

People Who Couldn't Think of Going to the Citizen's Ball, and their Reasons.

Mrs. CHUMLEY (first family in Canada). Because everybody will be there.

Mrs. GRUVNER JONES GRUVNER (double first f. in C.). Because nobody will be there.

Mrs. BEAQUITTE (county family). Because her grocer will be there.

Mrs. PONQUIAS (c. c.). Because her *drapaw* will be there.

Miss PRUDHOMME. It's too Scotch and she fears the men will wear kilts.

Miss MCTAVISH (from Drumlogie). Because it is not Scotch enough and the men won't wear kilts.

Mr. BUZZARD (workingman). Because "dress clothes" don't become him.

Messieurs BIVINS, BAVINS and BOVENS (of the Wythym Bank). Because their clothes are at their common uncle's, and their salaries are overdrawn.

Mr. GRIP. Because he's hard up and can't go.

Mrs. Lapsusling goes to a Pic-nic.

It was with much deprivation of mind that I consented to accompany the SIMPKINS' to a pic-nic across the water, and when I arrived at the wharf, and saw the turbaned waves and the anonymous clouds floating on the sky, I felt that I had a severe headache, and that home would be the best place for me; but Mr. SIMPKINS assured me, while he fixed his eye of roaming firmness upon me, that the cool breeze on the water would soon cure my head, and I felt that retreat was impossible, so I consigned myself to my tomb, and embarked on the treacherous ailment.

AUGUSTA SIMPKINS and young Mr. BUNTING embarked with me, but I paid no attention to them, for I sat on the bow of the boat, dissolved in a state of gloomy precipitation, till we arrived at our designation, then I muttered an explanation of relief, but my delight was damped by the discovery that my dress, which is not of a washing material, had been hanging over the side of the boat, and was, therefore, to speak paregorically, *a watery waste*. However I was thankful enough to have arrived in preparative safety, and jumped up with so much fragility, that I upset a basket of provisions, and becoming diffused, stepped upon a bottle of ginger ale, which I shattered to tatters, one of which lodged in my foot, and some time collapsed before I exculpated it, and then, leaning upon Mr. BUNTING's arm, I limped ashore, swallowing my feelings though I almost choked with the effort. I hoped to sit under the dark folios and shade of the forest trees, and shelter my aching head and rest my wounded limb; but the only shady spot was seized by several ladies, who began at once to prepare the eligibles for tea. While they were doing so, I sat on a sand-bank scorched by the sun, and walked over by innumerable ants. The young people strayed about apparently enjoying themselves. One couple sat down on a half-burnt log near me, the young lady seeming quite unconscious of the fact that her white dress would be irreverently ruined.

While I sat watching them I heard young BUNTING speaking of me in a most disrespectful manner as "that old porpoise," and then I discovered from the conversation that when I upset the basket I had admonished a veal pie, some lemon tarts and a jar of honey. However, I was obliged to compress my resentment, and accept his assistance in limping to the table. We were scarcely seated when we heard the libations of distant thunder and saw the clouds gathering on the horizon overhead. I have only

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2
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3
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4
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5
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6
William Arthur Crawford.

7
Miss Susie Wade.

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Byron W. Scott.

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a diffused idea of what happened after that; there was a dreadful storm, thunder and lightning which was densely livid. I felt that I should either fall a hapless victim to the fiery ailment, or be participated into a watery grave, but neither of these ~~dead~~ ^{dead} ~~calumnies~~ ^{calumnies} came to pass. I reached home alive, but in a state of nervous prostration, I have not yet recovered. I am still a prisoner in the house with a linseed poultice on my wounded foot, and a severe attack of influenza. It seems highly prodigal that I may have a refracted illness. In any case, my mind is made up on the subject of picnics. The widow of TOBIAS LAPSUSLING will never again be produced to attend one, they are a deluvian and a scare.

The Water Works.

1st ARCHITECT.—I propose a long wooden pipe, solid oak, out into the lake. As the present pipe to the island has been a failure, this one, built on the same principle, is certain to be a success. It will only cost fifty, sixty, or seventy thousand dollars, and—

2nd ARCHITECT.—I propose a tunnel—a tunnel—a lighthouse on it—solid concrete, out to deep water. Only seventy or eighty thousand dollars—nothing, nothing, nothing at all!

1st ALDERMAN.—We want you to test the pipes, in company with the city engineer.

CITY ENGINEER.—I refuse to consult with some of 'em. Won't do it. Professional dignity of state. Some of 'em did something. What's that? Was it as bad as the Pacific Scandal? No. Why don't I refuse belief in John A.? This has nothing to do with that. My dignity, sir! respectability, sir! position, sir! (*Sits down out of breath.*)

2nd ALDERMAN.—The citizens are indignant at the delay.

3rd ALDERMAN.—Some of 'em in my street got a horrid dead many-legger six inches long in the pipes, and were coming in procession to my house determined to make me swallow it, only HARRY PIPER headed 'em off and treated all hands.

4th ALDERMAN.—I am threatened to be tarred and feathered if the water keeps so bad.

5th ALDERMAN.—What are we to do?

1st ARCHITECT.—(*screams*)—Build my pipe!

2nd ARCHITECT.—(*yells*)—Build my tunnel!

COMMON SENSE ALDERMAN.—(*rising to order*)—Gentlemen, hear me one word on the question. What is the need of going into the lake at all? Simply that the sewage from the bay flows past the Island. Now, we have some clay, to dig a trunk sewer along the city front which will carry away all the sewage down the seashore heights, and float it down the lake. Why not do this now, and do away with the need of going out into the lake at all, as there will be no sewage there then?

1st ARCHITECT.—And build no pipe!

2nd ARCHITECT.—And dig no tunnel!

GENERAL CHORUS OF ALDERMEN.—Non-sense! No, very good! Humbug! Trash! Sound sense! We'll do it! We won't! You're a donkey! You're another! (*Left disputing.*)

The Hamilton Cricketers have returned from their tour in the States covered with glory. They whipped everything before them, and scooped up the Yanks with the utmost ease. There is no doubt they can beat any club on this Continent, playing their eleven against twenty two, or even forty. Hurrah for our boys! And still we don't blow about it, as the Americans would have done had it been the other way on.