

## For Sale or Hire.

The well known showy hack mare, *Granny*. This faithful animal hardly needs description as she has been driven and ridden in Toronto by all parties alternately. She will work in a cart and draw dung and rubbish, or hitch on to a state carriage with equal temper, providing that she be fully fed; but it must be understood that she has a capital appetite, hence, if sold, the buyer must be prepared to give her fodder [pap] enough. If not sufficiently fed she gives notice of her necessities by vigorous kicking, and more than once when hungry has pitched her rider. The last exhibition of mettle was an attempt to smash the official barouche which she had been hired to draw, but she was unharnessed before any harm was done. At present she is working for Gawky and Co., Railroad Contractors, who happened to require a thorough bred beast not averse to dirty work; yet as her owners think an animal of her appearance and spirit should earn more than she is now doing, they are open to offers to purchase her out and out, or to hire her service at so much per week or month. No hire contract, however, to be for more than one month, [seeing that her owners are always in the market] and the contractor to accept the incidental risk of her bolting.—References as to her qualities are permitted to Sir Allan N. McNab, Baronet, Hon. John Hilliard Cameron, John Sheridan Hogan, Hon. John A. McDonald, Wm. Kingsford, and Messrs. Holton and Galt. Apply at the stables, King Street.

N. B. A deposit of £2000 to be made in the Commercial Bank as security for her owners before a tender can be entertained.

IMPUDENCE.—Our "devil," who, by the way is a most free-and-easy, if not impertinent imp, comments on the above in the following sublime effusion:—

"Money will make the mare to go,  
Whether she have good legs or no,  
Or make a man to jump Jim Crow,  
Although he have a gouty toe."

HOLIDAY FRIENDS.—No sooner had Mr. Macdonald's protegee, the Editor of the *Colonist*, hoisted the opposition standard, than, forthwith his example is followed by several minor organs—the Grand River *Sachem*, the *Brampton Standard*, the *Stratford Examiner*, the *Ayr Observer*, and many other newspapers of the same class. Their conduct reminds us strongly of the anecdote related of the Paris Policeman who held Pierrri in custody, on the night of the 14th January. While confusion reigned, and it was not known whether the Emperor had escaped the missile directed at his life; the guardian of the public morals, with a view of conciliating one who might wield the sceptre of power, in case of accident, said,—“Sir, should anything unforeseen occur, I hope you will recollect that I have treated you like a gentleman.”—*Quebec Herald*.

A certain editor remarked to a worthy Alderman that “he was sorry to see him ratting.”—“For goodness sake,” said the other, confidentially, and in a low tone of voice, tipping his friend on the shoulder, “don't let anybody hear you talk of ratting, if you have any fear of tar and feathers before your eyes.”—*Atlas*.

## The Ministry and the Colonist.

“He that depends upon your favors,  
Swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes!  
With every minute you do change a mind;  
And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
Him vile, that was your garland!”

WARNING.—But we would warn the member for Toronto that combustibles are dangerous playthings, and that he may chance to be neither the first nor the last engineer who has been hoisted by his own petard. He might, we think, study with some degree of profit the story of the necromancer who fell a victim to the being of his own creation. It is an easy thing to write the heading of a requisition. To one so hackneyed in the clap-trap phraseology of the day, the concoction of a string of high-sounding resolutions would be as the amusement of an idle hour; but, the floodgates of popular excitement once thrown open, does Mr. Brown or Mr. Burwell think himself able to control the inundation.—*Colonist as it was*.

MADE A MISTAKE.—We fear the *Colonist* will find before long that it has made a mistake. Hasty conversions, like hasty marriages, are generally things to repent of at leisure. Where neither explanation nor reason is assigned for one's taking precisely the opposite course to what he has before pursued, the turn-coat is commonly looked upon as a knave or a fool. As a knave, where to subserve his own private interests, or from personal pique or quarrel he deserts his friends, and rushes to the camp of the enemy: as a fool, if no such discreditable motive actuates him. We do not know in which class to rank the *Colonist*, though we fear the worst.—*Montreal Newspaper*.

WOOD CONTRACT.—We have important evidence as to the Hogan-McGaffey contract in our possession; but we deem it expedient that the evidence should be laid before the House previous to its publication in these columns. We shall see what this man Hogan's public virtue amounts to by-and-by. Let our readers not be impatient.—*Colonist as it was*.

IN AND OUT OF OFFICE.—Lyndhurst tells a good story *apropos* of his surrender of the great seal of the English ministry in 1846. “When I went to the palace,” says his lordship, “I alighted at the grand staircase; I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called in sonorous tones, from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, ‘Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England;’ I entered the presence chamber; I gave the seals to her Majesty, I had the honor of kissing her hand; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a back staircase, down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me, until, as I was looking for my carriage at the door, a lacky bustled up, and, with a patronising air, said, ‘Lord Lyndhurst, can I do anything for you?’”

WHAT IS FAME.—A man who was recently sent to Sing Sing for ten years, for burglary; learning that his portrait and life were to appear in one of the papers, ordered 500 extra copies which he circulated among his friends.

## Wanted

A Dentist who will undertake to extract the “tooth of envy” from a very distressed sufferer. Any professional gentlemen who has sufficient confidence in his skill, will please call on the Editor of the *Grumbler* at his office in Toronto Sreet.

We beg to explain, in reference to the above, that our young friend of the *Grumbler* has for some time been troubled with this tooth, but it has become quite insufferable since the appearance of the *Poker* last week. Have the tooth pulled out by all means, young man.

Our neighbor the *Colonist* is mistaken in classing the *Freeman* as an Opposition paper. The *Freeman's* politics are announced to be independent of all existing party combinations. Its general views on Provincial affairs are explained in the introductory article.—*Canadian Freeman*.

TOO TRUE.—The public man who has been the idol of the hour; the statesman, who, above all others, has worked for the benefit of the people, becomes weak, contemptible, useless, a complete failure as a politician, &c., &c., as soon as some leading journal or influential partizan is led, either by resentment, or unfulfilled promises, or the bitterness of disappointed hopes, to denounce him.—*Quebec Herald*.

PERVESSIONS.—The perversions of the Clear Grits are endless, and we should have left it to the common sense of the public here to rank this particular case with others raised by the same party. However, as the evidence of Mr. Pennefather would carry weight abroad, and as the whole of the facts were not elicited in evidence, the explanation which we give will be of use.—*Colonist as it was*.

DANGER AHEAD.—Mr. Brown, at a loss how otherwise to attain the political position on which he has set his soul, has threatened the government and the country with a resort to physical force. The incipient step is already on the anvil. A mass meeting is to be held in the open air, at which all the evils that Canada endures are to be portrayed in the strongest and most exciting, if not the truest, colors. So that, unless there is a slip in its incipiency, through the good sense of the people, rapine and murder, the sure concomitants of civil strife, will not be wanting.—*Colonist as it was*.

There is a cockney youth who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, cries “Fire!” directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window and inquires “Where?” When he poetically slaps himself on the bosom and exclaims, “Ere, my Hangelina.”

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF GRITTISSM.—George Brown and George Pyper.

Blessed are they who do not advertise; they shall not have to work.

## “The Poker”

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