

Government Orders

It looked extremely rocky for Canadians that day;
 The deficit was growing; how short time was none could say.
 So when Wilson died on OAS, and The Maz did the same,
 A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.
 A straggling few then went off shore, leaving there the rest,
 With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.
 For they thought: "If only Marty could get a whack at that,"
 They'd put even money now, with Marty at the bat.
 But the PM controlled Marty, and Coppie always sounding off,
 And the former was a pudd'n, the latter face down in the trough.
 So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat;
 For there seemed but little chance of Marty's getting to the bat.
 But the PM gave him Finance, to the wonderment of all.
 And the much-despised Coppie saw her influence free—fall.
 And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
 The HRD man had folded, and Marty could ride herd.
 Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell—
 It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled in the dell;
 It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
 For Marty, mighty Marty, was advancing to the bat.
 There was ease in Marty's manner as he stepped into his place,
 There was pride in Marty's bearing and a smile on Marty's face;
 And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
 No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Marty at the bat.
 Ten million eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with ink,
 Five million tongues applauded when he sat him down to think;
 Then when the writhing Moody's ground the rating in its hip,
 Defiance glanced in Marty's eye, a sneer curled Marty's lip.
 And now the budget '94 came hurtling through the air,
 And Marty stood a—watching it in haughty grandeur there.
 Close by the sturdy batsman the deficit unheeded sped;
 'No need for haste,' said Marty; 'Strike one,' the markets said.
 From the benches, black with Lib'rals, went up a muffled roar,
 Like the beating of vast spending when the tax can rise no more.
 'Kill him! Kill the lender!' shouted someone in the stand;
 And they might well have defaulted, had not Marty raised his hand.
 With a smile of Liberal charity, great Marty's visage shone;
 He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on;
 He produced no mini-budget, and once more tax dollars flew;
 But Marty still ignored it, and the markets said, 'Strike two.'
 'Fraud!' cried the maddened Lib'rals, and the echo answered, 'Fraud!'
 But one scornful look from Marty and the audience was awed;
 They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
 And they knew their Marty wouldn't let his chance go by again.
 The sneer is gone from Marty's lips, his spreadsheet's clenched in hate,
 He swears he'll cut most drastically, before it is too late;
 It comes to budget time again, the deficit still high;
 And Marty swings beneath the ball, and hits an infield fly.
 Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,
 I think it's in Reformland where Presto has got it right;
 And somewhere children laugh, and adults raise a festive cup,
 But there is no joy in Canada—Paul Martin has popped up.

• (1200)

This budget implemented by Bill C-76 raises taxes. It increases the debt by over \$100 billion over three years. It offers no hope of tax relief to Canadians. No member of this House who has any concern for the welfare of their children and grandchildren can support a bill that enables the government to increase the debt load and therefore the future tax load we are leaving for them.

I call on all members of this House to join with my Reform colleagues and me to defeat this budget implementation act. Canada and Canadians deserve better.

Mr. Pat O'Brien (London—Middlesex, Lib.): Madam Speaker, I will be splitting my time with my colleague, the hon. member for Wellington—Grey—Dufferin—Simcoe.

It might have been quicker if the hon. member had read *War and Peace* into the record, but if brevity is the soul of wit, then the poem was neither brief nor perhaps particularly witty.

It has been said by another poet that nothing is either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. That poet was speaking to attitude. We just had a very good portrayal by the member for Kindersley—Lloydminster of the Reform Party attitude about the budget.

He was very effective as a prophet of doom and gloom in speaking about the budget. Quite frankly, as most Canadians know and indeed as the previous speaker well knows, perhaps to his chagrin, the budget is being very well received by Canadians. Although every decision perhaps is not what Canadians would have liked, in general the budget is being very well received and for some very good reasons.

I would like to speak first to the process the hon. Minister of Finance followed in this budget and indeed in his first budget. There has never been a more open and transparent process which has taken place by a finance minister. There has never been a greater opportunity for Canadians right across this land to have input into the budget.

There is very good evidence of that in my riding and in the city of London, Ontario where I live and part of which I represent. The finance minister was in our city for an open forum with a cross-section of groups from London and the surrounding area and other individual Londoners. He received tremendous input during that evening.

All members of Parliament have the opportunity to hold special meetings. I know that most of the members on this side of the House held special prebudget consultations with their constituents.

• (1205)

With the encouragement of the hon. minister, Canadians have never had a better opportunity for input into the budget. Whether one accepts and likes every single budget decision or not, universally the process very correctly is being praised.

It is my view that the budget is both balanced and fair. Now we come to what I said in terms of attitude. We can adopt the philosophy of the Reform Party and the attitude of doom and gloom and that everything is negative, or we can face the fact that yes, there were significant cuts which had to be made. They were necessary. In some cases I would say they were regrettable but necessary.