

FRANK CAYLEY

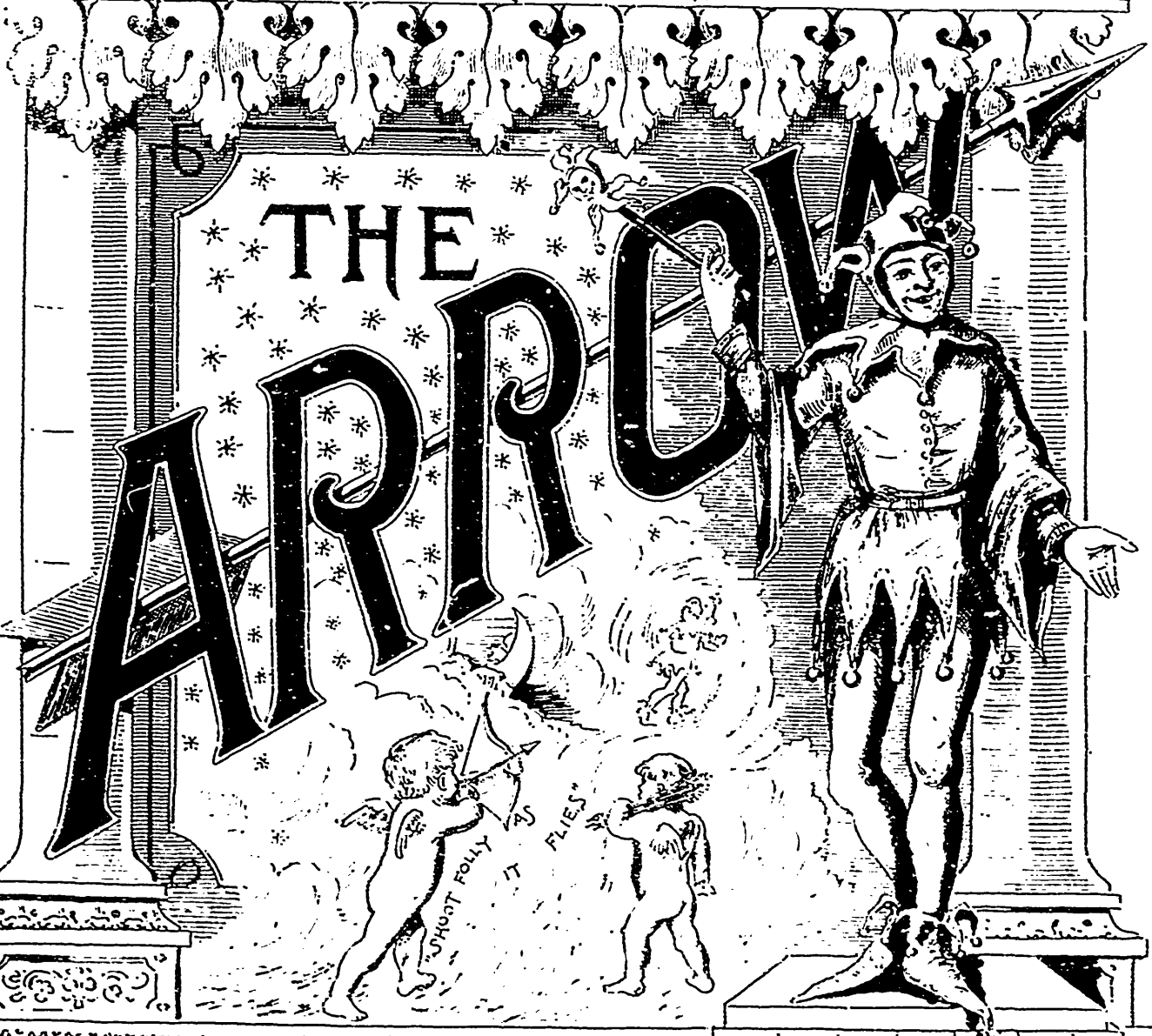
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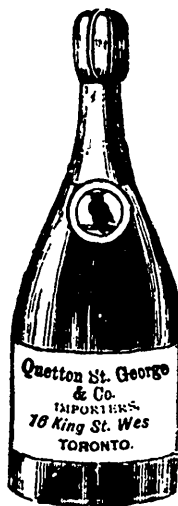
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POINTERS.

THE secessionist free traders of Nova Scotia do not need to kick up such a fuss about reciprocity. It is true there is a heavy duty against their fish, but that is only an evidence of the idiocy of the Americans, and shows how far they can go in cutting off their metaphorical nose to be revenged on their allegorical face. The whole contention of the free traders is that the consumer pays the duty. So, if the Americans want to tax themselves, why on earth should the Blue Noses kick?

THIS illustrates forcibly the soundness of Mr. Blake's alleged policy. You see he is against the N. P. because the consumer pays the duty and the people are taxed, and he wants annexation, commercial union or reciprocity because of the U. S. Protective Tariff, which compels our farmers, fishers and manufacturers, to pay the duty before they can sell their products across the line. By his own argument Mr. Blake is clearly wrong, because the consumer pays the duty. But you just tell a Blue-nosed fisherman this, if you hanker after a little ornamental maritime profanity.

MOREOVER, Mr. Fielding went about during the late Nova Scotian campaign telling the farmers deliberate falsehoods, one of which was that with reciprocity they would get fifteen cents more on every bushel of potatoes they raised. How? By not having to pay the duty. "But," says Mr. Blake, "the consumer pays the duty." Ah! I see. I understand it now. When people pay for a thing they get it *gratis* and *vice versa*. Magnificent reasoning. It is no wonder we got into such a pickle in '78 with this profound intellect grinding the destinies of the country, assisted by a stainless greatness and a serenity of soul unequalled under the starry dome, and which still remained serene while the people starved.

So the Riel party has succeeded in Chambly after all. How Blake and Edgar must hug themselves over the result of their wicked conspiracy against the peace and integrity of the confederation.

Do these men realize what they are doing? They have stirred up the bitterest racial feelings; they have set the French against the English speaking subjects of Her Majesty: they have deliberately fostered and encouraged a deadly war between the Catholics on the one hand and the Protestants on the other, and have solemnly laid down the principle that the Catholic French are superior to the laws of the land.

AND the serious question—and the question that every thinking man is asking himself—is, where is it going to end? Are the Protestant majority going to stand idly by and see those principles of civil and religious equality, for which their forefathers struggled, fought and bled, trampled in the dust by a band of renegades and free-thinkers, backed up by the full force of the Catholic vote? Truly it is a most unholy alliance, and one that must not be allowed to wax stronger.

BUT this is not all. In Nova Scotia the battle cry of this same combination is "secession;" in Manitoba and

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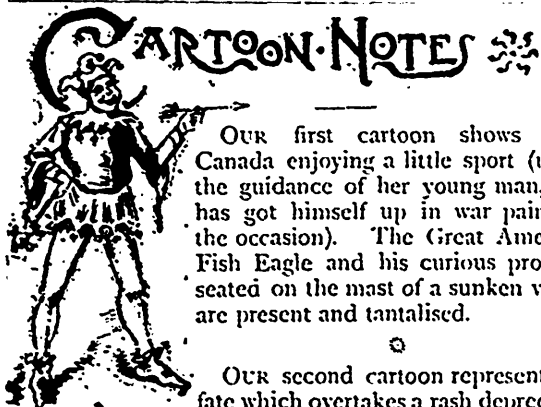
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NOTICE.

A PRIZE of FIVE DOLLARS is given every week for the best Arrow Point. The Prize Arrow Point is published every Saturday, and Five Dollars forwarded on that day to the successful competitor.

CONDITIONS.

Competitions must be sent so as to arrive at the Toronto Office of "THE ARROW," 14 King Street West, not later than MONDAY NOON in each week. Any arriving after that time will be placed in the following week's Competition. Written competitions must be on one side of the paper only. Printed matter may be sent, and is equally eligible for the Prize. The Conductor of "THE ARROW" reserves the right to publish any competition, whether it gain the Prize or not. In awarding the Prize the arbitrators will take into consideration the pithiness and interest in each Arrow sent, and the Prize will be given to the sender of that one which the arbitrators consider most interesting to the general reader.
 Competitors should state from what book, periodical or newspaper (if any) their contribution is taken.
 Competitors are not confined to one, but may send any number of competitions. Competitors should write the words "Prize competition" on the envelopes.
 The correct name and address of the sender must be distinctly written upon every competition, for publication in the event of success. Any neglect of this condition will disqualify the piece sent in.
 It is particularly requested that no Post Office orders, stamps, or other moneys for subscriptions or back numbers be enclosed in the Prize Competitions. These should be sent separately.



OUR first cartoon shows Miss Canada enjoying a little sport (under the guidance of her young man, who has got himself up in war paint for the occasion). The Great American Fish Eagle and his curious progeny, seated on the mast of a sunken vessel, are present and tantalised.

OUR second cartoon represents the fate which overtakes a rash depredator. The pig, evidently of Irish extraction, on the invitation of a little dog from the kennels of Blenheim, but not much like a Blenheim spaniel, runs under the old man's support, and he comes to the ground with a bang.

the North-West it is "the rebellion was justifiable;" in British Columbia, "annexation," and in Ontario nine-tenths of the Grit party are looking for either annexation or independence. Their whole policy is one of disintegration and dismemberment, not only for the Dominion, but for the empire at large. The Liberals are simply a milder mannered gang of Anarchists, who are determined to pull down all that the Conservatives have built up by years of careful patriotic endeavour.

At no period of the history of Canada has the country been more in need of a strong, loyal, patriotic and Conservative Government than it is to-day. Anarchy must be nipped in the bud if the break up of confederation is to be avoided. Fancy what the Dominion would be if governed by Mr. Facing both-ways Blake, Mr. Laurier, the avowed rebel, Mr. Hermann Cook, who "doesn't care a — if it costs \$10,000," Mr. M. C. Cameron, the Annanias of the party, Mr. John O'Donohue, the Judas Iscariot, Mr. D. Mills, of the elastic conscience, Mr. J. D. Edgar, the party procurer, and Sir Dickie, the knight of the direful countenance!

Do you think yourself that the country would stand it? Do you, as a Protestant, agree to being dominated by the Catholic minority? Have you cast aside the glorious principle of civil equality? Do you not think that the French have enough special privileges by their treaty rights without giving them any more? If so, come out from among the men who, for the purpose of gaining office, advocate all these things, and are prepared at a moment's notice to introduce others still more distasteful to the loyal and patriotic majority.

"Oh yes," but you will say; "these are only election cries, got up during popular excitement for a certain purpose." Suppose it is so, are you going to entrust the Government to a lot of men who, for the basest purposes endanger the stability of the country, ruin its credit, and by a course of deliberate falsehood attempt to spring into places where their anti-election cries may be forgotten? If they get up these excitements and party yells merely to gain power, how lost are they in moral obliquity, and how deep they are in political degradation! In the forcible language of the late Hon. George Brown, truly they can only be described as "abandoned men."

The Reform Party of to day is a very different party to that left by the Hon. George Brown. Mr. Brown at least had some scruples, some principles, some patriotism, and some consistency.

Mr. Blake's molluscous constitution has neutralized any force he ever may have possessed, and rendered him destitute of any and all of the above attributes.

THE GALLEY BOY.

A WONDERFUL TELESCOPE.

A Leipsic paper contained the following advertisement: "The telescope of my make will even bring a fly at a distance of two miles so near that you can distinctly hear it buzz."

Would looking through the wrong end send flies you can hear buzz off two miles away?



The theatres are arrayed in their holland summer undress, the "flies," strange transition, are full of cobwebs, and the members of the "profesh" are away wrestling with summer boarding-house keepers. *Le Drama est Mort, Vive le Drama!*

The great and only Sparrow represents here in himself, Comedy, High Tragedy and Screamy Burlesque. He (or rather his brass band) also upholds "Music."

He will continue to astonish people all this week at ten cents an astonishment. Thi. Sparrow is worth seeing; he is an amusing bird.

Madame Christine Neillson is attracting European attention by her various whims and vagaries. It is said that her bedroom is papered throughout with hotel bills. It is not said whether they are received.

I go a fishing.

THE MAN AT THE PLAY.

WISDOM'S ARROWS FROM FOLLY'S BOW.

An individual rites 2 me and sa's: "There is kno room 4 fooler hear; wat r u going to do about it?" Mi friend, i am very sorry for u, but we can do nothing 2 ade u; u wil b much happier in heven, and the wether there is kool; b resined—then the rest of the world will b.

I here the deacon wants to cell his steme engins; he sais donkey power is sufficient to run the *Globe* now-a-dais. Rite u r deacon; try old Dicky, he can run a *cart rite*. Yes, deacon, i opine that dicky will du u al. N.B.—The larst figure represents the circulation of the *Globe*; its puls is very feeble, poor old crechure!

Ware's pica; is he "ded matter," or ony got stale? tu tu stale i mene. The citizens r anxious to attend his obseques; will he please rise *a gale* and tell us some mor no'onparelled *facts*?

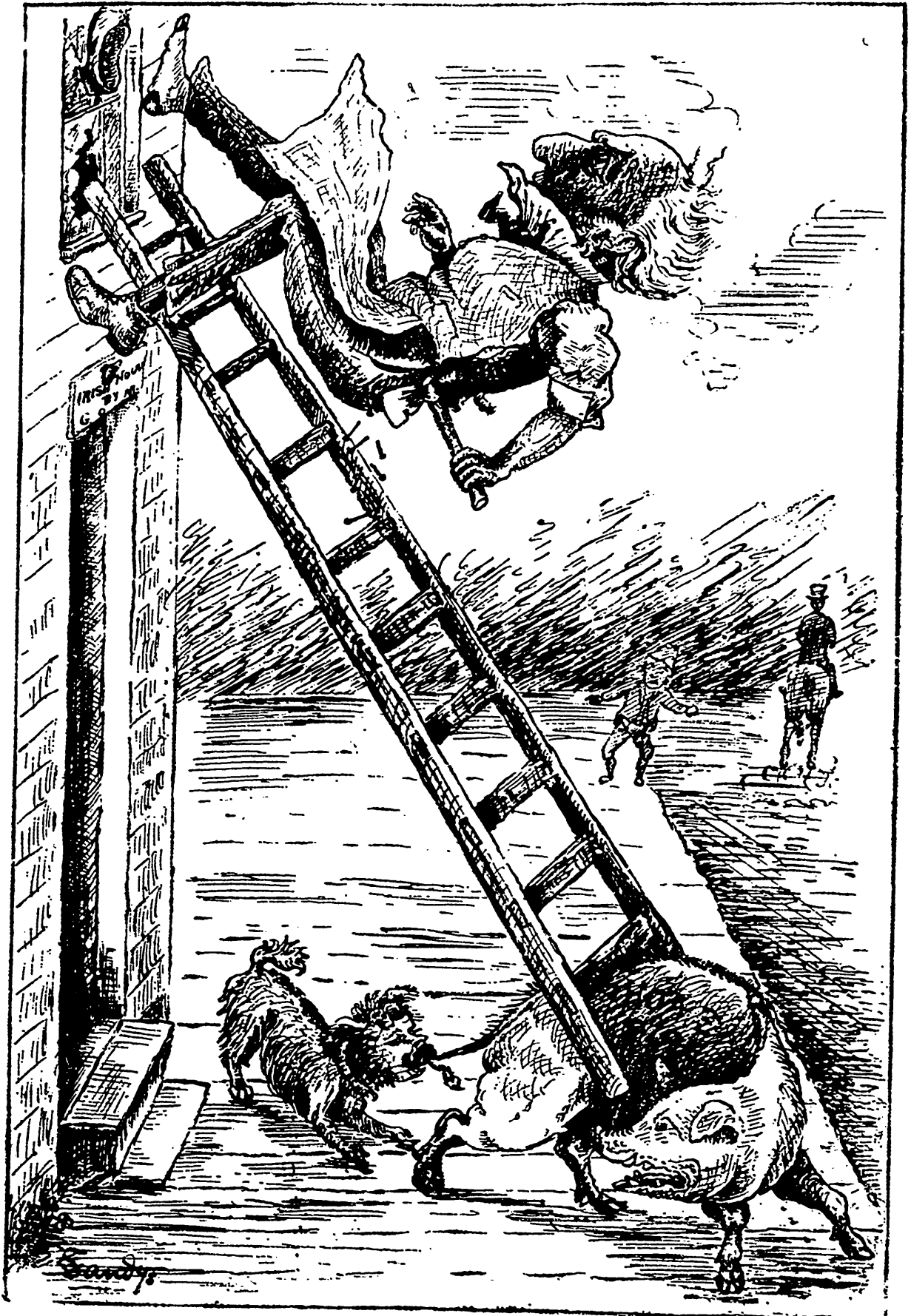
Our religus editor is here; i am the blited man; no kards after 12 p.m.

Our fir'n' editor is also loose; *his* name is "Git;" at leste he sais so. Visiteres are always welcumed at the free hospital. He is a "shakur" by crede.

O tate, tate, tate, is the hat story true? Surely you were bred up differently; u should rise *lite-ly* before a *batch* of dignity, this is *dough-lorus*. There is no *barm* for your soul, go tate and loaf and think of your *heavy sins*.

G. H. C.

An old lady said she never could understand where all the Smiths came from until she saw a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."—*Tit Bits*, (England).



BURGLARY! BLENHEIM! (Spaniel) AND BACON!

ON FISH.

There is a theory much held by many people, especially in the Maritime provinces, that a fish diet increaseth greatly the power of the brain. This may be so, but, if true, it affords additional and alarming evidence of man's natural depravity. The devil is said to be the origin of evil and also the father of lies; and in this connection we may say that it is to the thoughtful student of our nature a cause of acute sorrow, that no matter how upright a man's course in ordinary life, no sooner does he go a fishing—always supposing that he knows enough or purchase a sufficiency for his own consumption—than all the higher instincts of his being become, so far as veracity is concerned, confused and obscured. He begins to lie with a fluency and persistency astonishing to his very wife, although she may have been carefully trained in this respect, by the variety of his explanations for being out late at night. *Is the devil then a fish?* There is something very sinister in this peculiarity resulting from eating fish which seems to tell heavily against the fish themselves. Very naturally benevolent people unthinkingly welcome the idea of extending the brain capacity of our people; indeed, we ourselves have frequently thought of sending large quantities of this species of food already cooked into the editorial sanctuums of our contemporaries, where some such process seems highly desirable; but, as yet, prudence has restrained our inclinations, for were we in our munificence to cause any increase of ability in the way of *ornamental* truth—in the *Globe* office, for instance—the results might be overwhelming. However, we are of opinion that a commission ought to issue, whereby most critical examination might be made in this important and interesting matter; and the commissioners might, while conducting the investigation, be fed principally on fish. Their report would then afford internal evidence as to whether there be any really deleterious property inherent in the finny tribes, especially when fresh, as we would by no means furnish the commissioners with any diet of a salt character, as other issues might arise therefrom which would entangle their judgment. Illustrative of these reflections, a rather singular incident has lately shown in a strong light the necessity of some action of this nature.

An eminent Queen's Counsel has been disporting himself during his vacation in the neighbourhood of some waters where fish may be taken with hook or fly, or in other ways, and of late the rumour has spread all round the town that he has caught a speckled trout weighing 5½ pounds avoirdupois, and that this trout is on view in the window of a well-known restaurant.

Well, we have seen the window and we have seen the fish. So far so good; but here several painful issues arise. We know this eminent Q. C. rather intimately, have, in fact, shared his bread and proved his brand, and hold him to be a man of large human sympathies and possessing no mean appetite. Why then, we ask, should a man like this, after taking such a fish send it to be shown in the window of a restaurant? Why did he not promptly make a feast thereof, inviting thereto sundry fellows of excellent wit and humour, including ourselves? Or why did he not eat it himself or give it to his hungry children? These are queries difficult of solution, always provided that he actually caught the fish.

Of course, as was alleged by a base scullion who reports for an evening paper, he only hired the fish

from the proprietor of the restaurant; then our questions are easily answered, as the contract would be merely that it should be displayed in the window with his name attached, and that it should not be eaten or otherwise disposed of without a further monetary consideration passing. We endeavored to see the subject of the illustration (or rather the illustrious on this subject), before writing this article, but found he was still fishing, at which fact we have less wonder; for if he caught the displayed in the window he must be fired with an irrepressible desire to catch such another, and if not having seen such a fish and hired it for his own for a time, he must have an insatiable craving to own such another whale in fee simple on his own hook.

We may well determine, however, in the light of these reflections and revelations, that this theory of increasing the structure of the brain by a fish diet should be forthwith enquired into in a spirit the most careful and analytically exhaustive.

PLUMS.

Mr. Demdoodle: "It's really suicide, Maria, to go out in this scorching heat."

Mrs. Demdoodle: "It's worse than suicide Lovey; it's self-murder. And Demdoodle went out."

A person advertises thus in the *News*: "Lost, a cow. Finder will be rewarded by returning, etc." We are greatly relieved to find that the mere fact of doing a just deed is sufficient reward in this city. We always thought the reverse. The finder of that cow should relate his experiences. Also the owner.

Funny Young Man (at west end baths to young lady bather): "Come out further, Miss, I'll hold you up."

Y. L. B. (with great scorn): "Thanks, but I object to being buoyed." Great glee amongst the old fellows.

Miss Oldmaid: "I was quite shocked to see those nasty half-naked men floundering in the water; really I felt quite decomposed."

Miss Sixteen-year: "Ah! dear Miss Oldmaid, decay will come with years!" And then the air was more than sultry.

GEO. H. CANDLER.

TO "THE MICROBE."

Oh, tell me how to catch thee,
Oh, teach me how to hatch thee,

Wee, wee microbe!
Art thou on land, or art afloat
In murky waters more remote,
Wee, wee microbe?

Oh, could I only get thee,
How fondly I would pet thee,
Sweet, *chic* microbe!
Down at thy feet I straight would fall
(That is if you have feet at all),
Rare, scarce microbe!

Then teach me how to find thee,
That I may safely bind thee,

Bold, brave microbe!
For if my M.D.'s not a goose,
I fear you're out upon the loose—
Fie! bad microbe!

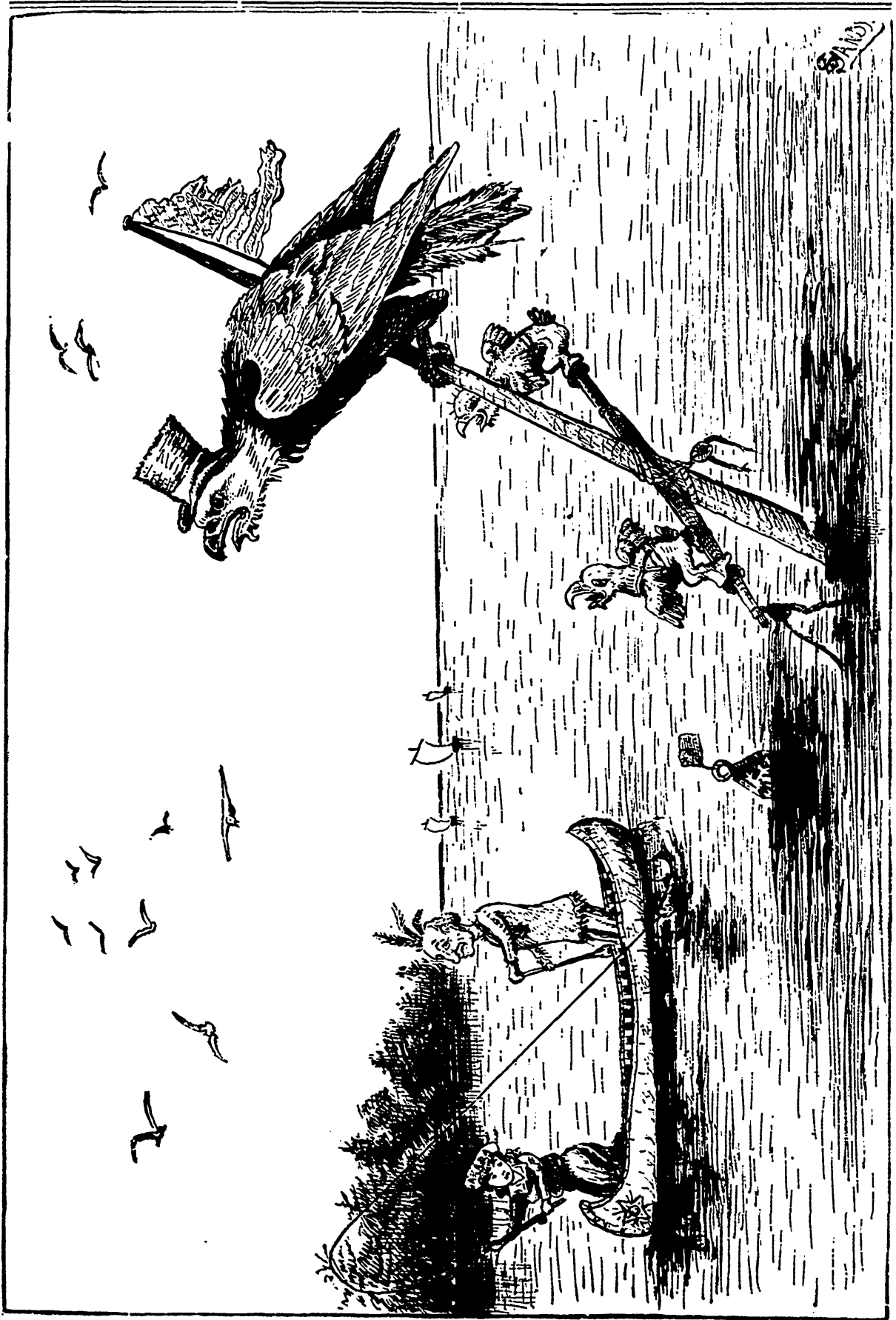
GEO. H. CANDLER.

Teacher: "Hans, name three beasts of prey."

Hans: "Two lions and a tiger."

Texas Siftings (New York).

— THE ARROW —



A SORE SUBJECT WITH THE EAGLE.

AFTER JULES VERNE.

(Continued).

How long we remained gazing speechless at the wonderful scene it is impossible to say. At length I became conscious that I was repeating aloud, as if by rote, the words "Then the moon *is* inhabited." I had evidently said this several times, for the eyes of my companions had turned from the scene below to gaze at me, and as I ceased speaking Jardine found his voice. "Yes, inhabited, certainly, but by whom? What are these? Are they men or mermaids? They appear to have a complete civilization of their own kind, but how are we to open communication with them? They live under water and we in air. No wonder we have never from earth recognized any sign of life. These people are condemned to live always in the depths of the sea."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Alorado. "We are not confined to earth and can navigate the air; perhaps they can do the same."

"But," said I, "There is a difference. We are still in the air which we breathe. What they would have to do would be the equivalent of our plunging in the depths of the sea, and existing contrary to nature."

"What about a diving bell," said Alorado, "and diver's dress and torpedo boats, to say nothing of the experimental eccentricity of the Englishman who built a boat with which he actually remained under water several hours, and travelled one hundred leagues."

"True," rejoined M. Jardine; "and these people have evidently a very complete knowledge of electricity. Why should they not be skilful in other branches of science? And I believe we shall find them so. Look, see, what are they doing now?"

A crowd of the moon men had gathered round what seemed a large building. They evidently expected something. Then there approached one who had some kind of authority, for room was made for him to pass.

He arrived before the doors and signed to others. The doors were thrown open, and directly we saw appear from the building what looked like an imitation of our own balloon. The shape was the same, and there were evidently arrangements for driving it through water. The outer covering was, however, transparent. About one hundred of the moon men entered the machine through a hole in the bottom, which was closed and fastened with screws from the inside. The rest of the population stood back. One of the men inside touched a lever and at once an intense light was evolved from a point near the centre. At the same moment there was a revolving of fans, and the great machine rose gradually to the surface of the water.

"They are coming to look at us nearer," said Alorado.

"We can also see them," said M. Jardine.

The machine was now on the surface, and we could see the moon men were looking at us through some kind of instruments. One who seemed in command made a signal, and the light in the centre became most vivid, the fans revolved with amazing rapidity, and to our astonishment, nay horror, the great machine rose from the water and went circling away in a grand curve round us.

"See," said Alorado, "they are coming after us. They rise, they mount in circles, like a hawk after its quarry."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "suppose they run into us and open the aluminum caps which contains

the ether, with destruction for both them and ourselves. Turn on the machinery—let us escape."

Alorado sprang to the electric governor. Our propelling power was intact for forward and upward motion. We were soon circling up higher and higher. It soon became clear that in spite of the enormous weight of the moon men's vessel, filled as it was with water, it mounted more rapidly than ourselves.

Alorado looked grave. "There is only one last chance," he said, "a straight flight." He turned all our power on the propelling machinery, and steered directly away from the city.

The moon men's vessel pursued, still gradually rising. Should we succeed in escaping? Escaping! Where to? Where were we bound? We must have been going full five hundred miles an hour, yet we did not gain on our pursuers. They came steadily on. Suddenly there was a flash of light and we could distinctly feel a slight electric shock.

"We are lost!" said M. Jardine. "They mean to destroy us, and they can easily effect their object with their batteries when they come closer to us." Alorado connected the batteries belonging to the now useless descending fan with the propelling power and doubled our speed.

"Oh, now we have a chance," I said; "we are leaving them. But what is that in front?" Gigantic and vast beyond conception rose an immense pile; fully a hundred miles away it seemed to bar our path. We steered to the left, hoping to pass round it, but almost immediately we rose gradually on the gentle slope of the enormous mountain; up and up and up—thousands and thousands of feet—still upwards. The balloon was now nearly on its end, and we had to grasp anything in the car to prevent ourselves falling out. Still upwards! Then a frightful crash and all was darkness!

(To be continued).

THE INGREDIENTS.

- A scant square foot of flannel blue,
Some ribbons white,
- A tassel and a bow or two
Of colours bright;
- Some apertures where arms go through
Which ribbons deck,
- A vacant space in which to view
A snowy neck;
- A taper waist that is laced in
Tight as can be,
- A pair of trousers that begin
Above the knee;
- A jaunty cap of colours bright
As dreams oft dreamt,
And stocking that an anchorite
Would surely tempt;
- A smile so sweet that for its sake
Yourself you'd shoot:
These articles all go to make
A bathing suit.

LITTLE Johnny has a habit of waking up in the middle of the night and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him: "Look here, Johnny; I never want anything to eat in the night." "Well," rejoined Johnny, "I don't think I'd care much to eat anything either in the night if I kept all my teeth in a tumbler of water."—*Family Herald*.



Amazed Pedestrian : " Pat, what the mischief are you drinking all that water for ? "

Pat : " Faith, I'm makin' cowl'd punch, sor ! "

Amazed Pedestrian : " But where's the whiskey ? "

Pat : " Begorra, I drank it last night, sor ! "

BASEBALL.

There's a symmetry of motion,
To my sympathetic notion,
In the pitcher as he curves the ball.

There's an idyl, great in diction,
Quite exciting as a fiction,
In the batter when he flies the wall.

And the pose of grace and beauty
Of the catcher doing duty,
Is an epic quite excelling all.

But for poetry of motion,
To my unpretentious notion,
There is nothing like the umpire's gall.

W. H. BALLOU.

HE HAD TO GO.

They had been billing and cooing for several hours and the shades of night were beginning to fall. He arose, and putting on his gloves, was about to take his departure.

"What! Are you going to leave me already, Kosciusko?" murmured the maiden. "I must, dearest. I'd give ten years of my life to be able to stay right here with you for the rest of the evening, but there is a called meeting of the Idiotic Order of Red Muffs, and if I ain't there on time I'll have to pay a thirty-cent fine. I've got to go."—*Texas Siftings* (New York).

GEORGE had been holding his girl on his lap for over two hours, and as she weighed 190 odd lbs. he was feeling a little bit tired, but he was too much of a gentleman to tell her so. "George, dear," she murmured, softly, "are you having a pleasant call?" "Delightful, darling," he responded, faintly. "And are you not sorry that we are to be married so soon?" "No, indeed." "And you think I am a real nice girl?" she continued lovingly. "Nice girl!" repeated George, enthusiastically. "Nice doesn't express it. I think you are immense."—*Tit Bits*. (England).

"For sale, a fine coachdog by a gentleman about to start for Europe with a spotted tail." Of course the natural query is: Is the gentleman to start to Europe accompanied by a spotted tail, or is a gentleman with a spotted tail about to start for Europe? Perchance you can answer, John.—*The Rambler* (Chicago).

A PARTY of gentlemen were talking about courting, and one of them sadly said he would never risk that kind of thing again. "Why so?" was the general exclamation. "Because," he answered, "I once courted investigation, and it ruined me."—*Tit Bits* (England).

— THE ARROW —

THINGS BETTER NOT SAID.

Mrs. Jones : " Ah, Mrs. Smith, the doctor did not go up to the North-West, I see, with his regiment. How was that ?"

Mrs. Smith : " No, he had patients here he could not possibly leave, and I was so sorry, for he is so fond of shooting."

Jones (to dinner) ; " Ah, call again."

Dinner—" See here, I don't like the idea of calling on you so often."

Jones (serenely) ; " Quite natural—wait until I call on you."—*Judge*.

CURIOS.

Swell (to friend) : " What a young looking woman your mother is, Smith. Perfectly extraordinary, I'm sure ! Tell me, how old is she ?"

Smith : " Ah ! well, let me see, you know. She is older than I am, and I'm thirty-five. Why, she must be at least thirty-six."

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*.



RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ISLAND FERRY SERVICE

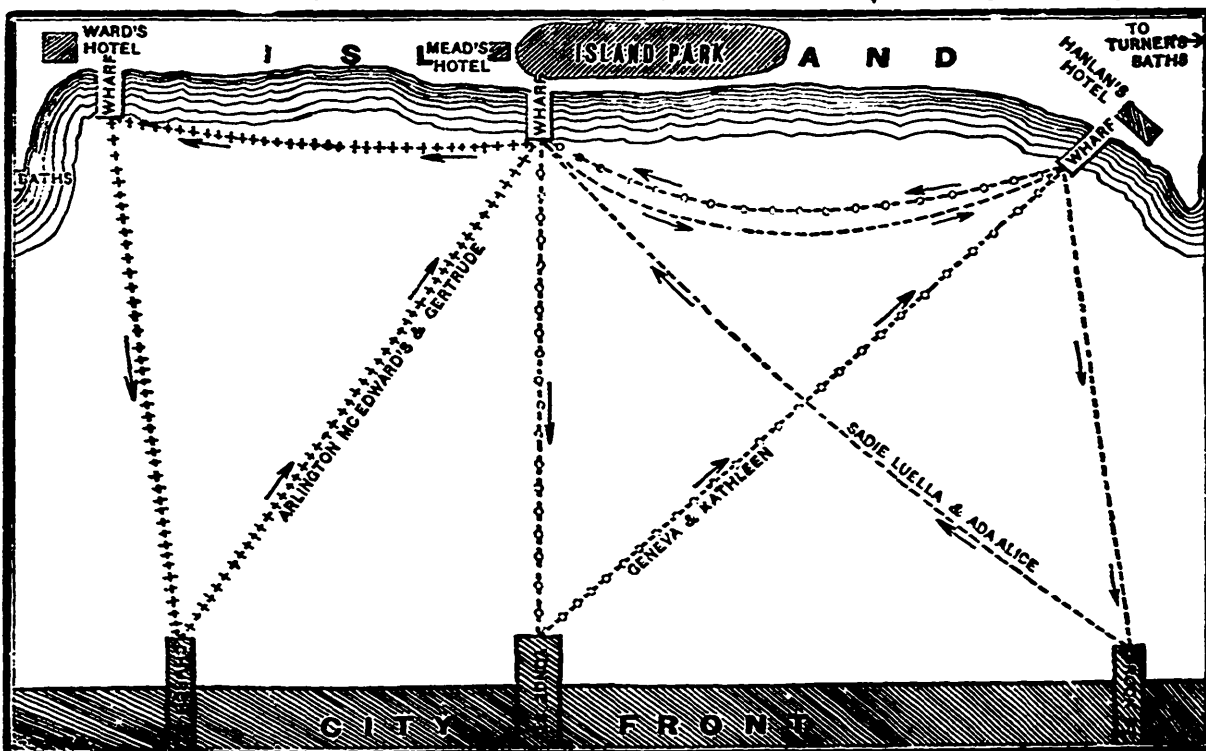


Chart of the new Route of the Turner Ferry Line in Toronto Bay, service commencing Saturday, July 31.

8--STEAMERS IN THE LINE--8

ALL POINTS ON THE ISLAND OPENED TO THE PUBLIC BY THE

TURNER FERRY LINE

Buy over Coupon Tickets issued from Church, Yonge and Brock Street Wharves for all points on the Island, good to return on any Steamer or Division of the Line.

Through connections from Hanlan's to Island Park, Mead's and Ward's Moths and Wiman Baths and Return.

Buy your tickets via the Turner Ferry Line, by which you can visit all points on the Island before returning home, and at the usual fare of only 25 cents Return Tickets.

Stop-off Tickets from Hanlan's to City, via Island Park, only 5 cents.

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D. POTTINGER,

Railway Office, Chief Superintendent.
Moncton, N. B., November 13, 1895.

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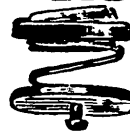
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The Earth Closet is regarded as indispensable wherever there are not stationary conveniences in the house; and in respect to smell, "modern improvements" are rarely as satisfactory. It can be placed in a bath room or any convenient place in-doors,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

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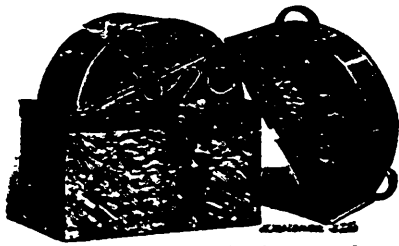
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