



A NEW CREST.

We understand that the time honoured crest of St. George and the Dragon, is about to be slightly altered at the request of the Toronto Society. The horse will remain in the same general attitude, to wit, in the act of rearing up—indicative of the fact that the St. George's Society of Toronto is on its last legs. Important changes will be made in the Rider and the Dragon. In place of the present figure of St. George, one will be substituted more typical of the bigot and numbscull variety of Englishman, that particular class being in the majority in this Society. The head of the dragon will be removed, and that of Mr. Goldwin Smith will replace it, the new design being in commemoration of the senseless, prejudiced and contemptible action of those who did their little best to injure that gentleman by casting their black-balls against him on his nomination for honorary membership. Coppers and pennies bearing the usual crest of St. G. and the D. will not of course be received by the Toronto Society after this date, and it is also expected that the Society will have the honesty to return the hundred dollars donated by Mr. Smith under the mistaken belief that said Society was organized for charitable purposes and not as an inquisition of private political opinions.



HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

During Sir Langevin's visit to Hamilton he happened to pass a school while the children were enjoying the recess hour. The *Spectator*, sagely remarks that "the quantity and quality (of children) exhibited must have impressed Sir Hector with the idea that the N. P. had not worked to the disadvantage of that industry at all events."—*Advertiser*.

Sir Hector.—*Mon petit homme!* You look like ver' fine healthy boy. How have you obtain' such red cheek? Eh? I am glad to see ze Poleccy National shall not have work to ze disadvantage of you. I deed not know but you shall look sick and ragged, ze food and clothing is so dear!

An Aesthetic Pair.

If I were Anglo-Saxon
And you were Japanese,
We'd study storks together,
Pluck out the peacock's feather,
And lean our languid backs on
The stiffest of settees;
If I were Anglo-Saxon
And you were Japanese.

If you were Della-Cruscan
And I were A.—Mooresque,
We'd make our limbs look less in
Artistic folds and dress in
What once were tunics Tuscan
In Dante's days grotesque:
If you were Della-Cruscan,
And I were A.—Mooresque.

If I were mock Pompeian
And you Belgravian Greek,
We'd glide 'mid gaping Vandals
In shapeless sheets and sandals,
Like shades in Tartarean
Dim ways remote and bleak:
If I were mock Pompeian,
And you Belgravian Greek.

If you were Culture's scarecrow
And I the guy of Art,
I'd learn in latest phrases
Of either's quaintest crazes
To lisp, and let my hair grow,
While your's you'd cease to part;
If you were Culture's scarecrow
And I the guy of Art.



OUR CUSTOM HOUSE POPE.

Extremes meet, they say. On this hypothesis we can understand how an Orangeman like our Minister of Customs can adopt the tactics of his *bete noir* the Pope, and undertake to establish an *Inlex Espurgatorius* at the Custom House. This is what Hon. Minister Bowell has done, if Mr. Customs Collector Patton is not mistaken in saying that he acted on instructions from Ottawa when he confiscated the infidel books, the other day. Of course we must accept Mr. Patton's word in the meantime, and all we have to say is that Mr. Bowell has even less sense than we had given him credit for. It is a good thing to be a Christian—as Mr. Bowell honestly tries to be—but it is a very short-sighted policy for Christianity to advertise infidelity gratuitously. Mr. Cooke, the importer of the books in question, has been made a little martyr of, and in all likelihood will sell more of the works when he does get them through

the Customs (as of course he will) than he would have done before. Hon. Mr. Bowell has as much as he can do to think for himself; if he finds he has any surplussage of intellect he might divide it round amongst his colleagues with good effect: but he should not undertake the Herculean and uncalled-for task of supervising the thoughts of the whole population.



THE LAND IN DISPUTE.

There was an old couple of Wrangel Land,
Who kept up an unceasing jangle, and
They were such a bad pair,
We are glad to declare
That Canada don't own this Wrangel Land!

Sweet simplicity: We hail a passing milk-wagon and ask the "boy" if he has a quart of milk to spare. We get the milk and ask facetiously if it is cows' milk. "Oh, yes, sir." And then with sweet simplicity, "We keep the cows' milk separate from the other."

A girl in New York was robbed of her long and beautiful hair by burglars recently. No clue to the thieves.—*Blmira Advertiser*. This should be a warning to girls with beautiful hair to lock it up in a bureau at nights instead of hanging it on a chair back.—*Illaco Journal*. When burglars attempt to take a Western girl's bangs away, she gets up and bangs away at them.



HE DROPS THE LAW.

STONOR BLAKE has come to the conclusion that it is safer to ride one horse than two, and we are pleased to announce that he has thrown up his hold on the law and will devote his entire attention to the affairs of his party. This is hopeful tidings for the Grits, but the other fellows do not relish it as much as they ought to, considering that Blake does not amount to anything as a political performer.