



AFTER THE BATTLE.

BROTHER SPENCE, CAROLS A HYMN OF PRAISE.

AIRY PERSIFLAGE AT THE BANQUET.

THE daily papers, as usual, gave long and exhaustive accounts of Toronto's epochal banquet, that of the Board of Trade, which took place at the Pavilion last Thursday night. The speeches were, of course, reported pretty fully, and full justice was done to the part of the decorations, the caterer, and the youth and beauty that adorned the galleries. But the reporter necessarily missed a great deal. The private "feast of reason and flow of souls" so to speak,—that is, the airy persiflage which always goes on sotto voce around the tables at a banquet, is not to be found in any of the reports. GRIP, being a Bird, was able to get about with greater facility than any gross, corporeal newspaper man could have done, and by flitting from table to table throughout the evening, he picked up a lot of good things—or, at least, what their authors thought good things,—and yet was himself quite unnoticed by anybody. There is only room in this issue for a very few of these bon mots, taken at random from the the collection.

AT THE GUEST TABLE.—Lt. Col. F. C. Denison (to young Dufferin): "Er—my lord, will you Ava picce of turkey?"

Mr. Cockburn, M.P. (to Gov. Gen.): "Your excellency is here, I presume, as a representative of Trade as well as of Royalty."

Gov. Gen.: "No; I can hardly claim to be in Trade."

Mr. C.: "Indeed? Why, don't you run a distillery? I see your name and portrait on yon whiskey bottle."

Gov. Gen.: "Ah! very good! No, I'm not a partner, I'm only with them in spirit."

Hon. Geo. E. Foster: "I hope they won't eat too much or my speech will fall flat."

Hugh Blain: "How so?"

Hon. G. E. Foster: "Don't you know that over-consumption always brings a depression of Trade."

Hugh Blain: "But we are sure to have a trade revival under your Fostering hand." (To the Mayor): "Well, Kennedy, what do you think of the affair? Looks as if the country was pretty prosperous, hey?"

The Mayor: "Yes, it makes me feel just as I did on the evening of Jan. 1st.—Kennedy's safe! you know."

Hon. M. Bowell: "Ross, what's this report about your infringing a British copyright in your School readers?"

Hon. G. W. Ross: "It's just like your late mission to Australia—there's nothing in it."

AT TABLE N.—Mr. C. C. Van Norman (to Joe Tait, M.P.P.): "I've got a conundrum. Why is this table like the Reform party? Give it up? Because it's abundantly supplied with Tarte."

Mr. Tait: "Pretty good. But why is the Commercial Traveller's Association like the Empire?"

Mr. Van Norman: "Don't know, I'm sure."

Mr. Tait: "Because it's most of it's time on the rail!"

AT TABLE E.—Mr. Willison, of the Globe (overhearing Tait's remark): "Bully for you, Joe, good on your head."

Mr. T. C. Patterson, P.M.: "On his head? Oh, it was just a little hairy persiflage. Please pass the beet, Willison."

Mr. Willison: "Shall I help you? You like the cut just under the fifth rib, hey?"

Mr. P.: "That's past, I'm not distributing that Mail now."

AT TABLE F.—E. F. Clarke: "Well, Withrow, quite a circus you've made out of the Industrial."

Mr. Withrow: "Yes, we must have you on the Board. Your experience with that perambulating side show, the Prohibition Commission, ought to make you a useful member."

Mr. C.: "I'll be a more useful member when I get a constituency."

AT TABLE G.—Mr. H. N. Baird: "Doctor, I hope you won't overlook the further evidence of Mowat's nepotism exhibited here to-night."

Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P. (with interest): "How? where?"

Mr. Baird: "Why he's sent his colleague, Ross, here to-night to reply to a toast, along with Bowell and Daly."

Dr. R.: "Well? I don't see—"

Mr. Baird: "Isn't that as much as saying that the RELATIONS of these governments are all right?"

Dr. R.: "Pass the wine, quick."

There was enough of this sort of thing to fill a volume, but perhaps the reader will excuse any more of it just at present.



GENERAL CONFIDENCE.

WHO WAS PROMINENT AT THE BANQUET.