

MR. J. PHILISTINE—While we are all agreed upon the importance of having *something* to eat, it may be a matter of some difficulty to know *what* we are to eat.

MR. FILIBUSTER MCGUFFIN—That's the conundrum I'm always asking at my boarding house. However I'm willing to put my money into this thing and I'm going to do it.

The motion was then put and carried unanimously.

MR. N. W. SWEETHOLME—I think, Mr. Chairman, that the cordiality that has pervaded this meeting is in fitting harmony with the first plank of our platform. Indeed I think I may say that our goose, or rather our dinner, is, metaphorically speaking, half cooked. But sir, I am sure you will pardon me if I suggest that the Society do now consider of what our National Dish shall consist. I have just made a jocular reference to our goose being already half cooked. As it is a most painful operation to explain a joke I would ask to be permitted to make a few remarks on the relationship of National dishes to the history of the world. The cackling of a goose saved Rome. A greater Empire than Rome is at stake.

MR. CLAUDIUS P. PAYEMSOME—I hope the gentleman will pardon the interruption, but I scarcely think the salvation of Canada rests with the speaker.

THE CHAIRMAN—I must call the last speaker to order.

MR. SWEETHOLME—If the gentleman had not interrupted me I was about to remark that there is scarcely a country in the universe whose history is not linked with a National Dish—a strong argument I hold in favour of the present motion. The Chinaman boasts of his Bird-Nests; the Frenchman revels in the delicate flavour of the Frog; the Scotchman his Haggis; the Englishman his Plum Pudding; the Welshman delights his soul with the Leek; the Irishman boasts of his native "Praties"; the German his Lim' erger