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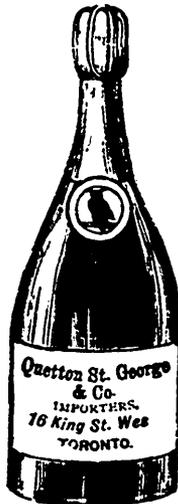
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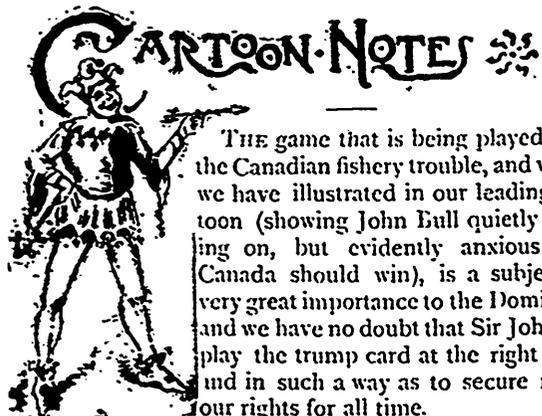


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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to the fire of last week in the building of the Mail Job Printing Company, we were unable to publish "The Arrow" for that week.



THE game that is being played over the Canadian fishery trouble, and which we have illustrated in our leading cartoon (showing John Bull quietly looking on, but evidently anxious that Canada should win), is a subject of very great importance to the Dominion, and we have no doubt that Sir John will play the trump card at the right time, and in such a way as to secure for us our rights for all time.

THE cartoon on the seventh page is a fair illustration of the tactics of Hon. E. Blake during the past session, to secure, if possible, office at the expense of principle. The Riel vote, and the vote on the Irish Home Rule question, gave ample proof that the leader of the Opposition would make any sacrifice of principle to secure the overthrow of Sir John Macdonald and his cabinet.

WE have received a letter from a gentleman signing himself "Adam Phool," in which he offers for sale at one-tenth of their original price (\$5.00) thirteen tickets for the Montreal Derby Sweepstake, now held by him. The letter is too full of profanity to admit of its publication in these columns, but we publish the gist of it, and shall be glad to forward to the proper address any offers which may be made by those of our readers who wish to speculate.

A PIG IN A POKE.

A poor old fakir stood out in the cold;
 His clothes were tattered, his feet were sore,
 An empty basket was under his arm
 That had held merchandise years before.

And though his basket was empty now,
 And he'd nothing to sell, the poor old guy,
 He still entreated the passing throng
 To "Step this way, gents," and "Come and buy."

When asked what he sold, he said, "Various things:
 I'll give satisfaction, or else know why;
 It matters not that I show no goods,
 You'll be well pleased if you'll only buy."

The most of the passers only jeered,
 But still there were some who joined his ranks,
 And this pig-in-a-poke-dispenser found
 Himself surrounded by sundry cranks.

But though they bought, and in votes they paid,
 They never have seen the goods as yet;
 His soul is lofty, serene and high—
 And they don't dare ask him what they're to get.

[Here the poet's feelings overcome him.

For they're all chilled through by this party old,
 Who is tired, so tired, of the dismal cold;
 Who needs his policy heeled and soled;
 Who's neither courageous, nor strong, nor bold,
 Who rants of "corruption" and "Tory gold,"
 Who cannot his cranky followers hold;
 Whose party is mostly beneath the mould;
 Whose passing bell will be shortly tolled,
 And his name I'll yell, or my heart will break—
 In-search-of-a-policy Edward Blake.

J. A. F.

TO A CERTAIN M.P.

The vilest man upon the earth
 Is sometimes subject for our mirth;
 We often can afford to smile
 At actions of the deepest guile;
 And you are so transparent, sir,
 We treat you like a yapping cur.

You're playing at your little game
 At filching every man's fair fame;
 You're piling up unto the skies
 A monument of wicked lies;
 But when your lies touch men of note
 They hurl them back, sir, in your throat.

If your ambition goes no higher,
 Then be a strong consistent liar,
 Be more ingenuous in your style,
 Your efforts now but make us smile;
 You haven't brought a single charge
 But we've sailed through it "by and large."

If you had but a tinge of shame
 I'd mention here your dirty name,
 But every one will know you by
 The simple name of M. C. LIE.
 Beware, M. C., some day you'll choke
 In getting off some lying joke.

J. A. F.

ARCADES AMBO.

GEN. HEWSON: Welcome to private life, John. You're well out of the "bloody Government."

JOHN O'DONOHUE: Whisper, Butt, me boy, that's what troubles me; I never was in it.

GEN. H.: Why don't you sue John A.?

— THE ARROW —

POINTERS.

IN spite of the outcry of the New England fish-grabbers, the United States Government still keeps its garment on, and shows its sense of the justice of our cause by seizing indiscriminately Canadian or Spanish fishing craft which violate the laws of Uncle Sam. This is all we claim a right to do. What are you Tommy Cods kicking about, anyway?

THE Scandal policy of the Opposition is being carried on with a vigour worthy of a better cause. There is an old saying about "other people's corn" and "your own bushel." The fact is, these gentlemen know how particularly dirty they were themselves in office, and so they are constantly in a state of unpleasant suspicion with regard to the men on the Treasury benches.

It is supposed that two thicknesses of sole leather, and a quarter inch brass plate, enveloped completely in stout rubber of A1 quality, would only prove half as tough by actual test as the cheek of M. C. Cameron, fabricator and slanderer-in-chief to the Reform party.

A CORRESPONDENT in one of the papers the other day proposed to license all the news-boys, with the object of keeping children of tender years off the streets at night, and to prohibit little girls especially from becoming young night hawks. The idea is a good one, and, goodness knows, any measure that will accomplish this wished for end will be hailed by the citizens generally. Wake up, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the City Council. These children are becoming promising young criminals with a rapidity altogether alarming, and if you don't take some means of controlling them now, they will only have to be provided for at the public expense hereafter. I will promise to boom any alderman's candidature for re-election who will introduce some such by-law.

It is said that the question of when the new parliament buildings are to be commenced has been taken into Mr. Mowat's "most serious consideration." It is likely to remain there until he begins to work his little scheme for getting one or more grit representatives from this city. That is to say, the general elections and the commencement of the new buildings will be characterized by a good deal of adjacency and contiguity, as it were.

"THE GROWLER" has been frequently mentioned of late in the city press. It is to be found flourishing in all its hideousness of detail on the Island, and in the theatre lane, we are informed. I have been in a couple of Scott Act counties of late, and if by the "Growler" a black bottle is meant, I should say that to get this fruit in its full perfection, one would need to visit some of the realms dominated by the Canada Temperance Act. It is to be found hidden away behind barns, hotel bars, haystacks and stumps, as well as in the pockets of individuals who "keep a little at home for private use," by those who get initiated into the art and mystery of "pulling the string." The Scott Act is a beautiful and beneficent institution, and this is only one of the new departures for which it deserves our hearty and humble thanks.

A FEW disgruntled blue noses are howling "secesh" for all they are worth in order to help Blake in the coming campaign. One of them is Jones, who on a former occasion wanted to haul down the Union Jack from the Halifax citadel, assisted by Vail, afterwards McKenzie, Minister of Militia. These "loyal" gentlemen are also anxious the fisheries should be protected by our government against the depredations of foreign professional fish larcenists; and yet they are anxious just now to wrap themselves in the starry banner—for a consideration. They are as consistent as the balance of the crowd, however.

WHAT became of that statute which made it a misdemeanor for any newspaper to publish an account of a prize fight? This style of entertainment is becoming more and more popular; and so long as the brutal imaginations of a certain class of readers are pandered to by the press, so long will the blackguardly sport be encouraged. I'd like to see the virtuous Deacon, for instance, be compelled, in company with others, to get up and howl for his offences in this respect.

THE GALLEY BOY.

THE DRUMMER'S MISTAKE.

Among the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's many accomplishments, not the least is his ability as a story teller. To much amused listeners he recently told this one about a New York drummer. A typical "knight of the gripsack" was detained at a small town in Western New York a while ago where a revival meeting was in progress. He had met a party of convivial friends during his stay there, and had what is popularly known as "a load on." Nevertheless he drifted into the revival meeting, and took a seat well up in front. It was rather close in the church, and the warm air was conducive to sleep. The drummer yielded to the drowsy god, and after nodding a little sank into a profound slumber, and slept through the minister's rather long and dry discourse. The audience sang a hymn, and the drummer slept on.

Then the Evangelist began his address, and wound up his fervid appeal with this request: "Will all of you who want to go to heaven, please rise?"

Every one in the church except the sleepy drummer arose. When the Evangelist asked them to be seated, one of the brothers in the same pew as the sleeping drummer accidentally brushed against him as he sat down. The drummer rubbed his eyes, and, partially awake, heard the last portion of the Evangelist's request, which was: "Now, I want all of you who want to go to hell to stand up."

The drummer struggled a little, leaped forward unsteadily, and rose from his seat in a dazed sort of way. A sort of suppressed laugh he heard from some of the younger people, and an expression of horror he noticed on the faces of some of the older ones. Steadying himself against the rail, he looked at the Evangelist an instant, and then said: "Well, parson, I don't know just exactly what we are voting on, but you and I seem to be in a hopeless minority."

"I HAVE just gone into a rapid decline," said the editor, as he swept three pounds, fourteen ounces of original manuscript into the waste-basket.



A DISENCHANTMENT.

Very unsophisticated old Lady (From the extremely remote country): "Dear me, he's a very different looking person from what I had always imagined."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

- I am going to speak in Simcoe.—ED. BLAKE.
- Heaven help us, and the Scott Act's in force.—THE GRITS.
- I will address my future constituents.—THE HON. TIM.
- Very, "very" future.—THE SIMCOE TORIES.
- My presence will conduce to the purity of the election.—HERMANN COOK.
- I will see that no false witness is borne against our candidate that I cannot lay out.—M. C. CAMERON.
- They are a Brawling Brood of Boodle Baggers.—THE DEACON.
- My name is mud, I sadly fear
- My constituents are acting queer.—POET EDGAR.
- The Irish Catholics can have whatever they may ask if they'll only vote for me.—ED. BLAKE
- What have you to give.—THE IRISH CATHOLICS.
- Something for "Me" by and by.—JUDAS O'DONOHUE.

THERE is a movement afoot to suppress the small boy. This would be in accordance with a long felt want, but as the suppression is arbitrary, the movement is not likely to meet with success. It is proposed, indeed it has been enacted, that he be prevented from playing ball in the public parks. Yet it would be infinitely better to let him have his "bawl" in the park rather than in the streets, where it jars upon the public ear, and fills the human heart with resentment. Mayor Howland must remember the time when "trunks" was a popular game, and when vacant land could be had

by the acre rather than by the foot; he, like thousands of others, must look back with longing to the time when his callous heel pressed down the daisies, and the rich, green grass interspersed itself among his nut-brown toes; when the air was filled with sounds of youthful revelry instead of with discord and sounds of "fresh fish." He must remember his hot and hatless youth, when the stone-bruise was courted rather than feared, and when life was one long holiday. But what kind of a picture would it be to look back upon if a policeman, with his loaded club, occupied the foreground, signs of "Keep off the grass" and "No ball here" the middle distance, and a narrow-minded, small-souled, grinding, tyrannical and altogether repressive Committee of Public Walks and Gardens in perspective. Would he not want to walk back into the past, abuse the policeman, throw down the signs, and sneer at the Committee of Public Walks and Gardens? By all means let the boys play ball. The regular baseball clubs offer great inducements to clever ball tossers, and it promises to become one of the leading industries—just the thing for men who are muscular and indolent.

THE session at Ottawa is very near its close; in fact, it may close before the week is out, and every member, including "The Boy," knows to a fraction how much mileage is owing to him, and how much a liberal use of his railway pass will permit him to save. The session has been an uneventful one; Sir John is still in command, and Mr. Blake persistently neglects to provide himself with a policy. There was a great deal of money spent, considerable talk, and several new volumes of specimens of alleged oratory were added to the Hansard. Senator Alexander made the senate so warm at times that it was necessary to raise the skylight, and the mutterings of thunder from the vicinity of Senator O'Donohoe gave frequent signs of a storm in that latitude. Senator Smith continues to nourish the sprouting wings by means of which his fortune will fly away, and in the eyes of the Grit press the country is boldly going to the devil. Whatever hope there may have been that there would be an appeal to the country has been dispelled by the cold-blooded way in which the Premier refuses to say anything about it. There will be another session before an election.

SINCE good Deacon Cameron joined the Redemptorist Fathers he has given the "Globe" quite an Ultramontane twirl, and Brother Farrer, of the "Mail," has been compelled to load up with the Orange ritual, trot out the white horse, and get Ulster on a war footing.

THE following unique story is told of Tiger Tail, the Seminole chief. A sewing-machine agent drifted into his dominion one day and set up a machine in Tiger Tail's tent. The old chief with great deliberation watched him put it through its paces. He then arose, brushed the agent to one side, and seating himself, adjusted his feet in the treadle. He started the wheel and found that he could make it go. He sewed up one piece of cloth and down another, and then gravely and critically examined his work. At last he appeared to be satisfied that it was all right. He then turned quietly to his wives, who had watched the proceedings with interest, and kicked them, one after another, out of his tent.



He should open a second-hand shop
 For cast-off political clothes,
 The duds that he hankered for one time
 He now undisguisedly loathes.

REMINISCENCES OF A NORMAL SCHOOL
 STUDENT.

FIT THE FIRST.

I once attended a Normal school,
 In a far off countreec;
 "For dad," said Sam, "you ain't no fool,
 And teacher you should be."

So I did the requisite "Model" cram,
 And taught on a "third" three years;
 Then found myself at the Normal sham,
 That place of scoffs and jeers.

The chap who ran the fraudulent show
 Was "Tommy" (familiarlec);
 Without any *push*, or *snaf* or *go*,
 He mumbled the chemistreec.

He tried some other subjects too,
 Shakespeare especiallec;

But William failed to get his due
 At the hands of our Tommee.

Some parasites feigned to make it appear
 That they thought him a wonderful man;
 Results have shown us tolerably clear
 That theirs was a mighty good plan.

They actually made the old chap think
 That they looked on him as their "pawpy,"
 And he in turn did nothing but wink
 When they began to copy.

For copying was our chiefest boast
 From start to close of session;
 So he was first who copied most --
 I grieve at this confession.

With English bad and teaching worse,
 If any worse could be,
 I'd call that Normal School a curse
 To any countreec.

CARADOC.

— THE ARROW —



When a man's single, he lives at his ease.

THE Maine point of the following of-fishial lines is to prove to our piscatorial American cousins that they are the (h)erring ones :

Yankee	Blue Nose
Doodle—	“ <i>Twigez vous?</i> ”
(Cranky—	Soon shows
“Boodle”),	Knows you.
Bought bait	Blaze 'way,
On sly.	Who'll care?
Not “straight”—	We play
Mr. Frye,	Fair, square.
Bait bought	Stripes, stars,
On sly;	Can't fool
Got caught	Our tars
On sly.	And John Bull.
Uncle Sam,	Our fish
Phelan mad,	Your Frye.
Swore “damn”	Our dish
Like mad.	Your lie.

F. IDDLÉ, D.D.

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

Citizen: See here, you sold me a fish last night and warranted it to be boneless. Now, sir, that fish was so full of bones I couldn't eat it.

Fish-dealer: Oh, you wanted it to eat, hey? I thought you wanted to keep it.

EXPLAINED.

The following is told of a well-known diner-out whose love of oysters is notorious. At a dinner-party one evening oysters were duly served to him; but, when he got the fourth, he sent his plate away. The hostess, by whom he sat, observing this, expressed her concern, adding, “I assure you they are natives!” “I don't doubt it,” he replied; “but that last one I ate was a settler!”

AN Irishman, owing to dreadful misfortunes, resolved to commit suicide. But as he did not wish it to be known, lest it should leave a stain on his family, he left a note on the table to the following effect: “I hope you will not think that I committed suicide. My death is the result of an accident. The pistol went off as I was cleaning it.”

TWO LOVE STORIES.

No. 1.

A dashing young, slashing young soldier of fame
(As it's no business of yours, I'll not tell his name)
Was engaged to a maiden; but ere they were wed
He was called to the wars, where he fought hard, and bled
For the good of his country, and left there for dead.

When the dreadful event was disclosed to the maid,
She fainted away, then recovering, said:
“I shall never—no never—have heart for another;
I'll live all my life with my father and mother,
And grandma, and uncle and aunty, and brother.”
She didn't, though.

No. 2.

A fashionable, dashing young lady of seven,
Was beloved by a rather fast youth of eleven,
Who smoked bits of cane, chewed gum now and then,
Swore “by gosh” and “by jingo,” and sat up till ten.

He muster'd up courage one day to propose,
But the lady was haughty and turned up her nose,
Which disgusted our hero so much, that he said
He'd continue a bachelor till he was wed.
Which he did.

CONTRIB.

ICHABOD.

A TRIOLET.

Departed is the glory of John O'Donohoe,
If one believes his story,
The Tries all are gory—
Departed is the glory,
And John is full of woe;
Departed is the glory of John O'Donohoe.

J. A. F.

HOW AN OLD DOMESTICATED HAND ACTS.

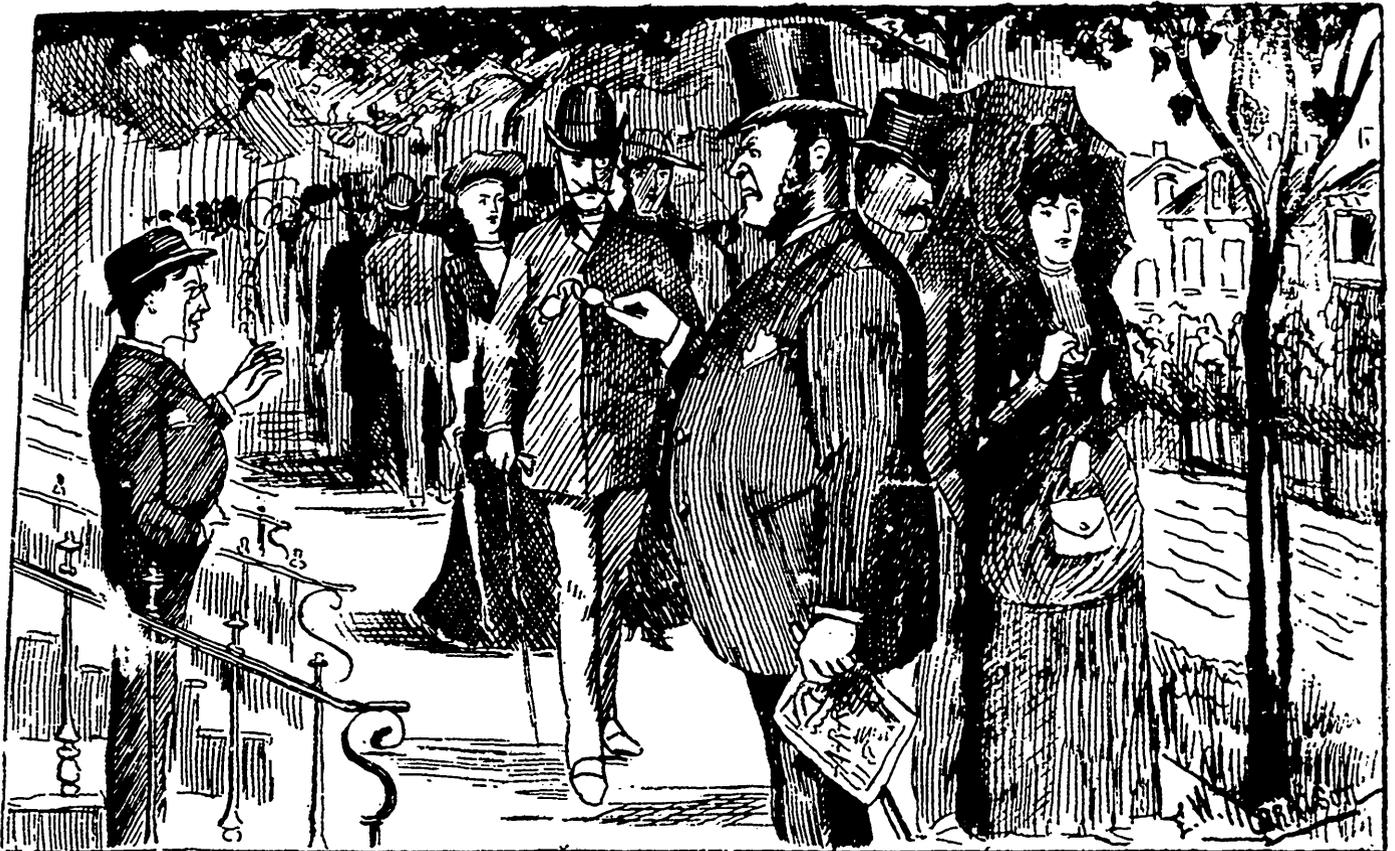
Scene—Smoking room of club. Time—Any time after midnight.

Jawkins, newly-married man: “No; I've really nothing to complain of about my wife, except her memory. But that is awful; she never seems to remember even the most necessary things.”

Pawkins, married some years: “Ah, well, mine was just the same till I found out a perfect cure for it! Whenever there is anything very particular I want Mrs. Pawkins to remember, I write it down on a slip of paper, and gum it on the looking-glass! See?”

It is said that there are few better amateur mechanical engineers in the country than Lord Rosse. There is a good story told of his visiting a large factory in the north of England some years ago, when one of the partners in the concern, passing through the works, was struck by the remarks being made to the foreman by the not particularly striking-looking visitor. Entering into conversation himself with the young man, he was so impressed by the intimate knowledge displayed of the mechanical details of the business, that he exclaimed, “You are just the man I want! If you are out of a job, I will give you a first-rate billet here; and, at all events, leave me your name and address, in case of your being at liberty on some future occasion.” “Thank you; I am er the Earl of Rosse, and I am not-er seeking employment-er just at present,” was the characteristic reply, in Lord Rosse's usual dry, hesitating manner.

WHY is a quack like a locomotive? Because he cannot go on without puffing.



THE BOY IS THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

Pompous Stranger (to small resident): "Er—I want to go to the Horticultural Gardens?
Precocious Juvenile: "All right, sonny, run away, but don't stay too long!"

FIXING "LITTLE FATHER."

The Maoris, who are being ruined by drink, do not distinguish between the use and abuse of it: and they have humour in them, as the following story from Mr. Froude's "Oceana" shows: "A missionary and a chief, whose name I think was Tekoi—it will do, at any rate—were intimate friends. The chief had great virtues; he was brave, he was true, he was honest, but could not resist rum. Many times the missionary found him drunk, and at last said to him, 'Tekoi, good man, I love you much. Don't drink fire-water. If you do, Tekoi, you will lose your property, you will lose your character, you will lose your health, and in the end your life. Nay, Tekoi, worse than that, you will lose your immortal soul.' Tekoi listened with stony features. He went away. Days passed, and weeks and months, and the missionary saw no more of him. It seemed, however, that he was not far off, and was biding his time. About a year after, one stormy night, the missionary, who had been out upon his rounds, came home drenched and shivering. The fire burned bright, the room was warm; the missionary put on dry clothes, had his supper, and felt comfortable. He bethought himself that, if he was to make sure of escaping cold, a glass of hot whiskey-punch before he went to bed would not be inexpedient. His Maori servant brought in the kettle. The whiskey-

bottle came out of the cupboard, with the sugar and lemons. The fragrant mixture was compounded and just at his lips, when the door opened, a tattooed face looked in, a body followed, and there stood Tekoi. 'Little father,' he said, 'do not drink fire-water. If you drink fire-water, little father, you will lose your property, you will lose your character, you will lose your health—perhaps you will lose your life. Nay, little father, you will lose— But that shall not be. Your immortal soul is more precious than mine. The drink will hurt me less than it will hurt you. To save your soul, I will drink it myself.'

THERE is a difference between coal-dealers. An honest one says of another, "His weights are not my weights."

"Bless me," he said, looking at the clock, "it's after eleven! How time flies! I had no idea it was so late." "It is better late than never," she said, hiding a yawn.

Two burglars had ransacked a house in Dublin and secured every portable thing of any value. While passing through the pantry, one of them picked up a piece of cold meat and was about to eat it. "Whist, Pat!" said the other warningly. "'Av' yez forgot phat day it is?" "Be jabbers," said Pat, dropping the meat, "I had: it's Friday mornin'!"

LOGIC ITSELF.

A. : "I tell you that mathematics is an incontrovertible science; in fact, it is logic itself! For instance, suppose it takes one man twelve days to build this wall, then twelve men can finish it in one day."

B. : "Certainly; therefore two hundred and eighty-eight in an hour, seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty in a minute, and, if one million thirty-six thousand eight hundred men set to work, the wall will be up in a second—that is, before a single stone can be got into its place!"

CATARH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER.—Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

"Who is that at the kitchen door?" asked Mr. Jollikin of his young wife just after breakfast. "It's a beggar; and I'm bothered to death with them," she replied, as she got up to answer the man. "Wait a minute, my dear," said her husband; "I'll arrange so that he won't trouble you any more." "That's a darling!" she said lovingly; "you are always ready to help me." He went out, and in a few minutes he returned. "Well," asked his wife, "did you get rid of him?" "Yes; I gave him something to eat." "Oh, you shouldn't have done that! He'll be sure to come back and worry me more than ever!" she said petulantly. "Oh no, he won't, love! I gave him a piece of that cake you made for breakfast."

THE following anecdote concerning the late King Ernest of Hanover's English coachman, Temple, is told by the Rev. C. A. Wilkinson, domestic chaplain to his majesty. It seems that Temple's wife died, and, as a matter of course, it fell to Mr. Wilkinson's lot to conduct the funeral ceremony. "A few days afterwards old Temple, in deep mourning, called upon me," says the chaplain. "He was very much upset, and evidently had something on his mind which he found a difficulty in expressing, for he stood there for a few moments in silence, and then turned his hat round and round, and looked mournfully into it, and brushed it with his hand; and at last he got out, though stammering, 'I've called, sir—I've called, sir—as I wish to ask—and don't like to put it c.f.—what I've got to pay you for that 'ere job.' 'Oh,' I said, 'nothing, of course! I have no fees, Temple. But I remember now I am in your debt, and I must ask you what I have to pay for the two pots of ointment you made me for my horse's cracked feet?' 'Oh,' said Temple, 'Lord bless you, sir, don't mention it! Nothing, sir, nothing! One good turn deserves another all the world over!'" Mr. Wilkinson hastens to explain that Temple was really fond of his wife, and genuinely grieved at her death, but that this was just his way of trying to express his gratitude.

HE emigrated from a little country village some years ago, and is now a well-to-do colonist. Lately he wrote to the old folk, telling them that he had married a lady with a very fine voice—a "mezzo-soprano of quite extraordinary compass." He received an answer from the maternal side of the family informing him that his late lamented aunt was afflicted with something of that sort during her life, but had found relief on placing a mustard-plaster on the sole of each foot.

A CABIN-BOY on board a ship, the captain of which was a very religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling to the captain. "Pray, sir," said he, "will you wait till I say my prayers?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well then," replied little Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore!"

MISTRESS: "Bridget, I can't get into the parlour." Bridget: "Sure it's mesilf knows that: an' ye won't, fur I have the kay in me pocket!" Mistress: "Open the door immediately!" Bridget: "Will ye go in if I do?" Mistress: "Certainly I will!" Bridget: "Then ye don't get the kay." Mistress: "Open the door immediately! What do you mean?" Bridget: "Sure it's by your orders!" Mistress: "My orders?" Bridget: "Yis. Ye said yesterday, 'Don't let me come downstairs in the mornin' an' see any dust on the parlour furniture.' So I just puts the kay in me pocket, an' says I, 'Then she won't!'"

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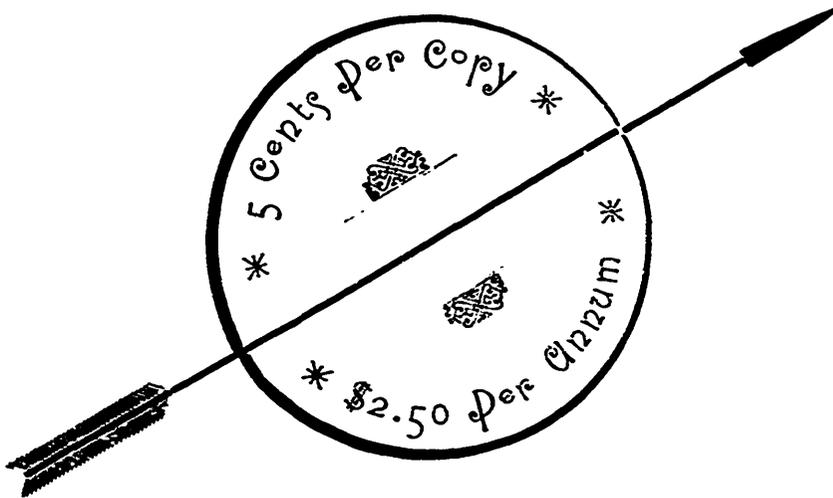
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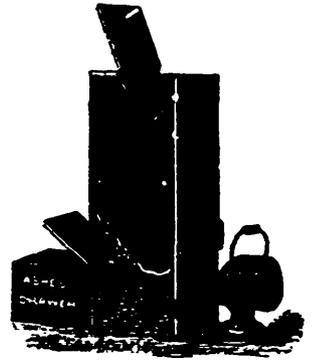
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