

and Polonies ; 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.