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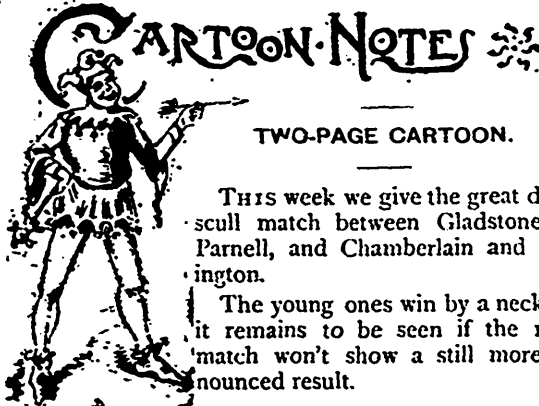
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IN MEMORIAM

THOMAS BOYLAN, DIED JUNE 11TH, 1886.
 His laughter-loving face is still at last,
 Where every mirthful quip and quirk was glossed;
 Poor Tom! alas, thy joking days are past.
 He never malice or ill-will has shown—
 His heart was filled with charity alone—
 And no man's foe was he except his own.
 His life was but a hard one at the best;
 Misfortune though he treated as a jest.
 At length his sun has set behind the west.

J. A. F.

A PIECE OF FOLLY.

A youth of mild tho' manly mien
 Adored a maiden just eighteen,
 With light brown hair of golden sheen;
 Her hands and face were always clean.
 Her eyes were always blue;
 Her cheeks were like the garden rose,
 She wore a slightly turn-up nose,
 Prunella boots encased her toes—
 The young man called her Sue.
 'Twas in a Knights of Labour 'bus
 She promised him (his name was Gus)
 To be his own—his wife;
 And so those two enamoured souls,
 Regardless of the price of coals,
 And meat and butter, tea and rolls,
 Agreed to pay all Hymen's tolls,
 And settle down for life.

CONTRIB.

THE DEACON BECOMES OUR COMPETITOR.

On Friday last the *Globe* in an editorial complains that Surgeon-General Bergin, M.P., has thrown a slur on the status of workingmen. It accuses the Doctor of claiming to be of higher grade than workingmen, and quotes his speech thusly: "Medical men ought to be at the head of the social scale; but if, in consequence of overcrowding, the profession was degraded to the level of workingmen so far as fees were concerned, it would be impossible for them to occupy their proper position."

Really, the Deacon ought to lecture on the hidden meaning of the English language. To the uninitiated the Doctor's words simply convey the meaning that if a medical man only gets a workingman's pay, he can but live like a workingman.

And the Deacon grows more funny as he proceeds to comment on the above. He reproaches Sir Leonard Tilley for excusing the high taxation on certain cottons by saying that such cottons were worn by ladies and not by the wives of workingmen. Of course, a workingman's wife *may* be a lady, as a workingman *may* be a gentleman. The Deacon would hardly claim to distort the language so far as to assert that all men and women are ladies and gentlemen. But this has nothing to do with the matter; Sir Leonard used the term lady to express a female sufficiently well off to buy goods which were expensive.

We wish the Deacon every success in the new line of journalism he has taken up. We feel he will be a formidable rival, but we are always the first to acknowledge eminent genius when we meet it. We know it will spoil the flight of our young ARROW; but what a relief to Canada if the *Globe* should really succeed in becoming interesting, even if it is by being only comic.

A BURNING SHAME.

B—ns was a poet who wrote Tam o' Shanter,
 B—ns has more meaning, not at all of magic,
 B—ns is a man Toronto now may barter,
 Because his trade have sentence passed quite tragic.

A burning shame, indeed, to pay a thou—
 The city must be really mad with ire!
 Why, if the merchant cheaply does endow,
 He's taxed and made to charge more for one's fire!!

Things are most queer in this most funny world!
 If merchants keep up charges by combining,
 And Knights of Labour, with their flags unfurled,
 Enhance their wages with their brass bands whining.

Where's it to end? if each pays more and more
 For all they buy, who is the better paid?
 If Jack does take from Jill, Jill from Jack's store,
 Things must be equal, and no more be said.

But yet poor B—ns must mulcted be of cash,
 Because a city contract he took cheap,
 And Scotch he be, himself he should not fash,
 But—

We really don't know, but feel that our citizens will be right in trusting themselves to whatever may be the outcome of

PAT'S MEDITATIONS.

A NEW VERSION.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to chapel to-night," she said.
 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm engaged for *this* Sunday, sir," she said.



BEFORE THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

She: "Can't you really obtain me any tickets?"

He: "No; fact, aw! Believe there is not one to be had for love or money."

She: "How provoking! and you know it is a matter of "life and death" (after a pause) to me.

He: "Aw, weally; and will you let it be for life, then?"

And it was.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER NOT HAVE SAID.

A stranger who had been several times introduced to a club, and who had been casually asked if he were a member, remarked afterwards to the questioner:

"You see I am here again, although not a member."

A large Newfoundland dog came in at the moment, and his master exclaimed:

"Ah, Nero! here you are again, too. We are very glad to see you *both*."

MIXED.

A big, very big man, spending his time on the upper lakes, was asked how he could find a canoe large enough to take him to and fro to his island.

"Ah!" he said, "it is quite simple. I always go across in several canoes."

PLACED.

I was descending a deep mine on a ladder which hung over the fathomless gulf below. It was dangerous and fatiguing: I felt dizzy, even anxious. At that depth in the bowels of the earth the temperature was warm; it grew hotter, and hotter. Between fear and heat, the perspiration poured off me. "How far," I said to my guide, "do you think it is to the infernal regions?"

"I don't know, sir," he replied, with a chuckle; "but if you let go you'll be there in two minutes."

WANTED ONE FOR KEEPS.

He: "And now, Sarah, what kind of an engagement ring shall I get you?"

She: "Solid gold, I guess, Henry; I'm so tired of wearing imitation gold for engagements."

POINTERS.

THE Young Liberals are about to conventionize in Montreal, and the good Deacon is cackling round like a hen in a distressed state of mind. In one breath he is praising the movement and protesting that nothing could be more conducive to the interests of the "pairty," and in the next he is hedging against any possible principles or policy the convention may arrive at. The fact of the matter is, if these gay young fellows—Senator Alexander, James D. Edgar, Joseph Tait *et al*—succeed in manipulating the strings; liketh them best, the Deacon will endorse their actions with a whiz; and if they don't, he'll shut down on them with a bang.

How those misguided young men have entered the ranks of that miserable faction which calls itself the Liberal Party is none of my business to inquire. But having entered it, and demanded recognition as one of its important factors, it passes my comprehension how they submit themselves to be dragooned by such men as Laurier, the musketeer, and Edgar, the poet. They must be curious young men indeed who have so little of the ingenuousness of youth as to countenance and support a policy composed solely of slander, sectionalism and political assassination.

HOWEVER it may have come about, these young men have been led by the nose into a party antagonistic to the best interests of this country; and whether they get it or not, they have demanded representation as an important element of that party. Under these circumstances, it behoves us to ask ourselves what position have the young men of the Conservative party taken up? True, there are Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Associations all over the country. But they are, if not altogether dormant, at least very much less energetic than the Young Liberals. For instance, look at the way the Young Liberals have fought the voters' lists. Look at their record as published by the *Globe* the other day. Elections in these days are won by young blood and not by the old war horses; and, moreover, they are won before polling day, not on it.

THEN for goodness sake, young men, rouse yourselves. Strike out from the shoulder! stick to your work until the final revision is complete; and don't let the antiquated Young Liberals, whose bald heads have been the subject of so many jokes, manipulate the voting strength of your party any way they choose.

AND remember that you won't have to caucus and clamour for representation as other fellows do. Your convention, if you hold one, will not be manipulated by a lot of self-seeking wirepullers who, dog-in-the-manger-like, will not frame a policy themselves, nor let anyone else do so. No! The Conservative party recognizes and always has recognized its young men as the material of which the bulwarks of the party are built, and pushes them to the front with all convenient speed; as in the cases of Madill and Blackstock, for instance.

THE holding of the convention in Montreal is a still further bid for the race and revenge influence, which is being affectionately dry-nursed by the *Globe* clique; and

it now remains to be seen whether Blake or Sir Dicky Cartwright is the Young Liberal prophet on this question. As was demonstrated by the vote in Parliament, the Grits are at sixes and sevens in the matter. They seem to have a total disregard for the fact that "a house divided against itself," etc. After the cat jumps in Quebec, we shall probably know more about it.

Society and Amusement.

THE Argonaut at Home last Saturday was largely attended, and went off with its usual eclat, although the Government House party were conspicuous by their absence, but the weather was cold almost to chilliness.

I saw several pretty faces looking quite blue; and the wearers of white frocks must have felt anything but comfortable.

The few (too few) men in flannels looked well. It is a pity they don't all wear them; and why don't "our girls" adopt a boating dress for these occasions. Cream and blue, or cream and cardinal flannel costumes would be both piquant and becoming, and in every way suitable; and what a delicate compliment it would be to a member if some young lady sported the club colours—*his* colours.

The floor was good, the music ditto, the refreshments especially ditto, and the rooms were more prettily decorated than ever.

When I left to go home to dinner the band was still discoursing sweet strains, and I felt I had passed a very pleasant and informal afternoon.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

An old stager struck a down east town about sunset on Saturday. The weather was sultry, and he asked mine host slyly, "Can't you find me a drink anywhere? I'm thirsty."

"My friend," said mine host, who was a real law-abiding citizen, "thou wilt find a pump round the corner in the back yard."

"The old stager stared and exclaimed: "Creation stranger, I don't want to wash; I'm thirsty."

WORSHIPPED FROM AFAR.

PROFESSIONALLY.

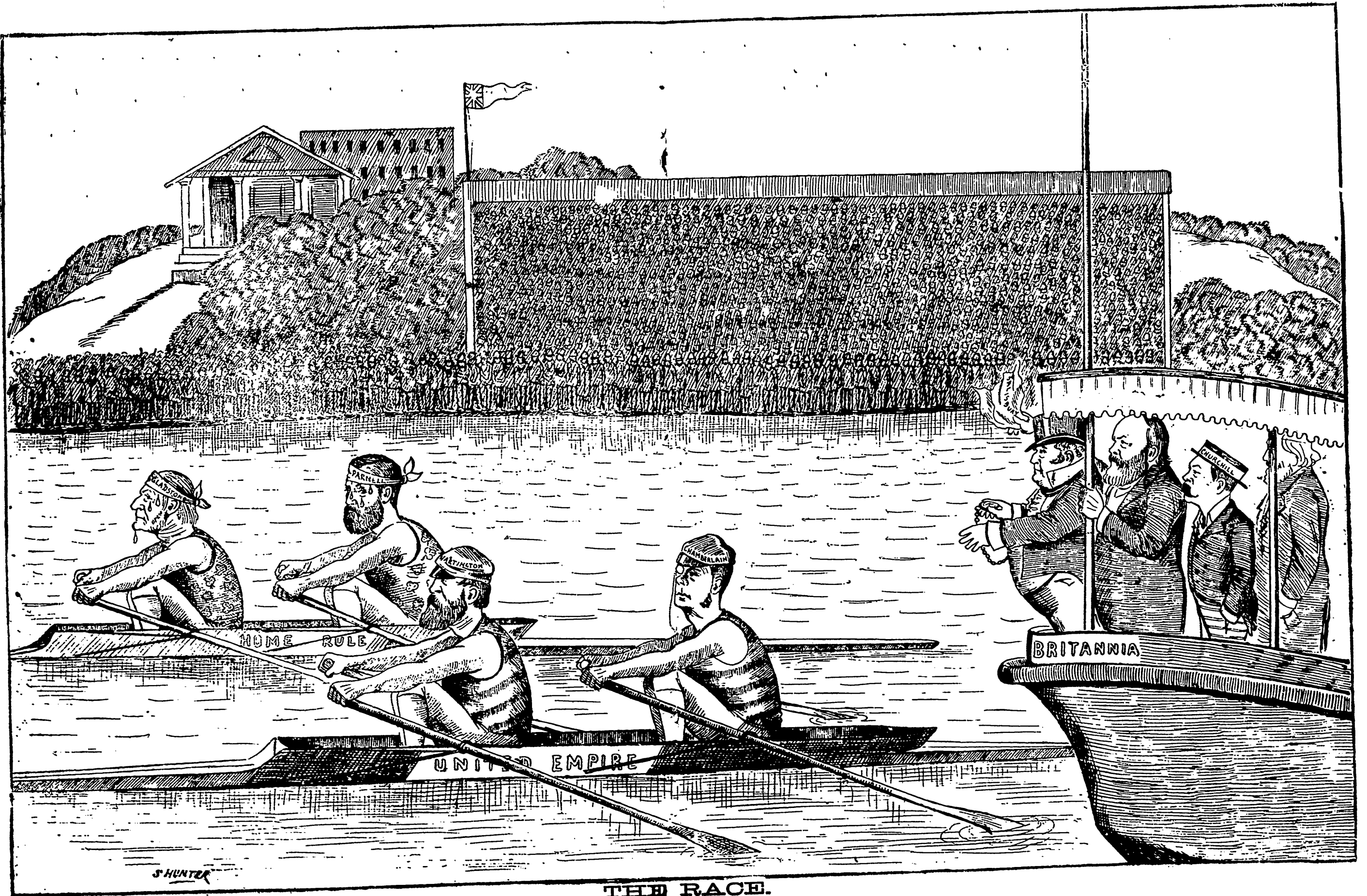
A ballet girl, a giddy thing,
Of threescore years and ten,
Who on the stage did captivate
The hearts of fickle men.

AT HOME.

A grandmamma, whose daughter's child,
Possessed of cunning ways,
Said: "Grandma, tell me who it is
That sends you those bouquets?"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

He was unknown to fame till when
He got a situation,
Along with eight distinguished men,
To play at short-stop's station.
He leaped to fame's ethereal round,
When he his foes did stagger,
And did it at a single bound,
By making one three-bagger!



THE RACE.

THE RACE.

"Boys," said Gladdy, the veteran stroke of the Westminster eight, "I have found a new hand to take number two. Hartington won't work and don't train regularly; I shall replace him with the Irish lad; he is in regular training and hard condition."

The others looked glum; and the Brummagem pet spoke up with his usual cheek.

"That won't do, Gladdy; a new hand will throw us all out of time; besides, his style is too divergent for us; moreover, I don't believe he is any better or so good as Hartington."

"You don't know anything about it," said Gladdy.

"Yes, I do," said the boy with the eye-glass; "and what is more, I'll take Hartington and you take Parnell, and we'll row a match double—double sculls."

The old stroke bristled with indignation.

"All right," said he, pulling up his collar, with a jerk.

"What will you put on it? I'll lay my place in the School against your reputation, and *that's long odds.*"

"Done you are," said Chamberlain.

The preceding pages show the finish.

"HOW THEY MANAGED IT."

They were doing King Street together.

He was a slim young man, with blue eyes and a little red mouth.

She was an angular brunette with a grey-brown skin, hard black orbs and startling conspicuous cheek bones. Like the Japanese princess, she might have said: "It takes years to educate a man to love me."

She lived with her Pa in Toronto.

Pa was rich, influential and clear sighted, and not a bit like the Pas in books.

There are two kinds of them. The cross, grumpy old tyrant, or the bland bless-you-my-children old idiot.

Lou's Pa was young comparatively—about forty-five—and altogether charming and companionable.

"How did he have such a daughter?" said all the young men about town.

They could not know she resembled her mother, who had married Pa when he was young and verdant.

Pa had lately employed a secretary (the young man you met at the commencement of my little tale), and Lou had given her heart unto this mild creature's keeping. He hadn't asked for it—but no matter. She thought about him when she looked at the moon, and as she lay awake at night.

He stopped now suddenly before the prettiest bonnet shop in King Street. "How pretty," he murmured, "how very sweet."

Lou was delighted to find him sympathizing with her most tender joys.

"That is particularly sweet," she answered, pointing out a wedding bonnet of white satin and lace.

"Come and try it on," he said with enthusiasm.

She hesitated, and cast down her eyelids fringed with soft thin lashes. "A wedding bonnet for me?" she interrogated.

No answer.

"The man I love," she continued in a murmur, "fears the difference of our positions too much to speak of his devotion."

"Do you love him?" asked the secretary in tones of deep sympathy.

"Oh, yes."

"Then ask him, or make your father speak to him."
"Do you mean it?" she whispered; "do you wish it?"
The secretary's eyes sparkled and his cheek flushed.
"It is the wish of my heart," he cried; and then he paused, and hesitated, and stammered—"I mean—I—mean"—

She pressed his hand. "I understand," she answered. The secretary went up to his room on reaching the house, and looked long and earnestly in his glass.

"The truth will out," he said aloud; "but if she goes, the risk is less. Let us hope the man, whoever he is, will marry her." And then he took up a photo of Mr. Lindsey and his daughter Lou, and kissed it passionately.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Lindsey," said the secretary in a frightened voice, "but—it—it is a mistake."

"Mistake!" returned Mr. Lindsey, fiercely, "after what my daughter tells me. A mistake? Explain, sir."

"You are most generous—most kind," said the young man, with downcast eyes and varying colour; "but—I cannot marry Miss Lindsey."

"Then leave the house, sir," thundered the indignant parent, whose blood was up at finding himself in a false position. "Leave at once. I won't have you here another hour."

"Oh, Mr. Lindsey!" The secretary clasped his hands imploringly.

"Go, I tell you. (He flung wide the door). I always looked on you as an effeminate, blue-eyed, smirking"—

"Mr. Lindsey!" The secretary is confronting him with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks. "In your own house—how can you"— And then, as he meets the other's angry gaze, he bursts into tears and falls at his feet.

"Don't send me away," he sobs piteously. "I have been so happy, and I have nowhere to go. You are so kind—don't send me away."

"Did you speak to him, Pa?" said Lou at dinner, gazing at the secretary's vacant chair.

Mr. Lindsey grew red. "Yes, my dear. He—he—behaved queerly—not like a gentleman (his grey eye twinkled), so—I sent him off."

"Oh, Pa!" and Lou burst into tears and rushed from the table. "Cruel fate, and still more cruel Pa!"

And about two weeks later her father walked into the house after a short absence from home with a lady on his arm, who had big blue eyes and a little red mouth. She wore a white bonnet and a net veil, and Mr. Lindsey introduced her to the astonished Lou as "My wife."

"She doesn't seem to like it altogether," said Mrs. Lindsey to her husband, "poor girl, she little knew that in her anxiety to hook a husband she would land a stepmother."

"Or that in trying for her own happiness she would secure mine," said Mr. Lindsey, very tenderly.

"Don't be too sure of that," said the bride. "Happiness is not for this world; and what was I?—an effeminate, blue-eyed, smirking"—

Mr. Lindsey here interrupted her.

TRIX.

AN English traveller in America asked a captain of a lake steamer the name of the lake they were traversing. He replied, "Lake Huron." "Yes, I know," responded the Englishman, "it is the lake I am on; but what is its name?"



A BARBAROUS RETORT.

Customer: "There is one thing I envy a hog for,—he doesn't have to be shaved until after his death."

Barber (irritably): "Some hogs does, an' some hogs doesn't."

AN ALASKA MOSQUITO STORY.

"Next to the rich ore, what struck me most forcibly were the mosquitoes. Why, sir, they kill the bears. Now it seems strange that a mosquito could kill a bear, but this is the way it is done. The bears come down from the hills into the marsh land to feed on roots and berries—a sort of a cranberry found there. As soon as they get comfortably to work the mosquitoes attack them, and go for their eyes. The bears get up on their hind legs to fight them off, and sink into the swamp. The mosquitoes, which are of a most extraordinary size, keep at them until they are totally blind, and then they have them completely at their mercy. I have seen over a dozen bear carcasses in those swamps, positively killed by the mosquitoes."

"Sir," began a stranger, as he walked directly up to a business man in South Street, "I am strictly business." "So am I." "Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone." "So do I." "Good again! I want to raise ten pounds to pay for a stone to stand at my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I want a business answer." "You shall have it, sir. I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse!" The stranger hurried off.

"A MAY MEETING."

She was young, and was seemingly fair,
Though her cheeks were suggestive of powder,
Her voice was more husky than loud,
But her costume could scarce have been louder.

She was beautiful, beaming and blonde,
And 'twas probably naught but emotion
That brought the stray tear to her eye—
It was either emotion or lotion.

She seemed, in truth, rather too young
To engage in this world's busy tussle,
And she shone with a pastoral grace
From her bonnet right down to her bustle.

In short, such Arcadian charms
Might have moved e'en the muse of a Tupper;
I snatched just one kiss—it was off!
She'd been eating raw onions for supper.

AND now the small boy unravels the ancient stocking to secure yarn with which to make a cricket ball. And when he has the ball made, he cuts the leg off one of his father's boots to make a cover of; and when the parent discovers the liberties taken with his boot, the small boy wishes that he had used it as a lining for his trousers.

THE WAY IT IS SAID.

The Sultan awoke with a stifled scream,
His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream ;
An omen of terrible import and doubt—
His teeth in one moment all fell out.
His wise men assembled at break of day,
And stood by the throne in solemn array.
And when the terrible dream was told,
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold ;
And all stood silent in fear and dread,
And wondering what was best to be said.
At length an old soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Cried, "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say :
" 'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high—
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."
Wroth was the sultan : he gnashed his teeth,
And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe,
As he ordered the wise man bound with chains,
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.
The wise men shook as the Sultan's eye
Swept round to see who next would try.
But one of them stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone :
"Exult, O head of a happy State !
Rejoice, O heir of a glorious fate !
"For this is the favour thou shalt win,
O Sultan, to outlive all thy kin !"
Pleased was the Sultan, and called a slave,
And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.
But the courtiers they nod with grave, sly winks,
And each one whispers what each one thinks :
"Well can the Sultan reward and blame ;
Didn't both the wise men foretell the same ?"
Quoth the crafty old Vizier, shaking his head,
"So much may depend on the way a thing's said !"

THE odoriferous zephyr fans the twilight's languorous hush,
And the meditative heifer wallows through the watery slush,
And the breeze is white with blossoms, and the air is soft as mush,
And the May-foam-spouting poet pours his cataracts of gush !

HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

Magistrate (to new policeman): Did you notice no suspicious characters about the neighbourhood ?

New Policeman: Shure, yer honour, I saw but one man, an' I axed him wot he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he: "I have no business here jest now, but I expects to open a jewellery store in this vicinity later on." At that I sez: "I wish ye success, sorr."

Magistrate (disgusted): Yes, and he did open a jewellery store in that vicinity, and stole seventeen gold watches.

New Policeman (after a pause): Begorra, yer honour, the mon may have been a thafe, but he was no loiar.

INCONSEQUENT.

An eminent ecclesiastic—shovel hat, smalls and gaiters—was making a dignified progress through a poor quarter of a city when his attention was attracted by a ragged little boy, who was laughing, jumping round, and behaving himself with a great show of exhilaration. His reverence was scandalized, thinking the child was not under the influence of the Scott Act.

"My little boy," he said, "what makes you behave so? What have you been doing?"

Boy stopped and gazed. "Doing nothing. Mother's dead; father's drunk; kids have the measles, and I don't care a continental. That's all."

"KEEP OUT OF DEBT."

"A man in debt
No rest will get
Until he's in the tomb;
His cares will weigh
So heavy, theigh
Will shroud his life in gloomb."

"He'll practise guile
And never smile,
His head with pain will ache ;
He'll groan and sigh,
And wish to die,
And thus his troubles shace."

"But owing none,
He'll have more sone
Than any king that reigns ;
He feels benign,
His health is sign,
And long life he atteigns."

O THOU, that win'st our fights,
Scatter the Gladstonites,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
May all their treason go for "nix."
God save the Queen !

WHAT TO SAY.

Old Abner was a money lender, and the stingiest man in his county. Ab. charged not only the legal rate of interest, but a good deal more when he had a chance for it. One evening he attended a revival meeting less than a thousand miles from Jamestown, where the appeals of the preacher and the confessions of various members of the flock so worked upon his feelings that he concluded he must get up and give his testimony. "Brothers and sisters," old Abner commenced, rubbing his big, bony hands together in a hesitating sort of way, "I hardly know wha-a-a-t-to say thi-is evening." A profound silence succeeded the sentence, when some one from the rear part of the house yelled out in thunder tones: "Say ten per cent., Abner." Old Abner sank back into his seat, for once completely crushed.

"We don't want no franchise—we wants a vote!" was shouted out the other day at a political meeting by one of England's future masters. Perhaps the speaker is a descendant of the Radical farmer at Dover, who fifty years ago refused to vote for Sir John Rae Reed. "No," he said sturdily; "I'll never support no man what votes against animal parliaments and universal suffering!"

"I DON'T believe in this learning German, Spanish, French, o. any foreign language," said a man the other day. "Why, I lived among a lot of Germans, and got along with them just as well as if I had known their language; but I didn't—not a word of it." "How did you contrive it?" "Why, you see, they understood mine."

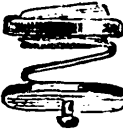
CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.

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