

### A Dinner Party in the Year 1913.

The dinner lamp cast a rich light over the table, setting off the magnificent service and costly floral decorations against the spotless linen, and illumining the glistening shirt-fronts of some dozen or so elderly gentlemen, whose faces and noses reflected various shades of pink, yellow, purple and strawberry, according to each one's style of living. The occasion was a dinner party given by that cheerful looking, ruby faced old fellow who could never have seen his knees for years, and whose name was Mr. John Smallman. The dinner was given in Mr. Smallman's bachelor apartments in Toronto in honor of a distinguished Ridleian, General Sir Thomas Morton, who was then on his way from England to the United States, of which British possession he had, after a most distinguished career in the army, been appointed Governor. He had been in command of the British troops at the capture of Berlin and subsequent conquest of Germany and Russia. Whilst he was a young lieutenant he had gained the Victoria Cross for carrying off on his back at one time three of his wounded men amid a storm of shot and shell. Honors had been showered thick upon him and now a party of Old Ridleians were met to add their contribution to the praise that was in every mouth. The only difference was, they all called him "Tommy."

When the cheerful glow which follows a good dinner had pervaded all this comfortable looking company, the host rose from his seat at the head of the long table and smilingly addressed his friends with that fluency and careful choice of words which had made him famous as the best after-dinner speaker in Canada.

"We are very fortunate," said he, "to have such an opportunity of seeing again the old friend and schoolmate whom we are here to meet this evening, and whom we have not seen for many years. But we have heard of his deeds of valor, his extraordinary military skill, his devotion to king and country, which have put England where she is to-day, and we are here to do him honor. Here, therefore, is a health to General Sir Thomas Morton, our old school-fellow, once better known to us as 'Tommy.'"

The mention of the old college name of the handsome gray haired veteran, who arose to respond to the toast to his name and fame, seemed to strike a tender chord throughout the room, and several ominous chokings were heard.

"This is a pleasure which I had hardly dared hope should ever be mine again," said he; "and as I look about and see the Old Ridleians, now great men, fighting the battles of life, oh, how proud I am of my alma mater!"

As Tommy said "great men" his twinkling eye travelled towards his host's ample waistcoat and he smiled. Everyone recognized the smile, and cheers and shouts went up all around the table. "It's our Tommy, right enough!" they yelled delightedly. When the uproar subsided Sir Thomas began again:

"Boys, how we've all changed; and oh, 'Mike, to think——"

But here the venerable campaigner broke down and sat choking in his chair.

"Yea verily," blubbered portly Bishop Mitchell, (whom the Old Ridleians addressed as "Mike") his bald head shining in the lamp light; "it has been many a long day since I have heard one of my beloved brethren utter my old nickname—'Mike'—borne so long ago in my youth's bright days at Ridley. Alas! I had even sometimes feared that it would pass into oblivion—a thing forgotten——"

"Not by a jug full, old man," broke in Henry Howitt, ("Madame," as they called him still) the well known sporting authority and owner of the Guelph Stables, "you can stake your mitre we wouldn't forget the old name. It'll be a good while yet, I hope, before any of us shuffle off, but until our dying days you'll always be 'Mike.'"

The Bishop, though somewhat horrified, looked reassured, but was prevented from replying by a toast to H. C. Griffith, Esq., M. P., ("Harry" of old) one of Ridley's most popular sons.

In reply, the brilliant orator arose, and after telling how pleased he was to be there, advanced views as to whether Canada, in annexing the United States, should find that country a useless encumbrance.

After this the great composer, Joseph W. Greenhill, whistled his now famous melody in *L flat* entitled "Memory, a Reminiscence of Liberty Flat," which he had written for the occasion and which brought tears to the eyes of all.

Next G. Moncrieff Mair, the greatest living humorist, who wore upon his spacious breast medals given him by five reigning sovereigns, entertained the company with laughable impersonations of each one in his school days, showing that the lapse of years had not in the least dimmed his memory.