



TECHNICAL.

DR. BOLUS.—“Your husband is very ill, madam. I will have to make a diagnosis —”

MRS. JIMKINS.—“Yes, doctor. Could you make it with cotton? I haven't a bit of linen in the house.”

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HIS VISIT TO THE BIG FALL SHOW.

It's me wance agin, GRIP darlin'! Gimme a hould o' your claw, an' bid me *cead mille failthe*!!

Rafferty's as thrue to you as the pig to the shwimmin' shwill-through.

I say, allanna, I'm not mesilf at all, at the prisint writin'. Why, shure, I've bin to the Big Fall Show at Toronto.

That's the thruth av it, avic! widout a bit av a lie in it.

I wint! I saw! I kim back conquered! I've a head on me like the Hill o' Howth, an' a tashte in me gob as though I'd bin fadin' on turpentine for a fortnight. Me best coat—the silf-same coat me grandfather wore whin a futman in the service av the Duke av Wellington—is in wrack an' ruin. I losht me watch—the gift av an ould uncle who found it at the Crimea; me hat is battered out av dacent shape; an', what wid thrampin' home agin, a thrifle o' forty odd mile, what's left av me boots wouldn't be worth the while sindin' to the cobbler.

I got dhruv in be a neighbor, be the name av McPherson. Don't be afther thinkin' this same man was a counthryman av mine, bekase he has a Mick to his pathronymic. Sorra a bit av an Irishman was me frind Mac; he came from Glingarry, an' was as Scotch as a big platther av oatmale mush.

Troth an' it's maybe a good thing for Denis that his frind an' fellow-thraveller *wasn't* wan from the County Down. Later on, GRIP, y' likely agree wid me on this pint.

We shtarted for the city in illigint shtyle. It was Mac's own horse an' wagon we hired for the occasion, wid a mintal reservation on my part that Mac would shstand the whole expinse, unliiss I got home agin alive. Mac's horse was a gim—a rare bird. I nivir saw the likes av him before, an' I think I could survive it av I nivir saw the likes av him agin till I die. He was, widout doubt, the mosht obadient baste ivir I rode behind—you could make him do anything in the world he wanted to.

An' the shlowness av him! Faix, put him to the haise at a funeral, an', I belave the very corpse himsilf would rise up an' ordher him to move on.

The car was a shpring wagon—at laste, Mac. said so, an' I have no right to doubt the man's word. But—well, it's a private opinion I have, an' I wouldn't mintion it to a livin' sowl, that the sphrings were WATHER, judgin' be the *crakes* that kim from the ramshackle, lumberin' ould hulk on whales!

Afther a day's journey, we shtrucked the pracincts av the city—“the soopburbs,” as Mac. tarmed the shpot. An', bedad, as we hadn't had a bite or a dhrop the whole road, “the soop burbs is the place for us,” sez I to Mac., in a bit av a joke an' mimicry.

“Ye'll hae tae fin' a hottel, afore ye cawn mak oot onythin' tae ate,” was Mac.'s only ricognition av my plisinthry.

“Thrust Denis for that!” sez I. An' wid that I hit the horse a murdherin' bang on the big hip-bone nearest to me; for I saw a light forninst us that samed to say as plain as the nose on me face, “Accommodation for man an' baste!”

The Saints be praised, it was that same!—a cross-roads tavern, nate an' comfortable as any one could wish for.

We ate an' dhrank—although not exactly in that same ordher. Thin we wint back into the tap-room, an' hour afther hour we shpint, as well as shillin' upon shillin', thratin' an' bein' thrated. Oh, there was a fine crowd av us—farmers, an' villagers, an' gintlemin, like Mac. an' me. We dhrunk an' talked, an' talked an' dhrunk agin, an' argued, an' hild conthroversy, an' exchanged confidences, an' told av our thravels an' advintures. Indade, GRIP, 'twas wan av the natest an' liveliest shprees that Denis Rafferty, or any other man livin' or dead, born or unborn, ivir enjoyed.

I am proud av the shpre, GRIP, an' be the same token, I am as mortially ashamed av the endin'.

A fight tuk place, bechune a big bog-throttin' laborer an' mesilf, on a pint av church docthrine. We wint to the barn-yard to settle it, an' were heart an' sowl in a beautiful scrimmage, whin the police disparsed the crowd, an' prived the murdher—av me, the landlord declares, but av the bog-throtter, do I avow!

Mac. saved me from arrist be layin' the blame on me opponint, an' promisin' to have the law on him nixt day.

Whin I woke at noon, Mac. was gone to thry an' find his horse an' wagon, that some thafe av the world had tuk off; me money was gone too, bedad, an' I was in betther shpirit an' condition to atind a funeral than a Fair.

So home I thrudged it iviry blissed fut o' the way—an' mighty glad was I whin I got there.

Battered an' broken, but shstill alive, GRIP. Ye have the satisfaction o' knowin' that av Mac. had bin an Irishman, it's at the jail, likely, this time, ye'd bin hearin' from

DENIS RAFFERTY.

QUEER CASES.

THE *News* announces two new cases of small pox in the city, one being that of a “man who lived alone in a town with his wife,” and the other that of “a lad who resides with her mother” in St. John's Ward. The medical health officers will no doubt wait upon the intelligent compositor and the erudite proof-reader of the *News*, to obtain full particulars.

“WHAT do you make your sausages out of—beef?” asked the young housekeeper. “No,” replied the butcher, “we generally make 'em of ground-hog.”