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# THE ARROW



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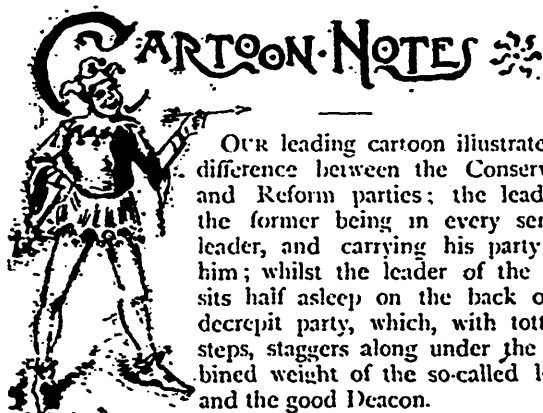
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OUR leading cartoon illustrates the difference between the Conservative and Reform parties; the leader of the former being in every sense a leader, and carrying his party with him; whilst the leader of the latter sits half asleep on the back of his decrepit party, which, with tottering steps, staggers along under the combined weight of the so-called leader and the good Deacon.

In the first part of our second cartoon we have Mr. Blake reaching for office from the ladder of the French vote, supported by his henchman and dirty-worker-in-ordinary, Mr. J. D. Edgar. In the second part we see a most disastrous downfall, the French vote having gone back on Messrs. Blake and Edgar, leaving the apple of office still dangling out of reach.

### LOOK TO THE LISTS.

The parties are arming for desperate fray,  
 And the voters' lists making will carry the day;  
 Our noble old Chiefstain most firmly insists  
*That every Conservative look to the lists.*

The Grits are all working like hives full of bees  
 Their level best doing the Tories to tease,  
 Each name we would add some Grit lawyer resists;  
*We can beat them at that if we look to the lists.*

They are putting on names which are bogus N. G.,  
 For the purpose of smashing our famous N. P.,  
 And they bring to the mill all their various grits;  
*We can grind them to powder by watching the lists.*

Then up and be at them, and do not delay,  
 While the sun still is shining is time to make hay;  
 When the night clouds have gathered and evening mists,  
*You'll find it's too late to look after the lists.*

J. A. F.

### STRIKES.

Strike, strike, strike,  
 Strike, and trouble, and dearth;  
 That is the plan of the labouring man  
 At present, all over the earth.

### OUR UNCLE SAM'S MISTAKE.

The Treaty of Washington had expired,  
 And Uncle Sam, said he,  
 "Those fishery rights are too dearly hired  
 To be wanted again by me,  
 Twelve millions of dollars! Why, darn my skin,  
 The amount of it makes me reel;  
 I'm blamed if I'll pay such a sum away  
 For anything I can steal.

"I'll blow and bluster and brag around  
 Till I get little Canada scared;  
 She cannot prevent me, I'll be bound,  
 For she isn't a bit prepared;  
 I'll buy my bait as I did before,  
 And I'll fish by night and by day;  
 And every Briton I'll promptly sit on  
 Who dares to say me nay."

Now Sam was out in his reckoning then,  
 For we didn't scare worth a cent,  
 We manned a ship with a score of men  
 To maintain our rights intent;  
 And the very first time that he sneaked around,  
 We seized his boat in a trice;  
 So that if this sho, makes Samuel hot,  
 He'd better sit down on ice.

And every boat that he sends afloat  
 For the purpose of stealing fish,  
 Will catch it hot with the best we've got,  
 And be served in the self-same dish.  
 We may be little, we may be weak,  
 And we may not be prepared,  
 But we'll have our own if we stand alone,  
 And our "Snickersnee" we've bared.

J. A. F.

### SHORT COMMONS.

Things have been woefully dull among the Magi at the capital lately. Of course, there turned up another scandal; but scandals are no use now to awaken the people to a sense of wrong and revenge. The fact is, that with the exception of high and pure minded folks like Mr. Blake, who, by the way, is independent as to boodle, everyone throughout the land wants to make all the money he can; ergo, scandals, except for political purposes, are no use. They don't touch the heart or arouse the gall of the honest citizen.

The great and only Irish question, however, was quite a success. Blake wants Gladstone to understand that his course is approved of by the Canada Commons, especially the Irish portion thereof. Costigan said that in '82 the G. O. M. was made aware of that fact, but that the C. C. were virtually told to give him a rest and mind their own business. He objected to sending any more laudations to the G. O. M., but he thought the House should manifest its approval of Home Rule. Now appeared on the scene two hated Saxons, guised in the good old names of O'Brien and McNeil respectively, who said they were down on the resolutions and down on Home Rule, with all that the name implies. The Curran skipped over to Sir John and whispered; John nodded; Curran ran back to his desk. Coughlin arose, and moved that Parnell's name should be substituted for that of Gladstone! Then came the reactions. Whoop! hooroo! rah for Ould Ireland! *Tableau.*

POINTERS.

THE Recorder of Montreal, by deciding that the statues "Night" and "Morning" are "indecent," has demonstrated that he doesn't know the difference between a work of art and a bull-terrier pup. He must be the unenvied possessor of a particularly nasty mind who can see anything objectionable in the world-renowned works of Michael Angelo. If the Recorder ever visits me I will put shawls and petticoats on "Night" and "Morning," trousers on the "Greek Slave," a fur cape on the "Venus de Milo," and finally I will relegate "Una and the Lion" to the garret during his stay. Moreover, I will studiously prevent him entering the Normal School, to avoid sending him back to Montreal in a wooden waterproof.

If our Montreal friend only had the same brief authority in Rome, His Holiness would have to do three months across the Tiber for maintaining an immoral exhibition at the Vatican. "Night" and "Morning" are there, and many others of Angelo's works, besides which the above-mentioned subjects are comparatively draped. Montreal should take care of that tender, sensitive young thing, and avoid shocking its delicate sensibilities.

THE *Globe*, true to its traditions of plastering everybody with nastiness who dares oppose its sovereign will, lays a general charge of wrong-doing and partisanship at the doors of the Judges who are preparing the voters' lists. The moral obliquity of persons who cannot conceive of a judiciary above and beyond the reach of party warfare, is sufficient to fill even bad men with contemptuous pity.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone peruses the editorials in last Saturday's *Globe*, he will doubtless feel much strengthened in his Irish policy to know that the Deacon is with him. At the same time he will be surprised to learn that Canada has a "right" to advise the Imperial Parliament as to how the Empire should be run. But so it is, for the Deacon has said so. And does not everybody know that the Deacon is a truly good man, with a great head?

THE *Globe* whines because some of the Judges will not define the exact kind of evidence to be brought before them *re* the voters' lists. Perhaps its "little idee" is a sort of night-school, run by the Judges for the benefit of incompetent Grit lawyers.

ONE more paragraph, and I am through with the *Globe* for this time. In Saturday's issue there is an awful stretcher about its circulation, which the *World* says is only kept up by selling the paper under false pretences at one cent instead of three. This puts me in mind (with apologies to Tom Bell) of the Irishwoman who said to a sick friend, "Kape up your heart, ma'am, kape up your heart; sure, Heaven is good, ma'am, and you're a fine woman, ma'am. Tell everybody you're better, ma'am, and kape up your heart, and the neighbours will believe it, and by-and-by you'll believe it yourself too, av you'll only kape up your heart, ma'am."

ONE of the funniest instances on record of Satan reproving sin was when Hermann Cook—who "when he goes into an election goes in to win, and doesn't care a — if it costs \$10,000," and who admitted the other day that he had bought his way into Parliament "and intended to stay there"—accused Dalton McCarthy of corruption because that gentleman is President of the N. P. J. Railroad. Only one thing could cap this climax—that would be for Timothy Blair Pardee to bring in a bill for the total prohibition of "poker."

THE GALLEY BOY.

REBUKING CURIOSITY.

The other day a mysterious looking stranger appeared in Petaluma and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from, or his business. Even the bar-room loafers were baffled in their attempts to extract some definite information, and the entire town laid awake o' nights worrying over the matter. At last the general agitation grew to such a pitch that the sheriff volunteered to interview the stranger in behalf of the public weal. Approaching the taciturn visitor, as he sat in the office of the hotel, the functionary remarked—"Fine day, sir." "Is, eh?" said the stranger dubiously. "Going to stay long in these parts?" "Just four days, two hours and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table. "Then!—may I-er-ahem! may I ask what your business is!" persisted the sheriff, as the crowd gathered up closer. "Well, I don't wish it generally known," replied the stranger confidentially, "but I'm a Russian Nihilist." "You don't mean it?" gasped the official. "Fact," replied the man, mournfully. "But-er what brings you here?" asked the sheriff. "Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and—you know how severe that Government is on Nihilists, don't you?" "Oh!—yes—of course; go on!" "Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia, or a week in Petaluma, and I was fool enough to choose Petaluma." And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted in to dinner.

THE LADY OF THE SANDS; OR, THE DEMON DOG.

She stood upon the Island sands,  
Humming an air from "La Mascotte,"  
With a gay parasol in one of her hands,  
In the other one a lunch basket.  
And the gentle breeze from the warm south-west  
Filled her cheeks with the flush of blush roses,  
And the bangs round her forehead it waved and caressed.  
Then in one of the gracefulst poses  
She sat down on a log with a book in her hand,  
On a log sunken low in the Island sand.

How lovely she looked that bright spring day,  
As there, on that old sunken log, she sat;  
She shone as bright as the flowers of May,  
From her neat little boot to the crown of her hat.  
I knew I was captured, my heart was gone,  
The torch of Cupid was brightly fanned,  
I could stand and gaze on her from early dawn  
Till eve, as she sat on the Island sand.

When lo! from the lake there rushed out a wet dog  
A Newfoundland dog with a great big tail,  
And he sprinkled the lady, and sprinkled the log,  
And made the surroundings as wet as a bog;  
He gave one more sprinkle, then coolly did jog  
To the lake,  
Gave a shake,  
Plunged in, and left the fair maiden to wail.

H. C.

— THE ARROW —



In this case the party has carried the man,  
Its support has been far, far from hearty;  
The others have found it a far better plan  
For the leader to carry the party



**THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**—"Fedora" has occupied the boards at the Grand during the entire week, and has drawn good houses nightly. Miss Adele Belgarde in the character of the *Princess Fedora* has perhaps disappointed those who have seen Fanny Davenport in the same role; but nevertheless, it can be fairly said that she was deserving of the hearty recalls received at the close of each act. Of Mr. Robert Mantell as *Ipanoff* we can only say that no more finished actor has appeared at the Grand this season. The support by the company was unusually good.

**LEHMANN-MUSIN-RUMMEL CONCERT.**—The Lehmann-Musin-Rummel concert party gave their second "concert artistique" on Monday evening last at the Pavilion. Owing to the unfavourable condition of the weather, a rather small attendance operated against the financial success of the concert. The programme was a particularly rich one, the singing of Fraulein Lehmann being a remarkable exhibition of artistic ability and dramatic power, and Monsieur Musin's dazzling execution creating a furore, expressed in repeated recalls.

**TORONTO MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—THE PROGRAMME.**—The order in which the concerts are to be given will be as follows: Monday June 14th, there will be a grand rehearsal of chorus, soloists and orchestra. Tuesday evening, June 15th, at eight o'clock, Gounod's sacred Trilogy, "Mors et Vita" will be given, the soloists being Miss Ealine Osgood, Mrs. Gertrude Luther, Miss Agnes Huntington, Mr. A. L. King, Mr. Max Heinrich and Mr. D. M. Babcock. Wednesday, June 16th, at 2 o'clock, there will be a matinee, consisting of vocal and instrumental selections, and at which the following artists will sing: Miss Lilli Lehmann, Mrs. Gertrude Luther, Miss Agnes Huntington, Mr. A. L. King and Mr. D. M. Babcock. Wednesday evening, Handel's "Israel in Egypt" will be presented, the solo parts being taken by Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Luther, Miss Huntington, Mr. King, Mr. Heinrich, and Mr. Babcock. Thursday evening, June 17th, there will be a grand miscellaneous concert, consisting of a chorus of 1,200 voices, chosen from the children of the public schools of the city, and, in addition, the following artists will take part: Miss Lilli Lehmann, Mrs. Ealine Osgood, Mrs. Gertrude Luther and Mr. Max Heinrich.

FRANCIS WILSON'S "Committee" song, and other bright airs from the "Gypsy Baron," have entirely superseded the "Mikado" on the New York streets, the latter having at last been reduced to the level of the peripatetic hand organ.

It has come at last—the Irish opera. "Boycotted" is the title, Malcolm C. Salaman and Eugene Barnet are the composers, and the Court Theatre, Liverpool, is the scene of its inception.

The manager of a juvenile "Mikado" troupe says his artists must stop flirting and eating onions. The heartless creature!

MICACEOUS SCHIST.

I WAS DOWN at the capital again the other Saturday, and had the honour of being invited to the Blake banquet. Of course I went. I always catch on to a good blow-out when I can get one: strange, isn't it? Well, this one was a rattler. Heaps of everything eatable, and wine galore. I tell you we Grits are the boys that spare no expense; we honour our serene leader. We all assured him that we would go through fire, water, or side line mud to show our zeal for him; we revered him, we admired him, we regarded him as a second Moses Oates. I went up to the hon. gent, took him by the hand, and said, "Ned, never since old Demosthenes chewed stones on the coast of Greece, and howled out to the blue Adriatic; never since Warren Hastings gave his great oration on the working of the Scott Act in the Punjab; never since General Jackson delivered his celebrated address to his troops at New Orleans" Mr. B. at this period of the discourse looked up and glared upon me with one of his fascinating smiles; I took it for a good exit cue, and left.

I CALLED yesterday on Mr. Sheppard, the undaunted, uncompromising, and hostile boss of the *Neris*. "Shep.," says I, "your 'people' theory don't seem to pan out now in your model Republic. There are so many sorts of people. Some people go to work, tend to bus, and get rich, and there are people who don't do so well; think it's a wrong state of affairs. Other people imagine that the only way to make people happy is to kill and destroy everybody and thing—except themselves, of course. But most people object to be blown up with bombs or dynamite, and the consequence will likely be that the authorities will call out sufficient numbers of Government minions with rifles, bayonets and other tokens of tyranny, and slay these down-trodden patriots; and sarve them right! What d'ye think, Shep.?" Looking round, Shep. had disappeared.

MICA.

TO SIR ADOLPHE CARON.

When rebellion raised its head  
Threatening the country's peace,  
Volunteers both fought and bled—  
Fought like sons of ancient Greece.

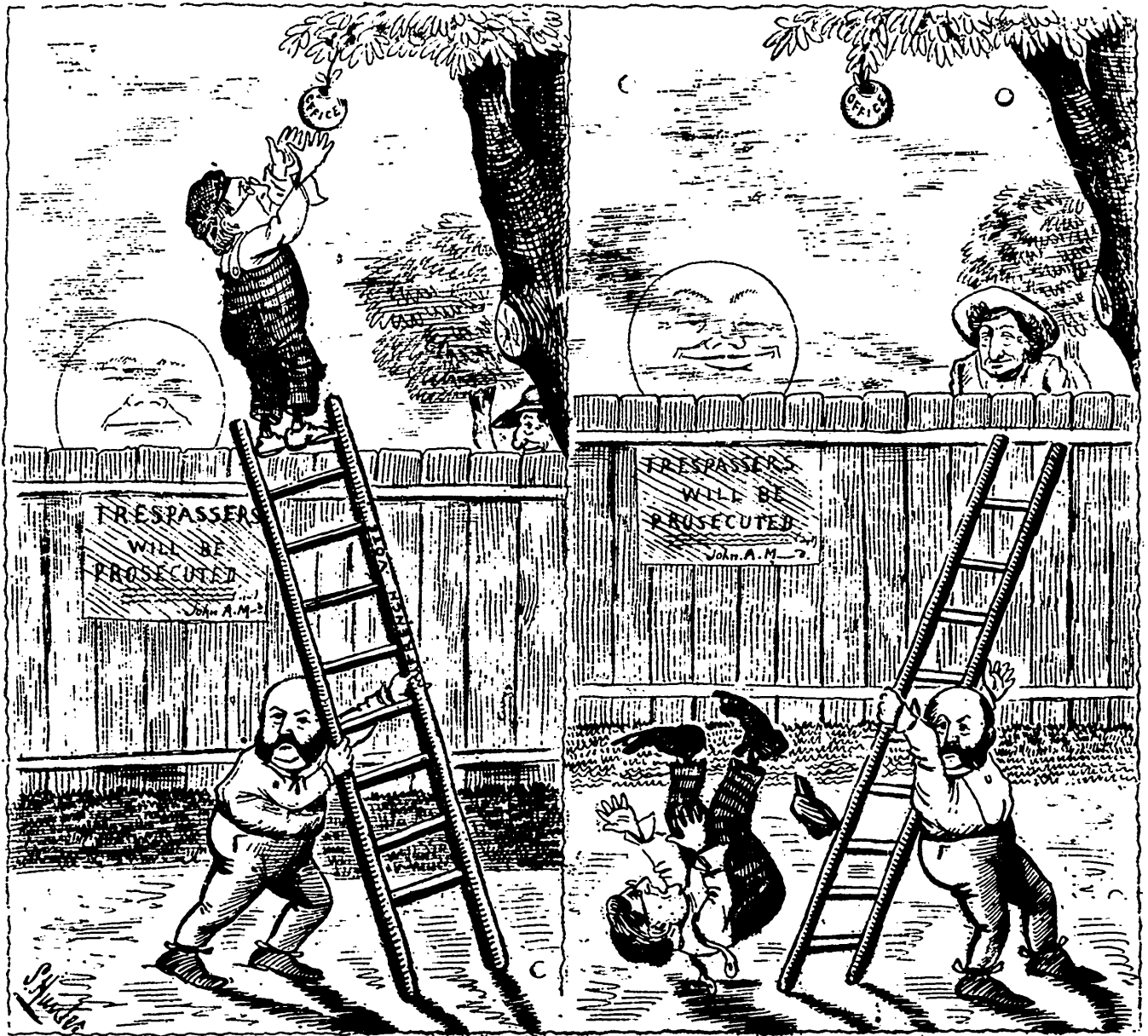
Had they not in peace prepared,  
Ready for the trumpet call,  
Ill had Canada then fared,  
Tasted then her cup of gall.

What inured them to their task—  
Gave them all their hearty will?  
What prepared them, I would ask,  
What but discipline and drill?

Let them now their aim fulfil,  
Let them forward go—expand;  
Give them proper space for drill,  
Strengthen them on every hand.

Build an armory in size  
Fitting to their utmost needs;  
This, in truth, should be the prize  
For their manly, valiant deeds.

J. A. F.



I.

Neddie climbed the little ladder,  
Sure he wouldn't slip.

II.

Now he feels a good deal sadder—  
Edgar lost his grip.

An Irishman angling in the rain was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge. On being asked the reason, he said, "Och, sure the fishes will be after crowding there to keep out of the wet."

"Jeeemima Jane! Oh, good Saint Shadrach! Blazes of Etna!" he howled. "What is it, dear?" she exclaimed anxiously, as she picked up the dinner plate he had crashed down and bent over to look into his face. "Are you in pain? Aren't you well? What is the matter?" And then, as he looks at the soft, white dainty hands carelessly holding that plate, he mumbles some lying excuse about a rheumatic pain in his shoulder, and is ashamed to say the plate was so all blistering hot it nearly killed him.

#### THE BALLAD OF THE SEWER.

In his office the City Commissioner sat  
Singing sewer, that sewer, that sewer,  
And I said to him "Emerson, what are you at,  
Singing sewer, that sewer, that sewer?  
Is your intellect weakened, and are you to blame,  
Will you throw up the sponge now, or will you die game?"  
And his answer came mournfully, sadly the same—  
That sewer, that sewer, that sewer.

Then he murmured, "I knew that cement was too thin,  
In the sewer, that sewer, that sewer,  
And my conscience is scared by the bricks we put in  
To that sewer, that sewer, that sewer.  
Now my office, through Godson, is all but a wreck;  
If Hunter has his way, I'll soon leave the deck;  
Oh! I wish Mr. Rolston had broken his neck  
In that sewer, that sewer, that sewer."



LETTER FROM MR. CHOLMONDELEY CHOLMONDELEY, LATE OF ENGLAND.

ROSSIN HOUSE, May, 1886.

To the Editor of THE ARROW.

My Deah Sir,—What stwikes me as being particularwy abs'ed in Pawlian rentawy and all political speaking is the aw—undue pwo:innence given to the fawmah and the fawmah's son. Why these wustics should wauk above decent and wespectable awtizans and mechanics, I fail to see—aw.

On my arrival heah from England some two yeahs ago, I thought it would be a pleasant and—aw—healthful idea to take up quartehs with some well to do fawmahs. Well, be Jove, I twied it, but I assuah you I won't twy again. There were plenty of fowl of all sorts, legions of eggs, and—aw—hundredweights of buttah, but not a chicken, goose, turkey or egg did we evch see. We had as a wule pawk, fwash and salt, exequably cooked, the weakest of cheap tea, and, be Jove, they wouldn't allow us a pwopeh quantity of milk. These aw—natives send everything to mawket, get cash for theah pwoduce —and—aw—to use a wathah common expression, "Sait it down;" and I wepeat, why the Government of the countwy should take undah their especial pwotection and actually toady to such awawicious old hunks, who are too mean to pawtake of a good meal at theah own expense, is to me a deep —aw—mystery.

Twuly yaws,

CHOLMONDELEY CHOLMONDELEY,  
Late of Cholmondeley Chase, Berks.

BILL NYE ON HOTEL ROLLS.

THE MACADAMIZED BISCUIT WITH A FLAP ON TOP.

Guests at remote American hotels, conducted on the You're-a-payin' plan, have no doubt noticed, after a few weeks at the house, a heavy feeling in the pit of the stomach. At first this is mistaken for mental gloom, but this is an erroneous diagnosis. It is gastric gloom. It is induced by the great hand-to-hand conflict between the bomb-proof biscuit of the hotel and eternal justice.

Eternal justice comes out on top, perhaps, but she is in poor shape to tackle the next one. These wads of gun cotton, plaster of Paris and alum are met with at the hotel where the crape is never taken off the door. Death and baking powder biscuits are synonymous terms. The old-fashioned poet used to picture Death in the act of mowing down his millions with a scythe and a wappy-jawed snath, but now the bard could not be more vigorous in his language than to say:

Death shied a hotel biscuit at him,  
And he slept.

These macadamized rolls are made now with a flap on the top, I notice, similar to the flap on an old fashioned pocket-book. The hunting-case biscuit is found to be superior to the old style, which could be opened with a nail. The present hotel roll—that is, the one we have in our midst—is made of condemned flour. This flour, with amalgam filling and fire-proof works, makes a roll that will resist the action of acids or the grand jury.

If we could lay aside our work for an hour or two, and pass into the presence of old Mr. Gastric, what would we see?

A man about medium height, with a sinister expression, a little soured by overwork and anxiety. He has just reduced to pulp a small wad of cake made by a bride,

and, entirely exhausted, he sinks down near the storm door at the foot of the via cesophagus for rest.

This is old man Gastric, the man who never flinched when pie and pantaloons buttons have been bestowed upon him. But now, why does he quail? Why does he shudder? He is not paid extra for shuddering!

Hist!

It is the stealthy footfall of the baking powder biscuit, with murder and alum in its breast.

With a snarl of rage, and a low, malicious gurgle that makes every little gastric follicle curl up and try to sneak away into the duodenum, he slaps old Mr. Gastric across the face and eyes, and the tournament begins.

\* \* \* \* \*

These stars represent the appearance of the firmament as viewed by Mr. Gastric. Two hours have passed. Down in one corner of his laboratory, with the death damp gathering on his brow, lies the old man, who has met everything at picnic or lunch-counter that the broad Empire of Hashdom could furnish, and yet never lowered his arm. They are folded calmly now across his breast, and the weary hands of the brave digester are forever at rest. All is quiet save the low moan of the liver. Then all is still again.

Near the pyloric orifice stands the pride of the Metropolitan Biscuit Foundry. He smiles ironically as he sits down on a cotton flannel cake to get his breath.

This roll is the bane of our modern civilization. It is carrying thousands down to the disagreeable realms of death. It is attractive in appearance, and when it beams upon us with its siren smile, we are too apt to yield. But let us beware. No man should put a hotel biscuit in his mouth to steal away his brain.

If I had a son who wanted to become a hotel man, and eat these death balls, I would say to him, "Buy a hotel if you wish, Henry (provided his name happened to be Henry), and run it and make money, but have a home that you can go to for your meals. Do not eat your own biscuit."—*Boston Globe*.

THAT man is only a comparative improvement on the monkey finds corroboration in the fact that while it's the tail that marks the monkey, it's the tailor that makes the man.

At a wedding not long since among the presents displayed was a \$1,000 bank note from the doting father of the bride. After the wedding was over, the old gentleman folded up the note and put it back in his vest pocket. The bank note was very much like the promissory notes of reform you hear from candidates until the election is over.

PUBLIC OPINION.—Get the majority on your side and you are safe, let your cause be ever so bad. Give five hundred dollars to a public institution and let the fact be spread abroad in the newspapers, and you will have the name of a public benefactor; if at the same time you withhold ten thousand dollars, justly due to a family of orphans, the gift will set the matter right, and you will not be reproached. If you are wealthy and nobody knows it, you derive but little pleasure from your riches. A beautiful face concealed beneath a veil secures no admirers. A boot may conceal a cloven foot. Public opinion is a curious jade. Everybody does her homage. The question, Is it right? is seldom asked; but quite often the question, What will people say?





German Instrument Maker (jubilantly): "It vos finished, dot bass viol!"

—"Gott ach himmell, I haf left mine glue pot inside!"

IT ALL DEPENDS.

A young law student was being examined for admittance to the Ontario bar. The presiding Benchet asked him: "If a man who had committed a murder employed you as his lawyer, what would you do toward getting him acquitted?"

*Student.*—"Excuse me, but how much money did you say the gentleman had?"

TRIFLING WITH THE COURT.

"You were arrested at midnight working on the safe of the bank with a sledge hammer, and yet you protest that you are innocent," said Judge — to a burglar who had just been convicted by a Toronto jury.

"I am an innocent man, may it please your Honour."

"It would please me very much to think that you were innocent. What was your object in trying to open the safe?" said Judge — blandly.

"I only wanted to open the safe so as to get change for a five dollar bill."

"But you didn't have any five dollar bill."

"I know that, Judge, but I expected to find one as soon as I got the safe open."

"Mr. Sheriff, take this man away. He is trifling with this Court. He hasn't got any more sense than some of the younger members of the bar. Take him away and lock him up."

TACT AND TALENT.

Talent is something. Tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable. Tact is all that and more too. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles, the explainer of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world. It is useful in society, for it pleases every one. Talent is power. Tact is skill. Talent is might. Tact momentous. Talent knows what to do. Tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable. Tact makes him respected. Talent is wealth. Tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, Tact carries it against Talent, ten to one. Talent is fit for employment, but Tact is fittest; for it has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet and silent glibness of movement. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporaneous apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no wondrous wisdom. It has no air of profundity. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force of power and genius.

An Atlanta man is dying from the bite of a mule. When a mule becomes dangerous at both ends, it is time to propound the political conundrum, "Whither are we drifting?"



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**Notice to Contractors.**

**SEALED TENDERS**

Addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for completion of Custom House, London," will be received at this office until

**THURSDAY, 20th MAY NEXT,**

For the several works required in the completion of an addition to the **CUSTOM HOUSE, AT LONDON, ONTARIO.**

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Durand & Moore, Architects, London, Ont., on and after Friday, the 20th April inst.

As the plans and specifications provide for the whole of above works, and a portion of same having been executed, intending contractors are required to personally visit the site and make themselves fully cognizant of the work remaining to be done, according to the said plans and specifications, before putting in their tenders.

Persons tendering are further notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBELL,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 27th April, 1886.

**REJECTED.**

They stood by the dashing salt waves surge,  
And the wind swept wildly o'er the sea,  
In vain he tried his suit to urge,  
She said, No, no, it cannot be.

My sailor love is o'er the main;  
But oh! I know he thinks of me,  
And soon he will be home again;  
Ah! no, my maiden heart's not free.

The lover sighs as the lady goes,  
Too late! too late! I've lost my chance;  
When a thundering wave dashed o'er his clothes,  
And ruined his \$14 00 pants.

HENRY SANK.

**COMING UP TO THE SCRATCH.**

The light of her eyes was a shining blue,  
The cast of her lips a ruby red;  
And this was all that he thought to do,  
As he placed his hand on her well-poised head—  
To steal one long transient kiss:  
And he bended overward on his toes,  
But all the remembrance of his bliss  
Is the scars of finger nails on his nose.

**INCONVENIENCE OF A BAD CHARACTER.**

A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died from time to time overboard. One day when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the fore-castle a sick man who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive. "What are you doing with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain.

"Going to throw him overboard, massa, cause he's dead!"

"Dead! you scoundrel," said the captain, "don't you see he moves and speaks?"

"Yes, massa, I know he say he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody neber know when to believe him!"

"So you always manage to put up with your Tartar of a wife?" "Oh, yes! We have lots of fun together." "How is that?" "Well, you see, my wife, when she gets into a passion, is in the habit of throwing at me anything that comes in her way. Every time she hits me she is pleased, and every time she misses, I am pleased: and thus we are never short of amusement."

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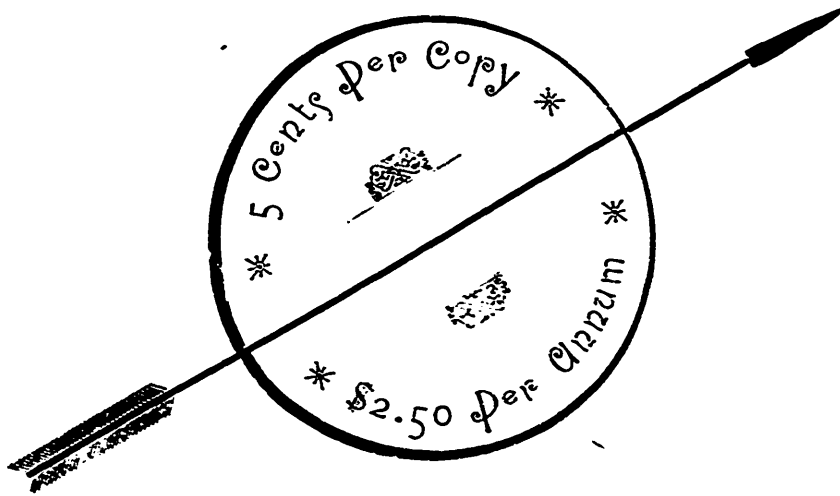
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— THE ARROW —

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*Pat'd Nov. '84, May '85, Oct. '85. Also in U.S.A.*

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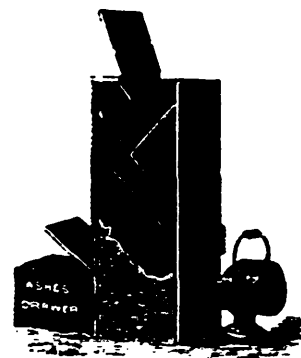
The Earth Closet is regarded as indispensable wherever there are not stationary conveniences in the house; and in respect to smell, "modern improvements" are rarely as satisfactory. It can be placed in a bath room or any convenient place in-doors, or in a shed.

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Professor Goldwin Smith says: "I have pleasure in testifying that the Earth Closets supplied by your Company to houses occupied by members of my household, are found to work extremely well, and to be very conducive to health and comfort."

"Very Rev. Dean Bonner (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 Full-up Commode and stands by the Dean's bedside, he being a confirmed invalid.]



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