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MAY 20, 1886

# THE ARROW



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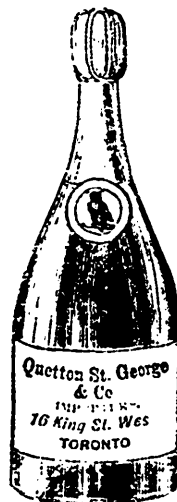
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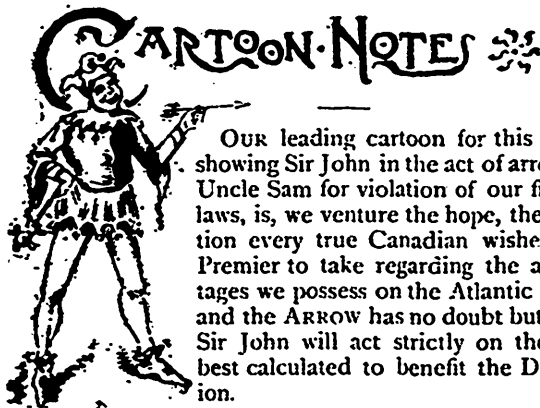
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OUR leading cartoon for this week, showing Sir John in the act of arresting Uncle Sam for violation of our fishery laws, is, we venture the hope, the position every true Canadian wishes our Premier to take regarding the advantages we possess on the Atlantic coast, and the ARROW has no doubt but what Sir John will act strictly on the line best calculated to benefit the Dominion.

THE second cartoon, showing to what extent men like Hon. E. Blake and J. D. Edgar will go to secure office, does not reflect credit on the above named gentlemen, and will recoil on their own heads. Our Catholic and Protestant Irish friends are too well posted on the tactics of these politicians to be deceived by such clap-trap as was heard in the House of Commons two weeks ago.

HUMORS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*Sir John* (listening to Casey's speech).—"What is the difference between Casey and a barn door?"

*Hesston, M. P.* (timorously).—"Because there's a jack-ass behind it?"

*Sir John*.—"Oh, no, much simpler; one is a barn door, and the other is a *darned bore*."

*Macmullen* (Grit).—"The Minister of Militia did not require spurs to assist him in his flight from Winnipeg during the Riel trouble."

*Sir Adolphe*.—"And you might add that the member for North Wellington needed no spurs to assist him in his flight from the House when shirking the Riel vote!" (Roars of laughter, and cries of "Where's Macmullen?")

*Cook, M. P.*.—"Mr. Chairman, in everything I say I endeavour to keep within the limits."

*Macmaster, M. P.*.—"Timber limits." (Roars).

*Wells, M. P.*, marches into the House after an absence of several weeks.

*Chorus of Members*.—"Stranger in the House!"

On a recent occasion nearly half of Mr. Blake's regular supporters deserted him on an important resolution. The next day a meeting of Conservatives took place in one of the committee rooms, when that distinguished timber grabber, Mr. H. H. Cook, M. P., strolled into the apartment by mistake. He made a hurried exit, meeting Mr. Mackintosh, M. P. That gentleman asked "what he was looking for." "Oh, I was just looking for a party," was the answer. "By jove," rejoined the member for Ottawa, "I should think so, *after last night's vote!*"

(Verse discovered on the wall of a room at the "Russell," usually occupied by Cameron, M. P., for Huron):

"So Colin once slept in this bed,  
 Where my poor limbs abide;  
 I now believe what's often said,  
*How easily he lied!*"

NOT KNOWING, CAN'T SAY.

'Twas in a wild umbrageous spot,  
 A house for twenty miles was not  
 existent.  
 A solitary horseman tore  
 Amidst the underbrush, and swore  
 persistent.  
 He heard the thunder's awful roar,  
 Beheld the lightning more and more  
 intensely.  
 The wind rushed fiercely thro' the trees;  
 Both horse and man disliked the breeze  
 immensely.  
 But whence they came, or whither they  
 were going  
 That awful night, I cannot say,  
 not knowing.

CONTRIB.

THE ADAMANTINE JIM.

Before the Committee Jim Edgar stood up,  
 The effect of his weighty words heightening,  
 By slinging himself in a statuesque pose  
 Like Ajax defying the lightning.  
 "What? Give up the names of the men who to me  
 Their bosoms' best secrets confided?  
 The Bastille I'll go to before I'll do that,"  
 Remarked Edgar in accents decided.  
 But he could not give up what he had not to give,  
 With his charges he'd only been fishing,  
 And his strongest hope now was to stick to his text,  
 To get out of a regular dishing.  
 So now "Adamantine" Grip vows that he is  
 (Which is taffy from John to the owner),  
 Still, his many defeats would make any man hard,  
 And the Bleu kick should make him a groaner.  
 Yes, he is adamantine, moreover he's tough,  
 There is toughness within and without him,  
 Excepting his heart, he is all of him hard,  
 But his cheek takes the cake round about him.

J. A. F.

POINTERS.

By refusing to sign any new contracts with Godson until the Garrison Creek sewer is satisfactorily settled, Mayor Howland has demonstrated the fact that he was not letting his mouth run away with him before the elections. He has taken the proper course, and the bull by the horns at the same time. Things have come to such a pass in this city, that the Riot Act had to be read to the contractors, and civic officials especially, in view of the large works we are about to undertake. Go on, Willie; you have made a mistake or two, but so long as you draw in the strings as you have been doing, you will have our support for the Mayoralty.

BUT don't lose sight of the fact that the public have a right to know what the Police Commissioners are doing. The city reporters are all men of discretion, and you may depend they will not publish anything which would be contrary to the public interest. Where public money is spent, the people want to know what is being done with it; and, honestly now, don't you think the days of Star Chambers are over?

I AM glad to see that a police patrol for the Island has been decided on, as I suggested some weeks ago. Another improvement that should be made is the rigid inspection of the ferry boats from time to time, to see that they do not carry more than their proper number of passengers, and that their life boats, cork belts, fire hose and other life-saving apparatus, are adequate for their needs and in proper working order. The London disaster is not forgotten yet, and it is too late to look after such things when the mischief has been done.

THE first howl from the counties in which the Scott Act has just been put in force is to hand. It arrived immediately after the first market day, in tolerably well-developed form, and has been growing rapidly ever since. Guelph is already some thousands of dollars poorer, and real property is a drug in the market, and the market, judging from the associated press reports, is a drug in itself. By and by, when our temperance friends find the value of everything they own shrunk from twenty-five to fifty per cent., and their local taxes on the jump, they will cease to regard the liquor traffic as an unmitigated curse to the commonwealth.

FOR two weeks the Deacon has been shedding crocodile tears because Parliament refused to render itself liable to another snubbing, and because Mr. Blake's Home Rule resolution was rejected in favour of that of Mr. Costigan. This in spite of the fact that many leading Liberals in England, Mr. Blake and the good Deacon himself, do not agree with the bill as a whole, but only in its general principle, while the Blake resolution went the entire animal. Still the good Deacon holds forth on the Loftiness of Mind of his political Moses, as if the whole business had not been a bid for votes, which goes to show that the Deacon is not only a Scribe but a Pharisee likewise.

By the time this is in print the Street Car Strike will most likely be over, but I wish to record my appreciation of the model manner in which it has been carried out.

The conduct of the men has been above reproach. No person can deny the right of the men to form a union if they wish, and equally no person can deny the right of the Company to refuse employment to union men. In my opinion the Company has made a mistake, for their men will form another union sooner or later, and the trouble will all have to be gone through again. Nowadays, in matters of business dispute between equals, arbitration is the usual resort. If it works well between individuals, why should it not between corporations and their servants?

THE United States Senate is not now quite so anxious for our gore as it was on account of the fisheries seizure. In fact, the captain of the *Adams* has literally got himself out of the frying pan into the fire; and by the time we have made a few more examples of the Gloucester fish thieves, Frye will be left alone to frizzle in his own fat, and the august body above mentioned will listen to reason. Like the rest of the world, and to be in the fashion, Canada has "gone on strike" on the Fishery Question.

THE GALLEY BOY.

DAWKINS AT "THE FALLS."

Well, I'll be blamed, if this ain't ruther steep!  
What lots o' Natur's liquor on the leap!  
Into this orful holler down it pores,  
It hisses, sizzes, sizzes, splutters, roars.  
Oh, my, Niag! I ruther feel to think  
You might turn sev'ral mills with all this drink.

Tremenjuous chasum! built of solid stone;  
I guess there ain't your equal nowhere known.  
It makes a fellow's skin feel creepy, creepy,  
To look into your howls so deep and heapy.  
It must be fifty foot from top to basement;  
But, Jiminy! they say to my amazement  
The whirlpool's nigh on two miles down—dead!  
How fur a chap would sink if he got drowneded.  
Fust thing he knew he would be surf-ocated,  
And for to live with Davy Jones he rated!  
Only I ain't quite sure that Jones's quarters  
Reaches as fur up as them there fresh waters.

Jerusalem! I kinder want to jump it,  
But once Sal got me home, she'd make me "hump it."

Down stairs I walked beneath yon rum old roof.  
Dressed up in clothes made out n waterproof.  
You bet, Niag, you make an awful holler;  
The show is cheap to farm hands at a dollar.  
My guide declared, as sure as he was born,  
He was the chap what took in Mrs. Lorne:  
The Marquis, too, and others of the suite,  
He said had travelled with him on the route.

I didn't travel on no root myself,  
But clawed alongst a slippery limestone shelf  
Built close agin the rock. I swear, by thunder!  
I couldn't see how fur it went anunder.  
I kep athinking how a trip would tell,  
And slip a fellow suddent off to—well,  
It ain't no matter, but a lectle prayer  
Is mighty comfortin' right down in there.

Goliard and Methusalum! How I'm flabbergested  
To see this powerful spillin' whully wasted.  
I guess it must be nigh on fifty year  
Sence my "old man" fust paid a visit here;  
And still it keeps a sloshin' on right to the sea,  
But where the 'tarnal liquor comes from puzzles me.  
Our crick and Morgan's both to once, in spring  
Ain't more'n a patch to this consarned big thing.  
I seem to have a 'orter kinder notion  
That them Falls rises in the Arctic Ocean.

F. IDDLÉ, D.D.





GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—“The Shadows of a great City,” one of the strongest melo-dramas ever put on the boards, is running at the Grand this week. The acting, with the exception of the Jew, Nathan, is excellent, and the scenery superb. The interest never flags for a moment, while the comedy of the piece is excruciatingly funny. The engagement closes with the matinee and evening performances on Saturday.

Next week, Tony Pastor, Monday and Tuesday, and the great Kiralfys the balance of the week. These two attractions should crowd the house from Monday till Saturday.

#### ART EXHIBITION.

The Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open at 14 King St. West. Want of space forbids an extended notice of the magnificent works on view, but we will say that this year a most noticeable advance has been made by the majority of the exhibitors, and many of the pictures would grace the walls of the Royal Academy itself. The attendance has so far been large and fashionable, and every person who takes an interest in art, or wants to be considered *a la mode*, should make it a point to patronize the exhibition.

#### THE HARDEST PART OF THE WORK.

“Is that brake hard to handle?” asked a young man of the driver of a Drawbridge car. “No,” responded that person. “Is that whistle hard to blow?” again interrupted the youth. “No,” gruffly responded the driver. “What is the hardest thing to do on a street car?” “Answering fools’ questions,” replied the driver.

#### HARD TO BELIEVE.

“Sister,” said a little boy, rushing into the parlour, where she was entertaining young Mr. Smith, “will you come into the hall a minute? I want to speak to you.” “I cannot now, dear. Don’t you see I am engaged with Mr. Smith. What is it you want?” “Jimmy White is out in the hall, and he says he won’t believe it unless you tell him so yourself.” “What is it that Jimmy White won’t believe?” asked the sister sweetly. “That you ate twenty-five pancakes this morning for breakfast.”

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says that he ran away early from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

The mammoth group of the Toronto Police Force, by Dixon, has been admired by crowds of people during this week. It has gone to the Colonial Exhibition.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PICA.—The fact of a gentleman wearing spectacles, a bald head, and a wart on the side of his nose, does not necessarily qualify him to edit a comic paper.

T. J.—So you think it’s a shame that we are always hitting at Blake. Well, my dear boy, if Blake didn’t put himself in a position to be hit, he wouldn’t be hit. Our artist is Irish, and wherever he sees a head, he “makes a crack.”

ASPIRANT.—Your poem on “Boys and Girls Together” is hardly up to our standard. It is too much mixed. You see, you start off with

“By blue Ontario’s desert beach,  
We roamed the woods together.”

Now, if you mean Ontario’s “beech” tree you are possibly right; but otherwise your “forest” on a “desert beach” is away off. Again, you say—

“Why were we separated? Why  
Do I no longer see her?  
She’s gone into the spirit land,  
With angels to appear.”

This strikes us as idiotic. If you had any common sense, you would know perfectly well that after she had retired to the spirit land, you couldn’t see her without paying a medium half a dollar. Then why ask the question? As for rhyming, “see her” and “appear”—oh!

F. IDLE, D.D.—Thanks. We will be glad to hear from you again.

#### THE O'DONOHUE ON STRIKE.

##### THE SENATOR KICKS.

Special to THE ARROW.

Senator O’Donohue has kicked, and the Government is shaking in its shoes. The trouble seems to be that John O’Donohue is not represented in the Cabinet. It appears, according to The O’Donohue, that sometime in 1882 John O’Donohue made strong representations to the Hon. John O’Donohue that The O’Donohue was pining for offices of emolument, and that in the opinion of the majority of Mr. John O’Donohue, John O’Donohue was the only fit and proper person to represent The O’Donohue in the Cabinet. On these representations a petition to Sir John Macdonald was drawn up by The O’Donohue, signed by John O’Donohue, and presented personally by the Hon. John O’Donohue, stating that he would consent, if strong pressure was brought to bear on him, to become a member of what he now denounces as an effete and corrupt administration. The pressure was not brought to bear, however; and now The O’Donohue, backed up by the Hon. John O’Donohue, has kicked, with a large K. Mr. John O’Donohue considers that this treatment of The O’Donohue is a brutal insult to the whole Irish race, and predicts mighty things “agin the Government,” to be performed by the Hon. John O’Donohue during the next campaign, unless, in the meantime, Hon. John O’Donohue obtains public places of emolument, or representation where it will do The O’Donohue most good. When it is borne in mind that there are only six Catholic ministers in the Cabinet, the modesty of The O’Donohue’s demand for further representation will be apparent.

Two tramps, one of them a young man, the other well advanced in life, had just left a house where they had been supplied with a bountiful dinner. “I say, Bill,” queried the younger of the two, “where do you s’pose we’ll get our supper?” The old tramp turned on him in disgust. “Here—you’ve just had your dinner,” he said, “and you begin to wonder where you’ll get supper! If that’s the kind of disposition you’ve got, young feller, you had better quit the profession and go to work!”



Blake, Edgar & Co., in the days long ago,  
At the Catholic voters did rail;  
But another tack now they're trying, I trow,  
For they want to put salt on their tail.

#### AN UNFORTUNATE'S SAD END.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 25.—The body of A. Kolde Day, of Illinois, was found in the turbine wheel No. 4707 to-night. Day was disappointed in a love affair with a Labrador girl, and committed suicide. His great-grandfather was a porter in a Pullman palace car, where he accumulated a fortune, but was thrown into prison when the anti-robbery on wheels act was passed in 1905. The suicide's father lost this fortune by investing it in St. Louis town lots; and reflection upon his family's ill-luck and his chilly reception by the Labrador girl are supposed to have dethroned his reason.

A SAN FRANCISCO jury acquitted a prisoner, notwithstanding his guilt was made conclusive by his confession. "Gentlemen," said the judge, "the mental process by which you arrived at this conclusion I am totally unable to comprehend; and, gentlemen of the jury, it is not amiss for me to say to you now that the pardoning power is, by the Constitution of the United States, vested in the President, and it is not exactly proper that a petty jury should usurp that power."

#### THE FAINT HEART AND THE FAIR LADY.

A gentleman who had been in Chicago only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent Chicago belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He broached the subject delicately as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having made your acquaintance only three days ago, what would you say of it?" "Well, I should say, 'Never put off till to-morrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday.'"

CROWFOOT, a distinguished Blackfoot chief, who was recently given a perpetual pass over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, thanked the officers in an extremely effusive letter. This shows how unsophisticated the untutored savage is. No experienced legislator ever returns thanks for a railroad pass in writing.—*Puck*.

"We recently saw an account of the different devices used by actors to keep from smiling on the stage," writes an editor. One never failing device is for the actor to catch sight of the manager stepping out the back way with all the box office receipts. That is what they call a heroic remedy, we believe.



# — THE ARROW —

## PORCINE PECULIARITIES.

### IN THE UNITED STATES.

Some dozens of men went off on the train,  
On the high rolling train at the evening hour ;  
Each man with a newspaper solaced his brain,  
And each was uncommonly solid and sour :  
For men must sit and women must stand,  
And politeness is scarce in this beautiful land,  
When the cars are homeward rolling.

Some dozens of women went off on the train  
As the shadows fell at the close of the day ;  
To enter it sooner they tried in vain,  
Elbowed and pushed, and kicked out of the way :  
For men must sit and women must stand,  
And the prowess of man is brutally grand  
When the cars are homeward rolling.

The men in their chivalry captured each seat  
On the high rolling train with the sun in the west ;  
The women stood up on their poor, tired feet,  
And vainly they lunged for a chance to rest :  
For men must sit and women must stand,  
And hogs are cheap in this part of the land  
When the cars are homeward rolling.

EDWARD WILLETT, IN *The Judge*.

### IN CANADA.

Tired and weary and worn, in the evening dust and the heat,  
The workingman, with his dinner can,  
Comes from the shop to the street.  
Weary and worn and tired, the salesman, who stands all day,  
The business man, with the throbbing head,  
Whose temples are burning like molten lead,  
To the street car wend their way.

And, oh ! the luxury then, of the restful cushioned seat,  
And the cooling air that blows  
On the faces flushed with heat ;  
Oh, never a rich man's coach gave pleasure one-half so great  
As the evening car to the poor man gives,  
Who out in the city suburbs lives—  
But why should I further prate ?

Stylish, dressy and cool, out to see and be seen,  
A lady fair, with a languid air,  
Comes with a stately mien.  
Rises a tired man, flounces a lady down,  
She neither mutters her thanks, nor utters  
A "sorry, I'm late down town."  
Still they come ! more and more, filling up every seat.  
What if the men are tired, foot sore—  
Isn't there room to stand on the floor ?  
Then let them go walk in the street !

Ladies with languid eyes, ladies with faces fair,  
Ladies with poodle dogs, ladies with curly hair,  
Take all we have on earth—nothing we will debar—  
Buy what you will, we'll settle the bill—  
But leave us the evening car !

J. A. FRASER, JR.

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

"So your son is one of the jailers at Kingston Penitentiary, is he ?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's not a very exalted position."

"May not be at present, but just think of the high-toned folks he will be among when all the city contractors get their deserts."

"I hadn't thought of that."

WHY is a worn-out horse like a bad play? Because it can't run, and won't draw.

## HOME RULE.

A "SERENE SOUL AND PROFOUND INTELLECT" FISHING FOR THE IRISH CATHOLIC VOTE.

(Reported by "Fairplay Radical.")

Scene—OTTAWA.

MR. SPEAKER.—SIR—Although a leading member of the Reform party, and according to the good deacon, the happy possessor of a "serene soul and profound intellect," I regret to say that, in this country of severe winters, I have been kept out in the cold for many years. It does not agree with my constitution. To use the words of old grammarians, it does not agree with me in number, person, or case. A certain wicked man, whom the good deacon has abused every day (the Sabbath only excepted) until the habit has become a second nature, won't let me in. I am most anxious to step into his shoes regardless of the fit. I have corns, but no scruples about treading on those of other people. Yes, sir ; sunk to the lowest depths of depravity, that hon. gentleman sticks to his shoes, like Nicholas of Russia did to his old slippers, which he wore for thirty years. If that is not being conservative to an extreme I should like to know what is.

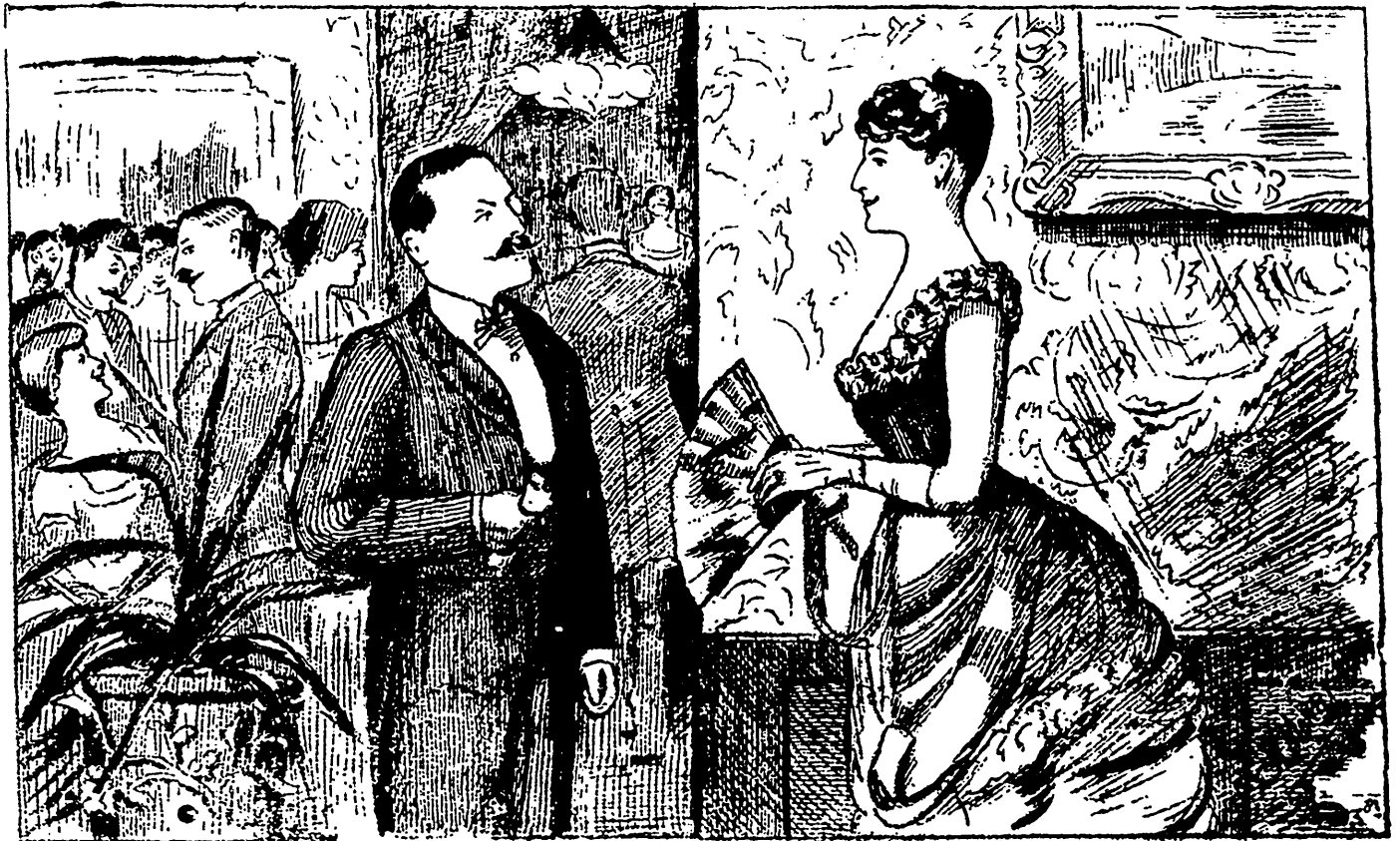
You all know my disinterested affection for the Catholics, and my anxious desire to obtain their votes at any sacrifice of true statesmanship, patriotism and straightforwardness. Their solid vote has been duly auctioned and knocked down to the Reform Party in Ontario ; then why not to the Reformers in the Dominion Parliament ? I say sir, "Barkis is willin'." He is prepared to abase himself.

Sir, I have shewn my genuine affection for the Catholics by lauding the memory of Saint Riel, who was the means of murdering two of their missionaries. Had half a dozen been murdered, I would have raised a monument to his memory. I freely admit that years ago I said that he ought to have been hanged for murdering a Protestant. But the prospect of office alters cases. The features of the political landscape are thereby softened. Recently Saint Riel was the means of murdering, in addition to the two Catholic missionaries, many other innocent people, besides doing vast injury to the country at large. Therefore my "serene soul and profound intellect" lauded his memory, and I did all I could to politically injure and malign those who brought him to justice. I, as a lawyer, held a brief in the great case of Office Seeking *versus* Justice. In acting thus, I shewed my fitness to be one of the leaders of the Reform Party, doing all the injury I could to a great use. I sought to march its parliamentary representatives through Coventry. But, sir, I regret to say that many of them actually thought that the real murderer of the Roman Catholic missionaries and of other innocent people ought to have been hanged. Such sentiments are only fit for Conservatives. Thank heaven the good Deacon, arrayed in his "bloody shirt" (a valuable patent invention of his own), fought nobly for the murderer of the priests, and cursed the enemy every day—the Sabbath only excepted.

"Too muchee by'mby" was the expressive way in which a Chinaman informed a watchmaker that his watch gained.

SCENE—Scotch village. Stranger, to policeman : "I suppose you don't have a large force of policemen here?" Policeman : "No, inteeet, sir. We're just two of us, ant—ant I'm the wan half!"





### A TRIUMPH OF ART.

She: "Don't you think Miss Mortimer's singing last evening was exceedingly artistic?"

He: "Yes, indeed. Why, during her rendering of that magnificent descriptive song, 'In the Cathedral,' our o d bald-headed churchwarden lay back, and went to sleep as natural as life; he was quite carried away by it."

### "CRAM."

Under the "cramming" system, so religiously pursued by teachers, it is not surprising to find that the juvenile mind makes a hash of its supposed learning. School examinations are to a great extent parrot-like or mechanical performances. The master or mistress, as the case may be, gets to know by experience the nature of the questions likely to be put, and upon these particular points the children are "ground up" day after day, with little thought or care of their understanding. The result is curious. "A famine in the land," according to the answer of one bright youth, is what made the Tower of Pisa lean; and "'cos the moon is so changin'" is the reason why it is of a different gender from the sun. The inquiry, "What comes next to a man in the scale of being?" got for an answer, "His shirt." A young student declared that "when food is swallowed it passes through the windpipe," and that the "chyle flows up the middle of the backbone and reaches the heart, where it meets the oxygen and is purified." Another said, "The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute;" while still another "crammer" comes to the conclusion that the organs of digestion are "stomach, utensils, liver and spleen." The remarkable answers on Scriptural matters form an endless catalogue. It was

"Daniel in the lions' den" who said, "It is not good for man to be alone;" and why the Israelites made a golden calf was "because they hadn't enough silver to make a cow." Another instance of these logical conclusions was when a pupil was asked, "What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?" The answer was, "They dried themselves."

### BOOTLESS TASK.—Going barefoot.

YOUNG housewife, consulting with cook about the dinner for a party: "As a second course, we will have eel." Cook: "How much ought I to get, ma'am?" Young wife: "I fancy ten yards will be about sufficient."

A JUDGE was called on in China recently to decide between two women as to which was the mother of an infant. He drew a chalk ring on the ground, placed the baby in the centre, and told the two claimants whoever dragged it out must be the owner. One, from affection, declined to pull at the child, and was awarded it.

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*.

A GREAT COMPOSER'S RUSE.

Auber's last opera was *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*—*The first day of happiness*. He wrote it for Madame Cabel, one of the three renowned vocalists of Paris who had been music-hall singers—that is, Cabel, Ugalde, and Marie Sass, who had one of the most superb voices ever heard at the Grand Opera. A young singer, transparent with a pink-and-white complexion, made her *debut* there—Marie Roze. She has developed her talent since then. On February 15, 1868, the "young" octogenarian produced this last opera at the Theatre de l'Opera Comique, which had seen so many of his successes. As usual, says a writer in *Temple Bar*, he would not stay in the house to see it; but during the last act he came upon the stage, and every one of the performers was sure, when the opera was over, he had but just seen him. Yet, when public clamour called him before the curtain, as if by magic he had disappeared; they sought him everywhere, but found no Auber. When at last there was no chance of bringing him before the footlights, and the public began to leave the house, Monsieur Auber knocked at the door of Madame Cabel, who had played the chief part in the opera, and of Mlle. Marie Roze, who, though intrusted with a much smaller part, had really made the hit of the evening, and, apologising for his disappearance, invited them both, and, in fact, all the principals, to a supper at the Café Anglais. Auber, although well advanced in years, never felt tired; and at that supper the young singers were enlivened by his *verve* and his lively stories. But they began to feel a reaction after the excitement of the *premiere*, and Auber saw that he could not keep them much longer; so he called the *garcon* to pay his *addition*, which was quickly brought. But, oh, horror, what did he find? He had no money. He told the *garcon*, "I am Monsieur Auber; I will pay to-morrow." "You may be Monsieur Auber, but you must pay to-night." A short conversation arose: the master of the establishment was not to be found. What was to be done? "I cannot help it," said Auber. "I must send to my *notaire*. He always has gold in his safe. It is a cruel thing to wake the poor man, who has been asleep probably for two hours; but what can I do?" He sent a few words, pencilled, by a cabman, with orders to insist on seeing the old gentleman, who, poor victim, half an hour later made his appearance in terror. What could old Monsieur Auber have done—what scrape could he have got into—that at two o'clock in the morning he wanted his notary to help him out? You may imagine how surprised he was when he heard that it was nothing but a few hundred francs Auber wanted to pay for his supper. But barely had he appeased the anxious waiter, when Auber struck his forehead with his open hand, and said, "Ah, how stupid I am! I have my purse in my overcoat, now I think of it: I will pay you back at once. And there is a gold piece for you," he said to the waiter. "You have played your part well." What was the explanation? He had the money in his pocket, and had played this farce with the waiter in order to keep the company an hour longer together.

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SEALED TENDERS

Addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for completion of Custom House, London, Ont." will be received at this office until

THURSDAY, 20th MAY NEXT,

For the several works required in the completion of an addition to the

CUSTOM HOUSE, AT LONDON, ONTARIO.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Durand & Moore, Architects, London, Ont., on and after Friday, the 24th April inst.

As the plans and specifications provide for the whole of above works, and a portion of same having been executed, intending contractors are required to personally visit the site and make themselves fully cognizant of the work remaining to be done, according to the said plans and specifications, before putting in their tenders.

Persons tendering are further notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBELL,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 27th April, 1886.

— THE ARROW —

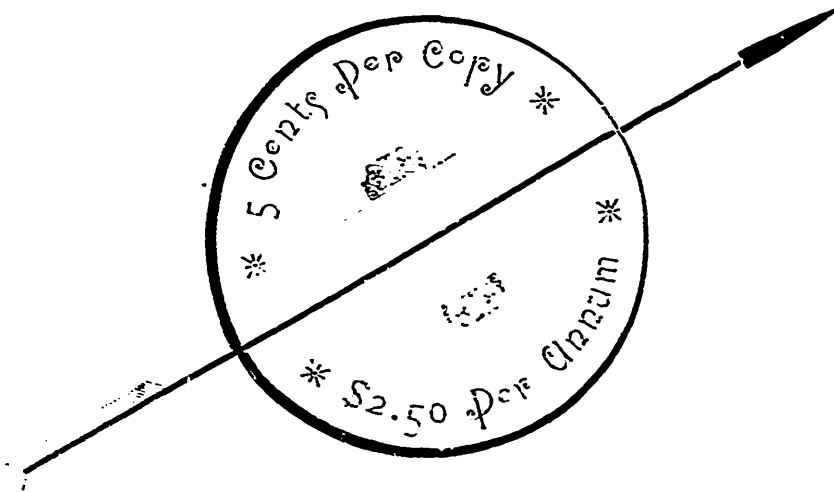
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# The Arrow

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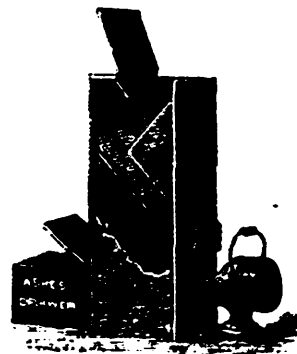
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