

The Citizens' Ball.

BY OUR IMPECUNIOUS SWELL.

"You're out of the world, if you out of the fashion,"
Is a very old saying, but not over wise;
So I made up my mind, tho' perhaps I was rash in
Determin'ing to give my dress clothes a surprise,
To invest in a ticket (good-bye seven dollars!)
I drew on my bank from my balance so small,
Bought gloves, a white tie, and the stiffest of collars,
And "got myself up" for the Citizens' Ball.

I arrived rather late, as becomes a patrician,
To be a first-comer subjects one to scorn,
It's only the people of common condition
Who are anxious to see the fair Princess or LORNE.
You must put on a style of cold *nil admirari*,
And into a state of frigidity fall,
You're then *comme il faut* tho' of reds you have nary,
It's the way to come out at a Citizens' Ball.

I looked round the room to see who was present,
What men to approach, and the ones to avoid,
When in my face gazed, with expression unpleasant
My unfortunate tailor, there close to my side,
Of course I ignored him, and changed my location,
It was not *my* fault that I owed for my suits,
While arguing thus, to my great consternation,
I encountered the man whom I owed for my boots!

And all the night through did these horrible creditors,
Appear in my path, when with lady on arm,
I talked the soft nonsense of "Ladies' Book" editors,
(The damsel's papa owns a very large farm).
With "tradesmen" on brain I grew quite incoherent,
And the language I used did my fair one appal,
Disgusted, the lady soon "off on her ear" went,
And cut me quite dead for the rest of the Ball!

On the moral of this my short tale try and ponder,
Avoid all society, especially "mixed,"
Be sure who'll be there while idly you wander
Among the gay throng, except you're "well fixed."
Keep out of all company, live with frugality,
Give up your Club, cigars, claret, and all,
Or you'll find in your pleasures but little reality,
Take warning by me at the Citizens' Ball.

Tierney Again.

Me Darlint GRIP,—

Did yez think I was losht this long toime
back, because I didn't sind yez anny leither
since me lasht? Sure, yez wor desayved to
think so. I am aloive an' in the enjymint
av gud health, an' me family is as loively as
crickets, an' rejoicin' in a dose av the whoo-
pin' cough ivery wan av thim. An' its the
blissid toime me an' NORAH has been puttin'
in wid the pack av thim! Sure, Mистер
GRIP, yez'll niver know fwbat throe domes-
tic happiness consists av, till yez becomes the
head av a house wid seven shmall childer
whoopin' coughin' at yez all day an' all
noight! Sorra a bit of shleep do I be gettin'
these noights at all wid the uproar av the
young wans—poor little crathers. I was
afearid maybe I was goin' to take a taste av
the complain't mesilf, but I am now av opinion
that I am out of danger. Yez have h'ard the
sayin', "An ounce av previntion is wurth a
pound av cure." Sure that's what I believe.
An' be manes of takin' an ounce of gud
fwhiskey ivery wanst in a fwhile, I have
saved mesilf from many a pound av docthor's
midicine.

Since I shtopped writin' for your illigant
pages, I have been takin a sort av vacation.
I gev up radin' the papers, be the advice av
me midical adviser, who towld me polittics
didnt agree wid me constitution, an' the
iverlashtin' repetition av the word "PHIPPS"
an' "N.P.," wud be apt to derange me
moind av I kept on. I felt it my juty to go
to the say-side for a period av rest and re-
laxation. There I had an illigant toime,
wid a crowd av clargymen, lawyers, young
boardin' school girls, and manny other poor
mortals whose physical frames had been run
down wid the pressure av hard work, an'
needed recuperation. Av coorse it cost me
quite a penny, all this fashionable say-side
resortin'. What wid the hops they do be
havin', an' the parties, an' picnics, an' wine,
an' cigars, an' all the resht av it, yez may
be sure it is thryin' on the capacity av a man's

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purse. I may shtate confidentially that
fwhin I rached home, I hadn't a ha'porth
left. (Proivate note to me frind the publish-
er.—I expict to be able to let yez have
that amount I owe yez durin' the coorse av
the winther, av the toimes get hether. I'm
rale sorry Sir JOHN'S Policy hasn't worked
bether nor this, or I might have paid yez
long ago.)

In the mean toime, as yez may begin to
suspect from this, I an out av work. I
wud be entoirolely obleeged to anny wan that
cud tell me fwwhere I moight get a dacent
job, for its moighty willin' I am to go at it.
But whisper, I amn't in a sweat to take
howld right away at wanst. What wid
walkin' around to see the illuminations, an'
bein' in attinduce at the Exhibition, an'
doin' fwwhat a poor private citizen can to
wards makin' it plisint for the Royal visitors
be follin' thim around an' luckin' at thim
whinever they droive out, I manage to keep
mesilf busy enough these days, Indade, I
must confess that its a rare ould toim I've
been puttin' in av late, barrin' the shlight
accident that happened to me the other noight
at the Governmint House. Up to the prisint
I have suppressed the facts av the case, but
as you are an owld frind, Mистер GRIP, and
won't let on, I'll jist tell you about it.

Bein' a lyle citizen, I tuck the frst oppor-
tunity av payin' me respects to the PRINCESS
an' the Governor-General, at the reception.
I borreyed a swally-tail coat an' plug-hat
from wan av me neighbors whose name be-
gins wid a lether belongin' to the furst
night, an' av coorse, me own, bein' a T., I
wint on the second night. Fwhin I wint in
I found a large assortmint av swells, male
and female, an' the sight av so manny starch-
ed-fronts an' fwwhite ties so bewildered me
that I harly knew mesilf for a moment.
Thin a gintleman wid soldier's clothes on an'
a sword kem up an' sez he, "I'll take yer
hat, sir." This brought me to me senses, an'
I tuck it off me head in quick toime an' hand-
ed it to him. "It isn't me own," sez I, "be
careful how yez handle it." Thin sez he,
"Have yez yer card?" "I have," sez I, an'
handed him wan wid me name on. "Fwwhat
do I do now?" I axed. "Yez have only to
go an' bow to the Governor-General," sez he,
"and thin yez can go home."

Wid that yez marched up to the Governor
and made a bow av the rale ould fashioned
sort. "How are yez, me lordship," sez I,
"and how's all the family?" He niver
shpoke, but drew himsilf up in a conceited
manner. "Av ye plaze, I wud loike to make
me bow to the Royal Princess nixt; wud
yez plaze to pint out fwwhich wan it is?" Wid
that the proud nobleman tuck hould av me
by the ear and walked me out to the dure,
an' gave me a gud shtart down the shleps.
Av coorse I was so astonished I cudn't think
for a moment, an' fwhin I kem too, I found
MIKE MURPHY, the hackman, bendin' over
me.

"What have yez been doin' to offend
Major DEWINTON?" sez MIKE. "Major
DEWINTON?" sez I, "I don't know the gin-
tleman." "Him that helped yez out av
the house," sez MIKE. "Shure, wasn't that
Mистер LORNE I was shpakin' to?" sez I.
"Not at all," sez MIKE, wid a bit av a laugh,
"the MARQUIS is only a small man alongside
av him. I tell yez that was the celebrated
Major DEWINTON." "Well," sez I, gath-
erin' mesilf together an' brushtin' the dust aff
me neighbor's swally-tail coat, "I kem here
to have mesilf honored, and I flatter mesilf
it isn't iveryone that could get kicked out by
his lordship, Major DEWINTON." Wid that
I wint home.

TERRY TIERNEY.