Mrs. Timkins—Timkins has a strange aversion to Dr. Pills. It would be most unfortunate if the two were to meet at this time, especially in Timkins' present state of mind; but I have great faith in Susan's judgment.

Enter Susan, ushering in Dr. Pills.

Susan-The doctor, ma'am.

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Mrs. Timkins (riving and shaking Dr. Pills by the hand)—Ah! doctor, it is very kind of you to be so punctual.

Dr. Pills—Always am punctual, madam (takes his note-book out and makes a memo.) (Aside) Five guineas—important consultation!

Mrs. Timkins-Susan, you may go.

Susan (aside)—If master only knew that he (pointing to Dr. Pills) was here, wouldn't there be dixie. (Exit.) (Mrs. T. and Dr. P. seat themselves close to each other.)

Mrs. Timkins—Doctor, it is very good of you to come, you are so punctual—so considerate!

Dr. Pills—Don't mention it, madam. (Aside) Sorry now I didn't make it ten guineas—think I will (pulls out pocket book and makes memo.).

Mrs. Timkins-It is about my poor husband I wish to consult you.

Dr. Pills-Ah! a bad one altogether.

Mrs. Timkins—Doctor!!

Dr. Pills-I mean, a bad case. (Aside) A hard case.

Mrs. Tinkins—Oh! doctor, you cannot mean what you say? Have you, then, observed poor Tinkins' strange conduct of late?

Dr. Pills-I never knew his conduct to be anything else but strange.

Mrs. Timkins—Ah, I fear you are prejudiced; you don't like my husband.

Dr. Pills—Madam, you forget perhaps how on one occasion he applied the toe of his boot to—ah! but such things are painful—to relate.

Mrs. Timkins-Professionally, doctor, you should forget such incidents.

Dr. Pills-Professionally I do, madam (takes his note-book out and looks at it); physically I cannot.

Mrs. Tinkins—Well! well! doctor, forget the past, and only remember that I, a poor troubled wife, apply to you for advice and assistance. I am, I assure you, in a distressed state of mind.

Dr. Pills-My dear madam, I am your humble servant.

Mrs. Timkins—I have persuaded Timkins to go to the country for a week, in order that I may consult you quietly as to his state of health. For some time past he has been very strange in his manner; talks in his sleep, walks up and down muttering to himself, knocks his hat over his eyes, has destroyed no less than a dozen hats in a fortnight, and altogether behaves himself so strangely that I have become alarmed. What if he were going