

City Council.

Of all the virtuous corporations with which Toronto has been blessed, the one now in existence is certainly by far the most so, if we take their word for it.

They tell us to search among their acts for anything characterised by trickery or party spirit. Now, no one, with even a moderate degree of sense, would ever think of imputing any unworthy motives to them—the nominees of the Reform Convention, who were the nominees of George Brown—no dear, no.

We, in common with our fellow citizens, would never think of imputing shuffling to those who so earnestly condemn it in others. This being our opinion we must not be understood to condemn the recent appointment of ex-Alderman Brunel to the office of City Engineer.

We are aware of his antecedents, of his filling several situations with little credit to himself, and it has been rumored with little good to his different employers; of his having been discharged from the Superintendship of the Northern Railway for alleged incapacity, but we are disposed to make allowances as we know that it is hard to please everybody, and Mr. Brunel may not have that knack.

It may also be true that he has been addicted to jobbing, but is that anything new; is it strange. Men have chiselled and jobbed before him while in the same position. So he is no more to blame than others who were considered better than he is.

Even if he has jobbed, his experience in such matters will be of much benefit to the city, bringing, as he does, to the office in addition to his skill in engineering, a knowledge of the "tricks of the trade." In this way he will be enabled to counteract the schemes of the different contractors, if he act *uprightly*.

Another charge brought against him is, that he is closely connected with sharpers, who endeavor to monopolize the city contracts—well, what of that. The more intimate his acquaintance with them the better for the city, as from them he will obtain a great many useful suggestions which will be of incalculable value.

We think we have answered all the objections that could possibly be made to his appointment, and looking at the case from every point of view we are again compelled to say that the appointment was worthy of those who compose the Council.

It shows clearly that even the Clear Grits have a fellow feeling for each other, and a desire to advance their own partizans, however feeble and humble they may be. We therefore willingly accord to them that meed of praise which the appointment of so well qualified a person as Mr. Brunel (who lately associated with them as Alderman) to the office of City Engineer, deserves. It leads us to expect, that the Council will, for the future, exercise the same discretion in filling all situations which may become vacant, with equally competent men—men equal in capacity, reputation for honesty and general good character to Ex-Alderman Brunel.

I'm getting grey, as the Knight of the Curls said, as he was introducing a Bill for his County.

Muddy Thoughts.

Written in a Muddy State, when up to the Knees in Mud.

BY AN OLD MUDDLARK.

The "Opposition" without the ex-Premier, the Hon. George Brown, M. P. P., the editor-in-chief of the *Globe*, and the senior member for Toronto, would be like a gun without the lock, stock, and barrel. Wouldn't like to see the hon. member for Grey (Mr. Hogan); with his hair shingled by Harry Henry; nor would we relish seeing Grittie George with his "Claw Hamer" coat, dancing the smokehouse jig, or Old Bob (Moody) Ridley O. We would hate to see Mr. Benjamin tramp on Dr. Connor's toes, and the latter gentleman pitch into the former's corporation, and give him fits; but we would like to see J. S. Macdonald's coat tried on Mr. Talbot or D'Arcy McGee's three thousand men, that he is going to "fetch on."

G. H. S.

Correspondence.

MY DEAR MR. POKER:

As you are an intelligent, worthy person, and always ready to purge humbugs, I hope, through the medium of your extraordinary and excellent sheet, to be allowed to put down one of the greatest imposters second only to the men that was taken up the other day for passing bad money, and who, if I do not mistake, was some relation to the person I am about to name. Now there is dear Mrs. Tongue-still, who comes now and then to take a cup of tea with me. Well, the room we take tea in,—my dining-room, second flat,—looks upon Mrs. Squibbs, or as she calls herself, Madame Squibbs, and has it painted upon a board, not a tin, but a common board; but I am going from my subject. Poor dear Mrs. Tongue-still and I cannot shut our eyes nor ears neither. We cannot help looking out of our second flat window, and of course as Squibbs's yard is right against it, we must see it. Well, what do we see the other day but a lot of common rags hung out to dry. Well, as Mrs. Squibbs said one day she was the daughter of a lord (in a great secret to me), and that her father disinherited her because she married poor Squibbs, who was only a poor fox-hunting squire, and that she was going in—in—in coginghtoe, because she didn't want any disgrace coming upon the family. Well, of course, we wondered to see them so poor, and again we wonder to see Squibbs getting *dead drunk* every Saturday, and we want to know where the money comes from, and also, my dear, good-natured Mr. *Poker*, if there is such a name in the book with crests and all those sort of things in it, as Lord Pealem; because Mrs. Squibbs said that was her father's name.

My dear Mr. *Poker*,

Always yours,

TIGER-TAIL MARMALADE.

Mr. *Poker* presents his compliments to Mrs. Marmalade, and *begs to say* that if he was her husband he would have her brought up before Mr. Gurnett, and bound over to keep her tongue quiet, and then afterwards before Mr. McGann, to be taught the deaf and dumb alphabet, and make her *talk only that way* with her fingers.

FINCH AGAIN

The Five Prizeman has advertised for five and twenty Tailors (all in a row). The men that left the *Boss* advertise him as reducing wages, &c. He was only bringing the same system to work that was introduced in the City Council, that of *cur-tailing*. We wish him and the Corporation luck. They are a motley crew.

Royal Lyceum.

Mr. Marlowe has re-opened the above place of amusement with new sceneries, new properties, &c., for the spring and summer seasons. The pieces this week have all been of the best description. Shakespeare's comedy of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was produced for the first time in Canada, on Wednesday evening last, and rendered in a very creditable manner. The characters were ably sustained by the several individuals representing them. We must take this opportunity of mentioning the genuine rendition of the character of *Launce* by Mr. Herbert. It is the best thing we have seen since the re-opening of the establishment. All those who wish to enjoy the benefit of a hearty laugh have only to go to the Lyceum and witness the performances of Mr. Herbert and the original comicalities of Mr. Den Thompson.

Ontario Literary Society.

The readers of the *Poker* are invited to a public meeting of this society to be held in the basement of the Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 3rd proximo, at half-past Seven o'clock. Thomas Moss, Esq., B. A., will preside. The question "Would the enactment of a Prohibitory Liquor Law be beneficial to Canada," will be debated.

Affirmative: Messrs. A. W. Lawder, James Morris, W. H. Beresford.

Negative: Messrs. G. T. Hobbs, — Blain, J. A. Donovan.

New Postage Law—Quebec Beware.

Mr. Smith is going to put another clause to the new *Postage Law* which will run as follows: "That on account of the tremendous size of the Quebec *Mercury* parties mailing a copy of the same will be obliged to place two postage stamps upon it, and parties receiving the same will have to pay three cents postage.

Mrs. Poetter's Concert.

Mr. *Poker* sincerely acknowledges the compliment paid him by the presentation of cards of admission to the above Concert, but must state his regrets that he was unable to attend, as he understands the performance was in the highest manner satisfactory to all who witnessed it.

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