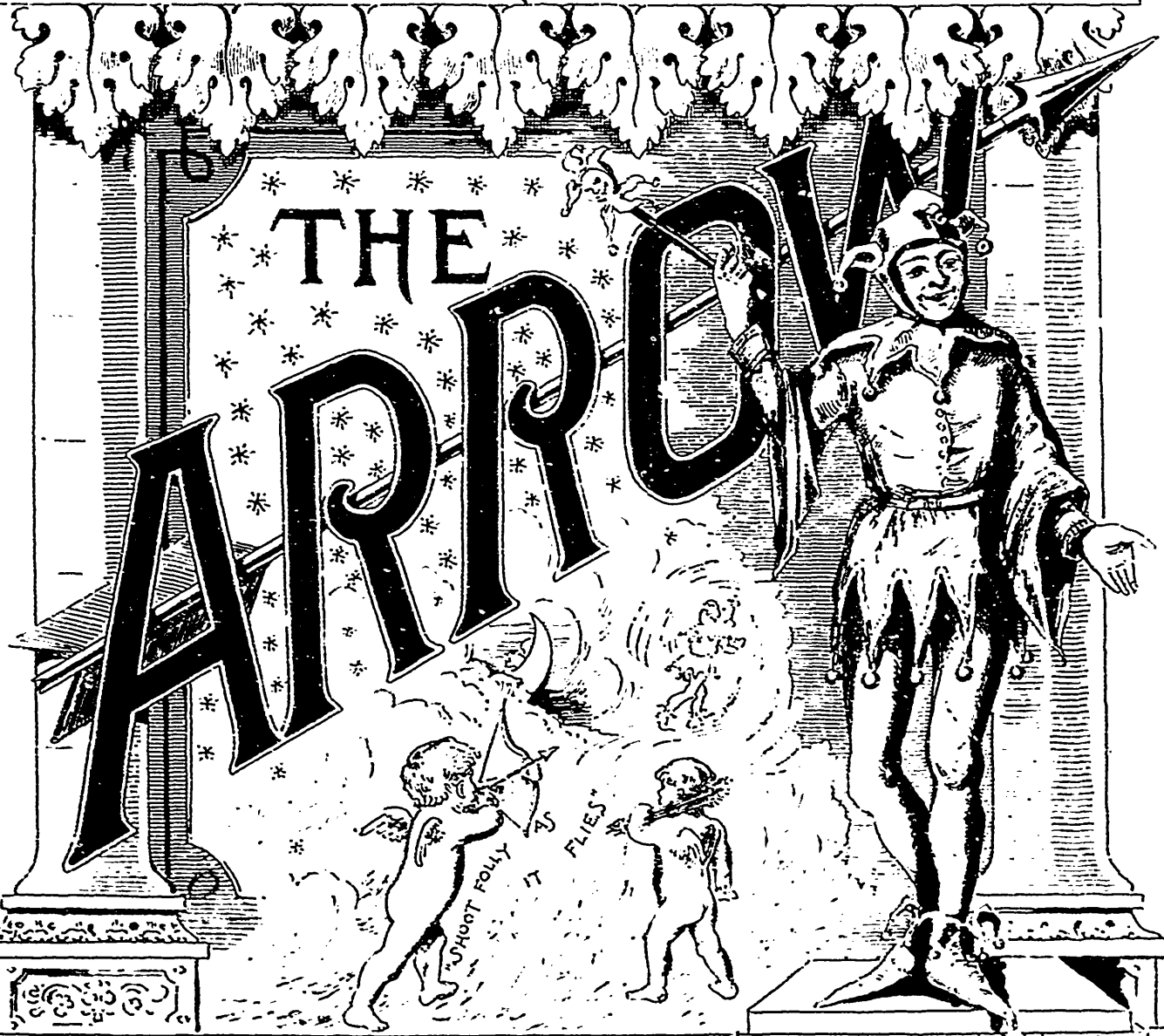
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JULY 10, 1886

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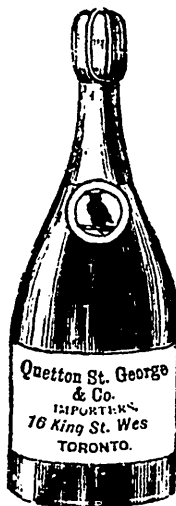
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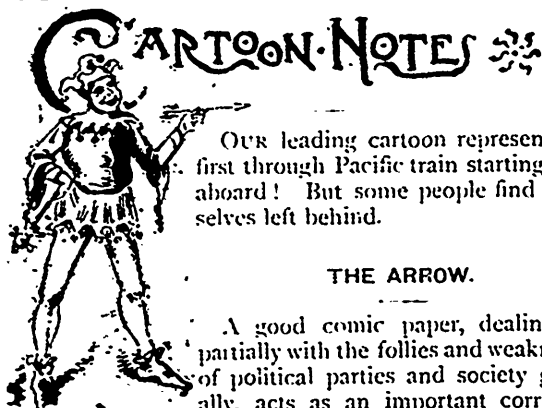
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14 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

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 leading cartoon represents the first through Pacific train starting. All aboard! But some people find themselves left behind.

#### THE ARROW.

A good comic paper, dealing impartially with the follies and weaknesses of political parties and society generally, acts as an important corrective and should be generally supported. *Grip* is too clearly partisan to accomplish this great end. **THE ARROW** has a wide field and a grand opportunity. There is often more in a cleverly conceived cartoon than in a six hours' speech, a magazine essay, or a Sunday sermon. **THE ARROW** will no doubt rise to the occasion.—*Northern Advance*.

#### FISHY.

The angler to the brooklet hies,  
Puts on his hook the tempting bait  
Of wriggling worms or gaudy flies,  
Then for the troutlet lies in wait.  
Next day, when by his friends brought  
The nature of his catch to state,  
He tells of heavy fish he caught,  
And, as before, he lies in wait.

W. L. S.

A PIPER in a Northumbrian town was once asked if he could play "Within a mile o' Edinboro' Toon." "Within a mile! Why, mon, I could play within ten yards o't."

#### THE RETURN.

SCENE A modern drawing room.

*J. D. Edgar* (walking impatiently up and down) sings:  
"Where is my wandering boy to-night?  
Oh, has he pulled the strings aright?  
Are the Young Liberals getting"

Ah! here you are." (Enter *Edgar, Jr.*)

*Edgar, Jr.*: "Yes, father, here I am, all that is left of me, left of"

*Edgar, Sr.*: "Oh, stow that: how did you get on?"

*Edgar, Jr.*:

"Annexation to the right of me,  
Secession to the left of me,  
Independence in front of me  
Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at by shot and shell,  
I waded in like—well"

No matter, father, I got the best of them."

*Edgar, Sr.*: "Nobly done, my son: so you shelved them?"

*Edgar, Jr.*: "Yes, father, but it was a tight squeak. You see the fellows were bent on ramming an annexationist manifesto through the Convention, for the purpose of securing some more of that American hoodle for use in the next elections. In fact, they seemed to be extremely anxious for hoodle."

*Edgar, Sr.*: "Of course, quite natural, and I may even say quite laudable. But how did you manage to shunt them?"

*Edgar, Jr.*: "In the way you told me, father. I showed them that the French bolters would never stand that on account of losing the privileges of the Church."

*Edgar, Sr.*: "And what did they say to that, my son?"

*Edgar, Jr.*: "Don't the Church!"

*Edgar, Sr.*: "But, of course, you showed that we can't afford at the present juncture to—naughty-word the Church—at least in public?"

*Edgar, Jr.*: "Certainly, father: and then I gave him the little present you sent him, with your love."

*Edgar, Sr.*: "How did he take it?"

*Edgar, Jr.*: "Like a fly. He just put it in his vest pocket without counting. After that I ran the Convention to suit myself—that is to say, to suit *yourself*."

*Edgar, Sr.*: "You have a great head, my son."

*Edgar, Jr.*: "So have you, father."

*Curtain.*

#### THE SONG OF FREE WHISKEY.

Hurray! hurray! for the glorious day  
When they carried the Scott Act law,  
For I get in my work like a regular Turk  
Since they took to drinking me raw.

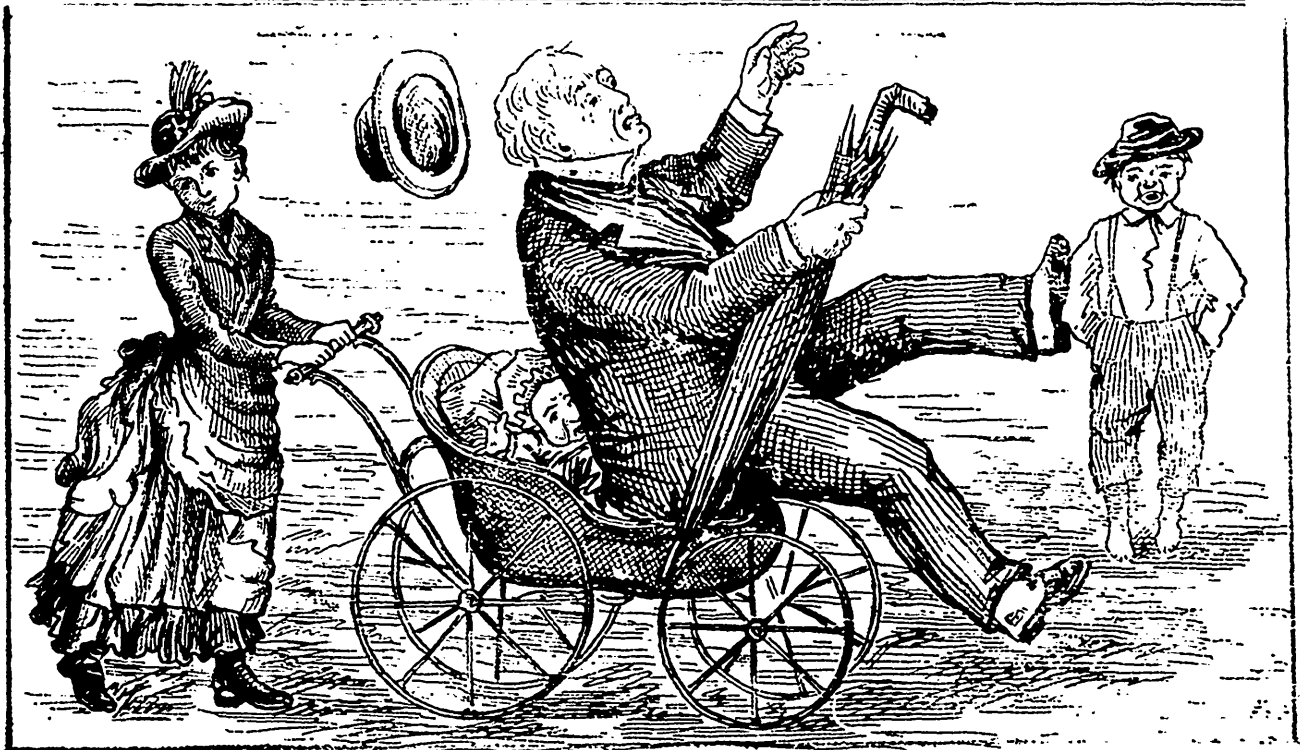
I can make them feel queer when they take me as beer,  
And as lager some sport I afford;  
Put oh! drink me neat, and you'll roll up the street  
As tight as a boot or a lord.

I've a jolly good way of securing my prey.  
It works like the snare of the fowler;  
Just look at the noses that, blooming like roses,  
I paint day by day with the growler.

The Scott Act's my friend, for business 'twill send  
To the dickens, and quicker than wink  
It will perjury cause and discountenance laws,  
And drive all the merchants to drink.

But if whiskey is free it will satisfy me,  
No matter whose business is sunk;  
For the growler is found in a hole in the ground,  
And the whole town is off on the drunk.

J. A. F.



No occasion for an inquest. Already sat on by a full jurymen.

POINTERS.

So the Young Liberals have met and dispersed, and the world still "do move." They had an opportunity of hearing themselves talk and a big "blow out," and I hope they are satisfied.

But they are not. The fact of the matter is, that they were squelched by Blake's Owen Sound speech, in which he backed up the *Globe* in good style. This was blow number one. Blow number two was that the young men were young enough to think they could run the machine, while the machine snickered behind the scenes, and pulled the wires, as usual.

TRUE, Mr. George Sandfield Macdonald protested against one of the baldheaded who attempted to make a speech, and threatened to leave the room if the antique Young Liberal persisted; but George is young like the rest of them, and forgot that he was surrounded by young Edgars, Snellgroves, and others, who were there for the purpose of representing the machine. As a natural consequence, the machine had a complete walk over.

THEY voted confidence in Mr. Laurier and his little musket, protested against the hanging of Riel, declared against the N. P., and endorsed Blake's platform (?) and the action of the Grit party at large. In doing this they practically read Sir Dickie and his followers out of the Young Liberal gang, reaffirmed Blake's theory, that one section of the Canadian people are superior to the law, and have raised rebellion and treason into virtues of the first water. How charmed Sir Dickie and Mackenzie will be!

AND, at the same time, how charmed the Protestants of Ontario will be! The volunteers, ex-militiamen, and members of the Loyal Orange brotherhood, will be certain to march hand in hand with all other English-speaking people to the polls, and deposit their ballots in favour of treason, rebellion, and French domination of the most virulent type!

THE independence resolution was trotted out, and, according to the *Globe's* report, provoked a pretty spicy debate; but the machine shelved it, after a good deal of trouble, on the ground that it would be injudicious to publish the strength of the disloyal faction to the country on, as they suppose, the eve of a general election. The organ, however, gives them comfort. In Saturday's paper it says: "It might have been just as well to let it go promptly to a vote. . . . Anybody in the Liberal party is free to hold that or any other opinion as to the future of the country." As I said last week, the Grit party opens wide its arms to annexationists, rebels, and political ragamuffins of any description whatever, so long as they have a vote.

THEY also declared for Canada making treaties entirely on her own hook. Why not say independence at once? This resolution was simply bunkum, for the Young Liberals understand perfectly that they might just as well ask for the whole earth with a barbed wire fence around it. Is it likely that England is going to allow us to do as we please, and pay the shot if we get ourselves into a mess? That is not John Bull's idea of business. He goes on the principle that "them as breaks pays."

ON the whole, the *bona fide* Young Liberals have little reason to be satisfied, and, as a matter of fact, they are

not contented. They feel that they have been sat on heavily by the machine, and that their self-imposed task of leading their leader, or rather of driving him before the avalanche of their political influence, is not quite the success they had fondly imagined. Consequently, a great many of them have returned home from the Montreal Convention with sore heads in more senses of the word than one.

THEY have about come to the conclusion that the *Globe* runs the machine, the machine runs Blake, and Blake runs the rest of the crowd. Kicking does no good, and does not advance them a cent's worth, nor will it until they find a leader who has backbone enough to lead the party himself, and to prevent himself being led by the nose and compelled to dance the tunes daily ground out by the *Globe* and the other influential organs.

AND in the meantime Sir Dickie, with his independence and anti-Riel ideas, has received notice to quit in his present constituency. The trouble seems to be that he had the audacity to oppose Edgar's bloody shirt combination, and as a consequence, that shining light has been intriguing against Sir Dickie's renomination. Sooner or later the knight of the two-sided shield, who is a Tory by instinct and a Conservative by nature, will apply for reinstatement in the Liberal Conservative party. If he behaves himself, and leaves his independence nonsense behind him, and promises to swear off financing, we may be induced to let him vote on our side.

ON the whole, the Grits are in a most unhappy frame of mind just now. They are all pulling different ways, and there is no immediate prospect of their growing more united. They tell us that Liberals are always in the habit of thinking for themselves, which may be true, but it strikes me that until they can agree to think all together on matters of such importance as the Tariff, the Senate, the C.P.R., Confederation, British Connection, and the Fisheries, and announce some definite line of policy regarding them, they don't need to work themselves into a state of excitement over the immediate prospect of their being called upon to form a government.

#### THE GALLEY BOY.

#### THE EMPIRE.

The opening of the great election in Britain seems to indicate that the decision of the people will be sound—that it will end in a result all reasonable men and loyal subjects were anxiously hoping for.

If the contest concludes as it has begun, the Gladstone-Parnellites will meet with a crushing defeat, nay, a rout.

Whatever form their discomfiture may take, it cannot be too severe for their deserts. Mr. Gladstone's measures are fraught with the certainty of evil, and could in no case produce any good. Never have such inane crudities been thrust into the area of living politics.

The opposite poles of public opinion, from the bluest of the blue in Toryism to the ultra-Liberalism of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright, alike condemn them utterly. To reasonable beings they are a grotesque emanation from the excited brain of a man to whom no

one will deny the possession of great talents, but who has, nevertheless, never carried a really sound measure—a man whose ideas have been always visionary, and of whom both his elder brother and the great Lord Palmerston agreed that he would probably die in a mad-house, after ruining his country.

*Little Gir.* "Mamma, why doesn't the sea run over, if all the water flows into it?" "Nonsense, child! Don't you know it is full of sponges?"

#### THE TRUE HISTORY OF "THE CHASE."

##### I.

The Dude at eve had drank his fill  
Of *Mumm* and *H. U. B. I. E. K.*, live, or still;  
And deep potations too had made  
Of old *Glentree*, special grade!  
But when at twelve th'electric spark  
Went out, and left him in the dark,  
He hiccuped: "Waitersh, wash d'ye shay?  
Isth tish tur-h me to go awash?  
Letsh havesh (hic) just one mosh little horn,  
And drinksh the health (hic) of Shunday morn!"

##### II.

As maid who hears her mistress call,  
"Oh, Jane! be quick, the child will fall,"  
The tipsy waiter made him haste,  
And grasped the Dude around the waist;  
But ere he cast him from the bar,  
He nabbed his watch to make it "suar."  
Like one annoyed, the Dude stood still  
When in the street; then with a shrill  
"Cat-call" that made the "Bol'ies" wake,  
His homeward journey 'gan to take.  
A moment gazed he at the sky,  
A moment muttered, "I am dry,"  
A moment leant against a wall  
That met him as he tried to fall;  
Then, as a hated "Cop" drew near,  
He yelled again his war-whoop clear;  
Then, steering wildly, lost his feet,  
And thundered headlong on the street!

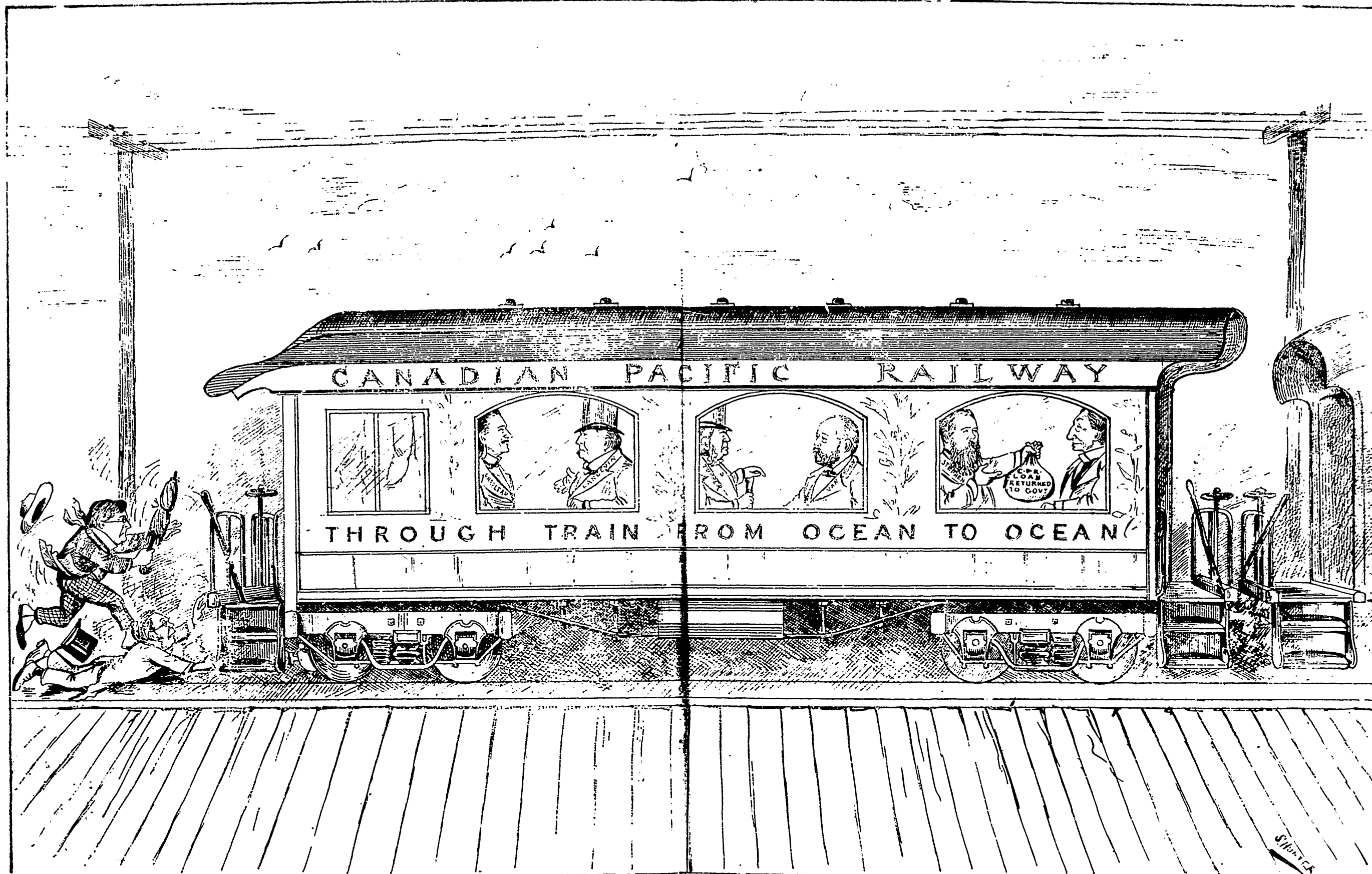
##### III.

Close on the Dude the "Peeler" prest,  
Determined now on his arrest;  
But stumbling on a jutting plank,  
*He* too, unwilling, quickly sank.  
The frightened Dudeling strove in vain  
The safety of some door to gain,  
For the grim Bobby, spite his fall,  
Was up, and pinned him to the wall.  
Then touched, aloud the Dudeling cried,  
And *thus* his sorrow forth he sighed:  
"I little thought when first I drank,  
Kind Peeler, that thou me wouldst 'yank'  
To city lodgings bare and chill.  
Dear Bobby, I feel very ill!  
Woe worth the *Mumm*, woe worth the night,  
That brought me to this awful plight!"

##### IV.

The morning sunbeams straggled in,  
And lit up many a face of sin,  
Which, gathered in the Bobbies' net,  
Wanted to hear their sentence yet.  
"I will believe the Colonel cried,  
As our young Dude stood at the side,  
"I will believe, that ne'er before  
You've visited this pleasant shore;  
But yet your freak of yesternight  
*Was* very, *very* far from right!  
Turn then, rash youth, while still you may,  
Nor waste your youth in such a way;  
Your liver will become enlarged!—  
Your first offence? YOU STAND DISCHARGED!"

GEO. W. CANLIER.



CANADA'S FIRST THROUGH TRAIN OF THE GREAT CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Blake: "Hi! there, John A.; won't you let Ollie and I aboard?"

Mowat: "No use, Ned; we tried to put obstructions on the track too often, and the watchman (John) has found us out. Let's follow them by the Northern Pacific Railway; that will be independence, and please the Young Liberals."



Say, Fatty. w. you be my girl?

### Society and Amusements.

Enormous has been, during the past week, the consumption of strawberries. Pretty lips and fingers have been as charmingly stained with their juice as Eastern houris with the far famed henna. We are informed that there were one evening no less than five strawberry festivals in full feed at one time.

No doubt all the young people vastly enjoyed themselves, but temperance is a great modern virtue, and how about total abstinence in strawberries? Is there no hidden danger in the essence of the crimson mass? no subtle evil in the creamy tide? no enervating influence in the crystal sweetening? Who can say what intellectual intoxication may not be produced by these elements.

Beauty, ripe fruit, and cream might be nearly as fatal as oysters and champagne, even more so—the effects might not be so evanescent. Yet, in spite our warning, the young will not shun the danger to which they succumb in holocaust year after year; witness the reports of the registrar-general. A melancholy thought! which reminds us of the *distrain* greeting of one friend to another: "Ah, how long since we met! and all our old friends gone! How sad! Some are happily dead, and others *married*."

Can the report be true which reaches us, that at one affair of the kind a dance was improvised during the evening on the floor of a building which had been used for other purposes, notably the instruction of the young, amusing readings, readings anything but amusing, high

TO PARADISE a maiden came,  
And sought to gain admission;  
A seraph, with his sword of flame,  
Would not grant her permission.  
"Who enters here must show a claim  
Which cannot be denied."  
"I've nought to show," replied the dame,  
"But youth—nothing beside.  
I'm just sixteen." At once he said:  
"Come in, you need not wait;  
Sixteen makes angels of each maid,"  
And opened wide the gate.

In the spring  
The carolling  
Of blue-birds makes the forest quiver;  
With heart that glows  
The small boy goes  
To take his first swim in the river.  
But when at last  
The spring is past,  
And summer shines in all its glory,  
The blue-bird's song  
Is dull and long,  
The swim is like an ancient story!

ARDTREA.—A girl who has become tired of men's comments upon the attire of the gentler sex, says:

Oh, let poor women's clothes alone,  
They're none of your concern;  
She never makes no fun of your'n,  
Then why poke fun at her'n.

WHEN a widow's future is dependent upon the matrimonial prospects of her daughters, she is justified in husbanding her resources to the best advantage.

teas and low teas, and other functions to which we will not more particularly allude? We should feel sorry if it were really true; and yet —

### A MÆDIEVAL STORY WITH A MODERN MORAL.

Some years ago, in the feudal age,  
There dwelt a maid who was all the rage,  
So exceedingly lovely was she, and fair,  
A hundred and seventy thousand knights  
Laid claim to her hand, and a number of fights  
Arose; for in those sad times of woes,  
As everyone knows,  
Such fights were by no means rare.  
But the maiden, eloping one day with her page,  
Transferred from herself to her lovers, the rage;  
They cursed and they swore in a high-bred way.  
The maiden so fair and that *page of her life*  
Never rested until they were made man and wife.  
Then in conjugal strife  
(For that sort of thing in the dark age was rife)  
They repented with little delay.

Modern moral—Don't elope with the footman.

CONTRIB.

THE popularity of the "Humber" has become established among holiday makers and excursionists, not only on account of the delightful surroundings of the resort, but the excellent accommodations afforded by Mr. John Duck at his hotel. Every convenience is afforded his guests, and the hale and hearty well-met host exhausts his energies to provide pleasure and contentment to all. Family parties and picnickers can be assured of receiving the most courteous attention.

FABLES.

A queer discovery of a mare's nest is reported last week re Irish Fenian matters in England. Some wise man has found out that previous to the murder of Burke and Cavendish the Irish League held their meetings at a house almost within a stone throw of the Palace of Westminster, and that Parnell himself occupied a room there. This is unlikely enough; but when the public is asked to believe that the actual weapons used in the murder—the knives—were ordered to be bought, were actually bought there, and bought bare blades, having to be sent to a Fenian cobbler, forsooth, to be covered with leather and then packed up carefully in a lady's bonnet-box and forwarded to Dublin, we feel rather more than startled.

There was once a man called Titus Oates, who was a considerable manufacturer of plots and lies generally; but if this sort of thing is to go on, history will take but little account of him in future, and the name of the fortunate, or unfortunate, inventor of the above wonderful sensational fabrication will take his place as the modern Ananias.

We can see the able leader of the Irish party setting out on a foggy evening, shrouded in a cloak, to visit some remote cutler to purchase the deadly weapons. He casts suspicious glances on all sides as he goes. Then the preliminary visit to the Fenian cobbler. "Wilt thou stitch this leather for thy country's sake?" His hesitation. The partial confidence made to him that the weapons were to meet other sheaths before long. Interrogatively he whispers, "Blood?" The reply comes back low and hoarse, "Blood,"—and he puts his awl in it.

Evidently some obscure reporter who furnishes material to be sent to the press on this side has mistaken his vocation; he ought to write dime novels, or penny dreadfuls, or dramas for the Bowery in New York, or the Surrey in London.

But how do the press on this side come to accept and insert such trash?

LETTER RECEIVED FROM A PROPOSED MELANCHOLY CONTRIBUTOR.

TIMBUCTOO, June 1st, 1886.

DEAR ARROW,—Received your letter all right, but did not understand you wanted an answer at once. I shall be too glad to do anything. I have been thinking *hard* ever since; but thinking on purpose, thoughts won't come. You know how naturally modest I am, and I have been probably over anxious about so important an effort. But some day—somewhere—suddenly—possibly unexpectedly—the inspiration will come, and have vent. Shoot me some old arrows; possibly from them an echo may arise in my mind. The principle of reproduction pervades all nature; ideas induce ideas, as well as cats induce kittens. I am getting more able to concentrate my thoughts upon what I am doing; perhaps that is a state unnecessary or even adverse to the kind of work you require. At any rate, when I can so seclude myself to the forgetting of all else, I'm almost happy. Hear from me soon.

TA TA.



A sweet subject.

FRENCH FICTION.

AN ALLEGED EXTRACT FROM ONE OF ITS MASTERPIECES.

French and American fiction now seem to be the rage—a revival of the old fiction of France, and a continuation of the new fiction of America. The following is an extract from a masterpiece of French fiction:

M. De Makeshift, when the file of soldiers left him, found himself in a dungeon. Not a ray of light penetrated the dismal abode, but De Makeshift's eyes gradually became so accustom'd to the darkness that he saw a broom straw lying in a corner. He caught up the broom straw, uttered a stifled cry, and pressed it to his head. Then, in his despair, he tickled his nose with the straw and laughed.

"Why laughs?" demanded a voice.

"I do."

"Who are you?"

"De Makeshift. Who are you?"

"The Abbe So-Long."

"Ah."

"Ah, ha."

"How long have you been here?"

"I have now, alas, no method of reckoning time. but I must have been here since sunrise this morning."

De Makeshift groaned. "Where are you now?" he asked.

"In a tunnel," the abbe replied.

"A tunnel?"

"Yes."

"You make my heart beat. Where did you get the tunnel?"

"Made it."

"You astonish me?"

"Ah."

"Ah, ha. Where did you get your shovel?"

"Had none."

"Then how did you make the tunnel?"

"Listen."

"I will."

"I scooped it out with a shirt button. Have you a button on your shirt?"

"No."



"Alas! you are married."  
 "No."  
 "Then why have you no buttons?"  
 "A Chinaman does my washing."  
 "Ah."  
 "Ah, ha."  
 "Well, wait until I gouge my way through this rock, and I will lend you my button."  
 "Oh, I thank you."  
 "Hist, the turnkey comes."  
 After a long silence: "Has the turnkey gone?" the abbe asked.  
 "Not yet."  
 "Well, when he goes tell me, and I will resume my work."  
 "All right; he's gone now."  
 "I am at work."

Scoop, scoop, scoop. A long, bony arm was thrust into De Makeshift's cell. De Makeshift seized it and pressed the elbow to his lips. The abbe stepped into the cell. "We must escape from here," said the abbe.

"How?"  
 "By scaling the walls."  
 "How can we scale them without a knife?"  
 "Wait."

The abbe took off his shirt, tore it into shreds, and in a marvellous manner made a ladder. "Got a couple of pins?"

"What do you want with them?"  
 "Make hooks to go on the end of the ladder."  
 "Here they are."

"Now," said the abbe, bending the pins and fastening them on the ladder, "follow me."

They passed out into the courtyard. De Makeshift uttered an exclamation. He saw the man who had poisoned his grandfather. The abbe threw the ladder. The pins caught hold; the two men escaped.

The following is an extract from American realism:

"Samuel," said Miss Peterson, "have you taken the ashes out of the stove?"

"I guess I have."  
 "Did you fix the kindling?"  
 "I guess I have."

Samuel arose, stretched himself, blew his nose on a bordered handkerchief, took up a decorated shell, looked at it, put it down, looked at the clock, took up his hat and quietly left the house. His heart was heavy, much heavier than his brain. He walked with a slight limp. Why? The corn doctor's experiment had not been successful. He blew his nose. Then he sneezed. When he reached the street corner he sneezed again. A girl passed, looked back at him and giggled. He despised giggling girls. His sister, who married a man who possessed epileptic fits, did not giggle. He followed the girl. He despised himself for doing it, but he couldn't help it. It was the first time he had ever followed a girl. He overtook the girl. "How are you?" he asked.

She giggled, and said that she was able to get about.

"I know that," said he.

Then they both giggled. He turned and left the girl. His heart was full of sweet sadness. He regretted having spoken to the girl, for he had not been brought up with her, yet her bright image, as it hung before him in a neat black walnut frame, smiled upon him and made his heart beat with joyous throbs. "I must not speak to her again," he said, but the next minute he ran after her. He overtook her and said: "How are you by now?"

She smiled and said that she was still stirring. He turned and ran away. That night his sleep was not sound. He was in love. — *Arkansas Traveller.*

SCENE—EVENING PARTY.

*Guest* (to affable stranger with whom he has been chatting for some time): "By love, you know, this is awfully slow, don't you think?"

*Stranger* (in a melancholy way): "Yes, it is, frightfully."

*Guest*: "Well, what do you say? Let's go!"

*Stranger* (regretfully): "Sorry I can't: I'm the host."

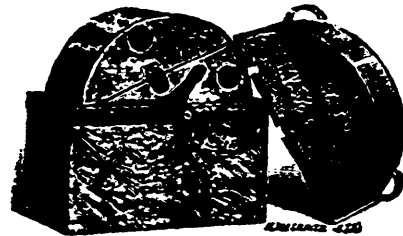
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Sufferers are no generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and 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.*

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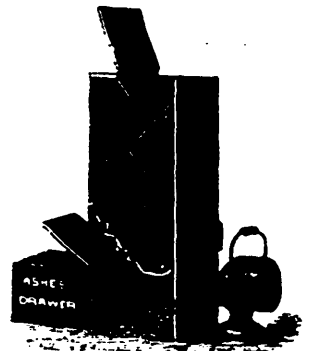
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