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AUGUST 14, 1886

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THE APPROX



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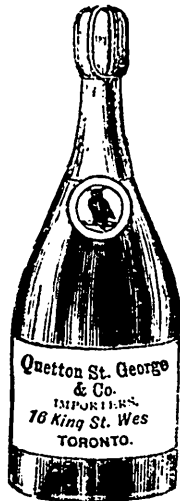
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Subscribers not receiving their numbers of THE ARROW in due course are requested to advise the Publishers.

Editorial Note. SOCIETY AND AMUSEMENTS.—All notices of Society Events, Games, etc., should be forwarded to the Editor of this department.

We cannot undertake to be responsible for any MSS. sent to us, though when stamps are enclosed for the purpose we always endeavor to return rejected contributions.

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

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.

THIS is one of the direct results of the opening of the C.P.R., and points out two important facts. In the first place, people had evidently, before leaving home, waited for the road to carry them through to their destinations. In the second place, it shows how little the Grits understood the situation when they declared that the road should follow settlement and not precede it.

FROM this time forward, having done all in their power to cripple the undertaking, and having failed, Mr. Blake should call off his dogs and let the C.P.R. work out its own salvation without the active interference of the Reform Press.

THE dismal forebodings of these prophets of evil have come to naught. The whole road is built, and the Company is running it and pushing its business in the most energetic manner. Not only is it well built, but it is the best equipped line on the Continent. Even its ordinary first-class coaches put to shame the palace cars of five years ago, while its sleeping cars are so ingeniously complete that they provide all the comforts of a first-class hotel, including a bathroom.

THIS is an entirely different state of affairs to that prophesied by our Grit friends. According to them, the Lake Superior section would never be built. They would only build the easier portions, grab the subsidy, and drop the work. Then when this was disproved, the whole pack, led by the *Globe*, raised a howl that the work was shamefully scamped, and that the Government engineer was in collusion with the Company to rob the people, by passing a road bed built through the midst of muskegs, which would sink out of sight six months after the money had been paid over.

THEN again, the Company were to hand over the road to the Government as soon as it was completed, thus saddling the country with a white elephant. They don't show much anxiety to do so, and are not likely to in the face of the enormously increased traffic receipts.

THEN they declared that the money loaned the Company was so much thrown away, that it would never be repaid—it was so much more into the pockets of the Grabbers, etc., etc., *ad nauseum*. I wonder how they feel to-day on that subject?

ON the whole the Grit Jeremiahs have made a mess of it. Then why can't they, like men, acknowledge the corn, and patriotically cease their efforts to embarrass the Company? No doubt they would sooner have seen the line built by their own party, and no doubt they believed a large part of their jeremiads to be true: but the line is a National undertaking, of which all Canadians may justly be proud, and it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest.

As the population of the North-West and British Columbia increases—and that it will now increase rapidly there can be no reasonable doubt—the older Provinces will become more and more manufacturing

CARTOON NOTES



Our first Drawing shows the triumphal progress of Sir John Macdonald over the great Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a speaking picture; even the bears are anxiously looking out to accord him a welcome in the West.

POINTERS.

THE large number of immigrants now pouring into the North-West must be a source of profound annoyance to the Grit leaders. As a matter of fact, more people have gone in there already this season than did during the whole of last year.

communities, and will have an outlet for their surplus among the people of the far West, unless the N.P. is done away with, in which case the Americans will immediately gobble the market. In fact, they are already trying to do so, as the country is swarmed with Yankee drummers and speculators who have come over to spy out the land. It behooves our manufacturers to plant themselves firmly there by at once opening relations with the dealers, for though the business to be done may be small at present, no man dare say what the next few years will bring forth.

THE GALLEY BOY.

THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.

Good-bye Pear's soap; good-bye Balm of Gilliad; good-bye pearl powder. Rough towels, cold water and saucers, which contain the sacred finish of the toilet, hide your diminished heads—your time is no longer. An ancient goddess comes—resumes her olden sceptre; in another form, it is true; she no longer rises from the sea: her voice is no more like the murmur of the waves on the beach.

She comes the sacred type of the ancient Brahmin, meek, soft eye, fragrant and lowing. She is a cow! And how? Does she not give milk?

Cannot milk be turned to koumiss? Koumiss, combining the virtues of the tree of life and the flower of beauty, of nectar of Olympus and the sustaining power of Epps' Cocoa.

In Russia we are told the koumiss complexion is universally admired. The consumers of koumiss become shell cameos as to their skins, in which ivory and carmine are happily blended. But have the Russians ever walked down King street?

Still, Russians are experienced. No people travel so much. They ought to be judges of complexion.

People with knowledge of the world do not now believe that the *grandes dames* of the Court of the Czar sustain nature with pounds of caviare and wash it down with refined cod liver oil. There must be something in koumiss. Koumiss—is there not a caressing, soft and gentle sound in the word, like the sighing of a lever—kou-miss—but we are losing ourselves.

We have just returned from the island. We had koumiss and we are lost in wonder!

NURSERY RHYME.

Little boy Mowat, come, toot me your horn;
They're breaking the Scott Act as sure as you're born.
Where's the little boy who looks after the law?
Seriously considering and holding his jaw.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY has formed a Government undoubtedly much stronger than the one over which he presided a short time since. He is about to inaugurate his accession to office by a most important concession to Canada. With the "celestial terminus" secured and the Fisheries question satisfactorily settled, the inhabitants of this part of Greater Britain will quite realize the advantage of a strong Conservative administration, both at Ottawa and Westminster.

I.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A barrel full of rye,
In a Scott Act county;
Isn't that a pie:
When the tap is running,
Bring the growler in;
Fill it—that's the way to make
A pocket full of tin.

Boys will pass the growler,
Irrigate their throats;
Presently they all will be
Just as full as goats.

Mowat's in the counting house,
Counting out his money;
Hardy's with the Indians
Trying to be funny;

Scott Act's in the country
Feeling pretty sick;
Whiskey gets the best of it
And downs it every lick.

II.

Robbin and Bobbin, the big aldermen,
Can't keep a secret - they've done it again;
Blab and Big-mouth are the beautiful names
People are calling at Alderman James.

III.

Little Louis Riel
To the Breeds did appeal
In speeches that were positively torrid;
Before he went on ice
He was far, far from nice,
And now that he's cold, he is horrid.

IV.

Toll! bell, toll!
The *Globe* is in a hole!
Who put it in? Little Tim Anglin!
Who'll get it out? The Deacon won't, I doubt!
Ah! what a bad little boy was Tim
To knock the old *Globe's* glory dim;
It did no harm, so the story runs,
But libelling priests and abusing nuns.

AN EXPLANATION.

Some of our friends want to know who or what is "The Galley Boy." We don't mind saying we know him. Well, he is an imp of darkness, like all imps, of a mischievous disposition, fond of fun and, strange to say, *not* fond of pie. He knows of most things which go on, for the whole news of the country passes through his hands. He is—listen while we whisper, gentle reader, that no tender susceptibilities be shocked—he is—the *printer's devil*.

THE REASON SHE ASKED.

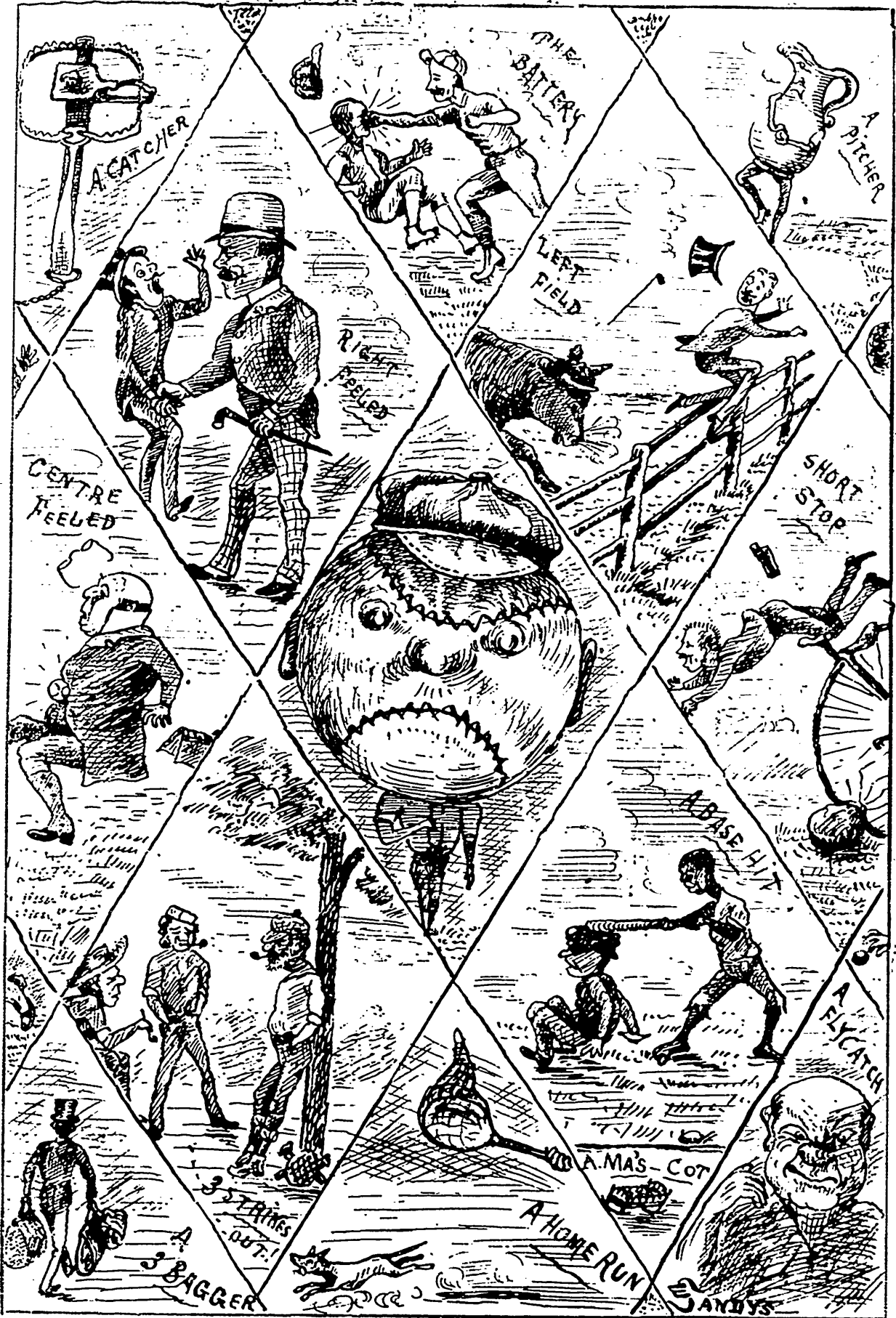
"Mother," said a sweet little girl, "did you not tell me baby was sent from Heaven?"
"Yes, my child." A pause.
"Mother, I don't wonder they bounced baby out of Heaven."

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

A lecturer is addressing a Young Men's Christian Association.

"Never," he said, "my young friends, think of entering any place where you would not take your sister. Bear that always in mind, and it will keep you from harm."

"And keep us from getting shaved, as well," shouted a *maunais sujet* in the lobby of the hall.



BASEBALL.

— THE ARROW —

AFTER JULES VERNE.

(Continued.)

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on the bottom of the car, Alorado was feeling my pulse, while Jardine held some cordial to my lips. I recovered slowly. "Where are we?" I asked. "Drink this and I will tell you," said Jardine. I was soor able to sit up.

"We are yet in the atmosphere of the moon," said Alorado, "but in a dense haze. Yet, I think we shall soon leave it. At present we are going towards the earth side of the moon, but we are at an enormous altitude." "What happened?" "We don't know. Some gigantic explosion took place at the moment we touched the summit of the mountain, and we were drawn upwards and outwards with frightful velocity. By the jerk you were thrown against the side of the car and lay stunned. We can only guess at our direction, but a great eruption, such as the one that took place, throws out lateral currents. Probably we were driven back over the path we had come. Already I begin to feel the influence of an extra quantity of oxygen in the air; that was the case you remember when we entered the lunar atmosphere. Let us resume our air chambers—to be caught in the pure oxygen belt would be death."

We were soon reinstated in our air chamber. A match, burned a few minutes afterwards, showed like magnesium wire. The balloon was yet working and moving forward by the power of its machinery, but soon we must enter airless space and then we must depend on chance—our machinery would be useless in a vacuum.

"The haze is thinner, I see a glimpse of something below," said I. In a few minutes we could make out the moon far below us; its appearance was a circle with one side depressed to a flattened curve. We were past the corner of the moon and were on the side next the earth. The sun was nearly over our heads and the earth was visible close to the balloon on the opposite side, showing merely a crescent.

"We are leaving the moon," said M. Jardine, "for what reason I don't pretend to say; probably some further complication of electrical conditions resulting from the great eruption. The question is, are we going earthwards? If we are, we shall soon lose sight of the planet behind the balloon."

We were evidently flying away from the moon as fast as we had approached it. Very soon the earth disappeared behind the balloon. The moon was dwindling away and was rapidly assuming the appearance we had all our lives been familiar with. Then there was the sensation repeated of the breaks being put on hard above, and we seemed to rise towards the balloon. Again the sickening swirl and we turned entirely over, and there below us was the North American continent.

We could see the St. Lawrence below us and Montreal—at least where it ought to be. To the west dimly were the lakes, and to the south the Hudson and Lake Champlain.

"Great goodness!" exclaimed Alorado, "we have got to earth again," as he threw aside his air chamber. He turned blue as the rarified air affected him. Instinctively he grasped the descending machine handle and turned it. To the wonder of all of us it acted, and we seemed to fall, so rapidly did the fan carry us earthwards.

"Something must have been jerked back into place by the explosion," said M. Jardine.

"Let us make for New York," I exclaimed, "we shall be there in an hour." And in an hour we descended gently in the Central Park, to the amazement of the citizens.

The first question we asked was, "what day is it and the hour?" "Nine o'clock a.m." We had been away a little over twenty-four hours. Cable reports had come from Europe, and our loss was prominent in all the morning papers. The noon numbers could not be struck off fast enough to meet the demand. Of course we cabled Paris, and received a reply congratulating us on our escape and adventures.

"Look at this," said Alorado to me that evening. He held a copy of the New York *Herald* of the morning. There was a telegraphic summary of an account of a terrible earthquake in Southern Russia. "That particular point of the earth, so far as I can calculate," he said, "was immediately the nearest to the moon at the moment the great eruption took place which drove us homeward."

[THE END.]

TO MR. BLAKE.

That your party is sorely addicted to shams,
Non-partizans e'en must agree;
But for swallowing lies, and for swallowing crams,
It has taken the lead in Cham-bly. G. S.

THE REAL (RIEL) SPUE.

Volunteers who fought and bled,
Made the cold damp earth your bed,
You whose blood was freely shed,
What think you of this?

Think of all the young and brave
Perilling their lives to save
Law and order, in *their* grave.
What think you of this?

Frenchmen, loyal Frenchmen, too,
Think of all that you've gone through
Black rebellion to subdue.
Think ye all of this.

Then together hand in hand
Let us firmly take our stand,
And defy the Laurier band.
Let us do but this—

And we will make Mr. W. Laurier
Feel every day sorry, sorry, sorrier. G. S.

Brown: "I say, Smith, do you know the beautiful Mrs. De Courcey, of 1009 Grand Avenue: great swell, you know, quite upper cut?"

Smith: "Well, I can't say I know *her*, but I know her husband intimately—capital fellow! Pity he is lame, though."

Brown: "Ah, indeed! is he? Which leg does he go short on?"

Smith: "I—I—in fact, I never remembered to make the observation."

ON A STRIKE.

"My dear friend," said a tract-distributor in a lager-beer saloon: "I am an humble worker in my Master's vineyard, and"

"Well, what are you doing in here?" demanded the "dear friend": "Are you on a strike?"

— THE ARROW —



THE PREMIER PROGRESS.

— THE ARROW —

A THRILLING SNAKE STORY.

The druggist stood behind the marble tank attachment of his counter the other morning leisurely imbibing root beer. His assistant had scrubbed the floor the evening before, and had left everything in its proper place, with the exception of a few cigars, the whereabouts of which was not known, and the cuspidor, which lay quietly basking, bottom up, in the lately risen sun, which poured the full force of its winter-pent fury through the heavily advertisement-laden plate glass window. Having drained the crystal goblet for the third time, he was partially recalled from the state of semi-oblivion consequent upon his always "going off" when the boy cleaned up, and his being, therefore, still considerably "off," by the entrance of a young lady of the 17-year-old school-girl type, giggling, but nice, who approached the gas fountain, against which he leaned. "What'll er take 'is time?" inquired the druggist, gathering up the remnants of his usual bland smile, and disposing of it promiscuously over his countenance. "Raspberry," timidly replied the bubbling bud, somewhat frightened no doubt at his attempts to look pleasant; and after drinking what he gave her, in blissful ignorance of the nature of the vile concoction, she laid a nickel one cent piece on the counter in maidenly innocence and departed smilingly but quickly on her way.

After several purchasers of stamps had come in, some of whom wanted a pen, ink, paper and envelopes thrown in with a two cent stamp, a pale benevolent-looking old man entered, and delivering a slip of paper and a bottle to the druggist, desired to have "that" made up. "About three-quarters of the bottle." The druggist went to the "behind the scenes" of the store to make up the prescription, but I think he offended the old man when he sang out in an inquiring tone the soul-stirring word "Gooderham's?" The old gentleman granted his approval of the word, but scowled his disapproval of the question.

A young man, mild and resigned in appearance, and wearing the air of matrimonial henpeckedness, mingled with that of a German beer saloon, then came in, and, handing in a prescription, took up the last Saturday's *Globe* off the counter, and was soon so lost to all presentness that he did not feel the cold sensation which might be expected as he quietly settled down on the wet soda counter. A smile played around the corners of his mouth as he became absorbed in the "funny page," broadened to a grin and became a laugh as he progressed, and gave himself over to a steady, merry chuckle until he reached the snake story. He read it, but "he never smiled again," at least not while he was in the store. As the druggist returned and handed him a small bottle of pure (?) water, mixed with a few other equally expensive ingredients, and pocketed his 85 cents for making it up, smiling to think of the revenge he was thus having on the dead-beat school girl, the mild man remarked, "There's a snake story in that paper that reminds me of an incident that happened to me last summer down country. I was then only one fond father, and had taken my wife and the promising heir to my debts down with me, as my wife said it would do them both good, and besides, baby was teething and needed a change. Did you ever hear a baby teething? Mine teethed louder than a Chicago riot. Just from about 9.30 o'clock at night, when I went to bed—I was

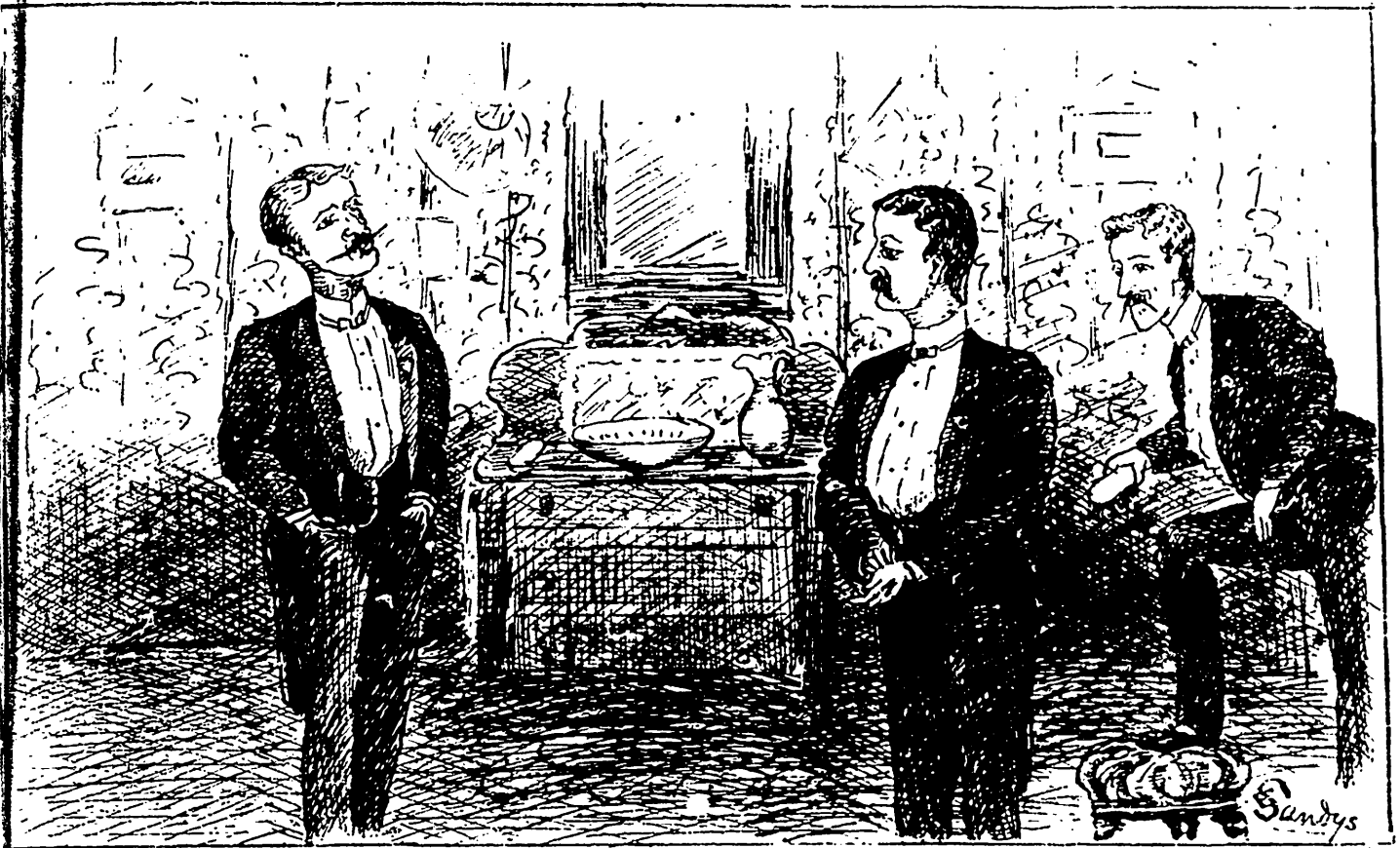
recuperating my strength and retired early—until three or four in the morning, he kept on teething at the top of his voice.

"Well, we got him a necklace with a rubber attachment to chew on—he had lately evinced a desire to use my nose and ears for this purpose—and comparative happiness once more reigned in the family, although I had forgotten to leave word with my creditors where I intended spending the summer.

"One day, shortly after taking up *our* residence, and the neighbours' newspapers, in our new rooms, I was startled, not by the remarks in the next yard about newspapers disappearing since a certain increase in the population—I didn't mind that—but by my wife asking in a frightened, buzz-saw-and-ungreased-axle-combination sort of a voice if there was no fear of snakes near the house. In my usual sweet-tempered manner (and here he laughed a tired ha! ha! such as only the hen-pecked can laugh) I told her there were none near, and offered to eat all that could be seized within a three-mile limit of the house. She did not say any more, but I could see that she felt far from comfortable, and it preyed upon my mind a good deal, until I went to bed in a state of sleepy oblivion. I had not slept long before I thought I felt something moving under me. I gathered my senses and waited—yes—I distinctly felt something move. I thought of my rash promise to my wife, and had begun a conjecture on the probable result of a snake diet, when—again that movement—a short, rather feeble pull. But what a sensation followed it! I could feel the slimy body of the creature, whatever it might be—and I had small doubt as to what it was—half coiled underneath me; and alternate shivers, three feet and some inches below zero, and sheolistic zephyrs played hide-and-seek around my armpits and up and down my backbone. Then I felt the thing struggling to get from under me, and noticed that the baby was getting restless and seemed to be trying to roll further away from me, with its rubber chew-upon still in his mouth. The dreadful thought flashed across my mind that I was on the tail of the snake and it was endeavouring to get away from me, probably to bite the boy. What a position to be in! If I got up I would let the snake go, and if I stayed where I was it was only a matter of time when he would get away anyhow.

I lay there in a quandary and thick sea-fog kind of a perspiration, watching the child's face as he lay there in the moonlight. He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of his danger, for he continued to move away from me every time the snake stirred; but what seemed to me a peculiar thing was the tenacity with which he hung on to that teething necklace, as if it were a protection to him. Everytime he moved he seemed to strive to get a firmer hold on it, as if to make sure of taking it with him. I tried to reach over to lift him out of harm's way, but found that I could not do so without losing my hold on the snake. Before I could decide whether to do this or not, both snake and child made another and greater effort —"

"Two sheets of paper, an envelope, and I guess you might stick a stamp on that, if you don't mind, and give me a two and a one, please," exclaimed a mezzo-soprano voice of the church-concert variety. The druggist handed them over the counter to the proprietor of the voice, gave her two cents too much change, and returning to the story-teller said, "Yes! yes! and what did you do then?" "Do!" answered the mild man. "Do!



QUIETLY DRESSED.

Jones (to Brown just going down stairs): "Hold on a minute, Brown, till I button this glove and I'll go with you. We'll make a good team, you know."

Brown (who prides himself on his wit): "No, no, Jones; the team would be too much like a horse and an ass."

Jones (very quietly): "What do you mean by calling me a horse, Mr. Brown?"

I jumped out of bed quickly as I could, hoping to get hold of the snake before he could reach the baby. But as soon as I lit off of the cussed thing it gave a spring, the baby rolled over on his own nose and yelled like a Fourth of July celebration in a fire-escape, while my wife jumped from the bed, with her hand to her head, where the tail end of the thing had struck her, in a fainting fit. "Well, what did you do for the baby? Did it bite him? Did you put it in alcohol to preserve it?" eagerly inquired the druggist, ceasing to collect the leeches that had escaped from a jar, the top of which he had left off since the beginning of the story.

"Did the snake bite him?" repeated he of the mein of mildness. "Naw! There was no snake about it. It was that guyphangled necklace that I'd been lying on, and the kid had been pulling at. Of course, when my weight was taken from the thing, it came away easier than the boy expected and letting him roll in surprise on his nose, undertook to kill a mosquito on his mother's eyebrow. Put it in alcohol to preserve it! Eh? What do you think I am? I put it in the fire, and the chickens raked it out of the ashes; and I believe they have preserved it as a stock worm, for I've seen them running round the yard all day long after the fortunate or unfortunate bird who might have been deluded,

perhaps for the thirtieth time, into trying to swallow it. But the wife wants ten cents worth of baking soda to make biscuits for luncheon, and I had better hurry back with it."

The druggist directed him to the next corner, raised the price of distilled water, contemplated smashing his collection containing snakes, beetles, scorpions, etc., and went in next door and bought a shave and got change for a bogus shin plaster.

DON FRASER.

HOW HE KNEW IT.

Woman of the World (to youthful admirer): "You seem to know a great deal of married life. Are you married?"

Merritt (with a *biase* air): "No, but my father is."

Sandy: "I want a cake o' soap, Mr. M'Intosh."
 Chemist: "I canna let ye hae a cake o' soap e'er th' Sawbath Day, Sandy."
 Sandy: "But ye sell'd that lassie peppermint drops!"
 Chemist: "Ay, ye can sook peppermints in the kirk, but ye canna wash yersel' there!"
 —Family Herald.

THE DOLLAR.

From the king on the throne, from the peasant who toils,
 From the lawyer who pleads in his choler,
 From the client who waits for his share in the spoils,
 Comes the cry of the crowd for the dollar.
 As it ever has been, as it ever shall be,
 While the heart to the head is a scholar,
 The Grindems and Grundys, by Nature's decree,
 Shall worship the almighty dollar.
 A round bit of gold! That is all! Yet I'm told
 That the world is built up by its glistening:
 That the ching-a-ling-ling of this idol so old
 Brought the devil to stand at his christening.

JOHN WHITCOMB RILEY.

SHE WOULDN'T PLAY HOUSE THAT WAY.

Mother: "Why, Harry, you haven't got through playing house down on the beach, have you?"

Harry: "Yes'm."

Mother: "What's the matter? Didn't you have a good time?"

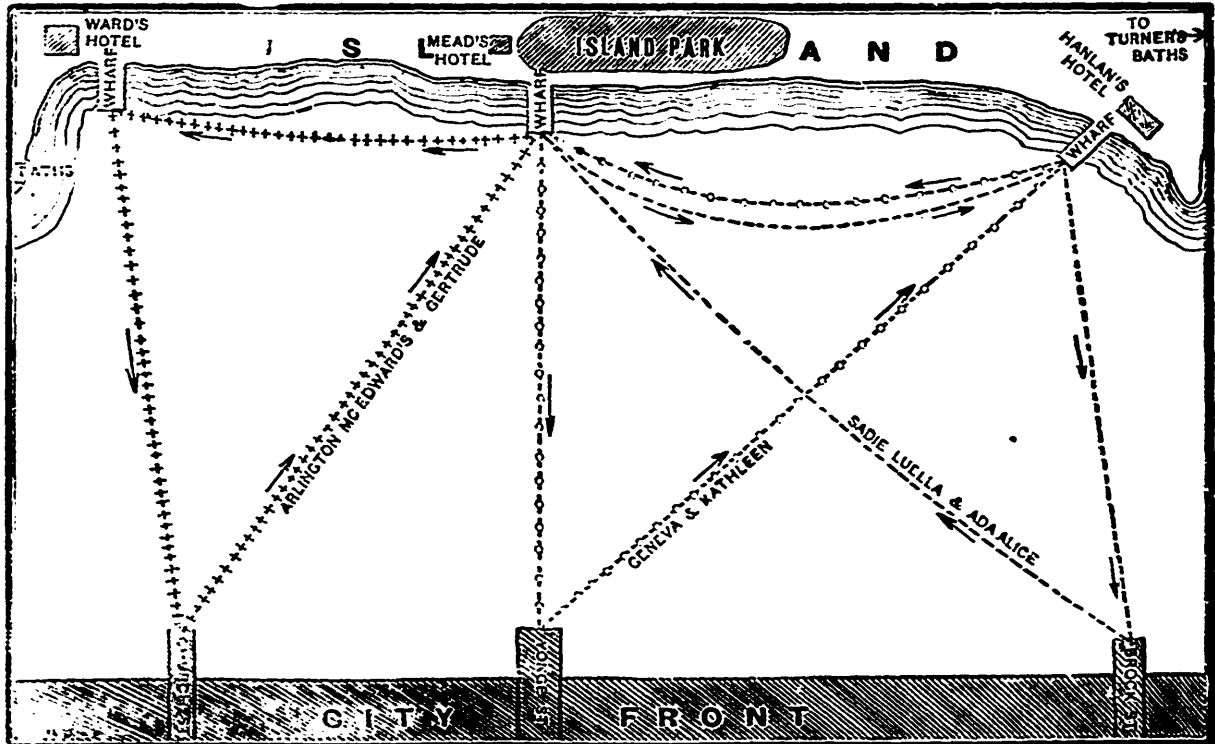
Harry: "No'm; that Carrie Judson is a mean old thing. She wouldn't fight a bit like you and papa, and when I hit her on the head she cried. She's no fun."

WHY THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE QUEEN'S DOMINIONS.—The Transvaalers are generally offensively rude to Englishmen; but, as a rule, their insults "lack point." There is, however, something almost like wit in the Boer's retort recorded by Mr. J. J. Aubertin in his *Six Months in Cape Colony and Natal*. "After a hot wrangle, 'What is the use of a handful of rude animals like you,' said an Englishman, 'pretending to beat a country like ours? Do you know that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions?' 'What of that?' asked the Transvaaler. 'Why, it shows our enormous power!' 'It rather shows something else in my opinion.' 'What may that be?' 'It shows you are such a set of rascals that Providence can't trust you in the dark!'"

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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Railway Office, Chief Superintendent, Montreal, N. B., November 17, 1911.

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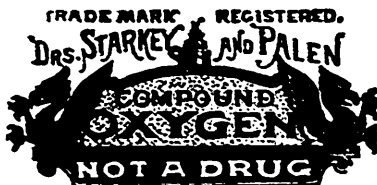
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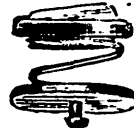
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