

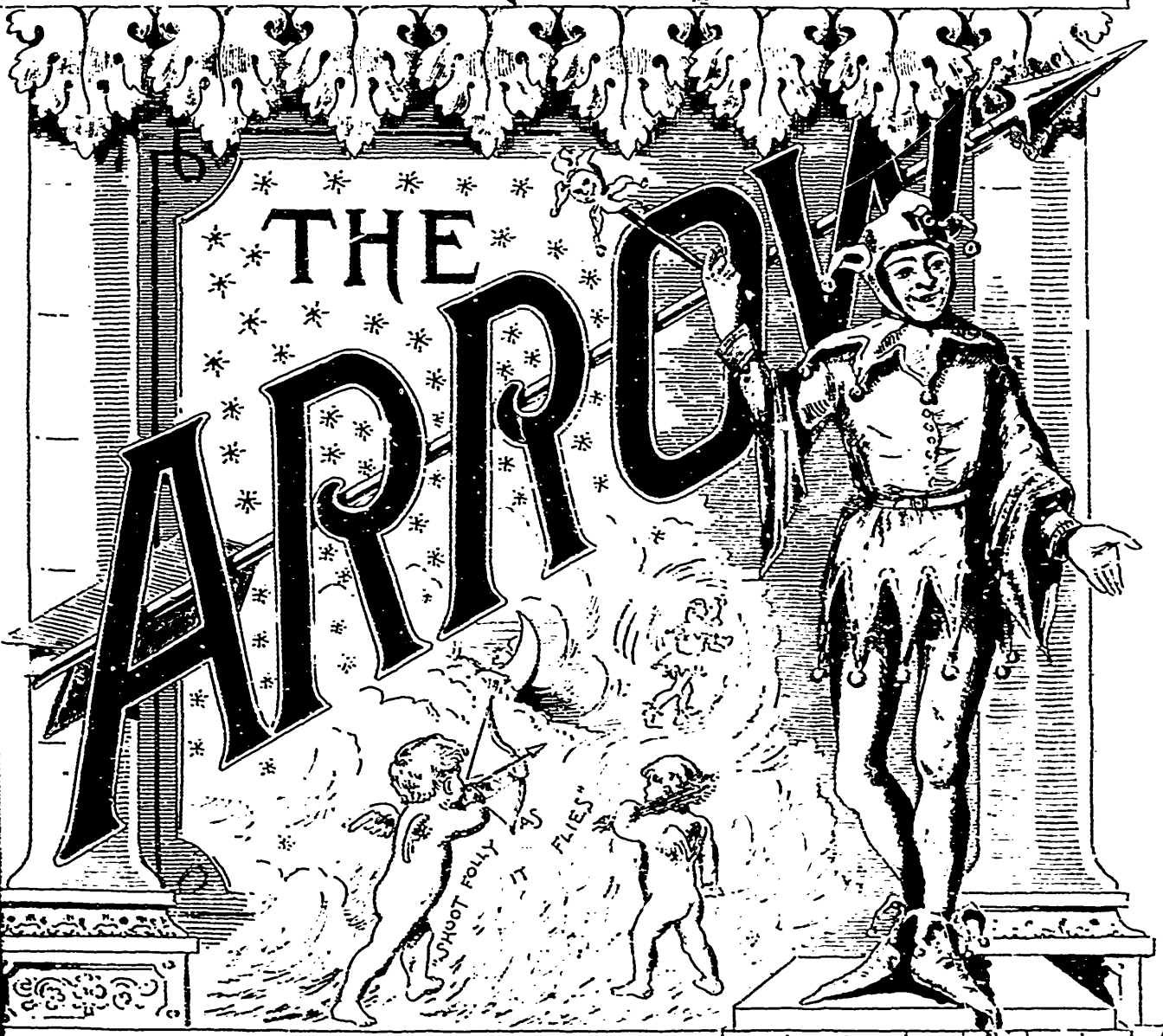
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AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF CANADIAN WIT AND HUMOUR

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APRIL 22, 1886



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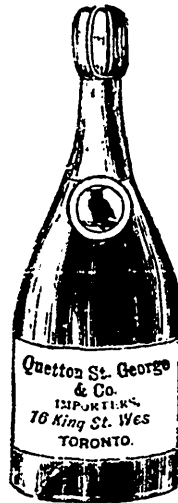
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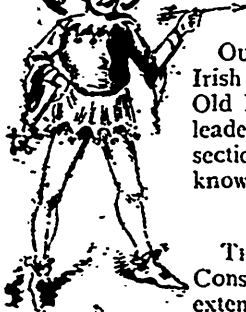
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## CARTOON NOTES



Our leading cartoon this week on Irish Home Rule shows how the Grand Old Man is rising to the position of leader, not of the people, but of a section of Her Majesty's subjects known as the Irish Nationalists.

The next picture, showing the great Conservative leader on a sick bed extending a friendly greeting to the Liberal leader, who (though not agreeing with Sir John in politics) has called to ask for his veteran opponent, illustrates what we think should be the feeling existing between the rival political generals.

The picture on the seventh page is a scene on James Street, Hamilton, which our artist vouches for: but THE ARROW cannot agree with the old yeoman's idea that the ladies of the Ambitious City are supplied with understanding requiring such very large shoes to cover it.

### THE WISH-BONE.

We'd had the apples an' the pie,  
 An' folks wuz feelin' jolly.  
 Erasmus held the wish-bone dry,  
 An' offered half to Polly.  
 They wished, she gave a bashful laugh,  
 Then pulled—he got the biggest half.  
 She laughed agin, an' blushed right red,  
 An', gosh! but she looked pretty;  
 "I've lost my wish," she smilin' said,  
 "Now isn't that a pity?"  
 She seemed to take it so to heart,  
 He wished he'd broke the smallest part.  
 "Let's tell. Don't mind the charm," sez he,  
 "Although perhaps we break it.  
 I wished a kiss you'd give to me."  
 Sez she: "I wished you'd take it."  
 I guess I needn't tell to you  
 That both them wishes then kim true.  
 —Chicago Rambler.

### OUR DAILY NEWS.

We believe that even yet in these improved times of advancing feminine supremacy and anti-alcoholic tendencies, that for a depressed circulation stimulants are prescribed. The difficulty is for the doctor to know what stimulants to prescribe for different kinds of depression; for instance, the depressed circulation of a young lady would want a different stimulant from the depressed circulation of a banker. This is where the difficulty comes in. Then the circulation of a librarian; all these are questions for the faculty to consider. But paramount of all serious cases of failing circulation is that of a daily newspaper. Only the strongest measures can be of avail; and, as in instances the medical doctors have been known to prescribe nitro-glycerine to be taken internally by the human subject, so the literary doctors, the editors, have in serious cases prescribed the introduction of the most explosive species of news in the columns of congested patients to work off the numbers issued. In these cases very often the editor has mainly to rely on the fecundity of his imagination, and it is certainly generally effectual for the moment, although the reaction may be ultimately serious. When the wish is father to the thought, and the news evolved from the editorial cranium is exactly what he would be delighted to see—fact, not fiction—this class of doctoring reaches perhaps its highest form of success.

### THE PURITY OF THE GRITS.

We always had the idea, no doubt grown up from the often repeated blowing of their own trumpet, that the Grits were above all corruption—that anything like venality stank in their nostrils, or, we should say, in the nostrils of their leaders, upward turned in sniffing virtuous contempt at the rest of peccant mankind. But we are now undeceived. To-day they congratulate themselves, the Grand Old Man, and Ireland, that Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill fixed a high price for land with the intention of bribing the Irish landlords, and others interested, to betray the Empire against their conscience; trusting that this corruption will have the effect of bringing over a majority to the Government, and enable a measure to pass which will, etc., etc., etc.

We always have doubted those who are so ultra-virtuous in their protestations: "verily, they protest too much;" but we never knew any giving away equal to this before.

1. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*
2. Murder will out.
3. What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.

We recommend these proverbs to the mature consideration of the Liberal party.

### NOTHING LIKE LOOKING FORWARD.

Another bank teller has vanished from a provincial town, and some thousands of dollars and a lady book agent also disappeared at the same time. Probably the teller, with praiseworthy foresight, requisitioned the dollars and lady book agent to enable him to turn over a new leaf.

*Editor.*—I don't see why our paper don't make more money. Mr. Quill. Everyone seems to speak highly of it.

*Quill.*—Yes. I believe it is generally liked. Even the sheriff to-day acknowledged he had an attachment!

POINTERS.

WHILE Mayor Howland is engaged in one corner of the Augean stable, perhaps it is difficult, without being cross-eyed, to see into the other. But there is a loose box, as it were, that demands his attention; to wit, the Police Commissioners' Star Chamber. There is no valid reason why the proceedings of this body should not be reported to the public. The people do not buy a pig in a poke in any other public department; why should they in this?

ANOTHER thing his Worship can and should attend to has been a crying disgrace to the city for some years. I allude to the hordes of children of tender years who run the streets till twelve o'clock at night. Little boys, and worse, little girls, from six to twelve years of age, ostensibly selling newspapers, but in reality begging, and in other ways qualifying for a criminal career, congregate nightly about Yonge, Adelaide and King Streets, running in and out of saloons, doing the "crying act," smoking, swearing and tossing coppers.

THE police, when spoken to, say they are powerless to prevent it, that a special by-law is necessary, and that they would gladly enforce such legislation. Cannot Mayor Howland attend to it?

AND this puts me in mind of another thing. Corner loafing is largely on the increase, with its concomitant evils of insulting remarks, and assaults to and on inoffensive passers by. Adelaide Street, for instance, near the Grand Opera House, is a favourite resort for the "reckersthayers," as Uncle Heimrod calls them. Are the police unwilling or unable to make them "move on?"

TORONTO "is getting a big boy now," and the sooner we abandon the village style of doing things the better. I am constrained to this remark in view of the present mud and the coming dust. So long as one man, under the title of City Commissioner, is expected to do the work of five, we may expect rapid alternations of dirty boots and watery eyes. I do not know an American city two-thirds our size that does not make me blush when I compare it with ours. There the street cleaning is done by contract, and as a matter of fact is done twice as well for half the money. Are our city fathers too much frightened of a beggarly score of votes in each ward to try the system?

IT is the fashion nowadays to abuse the street car and telephone companies. In view of our recent and present experiences, wouldn't it be as well to "let up" on that for a while?

THE bathing season is now coming on, and no one is a more enthusiastic votary of the natatorial art than myself. But at the same time I must rise to remark that as the Island is part of the city, and is becoming year by year more thickly settled, it is time that a police patrol of sufficient strength were organized to keep the beach free from the crowds of men and boys, and, I blush to say it, girls too, who in the past have exhibited more of the human form divine than was either necessary or decent.

A COVERING from neck to knee should be insisted on, and the feminine bathers should not be allowed the use of so hollow a mockery as a cotton night-gown. I am sure the west-end residents will bear me out in this statement, and that the police department will receive their thanks, with mine, if the matter is attended to. Will it be?

WHILE we are talking of the Island, I will express the hope that the License Commissioners will grant no license for anything stronger than lager or native wines. Some people hold that such distinctions cannot be enforced. This is all stuff; let it be distinctly understood that the first breach of the law will ensure forfeiture of the license, and I am persuaded that no dealer will put himself in the position of losing his living. Verily, it is better to regulate this traffic by law, than to allow it to run riot, as it did last year, and defy the law.

THE GALLEY BOY.

HIS DEATH-BED.

"Andromeda, where is Andromeda?" groaned George Adolphus as he turned restlessly on his pillow. George was dying. The doctor had just left, after telling his sorrowing friends that poor George Adolphus could not possibly survive the night.

The lights were turned low, the attendants spoke in whispers and walked to and fro on tip-toe, fearful of disturbing the sufferer. Everything betokened the presence of that all-powerful king to whom all humanity bows—Death.

Poor George Adolphus had been but a short time ill. He was an auctioneer, and had manfully withstood all the rebuffs of Fate until "knocked down" by an irate customer. His usually forbidding aspect was now softened and refined by the ravages of dread disease.

Of course when he called, Andromeda was near at hand. Knowing that he must soon die, she had been waiting for the "bid."

"Andromeda," he murmured feebly, as she leaned her head down to his pallid face, "Andromeda, I am not long for this world. I will see you in the sweet buy and buy."

And as she raised her beautiful angelic face, her soft hazel eyes suffused with tears, she murmured in sylph-like tones: "Going, going, gone."—*Rambler*.

WHY HE WEPT.

A San Antonio darkey was on trial for stealing money from a house on Soledad Street. Julian Van Slyck, the attorney for the prisoner, in his address to the jury, said:

"Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread, for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocket-book containing \$300 that was in the same bureau drawer. If he was a professional thief, he would have certainly taken the pocket-book."

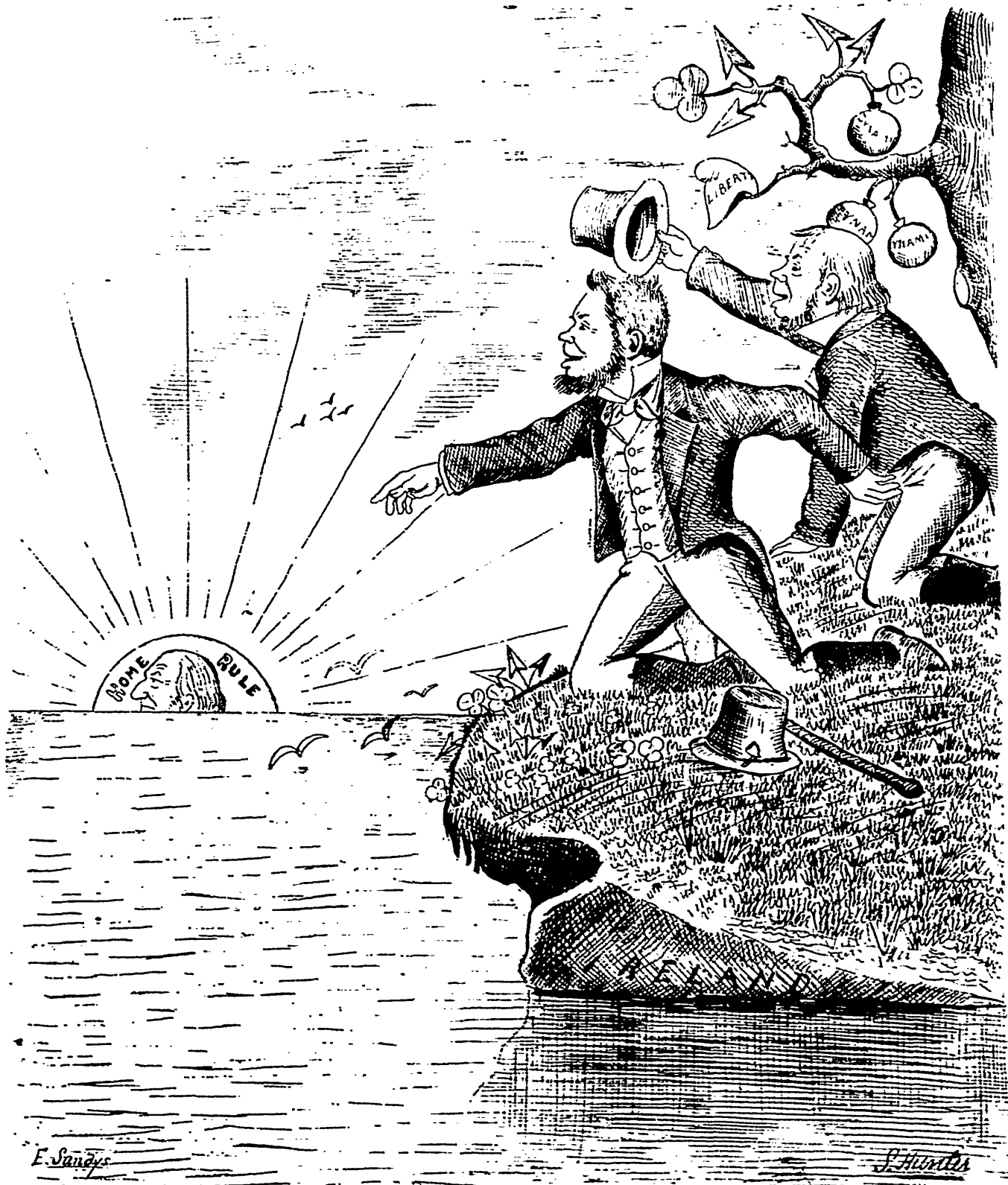
The eloquent attorney for the accused was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client.

"Why do you weep?" asked Judge Nooman, who was on the bench.

"Bekase I didn't see dat ar pocket-book in de bureau drawer," was the reply.

Everybody laughed except Van Slyck, the attorney for the defence.—*Texas Siftings*.

— THE ARROW —



The dawn of a foine day.



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

**TORONTO MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—For the benefit of those who may not know how the above named scheme is to be carried out, we give the following condensed facts: The Festival will be held on the 15th, 16th and 17th June, at the Mutual Street Rink, which, at an expense of about \$2,000, will be converted into a comfortable and very suitable music hall. There will be three evening and one matinee performances. The programme will include Gounod's "Mors et Vita" (given in English), which was composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1885; Handel's oratorio, "Israel in Egypt;" a concert in which 1,200 school children will sing part songs, and vocal artists, as well as the orchestra and organ, will participate; and a matinee orchestral and miscellaneous concert. The Festival chorus will number 1,000 voices, the orchestra 100 picked musicians, of which some 60 or 70 will come from the United States. These will be supplemented by an organ, at which Mr. Frederic Archer, of New York, will preside. The whole to be under the baton of Mr. F. H. Torrington.

**BOX OFFICE CIVILITY.**

*Treasurer.*—Well, Madam, what do you want? Don't keep the people waiting!

*Woman (who has bought her ticket before and returned with it).*—Look here, young feller. This ticket you sold me puts me next to a nigger. Do you hear—next to a nigger.

*Treasurer.*—Well, tell the nigger if he doesn't like it he can have his seat changed. Next!

**SHE WAS BUT HUMAN.**

"That will do, Eugene. You must leave this house forever.

"Forever, Florence! Great Sco—that is—dearest, what have I done to offend you?"

"For the third time this evening you have unfeelingly alluded to the theatre and canvas-back ducks, regardless of the fact that it is Lent. I am but human. Go!"—*Ex.*

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life; are you to be president or vice-president of this concern?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"

"Controller of the currency."

**MICACIOUS SCHIST.**

YESTERDAY, while taking a stroll with a fashionable young lady on William Street, I happened to meet Patsy Bolivar along with Roberto Jafferero. They were discussing the political situation. I asked Patsy who he thought would be the next Grit premier. Mr. Bolivar then conferred with his copartizan, and after some consideration, they both gave it up.

THE new parliament buildings is now a subject for deep consideration by the citizens. In fact, their construction has been such for several years, more particularly by the Local Legislature. Some suggest the Queen's Park as a site, others that of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum; and, in the eternal fitness of things, I think the latter suggestion to be good. However, the great American architect will doubtless arrange everything as to the site and expense. It is a lucky thing that the United States is closely on the borders of Canada, for it appears that there are no architects in the country fit to do a boss job; at least so the Government seem to think.

WHILE in Ottawa last week, at a party at Rideau Hall (where I generally stay while in the capital), I was glad to see two of my old friends from Montreal—Joe Beef and Joe Mufraw, the latter being well known throughout the Dominion as "the big man on the raff." Boys, said I, don't give it away to Lansdowne, but I'd like to know your ideas on the Riel business. Do you consider him a martyr, or what? "*Non comprend,*" said both Josephs with one accord, "I never hear of ze man Suppose we have glass wine. Ze governor vill stand 'em up."

I WAS not a little startled while at the capital on a certain evening, by the abrupt appearance of a tall figure attired in a slouched hat, whom I took at first for an Italian brigand. I was quite relieved to discover that it was none other than Mr. E. Blake, the celebrated counsel, a harmless and well-intentioned man.

I CHANCED to meet a *Globe* editor on Saturday last. I believe he is known in that office as the scandal editor. "I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "I trust I am not too familiar; but I am a seeker for the political truth. What is going to be the next scandal?" "Oleo-margarine" quoth he. And lo! on Monday there it was in the paper. It calls for the thanks of the noble yeomen, who, were it not for the action of the Opposition, would be ruined and their butter be a drug.

MIC.

"I SAY, you!" exclaimed the snub-nosed boy; "you're a real English lord, bean't yer?" "Yes, my lad," replied his lordship, not altogether displeased at the boy's manner; "and what do you think of a real English lord?" "I think," said the youth, "as how there isn't no danger of England's running out o' stuff to make lords out o' if she ain't particularer than she seems to be."

"FARMERS seldom fail," observes an agricultural paper. Did our esteemed contemporary ever observe a farmer try to make money out of a patent right?



Scene—James Street, Hamilton. Ancient Yeoman (stopping before mammoth rubber shoe in front of shop):  
"Well, they dew say these city gals hes big feet, but I never expected nuthin' like this!"

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NORTH-WEST AND OTTAWA-A.

*A chapter after Hiawatha.*

From the sunset came the tick tack,  
Instant tick tack telegraphic;  
And it whispered in Toronto—  
Whispered still in Ottawa-a—  
Sought the shores of the St. Lawrence.  
City of the Mount it rouses;  
Searches all the sea-coast distant,  
Dies away in Labradore.  
“Oh, ye children of sun rising,  
Come and help your brothers quickly,  
For the Metis casteth bullets,  
And the red man sharps his scalp knife.  
Peril gathers fast around us,  
Round our wives, and round our children.”  
The Canadians seize their rifles,  
Many were they, men of power.  
From the ocean's salty sea waves  
To great Huron's crystal waters,  
They came gathered, as the storm cloud  
Gathers in the stilly evening.  
Fast their thousands on the steel road  
Pour round lake and living waters,  
O'er the ice, and slush, and torrents,  
Till within the western prairies  
Met the Metis, met the redskin.  
Hot the war and great the slaughter,  
See at Fish Creek and at Cut Knife,  
And the rifles at Batoché;  
Till the young, men marching onward,  
Drove the redskin, drove the Metis,  
Captured swift their would-be ruler.  
So the war was soon completed,  
And our men returned smiling,  
Thinking of the marches toiling,  
Of the hard-tack and the camp fire,  
Of the bullets and their billet.  
Then their smiling faded sadly,  
As they thought them of their comrades,  
O'er whose grave their vollies fir'd were.

Soon returned, at Ottawa-a  
I did meet a gallant Colonel,  
And this tale of woe he told me,  
Told me quickly, in the smoke room  
Of the Club, where all did hear him;  
For his voice was loud and husky  
With the shouting of the war time:

“When I came to Ottawa-a,  
I had thoughts to see our father,  
Who now rules for the Great Mother,  
And I told my squaw to bundle  
All my war paints in my wallet,  
All my pretty shanginippi.  
Well I knew our father feasting,  
Would expect to see his old braves  
Furnished with the cloth of honour—  
Pants as black as shiny crow's wing,  
Vest and coat to match such feathers,  
All his breast in white starch shining.

“So I came to Ottawa-a  
With my wallet packed so tightly,  
With my pretty shanginippi,  
And the father to the Rideau  
Bid me come to join the feasting.  
In my wigwam I my wallet  
Opened, and took forth the garments—  
Pants as black as shiny crow's wing,  
All the brightest white starch frontlet,  
Coat as black as black could shimmer;  
But no vest I found within it.  
Turned the wallet outside inside,  
But indeed there was no waistcoat;  
And I swore much wooden swearing,  
Also oaths of other nature.  
Could not dine without a waistcoat,  
Could not go without my vest, sir!  
Highlanders may go barelegged,  
Other men must cloth their brisks,  
Not go barefaced, like the ladies.

“Then I borrowed from a neighbour  
Vest, but oh! it was a tight one;  
Strained each thread and stretched each button,  
Got it all at last together—  
Pressure forty pounds to square inch,  
In the lodge of the Great Father,  
With my pemican before me,  
And the pleasant fire water,  
Which does tickle as it fizzes,  
I forgot my tight condition;  
I had laughed, and joked and eaten,  
Drank the pleasant fire water,  
When a rend of some odd stitches  
Caused all eyes to turn toward me.  
Then I whispered to the young man,  
The Great Father's secretary,  
Look away, there is no danger;  
If a loud explosion cometh,  
No conspiracy of slaughter  
To destroy our good Great Father—  
Only forty pounds per square inch  
Pressure in my waistcoat garment  
Threatens to burst off the buttons.  
As I spoke, one went before me,  
Then another, then another,  
Till a mist came o'er my eyesight,  
And I thought me at Batoché.  
So in lowliest tone I shouted—  
Shouted till the champagne glasses  
Rang out loud upon the table.  
Every eye was fixed upon me,  
Every mouth was open widely.  
Some exclaimed, indeed, ‘Tis Howard,  
Howard with his little Gatling!’  
Till I shouted, ‘The battalion  
(The last button shot before me  
With a louder yet explosion)—  
The battalion will cease firing;  
And I listened for the bugle.’”

CYCLOPS.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE NAVY.

One of our most popular admirals (says the *Centennial Times*), and one of the best sailors that ever sailed our seas, was curiously scored off by his own bandmaster on board his own ship the other day at Gib. To a right lordly banquet the admiral had invited sundry foreign naval officers, and during mess one of them asked if the band might play “Rule Britannia.” Now, it seems that this Jingoistic tune had been for some time discontinued on board. However, the courteous admiral summoned the somewhat stolid-looking bandmaster, and asked him if the band could play the national naval hymn. “‘Rule Britannia,’ sir,” said the stolid one; “well, p'raps we might find it in the ‘Reminiscences of England!’” The foreign officers preserved a diplomatic reticence, which was kind of them.

THAT was a cautious old tramp who, upon being asked whether he would have a drink of whiskey as he was beginning a job of sawing wood, or would have it when he had finished it, answered: “Well, mum, I think I'll take it now. There has been a pile of sudden deaths lately.”—*Fall River Advance.*

A STEER was killed by a Virginia city butcher the other day, whose teeth, the *Enterprise* says, were completely encrusted with gold and silver bullion. The animal came from a ranch on Carson River, and it is thought the metal accumulated on his teeth while he was drinking the river water, which is impregnated with the tailings from the mills reducing Comstock ores.

STATELY old dame (housekeeper), during absence of the family, showing the bed Queen Elizabeth slept in.

*Visitor.*—Is it *bona fide*?

*Dame (bridling).*—No, sir; Hinglish hoak.





The bad old man's shoes not yet available.

**A DISTINCTION, BUT NO DIFFERENCE.**

You go upon the board of trade,  
Where margin merchants meet,  
And take some little options  
On January wheat.  
You watch the little ticker  
'Till the hands swing round the ring;  
Then you find your little boodle  
Has gone a-glimmering.  
That's Business.

You go into a faro bank  
And buy a stack of chips,  
And watch the cards come from the box,  
Which the dealer deftly slips.  
When your head is dull and aching,  
At the breaking of the day,  
You see that fickle fortune  
Has gone the other way.  
That's Gambling.  
—Columbus Bohemian.

A MAN who had tried farming in Montana for two years gathered together his goods and chattels, consisting mainly of a wife, nine tow-headed children and six lean dogs, and got himself hence. He left the following lines on the door of his dugout:

25¢ Feet to Water.  
50 Miles to Fuel.  
6 Inches to H—l.  
God Bless Our Home.

—Miles City Stock Grower.

*Baron.*—Good morning, my dear friend; I suppose you are going to pay a visit to Madam de B—?

*Friend.*—Certainly, I intended to do so; but I fortunately remembered, just in time, that this is the day when she is at home. I will therefore call to-morrow. —Le Figaro.

## — THE ARROW —

### ST. PETER AND THE PULLBACK.

A little Pullback sought one day  
The gates of Paradise;  
St. Peter wiped his spectacles  
And rubbed his ancient eyes.

And throngs of female angels came,  
With curious gaze the while,  
Intent, as ladies always are,  
To see the latest style.

The Saint put on his glasses then;  
An observation took:  
"What! what!" he said, "this traverses  
The laws of musn't look.

"Tied back in front! Piled up behind!  
"Twill never do, I fear!  
The thing is too ridiculous—  
You cannot enter here."

What did she do? My curious friend,  
She got behind a tree;  
And in a jiffy she was dressed  
As angels ought to be.

St. Peter kissed her then, and said,  
"Pars in, my little dear;  
But mind, you mustn't introduce  
Such naughty fashions here."

A FRENCHMAN sought a donkey to endow  
With power to speak the thoughts within his head;  
But here our donkeys, each man will allow,  
Have often spoken what should not be said.

That's not the worst: they say an awful lot,  
Yet never utter that which they should say;  
And whether in the House or in it not,  
Their rambling twaddle boreth those who stay.  
Talk of to-morrow or of yesterday,  
Nought of to-day, nought practical, but lalble  
Like to a flock of geese or female rabble.

They say that nature guideth to the ends,  
And fitteth all that all shall smoothly go;  
P'raps o'er men's tongues and wits she now expends  
Care that shall suit t'other sex, you know,  
In the near future; that the labial flow  
Of female parliaments may not be daunted,  
Or by the ghost of common sense be haunted.

Yet stay; the girls must rule because the men  
Have grown so very frivolous and silly  
That in a thousand you can not find ten  
Think on their own account, but, nilly nilly;  
They follow in the track of Nan or Billy  
Who leads the flock; and as Nan has most cheek,  
Her sex will rule the roast, and man not dare to speak.

CYCLOPS.

CYNOLATRY, or dog-worship, is the latest fashionable mania among women. No New York or Boston lady considers her costume complete nowadays unless she has a small beribboned lapdog to tuck under her left arm. The sausage-makers have been doing their best to work up a hydrophobia scare, but so far without avail. The price of provisions is steadily rising and as a consequence prime cats are firmer in first hands, with every prospect of a corner in spring kittens.

*Appreciative Employer.*—Mr. Wiggins, I have been very much pleased with your assiduity and attention to business during the past year, and I have determined to reward your fidelity by making you my junior partner.

*Horrificed Employee.*—Junior partner—me—no, sir! Don't do it—just reduce my salary, and let it go at that.

### THE HONOURABLE TIM.

Did you ever hear of Gritty Tim, once Speaker of the House,  
Who made the Independence Act of Parliament a muddle,  
Down by the sounding sea, you know, he was the biggest toad  
(Although he isn't *very* big) in a very little puddle.

But, like the other fabled frogs, he soon grew too inflated,  
His puddle got too small for him, he sallied westward, ho!  
He turned the editorial crank till he was nominated  
To hold the fort in Simcoe and to be McCarthy's foe.

The Orangemen will vote for him because of Riel's hanging,  
Which he strongly recommended—just before the deed was done,  
Though afterwards he ate himself, and said it was "an outrage,"  
But for consistency, you know, Tim Anglin takes the bun.

The Catholics, the Irishmen, will vote for him serenely,  
Because they love the Rouges well, his ultramontane friends;  
Besides, does Timothy not boast he carries in his pocket  
The votes of *all* the Catholics, that all on them depends.

The Volunteers will vote for him, vote early and vote often,  
Because he has insulted them, insulted all the force;  
And when he smites their starboard cheek they'll turn to him the  
other,  
For that's the sort of men they are; that's what they'll do, of course.

They all will vote for Timothy, for Timothy the Blue-nose,  
Who distant from his native haunts a wanderer doth roam;  
And when election day comes round they'll mark their little ballots,  
Which will total up for Timothy—poor Tim—to stay at home.

J. A. F.

### THE REASON WHY.

HE.

She has no mass of golden hair,  
No wondrous piles of money;  
I cannot say that she is fair,  
Nor that her temper's sunny.

And yet I call her "sweet" and "dove;"  
I am in truth devoted.  
I swear she is my only love;  
My ardour's oft been noted.

Why do I seek her ev'rywhere?  
Why ever have I sought her?  
Her father is a millionaire,  
And she's an only daughter.

SHE.

He is not comely to the sight,  
He has no great position;  
He cannot like a Dickens write,  
Nor can he paint like Titian.

I do not like him very well;  
His presence oft distresses.  
Why do I not this to him tell,  
And spurn all his addresses?

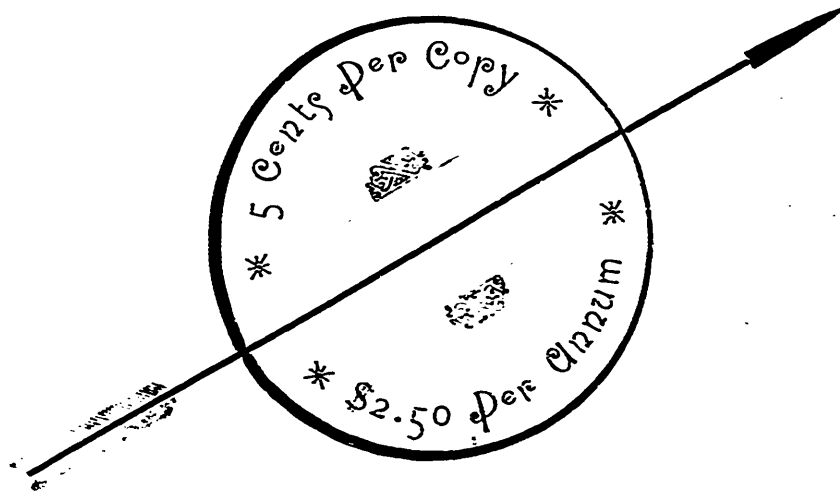
In youth I spurned too many men,  
For whom I've since been sighing,  
I've not the choice that I had then,  
And time, alas! is flying.

An Arkansas genius conceived that monkeys would, on account of their nimble fingers, make splendid cotton pickers with a little training, and further calculated that one good hand could manage about ten monkeys, and the expense of cotton picking be reduced to a minimum. When the experiment was tried, however, it was found that instead of one good hand being able to manage ten monkeys, it required about ten good hands to one monkey.

— THE ARROW —

# The Arrow

\* The Leading Cartoon Paper of Canada \*



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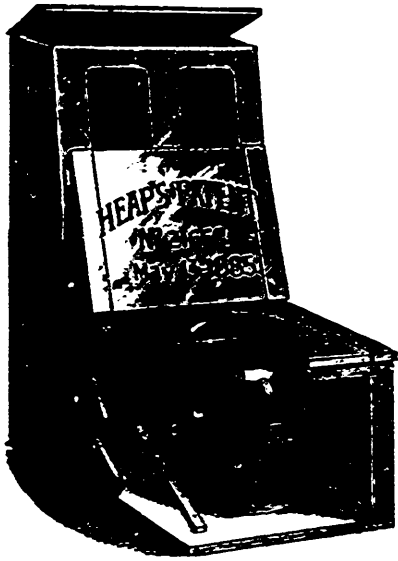
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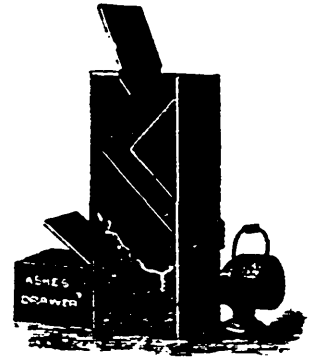
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