

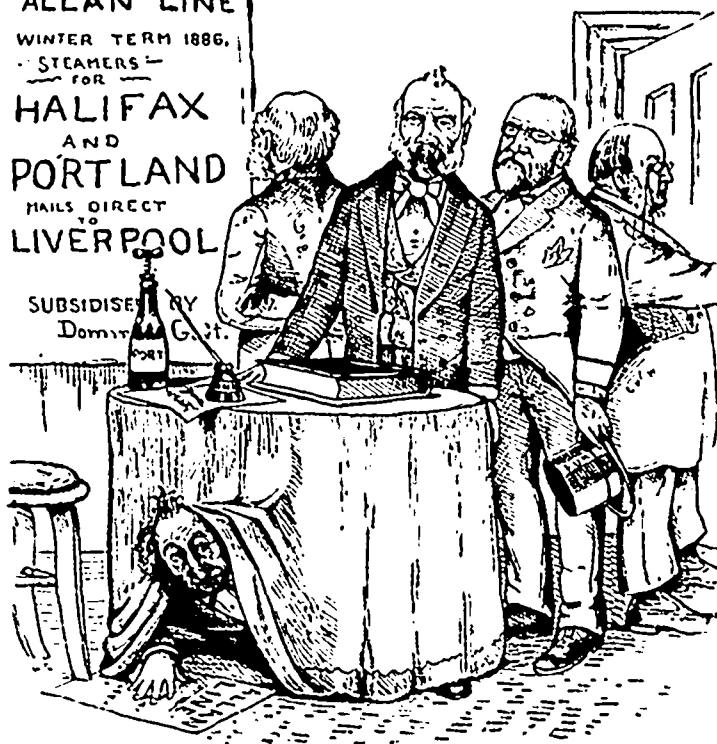
Mrs. Branigan's Ball.

We are jist afther gettin' shottled in our new manchin on th' Bully- vard, an' sich a warrumin' as we gev ut lasht noight, yez never saw th' lo ke. Th' way me man is rollin' up money wid thum Oytalians!

Phere wanst Oi was sendin' Johnny an' Phelim out ter pick coal an th' doomp, now it s th' two av thim that wudn't be seen bringin' a parcel from the ghrocer, they're that phro-ud, an' as fer Parthrick he hez a walk an hum loike th King o' Franch.

He kem in about a wake ago, an' says: Honorah, says he, the hoose is purty near furniched, the dure phlate wid me nom an it 'll be schrewd an termorry, an doan' yer t'ink, darlin', we'd ought ter be givin' a parthy to be showin' thim Clancys an Donovans an the rist, phot the' aquedocms doin' for the pace av our tith? A parthy is it? says Oi. Yis, says he, an' be mo troth we'll mek it a maskerady parthy, so we will. A phat? says Oi, me oyes bulgin' wid th' big wurrud he shlapped out an me. A maskerady, says he—phere they do be dhressin' oop wid silks an' satins an jools ter tek aff th' characters av history. Kelly th' line boss, who is afther havin' his cousin coachman fer wan o' thum Vanderbilks, was tellin' me. It's great sport, so it is, an we'll hev wan, an dang th' ixpinse. Wait till Oi tell yez now. We got a shmall bit av a chripple—Driscoll—ter write out some invitations, an' lasht noight th' parthy kem off. Oh, ho, but it's toured Oi an th' day. First off, Parthrick wint doon ter Peanuts—I t'ink his nem is—him thot's the cartlier fer chupplin' th' grub fer thim big bugs, an' tol' him ter lave nothin' done ter hev th' best av everythin' fer sooper; an' th' Franch messes thot Peanut fetched oop ritherda' wud turrin vuro head. Shure Oi hev fillt all day loike Oi'd spwallyed a kag o' nails.

ALLAN LINE WINTER TERM 1886. STEAMERS FOR HALIFAX AND PORTLAND HAILS DIRECT LIVERPOOL SUBSIDISED BY Dominion Govt.



Will Ritchie.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES INTERVIEW THE GOVERNMENT AT OTTAWA ON THE WINTER PORT QUESTION.

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Ph what's this? says Oi. It's our costumes. says Parthrick, thot Oi'm afther hirin' an th' Booney. Trk th' thrunk oop athairs, byes, an' Mrs. Branigan, yez had better go oop wid it an' git yureself inter yure unif-rme, fer it's shlightly unaccustomed yez 'll foind yureself wid the' shhangles an' folly-loge. Yez'll be th' Impres J. Josephus phin yez kum doon, 'r Oi'm a jiar. Ph what in th' nem o' Saint Michael is

his mou'. O'Hara, the ghrocer, wuz rigged oop as Alexandher av Bullyvarious, an' hed a sword an him loike a soytho. Av he fillt over that shrabber wanst, he did twinty toimes durin' th' avenin', an' at lasht phin he got at th' soide-board he tuk a tumble doon th' chellav shairs an' shlept till mornin' wid his head in the pork brine. McChlu-key, th' printer, says it wuz at dictatin' he wuz, but t' t'uk he wuz full. Moriary and Gallagher, th' oicemen, kum as th' Chinese thwims. They got fightin' along in th' mornin' an' bhust their lachus, along wid a sivinty fove dollar lookin' ghlass an' two chairs, but it doan't matter, as long as they enjoyed thumselfes. Av all th' ridiculs things Oi ever seen. Mrs. McClaggerty wuz the worst. Her hushban, John, runs a bit av a saloon an th' corner below, an' phwhat should she do but felurry her-self oop as Mmervine th' Idol of War. She hed shpikes an th' head av her thot long they wuz near knockin' th' sto fin' out o' me chandelures, an' she hed a shuffed cloob under her arrum loike an' ironin' board.

Phin McClaggerty wud be in th' middle av a reel, an' payin' attention ter his phartner, tin to wan but phwhat he'd get th' cloob over the head av him, an' devil th' wurrud more wud he dare to say till the next danche. Loife us too short to tell yez av all th' goms an we hed. Along about suurve Columbus kim over ter phere Oi wuz sittin' thot toured Oi thot thought it was ashleep. Oi'd go, an' puts th' arrum av him over me shoulder. Honorah, he says, how many pape's in th' hoose? About sivinty-fove, says Oi, countin' th' band in the closet. They wor shnorin' till yez wud t'ought it an earthquake. Is thot so? says he, thryin' ter look me in th' oye. It is so, an phwhat's ailin' yez? says Oi. Be th' (hic) powers o' mud, he says, Oi km see tin (nie) t'ousan, says he; an' wid thot Oi knowd thot it was toime to shtop th' parthy. Oi sint Phelim around ter th' livery shtable, got a berge thot wuz h'ud from a circus fer th' shtablin', an' wid the aid av wan or two sober wans got th' whole gang in an' sint thum home. Talk about Barnum an' his show! It's nothin' fer th' exhibition thot wint out ov me hoose lasht noight, an' phin the lasht wan— Oi t'ink ut wuz Louey the Turteenth they called him—shlid doon th' railing, wint half 'r'oo a police officer, and wuz taken in, I closed the dure, waked Parthrick aff the rug under the table and uned oop me mound thot me next parthy wud be a puc-nic, so Oi did.

Out in Champaign Co., O., the ether night, a pretty girl, 18 years old, killed herself because her father would not allow her to attend a lawn fete. This, dear reader, should admonish us that there are worse fetes than the lawn fetes.—Ex. And still we are fated to read such puns and live.

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