

FRANK CAYLEY

REAL ESTATE & FINANCIAL AGENT  
NO. 65 KING STREET EAST  
RENTS COLLECTED INVESTMENTS PROCURED ESTATES MANAGED INSURANCE EFFECTED

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF CANADIAN WIT AND HUMOUR

VOL. I. NO. 5.

APRIL 29, 1886

THE  
ARROW



PRICE 5 CENTS \$2.50 PER YEAR

**TORONTO LAND and LOAN COMPANY**  
OFFICE, 9 TORONTO ST., TORONTO

This Company is formed for the purpose: 1. Of buying tracts of land. 2. Of subdividing and selling them in lots. 3. Of advancing money for building, securing the same by mortgage. 4. Of investing in mortgage securities. It can advantageously invest whatever sums may be intrusted to it. Shares, \$100 each; with option of paying up 25 per cent. or any greater amount. Houses and lands for sale; terms to suit. Apply to  
ARTHUR HARVEY, President. EDWARD GALLEY, Vice-President.  
Or W. C. BEDDOME, Secretary.

**COOLICAN & CO.**

Real Estate and General Auctioneers  
Union Block, 38 Toronto St.  
TORONTO, ONT.

Sales of City Property, Farm Lands, Farm Stock, Bankrupt Stock, Merchandise, Fine Arts, Jewellery, etc., professionally handled.  
Sales of Household Furniture at private residences conducted in a modern and highly satisfactory manner.

**CASH ADVANCED ON CONSIGNMENTS**

Thirteen years' successful experience in the profession warrants us in guaranteeing satisfaction to those favouring us with sales.

**P. M. CLARK & SON**

**TAILORS &  
Gentlemen's Haberdashers.**  
95 King St. West, - Toronto

**HEADQUARTERS FOR**

**CHEESE and FINE GROCERIES**

**I. E. KINGSBURY**

GROCER AND IMPORTER  
TELEPHONE 571. 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

**Cunard S.S. Line**

Sailing every Saturday and every alternate Wednesday from New York for  
**LIVERPOOL**

**Anchor S.S. Line**

Every Saturday for **GLASGOW**  
SAM OSBORNE & CO., 40 Yonge St., Toronto.

**HARRY A. COLLIN'S**

90 YONGE STREET  
IMPORTER, DEALER AND MANUFACTURER OF  
**House Furnishing Goods**  
BABY CARRIAGES, ETC.

**TODD & CO., SUCCESSORS TO**



**Quetton St. George & Co.**

Wine and Spirit Merchants  
16 King Street West, Toronto

**ROYAL**

**Baking Powder**

**Absolutely Pure**

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multi-tudinous of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 125 Wall Street, N. Y.**

**ADVERTISE**

IN THE

**ARROW**

THE LEADING

**Cartoon Paper**

OF CANADA

**Crawford & Hunter**

PROPRIETORS

14 KING ST. WEST

**WHITE STAR LINE**  
ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

**NEW YORK to LIVERPOOL Every Thursday**

Strictly first-class. Electric light throughout. All passengers berthed on the saloon deck, and seated at the same time in saloon, which, after meals, makes a delightful drawing room.

S. W. JONES,  
General Canadian Agent, 23 York St., Toronto.

**O'KEEFE & CO.**

**Brewers and Maltsters**

**SPECIALTIES:-**

ENGLISH HOPPED ALES  
XXX PORTER  
PILSENER LAGER

Corner Gould and Victoria Streets  
TORONTO

**THE COSGRAVE**

**MALTSTERS BREWERS** Brewing and Malting Co.

AND BOTTLERS OF

INDIA PALE ALES and EXTRA STOUT  
Cor. Queen and Niagara Sts.

TORONTO

**Toronto Brewing and Malting Co.**

(LIMITED)

**Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers**

284 SIMCOE STREET

TORONTO

ALEX. MANNING, PRESIDENT.

A. F. MANNING, SECY.-TREAS.

**ANGOSTURA**

**BITTERS**

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavour, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavour to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent  
51 Broadway, N. Y.

**STEINWAY**

The Standard Pianos of the World

DOUBLE TRIUMPH AT LONDON, 1885

Grand Gold Medal of International Inventions Exhibition, also Grand Gold Medal by the Society of Arts for "Best Pianos and several meritorious and useful Inventions."

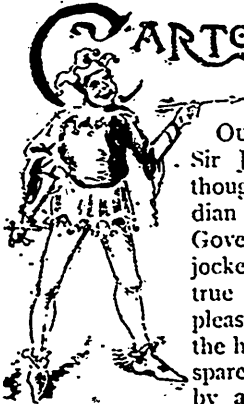
The Largest Establishment in Existence  
Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York



Vol. I. TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1886. No. 5.

Published every Thursday. SUBSCRIPTIONS, INCLUDING POSTAGE, \$3.00.  
 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.  
 Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made payable only to the Publishers. CRAWFORD & HUNTER, 14 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CARTOON NOTES



Our leading cartoon this week shows Sir John again in the saddle; and though a small minority of the Canadian people may wish to see the Government horse ridden by a reform jockey, we venture the opinion that the true friends of Canada are more than pleased that the Grand Old Man at the head of the Government has been spared to again mount the saddle, and by a firm hand likely to guide the horse of State for many years to come.

THE cartoon on the last page, showing the Hon. (C.) Mowat expressing sympathy with the Irish Americans in their efforts to free Ireland from the yoke of England, is suggested by reports received from Chicago giving our little Premier the credit of not only expressing sympathy personally for Ireland in the fight for freedom from English rule, but undertaking to speak for a large section of our people, who we feel satisfied have no sympathy for a movement calculated to bring unutterable ruin to our grand old Empire.

THERE are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when our set lies down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant-hill of important, fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the corral.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE G. O. C.; OR, GRAND OLD CONVALESCENT.

Not a sound was heard of political joke;  
 Our Johnny lay sick and worried;  
 And every supporter softly spoke,  
 As a condolence call he hurried.

He lay on his bed, and his nose proclaimed,  
 By its workings, his agitation,  
 As he heard how Blake in the House declaimed,  
 And wanted his shoes for his station.

Darkly and dim in the dead of night  
 Thoughts that might others have daunted  
 Coursed through his brain, of the bitter fight,  
 Where his faithful friends were taunted.

He thought, could I rise from this wretched bed,  
 And enter the House of a sudden,  
 Blake would think he had eaten a pound of lead  
 Instead of his usual puddin'.

The bright morning came, and he felt not the same,  
 Altogether a different man;  
 Quite jolly and fit, and, in fact, he was game;  
 So he jumped from his couch and ran.

He entered the House. Said Blake, "What a chouse!  
 I never expected his coming!"  
 But his voice was drowned as the cry of a mouse  
 In the loud applause that was humming.

With shout on shout what a terrible rout  
 Made these members given to sinnings.  
 They sang together, "Without a doubt,  
 He's a jolly good fellow, 'jolly and stout,'  
 And goes in for another innings."

CYCLOPS.

THEY are having a little tempest in the Ottawa teapot. It seems that Mr. Principal McCabe, of the Normal School there, while presiding at a public concert given last St. Patrick's Day, took exception to the playing of "God Save the Queen" at the close of the performance, and administered a sharp reproof to the leader of the band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards for wantonly outraging the feelings of the audience by playing the obnoxious anthem. The circumstance has evoked quite a controversy in the local papers, which forms very amusing reading. Now it may be said that the matter is "none of THE ARROW's funeral," but it does seem that it is rather unfortunate that the ingenuous youth of the capital should have as their "guide, philosopher and friend" a man who, under the thinnest veneer of loyalty, may be led at any moment by feelings of "patriotism" to instil into their young minds thoughts and ideas certainly not calculated to make them grow up into loyal citizens. THE ARROW would respectfully call the attention of the Minister of Education to the subject.

LOYALTY. An old Scotch nurse once came to die who was the sole depositary of a mysterious secret affecting the descent of property, and touching the good name of the house in which she had lived. A priest urged her to confess, and reminded her of providing for the safety of her soul. "The safety of my soul!" she said: "and would you put the honour of an old Scottish family in competition with the soul of a poor creature like me?"—*Mr. Froude in Fraser*.

A CHICAGO man who has recently returned from Europe, was asked what he thought of Rome.

"Well," he replied, "Rome is a fair-sized town, but I couldn't help but think when I was there that she had seen her best days."—*New York Sun*.

MICACEOUS SCHIST.

Yesterday, when walking on the Esplanade along with a prominent G. T. R. official, I met Mr. J. D. Edgar coming down the track. Being aware of the absent-mindedness of all true poets, and perceiving his air of abstraction, I took the liberty of warning him as to the danger of his putting foot into the interstices of the rails, technically known as frogs. "I never put my foot into it," said the bard. "But the frogs, my dear sir," said I, "the frogs." "Ha! ha! frogs! Can I not even here take my walks abroad without being reminded of the perfidious French? Be me halidome, I will compose an ode, or sonnet, or something, to be sent per post to all the electors, which perchance will knock them cold. Good fellow," continued he, "let us walk to the margin of the bay. The smell of the brine from the packing houses may inspire my soul to song." And the poet, from an ancient pile or snubbing post, burst forth thus:

"Bolt, bolt, bolt from the Tory ranks, oh Bleu!  
I would that my soul could utter the love that I bear for you.  
Poetry's my best bolt. I am full of sentiment.  
But you did not bolt, bolt, bolt, bolt.  
You didn't bolt worth a red cent."

"My bald-headed youth," continued the bard, "you may think that this effusion is a little off in metre. Perhaps it is; but the theme is too cutting for me to be particular." And he turned his face towards the red declining sun and sighed. I was much affected myself.

○

LAST week I met Messieurs Sheppard and Kribbs, of the *Morning News*, at the Government House. Both were got up *en grande tenue*. After the first quadrille, in which I was honoured with the arm of Miss Eugenia Hayraker, from the Oak Ridges, I crossed to Mr. Sheppard, who was my *vis à vis* (excuse my French, but fashionable life will influence the humblest), and demanded in plain terms his reasons for substituting General George Washington for John A. "Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it," said he. "Let us sit upon this *zignette*. I am aware that I am regarded as one of the un-*ter-rifised* democracy. My dear fellow, it is all a blind. So is my Home Rule snap—beg pardon, device, I mean. I am of noble birth; so is Kribbs; so is Jimuel Briggs. You see, we gave the Grits a heavy shake up on the resignation bus, and awoke the Tories to a sense of their duty. Oh! I tell you I'm a daisy. Hist! here comes his gubernatorial nibbs. Not a word, or perhaps I may be sent to a dungeon vile. Let's go and have su'thin'." We went.

○

I CALLED at the New Fort last week to see the soldiers. Being a military man myself, I am always interested in the boys in belts. I did myself the honour of interviewing the Commandant, Col. Otter, who kindly offered me a glass of Government wine, which I partook of. "Billy," said I—I always call him Billy, just as I call Caron "Adolphe" or De Bellefeuille "Charley;" "Billy" said I, "what do you think of old Poundmaker? Is he a big Injun? Does he wear trousers? People seem to me much interested on the latter subject of late." The Colonel took off his sabretache, hung his helmet on a peg, sent an orderly for a bottle of Moselle, and sat down and mused. "My friend and comrade in arms," he said, "I

cannot pass an opinion on old Poundmaker, nor even Large Bear, until I get all the papers." "Good day, sir," I said, "thanks for your information; I'll recommend you to the coming Premier, Mr. Blake;" and assuming a military air, I passed out of the barrack gate, the guard turning out and saluting as I passed by.

MICA.

It may be remembered that a few weeks ago a worthy Judge in the sister Province of Quebec expressed himself rather strongly on the stupidity, to call it by no lighter name, displayed by some juries. We wonder what his feelings would have been if he had been presiding at a recent trial in Ontario. It matters not where the court was held, as, "like the flowers that bloom in the spring, trala," that has nothing to do with the case. We give the facts as they occurred. A prisoner was on his trial for some very serious offence—larceny, or something of that sort—and the evidence adduced was such as to place the poor man's guilt in the clearest possible light. Hope must have completely died out in his heart, but any vestige that may have remained must have been utterly extinguished when, on his counsel rising to address the jury, it was discovered that the numerous "refreshers" which he had taken during the day, probably with a view to oiling his tongue when the critical moment should arrive, had produced an entirely contrary effect, so that he was quite unable to address the twelve "good men and true," and, in fact, had to be removed from the court. Now the inference naturally would be that the unhappy prisoner's chances, slim enough before, would now be reduced to zero. Not so, however. This sapient jury, arguing possibly that, owing to the condition in which his counsel had been, the poor wretch had not received British fair play, and remembering that noble axiom of the law that in all cases the prisoner should receive the benefit of the doubt, promptly accorded him such benefit, and brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

The moral obvious.

"WHEN I lived in Kansas," said a Detroiter, who was telling stories in an insurance office a few days ago, "I insured my house with an agent against fire. Along came another agent who insured against lightning, and I took that in. In a few days a chap called on me who insured against cyclones, and I struck a bargain with him. The next caller insured against waterspouts and explosions, and I thought I might as well encourage him."

"A house couldn't be much safer than that," remarked one of the listeners.

"And yet I lost it inside of six months."

"How could it be?"

"Well, there came a freshet in the river, and house, barn, fences, haystacks and all went sailing down stream. The agent who insured against freshets got there just one day too late."

A BINGHAMTON couple stood before a Court Street jeweller's the other evening, when the young lady remarked: "Gawgie, don't you think there is something perfectly lovely about those clocks?" "What do you admire so much about them?" he asked. "Why, don't you see they—they name the day." The future will tell if Gawgie tumbled.



AGAIN IN THE SADDLE.

Sir John.--"No; much obliged, boys, but I think I can ride this horse myself for the next two or three heats, anyhow."



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Toronto Vocal Society gave a very excellent entertainment in the Gardens Pavilion, under Mr. Elliott Haslam, the conductor. Twenty-nine ladies and twenty-six gentlemen took part. The band of "C" School played some fine selections before the concert.

THE Philharmonic Society have just concluded their rehearsals for Tuesday next in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. The place will no doubt be filled on the occasion.

PATHETIC.

Stretched upon the cold wet decks,  
The two great statesmen lie,  
The masts are gone, the bulwarks broke,  
No ship is passing by.

Said Blake to Cartwright, this is tough  
To lie here in the cold;  
The winds blow stiff, the sea is rough,  
And we are growing old.

Had I the helm, the ship of State,  
Would come to port serene;  
Hurrah! I see the rescue come,  
A ship looms on the scene.

So cheer up, Dick; cheer up, my boy,  
We'll weather out this trip.  
Alas! the rescue disappeared,  
'Twas but a phantom ship.

FREDERICK JAMES.

A LADY correspondent on the Rational Dress Society meeting: "Dear *Atlas*,—I hope I may be forgiven for saying that the meeting of the Rational Dress Society at the Westminster Town Hall on the 25th was great fun. It was for 'ladies only.' I suppose the frivolous male was excluded lest he should jeer and gibe, and otherwise make himself obnoxious. The desire for publicity, however, secured the presence of four reporters, between whom and the fair Rationalists on the platform very friendly relations seemed to exist. I could not help thinking that those four men must have felt as the rabbits feel who are put into the cages of the python and the anaconda at the Zoo. Only by keeping very quiet can they escape annihilation. I am bound to admit that they all escaped with their lives.

Lady Harberton was in the chair. By her own confession a great deal of her time is spent in weighing her own clothes and those of her friends. She was ration-

ally and very unbecomingly dressed; but then she assured the meeting that her garments weighed about five pounds only. A lecture was read by a well-known advocate of woman's suffrage, who does not wish her name published. She dealt chiefly with the vagaries of fashion and the deadly sin of tight-lacing. The lecture was neither well put together nor well delivered; and it was as full of quotations as a sermon of Archdeacon Farrar's. Among other bits, she gave us lines that you, *Atlas*, will recognize, ending with 'If this is All Sinners, O where is All Saints!'

The back of the platform was hung with diagrams representing the inside and the outside of women. There was also the enlarged fashion-plate to illustrate, not an irrational gown, but once more the horrors of tight-lacing. It fell to the lot of the lecturer literally to point her moral with a wand upon these hideous pictures; and I am bound to say she did it very badly. After the lecture, the chairwoman made a short speech, and then called upon the ladies on the platform to exhibit their rational clothes; but except Mrs. Pfeiffer, who wore a modified form of the Greek chiton made in embroidered Indian cashmere over ruby satin, there was not one really pretty or artistic garment to be seen. The lawn-tennis costume is simply hideous; no pretty girl, or ugly one, for that matter, would ever appear in it.

I fancy I could detect Mr. Oscar Wilde's style in the little speech read by Mrs. Oscar when she rose to propose the only resolution of the day. The sweetness of her voice would win more converts to her cause than the beauty of her garments. Mrs. Fenwick Miller was called upon to second the resolution, but, like Balaam, she was called upon to curse, not the Israelites, but the petticoat; and lo, she blessed it altogether! This fluent and satirical lady is of opinion that women can be rational without being eccentric, and, having tried the divided skirt, she does not approve of it. She also insists upon the retention of the waist. This lamentable concession to vanity was scouted by Lady Harberton, who, in her own comely person, has long ceased to show the slightest trace whatsoever of a waist. The resolution was passed unanimously; the reporters then modestly withdrew, and a rush was made for the platform whereon were exhibited models of rational dress. Lady Harberton says the society is progressing, and if the interest shown in the petticoats for each leg is any sign of progress, she is right."—*London World*.

FREEDOM.

Can it be that the dream of poor Emmet has come?  
Can it be that the voice of base bigotry's dumb?  
Is Ireland united as ne'er before been,  
Is there peace 'tween the factions of Orange and Green?  
Let us hope so at least, and we'll both take a smile,  
And drink to success of the Emerald Isle.

"How is your son doing, Mr. Smith, who went to New York a few years ago?"

"He has made a name for himself," said Mr. Smith.

"Indeed? In what way?"

"I understand he calls himself Smythe."

A LITTLE MISTAKE.—*Husband* (looking up from the paper)—"I see that Smith and Brown collapsed yesterday. It is sad to see a fine house like that fall."

*Wife* (who is scared of the Fenians, catching the last words)—"Fell—gracious! Was it dynamite?"

*Husband* (contemptuously)—"No, it was the cashier."



OUR LITTLE PREMIER IN CHICAGO.

MOWAT.—“ Let me congratulate you, my friend, on the near prospect of Home Rule in Ireland.”

CHICAGO CITIZEN.—“ All right, me boy; glad you're wid us. Next thing will be independence in Canady, and then annexation—another twist in store for the British Lion's tail.”

AN epicure says that to get the full flavour of butter the bread upon which it is spread should be inserted in the mouth, buttered-side down. The fact that the buttered-side up is the general custom is indication of a general and perhaps hereditary disinclination to get the full flavour of the butter. We have known the flavour of butter to be so full as to fairly stagger.

He (who poses for thirty-eight).—“ Yes, this locket has been in our family at least fifty years.” She (innocently).—“ How lovely ! And where, pray, did you buy it ?”

Woman (to tramp).—“ If you'll shovel off the sidewalk, an' saw that pile o' wood, an' pump a tub o' water, an' fill the wood-box, I'll give ye a cold bite when you get through.”

Tramp (sadly).—“ Madam, if I were to put anything cold on my stomach after all that exercise I would have a fit of indigestion that would stagger the whole medical profession. I am not an ostrich, madam, nor an Englishman. Good morning.”—Harper's Bazar.

A FRIEND INDEED.—One who is not in need.

**LOCALS.**

WE were glad this week to be able to attend a Home Rule meeting. The Irish question is such a pleasant and cheerful one. The absence of Col. Wild was conspicuous. Can it be that he is a recalcitrant from the party?



WE perceive that a noble yeoman from North Gwillimbury has been placed in durance vile for assaulting his mother-in-law. He must be a brave man indeed, if a bad one.



WE learn that bars will require to be closed at 11 p.m. Are we in Russia, that a man can't get a night-cap?



It was with equal pleasure we heard the loud timbrels of the S. A. on Monday. The different bands run somewhat to drums, but the tambourine reminds us so much of bright Seville, that we almost believe we are in sunny Spain.

**SPRING.**

BY A LUNATIC.

The minaret bells o'er the Bosphorus toll,  
The swiper goes out for to hoist in a bowl,  
The duckist goes out with his big gun to shoot,  
The knocker goes out to hit somebody's snoot,  
The Grits' eyes are filled with the saltiest of tears,  
The Dutchmen sit down to their several beers,  
The minaret bells o'er the Bosphorus ring;  
Which all goes to show the bright coming of spring.

F. J.

IN competition for a prize an English lad offered the following essay on Columbus: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus: 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America might be found. The sailors quarrelled, and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then he said, 'I suppose you are the niggers?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men, and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'"

**EVANGELINE.**

Fair thou art, no doubt,  
Evangeline.  
Fair thou art without  
The famed pearl-line.  
Thy lovely locks hang down  
O'er thy fair brow.  
I'll see thy papa  
When he comes to town,  
And then propose,  
But not just now,  
My own Evangeline.  
Tho' I adore,  
I've been there before,  
Evangeline.

Q.

**OUR PET.**

He came to our home in the sunny June,  
Dear little chubby-checks, white as the snow;  
Eyes like--yes, shaped like--the three-quarter moon,  
And a language that only the fairies know.  
We watched o'er him prayerfully,  
Tended him carefully,  
Taught him to answer and come at our call;  
Dressed him most gracefully,  
Trimmed him up tastefully,  
Toasted him, roasted him brown in the fall—  
Oh! but we loved him so, one and all—  
*Our Pig.* —C. E. Banks.

THE blushes that bloom on her cheek, tra-la,  
Are painted the men to deceive;  
If you doubt, just notice this week, tra-la,  
When her curls on your arm a rest seek, tra-la,  
How the blushes will soil your coat-sleeve.  
And that's what we mean when we angrily speak;  
A blush for the blushes that bloom on her cheek!  
A blush for—tra-la—a blush for—tra-la—  
The blushes that bloom on her cheek!

AN exchange says there is a mission in this world for dudes. We hope it is a foreign mission.

THERE is one consolation in being bald. When a policeman strikes you on the head with his club, the doctor doesn't have to waste any time in cutting the hair from the wound.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE *Avtagadlivtit Nalinginnarmik Tysaruminasasumik Unikat* is the euphonious title of a journal started in Greenland. News-boys refuse to cry it on the streets for less than ten dollars a day and a pair of steel-plated jaws.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I'll take a hot Scotch—plenty of sugar," said a man with a torchlight nose, sticking his head into Dr. Plantem's office the other morning.

"Do you take this for a saloon?" growled the specialist. "I'm not a barkeeper."

"Then what do you mean by that sign outside, 'The public treated from nine to eleven?' Just like you dern impostors," and he banged out.

A TILT ON THE TARIFF QUESTION.—"Julia, I don't see why you are going to marry Harry Bascomb. He hasn't any money, and it's not likely that he'll ever have any."

"Fanny, I'd scorn to marry for money. Harry is handsome and a fine athlete. He would bring to me a sense of protection"

"O, that's all right, Julia. Every one to their mind. You may marry for protection; I intend to marry for revenue."

MISS BETTY was a remarkably young and handsome-looking woman for her years, and she never told any one how old she was.

"Gracious me, Miss Betty," said an old acquaintance, admiringly, one day, "how well you keep your age."

"Thanks," she replied, with a smile.

"How do you ever manage to do it?"

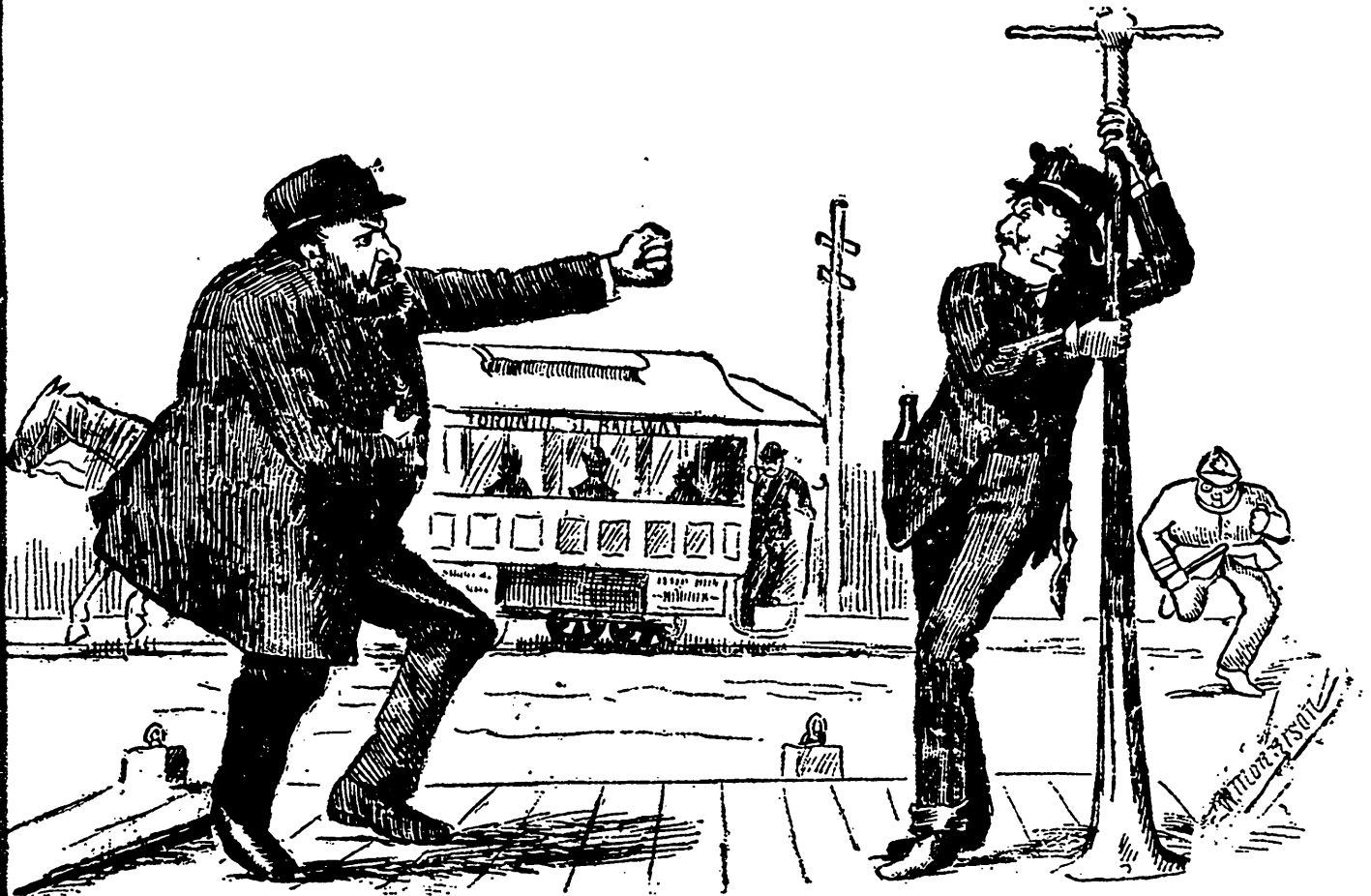
"Oh, easy enough; I never give it away."

"EDITH, what makes you dodge in that absurd way whenever nurse kisses you good night?"

"'Cause I'm afraid she'll slap me afterwards. She does sometimes. Ask papa if she doesn't."

(A competent nurse desires a situation. No objection to going into the country.)





**INEBRIATED INDIVIDUAL COLLIDES WITH PEDESTRIAN.**

PEDESTRIAN (*indignantly*).—"Now then, where are your eyes? Couldn't you see me?"

INEBRIATE.—"Yesh, allrr'; I shaw you—shaw you double."

PEDESTRIAN.—"Then, confound you, why didn't you keep clear of me?"

INEBRIATE.—"Cause I thought I'd pass between you. See?"

**THE THREE-ACRE SWINDLE.**—The *Sporting and Dramatic News* says that an excellent story of how appreciation of the three-acre swindle was brought home to a certain bucolic elector is going the rounds. Having voted for the Radical, he began to inquire where his new property lay, and was referred to a neighbouring lawyer, who, besides a knowledge of law, possessed a sense of humour. The man made known the nature of his request. He had one acre already at the back of his cottage, and thought it would be very convenient if three acres of an adjoining field belonging to a neighbouring farmer were added to it; so he made application for these. The lawyer took in the situation, and reached down a plan of the estate which he had in his office, a plan which showed the farm in question and the rustic's cottage. "Let me see," the lawyer said. "Here is your cottage. Your land is here, I suppose, and you want three acres here." "Well, zur, I don't understand drawing loike; but it's them three acres of turnips I want just at the back of my house." "Yes, quite so. That must be here," the man of law replied, studying

the plan. "I'll see if that can be arranged for you." He left the room, leaving the new voter blessing the name of the good Mr. Chamberlain he had been told about. After a short time the lawyer returned. "I'm very sorry," he said; "but I'm afraid that can't be done. You are a little late, you see. One of your neighbours has taken his three acres there, and he has included your acre in his selection." The rustic was aghast. "My acre? But what be oi to do?" "I'm afraid I can't advise you. I expect all the land has been appropriated here, and you'll have to go somewhere else. You see the man has just as much right to your land as you have to another man's." The yokel was too much knocked over to ask the question he intended, as to where he should find his cow.

WHEN is a fawning "toady" like cinders?—When he falls in the dust before the great (grate).

LITTLE Johnny, on being asked by his school-teacher if he knew what was meant by "at par," replied, "Ma is always at pa when he comes home late."

A MRS. PARKER, of Portland, fell dead the other day while disputing with a neighbour over a dog. The next day the widower sold the dog for eighteen dollars, as he had no intention of marrying again. There is nothing like a first-rate advertisement, after all.

*Waiter.*—Say, I think that man in No. 76 has blown out the gas and gone to bed.

*Hotel Proprietor.*—Has, heh! Well, I'll charge him for the waste of gas in the morning.

*Waiter.*—Yes, but he may die from breathing it.

*Hotel Proprietor.*—Not much; he belongs to the Board of Health: they never smell nothin'!



**JEWELL'S**  
JORDAN ST., TORONTO

*Restaurant conducted on European system.*

EVERY VARIETY OF FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

CHOICEST BRANDS OF WINES.

Also an excellent Lunch Counter from 12 o'clock noon until 3 p.m.

**REID'S**  
AT THE HAYMARKET  
FOR FINE LIQUORS  
IMPORTER OF IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEYS  
Hass's Ale and Guinness's Stout on draught  
TELEPHONE 495



LATEST SPRING STYLES

CHRISTY'S AND LINCOLN & BENNETTS'  
**SILK AND FELT HATS**

**WRIGHT & CO.**  
55 KING STREET EAST

**RUPTURE!**



Cures every child sure, and in case of every man of adults; we can prove this by testimony of your own neighbours. *Facts the best evidence.* Send stamps for full information. Questions for you to answer by which we can fit every case. Address,

EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., 23 ADELPHI ST. E., TORONTO.

Don't judge a woman by her bounet, my boy. It is singular, but it is true, that the smaller, the sweeter, the more modest and the more unassuming a woman is, the more outrageously wonderful is the head-gear she sports. It is the only way in which the dear little creature can flaunt defiant independence in the public eye, and she improves the opportunity to the utmost uttermost.

AN ANECDOTE OF JEFFREY AND COCKBURN.—In a case in which Jeffrey and Cockburn were engaged as barristers, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned. "Is the defendant, in your opinion, perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman. The witness gazed in bewilderment at the question, but gave no answer. It was clear that he did not understand the question. Jeffrey repeated it, uttering the words, "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" Still in vain: the witness only stared the harder. "I ask you again," said Jeffrey, still with his clear English enunciation, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?" No answer yet, the witness only staring vacantly at the little figure of his interrogator, and exclaiming, "Eh?" "Let me tackle him," said Cockburn. Then, assuming a broad Scotch tone, and turning to the obtuse witness. "Hae ye your mull wi' ye?" "Ow, ay," said the man, stretching out his snuff box. "Noo, hoo lang have ye kent Jam Sampson?" said Cockburn, taking a pinch. "Ever since he was a babby." "And d'ye think noo, atween you and me, that there's anything intil the cratur?" "I would na lippen (trust) him wi' a bull calf," was the instant and brilliant rejoinder. Cockburn could certainly use the tools needed in a Scotch jury trial better than Lord Jeffrey, though inferior to him as a lawyer or advocate.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE CANARY.—Buy your cage of a friend: this will ensure only giving double its value. A bird-fancier, next, will allow you to pick a canary at half-a-guinea; pay particular attention to the sex, as, if you wish it to sing, cock birds are preferred before hens. This, however, is not of vast importance, as it is almost sure to turn out a hen when you get it home. Drive six or seven nails (before you get one to hold) in somebody else's wall, and hang it up—the cage—being careful not to leave above two dirty footmarks on the chair. Supply food every day—excepting when you forget, and then once or twice a fortnight will do—with canary seeds, sweeping up the husks three or four times a day off the carpet. In the matter of water, as you don't spill on the carpet, or it doesn't flirt out of the cage, it may safely take. Whenever you have a moment to spare, appear suddenly before the cage, so as to make the bird flutter. If cleverly done, this has a very pretty effect. Where your time is much occupied, a cat will do; they require no training. Spend an hour or so each day in saying "Weet, weet," to it; but if in the course of a week it appears quite indifferent, get a long darning or knitting needle, and poke savagely at it. Mind and do not knock more than one eye out, or you may spoil your bird; a feather or two plucked out where it won't show has often a beneficial waking-up effect. Let it have plenty of air: hang it outside your window, for instance, and leave it there all night: in the morning, rise at four or half-past, and you may witness some interesting spasmodic cramps, which will amply repay your trouble. If the foregoing treatment is persevered in, you will will always be able to keep your pet—but not long alive. *Judy.*



The sketching season has now fairly opened. And who would not be a drawing master.

#### AN ILL-TIMED VISIT.

Professor Jacques, as everybody knows, has been investigating psychical phenomena. The professor has a brother who isn't so much interested in psychical phenomena as he is. This brother called the other evening to make a fraternal visit. He entered the house, and struck, naturally enough, for the back parlour. The professor stopped him at the door.

"Sh-h, sh-h," said the professor, "don't come in don't make a noise— there's a lady in here in a trance!"

The visitor started back and attempted to go into the front parlour. At the door he was met by somebody he didn't know, who said:

"Sh-h, sh-h— don't come in; there is a man in here who is just going under the influence!"

Then he started for the library. Somebody else met him as he swung open the door:

"Sh-h, sh-h, be careful; there is a seance going on, and you'll spoil the conditions if you come in that way!"

He rushed upstairs, and rapped rather briskly at the door of the family sitting room. It was his sister-in-law who met him this time, and she said:

"Sh-h, sh-h, don't make a noise: you'll wake the baby!"

Then he darted down stairs, took his hat and cane, and left the house.—*Boston Record.*

#### THE CORES

There's the man who lets you shake his limpy hand—  
He's a bore;  
And the man who leans against you when you stand—  
Get his gore.  
There's the man who has a fear  
That the world is year by year  
Growing worse— perhaps he's near—  
Bolt the door.

There's the fellow with conundrums quite antique—  
He's a bore;  
And the man who asks you: "What?" whenever you speak,  
Though you roar.  
There's the man who slaps your back  
With a button-bursting whack;  
If you think he's on your track,  
Bolt the door.

There's the punster with his everlasting pun—  
He's a bore;  
And the man who makes alternative "fun"—  
Worse and more!  
There's the man who tells the tale  
That a year ago was stale,  
Like as not he's out of jail  
Bolt the door.

ROSINI VOKES had a watch stolen in Chicago. It is a great come-down. An actress who cannot lose ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds cannot be considered a great artist in Chicago.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

— THE ARROW —

- A Special Silver Medal Awarded at Toronto, 1885 -



**Inodorous Portable Bedroom Commode**

A—Urine Separator. B—Urine Receptacle. C—Excrement Tank.

Over 16,000 in Use. Awarded 16 First-Prize Medals.

**HEAP'S PATENT  
EARTH or ASHES CLOSETS**

Pat. Nos. 24, 25, 26, Oct. 28. Also in U.S.A.

**WHAT IS AN EARTH CLOSET?** An Earth Closet is a mechanical contrivance to conveniently cover excrement with earth or ashes. This covering at once suppresses all odour, and gradually absorbs and neutralizes the matter itself. The pail needs to be emptied about once a week, or when full, and the reservoir to be filled when empty—once in two or four weeks perhaps. Nothing could more perfectly answer the purpose. It gives out no odour; is not ill-looking; its usefulness is not limited.

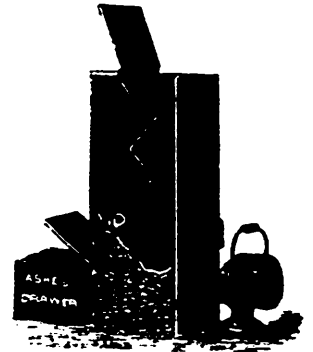
The Earth Closet is regarded as indispensable wherever there are not stationary conveniences in the house; and in respect to smell, "modern improvements" are rarely as satisfactory. It can be placed in a bath room or any convenient place in-doors, or in a shed.

**READ!**

"Twenty-five of these Commodes were supplied to the Mount Royal Hospital, Montreal, and the Medical men and lady nurses in charge expressed themselves well pleased and satisfied with them."

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 Hooper (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. 4 Pull-up Commode and stands by the Dean's bedside, he being a confirmed invalid.]



**AUTOMATIC**

**'DUSTLESS'**

**Cinder Sifter**

**EXCELS ALL OTHERS**

**Heap's Patent Dry Earth or Ashes Closet Co. (Limited)**

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST AND TESTIMONIALS

Office and Showrooms:

57 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO

President—Wm. HEAR, Managing Director:

Vice-President—L. R. TAYLOR, Sec. & Treas.

TELEPHONE 65. Mention "Arrow." To Manufacturers—Patent Rights on Sale. U.S.A. Factory, Muskegon, Mich. English Factory, Manchester.

**JAMES PAPE, FLORAL ARTIST,**  
78 Yonge Street,  
Head-quarters for choice Flowers of all kinds. Wedding Bouquets and Funeral Designs arranged on short notice. Orders by Mail or Wire promptly filled.  
TELEPHONE 1461.

ESTABLISHED 1856

**= P. BURNS =**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

**COAL AND WOOD**

**W. A. MURRAY & CO.**

Would call attention to the large and varied stock of general house furnishings comprising

**TABLE LINENS**

**SHEETINGS**

**CURTAINS**

They are now showing the largest and cheapest stock of Lace Curtains ever offered to a Toronto Public.

OFFICES.

Cor. Front and Bathurst Streets  
Yonge Street Wharf  
31 King Street East  
236 Queen Street West  
320 Yonge Street

**Toronto**

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ALL OFFICES