

Mr. J. PHILISTINE—How about pea nuts in oil. Simple, unpretentious and nutritious. Say Pea nuts.

The CHAIRMAN—On matters of taste, gentlemen, you seem to be *connoisseurs*. If you will allow me I would suggest that our National Dish be haggis. I love haggis, I venerate it for its old associations. As Counsellor Kelson says it is hard to forget the stock from which we sprung. In this connection we are all more or less sprung. The sight of haggis almost makes me forget that I am a Canadian, but, gentlemen, I am not selfish. If you say haggis, haggis let it be. If you say no haggis, then I must bid farewell to all traditions and let my appetite for haggis wait upon my love for Canada. For hath not the poet said:—

Talk not, I pray, of haggis, friends,
Its charms are nought to me—
Tho' sweet the scenes which distance lends,
I must not think of thee.
The link which bound thy heart to mine,
Across the billow's foam;
The love I bear, no longer thine,
For Canada's my home!

(Loud cheering.) Yes, friends, even although it costs a keen pang to forego haggis, I can give it up; give it up manfully; give everything up—yes, everything, except this Society. (Tumultuous cheering.)

Mr. McGUFFIN—(Waving his hat.) That's the talk; that's biz. Them's my sentiments.

Mr. H. ST. PAUL—No one cannot but admit the pure unselfishness of the speaker's motives. (Hear, Hear.) I admire and respect it; but, gentlemen, it is inconsistent to expect a man to forget his forefathers.

MR. FILIBUSTER McGUFFIN—That's easy enough. I've forgotten mine long since. They never owed me anything. Let us be independent; let us remember we cannot always be blowing about the lords and dukes what we see some-