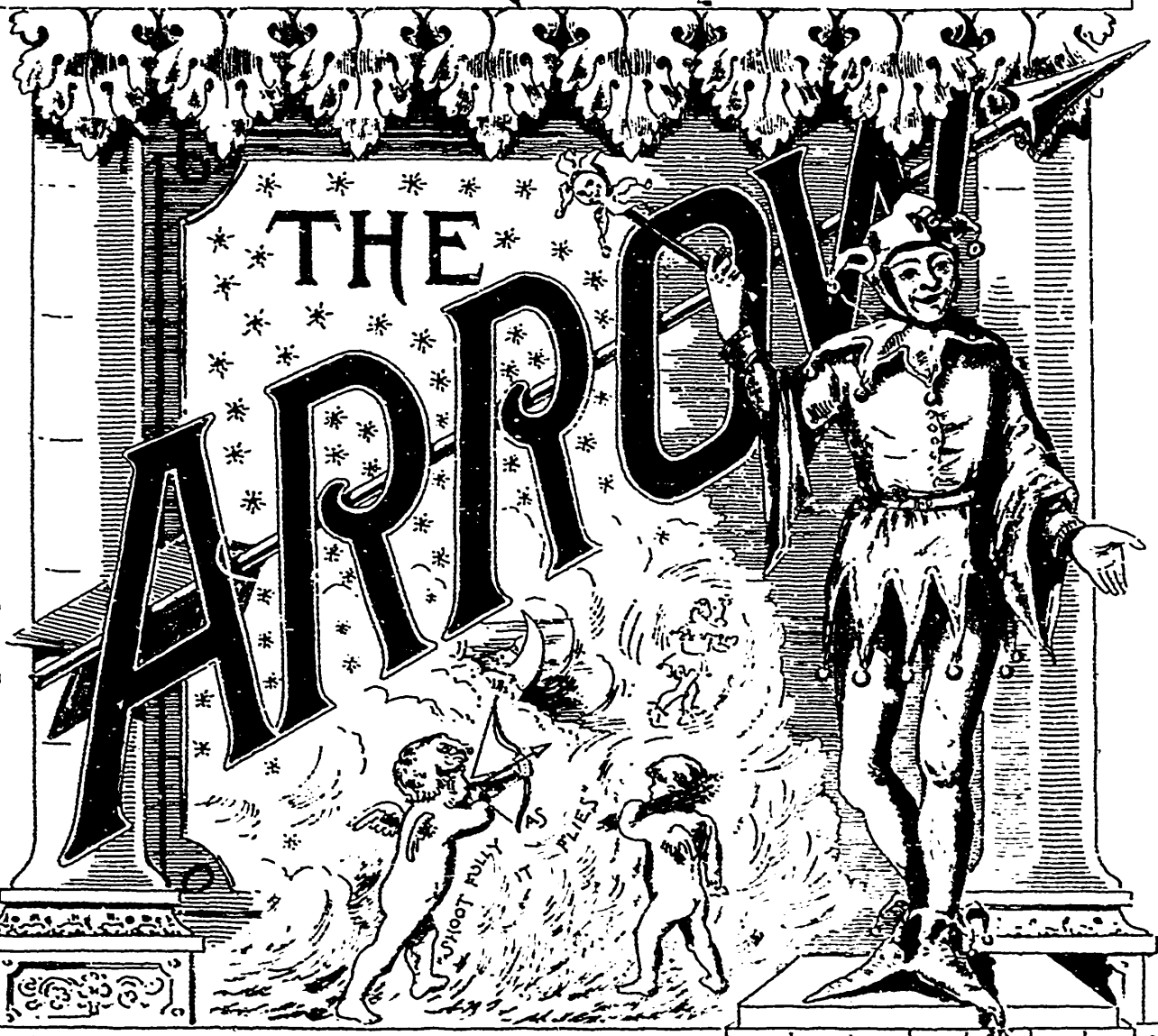


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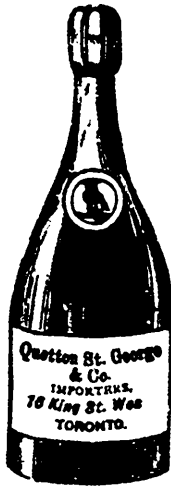
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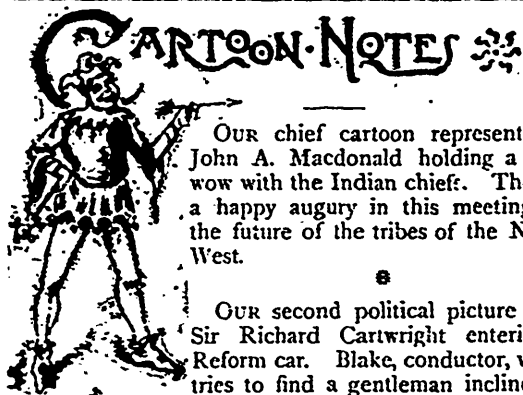
VOL. I. TORONTO, JULY 31, 1886. No. 17.

Published every Saturday. SUBSCRIPTION, INCLUDING POSTAGE, \$2.50.
 ADVERTISEMENT RATES, which are fixed on a very reasonable scale, will be forwarded on application. Special reductions are made for 6 and 12 months. Advertisements from abroad must be prepaid.

Subscribers not receiving their numbers of THE ARROW in due course are requested to advise the Publishers.

Editorial Note. SOCIETY AND AMUSEMENTS.—All notices of Society Events, Games, etc., should be forwarded to the Editor of this department.

Cheques and Post Office Orders should be payable only to the Publishers.
 CRAWFORD & COMPANY,
 24 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.



OUR chief cartoon represents Sir John A. Macdonald holding a powwow with the Indian chief. There is a happy augury in this meeting for the future of the tribes of the North-West.

OUR second political picture gives Sir Richard Cartwright entering a Reform car. Blake, conductor, vainly tries to find a gentleman inclined to vacate his seat for the lady.

AMBITIOUS WILLIE.

Of all the young parties that ever I knew,
 I never have known one who greedier grew
 Of public positions than W. B.
 McMurrich, I.J.K.L.M.N.O.P.

The letters I've given may not be the same
 As he tacks with much pride to the end of his name,
 Perhaps not sufficient for W. B.
 McMurrich, I.J.K.L.M.N.O.P.

He's a Sunday school teacher, he sings in the choir,
 And a few years ago he played much on the lyre,
 When the Tories defeated poor W. B.
 McMurrich, I.J.K.L.M.N.O.P.

An alderman too, and a mayor beside
 (That he has attained prominence can't be denied),
 And an Odd-Fellow also is W. B.
 McMurrich, I.J.K.L.M.N.O.P.

In all "ancient orders" he's sure to be found,
 He knows the societies down to the ground,
 He's a great little man, Captain W. B.
 McMurrich, I.J.K.L.M.N.O.P.

But in spite of the letters attached to his name,
 And the way he has worked the society game,
 He will wait for some time yet before M.P.P.
 Is, in part, the description of W. B.

J. A. F.

POINTERS.

THE exposure made by the *Globe* of the income of prominent citizens, as given in the assessment rolls, is provocative of a few reflections.

In the first place, it will be very hard to persuade the general public that more than one-third of the incomes or money value of personal property earned and held in Toronto is given in those lists. For instance, one lawyer, who is down for \$1,000, told me that last year his professional income was \$7,000, and he has other resources besides. Two doctors, whose incomes are given, actually draw as much from insurance examinations as they are credited with getting altogether, and both have large practices and own insurance stock besides, which, if the companies' annual reports are to be believed, pay them handsome dividends annually.

THE personal property of one of the largest manufacturers in the country, in his line, is given as \$4,500, while his machinery alone, to say nothing of stock on hand, manufactured and otherwise, cost from \$25,000 to \$30,000. This same gentleman's income is given as \$800, a good deal less than he pays to eight or ten of his employes.

I HAVE said that the public do not believe that more than one-third of the income and personalty liable is taxed. I don't believe myself that even one-fourth of the correct amount is accounted for.

Is it not eminently ridiculous to say that in a city where the value of realty is \$60,546,816, the personal property is only worth \$7,692,063? And it must be borne in mind that not one foot of property could be bought at the value given in the assessment rolls.

WHO, in the name of fortune, is the owner of all the horses and carriages, all the shop-fixtures, all the household furniture in the city of Toronto? Who owns the stocks of merchandise carried by our merchants? Who owns the goods and stocks of our manufacturers? If we divide the amount up we find that *per capita* we own about \$64.00 worth each. This is simply bosh.

THE incomes are given as \$4,338,025; which simply means that Toronto is a first-class place to stay away from, as the average income of a worker in this city is \$127.50 *per annum*. And this, mind you, while house rent is so high and the price of gas away up.

IT is taking a reasonable view of the matter to say that the true value of personalty and incomes is \$25,000,000 in advance of what is represented. That amount added would bring the rate in the dollar down to twelve mills or thereabouts, and the burden would be much more equably distributed.

BUT there is another point. As the law stands to-day, some \$13,000,000 worth of property are exempted in Toronto. If these estates, belonging to the religious bodies and Government, paid their fair share of taxation, we would have a perfect paradise of a city for the poor man and the man of moderate means, with the taxes below 1 per cent.



Room for Lady Cartwright.

If this were accomplished, the city would grow enormously in the next ten years. But how are we to arrive at the result? The exemption question is beyond our reach, it is true, and the other matter is difficult to come at. Still, if every man were examined on his oath as to his personalty and income, and the information came direct from the individual, instead of second-hand and hap hazard, as it does at present, the honest man would give the correct figures, while the dishonest one would have the fear of the result of perjury and the county jail ever before him.

At any rate, while the affair is allowed to go as it does at present, the rich man simply shifts his legitimate burden on to the shoulders of the poor, and he that hath keeps what he hath, while from him that hath not is taken away even what he hath.

This is not a question which affects Toronto only, for the same thing is the case, in greater or less degree, in every town, city and village in the province. Mr. Mowat, being a Reformer with nothing to reform, should take this matter into his serious consideration, and see if it isn't possible to evolve from his inner consciousness some amendments to the Municipal Act which will do away with these glaring inconsistencies.

And while he is about it, and seriously considering the major matter so far as Toronto is concerned, let

him look at the exemption question, which is the major matter for the Province at large; and let him remember that while Protestant clergymen are taxed for thousands of dollars on income, the clergy of the Roman Church do not pay a cent on income, property, or anything else. Is this just? The value of property held by the Roman Church is something enormous, and the greater part of it is not in church buildings, but in self-sustaining institutions, and land held speculatively.

THE GALLEY BOY.

A HINT TO MOMUS.

"A laughing philosopher has never disciples so warm as the weeping one."—*Lytton.*

Weep, MOMUS, weep, if you would stir the breast,
Put up thy cap, thy baubles and the rest;
Tears, MOMUS, tears, thy eyes must learn to shed—
Laughter's defunct; thy votaries have fled!

Tears, MOMUS, tears, the dismal world requires,
Weepings in song, whole bellowings in choirs;
Niobe's train is greater far than thine—
Tears, MOMUS, tears, are better than red wine!

Howl, MOMUS, howl, thy followers feel dull—
Immortelles, not roses, be it thine to cull;
Wail, MOMUS, wail, no wisdom's in a laugh,
Scatter deep groans, not *grins*, about thy path!

Die, MOMUS, die!—die slowly, once a week,
Hang down thy head, and sob well as you speak;
Try the new style *à la Artemus Ward*,
And, MOMUS, and—I think you'll be abhorred!



The Standard Opera Company has turned its attention to "Olivette." As they draw good houses night after night, it may be considered that the Toronto public don't much care *what* they see, as long as they *do* see something.

The latest *on dit* of the theatrical world is, that Patti finds the noose matrimonial galling. Can't people give her even two months of peace?

Harry E. Dixey seems to have caught the London playgoers by the short hair. Royal personages sup and breakfast with the clever little comedian, and fashionable dames are Dixey wild. If, amidst all this flattery and success, he keeps up the standard of his work, he will surprise most of those who know him.

Lizzie St. Quinten has, after many vicissitudes, once more regained a position something like her old one in New York. She will think twice before she goes "barn storming" again. Oh, fancy! Her Canadian experiences were not the very brightest imaginable; although wherever she went she left scores of admirers behind.

THE MAN AT THE PLAY.

WISDOM'S ARROWS FROM FOLLY'S BOW.

I want 2 tell u a lot: i am pining 2 giv u reel good advice, but i carnt think of anything just now. all the same, i am goin to post u on the rode to Eliza-um!

I want 2 kno y the *Globe* is used so much to wrap things up in—sew dose the decon, i no.

Isn't *durt* corled *grit*? isn't a gritty shete a durty one —i want 2 no, u kno.

I smell—that the suers stink: can the mare howl and loose this cent?

Has any 1 ceen a lost pole esse man? i sore i run awa the uver nite, there was a row at the corner sale oon—he was properly tagged; please return l. u to the draper on caught street and he will bee promoted. he is a blue looking creeture, and ansers to the name of bobby.

Any 1 detaning him from going on—his duty—will be required 2 giv him nurve tonik. He nedes it.

U went 2 c her majesty's opera, didn't u? u won't go again, will u? i'll pin a four u don't! n-bee. That is a met-a-for for a *bet* a for.

I think i'm orfully funny—but i carnt make u think so, can i? no! but ile keep on till u doo, or i di.

Hi life is insured—*u'd* better take out a *pars* for the *west*!

But the Arro will reche u, o most unhappy an-i-mal! R doo till nxt week.

G. H. C.

MUNICIPAL MENINGITIS.

It is a strange thing which befalls a man: so soon as he enters a municipal council. He steps as it were at once over a threshold of gold. The future is bright with many a promise, and right stiff is his back bone. Hydraheaded jobbery and abuse shall melt away in the scorching furnace of his unflinching rectitude, even as a vast acreage of pumpkin pie in a room full of boarders at a girls' school. Alas, how speedily melteth away his back bone—utterly gone its rigidity! How soon doth he hug abuse to his bosom, how fatally soon doth he consort with the jobber.

The inflexible Spartan fadeth away, and the complacent guest at the free lunch appeareth in his stead. He still seeketh indeed a threshold of gold, but by a far more devious if less wearisome path.

He may well ask, in the language of the enterprising American who has invented a new patent medicine, "What is this strange disease which has come upon us?" Why is the whole moral nature of a man wrenched aside and distorted the moment he becomes an alderman? Are these things governed by some mysterious rule altogether inexplicable and repugnant to the ordinary laws which dominate our being, and must therefore be submitted to and grappled with, like measles or croup, and dealt with merely on the basis of alleviation instead of prevention? Or is the disease attributable to mere human agencies, which may be treated on the principle of entire repression? The subject is one of enormous interest, not only to the speculative student of physiology and metaphysics, but to the tax-payers, who contribute largely to drains which don't drain, and to sewers apparently constructed to explode the theory that water won't run up a hill.

We may as well confess that we have brooded deeply over this strange matter without as yet being prepared with a theory absolutely satisfactory to ourselves. It should scarcely be that man's entire moral nature is wrecked the moment he enters the council chamber; and yet an assemblage of aldermen develops an amount of cussedness, the aggregate of which is somewhat appalling to the ordinary mind.

We shall, however, on our trip to the blue sea (whither we propose wending our way so soon as our subscribers rush in with shekels in such numbers as to warrant the outlay) subject the abstract question to a searching test in the crucible of our most profound consideration, and will, on our return, submit to the almost countless host of our readers the matured result of our intellectual struggle.

We doubt not that these worked out results of boiled down thought will not only prove of inestimable value to the general public, but will form the basis of an entire remodelling of our municipal system, one of the first fruits of which will be an irrepressible clamour on the part of the whole people that we run for mayor at the very earliest opportunity; and we may say in advance, so as in a measure to allay the craving of the populace, that such a solicitation shall have our best consideration (this is, we believe, what statesmen say on like occasions), especially if we find that our present mayor is successful in his modes of acquiring popularity; as we feel perfectly satisfied that we can beat him all to fits at that sort of thing. In fact, we don't mind admitting right here, that as a repressor of vice we are far ahead of Howland any day, and we can repress ourselves as well, which is more than he can manage.

— THE ARROW —

THE WANDERING JEW.

THE JINGLESBY LEGENDS.—NO. 1.

Has it ever struck you
That the Wandering Jew
Had a deuce of a time of it all the way through?
There was no *dies non*
That his sun rose upon,
It was always the same thing—he had to move on.
Now he must have grown tired
Being constantly “fired,”
Every person with hatred for him seemed inspired—
And they gave him no rest
In the East or the West;
All railed at with cursings, and none ever blessed.
In the South and the North.
They bundled him forth—
If it rained or it snowed,
It was always “the road,”
And every one said, “Mr. Jew, you be blowed.”
It was very unkind,
Thought the Jew in his mind,
But of course he had far too much Grit to have whined.
That he pocketed sneers,
And he put up with jeers
And the truculent leers, from his history appears;
And he uttered no moan,
No, not even a groan,
When he from his resting place found himself thrown.
But this Hebraic child,
Though his manner was mild,
On the whole must have frequently found himself riled;
And I leave it to you
If the Wandering Jew
Did not have a deuce of a time to go through?
Now it isn't the Jew
I would speak of to you,
For the story is old, and you want something new,
But a parallel case
Is to-day taking place,
Though the victim is not of the Israelite race.
In this singuler plight
Is a certain bold knight,
Who is known to the world as Sir Dickie Cartwright.
He wanders about,
In season and out,
To find him a place where “Reform” he can shout.
But his friends won't make way,
And so day after day
He despondingly tramps it from June until May.
If the reason you'd know,
I'll advise you to go
And ask Deacon Cameron why it is so;
Or Laurier, he
Knows why these things be,—
Ask the Gas-man, his partner—he'll give you the key.
But the story is true,
And I want to ask you,
If it isn't darned rough on the Wandering Jew? J. A. F.

A MIS-TAKE CORRECTED.

No, maiden, poets' drink is *not*
Distilled from classic Helicon,
Nor is it manna, cold or hot,
Which we poor bards are fed upon.
Long, *long* ago, in “Golden age,”
Such dainty food they *may* have got,
But in *this* “Age of gold” I say
Emphatically that *they do not!*
More often 'tis our common fate
(Though we protest upon our knees),
To dine without the aid of “plate,”
Upon a piece of *sworny cheese!*

GEO. H. CANDLER.

ON THE CARTOON.

The little scene before you, ladies and gentlemen, is a gem of truthful delineatory art. The man who drew it is most veracious, the engraver who engraved it was never known to tell a lie, and the pleasant-looking gentleman who is seated on the box with a pipe in his hand, is the “rock-bound, mountain-ribbed” truth itself. You know him, ladies and gentlemen; I know him; we all know him. If, however, there should be a foreigner from Hamilton, or Timbuctoo, in the audience, I would refer him to the carpet bag. You will see his initials nicely engraved thereon. Oh, it is a wonderfully veracious picture. To pass from veracity to voracity, you will notice the hungry look in the eye of the noble warrior in the left, off corner. Yes, I see you notice it; *that* is another truthful object. The chief *is* hungry, and the old gentleman on the box is about to feed him; you will notice the box of groceries. But you will not see Mr. Blake; he is not there. He does not like Indians, and they don't like him—funny, isn't it? but then it's the truth. The benign gentleman on the box is a good, upright man, and he recognizes his fellow being, and has given him a vote; he is now trying to persuade these fiery, hungry individuals that it is better to be good, peaceable citizens and “white men” than fiery, hungry individuals. He will accomplish his end—he *always* does; and our dear red brother will be an anxiety to us no longer. Let us pass on to the next election. POWWOW.
THE SHOWMAN.

HOW EDITH SHOCKED THEM.

“Yes,” said the parson at the tea table, “young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjay the other evening, and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out and the buggy smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control of his horse.”

“He must have been driving with one hand,” slipantly suggested the minister's son, a wild rake of a boy.

“Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck,” said Edith, a shy young beauty of sixteen, with a charmingly modest mien.

And then everybody exclaimed in chorus: “Why, Edith!”

HANS ON THE SCOTT ACT.

I neffer hear some tings like dis,
So sure as I am porn,
I hear dot Mowat vorks dot Act
Und stops mine leetle horn.

Dere ish some tings I will not stand.
De Government best know it,
Of dey guts off der lager bier
I votes no more for Mowat.

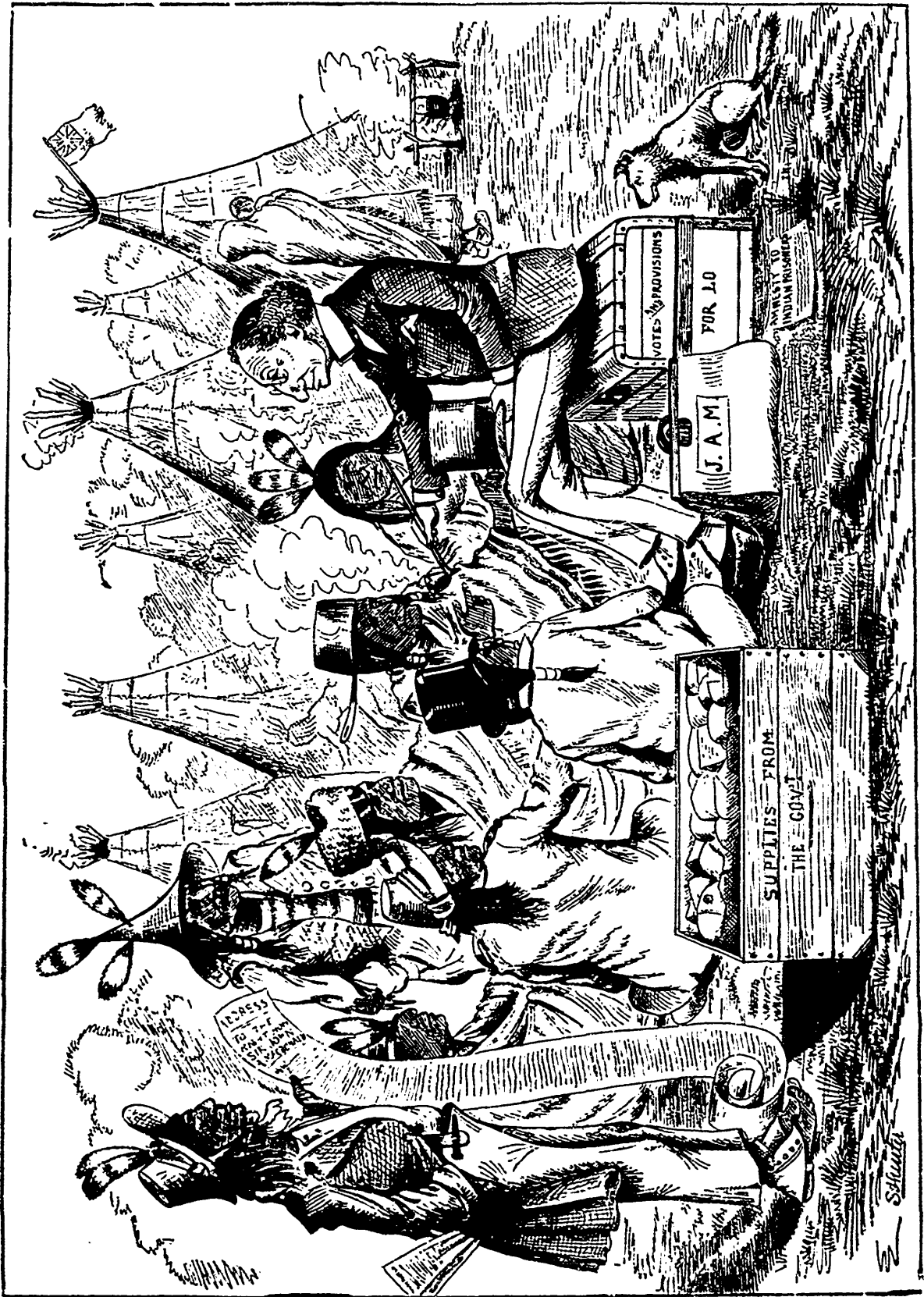
Now vat you dinks at school dey teach
Katrina (dots my daughter),
Dot effery man's a peast vot trinks
A tings outside of water.

Und dots all foolishness, you pet!
As I gan brove dis minute,
Goot lager bier's de broper tings—
Dere's nodings peastly in ud.

Und dis ish, how I broves it you
(I dells it to my daughter),
De Deutchers all drink lager bier—
De peasts dey all drink water.

J. A. F.

— THE ARROW —



THE GREAT POW-WOW.

— THE ARROW —

AFTER JULES VERNE.

(Continued).

A few deep inhalations, and Alorado turned to us with a smile. "At any rate," he said, "we shall be able to exist here so far as air is concerned. Throw aside your air chambers, and listen to what I have to say to you."

We obeyed, and waited for him to continue his remarks. He was, however, silent for a few seconds, and seemed plunged in profound thought. "We are waiting," I remarked. "Yes," he said, "I know. I was revolving in my mind the means by which we are to descend to the *terra firma* we see below us. It is a problem not easy of solution. Our position is similar to that we encountered when we left the earth only a few hours ago. It is true, however, we did not fly upwards and outwards from the moon as we did from the earth, which is rather extraordinary, for the atmospheric pressure is about the same, and yet the force of gravity of the moon must be many times less than that of the planet we have quitted."

"There is evidently," said Jardine, "some modification of natural forces here with which we are unacquainted. We must wait again for the solution of the difficulty which will no doubt take place. How high are we above the ground now, do you believe?"

"Probably," I said, doubtfully, "about five hundred feet; but we are now directly over the summit of a range of mountains. To the right and left the elevation seems to be the same as far as we can see, but on in front the ground seems to fall away abruptly, and in a short time we shall be at a much greater elevation above the land immediately below us."

The balloon progressed rapidly, and we passed the ridge in a very short period. To our great amazement, it seemed that we were following the contour of the ground; in fact, that we fell as rapidly as the hillside sloped away. "Look," exclaimed M. Jardine, "we are entering the shadow," and unanimously we turned to look at the sun just disappearing behind the crest of the ridge. There was the sun looking much the same as he always did on earth. But what was that other immense disk above him, half of it illuminated with a bright copper light, and half merely shadowed faintly, as we see the dark half of the moon on a clear night. One exclamation escaped us: "The earth! the earth!"

"This is most extraordinary," exclaimed Alorado.

"Yes," said M. Jardine; "how can the earth have moved? Why do we fall? At any rate, it must be an immense mountain." Alorado seemed again rapt in thought, and at length he said: "Gentlemen, I don't think it is a mountain, and I don't think we are falling at all." "Not a mountain! not falling!" we exclaimed. "What do you mean? Can't we believe our eyes?"

"Most certainly not; the eyes are always deceiving one. I will tell you what I mean, but first let me ask you, do you not notice anything peculiar in the position of the balloon in relation to the ground below us?" "Well, nothing." "Yes, I do," said I. "Well, what?" "Why, instead of the line of our suspension making an obtuse angle with the slope of the mountain, it forms a right angle. The attraction of gravity is therefore acting directly on the centre of the mountain, not to the centre of the moon."

"That is exactly what I had discovered," said Alorado, "and I inferred from that fact that it was not a mountain, and that we were not falling."

"Consequently?"

"Consequently the moon is flat on this side—a true plane without curvature; possibly, it may be even concave, and if that be so, we shall discover it later." We saw at once it must be as he said. What we had taken for a mountain range was actually the corner—the edge of the hemisphere. We had discovered that the moon was round on one side and flat on the other, like half an orange.

The balloon still travelled on, although now it evidently could not be influenced by the repulsive power of the earth. Possibly there might be some current of air, which, of course, in a balloon would not be felt; and in fact, over our heads, high up, some light clouds seemed drifting the contrary way to that in which we were progressing.

There was yet light enough in plenty for us to see the land below us. There was no marked difference from what we might have seen had we been floating over a wild country on our native planet. There were streams, and hills and woods: even sometimes we caught sight of strange animals, but not distinctly enough to be able to mark their special peculiarities. The only distinct impression we had was that they seemed to move in the same manner as the great Australian marsupials—by leaps and bounds.

Darkness was, however, rapidly gathering round us, and everything was growing more and more indistinct, when at once, as if a gigantic electric light had been turned on, the whole panorama was again illuminated with a soft, gentle light, which appeared to proceed from the region in front of us, yet was equitably diffused over the whole of visible space.

As we proceeded the light increased. Everything below us was quite distinct, yet we could detect no sign of human habitation, no evidence of civilization: all seemed as the hand of nature had left it.

"If we could but get down," said Alorado, "we might live in comparative comfort; the animals we have seen must some of them surely be edible, and of water and wood there are abundance. Really, I am getting hungry."

"So are we," said Jardine and myself. The mere mention of food at once recalled us to consciousness of the fact that it was many hours since we had taken any nourishment. We had with us in the car coffee, wine, and a little store of potted meats and biscuits. We turned to them with a will, and soon our jaws were working as hard and with as satisfactory results as they had ever done below or above, whichever we might choose to call it.

"I think," said M. Jardine, after a time, in a pause in the repast, "our best chance will be, if we should come to a large body of water, to let out our anchorage rope, of which we have nearly five hundred feet, and then descend by it and drop into the water. We are all good swimmers and might reach land; besides, we can each take our air chambers, which would support us easily in the water."

"It is a chance, certainly," said Alorado, "but can we rely on being able to maintain our hold on the rope long enough to get down safely? We very likely will become exhausted, and fall long before we get down five hundred feet."

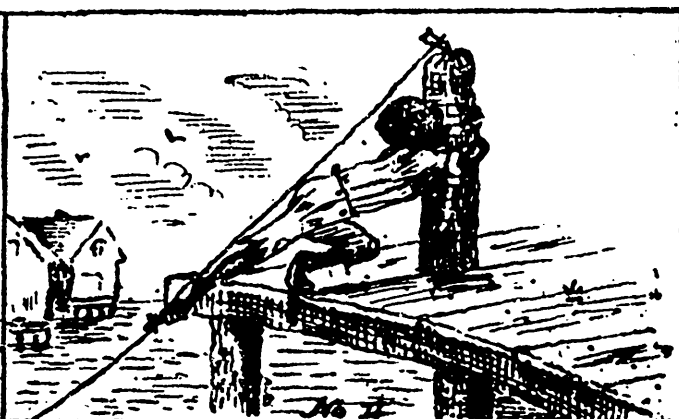
"At least it will be better than starving in the balloon," I said; "and I, for one, vote for the trial, if no other chance comes to us."

"You won't have to wait long," said M. Jardine, "for here below us is the water."

— THE ARROW —

The little nigger, he goes fishing.

He has a bite—rather.



The white man makes a catch.

Separation of best friends.

Below us was the water—a boundless sea, stretching away, away, towards the point from which radiated the mysterious light—a sea which was unruffled by the breeze, if breeze it were, which carried us on—translucent, more translucent, than glass.

There is a lake amongst the Rocky Mountains which travellers report of such marvellous clearness that the fish can be seen sporting in depths of over a hundred feet; and this lunar sea, perhaps from its inherent purity, and perhaps from the altitude from which we were gazing down on it, was visible in its greatest depths. Indeed, it seemed even to be more intensely lighted than the air above it.

As we gazed over the side of the car, could it be possible that we saw a submerged city, strange in architecture and of a weird appearance. There, laid out before us as in a map, appeared streets, squares and spaces, even gardens; for the submarine plants had taken the place of the shrubs and flowers which had originally flourished before the calamity which had sunk the city in the flood.

But what were those brilliant, white, luminous lines which bordered every row of buildings, from which radiated an illuminating power which seemed to pervade the surrounding watery space. As we looked, we hovered over an immense building which had an enormous dome-like roof of an oblong form. Far larger than any building on earth, it covered several acres. As we looked, the gigantic folding doors opened and from them poured a

crowd of beings in form like men, like women, like children. Yet how different. Instead of walking, they swam. Each had, where the wings of fabled spirits are placed, immense fins, and they moved with incredible swiftness and ease. Looking through our strong glasses, it was evident that much excitement was agitating these fish men; they were darting upwards towards the surface of the water. Could they see us?

Suddenly the luminous bands round the buildings intensified; they became bands of electric light. The water was like a transparent lake of molten silver, the inhabitants of the city a host of angels hovering in the eternal light of the sun.

(To be continued).

THE PIRATE KING.

'Tis better far to live, say I,
Under the brave black flag I fly,
Than to put on a shining robe,
And give up pilfering from the *Globe*.

Chorus—Ri doodle-dum-doodle-dum-day !!

I am the pirate king, hurrah !
Hurrah ! for th' pirate king.
It is, it is, a glorious thing
To be a pirate king.

From the *Globe* I steal each day, hurrah !
And that's how I make it pay,
In piracy I'll live and die,
For a pirate's life is gay.

I. BOSS BORNIVSON.

— THE ARROW —

MORE PROVERBS PERVERTED.

A stitch in the side draws up the face.
 Point the muzzle of your gun at your friends. "*Self*
 preservation before everything."
 There is something to be learned from everything—
 even from the fall of the *Globe*.
 A good beginning helps to hide a bad ending.
 Never put off "seeing a man" when the heir of the
 house is sad and mournful.
 Resist the Bobby, and you will get six months.
 Bottles of brandy are followed by—*more*.
 A "spark" may raise—enough to get married and
 starve.
 Shallow waters contain the finest trout.
 "Sinners *stand* in slippery places." Saints don't;
 they *sit* down—suddenly.
 All is not coal that goes into the bin; half of it is
 water and the other half dust.
 A place for everything. But you needn't put it there,
 you know.
 Shun a fool; he doesn't want you bothering him.
 "The proximity of an ass is known by his braying."
 Remember this. Don't open your mouth too often.
 Love your neighbour as yourself; always provided that
 your neighbour is a first (class) person, singular number
 and feminine gender.
 Better to go to bed supperless than eat the cake your
 wife bakes.
 Patience and perseverance—and the stovepipe *may* fit.
 Honest loss is worse than being burglarized.
 Be just to yourself before you are generous to your
 mother-in-law.
 The rink floor is a rock large enough for all to throw
 themselves on.
 One pun is bad—*two* puns merit death.
 A cripple can go round a race-course.
 Trust not a man who *always* sells at half-price.
 Nothing is too troublesome to do for your girl;
 nothing is easy enough to do for your wife.
 Think of rest, and stop working.
 Take a *faul's* advice (that's mine), and you'll pull
 through pretty well. Take a *philosopher's*, and order
 your coffin.

BLIND TO ALL ELSE BESIDE.

Tell me not that she is false,
 Tell me not that she is fickle;
 For I'll not believe your tale
 When she makes such *ca' bage pickie!*

Tell me not her teeth are false,
 Tell me not her bust is sham;
 For such calumny I scorn, sir,
 While she pots such *kerry jaw!*

Tell me not that she is forty,
 Tell me not my love do's dye;
 I will *die* before I doubt her
 While she makes such *figoon pie!*

Go your way, consummate croaker,
 Vex me not with foolish tales!
 I will love her while her cellar
 Holds in a *honey bottled ales*.

GEO. H. CANDLER.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

FROM "MIKADO."

The young maiden's sighs from her sweet bosom flit,
 Much, much too profound for so sweet a tit bit:
 "What makes me so pensive?" she suddenly cried,
 "Does Eolus woo me and Zephyr beside?"
 With a smile on her lip which her sadness belied—
 "Oh! fellow! my fellow! my fellow!"

A SIGH.

My love she has departed,
 And left me here to pine,
 She's gone, and taken her own heart,
 And also taken mine.

And now, without that organ,
 Whatever shall I do?
 I think she's very heartless for
 To leave me heartless too.

And as I haven't got a heart
 Within my aching breast,
 My bosom, once so full of love,
 Is now an *empty chest*.

I think when I depart this life,
 Cremation shall engross
 My empty trunk for fuel,
 And a *faul* mourn my loss

CONTRIB.

THE GRAND OLD COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Gladstone?
 I, said Chamberlain,
 And I feel like Cain(e);
 I killed Gladstone.

Who saw him die?
 I, said Goschen,
 Without any emotion,
 I saw him die.

Who'll make his shroud?
 I, said Argyll,
 In superior style;
 I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?
 I, said Lord Randy,
 For I've got the tools handy;
 I'll dig his grave.

Who'll carry the link?
 I, said John Bright,
 With my sweetness and light;
 I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner?
 I, said John Morley,
 For I miss him sorely;
 I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll sing a psalm?
 I, said Fowler,
 A regular howler;
 I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?
 I, said Parnell,
 'Twas for Ireland he fell;
 I'll toll the bell.

—*Full Mall Gazette*.

CATARRH, 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 & Sox, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.

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D. POTTINGER,

Railway Officer, Chief Superintendent.
 Montreal, N. B., November 13, 1885.

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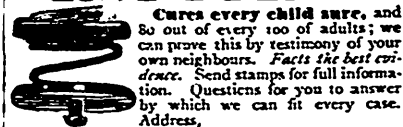
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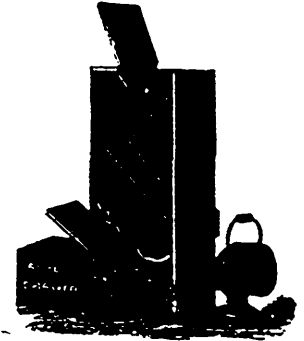
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