

The Conceited Gawk.

A gawk there is about the town,
A gawk who wears a lawyer's gown,
And sports a soiled white choker;
This gawk we now propose to "spot,"
Since he's a gawk and knows it not,
He'll learn it from the POKER.

This poor infatuated gawk,
Goes every day to stroll or walk
Where ladies promenade;
And as they pass he smirks and scrapes,
But all's in vain, they're sour as grapes
Or acid lemonade.

Yet gawk is bold and much will dare;
"The brave alone deserve the fair"
He says, and still will roam,
Accosting ladies whom he meets
Passing along the public streets,
And asks to see them home.

Now gawk should know this impudence
Is pretty sure to give offence;
Some gallant lady's knight
One of these days may pull his nose,
Or touch him up with leather toes,
Or ask him out to fight.

Now, Mr. Gawk don't "go it blind,"
But stop your pranks, or you will find
A very ugly joker
Is on your track to give you fits,
Much worse than all the gentle hits
Of your true friend, the POKER.

Metafusics.

Dr. McCaul, in whom we have learned to pardon any error, however gross, when he speaks of University College, on Monday last described the College library "as much too small," and the College museum "as insufficiently large." Now, Doctor, knowing you are an Irishman, we will, if necessary, allow you to speak a second time. What is the difference and distinction between a thing being "much too small," and being "insufficiently large?" When is a thing in that state that it can be described as "insufficiently large?" We can understand a thing being described as "large," as, in this instance, "Dr. McCaul's self-esteem is large." Nay more, we can understand a thing being described as "sufficiently large," as, in this sentence, "Dr. McCaul's pedantic vanity is sufficiently large." But we cannot understand a thing being described as "insufficiently large." Large in Latin (*largus*) is probably derived from the Greek $\lambda\alpha$ and $\rho\epsilon\iota\nu$ to flow plentifully and the learned doctor may intend it to mean a "plentiful flow of University adulation." Perhaps so, doctor. And if so, we make an insufficiently large noise about it.

Bitter Irony.

The President of University College, when recently seized with a cacoes the universitatis, speaking of an imaginary future, delivered himself of the following: "When that time arrived, when that happy hour came, if the institution would be asked to show proof of her benefits he would probably refer to the *alumni*." The *Poker* has often been told that on the University grounds a sulphate of alumina and potassa (Hyper-sulphas. aluminæ et potassæ) commonly called "alum" abounds, but never dreamt that the learned doctor would be at any time hereafter so far gone as to point to it as a "proof of the benefits" of University College.

A FEW OF THE MANY CERTIFICATES FROM THE
THE CITIZENS OF MONTREAL TO

Dr. HUMBUGGERY,

THE INDIAN HERB DOCTOR.

The following certificate was sworn before his worship the Mayor, Henry Starnes, Esq. on some day or other not necessary to be mentioned.

Montreal, Dec. 7th, 1857.

This is to certify that I have been afflicted with a plethora of cash for four weeks. Having been a complete martyr to this infliction I was recommended by some of Dr. Humbuggery's friends to apply to him, which I did, and he has relieved me of all my cash like winking.

(Sworn, &c.) THOMAS NOODLES,
Nazareth Street,
Griffintown.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS SREAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Montreal, Dec. 9th, 1857.

DR. HUMBUGGERY,—I am indebted to you for such a cure as it would be ungenerous to withhold. I feel I am only doing my duty in publicly stating my gratitude for the benefit which I have received from the use of your vegetable pills, which when swallowed by my dog "Dash," caused him to spring up a fine garden of cabbages, carrots, and potatoes, so good and so plentiful that I have not had occasion to trouble market gardeners ever since.

WILLIAM GREEN,
Assist. Clerk, Market,

Montreal, Dec. 10th, 1857.

H. HUMBUGGERY, M.D.,—SIR,—You are a great benefactor to suffering humanity. For a long time, I have been without a hair mattress to my bed, but one evening having by accident let fall an uncorked bottle of your valuable hair restorative, the entire floor of my bed-room was next morning covered with a luxuriant crop of hair.

ROBERT O'HARE,
Bleury Street.

Montreal, Dec. 9th, 1857.

DR. HUMBUGGERY. Dear Sir,—It is due to you that I should state how much I am indebted to you. I owe you everything, and intend to continue your debtor as long as I live. One evening I incautiously left your medicine on a table in the kitchen, and before morning every rat in my house was as dead as a door nail.

HENRY RATCLIFFE,
McGill Street.

Royal Lyceum.

Since the opening night our lovite, Mr. Nickinson, has put upon the boards of the Royal Lyceum a long and interesting array of pieces. From the grand holiday performance of "The Forty Thieves," to the great drama of the "Three Thieves," and all manner of farces, the acting of the new company is good. Miss Frost deserves honourable mention. We notice a great improvement in Miss Sarah Lyons, and commend her to the public as a rising actress.

A Real Steeple Chase.

A correspondent of the *Colonist*, who was out all night some night in the middle of last week, tells strange stories of our Church Steeples. One he says while "apparently piercing the sky, tells of sturdy independence." A second "speaks eloquently of suffering for conscience sake." A third "tells plainly of the Geneva Caps and Gown." A fourth "owes its ornamentation to female influence." A fifth "is a standing protest against that barbarianism, which not unfrequently has made religion a stalking horse" [who ever saw a church steeple otherwise than standing;] A Sixth, that of St. James Cathedral "is not remarkable for height," [Should think not as St James Cathedral has none at all.] Something must be done to keep these steeples in order, for if they are allowed to be telling stories, speaking about conscience, owing debts, and standing upright, and doing other equally absurd things there is no saying how much the peace of our good city may be disturbed. The "Deputy Chief" should be authorized by Cadi Gurnet to arrest and imprison them before they do mischief—then one "chief" can set them at liberty.

The Sea Serpent at the Sault.

A correspondent of a city Journal, writing from Sault Ste. Marie, during the present month says, "we have just arrived here in the teeth of a tremendous north wester." We have never before heard the Sea-serpent called a "Tremendous North Wester." But call him what you will we had rather not travel as the *Colonist* correspondent appears to have done—in his teeth.

To Correspondents.

DR. T—TY.—Cannot admit your advertisement. Unlike the *Globe*, we decline to defend quacks for a consideration. Have returned your \$50 by post.

THOMAS H. & NEVY.—Are not to be deterred either by threats or bribes from exposing humbugs.

GOLDEN TOM CAT.—Decline your patronage.

YOUR REPORTER.—Rather too severe on the sweet creatures the ladies, but inserted with this apology.

UNCLE TOBY.—We have not the pleasure of knowing your niece, but we presume she must be nice.

ELEGIAC.—Thanks as usual. Nothing like a good tilt against real humbugs.

SWEET WILLIAM.—We decline to publish your letter. 1st. Because it is too long. 2nd. Because there is nothing in it.

"The Poker"

Is published at 7 o'clock every Saturday morning, and can be obtained at all the News Depots, and of the News Boys. The *POKER* will be mailed to parties in the country, at \$1 per annum, paid in advance. Address: "The *Poker*," Box 1109 Post Office, Toronto. All letters must be post-paid.