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THE ARROW



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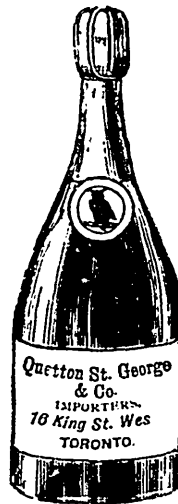
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CARTOON NOTES



Our cartoons this week show: No. 1. The Yankee Strephon paying devoted attention to the maritime milkmaid, who has drawn a full pail of subsidy milk from the Dominion cow. The hired man, John A. Mac, is keeping the old cow quiet.

No. 2. The old cow has strongly objected to the vicinity of Master Samuel, and he lies on his back ruefully rubbing his injured skin.

SIR JOHN AND THE YOUNG LIB.

"You are ancient, Sir John," the Young Liberal said,
And your hair is past changing to white,
And yet of the country you still are the head;
Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," said Sir John, "I made thousands of friends,
And I never got into a pet;

"It was not my ambition an iceberg to be,
So you see they all stick to me yet."

"You are old," said the youth; "One would hardly suppose
That your nerve was as steady as ever,
But the way that you managed that Riel vote shows
That you really are deucedly clever."

"In my youth," said Sir John, "I learned one or two things
Which Ned Blake would do well to remember:
With me it is June every month in the year:
With him it is always December.

"Another one is, and I'll give it to you,
My benighted Young Liberal gleaner:
You never should throw dirty water away
Until you have some that is cleaner."

J. A. F.

GLADSTONE.

Stand there, old man, firm stand,
'Tis freedom grasps your hand
And calls you son.

Brave sower of good seed,
Grand champion of great deed,
Well have you done.

Above the cries of hate
Your voice, the voice of fate,
Awakes the land.

Old Ireland lifts her head,
Hark! to the mighty tread
Of help at hand.

England's enfranchised heart
Throbs in responsive start
To your grand call.

And patriot thunder rolls
Around the sacred polls
You freed to all.

Fear not, you grand old man,
Pride and oppression can
Not long hold sway.

For England wills it so:
Behold! the golden glow
Of freedom's day.

—W. W. Lord, Jr., in Philadelphia Times.

A REVISED EDITION.

Stand there, you traitor, stand!
The Fenians grasp your hand
And call you son.

Weak sower of bad seed,
Your lust of power, and greed,
This deed have done.

Do you the Empire hate,
That thus you'd smash the state
Disrupt the land?

Old England lifts her head,
Hark! for you well may dread
The help at hand.

England's enfranchised heart
Throbs in responsive start,
To Union's call.

And patriot thunder rolls
Around the sacred polls,
"Traitors shall fall!"

Aye! fear, misguided man!
You and disruption can
Not long hold sway.

The British Empire grand,
In spite of you shall stand
For many a day.

J. A. F.

THE ARROW, the new Illustrated Weekly published at Toronto, makes some splendid hits. Among the cartoons recently was one showing the interior of Mr. Blake's second-hand clothes shop. He has contributed to his stock in trade his own cast off political suit, for over the inscription "Wardrobe of E. Blake, the great political lightning change artist," hang an independence coat, a green coat, a blue coat and a coat of many colors. He has also for sale cheap the rebel Privy Councillor Laurier's little musket. The proprietor, sitting at a table, is trying to write a circular, but having penned "Blake is the voters' friend," he has stuck for an idea, not being able to call to mind any evidence of such friendship. He has before him also a previous failure—his policy, which he could not make out—in which he is not alone, for no man can make it out.—Oshawa Vindicator.



SOL-ID INFORMATION.

Wealthy, but uneducated, guest, being shown sundial in garden.

Guest: "Well, what's this for?"

Host: "To tell the time of day."

Guest: "Ah! I suppose the works (pointing to pedestal) are down there."

Host: "Oh, no! They (pointing to sun) are up there!"

[Guest seems in a dilemma.]

POINTERS.

In a long article in Saturday's *Globe*, the deacon gives in his assent to the hairbrained ideas of Henry Kendall, who says that every person in the world is a blood relation of everybody else within the bounds of thirty-second cousinship, and whose little idea is the abolition of the aristocracy and the partition of all real property. The deacon is evidently trying to persuade us that he comes of decent people, but unconsciously gives himself away by saying "all the beggars and vagabonds, all the villains and scoundrels, were our forefathers." I always thought the deacon was pretty tough, and I am not going to dispute his statements in the matter of his own ancestry.

Of all the subjects on which tons of rubbish have been printed, probably none has had so much attention as the aristocracy. The republican notion that Jack is as good as his master, is nowhere so much discredited as among our republican neighbors. They have as exclusive circles in the United States as can be found anywhere in the world, and so far as practical results go, there is not an atom of difference between a money-ocracy and an

aristocracy. As for the hereditary idea, nowhere on the face of creation is "blue blood" worshipped with greater devotion, and among no class of people is tuft-hunting reduced to such a fine art as among American mammas. Could there have been a greater outcry made anywhere than there was because Victoria Morosini married her father's coachman.

HOWEVER, the article to which I have alluded only shows that the deacon is rapidly becoming a socialistic and iconoclastic crank, ready to take up any theory or proposition, no matter how wild. And it is worthy of notice that the socialist is invariably a man who owns nothing, but wants to become a proprietor, and hence advocates the spoliation and division of the property of others; not one who would have to divide his wealth with the crowd. In this connection I would remark that there is so little demand for the morning *Globe* that it is now sold at two cents. Perhaps this is the iron which has entered the good deacon's soul.

THIS is not to be wondered at—I mean the reduction in price. Where a journal loses its influence, it is not

read to the same extent as formerly, and who can doubt that the *Globe's* influence is gone? No greater dead set could have been made by any paper than it made against the school children's parade. Day after day, for two weeks, it fulminated against the parade, not because of the thing itself, but because a majority of the School Board who had inaugurated it are Orangemen, as is also the School Inspector. And on Friday its reporters were compelled to admit that so far as numbers were concerned, the affair was an immense success.

To INSULT the Orangeman seems to be the mission of the Reform press at present. To know that a man is a member of that influential body is sufficient for the *Globe*. From that moment he is a marked man, and the Hon. Tim. Anglin "lays" for an opportunity to insult, sting or injure him through the columns of the paper-shades of George Brown! Memory of the Protestant Horse! What are we coming to, and whither are we drifting? And this is being done, mind you, to propitiate the Catholic vote and render it solid. The Catholics must feel highly flattered at the opinion the Grits have of them. That opinion is that to libel, insult and fling mud at their Protestant fellow-subjects, is the sure way to the political affections of those who differ from them in creed. In this, as in a few other things, the Grits will shortly find that they have made a mistake.

MR. BLAKE at Owen Sound laid down what he alleged had been the policy of the Grit party during the past six years. He said they's was an alternative policy on certain points. Here they are.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway—Their policy was "don't try to build it. It can't be done. It is madness." And when the Syndicate took the Contract, they howled "robbery, jobbery and fraud," until they were black in the face. The railway is completed, and now they are kicking themselves.

THE System of Settlement—Grit Policy: "Don't settle, because you will rob the public domain, and Canada won't have so much land on hand."

THE Administration of Affairs in the North-West—Grit Policy: "Put us in, and we'll show you how to do it."

INDEPENDENCE of Parliament -- Grit Policy: See Speaker Anglin's record!

RELATIONS between the Dominion and the Provinces -- Grit Policy: "See Mackenzie's record."

THE Fisheries and Reciprocity—Grit Policy: "Go begging to Washington, to get kicked out again."

DOMINION Expenditure—Grit Policy: "Mackenzie's record."

THE Increase of Debt—Grit Policy: "Don't buy anything and you won't spend anything."

THE Tariff—Grit Policy: "Abolish the N.P."

THE Plan of Taxation—Grit Policy: "Flies on the Wheel."

LICENSE Legislation - Grit Policy: "Prohibition."

ENCROACHMENT on Provincial Rights - Grit Policy: "That depends on whether the Local Government is Grit or Tory."

THE Reform of the Senate—Grit Policy: "Abolish it." "Make it Elective." "Leave it as it is."

THE Right to Amend our own Constitution—Grit Policy: "Canadian Independence." "Annexation."

THE Right to make our own Commercial (and other) Treaties—Grit Policy: "Ditto, ditto."

EXTRADITION—Grit Policy: "Nothing."

COPYRIGHT—Grit Policy: "Nothing to suggest."

CIVIL Service Reform—Grit Policy: "Turn the Tories out and replace them by Grits."

SUPERANNUATION -- Grit Policy: "Bounce the Tories before they are entitled to superannuation, and thus effect a large saving in the future."

STATE AIDED Immigration -- Grit Policy: "Howl against it in Opposition and continue it in Office; *vide* Mackenzie's record."

THE Franchise Question — Grit Policy: "About twenty-five different plans, any or none of which might be put into operation when we get office."

AND this is what Blake calls a "policy." What the people will call it is quite another matter. What do you think of it yourself?

THE GALLEY BOY.

A SEA (WATER) SONG.

"It has been discovered that by the influence of an acid, Sea Water may be made drinkable."

Only to think of it! O, but to drink of it,
This *Eau de Mer*!
Niggers are around in it! Serpents abound in it!
Then *Mal de Mer*!

Please do not laugh at it, take a good quaff at it,
Close to the shore;
Dirty folks spraul in it: big sewers fall in it—
"Anything more?"

Whales live and die in it: fish swim and *fly* it it:
Beautiful drink!
Boards of Work, choose it: g—, and they *use* it,
Just for a sink.

Come with your acid—come when its placid:
Come for your draught!
Dissolve the sediment, there's no impediment,
My! but you're *daft*!

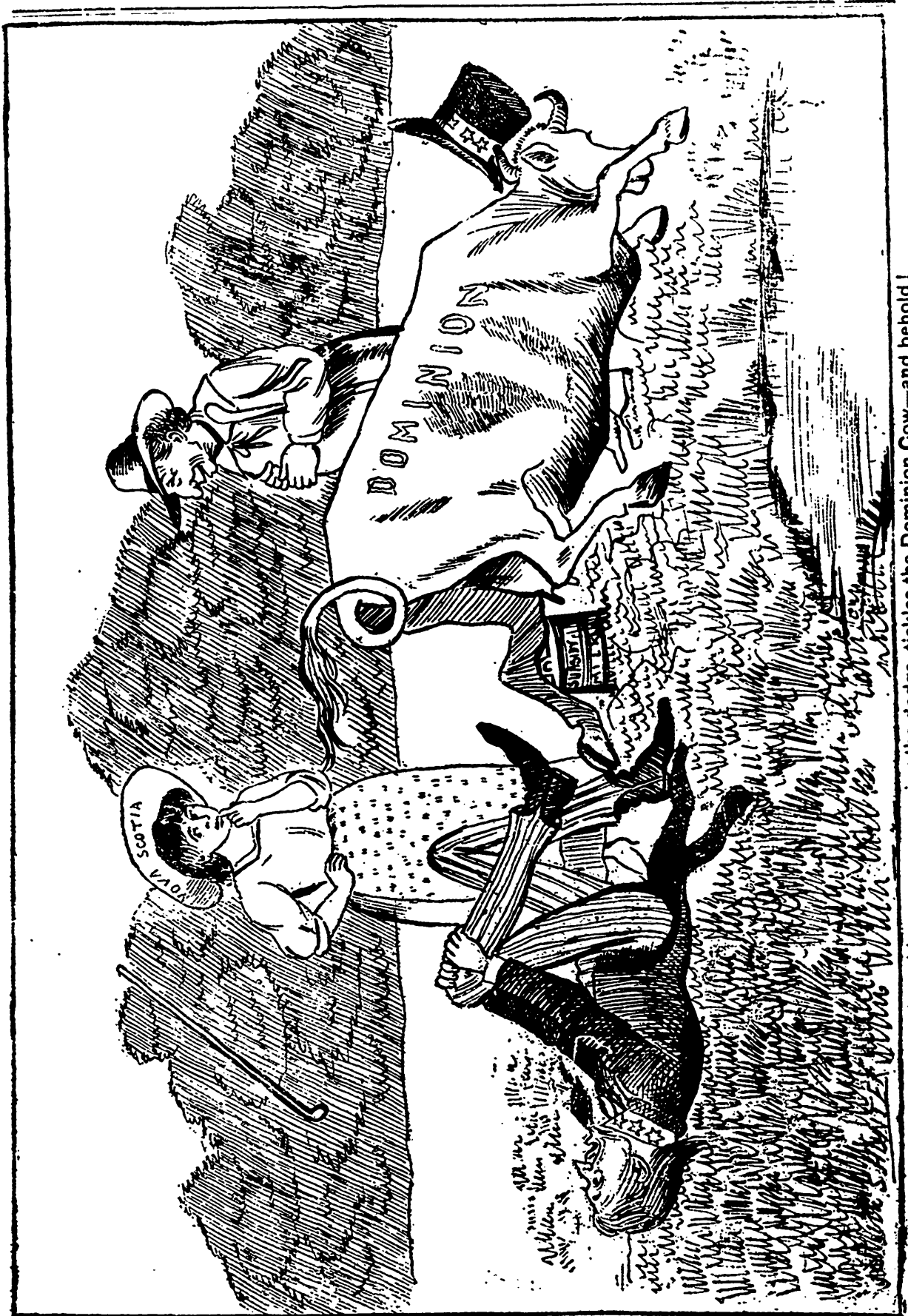
Who made th' experiment? Buy him a cerement:
Lay him to sleep!
Let no one mourn for him—no hair be torn for him:
Glauber Salts is cheap!

Watch the Sea's placidness but without acidness:
Gaze on the 'Blue';
Think on the OCTOPUS squirting his noxious 'muss.'
Inky of hue!

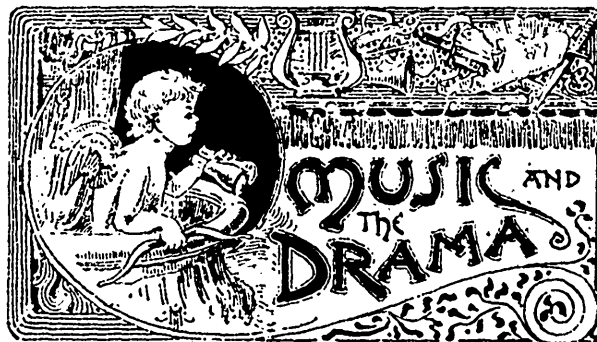
E. W. H. CANDLER.



Having obtained a full pail of subsidy milk, Miss Nova Scotia meditates a stroll with a young fellow who has been paying her some attention.



But her old young man, seeing the dodge, tickles the Dominion Cow—and behold!



Perhaps in the annals of Canada, no event has produced so general and complete a sensation in musical circles as the great festival recently held in Toronto.

Critics are unanimous in assigning the highest merit to the vocal and instrumental performers, and the choruses were most certainly marvellous, considering the vast amount of comparatively raw material which had to be trained in a limited time and under many difficulties. Even those who have had experience of the great musical gatherings in England, at the Crystal Palace, Birmingham and elsewhere, were greatly surprised and pleased.

We wish we had space to analyze the separate performances and give the credit due to each individual artist; as it is, we at least can congratulate the performers of the Festival on a grand success which, if followed up, will go far in a few years to place Toronto at the head of the musical centres of this continent.

Lovers of the drama will be delighted to know that an addition is about to be made to the number of theatres in the city. We understand that the Grand Central Rink is now in progress of alteration to a first-class opera house. No class of amusement than the drama is more popular here, and we wish the enterprise every success.

Society and Amusement.

It is unfortunate that such wretched weather should have occurred on the occasion of the very pretty wedding which was celebrated at the corner of Gould and Church Streets last Wednesday. We hear the bride looked charming and the bridesmaids were equally fascinating. Almost too much white made the tableaux a shade pale, but the bad weather might make appear cold a scene which, on a bright day, would have been brilliant. The charming little nieces of the bride scattered flowers, of which they almost appeared fellow blossoms, on the path, as the company left the church.

The Leiderkrantz Society gave, on Monday, a picnic to the Humber. A large number of our German fellow-citizens and their friends enjoyed a most pleasant afternoon.

ATHLETIC.

The Bank athletic sports took place at the Rosedale grounds on Saturday afternoon, the young financialists of Toronto showed themselves highly proficient in all branches of athletics. There was a large attendance of fashionable and smart people who were greatly interested in the various events.

Some inconvenience was caused by the too open texture of the floor of the grand stand which allowed sticks,

parasols, opera glasses, etc. to fall through down to the depths below. Several persons had a bad quarter of an hour recovering their property. This should be changed.

SCIENCE.

A universal aiming stand has been produced by the combined skill of great mechanics.

It will be useful

For young ladies who wish a complete establishment and a husband.

For young men who are ambitious and yet lazy.

For politicians who are not in accord with public sentiment.

For would-be millionaires who have not yet an account with a bank.

For a would-be mashing dude whose tailor has shut down on him.

For a law student to take telescopic views of a silk gown and red bag.

For a park revivalist to gaze at General Booth, and for lunatics and lovers generally to interview the moon.

We also have notice of a Vertical Chucking Machine. We have long been acquainted with a process of artificial hatching of eggs and have felt that the young artificial chicks must have missed the natural maternal calls to meals. This machine, no doubt, is intended to meet this want. Chicks will now be taught their language as well as by being hatched by machinery.

It just occurs to us that this machine may also be of use for chucking pretty girls under the chin, particularly as it is vertical and for chucking the fellows who chucked the girl under the chin into the street afterwards.

It will also save the time of boys who are fond of playing chuck-farthing. Altogether a very useful machine adapted for many different purposes.

ART.

The Summer Exhibition of the Society of Artists is now open at 14 King Street West. In the back room are the drawings of the Century Exhibition—any lovers of art who wish to study light and shadow should not fail to go carefully over this most valuable exhibit. The effects produced by the skilful handling of black and white are most marvellous and suggest reality so strongly that the imaginatist can almost fill in the pictures with brilliant colour.

It is a pleasure of the first kind for those who are equal to appreciating it, to pass hours comparing drawing with drawing, each of which seem better than its fellow.

The front room has many specimens of our best artists in water colour and oil, notably O'Brine, Frazer, Verner, Torvler, Reid, Cressvell, Matheus, Paul Peel and Piney. There is a very pretty thing by Gordon, and a large picture by a German artist hung on the right, showing an interior; a family are seated and listening in rapt attention to the young soldier returned from the campaign. This painting can scarcely be over-praised. It is life-like and the work most careful. There might perhaps, have been a little more effect given in light and shadow. Altogether the exhibition is most satisfactory. There are also two pictures on stands, one of a martyr. The other a moon high in stormy sky, shining down on an old-fashioned town. The light is well managed and shows the progress which every year becomes more marked in the Artistic Bill of Ontario.



Mother: "You naughty child! Atter I told you not to—I'm going to spank you at once!"
 Grinning Young Pickle: "Can't, mother; don't you see, I wont get up?"

UNREQUITED AFFECTION.

JOOT CHUNG was a Yankified heathen,
 A semi-enlightened Chinee;
 Well thought of by most of his neighbours,
 And completely *au fait* at 'washee.'
 JOOT never smoked opium, or chewed it;
 For enlightened men's 'Black-strap' he yearned,
 And the finest dried dock, in his "thookah,"
 Like a Christian, he frequently burned.

He discarded his tail and his raiment,
 So loose, and so *tres negligé*;
 He turned up his nose at *cat ragout*,
 To all offers of rats, he said 'nay'!

So refined and so Christian his conduct,
 MR. STUBBS has been known to opine—
 "That 'ere CHUNG chap's a doocid sight better
 "Than the rist of them foreignish swine."

Mr. Stubbs had a daughter—a beauty;
 JOOT CHUNG had an eye for the same!
 Miss Stubbs used to go for the linen,
 And awoke in JOOT's "buzzum" a flame.
 His soapsuds, alas! could not quench it,
 And his irons ne'er flattened it out;
 But he washed and he burned, and he burned,
 And his eyes he rolled always about.
 One day, JOOT looked into his 'buzzum',
 And was shocked at the havoc there wrought,
 "Oh, me melican girlie! no scornec!
 Shall JOOT's love ble gliven for naught?
 "Shall CHUNG's heart come cinders and ashes?
 Shall he dlie at um negligent foots?
 Missce Stubbs! CHUNG is richee and noble,
 The Mikado CHANG-CHANGY-CHING CHOOTS!

"We will flyee, Miss Stulbs, dlearest girlee,
 We will packee our breechee an go,
 Oh! say yessee mly lovee, mly dlarlee,"
 Alas! my mise *swears* she said "No!"
 Now I ask you, intelligen public,
 Is this here kind of thing to go on?
 Are we going to let cruel daughters,
 The delightful Chinee trample on?
 Are their hearts to be cruelly broken?
 Would you drive them away from you far?
 Are you going to make them dislike you?
 Your answer!—"WE CERTAINLY ARE!"

E. W. H. CANDLER.

"DAD," said the bad little boy, as his parent was about to take him across his knee to administer deserved punishment, "le's arbitrate."

FEMININE.—Shea's wife appears to have gone off with another Shea, who was Shea's brother. She also took with her three other Sheas, who were besides shes, and who were the first Shea's children. The first Shea is said to have gone in pursuit of the five other Sheas. Ulder such an unprecedented combination of the female element, it is not extraordinary that mischief has resulted.

THINGS ONE HAD RATHER NOT HAVE SAID.—From English sources we have the report of a strange speech made at his wedding breakfast by a young swell of aristocratic decent. He wished to compliment the bridesmaids and made use of the following sentence: "So much was I impressea by their appearance that I felt I regretted the position in which I was placed this morning." People are asking themselves if it was a joke.

— THE ARROW —

REMINISCENCES OF A NORMAL SCHOOL STUDENT.

FIT THE FOURTH.

For all the good that ever I got
At this Academeec,
I might as well have put a shot
Through my anatomeec.
For At men and places I longed,
With great expectanceec;
But never were man's hopes so wronged
By imbecilliteec.
"Twould make one laugh or cry to death
So queer a sight to see,
As teacher maundering through "Macbeth"
With inaniniteec.
His hands meanwhile, with un-ven soap,
Washing industrious-lee;
As thus, for ign'rance, he had hope
To find a remedeec.
Of "Avagad(h)ro's law" he spoke
So scientificallee (?),
That we, perforce, good manners broke
By smiling audibleec.
He tried to "raipresent" to us
That he especialeec
Should be "consid(thered)" as a cus-
Tomer of rariteec!
Now, how the man who was the boss
Of this infirmareec
(I think they called him Mr. Ross)
Could stand this fool'ryec.

Was more than I could take in, for one of the chaps was an old humbug, and the others were ditto; two of them at least were incapable of speaking their own language "with propriety," and one of them was subject to mighty bad "spells" at times. This I "declair" on oath! and if I am wrong, may I be "sacrificed!"

But I got through all right: and the other fellows, I guess, are able to look out for themselves. But, oh! my country! my country!

A RAVELLED YARN.

'Twas in the Arctic Ocean—neath the Oriental skies,
The Captain of the "Seagull" went aloft to scrutinize;
And what he saw when there was calculated to surprise.
He put his capstan to his eye, and spied upon his lea
An isle to windward; on its shore a solitary tree
And fourteen pristine blacks enjoying "*man a la fricasse*."
He ordered out his binnacle, and rowed unto the land,
Intending to communicate with all that foreign band;
But found signs were *sine qua non* to make them understand.
And so he told (in signs) about the country whence he came:
He told (in signs) his wealth, his rank, his claims to lasting fame:
He signed his age, his height, his weight, and then he signed his name,
Their feast was spread beneath the tree to shade them from the sun;
They asked the captain to partake, and said they'd just begun;
He'd find that thigh-steak tender tho' a trifle under-done.
The captain, tho' he thought their hospitality a bore,
Agreed to pick a bit of thumb or toe, but nothing more
To say he'd tasted man, a thing he'd never done before.
He tasted, then he helped himself and made no bones about it,
And wondered much how civilized mankind could do without it;
That man-flesh was a sweet-meat none that tasted it could doubt it.
And as he sat and gor-man-dized upon that festive beach,
It struck him 'twould be just the thing to make a funny speech.
Of course he'd make the jests in signs, *gesticulating* each.
So with a smile, he made a bow, and said it would be most
Uncomfortable for us all, if now our dinner's ghost
Appeared to haunt your guest and—may I call you all?—the *host*.
Then fourteen groans rose on the air in one wild warlike whoop,
And fourteen outraged blacks advanced a fierce and vengeful group,
And of that punning captain made a good *digestive* soup.
The "Seagull" lay outside the port, and when her gallant crew,
Who waited for their captain, saw dismayed his awful *steeve*,
Set sail, and weighing anchor, found it weighed a ton or two.
And when they reached their home, with haggard faces thin and white,
They broke it to the captain's wife, who nearly died with fright.
She shrieked in accents tender, with a dash of wifely spite,
"What! served in stew for dinner? Oh! the fool! I think he quite
Deserved it all; in point of fact, those niggers served him *right*!"

CONTRIB.

LOVE KNOWS NO RANK.

A St. George Street gentleman returning home one evening last week, overheard the following conversation between his cook and the policeman on duty:

"Do you really love me, Biddy, darlint?"

"Indade I do, Pathrick. I don't belave I could show you any more affliction if ye was a capthain on the force."

WHAT IS HELD BY THE GRITS.

They hold that the Tariff's essentially bad,
That Protection is nothing but madness:
In fact, what they want is no Tariff at all.
For it leads to much smuggling and badness.
They don't want the Syndicate's road to succeed;
Immigration is utterly awful;
Cutting timber and settlement, working the mines,
According to them, are unlawful.
But more than all these there is something they hold,
Which renders them far, far from gay—
That there's nothing to do but wait out in the cold
Till the country gets tired of John A.
But the prayer of their hearts as a secret I'll tell,
East and West, and in every direction,
Is "Good Lord, or good Devil—good any one else,
Please smash up our British connection." J. A. F.

OLD SONG REVISED.

I stood by the bridge at midnight,
And the clock was tolling the hour,
I knew that my tile was shabby,
And my temper became most sour.
Thus lamenting and lamenting,
I was actually growing lean,
When a spirit within me whispered,
"Go and buy a hat of Dineen."
For hats there are, and hatters,
But never a hatter like this;
For a fellow may go in tatters,
If Dineen is a hatter of his.
For every one who meets him,
Can see but the hat on his head,
From the crown to the scrumptious trimming,
It's "the go" for all dudes, he it said.
Oh, how often! Oh, how often!
In the days that are long ago,
Had I had Dineen for a hatter,
I had not regretted, you know.
For oh! my heart is heavy,
When I think she smiled not on me,
For a fellow had been to Dineen's,
And I got the mitten you see.

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WE will pay the above Reward for any case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Indigestion or Costiveness we cannot Cure with WEST'S LIVER PILLS, when the Directions are strictly complied with. Large Boxes, containing 30 PILLS, 25 CENTS; 5 Boxes \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

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