



FIRING UP.

(AS THE SESSION APPROACHES, THE "MAIL" STOKER SHOVELS IN THE COAL.)

**TORONTO AFTER DARK.**

As you walk along the street,  
Have a care,  
When a broken board you meet—  
None to rare—  
For before you scarce can think,  
Like a skater's at the rink,  
Your heels go tippety-wink  
In the air.

There you are, upon your back  
In the mud;  
Whilst your head receives a crack  
And a thud;  
And from out your classic nose,  
Like the water from a hose,  
The gory fluid flows  
In a flood.

Now on College Street at night,  
It's too bad,  
That there's scarcely any light;  
Ain't it sad?

If your safety you'd enhance,  
If your bones you'd give a chance,  
You must fortify your pants  
With a pad.

For you'll really never know,  
In the dark,  
If very far you go  
Past the Park,  
Where a broken plank will spin  
Your fine figure round like sin,  
And from nose and knee and shin  
Peel the bark.

Oh! Mr. Howland, do,  
If you please,  
Order extra lamps, a few,  
Near those trees.  
And the broken boards repair,  
Which will make a fellow swear,  
And the epidermis tear  
From his knees.

--SWIZ.

"No noose is good news"—to the culprit, certainly.