

To a Coquette.

Pretty maiden "ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart;"
You will give me no such thing!
Give me then some heartening.

Sweetest maiden, say not nay,
Thou hast stol'n my heart away:
If thou wilt the theft atone,
In its place give me thine own.

Cruel maiden, I again
Ask the heart you still retain;
If thou wilt not give it me,
Both of us will heartless be.

Who's to be Mayor?—A Challenge to Fat Men.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I want to have a few words with you in confidence. I'm what is usually called a fat man. I kick the beam at 230 younds avoirdupois. My wife and I had been thinking the thing over in our own minds, and my wife says, "TOMPKINS, why haven't you ever been Mayor?" I was struck all of a heap. Most women, when they find their husbands wishing they were a Town Councillor, or an Alderman, or anything of that kind, take them quietly out into the kitchen and show them the fire-shovel and the bath-brick, and drop suggestive remarks about the heft of their muscle. But my wife ain't that kind of a woman. She has a large share of poetry in her soul. She would see the partner of her joys and sorrows, to say nothing of seven small TOMPKINSES, occupying a prominent position in the land. I know she would. She has often said to me, in that affectionate way of hers, "Why, you old fool, if you were anybody at all you could soon be somebody. Look at MEDCALF," says she, "look at BAXTER; not near as fat men as you are, and see what they have aspired to—one of 'em is Mayor and the other's an Alderman, while you're wasting your time weighing out groceries and drawing molasses. "If I was a man," continued my wife, "I'd show you how to be somebody," and with that she chucked JOHN HENRY over the ear for sticking chewing gum on the lamp chimney. This set me a-thinking, and I concluded that a pretty strong requisition would bring me out next January. "Do you mean to tell me," continued my wife, "that you couldn't fill the Mayor's chair just as good as Old Squaretoes," and I immediately felt myself and admitted that I could. "Look me in the face, TOMPKINS," said she, "and say if there's anything about me to be ashamed of. Ain't I fitted to adorn the first circles of society?" And I had to admit that she was. So I guess I'll run. "I've been figuring this thing up," says she, "and I find you're about fifteen pounds heavier than either of the other candidates, and 15 pounds on the 230 ain't to be sneezed at. I had run away with the idea," she said, "that what a man wanted to be Mayor of this city was brains, but I find I've been wallowing in the mire of ignorance, as it were. It's beef, TOMPKINS, that tells here. The man who owns the most hams stands the best chance. Mark my words," said my wife, and she shifted the youngster over on to the other knee, "there was a time when some lean and hungry-looking remnant of humanity might have been elected here, but that time has gone by. It's weight that the people hunger after now-a-days." And I believe my wife's right. If I can't outweigh Mayor MEDCALF and Alderman BAXTER and give them 14½ pounds into the bargain, then my name ain't TOMPKINS. "Now, I'll tell you what you'll do," says my wife, "You'll go to work this very night and fatten up. You'll take about five quarts of milk and a potful of porridge every morning, and if you can't outweigh any other man in the city by the first of January, no man by the name of TOMPKINS shall father my children," and she gazed lovingly around on the seven scions of a noble race who were gorging themselves at the tea table. Now, MR. EDITOR, I want you to give the other fellows fair notice. I don't want to take an unfair advantage of any man. Tell 'em for me that I'm in the field, and the fattest man is bound to be elected. That's what my wife says, and my wife ain't no fraud. And if there are any other fat men in the city whose wives have poetry in their souls, trot 'em out, MR. EDITOR, trot 'em out! What this city is suffering for the want of is not brains, but good healthy men—fat men—and if you don't see lots of 'em by next January you may put me on a—diet for all time to come.

Yours, to a large extent,

TOMPKINS, (with a P.)

TORONTO, 22nd October, 1875.

Turneresque.

TURNER, my friend, accept a friendly hint:
That famous artist who once bore your name
Chose other colors, than a neutral tint,
When on a canvas he achieved his fame.

Croaks and Pecks.

IF you wish to rise before eleven, drink yeast.

TRYING TO MAKE WHITE BLACK.—MCKENZIE'S card in the *Globe*.

WHEN is a storm like a fish after a hook? When it's going to a-b'a'e.

THE recent meetings held at the Hague were not held at the Bank of Toronto.

BLUNDER MCLUNDBERBUS, Q. C., attributes his baldness to Crown business.

THE Street Railway Track is affected just now with the very thing that has ruined hundreds—upishness.

WHAT the R. C. Archbishop of Toronto wishes to have done with the Anti-Processionists.—"LYNCH" them.

HINT FOR CONSERVATIVES.—ROBINSON'S "coming back" to West Toronto is a very different thing from his being returned!

A BAKER'S APPRENTICE.—"Tell me where is fancy bred?" May be procured at Messrs. NORDHEIMERS' or Mrs. COLEMAN'S.

MR. PREMIER MACKENZIE when embarrassed in his British Columbian business transfers it to his officious Assignee, Mr. EDGAR.

THAT was a smart youth, who, when charged with picking pockets, said in defence, he did not "pick" 'em, he took 'em as they came.

A maxim for the consideration of the R. C. Archbishop of Toronto—It is better to be a "Lynch" pin in the car of progress to help it along than a drag on it.

THE Sandwich dinner to Mr. Justice MOSS could not have been more than a bar-lunch. We suppose the viands came in lawyers' bags wrapped in brown paper.

"*In Medio Tutissimus.*"—MACKENZIE says to WHITE, "You lie." WHITE says "Your lies you screen"; GRIP knows when party blinds the eye, hot truth must lie between.

WE are authorized to say that Hon. GEO. BROWN is not the contractor for the "Grand Stand" to be made on Saturday next, at the race course. Who said he was?

THE Postmaster General has instructed the word "push" to be taken off the doors of all public buildings during the tenure of this Government. This is out of regard for Mr. BROWN'S feelings.

THE University Games, on Tuesday, were well attended and the races squarely contested. This is very satisfactory, considering the fact that there was only one person on the ground, claiming to be "Square toed."

DEFINITIONS.—*Lie-ability.*—MACKENZIE'S ability to give the lie to WHITE.

Dis-ability.—MACKENZIE'S inability to prove the lie.

Prob-ability.—That both are wrong.

THE Ontario Premier should have taken the leading members of the Opposition with him to visit the Institution for the deaf and dumb. They might have learned some lessons in silence that would have been useful to him.

A young gentleman presented himself at our office the other day with a sprained wrist, an injured knee-cap, a black eye, and several vacancies in his upper row of teeth, and begged us to write an article, recommending foot-ball.

THE action, or rather inaction of the corporation has proved too much for the Yonge Street merchants. The continuous drain on their patience, all summer, has been very exhaustive. The corporation is now fully satisfied they are bound to sewer.

A SPECTATOR at the Foot-ball game, Saturday last, remarked in astonishment, that the Quebecers displayed much agility in regaining their feet so quickly after a knock down. A baker standing near, said it was a matter of little surprise to him as being so much *east* and *needed* the wire bound to *rise*. This was a *cracker* and the baker took the *sponge*.

WE could hardly venture the assertion that the Ontario Football team had a hand in the body stealing, to which reference was made, in the recent issue of the *Montreal Witness*. It cannot be denied, however, that their display of body-snatching, last Saturday, proved conclusively, that it is an old practice of theirs. The bodies snatched were citizens of Quebec.