

Junior Department.

THE BANQUET IN LILLIPUT.

At the recent banquet given on St. Patrick's day the position of toastmaster was held by our worthy friend, Mulligan. Before the urchin had done but little damage to the splendid feast placed before them his honor rose to his feet, midst a wild outburst of thundering applause, and a shower of doughnuts and orange skins, and thus addressed his hearers.

"Fellow countrymen (a voice—"Who's a farmer") I stand to move (uproarious cheering) on this important occasion (Hear! Hear!) Gentlemen we ain't goin' to let the 17th of Ireland pass unnoticed. Gentlemen, Ireland wants us all to do our dooty, especially at this feast (Hear! Hear! for Mulligan.) So my dear fellow students I trust that you'll do all that is required of you—The first course is Soup "(Three cheers for "Soup") and amidst prolonged applause and another shower of orange skins Mulligan gracefully passed the soup.

As the Junior Editor could not see all that was going on, many funny and original jokes are lost to our readers. All, however, declared that "Fin and Dreesk" were the heroes of the day. Dreesk replied to the toast "Our Guests". But not one shread of his burning eloquence could be caught by the Junior Editor, for unfortunately the orators silvery voice was drowned in a sea of derisive laughter. Then Fin, one of the guests from the big yard was called upon by the ever gracious Mulligan to sing a duet with the former speaker. This last item closed an *otherwise* peaceful and enjoyable functions.

The dark room was gaily festooned for the occasion by Messrs St. Onge and Waish, who are to be congratulated for the noble manner in which they performed their arduous task.

The "Menu" card is the result of Master Leacy's genius

	Soups.	
A la Mulligan		Peas
	Salads.	
"Hash"		Potato