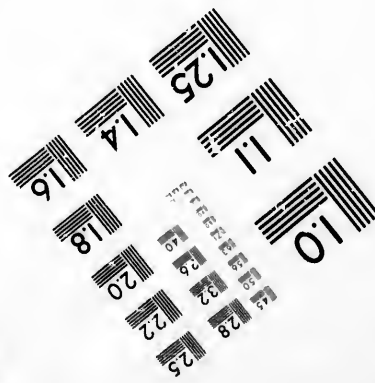
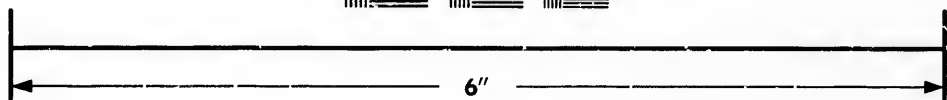
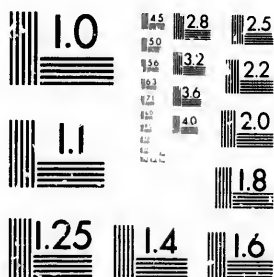


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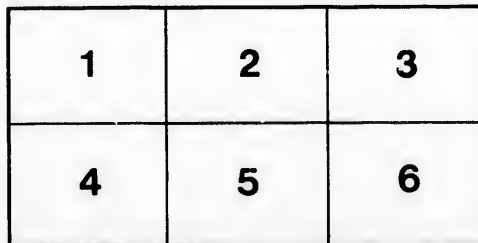
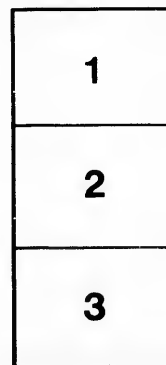
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OUR NATIONAL PIE;

AND

WHAT IT CONTAINED,

BEING A REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE

ANGLO-FRANCO-HIBERNIAN-SCOTTISH-CANADIAN-NATIONAL SOCIETY

Held April 1st, 1878.

BY PAUL FORD,

(Author of "Unparliamentary Papers.")

304.-

Montreal :

W. DRYSDALE & Co., PUBLISHERS.

1877.

U. 37

PROSPECTUS.

To the thinking of many there are room and reason in Canada for another newspaper : so it is proposed to start one, a weekly, to be called

"THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR,"

with the REV. ALFRED J. BRAY, as Editor.

It will not enter into rivalry with any paper now extant in this country, and yet will seek to have the whole country as its constituency.

It will not be devoted to a denomination or sect ; nor to a Church, in a larger sense, as against any other Church ; but will strive to promote freedom, and knowledge, and life. To that end Sermons will be published by the Editor or some other preacher ; Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy will both get a hearing ; articles will be contributed by Canadian, United States, and English writers on Theology ; Reports will be given of what the churches are doing, &c.

It will be political, but not partizan, holding the right to criticise any party, and to demand what seems the best policy for the promotion of good in this country.

It will contain articles on Agriculture, Horticulture, and Applied Science in its various branches, mostly original, but sometimes reprinted from the leading Reviews of Great Britain and the United States.

A Serial Story, original when possible, but always good as to literature and sentiment, will be carried along week by week, so that each member of a family will find something of interest.

To the end that personalities and what is vulgar may be kept from the paper, each article will be signed by the name of the writer. The same rule will apply to all letters.

The Editor will be responsible for his own articles only, and for the rest, whosoever may have a thing of public interest to say, and can say it decently, will have a hearing.

"THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR" will consist of 12 pages, of the size of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and will be printed on toned paper.

The first number will be issued on FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1878, and a specimen copy will be posted to any address in Canada or the United States for 5 cents.

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THE ANGLO-FRANCO-HIBERNIAN-SCOTTISH-CANADIAN NATIONAL SOCIETY.

A Special Meeting of this Society was held on the 1st instant. The attendance was large and—homogeneous. Among those present were Mr. Donald Macphaister, President, (in the Chair); Mr. J. Philistine, 1st Vice-President; Counsellor G. W. Hatchet, 2nd Vice-President; Filibuster McGuffin, Secretary; and the following members of the Committee:—Messrs. Alexander A. Ledger, Jonathan R. Frugal, H. St. Paul, Counsellor Kelson, N. Warbleton Sweetholme, Jamie Maximus Straightlace, Alphonse Rubemhard, Aristides Durfey, Archimedes Moneyman, &c., &c. There were also present by special invitation, T. Black, Jr., Claudius P. Payemsome, Fernando J. Sweller, and Troubadour P. Forum, &c.

The meeting having been called to order,

A motion was moved and seconded, that the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting be dispensed with. As the question was about to be put,

A MEMBER objected. It would form a bad precedent, and the object of the meeting was to allow no precedent which would throw any discredit on the Society.

MR. FILIBUSTER MCGUFFIN—It will at least take an hour to settle the minutes, and I aint quite clear what we really did at the last meeting. I look at this as a waste of time, and time's money.

COUNSELLOR HATCHET—Let us proceed in order. Read the minutes by all means.

MR. N. W. SWEETHOLME—You'll find it all in the papers.

Mr. FILIBUSTER McGUFFIN—Shoot the papers. There isn't an independent journal in the country. They're all in the same boat, and they always will be so long as they've got no better reporters. I go in for winding up the Fourth Estate and closing out the business. The only paper there is in the country that's worth a cent is the *Wasp*.

The CHAIRMAN—This is wasting time, gentlemen. If I may suggest the mover and seconder to withdraw the motion, it will save time. The motion being withdrawn the minutes were read, and after several corrections and erasures had been made, they were confirmed.

Mr. MACPHAISTER (the President) then stated the object of the meeting. He said: Gentlemen—As I have no wish to take up your time with any lengthy remarks, I will state as briefly and as clearly as I can why I have called you together. I think it will give *eclat* to this Society and draw the attention of the world to the progress we are making, if we hold our First Annual Dinner as soon as possible (Hear. Hear). True, we have not been formed more than six or eight weeks; but I have got to learn, why, in a country like ours, we should not take time by the forelock and let the public see, that this Society is no mere vision of the fancy, but a creative power that is destined to make Canada an influential country among the nations of the earth (applause). It has, heretofore, been the practice to hold Annual Dinners at the expiration of the current year in the existence of the organization that may choose to celebrate its birth in that particular manner. But it seems to me, gentlemen, with all due respect to the opinions of those who may differ, we could select no better means for enlarging upon those grand principles we have pledged ourselves to sustain, than in choosing to expatiate upon them at a gathering such as I propose. (Cheers) The two great political parties, whose influence I am happy to

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

open to discussion, I beg to move, seconded by Counsellor G. W. Hatchet: That this Society having in view the creation of a National sentiment, and recognizing the importance of an increased list of membership, decides to celebrate its First Annual Dinner on ——— day of ———, 1878. Mr. Macphaister resumed his seat amid loud applause.

Counsellor HATCHET—I think our President has put the matter very clearly and sensibly, and it gives me much pleasure to second his motion. Looking at it in a practical light, I am of the opinion that it covers all the ground necessary at the present stage of this meeting. Gentlemen, I am a practical man and have a habit of saying just what I think on all occasions, and from my experience in public matters, I must admit that the only unanimity which exists upon topics relating to the Corporation, is found at those occasional festive gatherings to which my *confreres* are no strangers. Whether it be a lunch at the New Cut, or at the Water Works; or an official inspection of the Mountain Park, if we do not always meet as brothers on a common footing, we invariably go away with an exalted opinion of ourselves. I say that is just the spirit we should cultivate here. (Applause) As an illustration how elevated it makes a man feel,—let me tell you that I once knew of one who was present at a corporation lunch who felt so good after it, that he would'nt speak to himself for a week. (Applause and laughter). And he was'nt a proud man, either. As there is a great deal yet to be done, I beg to second the motion.

THE CHAIRMAN—I hope there will be no discussion on this motion, but that it will carry unanimously. Let us not have it said there was one dissentient voice in this matter.

Mr. JONATHAN R. FRUGAL—As dinners do not intoxicate, even if toasts have that tendency, I beg to express my hearty concurrence with the motion. (Loud cheers.

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

and Polonics ; the Italian loves Maccaroni as only an Italian can ; the Spaniard feasts his senses with the succulent flavour of the olive ; the Indian fattens on the Buffalo when the white man permits him to do so ; but Canada has none of these. Canada, the inheritance of ourselves and our children, cannot boast of possessing a single speciality in this respect, while the illiterate but industrious Esquimaux has the satisfaction of gorging himself with grease to his heart's content.

Mr. FILIBUSTER McGUFFIN—I hope, Mr. Chairman, there's to be no greasing going on in this Society.

Mr. SWELLER—I was not aware that the Society boasted of its Joe Miller?

Mr. McGUFFIN—Who's Miller? I don't know him.

Mr. FORUM (to Mr. C. P. Payemsome). Please tickle me so that I can laugh at Mr. McGuffin's jokes. I don't want to hurt his feelings.

Mr. SWEETHOLME—If our friend had studied history he would have seen the drift of my remarks, but as I give him the credit of being in soul, spirit, and birth a Canadian, I can well understand his ignorance.

Mr. FILIBUSTER McGUFFIN—The speaker has personally accused me of ignorance, and I rise to a question of privilege. Sir, I am not ignorant. I know as much of history perhaps as he does, and I am not going to be bulldozed by anyone. I know, Sir, there are persons who have accused me of many things I have never done. During the Fenian Raid, in 1855, Canada was—

The CHAIRMAN (in a whisper). Sit down, do, or you'll spoil everything.

Mr. FILIBUSTER—I've got money in this thing and I am going to have my share of the eating—and drinking.

Mr. SWELLER—No one will dispute the fact that the gentleman is an authority on messes. (Cries of "Order" and "Chair.") He can dish up a mess with greater facility than the lamented Mr. Soyer himself.

Mr. FILIBUSTER MCGUFFIN—Ever since I was a young snapping turtle, so high, I have given my time and means to canvassing for subscribers to a Canadian sentiment. Show me a Canadian who hasn't a grievance. You can't do it. We've always had grievances. We had 'em in 1837, and in 1842. And yet he says I am ignorant. (Cheers and laughter.) What did Ald. Childers say at the last meeting of the Board of Health; didn't he say that Ald. Cobalt was the only man who knew how to make Small Pox a success? (Roars of laughter and cries of "Chair.")

Mr. T. P. FORUM—Really I think the speaker is very much to be *pitied* (pitted).

The CHAIRMAN—I *must* confine you to the question under discussion.

Mr. FILIBUSTER MCGUFFIN—What question is it? (Renewed laughter.)

The CHAIRMAN (aside)—Sit down and don't make an ass of yourself.

Mr. SWEETHOLME—To bring the matter to an issue, I beg to move, seconded by Counsellor Kelson: That our National Dish consist of clam chowder *a l'Americane*. We have a glorious simile in the clam, as illustrating the remarkable progress of our republican neighbours, with whom, I trust, we may be even on a more friendly footing in the future.

Mr. T. BLACK, JR.—Don't you think, Mr. Chairman, that is going rather too far? If the mover means that the American clam is the only dish worthy of representing a Canadian nationality, why, then he should embody that fact in the motion. But perhaps he thinks the five and a half

million dollars which have just been awarded us should be taken out in trade. If he thinks so why let him say so plainly, but I scarcely consider it is a fair way of doing business. Now to my mind the Cod has an equal claim on your consideration as the clam.

Mr. MONEYMAN—Faith there's more "coddin" going on here, to my moind, than anything else.

Counsellor KELSON—I—think—Mr. Chairman,—we—should—help—one another. We—can't—forget—the—land—of—our—birth,—and I—for—one—think—a—good—roasted—short-necked—clam—about—as good—eating—as—most—things. I—am—sorry—this—discussion—has—come—up,—but—it—will—do—good—and—I—therefore—beg—to—second—the—motion.

Mr. C. P. PAYEMSOME—Then I beg to give notice by the same rule, Mr. Chairman, that this Society order twelve cases of Imperial Tokay to correct the taste of the clams. Mr. Sweller will perhaps second the motion at the proper time.

Mr. SWELLER—With pleasure.

Mr. J. R. FRUGAL—I shall have no objection provided the gentleman assures us that it is strictly in accordance with temperance principles.

Mr. C. P. PAYEMSOME—That depends upon how much a man can stand. It's just like lager beer where 20 or 30 glasses more or less wont make much difference.

Mr. FILIBUSTER MCGUFFIN—I would move, Mr. Chairman,—

The CHAIRMAN—Sit down like a good fellow.

Mr. MCGUFFIN—No Sir, I won't sit down. I beg to move in amendment, if I can get a seconder, that the National Dish shall consist of a pyramid of baked Beaver on toast.

(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.

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-

times down at the immigration sheds. We want a sentiment—a Canadian sentiment. We neither want motherland or fatherland,—let us act as independent orphans, and run our own dinner in our own way. Them's my sentiments. (Cheers.)

Mr. C. P. PAYEMSOME—Then I am to infer that to be a thorough Canadian filled with a truly national spirit, running over, it is necessary for one's father to have been, say a Frenchman; his mother an Englishwoman; his grandfather a Scot and his mother-in-law a Tartar, and himself to have been born a Canadian, in order to possess the necessary elements of patriotism which is going to shake this country to its centre?

Counsellor HATCHET—I guess you've about hit it. We aint horses and we don't go in for pedigree to any extent. Blood's well enough in its way, and I have yet to learn that patriotism and self-interest are not in harmony with the first plank of our platform. I'd just as soon fight for my country, if there's any fighting to be done, as not, provided I could'nt find anyone who wanted the job worse than I do. Mr. Gladstone—I beg his pardon, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had said that the time will come when the tie between us and the mother country will have to be severed. That time will come soon enough, and then we shall regard the motherland as a sort of poor relation, whom we shall be willing to oblige when we can find time. But my experience, gentlemen, is—if you don't want anything go to your relations, and you'll pretty soon get it.

Mr. SWELLER—I beg to call the gentleman to order. He is going beyond the record.

Mr. THOS. BLACK, JR.—It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that we are forgetting the business before the meeting. If you are anxious to give a National Dinner, give it by all

means, but I really cannot gather what your ideas of Canadian sentiment are from any expression of opinion I have yet heard. Canadian sentiment I define to be the existence of a patriotic feeling for the true progress of this country, consistent with the interests of the people at large. A man who gives his time, his services and his capital to the land in which he resides; who obeys its laws; who observes allegiance to the Crown; who endeavours to earn an honest living to the best of his ability; who is prepared to promote the interests of the whole country—not, mind you, of a particular section—to the detriment of another—and who is ready at all times to defend the land he lives in; then, I say, that man is a true citizen. If these are your motives, well and good, I am with you. If on the other hand, your object is to achieve a purpose in the future, foreign to any of the motives I have suggested, then I beg to submit that your Society is neither national, patriotic or honest, and you will not succeed. For in your very endeavour to destroy party, you are actually creating one far more prejudicial to yourselves and to those whose sympathies you endeavour to arouse. But, gentlemen, perhaps the Chairman will inform me.

The CHAIRMAN—I hardly think it necessary to enter into any further definition of a principle so clearly defined as ours. The promotion of a Canadian sentiment speaks for itself.

Mr. RUBENHARD—Then I suggest in the interests of all classes of persons, irrespective of their birth, religious, national or other prejudices, that the Annual Dish to be served up at the Annual Dinner of this Society shall be in the form of a PIE containing all the ingredients which have been mentioned here. Each one can then suit himself according to his own tastes. I think the platform of that pie will be solid enough to suit every body.

The CHAIRMAN—Will any one second the motion?

Mr. SWELLER—I will.

The CHAIRMAN—Well perhaps Mr. Rubenhard will put his motion in the proper form, provided the mover of the original motion will consent to withdraw his.

Mr. SWEETHOLME—With the permission of the seconder, Counsellor Kelson, having withdrawn his motion, the main motion was put in the following form: "That the National Dish to grace the board at the Annual Dinner shall be in the form of a Pie, and shall contain clams, eod, beaver on toast, frog, *a la Francaise*, finnan haddie, potatoes, Irish stew, squash, plum pudding flavoured with brandy, and haggis, with power to add to their number."

I presume it will be better to equalize the proportions by weight. I have no doubt but what they will mix well. I congratulate you upon the decision of the meeting.

The proceedings then terminated.

The Annual Dinner was held. Whether it was a success let the reader determine.

THAT PIE !!

(AIR.—*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*)

A great event has just occurred,
The like of which was never heard,
Altho' it ended most absurd

For the Canadian National Party.

At the Annual Dinner at the Rink,
Some twenty people met I think,
There were lots to eat and lots to drink—

All paid for by the Party!

The boys expected heaps of fun;
Ere they commenc'd, or grace begun,
All told, they counted twenty-one
Devotees to the Party.

There were rows of tables white and bare ;
 At the head of each an empty chair ;
 The whole combin'd a hollow square
 Manoeuvred by the Party.

Some sixty waiters stood quite mute,
 Each one got up in full dress suit ;
 They grinned and eyed the cake and fruit,
 All paid for by the Party.

Said one, " I guess that I'll go home,
 O wont McGuffin rage and foam ? "
 With curious glance his eyes did roam
 O'er the strange scene at that party.

Another said, " Why not stay here
 And gorge ourselves on clams and beer ? "
 Macpheister blush'd and dropped a tear—
 He griev'd much for the Party.

Then Hatchet got upon his feet ;
 Said, " Boys, we all came here to eat,—
 Let's take the bitter with the sweet,
 And stick close to the Party.
 I'm no' a-going to cave in,
 For wasting food's a heinous sin—
 It's really time we did begin
 And do something for the Party."

The Chairman said " BRING ON THE PIE"—
 (A monument some four feet high)
 We'll commence with that—at least, we'll try :
 It was made for all the Party."
 Six waiters stout the pie did bear,
 The feature in the bill of fare,
 A sight it was—extremely rare—
 At least, so thought the Party.
 The upper crust, three inches thick ;
 As firm and massive as a brick,
 They little thought the scurvy trick,
 It would play upon the Party.

They tried in vain the pie to cut ;
 But only made a jagged rut,
 It leaked like any water-butt,
 A damper to the Party.

McGuffin cried, "Bring on a saw,
 I ne'er was serv'd like this before,
 Pray wait a moment I implore,
 Dear Comrades of the Party."

The saw was brought, the trusty blade
 In McGuffin's hands some progress made ;
 The feats of skill by him display'd,
 Were cheered by all the Party.

"The gravy's coming, *that's* the test,"—
 It ran in torrents down his breast ;
 It spoilt his splendid black cloth vest—
 Mac... expressly for the Party !

The breach once made, then in a trice
 Each one was help'd to a thick slice,
 And all pronounced it "very nice,"
 And a credit to the Party.

The noise they made with knives and forks ;
 With jokes and puns and champagne corks,
 For they had appetites like hawks—
 Had the Canadian National Party.

They laughed and sung and joked and roared,
 And gathered closer round the board ;
 Like a miser gathers round his hoard,
 Did the members of the Party.

"I never ate a pie like this,
 To me it seems a dream of bliss ;"
 Said one, "It's quite a Kingly Dish,"
 "Of course," cried all the Party.

But a change soon came upon the scene,
 The Chairman's color turned to green,
 He felt and looked most precious mean,
 Did the Hero of the Party.

Then Hatchet staggered to the door,—
 "I never felt like this before"—
 No sooner said than on the floor
 Fell the Warrior of the Party.
 "I feel quite ill," McGuffin said,
 "I think I must have over fed ;
 My poor inside's weigh'd down like lead—
 I think I'll leave the Party."
 Then Sweetholme's face began to pale,
 "It surely must—it is the ale ;
 I really think that beer was stale,"
 Said the Patriot of the Party.

Then Kelson rose with aching brow,
 "I too, feel—queer—I'm taken now ;
 Those clams—were far—too—strong—I—vow,"
 Said the Veteran of the Party.
 Poor Frugal also shook with pain—
 "I don't think I'll come here again ;
 That pie has drove me 'most insane,"
 Said the Mentor of the Party.
 Mr. H. St. Paul sat next to him,
 Was seized with strange, eccentric whim ;
 His features, pinched with pain, look'd grim,
 Did this Victim of the Party.

Poor Moneyman was taken next,
 His stomach knew no peace or rest ;
 "I feel, my friends, like going West,"
 Said the Champion of the Party.
 A deadly silence reigned around,
 Six doctors came, and there they found
 In anguish, lying on the ground
 The Canadian National Party.
 To crown the feast there came a smash ;
 A rumbling sound and then—a crash,
 It toppled o'er—a monstrous hash :
 The Pie of the National Party !

SEQUEL.

Twenty inquests held by one named J—s,
 On fractured limbs and broken bones;
 A judgment like this much atones
 For the errors of the Party.
 But juries' verdicts never lie,
 They all agreed, and so do I,
 Those men were killed by too much pie—
 The Pie of the National Party.
 There was only one who got off free:
 That individual was me;
 The whole thing's bust—the Pie's U P,
 And so is the National Party!

PAUL FORD.



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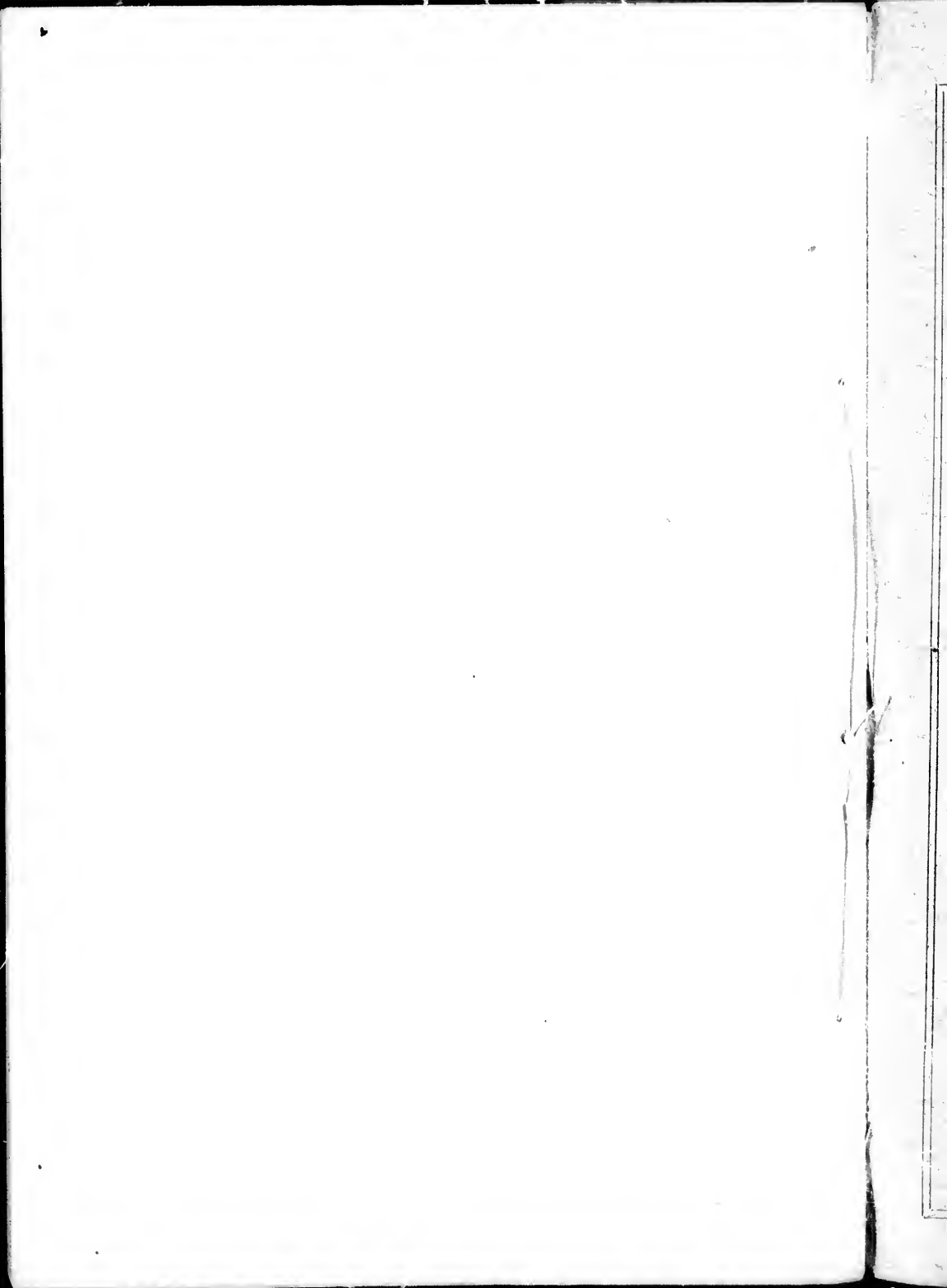
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The methods by which these objects are being promoted are controlled by a Council and directed by an Executive,—
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