

He brought blushes to the cheeks, and sickly smiles to the lips of all, as he applied the gentle sarcasm for which he had always been famous, even at school.

"Mike, do you remember how you poked that town fellow's phiz in after the match?" said he, clapping the Bishop upon the shoulder.

"Alas, yes!" replied the Bishop, blushing scarlet and twisting uncomfortably in his chair; "and it grieves me sorely to reflect that I smote a fellow being."

"That was in ninety-six, wasn't it?" pursued the ruthless Mair. "You remember, don't you, Alec?"

"Y-y-yes, it w-was in ninety-six," answered the ever bashful Alec Mackenzie, and then shutting his mouth he relapsed into his usual silence.

Russell Cooke, the motorman-author, read extracts from his latest book, "The Trolley and How She is Shoved," but was interrupted at ninthly by a well aimed egg from the hand of C. O. W. McWilliams, Esq., which became entangled with his vocabulary and obliged him to resume his seat—a touching reminder of his school days.

Hot words followed, and Llewellyn Price, the racetrack reporter, rose and said it was a shame.

The impending quarrel was averted, however, for at this moment the great scientist, Norman F. Kerr, Esq., F. R. S., who had been eating as if for dear life throughout the excitement, choked violently over a bone from one of Jamie McLaren's fish stories.

When the excitement had calmed down Mr. Kerr addressed those present for half an hour upon the subject of his recent researches. He said he had proved beyond doubt now the existence of a fish in Jamie McLaren's stories, and after the most careful consideration and consultation with his brother scientists, he had come to the conclusion that the fish were of the variety *Minnow Maclarensis* and measured from 2½ inches to 2¾ inches in length.

A jingle at the door bell stopped the harangue, and at a summons from his butler Mr. Smallman left the room.

The host almost instantly returned, however, followed by a stranger.

The man was in tatters, and his long locks and unshaven face bespoke the tramp.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I wish one of you'd lend a poor cove money enough to get to Hamilton." He then gave a long story of misery, etc., such as every tramp has on tap.

Surely this was a strange addition to the party!

What could it mean?

Suddenly S. Counter Norsworthy (known as the "Chesterfield Brummel of the 20th century") rose; his monocle dropped from his eye and his usually placid face showed signs of great agitation.

"Bah Jove! it's Willie Green!" gasped he.

Sobs were the only reply to this announcement, and, scratching his head, the round-shouldered tramp slowly and sorrowfully turned and left the room.

"I have a bad headache," he said as he reached the door, "and I burned my foot on a sunbeam," he called from the outside; "I shan't be back next term."

His mind was evidently wandering back to his school days.

The pall of silence was finally broken by ex-President Doolittle of the United States (a follower in the footsteps of his ancestor, John Quincey Adams) who burst into a violent fit of laughter.

Looking up, all saw the cause. George McLaren, not satisfied with the soup on his own plate, had forcibly taken the tureen from the butler and was busily engaged in emptying it.

"Perhaps we haven't changed as much as we thought," said someone, but the remark fell flat.

"I had to tell my wife I must do some extra work in the editorial rooms," said Arthur John Hills, the able editor of the *Evening Despatch*. "What would she say if she could see me, I wonder?"

Poor Hills; he was a henpecked husband.

"I suppose you got your first newspaper training on the old ACTA?" said H. L. Hoyles, the stock broker.

"Yes," replied Hills, "and my son now occupies my old place on the editorial staff of that now great monthly. But it's getting late, and I don't know what Maria'll say when I get home," continued Mr. Hills, "so I really must break away."

"But surely not till Professor Greening, our old 'Judy,' has modulated from C into F upon my new Ambrose L. P. Smith & Co.'s grand piano?" said Mr. Smallman reproachfully.

"Well, no; I can hardly miss that," said Hills, resuming his seat, as the long haired musician, whose face was so well known to all, seated himself at the beautiful instrument and, after a few preliminary chords, went through his modulation. Then came