

SPECIAL TO THE

Mail and Empire.

3rd Annual Dinner.



TEMPLE CAFE,

January 19th,

1901

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"It's always fair weather
When good fellows get together."

Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

N.B.—Anyone who is not a good fellow,
or who isn't willing to get together,
will kindly back up at this point.

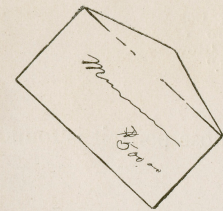
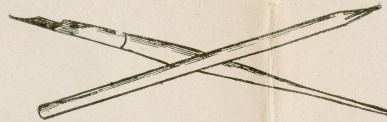
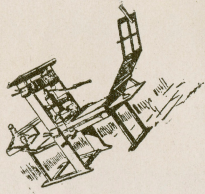
"All together now! let's butt in on the
other side. Somethin' doin'."

Sandford and Merton

PROBS.

Fair: gradually
becoming warmer.
but with slight
frosts if the
speeches are too
long.





Menu
 ("Kittles")

Soups

Bisque of Oysters
 (Bay of Biscay)

Salted almonds - Baked Hay - Cheese Shawx

Fish

Baked Niagara White Fish, Maitre d'Hotel
 (Only X Maitre served to any guest.)

Pommes Parisienne.

Entree

Chicken Brochette and Garden Peas.
 (A Mallet and a Hoop go with this order.)

Saratoga Chippis

(Cashied at Business Office)

Roast

Boor's Head - Young Turkey with Cranberry Sauce.
 Mashed Potatoes Prime Ribs of Duck - Sugar Corn-Cats.

Desert

Steamed Plum Pudding and Brandv Sauce - Coulter's Printers' Pie.
 Neapolitan Ice Cream
 (Indigestion on the half-shell.)

Food

Chocolate Cake

Fruit Cake

(In a good boy)

Lady Fingers

(Can be squeezed.)

Seagram's Imperial

Whiskey.

Pheasant's Brains

McLaren's

Imperial Cheese

Lemonade

(Sticks by the cord)

Cafe Noir

White Noir

Almond Cake

Lard

Macaroni

Soda Wafers

Fruits in Season

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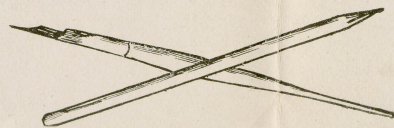
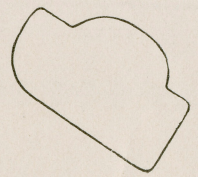
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Guess again

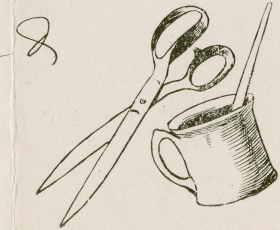
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Don't miss hearing Col. Jennings, the hero of West Point, recite "How I Spent Christmas."

TOASTS



THE QUEEN

whose portrait is found in everyone's pocket (on Friday).

OUR GUESTS

Still, this is our party. Ex-Members of the Staff.

"Will ye no come back again?"

Translated from the Gaelic by the Flaneur.

THE MAIL AND EMPIRE, AND ITS MANAGER

"Father, dear father, come home with me now" will be sung by someone. Mr. Smith or Mr. Goode may fight it out between them.

We carried our province, we elected our Mayor.

Guess that's poor, eh?

As sword swallowing is not on the programme guests will please be careful with their knives.

"HERE'S TO US! WHO'S LIKE US? DAM FEW!"

THE DEPARTMENTS

"Hard to say which is the finest, but I guess it's mine," spoken by

W. J. Wilkinson, C. C. Norris, A. Wallis, J. Coulter, M. R.

What's the matter with drinking Kit's health?

Jennings, E. N. Smith, A. J. Phillips,

W. J. Darby, C. J. Braund

No. Mr. Elmore, brandy will not be served without the plum pudding.

The cut of the make-up rule is taken from life. It was posed for by the impliment which Mr. Coulter used on "The War Cry."

Mr. Braund is forbidden to fold up his napkin and attempt to mail it.

If only Mr. Phillips had his press here? He'd show you a trick on it.

Nearly time for one of Mr. Darby's stories, isn't it?

Before putting your feet on the table, please take off your boots.

The three things to remember—
The Fifth of November,
The Maine,
Premier Ross,
Another thing—
The Young People's Corner.

Owing to the report that DeWet has invaded Markham st., Mr. Wilkinson will leave before the waiter blows out the gas.

Because he couldn't get one of Lydia E. Pinkham's ads on this page, Mr. Norris was indignant. The nerve of him.

