

TIM TUCKER.



IM TUCKER was a tailor trim,  
A trimmer lad than he  
You would not find in London town,  
Nor even wish to see.  
Now, Tim in love with Sally Lunn  
Had fallen ears and head—  
Said he: "She is a baker's child,  
And she should be well-bred.  
Good breeding is a thing, I hold,  
Which gives in life great pleasure,  
And if I marry Sally Lunn,  
I'll surely have a treasure."  
She is the flower of their flock,  
Her father's joy and pride,  
And I shall never rest until  
To "take the cake" I've tried."  
So Tim he donned his best attire  
And sallied forth to call,  
Replete with airy self-conceit—  
But pride must have a fall.  
For Sally loved another lad,  
Her father's prentice stout,  
Who daily helped to make the bread,  
And then to drive it out.

"My baker boy no *lawyer* is,  
Though loafing is his trade,  
Abundance sure will crown his oil."  
Thus said the charming maid,  
But Tim, unconscious of all this,  
Pursued his wifeward route,  
And, seated close by Sally's side  
Began to "press his suit."  
"Oh, Sally Lunn! Oh, Sally Lunn!  
I love you more than life,  
I've long desired to tell you this—  
Say, will you be my wife?"  
A tart reply she snapp'd at him—  
"What, wed with you? my eye!  
I'll never wed a tailor, sir,  
'Twere better far to die.  
It's needless, sir, it seems to me,  
To tell you, sir, that you  
Are but the traction of a man,  
A vulgar fraction, too.  
Besides, I love another lad,  
Whose heart is kind and good,  
Who to the poor on every side  
Each day supplies their food."  
Poor Tim! I *travels* he was floored,  
Completely taken back,  
No vestige of conceit was left—  
Alas! he'd got the sack.  
Now Tim that very day resolved  
He'd try no other match:  
He chose a solitary life,  
And lived and died a *batch*.

SARTON.

SUNSHINE AND STORM CLOUDS.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND LOCAL POLITICS.  
CHAP. I.

It was not the first occasion that Epictetus Whitelaw had fallen in love, but this time it appeared to affect him with a peculiar thrill-someness and to set every chord of his nature in harmonious vibration with the diapason of the spheres. Rebecca Arundel was so lithe and winsome, she presided with such ineffable grace and dignity over the button department of Messrs. Cassimere & Co.'s great retail dry goods establishment—(don't strike this out, I've arranged with Cassimere to send along new towels for the office on the head of this,) at a salary of \$4 per week, that Epictetus was fascinated at a glance. As he put the dozen shirt buttons he had purchased in his pocket and quitted the establishment he swore that she should be his, or he hers, or both of them the others. Entering the palatial restaurant of Odonelli's he sealed the vow by disposing of a bottle of green seal, similar to that which Odonelli has promised to set up as soon as this notice appears.

CHAP. II.

It was a beautiful summer's day some'ers in the middle of July, and High Park presented an animated scene, numerous of the *elite* of Toronto being part of which. Among others present our reporter noticed His Worship the Mayor, Ex-ald Baxter, Robert Bell, M. P. P.,

John Ross Robertson, Col. Gzowski, Peter Ryan, Moses Oates, Dr. Mulvany, Hon. Adam Crooks, J. I. Evans, &c. Mr. P. E. W. Moyer, of the Berlin *News* drove a handsome team of greys which attracted universal attention.

"Beckie dearest," murmured Epictetus to the tall and sprightly damsel who leaned on to his manly arm, "is it not a red-letter day in our life's experience. Here in these sequestered sylvan scenes let us renew those mutual pledges," &c., &c.

"Ah, dear Epic," she said, "I am so felicitous. Methinks our lives might thus pass away like a delightful dream, in fact I have't had such a good time since I used to wait on customers in a confectionary and ice-cream establishment."

"It will be a great thing," resumed Epictetus, "when Toronto has annexed the surrounding municipalities and is enabled to establish a system of parks and drives throughout the outskirts. Now, if, for instance, they were to purchase—

[Not much. Oh we tumble to your little racket. You stand in with the ring we suppose, but you don't work your little game through our chaste columns.—ED. GRIP.]

"I don't agree with you," said Beckie, when he had concluded his remarks amid the applause of such of the general public as happened to be within hearing. "Now, I think that Parkdale had ought to preserve its autonomy, and by a rigid system of economy secure immunity from the heavy liabilities attaching to civic government."

"Quite agree with you. Economy \* \* \* important, \* \* \* sound principle, \* \* \* oppose centralization, \* \* \*

"said Hon. Adam Crooks, much of his speech being inaudible to the reporters. He promised to write it out and send it in, but he has hitherto failed to do so.

"Oh, then," said Epictetus, bitterly, "you oppose this great project, do you?"

"Yes, to the death," death said Beckie, as her dark eye flashed defiance. "Though a Torontonion by birth I am of noble Parkdale ancestry, and never will I consent to surrender our cherished autonomy and be ground under the iron will of Toronto's haughty and despotic aldermen."

"Brave girl!" said Peter X., in a tone of admiration, as he halted for awhile his panting steeds to listen to the discussion.

"Ha, I see how it is!" said Epictetus, "Miss Arundel, you are false. Some one of the gilded youth of Parkdale has stolen your heart from me by his delusive snares. Never will I swap chawing gum again with you in token of my affection! No, tr-r-raitress, never more will I purchase for you the roseate ice-cream, cold as your heart and evanescent as your love."

He turned upon his heel and disappeared in the shadows of the wood.

She threw up her arms with a gesture of despair and fell to the earth in a swoon.

CHAP. III.

Shortly subsequent to the events narrated in our last chapter, a man might have been seen proceeding in a meditative attitude along a side street puffing a cigar, which he occasionally removed from his mouth to swear at the dogs who made night hideous with their incessant clamor. As the night was unusually dark, however, and the lamps were not lighted because the moon ought to have been shining, he unfortunately was not seen, so that his identity and purpose remain a mystery. It is very provoking, but it is really the corporation's fault, and not ours.

CHAP. IV.

Epictetus Whitelaw hurried along, caring little whither he went. He tore from his

shirt the buttons purchased from the false Rebecca, and hurled them on to the pavement with imprecations. Bitterly he thought of the past, and would have given worlds to recall his harsh utterances.

"Mowat must go!" exclaimed a shrill voice, "Mowat must go!—must go!"

He looked up, and saw a large green parrot which hung in the door of an adjacent barber-shop.

An idea flashed upon him with the suddenness of a quarterly account for water rent.

He hailed a hack and drove straight to the Union Station, where he took the first train for London.

(To be continued.)

THE MAIL'S GRAMMAR.

DEAR GRIP,—Pending the resumption for displacement of "Marnion," would it not be well for the high schools and collegiate institutes to take for critical analysis "Temperance Conservative's" letter in the daily *Globe* of Saturday, Oct. 14th. The *Daily Mail* of Monday, Oct. 16th, gives lead as follows:—

"A Conservative, writing of Conservatives, would speak of conservatives in the *second person*. The organ always gives itself away in its 'Conservative' letters by describing Conservatives as 'they' and 'them.'"

SCENE—School-room at Pulpitover.

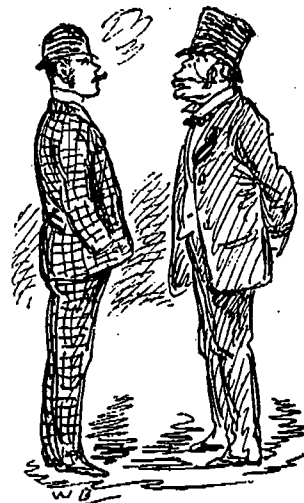
MAIL SCHOOLMASTER.—How are the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd persons used?

NERVOUS BOY.—1st person denotes the speaker, 2nd person spoken to, 3rd person spoken of.

MAIL SCHOOLMASTER.—No exceptions, sir? NERVOUS BOY.—No, none.

(Schoolmaster, glaring, with rod extended over urchin.)

MAIL SCHOOLMASTER.—There are exceptions sir! the 2nd person is spoken of when it's Conservatives, and the 3rd person is spoken to and of, and "CROOKS MUST GO," dear me, you go along with Crooks. The CROOKS ACT goes to my head every time I touch it, that's the way it increases drunkenness!



MONSTROUS!

MR. MCGASH—Upon my word, Jenkins, that Robinson is the meanest man I ever met. MR. JENKINS—Why, what's he been doing now.

MR. MCGASH—Doing? I was in there while he was taking his dinner, and he never even asked me if I had a mouth on me!!