

economic argument that Parliament has heard for the last year or more. There are very direct references to the policies of this government which stem from the budget.

My time is quickly running out and I know the staff, the translators and the reporters, have been here for a long time. My friend from Etobicoke talked about the misery index. Obviously there is discomfort in order to keep the House of Commons going for as long as it has. If the government or its ministers, when they finally read this debate, or when ministers come into the House—and I am glad to see there are some here now—do not appreciate that throughout the night there were not just three, four or six members of the opposition, which is usual in an all-night debate of this type, which normally peters out around three in the morning—instead there were between 20 and 30 members in the House and those members were always within the call of the whip—if that does not show that there is a sincere concern about where we are heading, and if it does not indicate the frustration which members in my party feel, then I do not know what is.

In terms of the constitution debate we are not only the official opposition, we are basically the only opposition. The NDP cannot be considered that because they sold their soul for a mess of pottage and a couple of letters between their leader and the Prime Minister. Those members who were concerned about closure being invoked on the constitutional debate were the members who spoke last night. They used the generality of this debate to rid themselves of the frustration which they feel. I think members would agree with me, as a member who has experience with this type of debate, that there were serious and constructive speeches made by members from all parties. If the government does not get the message that members are concerned, then we are heading for future problems.

Mr. Speaker, the discomfort index which we all feel is unfortunate. It is easy to differentiate between the night crew and the day crew. The night crew have gone out to shave and will return. The day crew have arrived clean-shaven, as they were not here all night. The point is, Mr. Speaker, that this is only a momentary discomfort. Many people involved in this debate discharged their responsibility seriously. They were here, and they may come and go as they must. The discomfort index is a minuscule matter when compared with the discomfort felt by the people in my own riding who are caught in this vice of a stagnating economy, with bills to pay and interest rates ever-rising.

Mr. Speaker, in conclusion I would like to end my remarks on a lighter note. Since I thought at one time I would be speaking very early in the morning—

The Acting Speaker (Mr. Ethier): Order, please. I regret to interrupt the hon. gentleman but—

Mr. Nowlan: Mr. Speaker, I want to quote one poem. It is not an unkind thing to do. Frankly, I could have made my whole speech based on this poem.

Economic Conditions

The Acting Speaker (Mr. Ethier): If the hon. member is to continue, he must obtain the agreement of this House.

Some hon. Members: Agreed.

Mr. Nowlan: To conclude my contribution to the debate I want to say that there are three new horsemen here in the House of Commons. They are known as Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. I would like to read to this House this beautiful nursery rhyme:

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—

Sailed on a river of crystal light

Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song.

As they rocked in the wooden shoe;

And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish

That lived in that beautiful sea—

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—

Never afeard are we!"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three.

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

To the stars in the twinkling foam,—

Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home:

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed

As if it could not be;

And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea;

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,

And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Is a wee one's trundle-bed;

So shut your eyes while mother sings

Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things

As you rock in the misty sea

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.