



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.