

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