

**Undesirable Imports.**

A recent immigrant writes us as follows:—"I am an Englishman. I think this is a blasted country and the people a lot of blasted Philistines. Still I don't mind making money out of them if I can. I have been at an English University where I learn't to drink beer, make Latin verses and slang barges. I have no convictions that I know of, and my knowledge of Canadian politics leads me to think that politicians and parties here are all worthy of nothing but contempt. Still if either party chooses to pay me, I am not above doing the journalistic assassin work for it. I can bring respectability to any party because I dress well, can retail a scandal at a dinner table, know the names of several lords, and understand the secrets of horse-racing. Can't you give me something to do in the literary line? There's nothing going for fellows like me at home. Literary work is monopolized by a lot of mealy-mouthed prigs, who make a pretence of being bound by rules of moderation and honour and all that sort of bosh. If you don't do something for me it's just because you stupid colonists don't know how to value a first-class English immigrant. Journalists in this county are a lot of glandered hacks and I want to put some new blood on the literary turf. JOHN SMITH."

[We have nothing for you JOHN, and we shall have to submit to the stigma that we can't appreciate imported talent. Our paper is run by Canadians for Canada. You must look out for an English paper printed in Canada. The *Globe* is a Scotch one. But you may try the *Mail*. Ask for *Thersites C.*—ED.]

**The Lament of the Manufacturer.**

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Protection's but an empty dream!  
Do not say that CARTRIGHT slumbers  
While the Yankee works his scheme!

True, too true! his words remind us  
Hope is but a stair of sand,  
Let us leave our shops behind us  
And attempt a happier land.

**An Electro-Chemical Bath.**

I WAS suffering from a pain in one of my knees, which a friend told me was rheumatism. He said I ought to take an electro-chemical bath at the "Sanitarium." A singular unanimity of opinion prevailed amongst those who had already gone through the experiment as to the immediate and after effects of this "patent" arrangement. It was with quivering limbs and a blanched countenance that I entered the enclosure pointed out to me by the bathman, and my fears were not diminished by the sight of a formidable looking piece of iron which was suspended from the ceiling and whose use I was almost immediately painfully made aware of.

I ascertained that the electricity entered the body through this medium and gradually pervaded the whole system. I should mention that before getting into the Bath a liberal supply of iodine was bestowed upon me, the existence of which I had no reason to doubt during the course of the experiment. After having been safely lodged in the water I was quietly requested to take hold of the piece of metal, over my head, the contact with which caused a thrill to proceed through my whole frame. After reclining in the Bath for the space of about ten minutes my comparative tranquillity was suddenly and violently arrested by having two or three dippers full of medicated water ruthlessly poured over my hands. The pain caused by this operation was so great (a proportionate amount of delight was of course created within the bosom of the attendant) that I felt strongly impelled to relinquish my grasp of the iron, and was only withheld from this act by the knowledge, of which I had been placed in possession beforehand, that this apparently harmless piece of metal when suddenly dropped swings to and fro with great rapidity and in the course of its wanderings might establish a connection with the head, in which case nothing short of instant extermination would be the result. It then struck me that if I watched my opportunity I might seize the dipper unawares and thus deprive the cruel operator of his principal weapon. This brilliant plan was however abandoned as impracticable and I had to submit no less than three times to the dipper business before I was allowed to take my leave. After stepping out of the Bath I became unpleasantly conscious of the presence of the iodine on my back and for three days and three nights I could not derive comfort from any source whatsoever. I was then placed under the influence of the shower bath which refreshed me to some extent but the effect of the electricity remained upon me, and was particularly apparent in my hands for many days. When I began to come around again I found that in the intense pains distributed through my body by the Bath, I had quite forgotten the local pain in my knee. In fact I was cured.

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**Political Definitions.**

A pacific scandal—A violent verity.  
A big push—An upheaval of the *Globe*.  
Steel rails—Would-be Iron-y.  
A slight deficit—Short Commons.  
Incidence of Taxation—Inevitable dissatisfaction.  
Masterly inactivity—A quiet opposition.  
Ministerial responsibility—Limited liability.  
A working majority—God save the queen.  
We would be glad to add to the list, but are quite worn out with consulting authorities.

**Q. CC.**

WE have received private information from Ottawa that the following gentlemen are to be presented with silk gowns shortly, as counsel learned in the law:—Hon. W. MACDOUGALL, JERRY MERRICK, GORDON BROWN, NATHAN DICKEY, JAFFRAY, DYMOND, Mr. Alderman BAXTER, and W. S. DAVIS of the Grand Opera House.

**Nursery Rhymes.**

There is a bould corporal CASEY  
An M. P. uncommonly lazy,  
His sallies in French  
He had better retrench,  
Try Irish, it's uncommonly aisy.

**A Precious Pearl.**

A meeting has been held to consider MR DYMOND's claims to the leadership of the Grit party, since his declaration that Free Trade is one of the planks of the Grit platform. His chief qualifications for the post are his experience as the *Globe's* journalistic spy, his intense egotism, GEORGE BROWN's absence, and his own brief residence in Canada which enables him to speak with the confidence of ignorance of Canada affairs. MR GORDON BROWN, we are lead to believe, is rather against the elevation of his amanuensis. He considers the *Globe*, leader enough for any party.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

THE GREAT LOAN-LAND of Canada is England.

THE JUDICIOUS HOOKER.—Mr. Secretary BELKNAP.

THE NEW EVENING PAPER is to bear the ominous title of Tell-a-cram!

THE BRAHMAPOOTRA OF INDIA is for the future to be the title of the vice-roy.

EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.—The recent purchase by the English Government of the Suez Canal Shares.

ESCAPED FROM SING SING.—The young lady who happened to be ut when her lover called to serenade her.

BONUS.—The vultures want to bone us for another \$150,000. We don't feel disposed to throw the dog another bone.

THE FIRE-ESCAPE.—The Rev. Mr. MACDONELL anticipated the City Council. Ald. WITHROW justly asks—"Why this unnecessary expense?"

MR IRVING'S RESOLUTION was a happy combination of political economy, poetry and political trick-onometry. It was lost by a three-men-dous minority.

RYOTS.—The *Times* discusses the probable effect upon the ryots of the bill to enable the Queen to call herself Empress of India. It would seem to be a new sort of Ryot Act.

AN INFANT PRODIGY.—The *Mail* in its wonderful history of Mr. BELKNAP's baby remarks, "The babe of his second wife only outlived its second mother a very short time." GINX's baby was not a circumstance to this.

DR RYERSON, according to the *Globe* and *Mail*, has withdrawn from the education department, but the Minister of Education has assigned to him a room in the Normal School in which he may prosecute his "literary labours." No doubt the pugnacious doctor who has every claim to be called a man of letters, of many letters, is engaged in carrying out his threat of writing a History of Canada. What has our suffering country done to deserve this? She needs "protection" sadly. Possibly a *bonus* is the Doctor's object. We certainly think a history of the U. E. Club more within his power. He is fond of quoting the "elegant seed." He will find any number of elegant seeds in that splendid mansion.