

The Morrow.

The Spring comes laughing and gay
Upon our mother Earth,
And from her lap from day to day
The flowers renew their birth.

Man's spring may pass in winter's snow,
His summer dash into sorrow;
Yet, cheer faint heart, for thou shalt know
A bright eternal morrow.

Confessions of a Shirt.

(CONTINUED.)

"Well, well," said old Coppers smoothly, "young gentleman will have their fling, so it is no good talking. You were asking what I could give you on these studs, Mr. Sniffles?" and the old fellow examined them with a careful eye, "I see, I see, very pretty indeed, very pretty, but cut too flat to be worth much; well, I can give you \$15 on them, and I couldn't give one cawper more, not one cawper Sir." "Why confound your old carcase," returned the irate Mr. Sniffles, "I know they cost \$90, for old Aunt's maid showed me the bill on the sly, she hooked out of the old woman's work-box." "Aye, aye, no doubt Sir, no doubt," returned the unmoved Coppers, "but I couldn't give more than I say, I wouldn't give that, indeed, but you are a good customer and I don't like to." "Shell out your corianders you God forgotten old humbug," replied Mr. Sniffles politely, "its enough to kill the devil to hear you prose about your honesty." "Well, well," says old Cop, "young men will be young men," and forthwith he counted out the \$15, which straightway vanished into the pocket of the impatient Sniffles. "And now how much on the shirts old Father Abraham? there they are, one dozen, stay though, I must have one out for I am devilish short of linen, only two shirts and some dickeys on my salvation." "Well, well," and old Coppers repeated his usual formula, by which he seemed to exonerate himself from all blame in the spendthrift proceedings of Mr. Sniffles, "young men will be young men, I can give you a half a dollar on each shirt, that is \$5½ dollars." "Hand over old fish-books," said my owner and straightway my eleven brethren were entrusted to the safe keeping of Mr. Coppers.

I never saw them again. Taking a hasty and very unceremonious leave of old Coppers, my master bent his steps to King street once more, and ascending the steps of rather a large brick house, knocked quietly at a green baize door. It was opened cautiously, and a sort of Masonic password was exchanged with the door-opener. The latter carefully closed the green door, bolted and chained it, and preceded Mr. Sniffles along a passage. We arrived at another door, when our attendant knocked twice, and it was immediately opened by a swarthy mulatto, very well dressed, with guard chain, rings, &c., and a resplendent waistcoat. "You are late, Sir, to-night," said he to Mr. Sniffles; "they have been at it some time." "Couldn't come before, Jake," returned my master—"detained in court." I forgot to mention

Mr. Sniffles was studying the law.) The mulatto smiled, though almost imperceptibly, and Mr. Sniffles handed me over to his care. "Take this small parcel for me until I come out." "Yes, Sir," returned the mulatto, and at the same instant applying a pass-key, he threw open a door, displaying the interior of a large apartment handsomely furnished, and the click of balls, the occasional oath; and the never-ceasing volubility of the *croupier* showed it to be devoted to the very exciting game of *rouge et noir*.

(To be Continued.)

The Swell Mob of Toronto.

What a blessing tailors are to a certain class of young Canadians, men with brains can afford to clothe themselves in silver grey and take their place in society because they are somebody; but how about these nobodys—who, if they had not a father, or an uncle or aunt, would have to sell themselves to Mr. Linkum. Who, of course, own they have to fall back upon the tailors and their impudence. One has but to take a walk down King street on a sunny afternoon to find specimens of swell mobism, and swell snobism. Here comes a specimen who spent the season in Saratoga, and is said to have passed himself off as a nephew of the Duke of Argyle. He looks like a small-sized tailor's block—large pattern trowsers, frock coat buttoned round his stays, a loud cravat and a plug hat. Look at the attitude; his arms are in the position the tailor placed them when he last measured him for a coat; and mark the strut. Does he own King street? No, he only helps another fellow to rent an office. I am told he is a member of the legal profession, though likely to be a very briefless one. I dare say his airs and clothes impose upon some of the weakest of the gentler sex; but if you ask me my opinion of him as an observer, who has not the honor of his acquaintance, I should say that when at last the recording angel calls out his name, and waits instruction the *fiat* will come forth. Write him down an ass.

Wait, here comes another case. I don't know him, mind, because I am only a grumbling stranger. I don't suppose he is quite as empty-headed as the first, but he looks awfully snobbish. He seems to ape military airs, and I am told that in the piping times of peace, before the Russian Bear began to grumble, he really did wear a red coat. The idea struck him, I suppose, that his loss would be a serious blow to society, so he declined the honor of being shot for his country's sake, and came back to wage a less dangerous warfare on the pimps and drunkards of Toronto. His coat is blue now, and braided all over as mine used to be when I was eight years old. His whiskers are sandy, but of the latest cut, and his demeanour and carriage seem to say as plain as words could do—Police! make way there for His Royal Highness. When I meet him I am always tempted to exclaim with Bobby Burns—

"Oh that the gier the gift would gie us,
To see ourselves as other see us."

Stop, here's another specimen in a garb that has

evidently been recently imported from the United States. He is a type of a class of Canadians who cannot obtain credit from Toronto tailors, and who has been engaged in the interesting business of jumping Father Abraham's bounty. He used to wear shabby clothes, smoke a black pipe and frequent the "shebangs" of Stanley street. Now he is clothed in Yankee broad cloth; smokes cigars, and patronises fashionable saloons. He is certainly entitled to a place amongst the swell mob aristocracy, and wears his honors well, and so the fool and knave have met together in our columns to-day, and the tailor is the maker of them all!

I. OBTENEM.

Prevention Better than Cure.

Any of our fellow citizens who ever step into the Police Court, or Courts of Law, will be surprised and shocked at the number of young criminals who are placed at the bar nowadays. Children from eight to twelve years of age, many of them in such alarming ignorance as scarcely to know the difference between right and wrong, and who have been left desolate waifs upon society; others having relatives ten thousand times more criminal than they, who instigate them to crime; now there are two noble institutions in our city, The Boys' Home, and the Girls' Home, whose special mission it is to look after these children, and right well they perform their work to the extent of their means; they have saved scores of children from want, and from crime, if they received the support deserved, they could save them all, we call the attention of the public to the fact; that these poor miserable children can be made respectable members of society, through the instrumentality of these Institutions at a less cost, than they can be punished in the County Jail.

Mad Dogs in Cobourg.

A couple of mangy curs were seen some months ago prowling about the Depot of the Cobourg and Peterboro R. R. devouring everything in the shape of flesh and bones on which they could lay their fangs, having been driven out of sight for a time have reappeared in the neighborhood. From the *salubrious appearance* of their mouths and the protrusion of their tongues, apprehension of hydrophobia were entertained. On Wednesday evening of last week, they were seen madly running "a muck" through the town, and dashing into the Victoria Hall attacked a Mr. Covert. From the precaution of that gentleman, in always wearing long top boots, he fortunately escaped with only a very slight *scratch*. He succeeded in decapitating one and de-tailing the other. The inhabitants rejoice that they are driven now from their Covert. The one is a grey *hound*, the other of the *rat terrier* breed.

Question.

Which is the greatest elevator, J. G. Beard's, or Morton's proof?

What was Woman made for?
Adam's Express Company.