



THE BOARD OF TRADE NONDESCRIPT.

(Two specimens of this strange animal may be seen perched over the main entrances to the new building.)

old man with a face expressive of innocent wonder. "Man, we'll just shoot the polis wi' pistols, ye ken! Sae noo, boys, we'll hae anither bit dance." And the kindly old fellow struck up another tune while the juveniles "hoed it down."

WHAT IS IT?

THE identity of the remarkable animal sculpted rampant as the companion of the lion on the design above the main entrances to the new Board of Trade building on Yonge Street, is exciting considerable discussion among naturalists and others. The one on the north side is evidently a lion—but as to the other speculation runs riot, and as it resembles no sort of created thing to be seen in the wild beast collections or mentioned in books of natural history, recourse is being had to works of heraldry and descriptions of fabulous monsters of antiquity to solve the problem. If the head of the critter were not so abnormally large there might be some measure of plausibility in the theory that it was intended to represent the Beaver, our glorious national emblem. But nobody ever saw a beaver with such a monstrous head

on him, so this hypothesis must be abandoned, unless, indeed, the sculptor intended to indulge a quiet bit of satire at the expense of Canada by representing the beaver with a swelled head. A beaver with the big head would be no inappropriate caricature of the attitude of some of our blustering militia colonels and blatant loyalists, but as these are an insignificant fraction of the population, it is hardly just or seemly to perpetuate a joke which implies that we are all suffering from this inflection.

Altogether, the most tenable conclusion is that the Board of Trade's "What is it?" is intended to represent the whangdoodle, the gyascutis, the wonkifimad or some other mythical creature of the imagination, the sculptor having fallen back on his inner consciousness for the details of its anatomy.

A MAN of metal—Gold-win Smith.—*Berlin News*. Yes, there is a vein of irony in his composition.—*Regina Leader*. Nick'll do him justice.—*Terracottaville Times*. He's not easily lead anyway—*Squigglechunk Indicator*. Don't you find this sort of thing hard-wear on the brain?