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# THE ARROW



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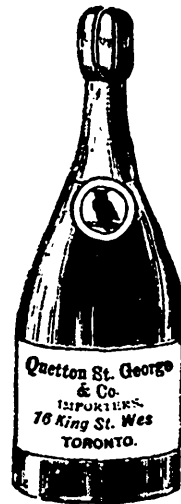
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# THE ARROW

TORONTO PRESS, 1886.

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## CARTOON NOTES.

OUR leading cartoon, showing the Minister of Agriculture advising John Bull with reference to pauper immigration, is, we think, a fair illustration of Canadian feeling on the subject of the Home Government sending to the colonies the poor and destitute of Old England.

THE railway strike, or little differences in committee, at Ottawa, though not so serious as the Gould strike, is, we think, to be regretted. The public generally would prefer the quarrel settled in the way suggested by our cartoon, provided the Hon. Edward would take the position of bottle-holder.

THE cartoon on the last page we have no doubt will be of great assistance to Sir John in warding off our American cousins, if he acts strictly on the lines (not fishing) we have suggested.

WE regret to learn that, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts put forth by Ald. Saunders and Frankland, Mr. John Laidlaw will not represent Toronto at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition to be held in London (England) this year. This will be the city's loss. Mr. Laidlaw's experience as an Exhibition Commissioner, coupled with his characteristic *bonhomie*, would do more to further Canada's interests at the coming Exhibition than all the efforts of the host of incapables who will probably be turned out from the office of the Canadian Commissioner in London to represent Canada and the interests of Canadians.

## PARKDALE.

We are glad to see that the Reformers of West York had so unanimous a meeting. When little birds so in their nest agree, there can be no question as to the result of the hatching.

## THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

"This is the ape of form."—SHAKESPEARE.

Once upon a time, my dears,  
 Many years ago,  
 All the men wer' monkeys—  
 Animals, you know.  
 In all these handsome dudes  
 Walking on King Street,  
 You can see their grandsires' ways  
 Are not obsolete;  
 For if you observe, my dears,  
 Well the "masher" shape,  
 Easily you'll recognise  
 Man once more an ape.

TARIO.

On King and Bay what high-topped pile does rise,  
 Like to some ancient castle which of yore  
 Reared its proud towers to the summer skies,  
 Held by a giant who is named Farrar,  
 Who neighbouring Grits, they say, does deftly harry,  
 Assisted in his politics and hunting  
 By a good man—I think his name is B—g.

E'en so on King, much lower in the town,  
 A dour house its grim front shows afar,  
 A "Globe" above, which once indeed, when Brown  
 Did guide the helm, was something nearly par;  
 But now there is no folly which could mar  
 The pabulum they serve up to the Grits;  
 Enough to make their leaders lose their wits—

That is, if they e'er had them; for the "World"  
 Hints oft without a doubt they are insane.  
 Points to Canadian kerchief fresh unfurled,  
 The creases fresh, without a single stain:  
 This is our flag: we need not o'er the main  
 Britannia's history, nor yet her Peerage,  
 Nor e'en the Crown, or paupers sent per steerage.

A curious window this! 'Neath crystal clear  
 Doth stand a clockwork, which the numbers show,  
 To prove that advertising is not dear  
 In papers like the "Telegram," you know:  
 The numbers come as from the press do flow  
 Copies by tens, by hundreds and by thous.  
 This editor, I fancy, has some nous—

Quite different from the man who near on Yonge  
 Sad rules a little sheet with stress of pain;  
 You'd think it had been thrust in earth: a song  
 Of melancholy lamentation is its strain,  
 As nought on earth could compensate again  
 For what it lost in heaven, when with the dews  
 It fell to earth, and found itself "The News."

Have you e'er seen within a hencoop's bounds  
 A chicken much affected with the pip,  
 Opening his bill to utter plaintiff sounds?  
 Staggering from side to side, he oft does slip;  
 On life he has a very slender "Grip."  
 Dear me! it's strange! indeed, without intending,  
 I've hit the name I wanted in that ending.

To earn our daily bread is the desire  
 Of men who toil beneath the summer skies,  
 To earn it by the pen or by the lyre—  
 The latter oftener indeed they prize.  
 For music each one innocently sighs;  
 Some do it all the time, but some more meek  
 But try it on the public once a "Week."

They try but once a week, and then they write  
 The purest English in most weighty articles;  
 What though the substance always lacketh spite,  
 And wit is found to scintillate in particles,  
 To see it one must use the best of barnacles.  
 Yet much they do, I must say, has some pith  
 Extracted from the head of G—d—n S—th.

And now I feel my muse sustain a shiver,  
 As o'er her grave had walked some deadly form,  
 Or death had drawn from his replete quiver  
 The arrow fatal to the mortal worm.  
 Vain to avoid one's fate it is to squirm?  
 How's this! escaped! ye evil powers aroint!  
 Laugh at the "Arrow." Why, it has no point!

And so "Mail," "Globe," the "World" and "Telegram,"  
 "The News" and "Grip," the "Week," and last, the "Arrow,"  
 Exhibit each capacity and flam  
 Of worked-up sentiment. Of parties' farrow,  
 Such sucking pigs, and hatched goslings callow,  
 A Press to lead the people! Who can tell  
 Where they may lead? unless perchance—Ah! well!

CYCLORS.

## — THE ARROW —

### AFTER "OUIDA."

She sat alone.

Solitude that must be infinitely wearying to thee, lovely maid.

For she is lovely.

Her eyes are blue with the blueness of the bluing water in the wooden tub, in which the bare-armed rosy-cheeked hired girl plunges the clothes on the *first* Monday of the yet infant week.

Her fragile nose is straight as the narrow path that leadeth to salvation.

Her brow is smooth and white as a sheet of note paper, e'er the cruel hand and the black marks of the devastating pen have left their blight upon it.

Her lips, soft and shining as butter in the burning months of sweetest summer, rival the blood-red glories of the tropic sunset in colour.

Her hair is gold; not the golden glint of the corn cob, nor the yellow shimmering of the sunflower, but gold—gold—as 18 carots.

Its interesting masses are crushed into a true lover's knot at the back of her unresponsive entêtée head, the front curls forming a fair and altogether heart-breaking pin-befrizzed bang; add to this a grace *all her own*, not vainly distributed, and a figure that combines the delicious curves of the old-fashioned hour-glass with the straight, erect fineness of the modern dude's cane, and you have Luisiana Deluvlymade in her eighteenth year.

A shadow fell, even stumbled, across her path.

A man—young, wildly handsome—with the horsey air of Byron's corsair came before her.

"You!!"

He bowed in silence, but into his night black eyes there flashed a red-hot A-1 tenderness born of the sound of her sleigh-bell-like voice.

"I thought," she continued in forty-below-zero tones, though her rose-tipped heaven-scented lips quivered, "we had said good-bye." A tide (composed of many waves) of emotion crossed the lover's Byronic all-soul face.

"I will not take your answer," he said.

"You *must*." Stern and unalterable as the laws of the Knights of Labour were the monosyllabic words that fell from that seemingly weak-as-a-kitten mouth.

They fell as sticks of green firewood on a tender corn upon his bursting heart.

He knelt at her feet; he took her hand, unresponsive to his touch as a brush handle, in his; he pressed those fingers, white and soft as slightly boiled macaroni, to his lava-like lips; he pleaded, as only the altogether mashed can plead, but she answered not.

Only she laughed a laugh that sounded to his tortured, mad-touched love-devoured heart like the cruel hum of the musquito when one is alone in the darkness of the sad never-to-be-forgotten hours of the ink-black night—alas!

"Tell me," he whispered at length, in a voice hoarse as a crow's, with double-distilled emotions, "that you love me even an iota."

She answered not.

"Tell me, at least, you love not Bob Williams."

"You ask too much." The cold tones of glassy rebuke, icy as the wind round the toboggan slide at night when one is waiting one's turn, stung him like a bumble bee's sharp bite, and his great self-control bust.

"Give me 'ope," he moaned; "give me 'ope, or I die."

(He was not illiterate, far from it: but an "early

English" education had rendered the aspiration of the letter H to him well nigh an impossibility.

What of that? Did not the fair damsel in "Patience" plead, "If not aesthetic, *at least* be "early English.")

She rose; she drew away her macaroni-like fingers from his touch.

"'Ope on," she mocked, showing her pearly teeth like the beads along the edge of the—the coming fashionable white summer bonnet, "'ope ever; but go if you would please me, and never come back."

He stood for a moment, irresolute as the potato beetle on the city side walk, and then with slow, lingering step, like a tramp leaving the too charitable door, he went out of the well loved and ever to him gloriously enraptured presence.

She stood alone, in the sun-kept garden flower enshrined, with the smile, mocking as empty beer bottles and yet sweet as strawberries and cream, still lingering on her tomato-like lips.

"He will come back," she said, "and then we shall be as happy as Yum Yum and Nanki Poo."

But she never saw him again.

He sunk under her cruel handspike-like words, and rapid consumption had him for her own.

He had gone far from home, taking with him only a valise containing some underclothes, a clean pair of socks, his bible and some flowers that *she* had gathered, and he left no address, so she had not even the poverty-stricken consolation of kissing him a last good-bye.

Vain *then* were the salt sea tears she shed, and black and bitter as a black draught was her soul-scorching remorse, as she lay on her face (her golden hair, like a load of upset straw, falling in wild confusion round her), prostrate by her great woe as a knocked down lightning rod.

Peace—even happiness came to her in the future, but slowly as a snail.

Young and soul-entrancingly beautiful though she was, the memory of "what had been" cast a gloom upon her life.

It had been bright as the first-class electric light.

It was now dull as the glow from an ill-trimmed, badly polished coal-oil-bespotted stable lantern.

Ever in the utterly silent hours of the night a face, Byronic and all-souled, rises before her, and she seems again to hear that hoarse and crow-like voice, "Give me 'ope."

Such is life, alas! alas!

Oh! trifle not with happiness, she comes but once.

TRIX.

### A GROWL FROM A MIDSHIPMITE.

If there is a sound I hate  
'Tis to hear the bell strike eight,  
When resting of my pate  
On the pillow;  
For it is a sound I fear,  
Most terrible to hear,  
To them as earns their beer  
On the billow.

For then you have to go  
And leg it to and fro  
On deck, and not below,  
In the air;  
And hear the sentries tell,  
Whenever they strike the bell,  
How everything is well  
Everywhere.



KEEP them at home. John, keep them at home ;  
For paupers they always will be.  
You can better afford the luxury, John,  
Of keeping them paupers than me.



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The "Mikado" at the Grand is drawing crowded houses, and is well deserving of public favour, the company being in every way an admirable one.

PADDY'S GRIEVANCES.

Ould Gladstone is but a commotherin' villain ;  
 Begorra, he thinks that the Irish are green !  
 Does he think that the true sons of Erin are willin'  
 To lave him in peace, and depart from the scene ?

He'd have us lave Westminster all to the Saxon,  
 No more to raise ructions and fight for the cause ;  
 While the fellies that's left, sure, would put every tax on  
 That we'd have to pay by Imperial laws.

And then his oidee av the polis and sojer—  
 Supposin' thim divils from Ulster came down,  
 We wouldn't daur say to a one av them, " Load yer  
 Revolvers, me darlins, and droive thim from town."

Bad luck to his free tradin', murderin' madness :  
 He thinks, I suppose, that the Irish will buy  
 Their goods, jush as now, from the Saxon with gladness,  
 While their own trade is dead ; yes, they will—in me eye !

But the worst is to come : it is this point that sticks us —  
 Sure it's here that he thinks we are left in the lurch ;  
 Not contint that he robs us, and gags us and tricks us,  
 Be the great howly poker, *he's down on the Church!*

J. A. F.

"It doesn't take the din and smoke of battle, with the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the charge and retreat, to bring out the bravery in a man's nature."

"That's a fact."

"In the humble walks of every-day life may be found hosts of heroes braver than many who have led armies to victory."

"Yes, I have made the same observation myseif. But what inspires the reflection?"

"I was just reading in the paper about a woman who has just married her eighth husband."

*Mr. Footlite (husband of a popular actress).*—I desire to sue my wife for divorce on the ground of non-support.

*Mr. Woolsack.*—Yes, sir; you have an excellent case.

*Mr. Footlite.*—And I want to put in an extra claim of damages, say \$10,000.

*Mr. Woolsack.*—What for?

*Mr. Footlite.*—For damage done my constitution by my drinking with the press in order to secure favourable criticisms.

CHARGE OF THE DRESS BRIGADE.

(SOME WAY AFTER THE POET LAUREATE.)

Half a league, half a league, half a league rearward,  
 Right thro' the mire and dirt,  
 Much to its beauty's hurt,  
 Sailed the rich silken skirt,  
 Half a league rearward.

Half a yard, half a yard, half a yard fully,  
 Hirsute and woolly,  
 Into the liquid air  
 Rose up the pile of hair  
 From other heads sundered,  
 While seated upon it,  
 Rode the brave bonnet—  
 Rode, though it wonder'd.  
 Curls to the right of it,  
 Curls to the left of it,  
 Curls to the rear of it—  
 Curls that were plundered.  
 What tho' men shout, "Oh, fie!  
 Fortunes you've squandered."  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs but to do or die;  
 "Charge to the clerks," they cry—  
 "Charge by the hundred."

MOVED TO TEARS.

"John!"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you remember coming home last night and asking me to throw you an assorted lot of key-holes out of the window, so that you might find one large enough and steady enough to get your latch-key in?"

"Yes, dear."

"And do you remember the night before how you asked me to come down and hold the stone steps still enough for you to step on?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the night before that how you tried to jump into the bed as it passed your corner of the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"And still another night when you carefully explained to me that no man was intoxicated as long as he could lie down without holding on, and then attempted to go to bed on a perpendicular wall?"

"Yes, dear."

"John, do you realize that you have come home sober but two nights in the past two weeks?"

"Have I, dear?"

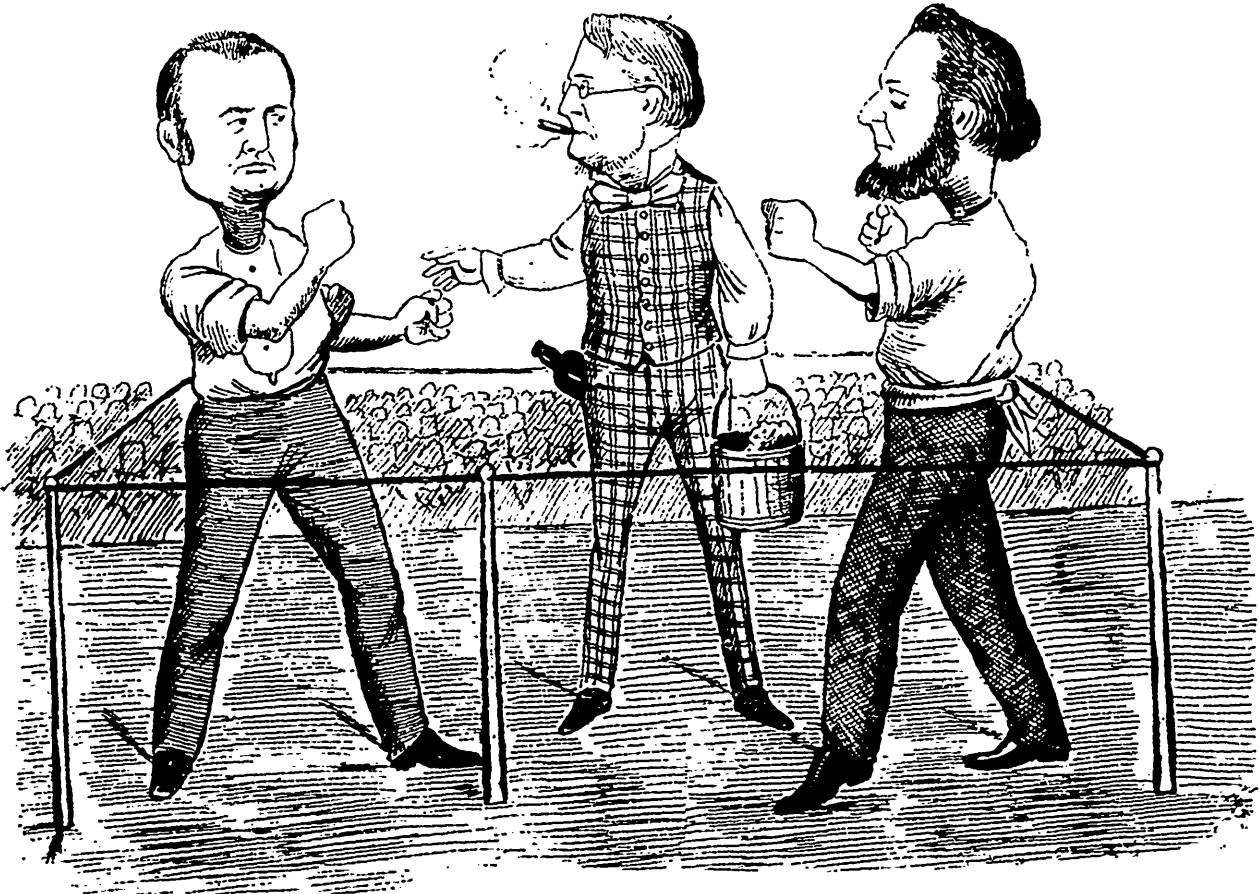
"That's all; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, too. The idea of a man of your age— But, John, why, you're crying. There, there, dear, I didn't mean to be too severe. After all, you *did* come home sober two nights."

"Yes, that's what makes me feel so bad."

And then the meeting was adjourned.—*Rambler.*

"Pa," asked a little boy, "when a man goes into office does he have to take an oath?" "Yes." "And when he goes out of office does he take an oath?" "Yes: but there is nothing compulsory about it."—*Life.*

It was Josh Billings who originalled the phrase that is now a national expression, "The business end of the wasp;" and when he said to a lady, "It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are," he uttered a sentence, to use one of his own expressions, "bulging out with first-class wisdom."



Another Railway Strike, or the North-West Central trouble in Committee.

**REID'S**  
**AT THE HAYMARKET**  
**FOR FINE LIQUORS**

IMPORTER OF IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEYS

Bass's Ale and Guinness's Stout on draught

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ONE of the cruelest reports made by any musical audience is reported from California. A vocalist was warbling to her own great satisfaction, "O, would I were a bird." A rough miner replied, "O, would I were a gun."—*Musical Courier*.



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A PATHETIC BALLAD.

*Minstrel Style.*

*Interlocutor.*—Mr. Knazel Wheezer will oblige with the beautiful song, "The Strap that Mother Used to Fan my Pants."  
Mr. Wheezer obliges in a faded *tenore disgusto*.

FIRST VERSE.

I am dreaming of the childhood that can never come no more,  
When I used to fight with angel brother Pat,  
When I loved to gather round myself upon the cabin floor,  
And to monkey with the aged Thomas cat ;  
When I knocked my loving sister Mag half way across the room,  
And upon her neck I did a song-and-dance ;  
But one thing, only one thing, o'er my childhood cast a gloom,  
'Twas the strap that mother used to fan my pants.

*The other parti-coloured gentlemen of the coloured party add their voices to the general conspiracy.*

CHORUS.

Oh, speak about it kindly, and do not leave it blindly,  
Tho' oft in childhood's hour it made me dance.  
That strap of toughest leather ; oh ! what hours we passed together,  
'Tis the strap that mother used to fan my pants.

*Mr. Wheezer resumes hostilities.*

SECOND VERSE.

I remember in the springtime when I wandered by her side  
To the little old brown woodshed in the lane ;  
Where she dallied, oh ! how fondly, with that little strap of hide,  
And I promised not to do so e'er again.  
And how well do I remember, when that interview did cease,  
How about that little shed I used to prance,  
And I ate my little breakfast off the little mantel-piece ;  
'Tis the strap that mother used to fan my pants.

*Chorus again in the field.*

Oh, speak about it kindly, etc.  
*All hands then repeat the chorus *ppp* with much expression. And, if a boy in the gallery applauds, they go through the same verses and chorus again. "Dost like the picture?"—Ex.*

FLASH Language—Telegrams.

If a horse says neigh to oats, don't believe him.

A LEADING Article—A blind beggar's dog's chain.

BY A BACHELOR.—The Worst Lock Out—Wed-Lock.

A SQUARE-BUILT prize-fighter is good for any number of rounds.

You should not stone your neighbour, but you may rock his baby.

You never hear of policemen being run over ; they are never in the way.

SOME people do not care for Tupper's poetry ; but his philosophy is proverbial.

If a termagant wife cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky—for her husband.

AN old miser, going down his cellar steps the other day, fell against his will.

THEY used to call a lady's man a beau. They call him now a bo-er, sometimes.

CURIOUS FACT.—If you cut off an elephant's head, it does not follow that it should be separated from the trunk.

A CHINESE thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him next day to learn how to wind it up.

IN MASSACHUSETTS.

*Planter.*—"That's a vicious looking mule you've got there, Pompey."

*Pompey.*—"Dat mewel, sah? Dat mewel am one ob de wondahs ob de world."

*Planter.*—"One of the wonders of the world?"

*Pompey.*—"Yes, sah. Dat mewel spilled me outen de wagon yessirday."

*Planter.*—"Is that why you call him one of the wonders of the world?"

*Pompey.*—"Yes sah. Pompey's spiller, you know. Hah ! ha? Gid 'long dar."

*Fond Wife.*—Did you have pleasant dreams last night, George?

*Rude Husband.*—Why do you ask?

*Fond Wife.*—Because I noticed a pleasant smile on your face as you slept.

*Rude Husband.*—Yes ; I forgot for the time that I was married. Pass the butter !—*Ex.*

SHE gave me in April a copy of Gibbon ;  
In August, a trifle of gay-coloured ribbon  
Slipped out from her hair, with a sweet-scented flower  
That bloomed at her bosom, the toy of an hour.

And even so late as the fifth of September  
A blush and a kiss, if I rightly remember,  
But O the *finale!* when, hopelessly smitten,  
I asked her to marry, she gave me the mitten !

"UNITED we stand, divided we fall," as the man remarked to his legs at the skating-ring.

TEACHER—Define "snoring." Small boy—Letting off sleep.

It will not improve the mind much if the only moments we give to reflection are those spent before the looking-glass.

A BROOKLYN girl is developing a healthy beard around her rosy mouth. She will not tell who she caught it from.

"THE good die young," but the wicked grow old. It is, therefore, apparent why women prefer to be good rather than wicked.

"MOTHER, kin a noun be compared?" "No, Johnny." "I'll bet I know one that kin." "Well, what is it?" "Sarah, Sally, salivate."

"Ah, the first Mrs. Byrne was a charming woman," said Byrne to his second wife a few days ago. Then, seeing an ugly look on her face, he hastened to say: "You must excuse me, my dear, but then it's only natural I should mourn for her at times." "Oh, don't apologize," said Mrs. Byrne No. 2 in her most pointed way. "I assure you no one can regret her death more than I do."

"Jock," said a farmer to one of his workers one Sunday, after the return of the latter from church, "whaur was the text the day?" "I dinna ken," answered Jock ; "I was ower lang o' gaun in." "What was the end o't, then?" "I dinna ken ; I cam oot afore it was done." "What did the minister say about the middle o't, then ;" said the master, angrily, determined to have an answer of some sort. "I dinna ken, maister," replied Jock ; "I sleepit a' the time."





No, Jona' ... you can't come here, I say,  
Please keep your men at home, and nets away.  
Don't want a muss, you know; but then, you see,  
I must maintain our rights of fish, or be  
*Left in the cold.*

THE best kind of servants for hotels—Inn-experienced.  
So your kite will not fly, Johnny? Well, why don't you make it out of fly-paper? Ten dollars, or ten days.

As to the familiar problem, What is home without a mother? a Brooklyn boy says it is a pleasant place when she leaves the key of the pantry behind her.

"YES, I'm a true American," said the milkman, "but for all that, I often sigh for the chalky cliffs of England, and wish we had 'em here."

"WHAT is the origin of motion?" asked a celebrated preacher. Well, there are many origins. A call to come up and have a drink will bring fifty men to their feet in a second, and a spider down a girl's back is the origin of some of the liveliest motions the world ever saw.—*Ex.*

BOBBY nodded sleepily for ten minutes, and then asked: "Pa, can a camel go seven days without water?" "Yes." "Well, how many days could he go if he had water?" The next thing Bobby knew he was in bed.

A YOUNG Scotchman at Aldershot fell ill and was sent to the hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay. He looked at it hard for some time, and then threw up his hand and bawled: "Oh, doctor, doctor, I canna drink a' that!"

MURMURS OF THE TIED.—The grumblings of a married couple.

"I SEE they are serving refreshments on roller skates in some of the restaurants," the husband said, as he laid down his paper. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the wife, "have they no plates?"

"OUTSTRIPPED by a Woman" is the headline of a dispatch in an exchange. If the stories the Washington correspondents have told us be true, it must have been at the inauguration ball.

"I DON'T want no rubbish, no fine sentiments, if you please," said the widow, who was asked what kind of an epitaph she desired for her late husband's tombstone. "Let it be short and simple, something like this: 'William Johnson, aged 75 years. The good die young.'" —*Ex.*

"THE way to keep the baby from being spoiled," says a wise woman, writing in *Babyhood*, "is to let it cry as little as possible." Well, land of patience, who *does* let it cry any more than possible! Who encourages it to cry? Who teaches it that vociferous accomplishment? Who hinders it from crying just as little as possible? Somehow I get out of all patience with these wise people. The more people know, it seems to me, the more foolish they talk.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

THE PRESS.—THE ARROW is the title of the new twelve page illustrated journal of Canadian wit and humour, which has just made its appearance in Toronto. It gives good promise of being to Canada what *Punch* is to England.—*Perth Expositor*.

NEW COMIC JOURNAL.—We have received from Toronto the first number of THE ARROW, an illustrated weekly journal of Canadian wit and humour, designed to "shoot folly as it flies."

It is a neatly printed and illustrated paper of twelve pages, and announces its mission to be to tickle rather than torment, to teach rather than tantalize.

We wish it every success, and hope, as says the *Week*, that this time we shall have really a comic journal, not a bitter little party organ disguised in motley.—*Fredericton Capital*.

THE ARROW GRIP'S RIVAL.—We have received the initial copy of THE ARROW, a new comic paper, published by Crawford & Hunter, No. 14 King St. West, Toronto. It is after the style of *Grip* and exactly the same size, but as full of humour as a newly laid egg is of meat. Should it fulfil the proper functions of a paper of its class—let its arrows fly in all directions with honest impartiality—it will obtain popular support. We have "party" enough. A Canadian *Punch*, to be successful, should show no party leanings. THE ARROW has the best wishes of the *Advance* for a long career of shooting and plenty of cash prizes.—*Northern Advance*.

THE ARROW, a new comic and cartoon paper published at 14 King St. West, Toronto, is now a formidable rival in the field where *Grip* for years stood alone. *Grip* has rendered itself offensive to the Liberal Conservative party by its repeated attacks upon prominent men of that political faith. Since its connection with the Ontario Government printing began, *Grip* has been a Reform cartoon paper, and hundreds of Conservatives withdrew their support from it. Its hits at moral and social evils are too much one-sided also. We welcome THE ARROW, and hope that it may go straight to the mark every time and show up Reform misdeeds and hypocrisies as well as Conservative wrongdoings. The first number contains an excellent cartoon of the Hon. E. Blake weeping over a grave at the head of which stands a tombstone with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of the Bleu kick. Aged 4 months." On the grave lies a wreath, with the words "From E. B." inscribed thereon. The crape on Blake's hat is fully a yard long, and he weeps copiously over the infant. Another cartoon represents an eastern newspaper correspondent out west writing up "An Indian Rising." "Lo" in paint and feathers, springing up out of the correspondent's writing table (Jack-in-the-box), is most laughable indeed. A third cartoon is Blake at the Riel pump. He works hard and violently at the handle, but the old lady of the Reform party fears there is "little use in the effort for us, Edward." Crawford & Hunter are the publishers, and \$2.50 per year is the price of the new paper. We would advise our readers to try THE ARROW for six months or a year. It deserves encouragement from the Liberal Conservative party.—*Brampton Conservator*.

THE ARROW.—We have received this week a specimen copy of THE ARROW, a comic paper just published at Toronto. THE ARROW will be a supporter of the Conservative party, and may be regarded as a sort of antidote to *Grip*, whose Grit proclivities have of late years been so decided as to make its pretence of independence the best joke it has got off since its foundation. The new paper is neatly got up, its political cartoons are well executed and denote considerable insight, while its paragraphs, wholly humorous and semi-serious, are well written and very entertaining. We trust THE ARROW may succeed. It will deserve to do so if its future numbers are as good as the one we have before us.—*Sherbrooke Gazette*.

PAT'S REHEARSAL.

Two Irishmen once made a bet, which was that one of them would not drink half a gallon of beer in five minutes. A minute or two before entering upon the wager, Pat remarked to a friend of his:

"I am sure to win, because I know I can do ud."

"How do you know it?" asked his friend.

"Why," answered Pat, "because I've just been and tried it on with water, and I did ud, and shure if I can do ud with water, I'll asily do ud with beer."

Of course Paddy lost the bet.

A MILD sort of merited libel: "Well, how were the ladies dressed?" was asked at one of the clubs of a member who had just come from a very fashionable dinner party. "My dear fellow," he replied, "I really don't know. The fact is, I didn't think of looking under the table."

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher. "if your father borrows \$100 and promises to pay \$10 a week, how much will he owe in seven weeks?"

"One hundred dollars," said Johnny.

"I'm afraid you don't know your lesson very well," remarked the teacher.

"I may not know my lesson very well," Johnny frankly acknowledged, "but I know my father."

AN absent husband telegraphed to his wife: "I send you a kiss." He received as a reply: "Spruce young man called and delivered the kiss in good order."

PARLIAMENTARY PUGILISM.

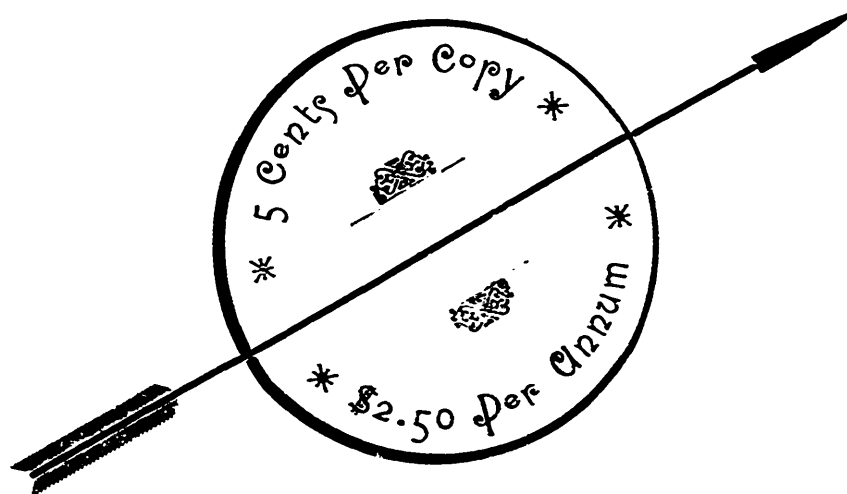
If dogs delight to bark and bite,  
As we are told they do,  
It surely can be only right  
That men should do so too.  
"One touch of Nature," Shakespeare said,  
"Doth make the whole world kin,"  
So punching of your neighbour's head  
Should not be held a sin.

This blacking one another's eyes,  
Some learned doctors say,  
Affords the best of exercise  
And gives the muscles play.  
And when the fight is over, there  
And then the trouble ends:  
They both shake hands, and peace declare—  
The scrimmage has but cleared the air  
To make them better friends!

NO NOTE IT HE!

# The Arrow

\* The Leading Cartoon Paper of Canada \*



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Thursday



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



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