

Or heart-shaped or third cylinder, escutcheon a la bouche,
Or the lozenge, which would suit you as the Lord of Restigouche,
And nowadays that lozenge you would never have to wield,
So it doesn't matter anyhow as long as it's a shield.
Then you draw your ordinaries bold and rather fine,
Remembering the salient fact, they are in number nine;
The chief, pale, cross, fess, chevron, saltire, quarter and the pile,
But you need not have them all unless you like an early style;
Now fix up your partition lines, bend undy or dancette,
And then fire on your charges—all in outline, mind, as yet;
You can put on all creation if you've room, and if you've not,
You may take a small menagerie, or one from out the lot;
Fitz-Marmaduke upon his shield has three green popinjays,
And Scales has six large scallop shells in silver all ablaze;
But for a noble Canuck who would like a taking shield,
The following is nobby, painted in a large green field:
A muskrat and a beaver, in a death embrace in gules,
Between two hind-legs proper that might belong to mules:
All this beneath a chevron, while above it on the right
Could be quartered stars and stripes, above the Union Jack all right.
On the left a Maxwell binder, with its everla-ting gear,
As a sensible reminder that the world's crop grows right here,
And a steel rail from C.P.R., to show it was a steal,
Together with a tariff neither national nor real,
And a peanut or la crosse stick, or a cake of chewing gum,
Just to show in this Dominion the millenium has come,
And I reckon that a coat-of-arms constructed on this plan
Would suit the Duke of Georgetown, or the Earl of Mattawan,
Or my Lord of Onandaga, or the Baron Trois Rivières,
Or the Marquis of Dalhousie, or the Longue Point Chevalier;
At any rate I've told you how to make your family shine
Upon a bold escutcheon, and the fault is yours, not mine,
If you don't succeed in humbugging your callers by the score,
By painting it all through your house, and on your carriage door,
And pasting it inside your hat, and on your sweet cazoo,
And carving it upon your chairs and on your teacups, too,
And on your whiskey bottles, shoe horns, inkpots, forks and spoons,
Shirt collars, toothpicks, dressing cases, umbrellas and spittoons.

A MOONLIGHT SONATA.



It was one night in last week. The weather was collar-washing in its sultriness and Alphonso De Brown, dressed in an immaculate white flannel suit, eye-glass and cigarette strolled to the residence of Araminta Van Goldstein. Araminta was sitting on the verandah wrapt in muslin and thought so closely, that she heard not the military step of the brave Alphonso. He had learned to march in the Riel rebellion. Although he stood just in front of her, she saw him not, so intent were her musings. For several moments he gazed intently on the sweet, far-off, I'm-going-to-b.-an-angel face, upturned toward the stars. At last he emitted six rings of Old Judge smoke and slightly coughed. He had swallowed the seventh and last ring. With a sort of I'm-sure-I-saw-a-ghost start, Araminta leaped from two majestic feet, and alighted on Alphonso's first and only corn. But the tenderness of his love overcame that of his toe and he bore all for her sake. Araminta weighed 180 pounds 10 ounces. With a small steam-engine scream, she said: "Beloved! I knew you would come," and put up her face for the customary salute. Alphonso was a volunteer and knew how to salute properly. He, therefore, flung away his half smoked cigarette with a reckless air and, bending his noble lips to hers, saluted. With a sudden collapse, Araminta dropped senseless to the earth.

Struck by remorse, Alphonso stood for fully five minutes before he recovered himself, and the voice of conscience said in loud tones,

"What a fool I was to forget those coffee beans."

Then, remembering Araminta's collapse, he looked at his feet and beheld her in all the indefinite folds of utter collapsity. Tenderly extracting her from the mass of azaleas she had ruined in her fall, he held her once more limp and all but lifeless in his arms. Alphonso knew that in such cases a little stimulant would revive the patient, and once more, in a conquer-or-die manner, he sealed his lips to those of Araminta. And they were sealed with a red seal for the space of three minutes. Then Araminta opened her eyes, and he knew that her life was saved. Realizing the compromising position she was in, the lovely Araminta withdrew her lips, and opening them said



— "Thanks."

SCOTTISH WUT.

Pupil Teacher (in Board School)—Explain to me what a lawyer is.

Small Boy—It's a man that tak's a' the money that's left tae ye!

1st Native (meeting his lost friend at the Cross)—Dougall, whaar wass you ta whole nicht thiss mornin'?

2nd Native (excitedly)—Hoch, you may weel say tat! I wass waalk alang ta Tronsgate ant a man wis a helmit held toldt me whaat wass my pusiness, ant he'll tookt ta coat o' my neck, ant I'll knockt him toon ant left him stannin' whaar he wass plawin' his swussle! Come awaay! [Exeunt.]

THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

Policeman—You've got a black eye, Pat. How did you get it?

Pat—Home Rule, sor! (Exit Pat.)

—Glasgow Bailie.



THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

At last our young ladies have taken something serious upon their shoulders.