

The Banquet.

PREFACING the evening's enjoyment came the usual general gabble and get acquainted performance. Then we began to wonder what they wanted of our calling cards. We soon found out. The ladies stood still with terror depicted on their countenances, and one would imagine a sheeted ghost had passed through the room. 'Twas simply the terror caused at the men they *almost* got but didn't get. Some of the ladies soon looked pleased while others wore a look of martyrdom. One less fortunate than some others repeated, "Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim" which being interpreted is—freed from one bad thing a worse one gobbles me up. What a spirit dwells in cards—even calling cards.

Then we took our places at the tables with some speed. Seated at the guests' table were prominent men of the School Board and Faculty. Facing them at the other end of the room were other prominent men, McIntosh, Hansford, McLean and Menger, with their ladies—procured by lot "of course."

The students deep in the enjoyment of this part of the evening's proceedings, looked up now and then from their ploughing to beam gratitude and appreciation on those who so kindly entertained them. How important a lady is at a dinner. She doesn't eat; that is so much as her lordly partner "of course"; she doesn't speak i. e., "of course" to the mass, the vague whole; she is there "of course" and how flat a thing a reception or banquet would be if she were not there.

Then came the toasts "of course" with Mr. Murray in the chair. First and heartiest came the toast to the Queen. "Canada" was responded to by Mr. MacPherson in a speech filled with patriotism, illustrations from his favorite "Michael" and the Ontario Normal College Monthly.

The "Faculty" came next, responded to by Dr. McLellan with his old-time vigour and eloquence. "The Students" were represented by Messrs. Martin and Tamblyn. Mr. Martin has evidently been playing truant from Sunday School lately, for his scripture quotation was loth to leave the background of his consciousness and further adorn a neat speech. Then came a toast to "The Ladies," and all were eager to catch the faintest accents that fell from the lips of Mr. Burnham, always eloquent on this subject. His opening sentences were striking ones and we quote: "I don't know much about women and such things. You take in an angel and you entertain a stranger unawares." (He and Martin go to same Sunday School I guess.) He went on to say that there was no such thing as the new woman, she was the same old thing. Then followed Mr. Elliott, principal of the Central School.

The mountain suffered at the hands of Wethy who made a spirited attack on it. After a speech of five minutes, during which by the way, he mentioned that he had played cribbage with Albert Edward or some other lordly personage, he gave a native of Hamilton a chance to substantiate the fact that such a thing as the mountain does exist.

Interspersing the speeches were several readings and songs that added much to the evening's enjoyment.

In leaving the room it would have been well to have shuffled again for many lost their combinations and went home alone, but none the less happy on that account.—WILLIE.

OUR DEBT TO WOLFE.

Bright and lively the notes rang out—

"And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain."

Student-Teacher—What did the hero Wolfe do for us?

Small Boy—He planted ferns all over Canada.