

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HE CONSIDERS AFTER DUE DELIBERATION THAT THIS COUNTRY IS SAFE.

MISTHER GRIP,—



I'VE been in a stew radin' the *Impire* newspaper, that has been tellin' us all so often lately that there's murdher in the air, that it's blood the Reform payple are schramin' afther, an' that ivry blissid sowl av us who don't be belavin' in the docthrine that Sir John A. is the only thoroughbred patriot in Canady, an' who won't shout for him wid both fishts, is a thraitor an' blackguard!

Say, GRIP, it isn't thru, is it, allana? The sorra a bit av me wants to belave a word av it.

My public belafe, expressed privately to you, is that the *Impire* is crazy—the crathur!

I'm a Reformer, bedad; but often an' often, what wid slutherin' an' humbuggin' an' botherin' me head about this quistion an' that quistion, this candydade an' that candydade, this policy an' that policy, faix I r'ally couldn't tell you what side I voted agin, or what side I voted for, or whether I didn't shpoil me ballot entirely, an' shwear I'd let the whole gang go to Ballyhooley.

Yit, notwithstandin' this bit av a confession to yoursilf, Misther GRIP, I want to see Reform go on, an', sez Rafferty, more power to the elbow av ivry man Jack in the wide land that votes Reform, whether he's Grit or Tory, Protistant or Prisbytarin', lame or lapin', good, bad, or indifferint.

D'ye hear me, *Impire*? Thin, behave yersilf like a dacint, honest Christian wid a clane conscience, aitin' three meals a day, an' lashins in the shwill barrel for the pair av pigs!

Don't be afther thryin' to make out that there's lots av us hoorooon' for slaughter! That whole armies are marchin' "to haul down the ould flag." That lagions upon lagions are climbin' over aich other's necks to "disthroy confideration," to "sell the country to the foreign foe," an' to kick up the divil av a Donnybrook ginirally.

We're none av us for gore.

There's not a mother's son av us that I know who's hidin' in the hedge wid his blundherbuss waitin' a chance at the shkin av a neighbor, bekase that neighbor buys the *Impire*, an' is riddy at any blissid minute to hoot his shtand-up collar aff at the mere mintion av Saint John A.'s name!

We don't want to fight,  
An', be jingo, we don't mane to.

So, be aff wid you, *Impire*, omadhaun! Lave us in pace an' plinty, wid our own arms an' brains to airn a comfortable kape as individuals, an' a kind Providence to guide our distiny as a nation.

The country, I belave, is safe. But, begorra, av I was around whin you were in the act av schrawlin' out your murdherin' mush, I don't think you'd be safe from

DENIS RAFFERTY.



OH, SHAW!

MISS Maude de Bloorstreet was rather a pretty girl until she went to hear the Prima Donna whistler, and took a fancy to the art.

THE WAIL OF A GENIUS.

WHEN the great and only Professor Bumpus visited "our town," as the New Brunswickers say, I went to that dignitary to be bumped. He was a fierce-looking man, who turned in his toes, and who wore false teeth, and who fairly made me tremble when he went meandering around my ears and let his long bony fingers griggle in and out of my curls, and punched me gently, and wound up by leaving me two dollars poorer than nothing (as I had borrowed that amount with a vague presentiment I should never be able to return it), and the promising assurance that I should be a writer. So far he spoke the truth—rest his soul—but I feel aggrieved and embittered when I look back over all the years, the pages and subjects I've written, all the stamps and envelopes and paper I have used, all the candles I have burnt writing. Truly I am a writer, but never yet have I seen the color of a greenback, or a dollar, or a dime, for all that writing. One editor—he was a Toronto man, too—sent back an article on which I spent twelve days and nearly as many nights work, with the fiendish remark, "Subject overdone." It was on Temperance, and a real red hot one, too. Well, I then wrote one on Intemperance, and I sent that to Montreal. I never saw that again, nor the stamps I sent with it. I wrote and gave that editor a piece of my mind, thereby wasting another stamp. Then in my despair I married a man who had no more taste for literature than a cat has for cheese. Why, he used to go right asleep and snore while I read my stirring verses to him. I almost gave up. He'd jaw about a hole in his sock, and say the bread was sour, and go mumping around pretending he had to sew on his own buttons, and if ever he was obliged to wash the dishes (at times when I was hurried like with my articles, you know), why, he would be sure to crack my cups or knock bits off the teapot spout, until I declare I saw we were getting poorer and poorer. He used to get mad, too, sometimes, and tear up my manuscripts, positively tear 'em up; so, seeing we couldn't agree, I just walked off and left him to enjoy his own society, as he didn't seem to appreciate mine.

So it goes on. I can't get any editor so far to fall into the views of that old Bumpus. I've written and written, and, considering I have no other means of subsistence, it looks rather blue. However, I remember how great men, and women, too, were reviled and laughed at all the time their genius was wasting away, but I prefer taking a mild share of praise now to a monument when I am dead.

MARY MARKWELL.