

(Laughter and cheers.) If it isn't good eating Mr. Chairman, it is patriotic, and I guess it will make up in patriotism what it may lack in flavour. The Beaver I regard as game worth going for. It is a useful animal, and if we can't make much of the inside the outside may be worth something anyhow.

Mr. ALPHONSE RUBEMHARD—Gentlemen, it seems that a good deal of what this Society purposes to do is on the outside. I really can't say there's very much *in* it, so far. Now I think as a French Canadian, that a fricassee of frogs wouldn't be out of place. *Our* forefathers were French. The French are a nation fond of glory, and a fonder love of country. They ever stood first in love and in war as witness the song "a frog he would a wooing go." (Hear, hear.) Why should *we* not also be represented? Talk of a Canadian sentiment, gentlemen, the only sentiment you will find, lies deep in the breasts of us French Canadians. I therefore suggest Frog *a la Francaise*.

Mr. HIBERNICUS DULFY—And I, potatoes, the only fruit worth living for. I go in for mashed potatoes with the jackets on.

Mr. A. A. LEDGER—Squash for me. You can get as good squash in the Eastern Townships as any in the country. Besides squash is easily digested.

Mr. C. P. PAYEMSOME—Finnan Haddie is what I hanker for. There are so many ways of cooking it.

Mr. SWELLER—Plum pudding and British supremacy is my motto. Give me pudding or count me out of this Society.

Mr. FORUM—Flavoured with brandy.

Mr. MONEYMAN—Sure an' an Irish stew wouldn't be half so bad. Besides its filling and ain't expensive.