



SECOND ANNUAL  
BANQUET

ONTARIO BRANCH, MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LIMITED.

HOTEL ST. CHARLES  
FEBRUARY 5TH, 1909.

*"I wish that my tongue could utter  
the thoughts that arise in me."*

## PROGRAMME.



G. A. A. SAUNDERS, Chairman.

*"Then Saunders sit thou there, the lyingest knave in Christendom."*—SHAKESPEARE.

### THE KING.

*"God save the King, and bless the land in plenty, joy and peace."*

—CHEVY CHASE.

PIANO SOLO Selection from the Operetta "Lysistrata,"

—Paul Lincke.

RAF DE SZALATNAY.

SONG - "The Low-Backed Chair." - -

W. R. MORGAN.

### CANADA.

*"I once heard an Irishman say that every man loved his  
native land, whether he was born there or not."*—HODGSON.

Proposed by

F. W. HUNT.

Response by

J. H. DENISON.

SONG - "Canadian Forever," - Wheeler.

CLARENCE B. KENNEDY.

A SPECIALTY IN BLACK AND WHITE - - -

WILL ANDERSON AND BOB BAGEROW.

### SPORTS.

*"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—it might have been."*

Proposed by

FRANK KINSINGER.

Response by

C. A. FLEMING.

SONG - "Sometimes, Not Always," - Strathdee.

BASIL WEDD.

READING - "Johnnie's First Moose," Drummond.

E. H. A. WATSON, B.A.

(Continued on Next Page.)

*"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry."*

—GEORGE WITHER.

"It is a source of pleasure to be among such men."

## PROGRAMME—Continued.



### OUR ABSENT OLD BOYS.

"We'll take a cup o' kindness yet for Auld Lang Syne."

Proposed by  
H. DENISON.

Response by  
H. HALL.  
JACK McMULKIN.

SONG                      Selected  
CORNEY MEEHAN.

SONG                      "The Jovial Monk,"                      *Andran.*  
ED. V. CORBETT.

### THE LADIES.

"By mem'ries lurkin' in our hearts,  
An' all our eyes bedimmin',  
We'll drink a health to those we love,  
An' who love us—the wimmen!"  
—EUGENE FIELD.

Proposed by  
E. E. FITZGERALD.

PIANO SOLO                      "Traumerei,"                      *Schumann.*  
RAF DE SZALATNAY.

MONOLOGUE                      "The English Curate,"                      *Saunders.*  
G. A. A. SAUNDERS:

FRANK GRANT,                      PIANIST.

"But soft! methinks I scent the morning air."—SHAKESPEARE.

"And truant husbands will return and say,  
'My dear, I was the first who came away.'"

*"Come, sing, and you that will not,  
hold your tongues."*—SHAKESPEARE.

It looks to me like a big night to-night,  
Big night to-night, big night to-night.  
When the old cat's away, why the big mice will play,  
For it looks like a big night to-night.

I love a lassie, a bony heilan lassie,  
She's as fair as the lily in the dell ; [heather,  
She's as braw as the heather, the bloomin' purple  
Mary, my Scotch blue Bell.

For it's always fair weather, when good fellows get  
together,  
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear;  
For it's always fair weather, when good fellows get  
together,  
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

For she's my daisy, my bony daisy, [Sandy,  
She's as sweet as sugar candy and she's very fond of  
And I'm weary, for my deary  
I would rather lose my whip than lose my daisy.

H A double R I G A N spells Harrigan  
Proud of all the Irish that is in me,  
Divil the man can say a word agin me,  
H A double R I G A N you see,  
It's a name, not a shame, never has been connected with,  
Harrigan, that's me.

Baby dear, listen here, I'm afraid to go home in the  
dark.  
Every day the papers say there's a robbery in the park  
So I sat alone in the Y.M.C.A. singing just like a lark  
There is no place like home, but I couldn't go home  
in the dark.

GET THE HOOK.

BANQUET COMMITTEE:

C. A. FLEMING

B. GRAHAM

C. B. KENNEDY

G. WHITE