

say is on the wane, have recognized this fact in various ways, by pic-nics, by Club dinners, and by banquets. I, myself, have had some experience in that way. For you'll agree with me, I am sure, that, although we may differ, and *do* differ most strongly on the narrow minded motives they have had in view by so doing, yet I am bound to admit that Canadian sentiment on the subject of Annual Dinners is a glorious reality, and gives forth no uncertain sound. Of what use is it, I ask, to talk of patriotism to a hungry man? (Hear, Hear.) What shall we accomplish by asking people to join us who do not know what a really national feed is? How shall we attain our object best? I answer, simply by appealing to those sympathies of country, of loyalty, of love for our fellow men, and for ourselves in particular; by appealing to those warm, generous emotions kindled by the magical influence of a good dinner. (Cheers) Physiologists will tell you there is a close and wonderful accord between the brain and the stomach. They will tell you that a man is more apt to be generous, free and open-handed after a plentiful repast. They will tell you, gentlemen of the Jury—I beg your pardon, I mean gentlemen—this is the result of human nature. And, as we are all human, and as we try to be natural, let us take a hint from our opponents and celebrate our existence by such a banquet as will eclipse anything of the kind ever before given in this country. Of course, I do not suppose for one moment we are actuated by any selfish motives in regard to ourselves (Cries of “no,” “no,”) but rather moved by that good old principle of liberty, equality and fraternity which includes the thousands who are, or will be, when the dinner becomes a fact, ready to enrol themselves under our banner. In presenting these hurried thoughts to you, I must not forget to add that this meeting has one important fact to consider: The selection of a National Dish. In order that the subject may be thrown