

Hard Times.

The hardness of the times is amply proved by the prevalence of soup kitchens, monster balls at Ottawa, insolvency notices, \$15,000 organs, bread riots, gorged criminal calendars, increased pay to M.P.P.'s, men out of work, crimson robes and Windsor uniforms, rags and starvation, and stale theatricals.

The Debate on the Argenteuil Speech.

How had great HUNTINGTON fallen—he, the Conservative squasher. He who once binding their strong men, then did despoil both their Houses. He who as wise as a weasel smelt out the Pacific Scandal. When that it reeked of corruption, now is himself in bad odour. Poking around for a nuisance, stirred up the odour of sanctity. Lo, he hath put his foot in it, and he is fallen, is fallen, Take ye no stock in him further; he is a drug in the market. What has he gone and been doing?—nothing, but he hath been talking. Mindless of wiser MACKENZIE, trembling for doubtful majorities, Dared to stand up on his two legs, and to remark to the people That a Canadian voter might vote without papal directions, Sometimes!—and where were the heavens?—why didn't something fall onto him.

Lo, and he said that the Cabinet all would endorse his profanity. This is the last drop that filled up the goblet of Ministers' agony. Therefore is CARTWRIGHT in spasms, and BLAKE is internally howling. Where were the thunderbolts fooling?—why were they not at their business?

Why was this HUNTINGTON not then knocked into very small fragments? Yet he surviveth not gladly, but as a scorn and a hissing. To be discussed in the House; this is the way they discussed him:—

MR. HOLTON'S SPEECH.

Who hath not heard of great HOLTON, fearful in ponderous language? Cradled in Sessional Papers, fed upon red tape and blue books; Full to repletion with rules, crammed to the throat with precedents. Wisest in Parliament, specially when it is otherwise empty. Then did MACKENZIE with horror, then did Sir JOHN with enjoyment List while he stirred up the depths of the terrible Argenteuil scandal. Wanting to know if MACKENZIE didn't for HUNTINGTON write it. Wanting to know if it wasn't done by his special direction. Wanting to know how he liked it, now that he had got quite through it. Wanting to know—but MACKENZIE rose in acute desperation.

MR. MACKENZIE'S SPEECH.

Wha is there here in this Hoose noo—wha is the idgit that hears me. Kensna I carena to hae the Catholics brought doon upon me? Thereto tend my remarking, mix na religion wi' statecraft. HUNTINGTON never intendit ony sic' nonsense to utter. A' hae their moments o' weakness, but Prohibition will stap such, What he intendit to say I hae maist fully describit. Did I no write it to LYNCH, even to LYNCH the Archbishop?

MR. LANGEVIN'S SPEECH,

Rose up LANGEVIN in wrath, strong in the faith of the True Church. Looking to Rome for approval, viewing the House in amazement. Asking if all of the Cabinet planned this insult outrageous? Asking if Catholics always were not devoted to Protestants? Whether they did not extend them feelings of deepest affection? Whether they had not stood by them, even as Chronicles tell us, Using the strongest of measures into the right paths to turn them? Are not the priests all most loyal? Where has the Queen better subjects, While they have Roman permission? What is there then to complain of? Wherefore their rage now the heathen? Wherefore pitch into these meek ones, Wherefore should Bishops most holy not influence our elections?

THE ORANGE SPEECHES.

Then there spoke WHITE of East Hastings—also spoke BOWELL. Grand Master.

Orangemen these who do walk out in divers and glittering garments, Bearing of terrible banners, shouting defiance to Romans, These thought the Catholic speakers quite in the right on the subject, Patted them all on the back, said they were excellent fellows. Spoke against Protestant howlings, things they had never indulged in. Thought that MACKENZIE was spoiling most of our great constitution. Thought they could mend it again though, with the good help of the priesthood.

Ceasing to speak at the closing, drowned by the uproar of laughter. Shortly shall PIUS deliver thanks to his Protestant champions. Never LOYOLA nor PHILIP gave Rome more well timed assistance.

HOLTON'S CONCLUSION.

Then did the erudite HOLTON give unto HUNTINGTON judgment, Leave us and go from us quickly, far from the tents of the righteous. Think not, because we received place and emolument through you. Therefore we mean to be hustled by your Argenteuil bombshell. Give up your office and place; give up your keys and commission. Leave us in peace and in power; trouble not Israel further.

Political Amenities.

CURRIE and RYKERT have been exhorting each other. Living near the Welland Canal, they have acquired the art of vituperation from the canal-boys. They cannot however come up to Mr. T. C. PATTESON who learnt it from jockeys. The latter gentleman has thrown over his former friend RYKERT, fearing that he would surpass him in his own specialty.

The Fancy Ball at Ottawa.

Following the suggestions of the *Mail*, the guests at the Fancy Ball arranged themselves in appropriate groups, some of which a correspondent has described for us.

1. CLASSIC GROUP:

Agamemnon.....Lord Dufferin.
Cassandra.....Mr. Goldwin Smith.
Achilles (in his tent).....Sir A. T. Galt.
Hercules.....Hon. L. S. Huntington.
Hydra.....Bishop Bourget.
Thersites.....Mr. T. C. Patteson.

2. PUNCH AND JUDY GROUP:

Wife Puller.....Sir John Macdonald.
Puppets.....Langevin and Mackenzie Bowell.
Policeman.....Masson.
Dog Toby.....Plum.

3. MISCELLANEOUS GROUP:

John Smith.....Amor de Kormos.
Dr. Dryasdust.....Professor Mills.
The Laughing Hyena.....Joe Rymal.
Whip.....Casey.

4. A MODERN GROUP:

Bill Sykes.....Gordon Brown.
His Dorg.....Dymond.

5. PICKWICK GROUP:

Mr Pickwick.....Mowat.
Mr. Winkle.....Crooks.
Mr. Fingle.....Fraser.
Mr. Tupman.....Pardee.
Rev. Mr. Stiggins.....Ingles (the *Globe* Missionary.)
The Fat Boy.....Rupert M. Wells.

6. SCRIPTURAL GROUP:

Samson Agonistes.....Edward Blake.
Philistines.....George Brown, Holton, Penny, Jerry Merrick.
High Priest of the Philistines.....Archbishop Lynch.

7. U. E. CLUB GROUP: Bickford, Boulton and Baxter, disguised as gentlemen.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin appeared caparisoned as *The Fair Grit*: Hon. J. Beverley Robinson as *The Man in the Iron Mask*, and GRIP as *The Bird of Paradise*.

Croaks and Pecks.

The two most prominent Quebec statesmen are said to be GALT and WORMWOOD to the Ultramontane party.

SINCE the publication of Sir A. TULLOCH GALT's letter, the Ultramontanes have been dancing Tulloch-gorum. Scotched they say but not killed.

THE only good reason as yet given for putting wigs on the Supreme Court Judges is that with powder on their heads it will be hard to match them. Hence *petroleuses*!

THERSITES PATTESON, (after reading the last issue of the *Nation*,) "He beats me and I rail at him; O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him whilst he railed at me."—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA: II. 3.

HEADS OR TAILS.—As true Nationalists we think that instead of wigs being put on Supreme Court Judges it would be a graceful tribute to a race almost extinct, if feathers and heads were adopted as the official decoration of the heads of the law. The Law Society could supply the feathers and Trinity College could furnish Venerable Bedes.

People are going crazy at Ottawa. Everything is resolving itself into theatricals, public or private. The Supreme Court judges have at last caught the scarlet fever, and adopted a uniform which makes them look like par-boiled lobsters. It is hard to imagine Mr Justice STRONG wrapped in a mantle of rep window curtain, dealing out voluminous equity, or chief Justice Richards encased in a piece of blazing carpet, discoursing of law. Wig them by all means.