

## 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 thim Oytalians! Phere wanst Oi was sendin' Johnny an' Phelim out ter pick coal an' th' doomp, now it's th' two av thim thot wudn't be seen bringin' a parcel from the ghrocer, they're thot phroud, an' as fer Parthrick he huz a walk an' hum loike th' King o' Franch. He kem in aboot a wake ago, an' says: Honorah, says he, the hoose is purty near furnished, the dure phlate wid me nom an' it'll be schreud 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' aqeduocets doin' fer the pace av our bilt? A parthy is it? says Oi. Yis, says he, an' be me troth we'll m'k it a maskerady parthy, so we will. A phat? says Oi, me oyes bulgin' wid th' big wurrud he flapped out an' me. A maskerady, says he—phere they do be dhressin' oop wid silks an' satins an' jools ter tek af th' characters av history. Kelly th' line boss, who is afther havin' his cousin coachman fer wan o' thim 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 chrippe—Driscoll—ter write out some invitations, an' lasht noight th' parthy kem off. Oh, ho, but it's toired Oi an' th' day. First off, Parthrick wint duon ter Peanuts—I t'ink his nem is—him thot's the cartlier fer shupplin' th' grub fer thim big bugs, an' tol' him ter lave nothin' done ter hev th' best av everythin' fer sooper; an' th' Franch meases thot Peanut fetched oop yistherda' wud turrin vure head. Shure Oi hev fild all day loike Oi'd shwallyed a kag o' nails.

Thim we hed an' orchestrian wid sivin pipers an' fiddlers in it, all c-nealed undher th' frount athairs so it sounded loike they wuz af in th' distance, an' how thim Dootchmin lived v'roo it all, Hivin' knows! Th' chloset wuz shmall, an' they wor big. Along aboot six o'clock th' dhoor bell j'eled an' two fellys kem in wid a thrunk thot yez could live in, barrin' no dure to it. Phwhat's this? says Oi. It's our costumes, says Parthrick, thot Oi'm afther hirin' an' th' Boocery. T-rk 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' shphangles an' folly-loge. Yez'll be th' Impress Josephus phin yez kem duon, 'r Oi'm a jiar. Phwhat in th' nem o' Saint Michael is

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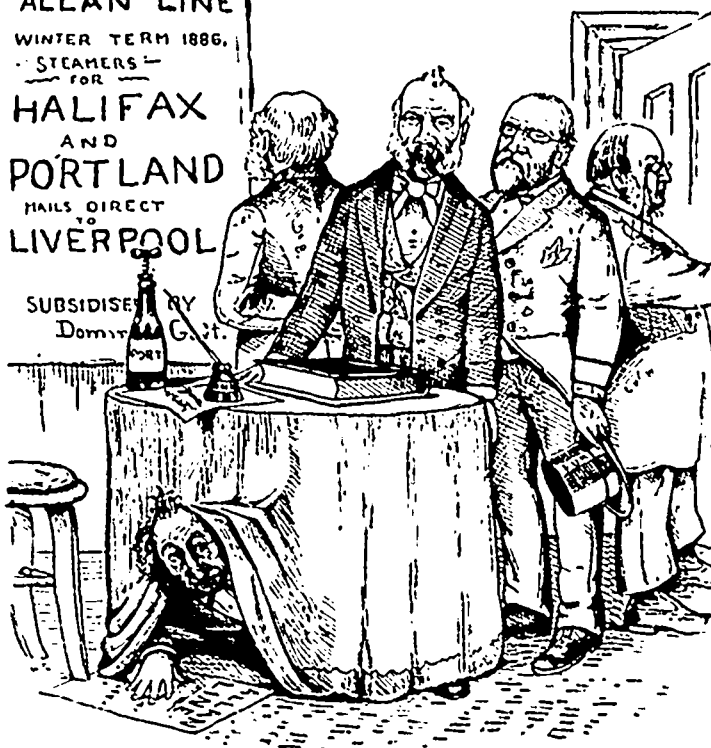
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OUR REPRESENTATIVES INTERVIEW THE GOVERNMENT AT OTTAWA ON THE WINTER PORT QUESTION.

these breeches for? Oi axed, as Oi opened th' thrunk an' pulled out th' contents. Bad ces ter that costhumer, says Parthrick, he huz ail our duds in th' sem box, phin Oi told him Oi wanted ter surprise yez. Well, nivir moind, it's done now. Thim are me ghloves, says he; an' wait til yez sees me wid th' whole dress. Yez'll not know me. An' be th' sem token Oi didn't, phin he kem duon athairs all rigged out as Christy Columbus, th' felly thot discovered New York City. He hed a paper face an' him, an' only the shluggers shickin' out undernathe, gev witness av it's bein' Parthrick. Oi hea some throuble in gettin' inter me costhume, but be th' aid av a pin here, an' a shtring there, Oi got it an' be th' toime th' foorst leddy an' gentilemin kem till th' parthy. Phelim an' Johnny wuz monkeys, an' so save me, yez couldnt see th' difference be-chame thim an' Chrowly up be th' parruk.

Afther seven o'clock th' fun begin, and sich a sooght! Yez wud throvel in oles ter see it. They wuz jukes, an' kings, an' quanes, an' Knights o' Labor, an' sojers, an' ginerals, till me head shwimmed wid it all. Dimpsey kem wid his wo-man thot much painted and powdered Oi didn't know him at all, at all, an' phin he called me Honorah Oi shapped th' face av him fer tekin' me foorst nem. The oidyas! me larrupin' Dimpsey, an' hir. laughin' till yez end walk in

his mou't. O'Hara, the ghrocer, wuz rigged oop as Alexander av Bullygarious, an' hed a sword an' him loike a boytho. Av he fill over thot shtabber wanst, he did twinty toimes durin' th' avonin', an' at lasht phin he got at th' soideboard he tuk a toumble duon th' chellar shairs an' shlept till mornin' wid his head in the pork brine. McChin-key, th' printer, says it wuz at-dictatin' he wuz, but i t'ink he wuz full. Moriary and Gallagher, th' oicemen, kem as th' Chinese thwins. They got fightin' along in th' mornin' an' bhust their lachins, along wid a sivinty fave dollar lookin' ghlass an' two chairs, but it doan't matter, as long as they enjoyed thimselfs. 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 flurry herself oop as Minervine 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' goins an' we hed. Along aboot aurrise Columbus kem over ter phere Oi wuz sittin' thot toired Oi thot 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? Aboot sivinty-fave, says Oi, countin' th' band in the closet. They wor shnorin' till yez wud t'ought it an' earthquake. Is thot so? says he, thyrin' 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 kem see tin (hic) t'ousan, says he; an' wid thot Oi knowd thot it was toime to shstop th' parthy. Oi sint Phelim around ter th' livery shtable, got a berge thot wuz h'yd from a circus fer th' shtablin', an' wid the aid av wan or two sober wans got th' whole gang in an' sint thim home. Talk aboot 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 it wuz Louey the Turteenth they called him—shlid duon th' railing, wint half v'roo a police officer, and wuz taken in, I closed the dure, waked Parthrick af the rug under the table and med oop me moind 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 fete.—Ex. And still we are fated to read such puns and live.

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