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



VOL. I. NO. 12.

JUNE 24, 1886

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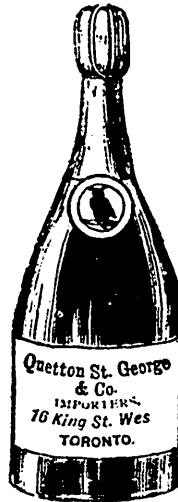
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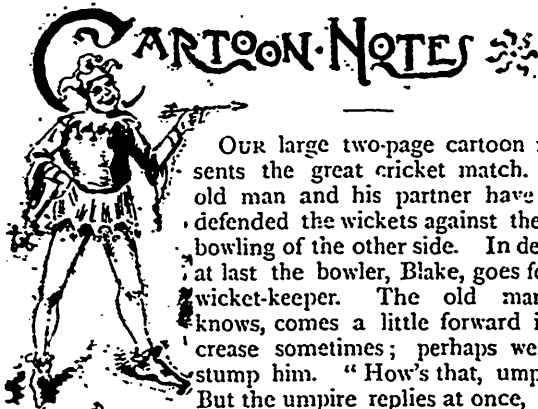


Vol. I. TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1886. No. 12.

Published every Thursday. SUBSCRIPTION, INCLUDING POSTAGE, \$2.50.

ADVERTISING 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.

25¢ Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made payable only to the Publishers. CRAWFORD & COMPANY, 14 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.



OUR large two-page cartoon represents the great cricket match. The old man and his partner have long defended the wickets against the best bowling of the other side. In despair, at last the bowler, Blake, goes for the wicket-keeper. The old man, he knows, comes a little forward in his crease sometimes; perhaps we may stump him. "How's that, umpire?" But the umpire replies at once, "Not out!" and Blake has to resume his slow twisters.

Our second cartoon represents the Mayor figuratively represented walking late at night in the park, in confidential conversation with his loved City Queen. The guardian of order consigns him to the lock-up, to be brought before his own self in the morning, when his situation will be as embarrassing as that of the Lord Chancellor, in "Iolanthe," appealing against his own decisions.

#### TORONTO NONSENSE RHYMES.

There was an old club in a city,  
Whose members were heavily witty;  
From studying "Grip,"  
Their tongues could not slip;  
Perhaps from that cause they were gritty.

Their Sec. was laboriously funny,  
They say he took care of the money.  
And asked what he thought,  
Said, "To do as we ought,  
Take 'Grip;' 'tis the true Attic honey."

Now we who do write for "THE ARROW"  
Have never a thought which is narrow;  
Can admire the "Raven"  
When he's nicely engraven,  
Though he's read by a sow and her farrow.

#### A LEGEND OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The noblest man in all the Clan  
Macpherson  
Was quite a short and stumpy sort  
of person.  
He wore a kilt, and played a lilt  
so finely,  
The laddies pranced, the lassies danced  
divinely.  
He always wore a long claymore  
and bonnet,  
A battle shield, with crest and field  
upon it.  
It came to pass, he loved a lass,  
and told her;  
But she was cold as any beuld-  
er—colder  
Not that she felt the noble Celt  
would harm her;  
But, be it said, she wished to wed  
a farmer  
She long had known. Macpherson, prone  
to rash things,  
When crossed by luck, would run amuck  
and smash things.  
She feared that claymore sharp would slay  
her charmer,  
Which dreadful view much tended to  
alarm her.  
So colder still she grew, until  
he quivered;  
Still colder, chill, and colder, till  
he shivered.  
At last a block of icy rock,  
Macpherson  
Was irozen hard, a deadly yard  
of person.  
The lassie said: "I would not wed  
to please him;  
And so to free myself from he,  
I free-ze him."  
CONTRIB.

#### SECESH.

Out in the cold for many years  
Most dolefully they waited;  
Their eyes ran down with briny tears;  
Their sad lot they berated—  
That wicked, bad and bold Sir John  
Their every scheme frustrated.

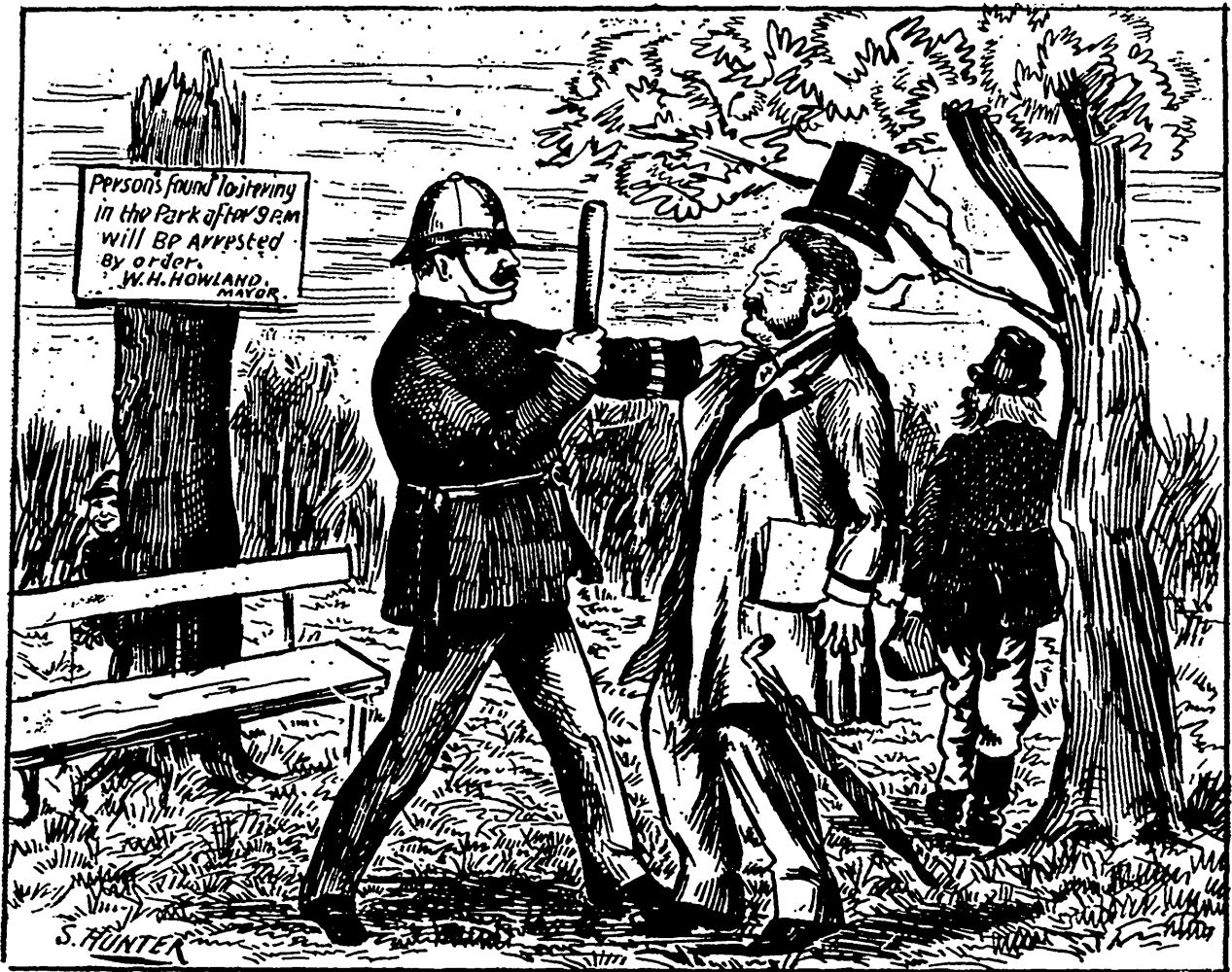
First this they tried, and then tried that—  
They got "caul'd kail" for supper;  
The Tories gave them tit for tat,  
And "busted" them by Tupper;  
They trounced them in the lower lands,  
And downed them in the upper.

Their leader said, "This will not do;  
I'll make a bold confession;  
My scheme I will unfold to you—  
It simply is secession.  
The *Globe* will help us, so will Blake—  
At least, that's my impression."

To cut it short, they fought and won;  
The *Globe* grew quite elated—  
"If we can't run the thing ourselves"  
(So in effect it stated),  
"We'll break Confederation up,  
And to the States be mated."

J. A. F.

"WHY aren't the organ-grinders numbered in this country, same as they are in other countries?" indignantly asked a gentleman just returned from abroad. "Because they are numberless," replied one who had never been away from home.



NEMESIS IN THE PARK.

The night was dark, the storm raged fast,  
Fierce sounds were mingling in the blast,  
Which men with terror fill.

Along the path with manly grace,  
A lofty form did slowly pace,  
I think his name was Bill.

Beside him paced a maiden fair,  
'Twas very strange to see her there,  
Indeed, 'twas quite a pity.

Slowly thus walked Toronto's Mayor,  
Reflecting on his post of care.  
Unto him then appeared

A form, with helmet dextly crowned :  
"Why loitering here have I thee found ?  
Now must thou come with me."

And Bill replied : "Cans't thou not see  
I am the man who caused to be  
This law for moral good ?"

"I cannot see," the peeler said,  
"Because 'tis dark right overhead ;  
Besides, it pours a flood.

"But thou with me must come at once,  
I'll in 'the lock-up thee ensconce—  
'Tis where all loiterers should

"Be placed secure till morning's dawn ;  
When 'fore the Mayor thou'lt be drawn  
For loitering in the wood."

A CRUSHER.

A prominent Haligolian Conservative was accosted by a Grit friend very recently : "You don't look O. K., old boy ; what's wrong ?"

"I feel like Lazarus ; don't you know why ?"

"Sore all over, from the beating we gave you. Eh ?"

"No, siree. Licked by the dogs ; they don't speak now."

A QUESTION OF ARMS.

"What's the difference between an angry lover and a jilted maid ?"

"Give it up, old man."

"Why, one is a cross-beau and the other a cut-lass."

"Oh ! go where glory waits thee," as the irritable man quoted to the lady book agent.

POINTERS.

THAT noble band of standard raisers! How virtuously they denounce every Tory member Mr. M. C. Cameron chooses to libel. And who are they? David Mills, philosopher, ex-cabinet minister and despoiler of the poor Indians; Mr. Hermann Cook, self-avowed corruptionist and participator in the Indian spoils; M. C. Cameron, the unspeakable; John Charlton, the calumniator of his countrymen and the patriots of '66; and soon, I suppose—the years of his political ostracism having been passed—Pat Hughes, the wholesale briber, will join them.

THE idea of such creatures, without a solitary rag of consistency to wrap round their political nakedness, seating themselves in judgment on the conduct of the men who have built the transcontinental railway, delivered the country from the talons of the American eagle, and made Canada what it is. It is enough to make a man sick.

DELIVERED us from the Americans? Yes, that is just what the N. P. has done for us, therefore they wish to destroy it. The Buffalo *News* said the other day: "Scratch a Grit, and you find an annexationist;" and it told a self-evident fact. Was not the battle in Nova Scotia fought out, wherever it was thought advisable, by a plain avowal that annexation was the point aimed at? Was not Charlton long ago, and is he not to-day, an annexationist? Do not the young Liberals propose to make the party policy Canadian independence and commercial union with the States? And does any sane man believe that such a state of things would last twelve months without political annexation?

BAH! Though it does not follow that every Grit is a disloyal man, still I assert that every disloyal man is a Grit. Who are the men who to-day are trying to dismember the empire piecemeal? Are they Conservatives? And who are their Canadian sympathizers? Conservatives? Not much! The *Globe* and the Grit annexationist clique are the men who are eager not only for the break-up of the Canadian Confederation, but also for the dismemberment of the British Empire.

AND having succeeded at the polls in Nova Scotia, what are the Grits going to do about it? Do they imagine that the loyal Canadians, who outnumber them ten to one, will allow them to carry out their disloyal programme? I don't know my fellow-countrymen if they do. On the contrary, the loyal men of the Grit party will come out from it, pretty much as they did on the Riel vote, and join forces with the Conservatives to prevent the iconoclasts and anarchists of their own party from forcing an unwilling people into an allegiance to the stars and stripes. If loyal Canadians will only stand together on this question, it will be quickly buried so far out of sight that we shall hear no more of it for some years to come.

THE course of the Grit press for some months back seems to have been actuated by the one idea that the Canadians are a disloyal people. They have, in the first place, vilified the volunteers, and, from the General downwards, designated them all as a band of robbers.

They have belittled the services of the men, and imputed improper motives to the officers. In effect, they have told the volunteers that their actions in the North West were a disgrace instead of a credit to the country. And now they laud the secessionist victory as the thing they had hoped for, and rejoice exceedingly that their annexationist schemes are coming to something. They will get their answer from every loyal man, and every member of the volunteer force, on the first favourable opportunity.

THE news from Halifax, to the effect that Great Britain has forbidden the further seizure of American fishing vessels, "excepting under such circumstances as cannot be winked at," has created quite a little flutter in the press of both Canada and the United States. But such instructions don't amount to a hill of beans. The bare-faced violations of treaty rights, it seems to me, is just one of those circumstances that cannot be winked at, if the aggrieved party places any value on those rights. That our Government does has been amply proved during the last few weeks; and if the Yankees are under the impression that these instructions open our inshore fisheries to them free of charge, they will probably awaken to the true state of the case with a start.

THE long-headed merchants of London are catching the Saturday trade that formerly went to Chatham and St. Thomas. In addition to the fact that the Scott Act is not in force in London the Less, they are paying railway fare one way to all purchasers of a certain quantity of goods, thus in many cases making it actually cheaper for the farmer to trade with them than with the St. Thomas or Chatham people, while hotel rates are lower, and creature comforts obtainable without breaking the law. The prices of meals and stabling have been almost universally advanced wherever the Scott Act has gone into force.

THE GALLEY BOY.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

Arrah! Paddy, me boy, have ye heard the great news?  
Sure it's now that Ned Clarke has a fit av the blues,  
For the palace has given a twist to the winch,  
And the boss av the schools now is Archbishop Lynch.

Don't ye see, Paddy dear, that all bigotry's braid  
By the nonsense the taicher puts into the head  
Av aich little gossoon that's attendin' the school,  
An' thim taichers is Orangemen too, as a rule.

So, in order to kape the whole Province in pace,  
Sure, the school-books is all to be wrote by His Grace,  
And, begor! won't he make all the Protestants sick,  
When he starts at revoisin' the text-books, avick?

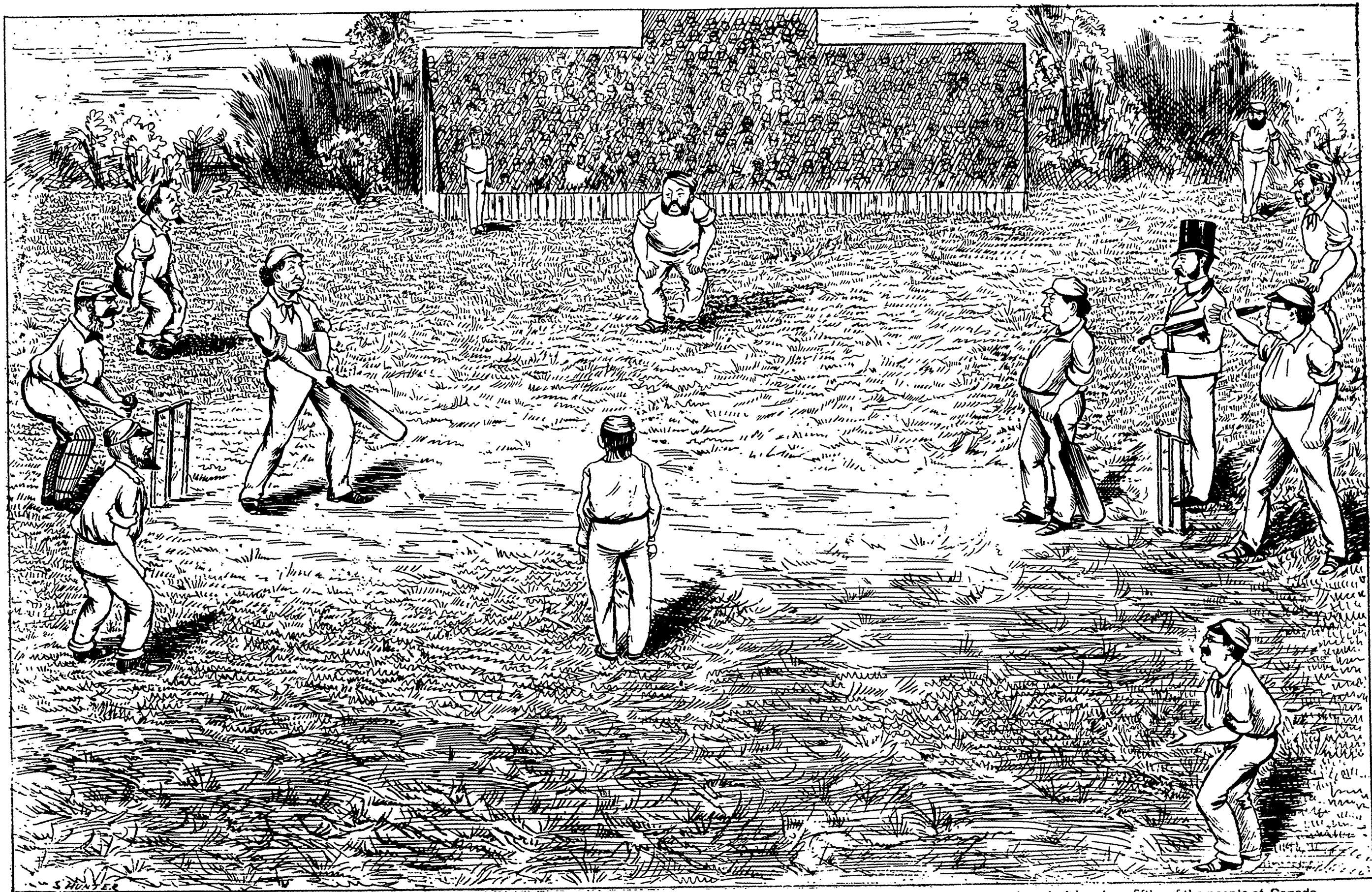
He's engaged on the hist'ry av England, they say,  
An' he's doin' the work in an illigant way;  
Sure he proves to a dot, and his language is strong,  
That Queen Mary was right and Elizabeth wrong.

In his hist'ry av Oireland, ould Cromwell he drags  
Through a chapter or two, till he tears him to rags;  
The Saxons, he shows, have been thaimes since the fall,  
And he proves that the Georges are no kings at all.

Arrah! Paddy, ye don't nade to haw and to hum:  
The Ontario Government's under his thum!  
And my statements are aisily proved at a pinch—  
There's the Protesttant school Bible, written by Lyn h.

J. A. F.





Blake: "How's that, umpire?"  
Umpire (Governor-General): "Not out."  
Blake: "Well, if that's not out, why, hang it, I'll never get him out."

Umpire: "My dear fellow, if I gave any other decision, four-fifths of the people of Canada would be against me."

NOT OUT.

And they hied them to the meadow,  
 There the grass was smooth and rolled,  
 There at measured distance pitching,  
 Wickets on which placed the bails were.  
 Johnny great and Langevin  
 Were the first who took the willows.  
 Vain the bowling of Mackenzie,  
 Johnny drove the ball on all sides;  
 Vain the fielding—vain all tactics.  
 Then they gave the ball to Blakie,  
 Blakie the long-winded bowler;  
 Slow he was in all his motions,  
 Slow and stiff in all his movements,  
 But he never, never tired,  
 Never tired; but other people  
 Soon grew sleepy when they watched him.  
 Long he bowled, but Johnny, skillful,  
 Took his twisters, took his shooters,  
 Did not matter if they broke in,  
 Did not matter if they broke out,  
 Drove for four, then for two out,  
 Set on leg two lovely sixes,  
 And the field grew very angry,  
 Thus to see the balls go through them.  
 Grimly did the Deacon mutter  
 Curses—quite a leading column.  
 Edgar's songs were quite subdued,  
 Not partaking sound of triumph;  
 Cook let slip chance in his fingers,  
 Oh! the clumsy timber doodle;  
 Cameron, with heat and venom,  
 Shouted often "Leg before there?"  
 Cartwright, in his calculating,  
 Missed his distance and the leather.  
 Then Blake whispered unto Cartwright—  
 He who kept the adverse wicket,  
 Caught the balls which Blake projected,  
 And returned them to the bowler.  
 Gloved his hands, and his legs padded,  
 Gloved and padded very thickly,  
 For Blake's balls were more than likely  
 To hurt friends than adverse wicket—  
 "Closely stand behind the wickets;  
 Watch when Johnny leaves the crease,  
 I will send a tempting lobbed one,  
 Tempting lobbed one and a twister.  
 Johnny outward runs to meet it,  
 But the cunning skillful twister  
 Rises over the bat's shoulder  
 In your hands, and then you stump him."  
 Blakie bowls a full pitched lobbed one,  
 Johnny forward comes to take it,  
 Take it ere the crease it reaches;  
 But the cunning curious twister,  
 Rises over his bat's shoulder,  
 Flies towards the wicket keeper.  
 Johnny sees his instant danger,  
 Sees he can't regain his footing,  
 But his bat upon the moment  
 Slides within the magic measure,  
 Just before the bails fly outward.  
 Umpire to Blake's eager question,  
 "How is that?" replied, "Why, not out!"

Long time after TIME the stumps drew.

ANOTHER OF CUPID'S FREAKS.

*Young Lady* (who has been protesting for some time that she never was kissed by any one): "I'd like to see any one kiss me. They'd never try it again."

*Caustic Bachelor* (who "thinks the lady doth protest too much," in a tone of innocent inquiry): "Why? is there anything wrong with your breath?"

It is said the two are now engaged.

BILL NYE AS A LECTURER.

A correspondent of the *Norristown Herald*, who lately heard Bill Nye lecture, writes: "Bill Nye is 'long, lank, and lean,' with a faint slope of the shoulders, and a queer walk, which he made the suggestion for a dissertation on 'cyclones,' in one of which he suffered an actual accident in the shape of a broken leg some time ago. Mr. Nye speaks with the Mark Twain drawl, which adds so much dry fun to humorous remarks. His head is as bald as a billiard ball, with a faint, close cut border, at the back, of hair so much the colour of his head as to be scarcely visible. The fact drew a thundering shout of laughter from the audience when he solemnly mentioned the failure of a man who 'grabbed for his hair.' His slow delivery of his words is more effective than the words themselves. His facial expression never changes.

"Mr. Nye has two gestures. If he has any more he does not use them. The first is with the extended tips of his thumbs and fingers touching, with his hands perpendicular to the vertical line of his vest buttons. The second is thus: Left hand behind him, right hand near vest pocket, right leg slightly advanced. When he left the stage he shot out of view like a rocket. He may have acquired this rapid locomotion from undue intimacy with cyclones. He dropped invariably two bows during his exit, bows thrown off sideways, as it were.

"On the occasion of an encore, he said, 'I hear there are—some Chicago journalists—here—concealed—in the audience. They have come down here—to suffer—with—you. I did not know—they were here. They disguised—themselves—by—paying their way in.'

"Discussing cyclones, he remarked that he had learned some very valuable rules from a Spanish gentleman from South Carolina concerning the action to be taken in the event of great hurricanes. The sum of these admirable advices for such emergencies was: 'First ascertain where the storm-centre is—ascertain *where* the storm-centre is—'long pause,'—and then—get away from it.'"

THE DEACON.

Who wears a long and pious face?  
 Who's "unco guid," and filled with grace?  
 Who's straitened with the straight lace?  
 The Deacon.

Who, if his thoughts one could but probe,  
 Thinks he should wear a shining robe,  
 When he's done writing for the *Globe*?  
 The Deacon.

Whose piety excepts some things—  
 False witness and malicious flings—  
 If using them some Tory stings?  
 The Deacon.

Who thinks it is no harm to pray  
 That soon the fiend may catch John A.  
 And several others, every day?  
 The Deacon.

Who's moral sense is blurred, forsooth,  
 Forgetting all he learned in youth,  
 Forgets the way to tell the truth?  
 The Deacon.

Who stabs opponents in the dark,  
 Like Death, who loves a shining mark?  
 A hound, with scandal for his bark?  
 The Deacon.

Like Sullivan, e'en worse he'll do,  
 A coward act some day he'll rue;  
 He'll even strike a woman too—

Brave Deacon!

J. A. F.

A LOVE SET.

"No doubt about it," said Mr. Jones, Senior. Mr. Jones was a widower of about fifty. "No doubt about it; I am getting old; heigho! and unfortunately in love. Of course I'm an old fool: yet she seems to like to talk with me. Her smile is so sweet." He made up his mind to go to the lawn tennis ground, and to make an opportunity to put his fate to the issue. She, Bella, was a sprightly young damsel of about twenty-three, devoted to tennis, dancing and other amusements affected by young ladies; besides, was rather a flirt. Mr. Jones and Bella had known each other since she was quite a slip of a girl, and they had always been rather chummy. Poor Jones had by degrees got entangled in a net of ideas and hopes which had grown around him. He felt he was slightly idiotic, and when away from her made a struggle; but then every time he saw Bella, a smile, a word or a glance brought him again to her feet, and he said to himself, "Why not? I'm not so very old. I'm getting grey, but I'm not bad looking; I'm not prosy. I'm as active as a boy; girls have married older fellows than I am." That was all true, but Jones had a son, which he forgot.

Years ago, when George was a boy and Bella a girl, she would not look at him, and he cared more for cricket or football; but now Bella was twenty-three and George twenty-four, the case was changed.

They often met, and their ideas appeared to reflect each other; they both loved dancing, tennis, tobogganing, canoeing and talking.

There was also a mutual cheekiness, which appeared to each rather taking.

They were rapidly coming to an understanding; it only wanted some little matter to bring things to an *eclaircissement*.

On the very day when Old Jones had decided, *nem. con.*, to make a fool of himself, George and Bella, by a strange coincidence, had appointed to play tennis. They arrived on the ground, and had been playing for some time before Jones came. They were playing partners together, and had won several sets. In the last set they had decided to play, they won off their opponents game after game. Each game was closely contested, but they always succeeded in securing every game. The sixth game was in progress when Mr. Jones arrived. Fifteen, love; fifteen all; thirty; fifteen; thirty all. Deuce: advantage; deuce; advantage; deuce.

"Bella, we *must* make this a *love set*," said George. "You and I must have a love set."

"Then *you* must win it; I can't," said Bella, with a glance.

"Shall I try?" said George, looking right in her eyes.

"Yes," she said, looking down.

"And if we win it, shall we both share it?"

"Perhaps."

"But promise."

"I promise," said Bella, shyly. "Perhaps I'll lose it on purpose."

"I'll win it alone," said George, "and claim the bargain."

Several strokes were played, and the game closely contested. An easy stroke to Bella. "Now I'll lose," and with a glance at George, she stood still, not attempting to play; but George, with one swift bound, reached the ball, smashed it over the netting, and won the game. George came to Bella radiant: "Our set, our love set; you know what we said."

"Yes, I know," she replied.

"And it means a love set for life does it not, dearest?" he whispered.

"Yes, if you think it worth playing," she answered, demurely.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Jones came up as George left the ground and went off to speak to some friends. "Well, Bella," said Mr. Jones, "did you have a jolly game?"

"Yes, an awfully nice game," looking down; "and, Mr. Jones, George and I ended by winning a love set;" and then (confusedly), "at least *he* won it, and is it not a lovely afternoon; how delightful the country is; and this is such a pretty place, I think I could live here for ever; but I suppose you would get tired of me soon, Mr. Jones?"

Mr. Jones, silly man, thought he saw his chance. "No, never; Bella, my dear child, *never*. And you think you could like to live here for ever? Do you really think so, Bella? Would you if anyone asked you?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Jones," and Bella's eyes were going down again.

"Perhaps? Of course you will," said George, who had approached them closely unheard. "Father, Bella has decided to stay here, and play at tennis all her life. It will be a love set in perpetuity; we have just played one and won it. Will you let us go on with the game?"

Mr. Jones looked at Bella, and at last read the truth in her eyes.

Of course, George got a favourable reply: yet Jones was rather a melancholy man for a time, but over many consolatory pipes he used to reflect, "At least, it was a good thing I did not actually make a fool of myself."

DELICATELY PUT.

A young man stayed some days at the country house of some friends. He felt he had had a good time.

After he had gone, arrived a hamper of game, and a note to the lady of the house:

"I send you a few birds and some hares, as a slight *repayment* of all your kindness."

THEN AND NOW.

Virgil of old, a glorious poet,  
Wrote all his works (perhaps you know it)  
In lines in which six feet are;  
But one great bard, James David E.,  
Has earned a different fame, for he  
Writes his in *Kiel* gas metre.

WHO?

Who wouldn't kiss  
A pretty miss?  
How could you e'er resist her?  
Especially  
If she should be  
Some other fellow's sister!  
I'm sure that you  
Would be too-too  
Ut-ter-ly glad to do it,  
But have a care  
No brother's there,  
Or you will surely rue it!  
But on the sly,  
With no one by,  
Your arm 'er waist supporting,  
Lay back her head,  
And then—, 'nough said,  
Go, do your own sweet courting.



AN UNEXPECTED HITCH.

Recent young couple at breakfast.  
*She* (after looking puzzled for a few moments):  
 "Dearest, I *can't* recollect if I put any sugar in your coffee."  
*He* (absently, forgetting to taste, after a pause):  
 "Well, dear, I can't remember either."

THEY SHOULD PURCHASE THEM.

In order to make the Normal School Museum more complete, the Minister of Education should purchase the following articles—of course, paying Dr. May the usual commission—to wit: Mr. Wilfred Laurier's musket; the Young Liberals' club; a copy of Mr. Blake's policy; a volume of Mr. Edgar's campaign poetry; a couple of Mare's nests discovered by the same gentleman; the Deacon's bloody shirt; a portrait of "the mysterious stranger;" and one of M. C. Cameron's whoppers. It would probably be found necessary to enlarge the building to accommodate the last named article, but it would be worth the additional expense, as a horrible example to the young.

WIRE PULLING.

Young Liberal, young Liberal,  
 Be early on the scene,  
 Get in your work, before they jerk  
 Your wig upon the green;  
 For Edgar gay, and bold Jaffray,  
 The slippery thing will do,  
 And Barney Lynch, when at the pinch,  
 They'll pull the wires for you.

To pull the wire is your desire,  
 I know, dear Barney Lynch;  
 The oldsters' pull is strong and full—  
 They do it with a winch—  
 A windlass they will use, they say,  
 A pulley and a block!  
 They'll get you fine pulled into line,  
 As solid as a rock.

J. A. F.

REMINISCENCES OF A NORMAL SCHOOL STUDENT.

FIT THE THIRD.

Algebra! yes, it *was* a rich joke,  
 For 'twas mangled and torn by a petrified poke,  
 Who wandered, got lost, mixed, muddled, confused,  
 Whereat we, accordingly, felt quite amused!  
 'Twas a shocking bad sell,  
 And but for old Snell,  
 Who gave his assistance  
 With kindly persistence,  
 We'd never have found  
 To this day, I'll be bound,  
 Except by mere chance, sir,  
 A single true answer.

Attempted solutions proved always a tummux.  
 Result—metaphorical turning of stomachs.  
 He made us feel tired with his jaundiced palaver,  
 And his smile was the grin of a ghastly cadaver.  
 Our normal directions to do so and so  
 He bokily informed us were clearly "no go."

I often wonder,  
 How in thunder  
 The people of this far off countree  
 Did not donate him the grand g. b.:  
 Perhaps some day they will open their eyes  
 To discover the fraud they legalize.

CARADOC.

AT B——, in New South Wales, some of the aspiring residents resolved to get up a grand amateur dramatic performance, and, with that modesty characteristic of stage stricken crowds, selected "Hamlet." The piece was duly rehearsed, and at the last moment the amateurs secured the services of Johnny Hall, who happened to be in the town, to supervise the night's performance. Now, it so happened that the First Actor was played by the local green-grocer, and the Second Actor by the butcher of the town, between which two worthy tradesmen there was considerable ill feeling. It should be further added that the local green-grocer had a glass eye. On the night of the performance "Hamlet" went on in a manner unusually smooth for amateurs, and Hall was getting quite elated with its success, until the famous play-scene arrived. When the First Actor, as Hamlet's father, sank to sleep in the orchard,

"My custom always of an afternoon,"

Hall, to his horror, observed that one of the green-grocer's eyes was open, and apparently glaring with a *nunquam dormio* expression at the audience. "Sleep, man," hissed Johnny from the side, "sleep with both eyes, can't you?" But the green-grocer heeded not. So far as *he* knew, his curtain-lids were down, and he was quite oblivious to the fact that the majesty of Denmark was taking its afternoon nap with one eye open—fearfully and wonderfully wide awake in its unwinking openness. Hall was in despair and the audience in delight, for rude boys commenced to chaff the sleepless eye most unmercifully. Hall thought it best to hurry on and get the scene through, when, to increase his dismay, it was found that the Second Actor had forgotten the phial from which he is supposed to pour the poison into the sleeping king's ear. "For Heaven's sake," screamed Johnny Hall, "get a small bottle of some kind, and go on before that terrible eye kills the piece right out." The flustered butcher seized a small ink bottle from the prompter's table, rushed on, and, in his excitement, poured the ink into the green-grocer's ear. Flesh and blood couldn't stand this. The green-grocer put up his hand hastily to save his ear, and smeared the ink all over his face. The audience shrieked with delight, and the green-grocer, assuming that the butcher was venting his spite by a practical joke, opened his good eye and "went for" his assassin in such a determined manner that he knocked the scene down and exposed the professional comedian, J. L. Hall, frantically tearing his hair out by handfuls. The audience were cheering, applauding, and screaming with laughter. The curtain was dropped, and the performance came to an abrupt termination. "I never thought," said Hall pathetically, "to see the bottom thoroughly knocked out of Shakespeare by a green-grocer's glass eye and a penny bottle of ink."

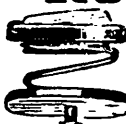
Hic! Hæc! Hoc!  
 B stands for Blake and Block,  
 Pronoun and noun;  
 One bores, one paves the town.

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