

### Impertinence.

MY DEAR POKER,

O me it is well-known that you are a gentleman of most noted gallantry; you favor the side of our sex, and stand up for "Woman's Rights," that is, as long as we don't tread on the men's toes, or infringe upon their just and lawful privileges. All very good, Sir, I shall remember and take particular care to keep within bounds; but still I am a young lady of a decidedly independent turn of mind. Extraordinary as it may seem I choose to sit down as I please, to rise again as I please; to stand as I please, and to walk as I please. Notwithstanding all this, it will astonish you to learn that in this far-famed City of Toronto, this magnificent Queen City of the West, there lives, and breathes, and walks, a man who presumes to differ from me in this matter of opinion of mine. Now for that I really don't care a straw, but for the fellow's impertinence I do care, it annoys me, and I won't be annoyed. Last Saturday, 6th instant, I had business down town, and having no time to waste in idle promenading up and down King Street, it pleased me to walk at a rate nearly approaching the 2.40 as possible. Now I can't imagine how it is any one's business except mine; but as I neared Yonge Street, indeed I was just passing Nordheimer's Music Store, when this said individual, I'm sure I don't know what to call him, if he is a man he is a libel upon his sex, stopped short, and for the space of nearly a minute, stood staring in the most impertinent manner at me. Now, I don't choose to be stared at. I'm not an appendage let loose from the Circus now in town; neither am I an importation from Barnum's Museum, nor the Sandwich Islands.

I allowed the fellow to stare till I thought he had taken sufficient note of me to recognise me again upon any emergency, but as that didn't seem to satisfy him, and I was averse to being any longer regarded as a walking panorama, or wild beast show, I turned and gave him a look, such a look as you may fancy Lady Macbeth to have bestowed upon her dutiful husband when he begins to repent of his intention to slay Duncan.

If a look could have possessed the power I devoutly wished it had possessed, he would forthwith have disappeared and melted into thin air!

But alas! Looks possess no such power—he was proof against it, as far as the dissolving into thin air went, but shades of all the ghosts that ever rose since the days of Hamlet! *Did'nt* he turn pale, and melted into his shoes—boots I mean.

I thought I had finished him, but no, he revived again. Yesterday as I stood in the Post Office looking over my batch of New York papers, the creature—Laird of Inches I

believe he calls himself, at least I am confident whatever number of *inches* may appertain to his name, nothing so high as feet, or acres can be claimed by him—entered, and coming over to me, very coolly stared at me till I felt an almost irresistible inclination to throw every blessed paper in my hand into his face. How devoutly I wished that I had been for one short five minutes a man, would'nt I—to use an expression, though *not* elegant phrase—"have knocked him higher than a kite."

Now, Mr. POKER, can such things be? Is it in human reason to permit such impertinence? I say *no!* I know you will place your veto upon it, and in that case who will dare to oppose you?

And now, pray give this publicity. I don't want to attack any unfortunate wretch unprepared and unwarned; but be it known to the Laird of Inches, and to the public in general, that if he repeats his impertinence, there will be such a scene enacted on King Street as never graced the boards of the Royal Lyceum.

Yours sincerely,

A LADY.

### Griebil the Violinist.

To the Editor of the *Poker*.

SIR:—

WISH, through the columns of your paper, to call the attention of the parties connected therewith, to the state of the "Griebil Fund." Something more than two years ago I was waited on by a barrister of this city, and requested to contribute to a fund, then being raised, for the purpose of sending the widow of the lamented F. Griebil, to her home in Germany, and although I am aware that a considerable sum was subscribed, from that time to the present, I have not heard how these funds were applied; of this I am certain, Madame Greibil still remains in Toronto. Will you assist to unravel this matter.

Yours,

MARIA JANE.

[We would call the attention of the parties connected with this matter, to the letter of our fair correspondent. We are aware that considerable feeling was exhibited at the time of Griebil's death, and much sympathy expressed for his widow. We heard of concerts in Toronto, Ottawa and other cities, at which some funds must have been obtained, and we think the gentlemen of the committee owe to the public and the subscribers, an account of their stewardship. It is too common now-a-days for persons—no doubt with the best intentions—to head a sheet of paper with the name of some charitable object, collect funds, and no doubt hand them to the party for whom intended, without ever explaining to the contributors what was done with their money.—R.H.POKER.]

### The Corporation and the Rifle Band.

SIR:—

HERE is great disappointment felt when, through some more pressing duty calling them away, the men of the Royal Canadian Rifle Band don't shew themselves in the University Park. Now if there was as much anxiety shown to treat them well as to hear them, things would be all right. But this is not the case. The Reform Mayor and Council grant a couple of omnibusses to bring the men to the ground; they refresh them with a mug of wishy-washy beer; and then, instead of sending them home again in omnibusses, they leave them to trudge home as best they can. If the men of the band were municipal voters, the "Reform Council" would be careful to treat them with more liberality. But there's no use in talking. Array a beggar in municipal, or even royal robes, and the meanness of the animal will peep out somewhere.

Your obt. servt.,

AN OLD BLOWER.

[This is the way the Corporation treats every one that serves them.—R. H. POKER.]

### Tall Writing.

FUNNY fellow, over the signature "John Smith," does the Toronto correspondence for the Markham *Economist*, and as it is the aim of Mr. POKER to recognise wit, wherever to be found, we must apologise to John for allowing him "to blush unseen" for so long a period. So much by the way of preface, and we will have "John" talk for himself.—Speaking of some new movement in the political world, he says, "it will operate as the quiescent, volcanic subterranean fires of an *Ætna*, a *stromboli*, a *cotapaxi*, a *monte St. Elias*, or a *Vesuvius*." Whew! aint you skeered? Well, if all the politicians of Canada, do not take a trip to the north pole for coolness, there is no knowing what may become of them. "John" wants to have a "Magazine," as he thinks Canada has not proper receptacles for all the literary effusions of her people. Right "John," we must! yes! we shall have a "Magazine," and Mr. POKER proposes, and we trust some butcher of our good city will second the proposition, that "John Smith," be duly installed editor.

### New Chair for University College.

Christian principles (including plagiarism)  
PROF. S. S. NELLES.

### Phrenology.

We are requested to state that Professor FOWLER, of New York, will Lecture sometime during the summer in Toronto and throughout Canada on Phrenology.