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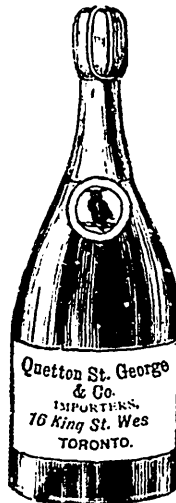
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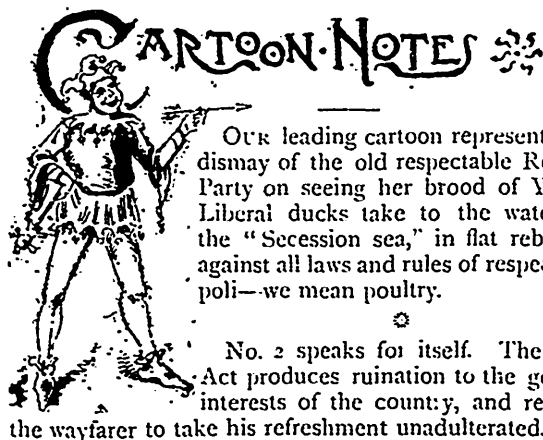
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 Editorial Note. SOCIETY AND AMUSEMENTS.—All notices of Society Events, Games, etc., should be forwarded to the Editor of this department.  
 All Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made payable only to the Publishers.  
 CRAWFORD'S COMPANY,  
 4 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.



OUR leading cartoon represents the dismay of the old respectable Reform Party on seeing her brood of Young Liberal ducks take to the waters of the "Secession sea," in flat rebellion against all laws and rules of respectable poli—we mean poultry.

No. 2 speaks for itself. The Scott Act produces ruination to the general interests of the country, and reduces the wayfarer to take his refreshment unadulterated.

No. 3. A respectable old gentleman, who has a strong family likeness to an eminent politician, sends us his photo (by instantaneous process), representing him as he was startled when an arrow went through his soft felt.

POINTERS.

THE Toronto News, in an article last week, after saying that the young Liberals "have been out-manœuvred, out-voted, and must bear the humiliation of failure" at the hands of the old Grits, proceeds to say, "But what of the young Tories?"

WELL, I'll tell the News something about the young Tories. In the first place, there is no "corrupt and unprogressive element which has complete ascendancy in our councils." A tree is known by its fruit: and the matured evidences of progress in the Tory party are the gigantic undertakings they have put through. The building of the Canadian Pacific, the National Policy,

the Confederation of the Provinces, the deepening of the canals, the vote by ballot, and, finally, the refusal last session to be dominated by the French section, are a few of the acts which mark the difference between fossilization and progress.

As to corruption, will the News kindly look up the records of Col. Walker, Hermann Cook, Ald. Prefontaine, John Madiner, Speaker Anglin, David Mills, Patrick Hughes, and others of the pure and virtuous Grits; and at the same time reflect on the necessities of "my friend Moore," on the "big push," and goodness knows how many more sweet-scented reminiscences of Grit stainlessness?

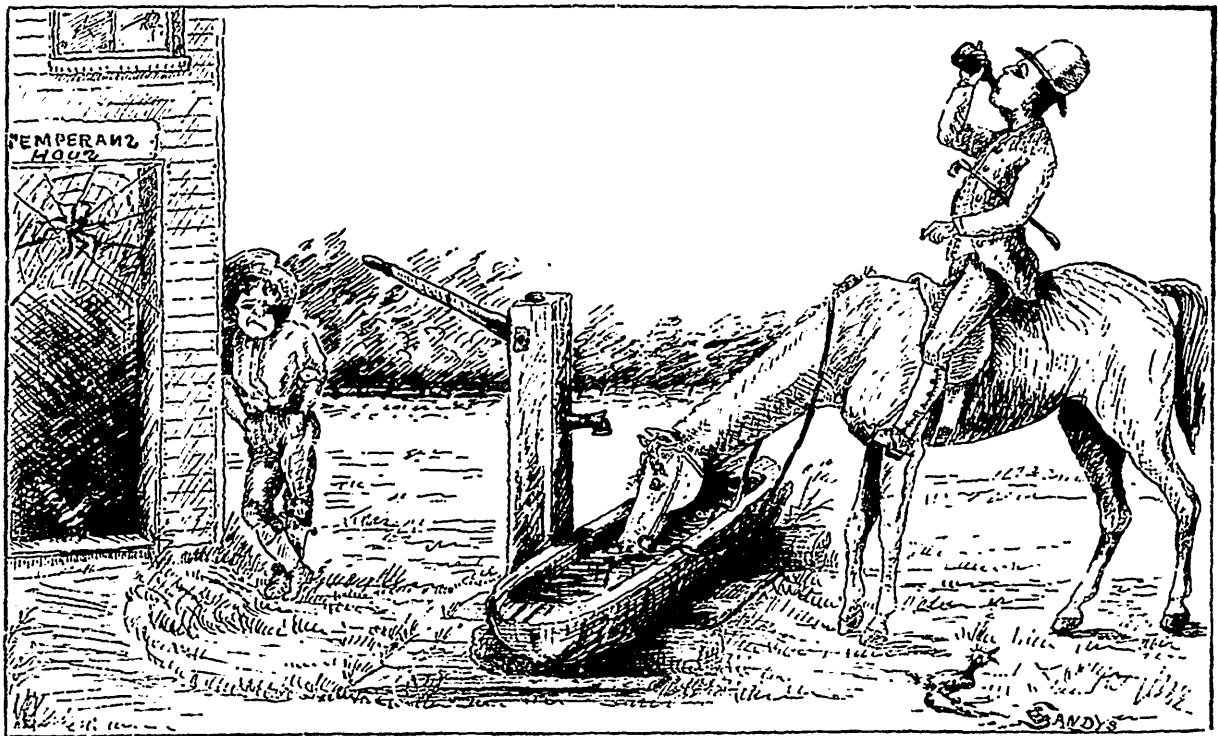
AND now as to the young Tories. The young men of our party are brought up on a different principle to that employed by the Grits. Why, there was profound rejoicing among the young Liberals when they had wrung from the old heads some measure of representation in the convention. We, on the other hand, have and have had representation ever since I can remember. Every young man who takes an interest in the affairs of the country, and joins the Conservative party, has a voice in the affairs of the party. I have been a member of the convention ever since I was of age, and, what is more, I have seen the "young Tories" out-manœuvre the old ones, and out-vote them too, in the convention. But did the seniors go about sore-headed? Not a bit of it; they made the nomination unanimous, worked like the very dickens, and elected the candidate by a handsome majority.

THEN look at the young Tories who have been run for Parliament and the Legislature. Lots of them. And not because there were no old heads available as candidates—for the crop never decreases—but the young men desired some representation, and it was given cheerfully and without a kick. There will be more of them in the next Legislature and Parliament too, or I am very much mistaken.

TO SUM UP. The fact is, that we have a leader, a real leader, and not a profound and lofty intellect in a continual state of sulks, at the head of our party. And our leader knows well enough that the young men bear the burden of the work and deserve their reward. Consequently they are well looked after, and there is no grumbling, no dissatisfaction, and no hankering after the inexpressible infinite.

IF our young men desire to hold a convention (and I hope they will), it will not be for the purpose of pitchforking our leader into something resembling a policy, nor yet for the purpose of asserting our claims to recognition: *au contraire*, our party has a settled policy, which is endorsed unanimously by the young and the old alike, and the young Tory Convention would be principally for the purpose of a general interchange of opinion, and that workers in different sections of the country might become known to one another. Besides which, it would demonstrate to such doubters as the News that the vast majority of the young men do belong to the Liberal Conservative party. By all means let us have a convention, and let us fill the Grand Opera House from floor to ceiling with delegates, and paralyze the young Grits with envy.

— THE ARROW —



Good Scott Act entertainment for man and beast.

SUCH a convention would rouse the enthusiasm of many, and convert into active workers those who through the want of some such stimulus are inclined to be indolent. We may make up our minds that the next campaign will be the bitterest ever fought, for the real question will be, no matter how our opponents may try to gloss it over in certain constituencies, shall we remain loyal to the Confederation and to the British Empire, or shall we not?

SIR JOHN'S magnificent reception in the North-West is a source of gratification not only to himself but to the whole Conservative party. It is not so very long ago since the *Globe* said that the whole North-West was in a state of seething rebellion, Conservatives as well as Grits, and that Sir John dare not show himself in Manitoba. I always doubt the statements of the *Globe* on principle; so I doubted this in the ordinary course of business. The events of the last week show that the chieftain is as popular in the Prairie Province as he is in the East; and it is noticeable that the Grits were as enthusiastic as were his own followers in tendering a reception to him. The West is a progressive country, and the Western Grits are pretty nearly all converted through the opening of the C. P. R. from ocean to ocean. They are compelled to admit by the logic of events that theirs is the party of faction, fraud and fossilization, while ours is the party of perseverance, principle and progress.

IN spite of Mr. Mulock's statement that Judge Morgan has been entirely fair in his administration of the franchise law, the *Globe* continues its villainous attacks on that gentleman. For years the Judges have been vilified by this paper, and the only time it has been brought to book was when Chief Justice Wilson made the late

Hon. George Brown eat the crow, feathers and all. It is about time that journalistic scoundrels were taught a sharp lesson; and I would like to see the ball opened by Judge Morgan bringing an action for defamation against John Cameron and his fellow swash-bucklers.

WHAT opinion must a stranger have of our judiciary after reading some of the Grit attacks on the revising officers? What opinion would the average man form of the kind of justice likely to be dispensed by such Judges, if he only read the *Globe's* articles? Would he feel himself safe in going before any one of them, either as plaintiff or defendant? Not very likely, for if the judge is corrupt and a perjurer in one matter, what guarantee is there that he will not be equally guilty in another? Perhaps it is part of the Liberal policy to bring the Judges into contempt. This policy is such an extraordinary hotch-potch that one never need be surprised at any plank, no matter how insanely ridiculous, being introduced into it.

THE subject of wife-beating is again to the front, as this contemptible crime seems to be on the increase. Imprisonment, as a punishment, inflicts more suffering on the injured wife and family than does the original offence; because it entails starvation to those outside the bars, while a short term of imprisonment means to the offender plenty to eat, a rest from habitual debauchery, and a general physical recuperation. The cat was effective in England in suppressing garroting and other forms of robbery from the person. By all means give the hounds who are base enough to strike a woman a dose of their own medicine. A good flogging or two will have a wonderfully deterrent effect on others inclined to this particular form of amusement.

THE GALLEY BOY.



SOME THOUGHTS ON A WHITE HAT.

While the Court for the revision of the voters' lists was being held at the Town Hall, in St. Paul's Ward, an incident occurred which greatly enlivened the tedium of the proceedings. When Mr. Joseph Tait, the well-known Sunday School teacher, sometime preacher, and baker of light bread, made his appearance, attired, as to his head, with a new and brilliantly white hat, which he did not think fit to remove, but walked gravely up and sat down right in front of the Judge—like Fitz-James in Scott's poem,

“He alone wore cap and plume.”

“Damon and Pythias” held the boards at the Grand all last week. The play is a strong one, marred only by occasional long-winded speeches, which decidedly weary and unsettle an audience. Fred. Warde can, if any man can, keep up the interest of his “house,” but it required his strongest efforts to save the large crowds which nightly patronize him from having the “gapes.” The scenery was true and artistic, the dresses magnificent, and the *tableaux*—one especially—really impressive.

The “Mikado” began to reign at the Pavilion on Monday night, and abdicated only through necessity on Saturday. For once the Pavilion was filled night after night, and everywhere one meets “the man with an ear” humming Ko-Ko's absurd ditties. There was a slight weakness in scenic display, but the acting and singing of the whole company was above reproach. Georgia Knowlton, who, by the way, grows more charming with time, especially enraptured her audience, and Messrs. Geo. Broderick and J. W. Herbert added another leaf to their already kingly garlands of successful buffoonery.

“H. M. S. PINAFORE.”—Casting off for a moment my critic's mantle, I would, with benign expression, offer a few words of friendly advice to two members of, and the “Standard” Opera Co. in general. To Miss Vallete, in the words of the text, I would say, “Come ye out from among them;” to my old friend, Harry Rich, ditto, ditto; and to the *rest* of the combination—“Dick Deadeye,” especially—would gently but firmly remark, that there is in the wilds of Kamschatka a village, the inhabitants whereof have never seen “Pinafore,” and from late reports the walking up north is not bad. I have no friends in that village; no, on the contrary, it is the abiding place of my bitterest foe. I need say no more.

THE MAN AT THE PLAY.

SOLD!

The G. O. M. thought he could easily talk over  
All the electors, so glib he of tongue,  
And that the campaign would be merely a “walk over;”  
For he is a power the people among.

Now see the Tories—the wretched reactionists—  
Heading, triumphantly, poll after poll,  
Demolishing Parnellites, Liberal factionists,  
While grief and rage fills the G. O. M's noll.

A pretty position for England's Prime Minister  
Doing the bidding of Charley Parnell;  
Matters indeed had begun to look sinister—  
Now, with much pleasure, we bade him farewell.

He's fallen, thank heaven; and those he relied upon,  
Tom, Dick and Jacky, and ignorant Hodge,  
Have proved what their mettle was—

DEAR “ARROW,”—Get some of your fellows to finish this; I got lame at the last verse. Am now off for a day's holiday.

Yours, XXX.

the whole assembly was dazed for the moment, fearing that perchance the trenchant Joseph, rather more inspired than usual, had arrived with the real purpose of denouncing both law and Judge in thunder tones, and was keeping the hat on to emphasize his remarks. The Judge gazed for a moment at the roofed-in intruder with somewhat of that perplexity which may be supposed to irradiate the countenance of the proprietor of a China shop on the sudden entrance of a bull: when Playter, albeit a mild-mannered man, but the embodiment of the physical force of the court, hastily awoke to the emergency of the occasion, and sternly made the original remark, “Take off your hat.” Tait was evidently unprepared for this novel and startling procedure, and was paralyzed for the moment, and then remarked feebly that he was just thinking of going out: “Take your hat off anyway,” remarked Playter, with increasing severity. The words were few, but they rang in the doomed man's ear like the knell of fate echoing down the corridors of time; his naturally roseate countenance speedily assumed a hue scarcely distinguishable from the sunlit gorgeousness of his well-fitting wig—which is made by Meredith, the well-known perruquier of Church Street, who furnishes these necessary and beautifying articles either for cash, approved credit, or for a small weekly payment, gradually extinguishing the debt. He tremblingly strove to gather himself together, but the lion courage of the man weakened horribly in the presence of recognized authority. He gazed helplessly around for sympathy, but finding none, and then gathering up his skirts, fled the hall. And now comes a strange sequel to this thrilling history. 'Tis whispered about that Tait has sworn a fearful oath that he will never again let hat of white rest upon his troubled brow, and that ere another sun—not the Markham *Sun*, which would have given him a week for reflection, but the orb of day—he dotated George Washington with the erstwhile proud castor which had brought on him dishonour at the hands of a minion of the law. Hap this as it may, Tait now walks the streets in blackest tile of ancient fashion, and which is thought indeed to be the very beaver acquired long since by James David to walk with in Orange procession, and for which he has no further use; while, as in proof of the tale, Mr. Badgerow has been seen right frequently parading King Street in a white hat of most portentous character, eke much at variance with the somewhat marked dinginess of the balance of his raiment. It is possible that, in making the gift, Tait may have thought he was endowing George Washington with that which might, as with the flower in Blake's case, be the white emblem of a blameless life. Looking at it in this light, it is a touching incident between two patriots like Tait and Badgerow.

## — THE ARROW —

### THREE SHORT BIOGRAPHIES.

#### I.

John Thomas was the gard'ner of  
My wealthy next door neighbour,  
He dug from morn to night, and proved  
The dig-nity of labour.

#### II.

Young Smith he was a handsome youth,  
V'ith features smooth and fair;  
But, like the pa of Baby Bunting,  
Smith was always, always hunting  
For a *hair* (hare).

#### III.

I sing of one (his name was Hill)  
Who occupied a high position,  
He bore his master's fishing rod  
Whene'er his master went a fish'n.  
It was his envied privilege  
To brush his master's coat and trousers,  
And fill the bath with *eau de rose*  
Whene'er his master took his souses.  
And other marks of confidence  
His master showed continu-ally,  
By which you'll know that tho' his name  
Was *Hill*—he really was a *valet*.

CONTRIB.

### "THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER."

Give me a bang, a *bob-tailed* band,  
Cut 'bias' in the centre;  
A switch, a bustle, crinoline,  
And gloves of bright magenta.  
A 'two-straw' hat with feathers in it,  
A skin-tight Jersey basque:  
A high-heeled shoe—or rather, *two!*—  
That's *part* of what I'd ask.  
I would not *mind* a sealskin sacque—  
In fact, I'd quite adore it!  
I'd also *love* a 'watered' silk  
With Brussels lace draped o'er it.  
But, oh! give me a *rich old man!*  
Some sweet, dear, failing mortal,  
Who'll give me *all* the *cash* I ask,  
Then steer for heaven's portal!

GEO. H. CANDLER.

### SCENE, LAKE SHORE (ISLAND).

Pretty Torontonian, in Tam and boating costume,  
looking south through spy glass.

Two K's of P., also looking south at steamer in far  
distance.

*First Knight to Second Knight*: "I can hardly see  
her—am so short-sighted."

*Pretty Torontonian* (turning round politely): "Will  
you look through my glass?"

*First Knight* (hastily): "Oh, no—no—thank you."

*Pretty Torontonian* (compassionating his seeming  
shyness): "Oh, do; you can see the steamer *so* plainly."

*First Knight* takes glass and looks.

*Pretty Torontonian* (to *Second Knight*): "You must  
look too."

*Second Knight*: "No—really—no."

*Pretty Torontonian*: "Yes, indeed you must. I shan't  
let you refuse."

*First Knight* (resignedly, with his hand in his pocket):  
"How much, madam? I'll pay for both." (Tableau).

### SHOTS FROM THE LONG BOW.

*Maiden* (singing): "I sat beside the streamlet."

*Gus de Butcher*: "Was it very recently?"

*Maiden*: "Oh, you know, I am only using the words  
of the song."

*Gus de Butcher*: "Oh, I thought you had caught:  
cold, you know; weally, your efforts to articulate were  
most painful. Pray proceed; it is *too* delicious, you  
knew, weally."

And yet she didn't proceed, and Gus de Butcher  
doesn't call at her paternal mansion. Why?

Two small boys standing in front of art store window,  
in which is exhibited a very handsome water colour,  
representing a lady in ball costume just proceeding to  
give the last touch of pearl powder to her swan-like  
neck. The powder box is on the wash-stand.

*First Small Boy*: "Jiminy, *ain't* she a dandy!"

*Second Small Boy*: "You bet; but say, if my sister  
Sall went to wash her neck with her best dress on, I  
guess my old woman would spank her silly. Let's go  
and see the Knights of Pithhats come in."

*Old Gent* (after looking for a moment at a cigar store  
chromo): "Shocking! shocking! It's high time such  
things were stopped."

*Cynical Friend*: "Indeed! Why, Smith, I've seen  
far more of your daughter than you see there."

*Old Gent*: "Sir! Explain yourself."

*Cynical Friend*: "Why, you know I've seen her at a  
full dress ball."

*Old gent* ponders, and sees a horrid dilemma ahead.  
[*Exeunt omnes*].

*Stranger from Chicago to Citizen*: "Peculiar smell  
round the bay?"

*Citizen* (who has been discoursing on the excellent  
sanitary state of the city): "Au—au—er—yes, *rather*  
peculiar; don't understand it."

*Chicagonian*: "Sewage, eh?"

*Citizen*: "I—er—au—yes, I guess it must be. Our  
sewage runs into the bay; excellent arrangement, you  
know, eh?"

*Chicagonian* (remembering certain glasses of water he  
has swallowed): "Yes, *excellent—for the saloon keepers*."

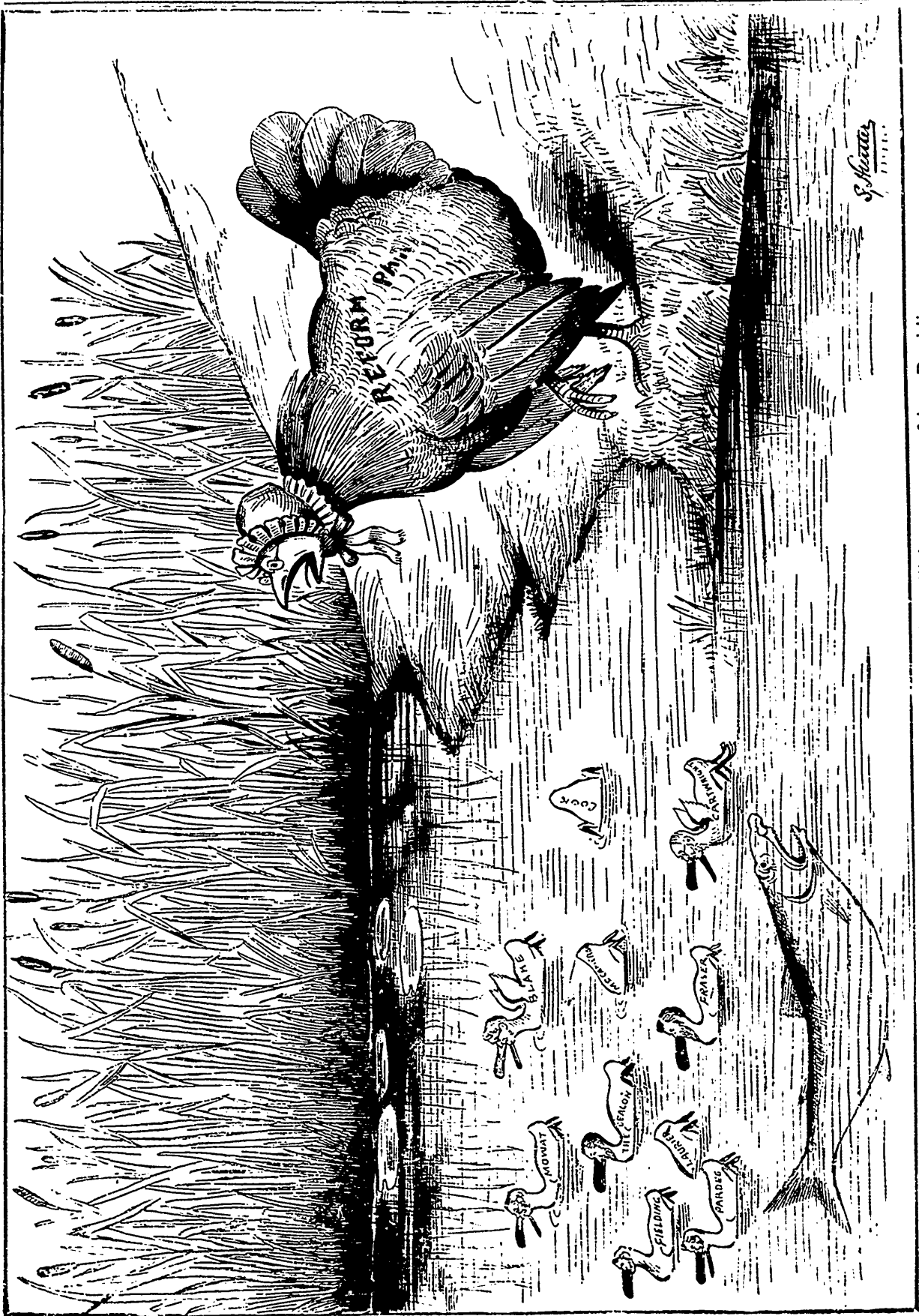
*Citizen* still wonders whether he ought to have  
laughed.

GEO. H. CANDLER.

### A METEOR IN A POND.

A huge aerolite has fallen into Spring Pond, near St.  
Regis, and nearly filled the pond. The body of water  
usually contained in the pond was nearly all spattered  
out, and the supposed smoke seen was steam, generated  
by the water running back around the heated mass.  
Mud was thrown into the tree tops, and trout were scat-  
tered promiscuously around the pond, literally covering  
the banks. The news soon became circulated through  
the neighbourhood, and scores of boys and men were  
seen all day yesterday engaged in picking the fish up,  
and bushels of them were drawn away. The fish nearest  
the pond that flopped back into the still boiling water  
were completely cooked. This huge mass seems to be  
mineral, but has not cooled off enough yet to admit of  
an examination.

— THE ARROW —



Old Reform Hen's Dismay: Maska-John will have some of her Duckings.

AFTER JULES VERNE.

(Continued).

Utterly marvellous and beyond description was the scene so suddenly and unexpectedly revealed to us. There was no mistake about it: there was the moon lying beneath our feet—the same old moon we had gazed at in childhood, vainly trying to make out the man, the solitary man, who was supposed to live there; the same old moon which had later helped by its light to stir the dormant sentiment of passion in our youthful hearts; and again the same moon which had excited mature and scientific curiosity when we inspected it critically through the best telescopes obtainable, searching the bottom of its profound craters, and viewing with respect its gigantic and rugged peaks. And now we were poised only a few miles above it. How far up we did not know; afterwards we ascertained by measurement we were nearly forty miles.

So clear was the air, or rather the absence of it—for on our side, that is, the side of the moon always next the earth, we soon found that there was no air whatever—that had we not known from the comparatively small appearance of the mountains we must be at a considerable altitude, we would have thought we were only a mile or two above the surface.

Every peak, every valley, every detail of form was as clearly defined and sharply cut as if we were looking at a model lying on a table, illuminated by an intense electric light. Yet what desolation! What chaos! What an awful and blighted deadness! The remnants and ruins of a world long departed: no streams, no seas, no lakes, no sign of verdure—a frightful and horrible wilderness of terrible yawning chasms and distorted peaks, which for centuries had only known change from a hundredfold tropical heat to hundreds of degrees below zero, as the monotonous days and nights, each of fourteen days, rolled in their ceaseless course.

M. Jardine was the first to find his voice. It sounded grave and sad, as might be expected of a man speaking for the first time in another world. "Gentlemen," he said, "I congratulate you on having arrived."

"But," said Alorado, interrupting, "now we are here, what are we to do? How are we to descend?"

"For my part, I can't understand," replied M. Jardine, "why we don't descend; there can be little if any atmosphere. Look at the barometer." Looking, we saw in astonishment that the mercury was all in the bulb. That meant no atmospheric pressure whatever. Besides, we were too high, in any case, to be floating in any atmosphere so insignificant a sphere as the moon could enjoy.

A thought struck me. "We must," I exclaimed, "be balanced between the repulsive power of the earth and the moon."

"If that is the case," said Alorado, "the greater power—that of the earth—will drive us on a course which will maintain a radial distance from the centre of the moon. Let us watch."

After a time we were able to see that some of the great peaks were changing their position in relation to our point of view. We were evidently moving. But where? We looked with anxiety again at the instruments. The mercury remained invisible in the barometer; the chronometer was still going. It was yet early in the afternoon. Then it became evident that our velocity was increasing. We were travelling over the surface of the moon with considerable speed.

"How," said M. Jardine, after a few moments of silence, "if we are carried to the other side of the satellite. The forces which move us must drive us in such a direction. The only question is, if when we arrive at a point where the repulsive action of the moon is not balanced by that of the earth, shall we not be driven off again into space?"

"That is quite true," said Alorado, "but I have an idea that a body like the moon, always rotating with one face to a large attracting centre, will maintain opposite electrical conditions on its opposing sides."

"If that is the case," I said, "as there is no atmosphere, so soon as we get within the girdle of attraction we shall fall like a stone and be dashed to pieces."

"No, you are wrong," said M. Jardine; "the attraction will only act gradually as we approach the other side, and if such conditions do exist, we shall glide to the surface like a thistle-down."

"Look!" said Alorado, suddenly interrupting him, "are we not certainly nearer the surface, and in part on the horizon; surely there is something like a bank of clouds?"

"But," I remarked, "even if all this is true, as we approach the surface, what is to prevent us running against one of these gigantic mountains? That would be destruction."

Rapidly what appeared at first a bank of clouds approached, or rather we ran towards it; as we travelled on, the surface below became smoother. No longer such gigantic peaks and immense yawning craters to be seen. Soon there were merely gentle undulations, and then (could it be water?) a silver thread seemed to wander on away from us, and lose itself in a large surface of polished silver. Lower and lower we came. Surely there must be some kind of trees on that hillside. We were rapidly nearing the earth, that is the moon, but were not now travelling fast; in fact, the forward movement seemed nearly arrested. Alorado spoke again:

"We can't be more than half a mile above the surface now," he said; "very soon we shall be on it."

To me it suddenly seemed I saw some crowd of moving things; were they animals or human beings? No, they were animals—at least they did not move erect as a man. Then I thought I heard a sound. I glanced at the barometer; it stood at 25 inches.

"Gentlemen," I said, "we can discard our air chambers; we have an atmosphere."

"Gently," said M. Jardine, "we have an atmosphere, true, but of what is it composed? Let us try it."

He drew a match from his pocket and struck it. It burned with a brilliancy almost equal to magnesium wire.

"There is an excess of oxygen," he said. "Let us wait."

In a few minutes he tried again. The brilliancy of combustion was much less. "Not yet," he said, stopping us with a gesture. He took up a small glass vessel, placed in it a lighted taper and watched it. The taper burned and was gradually extinguished.

"Probably this air," he said, "is the same as that of the earth; let us try it, but one at a time; I will begin." He removed his air chamber, and we watched him with interest draw his first inspiration in a strange planet.

(To be continued).

AN energetic editor, who recently had charge of two local papers at Poitiers, France, has just died. He insulted himself in one of his journals and subsequently shot himself in a duel.—*Life*.



# — THE ARROW —

## THE FOUR WORTHIES.

AN OPERETTA. BY J. A. F.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Micawber.....MR. E. BLAKE  
 The Good Old Rebel.....MR. W. E. LAURIER  
 The Gas Man.....J. D. EDGAR  
 The Organ Grinder.....DEACON CAMERON

*Scene:* A bosky dell. As the curtain rises the Four Worthies are discovered. Mr. Micawber sits despondently, the Gas Man droops; the Organ Grinder is arranging new tunes on his machine; and the Good Old Rebel is loading his little musket.

*Micawber:* For years I've lurked amongst these chilling shades,  
 And wandered wearily amongst the glades  
 Of Opposition. Oh! my soul is sad;  
 Come, sing to me my rebel, make me glad.

*The Good Old Rebel (sings):*

I am a Good Old Rebel, yes, that's just what I am,  
 For this Confederation I do not care a—cent;  
 I wish I'd fought against it, I also wish they'd won;  
 They need not ask for pardon for anything they've done.

I hate the Loyal Canadians and everything they do,  
 I hate their British connection, I hate the Orange too,  
 I hate Sir John Macdonald, he reeks with Riel's gore,  
 The lying thieving Tories, I hate them more and more.

Two hundred Loyal Canadians lie stiff in Prairie dust,  
 We killed a crowd of soldiers before they conquered us,  
 They died of rheumatism, of rebel snell and shot,  
 But I wish it was a million instead of what we got.

*The Gas Man:* Hoo—ray! Bully!

*Micawber:* 'Tis excellent!

My soul serene and intellect so vast  
 Sigh for thy song—it was too sweet to last;  
 My greedy ears once more those strams would sup,  
 So sing again, till some 'hing else turns up.

*The Good Old Rebel (sings):*

I can't take up my musket to fight the Orange more,  
 But I'm not going to love them, no, that is certain sure,  
 I see no cause for blushing at what I was or am,  
 And I hate the loyal Canadians, and don't care a—cent.

*The Organ Grinder (slapping the Rebel on the back):* Losh, mon? But yon's a grand sang—I may even gae sae far as tae say a grit sang. I'll learn tae play it on the pipes first, and then I'll set it tae the organ. Hech! but I'll tickle the lugs of a' the cawtholics; and oor aeen Tim Anglin 'll be that delighted an' th' Archbishop, they'll no ken what ails them.

*Micawber:* That song, my friends, will live in the history of this country. It is grand and lofty, like my own serene soul. It is the Something, the turn-up of which I have been awaiting.

*The Gas Man:* I wrote it, I am the poet. Hoo—ray! Bully! How do you like my gas metre? But have you nothing in the way of a song? Surely the lofty soul of Micawber is one infinite poem.

[The Rebel drops his musket with a bang, and the Deacon changes the tune of his organ to "The Mad-house in the Air."]

*Micawber:* I am awcary with my march to Durham; but as we are almost there, I will raise your spirits with a little song of my own composition.

[He warbles to the accompaniment of the organ.]  
 Since I was but a little boy, unto this very hour,  
 It has been my ambition to attain to place and power;  
 And day by day, and year by year, in face of all beholders,  
 I've climbed o'er many an obstacle on other people's shoulders.

I sacrificed Mackenzie thus and Gordon Brown threw over,  
 I rather think Sir Dickie's time is not all spent in clover;  
 There's not a thing I wouldn't do to gain my pet ambition;  
 I'd spill a sea of loyal blood, and traffic in scitition.

I'd cut the throats of all my friends, I want them but to use them,  
 And when they have each served their turn, I'm but too glad to  
 [lose them;

Their sufferings are nought to me, my heart's entirely callous,  
 So now I'll try to climb to power and place o'er Riel's gallows.

[At the conclusion of this ditty, Micawber waits for the applause of the other three Worthies, and is surprised he doesn't get any.]



A N'ARROW ESCAPE.

*The Gas Man (aside to the Organ Grinder):* He intends to throw the machine over. If I thought that, I'd—

*The Organ Grinder:* Dinna fash yersel, laddie, dinna fash. Remember the Young Leebicals. He canna kick against the pricks, and by the time he's done wi' the machine, the machine will be done wi' him. [To Micawber.] Wha's yon bodlies coming up the road?

*Micawber:* By my stainless honour, it is a deputation of my constituents to bid me welcome. Go, good Gas Man, and see it it be so? [Exit the Gas Man.]

*The Good Old Rebel:* My little musket is loaded.

*Micawber:* There will be no need of that, good villain.

[Re-enter the Gas Man hurriedly. What now, varlet?

*The Gas Man:* We're dished. Our entertainment has been over heard by some of the horny-handed. The people advancing are fifteen fathers who are anxious to hang us to the nearest tree. Fortunately they knew me not, or I had not survived to tell the tale. Hasten! away! fifteen fathers!

*The Organ Grinder:* Fifteen deevils.

*Micawber:* Who are these men?

*The Gas Man (retreating):* The fathers of fifteen men of the Midland Battalion, killed and wounded at Batoche. Fly!

*The Rebel:* I am brave, and my musket is loaded, and I would stay with you; but, alas! the climate of Durham is bad for me. Fare weel, Micawber, I will see you in the next county. [Exit the Gas Man and the Rebel].

*The Organ Grinder:* Ye'll no stop here, Mister Micawber, oh, ye'll no stop here. Think of your fawmilee— think of the boys at No. 6, and dinna do it. Come awa, mon, and cheat the gallows!

*Micawber:* Can I not explain it away?

*The Organ Grinder:* Are ye daft, mon? Explain it awa? Why they heard ye sayin' that Riel was a martyr. Ye'll hang surely if they catch ye.

*Micawber:* But something may turn up.

*The Organ Grinder:* Ou, aye, your tres will turn up tae the daisies if they catch ye.

*Micawber (going):*

'Twas ever thus. Since childhood's hour  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay,  
 And that is what has made me sou'  
 My chances always slip away.

## — THE ARROW —

*The Organ Grinder:* He's mad! Weel, I'm awa. Exit.]

*Micawber* (aside): I'll make a speech if I swing for it. Noise heard of an approaching mob.]

Quebec is pleased, Ontario's mad,  
And mad because I say I feel  
(To please Quebec) an interest in  
The stringing up of Louis Riel.

What though their sons have fought and bled  
In putting that rebellion down?  
Can they not see I'm votes ahead  
Through sneering at the hauble crown.

[Shouts of "Down with the martyr maker," "Send him to join Riel," etc.]

I hate the people, coward fools,  
They cannot see the game I play.  
And now I fall between two stools—

Cries of "Hang him" growing nearer.

Good gracious me, it's time to skip.

[Exit Micawber.]

(*Curtain*).

### A VISION OF THE SEA.

Within a week I had a vivid dream. I saw plainly a mighty iceberg, with pinnacles reaching fantastically to the sky. It was like a floating cathedral, but the mist of incense was the dense fog of the chill north. I could see the green waves dashing on its carved pediments, and its translucent foundations vanishing in monstrous depths. I remembered a weird story of the Eisjungfrau, and I looked to see if I could discover her gleaming draperies, as though she had a throne on the highest battlement. Then, suddenly, there seemed to come, as with the rush of doom, a dark form rising on the swelling wave. I heard no crash, no cry; but as the ship struck head on, the masts went by the board, and there opened a frightful hole in the bow, through which I saw the water pour, as through a mill-race. Almost instantly the deck was filled with people rushing about frantically in search of aid. Then having backed away by the rebound, the great ship gave a sudden lurch and plunged into the depths. At that moment I saw Shammai Kip and his bride go down together, she clinging to him, and his face lighted with the perfect peace of love and courage.

"TEN little fingers toying with a mine—  
Bang! went the powder, and then there were nine.

Nine little fingers fixing rockets straight—  
Zip! a kick backward, and then there were eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to heaven—  
Roman candle "busted," and then there were seven.

Seven little fingers punk and powder mix—  
Punk was ignited, and then there were six.

Six little fingers for a "sisser" strive—  
One went off with it, and then there were five.

Five little fingers loading for a roar—  
Boom! went the cannon, and then there were four.

Four little fingers with a pack made free—  
Crash! went a cracker, and then there were three.

Three little fingers found the fuse burned blue—  
Bombshell too previous, and then there were two.

Two little fingers having lots of fun—  
Fistol exploded, and then there was one.

One little finger fooling with a gun—  
Doin' know 'twas loaded, and then there was none."

### "IT COMETH NOT, HE SAID."

The smiles come back to the sufferer's face,  
And joy to the mourner's soul;  
And the stars come back to their nightly place  
From their wanderings round the pole.

The winds come back from the storm-tossed sea,  
And the flowers come back in the spring,  
And the river comes back at eve o'er the lea,  
And the birds come back to sing.

May flower comes back, and the violet,  
And the blossoms that bloom on the tree;  
But that old silver dollar I lost on a bet  
Will never come back to me!

S. W. Foss.

### WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

I came over in the *Servia*. The weather was delightful. So was that charming young widow. Only remnants of weeds remained to her, like a last year's leaf or two on a graceful sapling bursting into leaf in the warm springtide. We walked, talked, played together all the amusements which are possible on board a steamboat. What delicious strolls up and down the deck after dinner, when the moon in the east was lighting up the waves in a long lane of brightness, leading our imaginations away who knows where?

I felt she responded to my half-expressed tenderness, and I—I reproached myself—it was wrong—I was cruel. Vain hopes. How would I ever tell her? I was a married man, with four great bouncing boys at home, and a wife!—save the mark—called Mary Jane.

The days and evenings passed but too swiftly. The time approached only a few hours now till we should reach New York, yet I had confessed nothing, although I had whispered many things, which were not to the point, however.

Oh how sweet and yet how bitter were those last moments.

\* \* \*

We were in the harbour. The tender—ah! significant name—came alongside. I was close to her now, I had made up my mind at the last moment to tell her. "Mrs. Honeyman," I whispered, "we must part soon; I shall always remember this voyage, and yet"—"Ah! here you are, cara mia," said a deep male voice. "Oh! Charley," exclaimed the widow as she turned. There was a sound, I knew it only too well. Her brother, of course, I thought. "Mr. Smith," said the widow, turning, "let me introduce Mr. Jerome. Mr. Jerome, Mr. Smith. George, you must thank Mr. Smith for the great care he has taken of me on the voyage. And Mr. Smith, I know you will be glad to meet Mr. Jerome: we are (with a curious inflection of voice) to be married to-morrow." (*Spoons*).

THE most extraordinary incident of absent-mindedness is told of a clergyman, who forgot what he was about in the middle of a prayer and sat down. In a moment he arose and, pointing to the amazed congregation, said: "Oh! by the way, amen."—*Stratford Times*.

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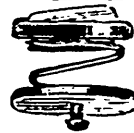
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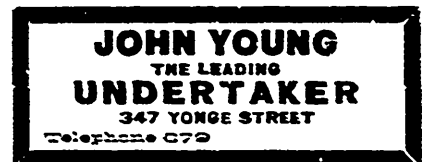
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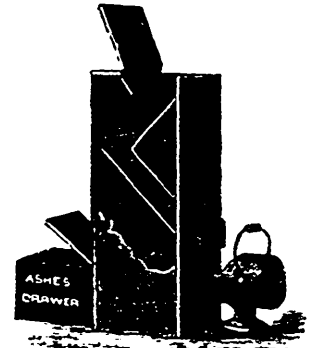
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