

Mr. Cartwright's Speech on the Budget.

SIR,—In rising to move this resolution, it would be both idle and dishonest to conceal from you the gravity of the situation. That gravity has several aspects—our supporters are gravitating away to the opposition—we feel ourselves rapidly gravitating away from office, and the faces of Ministers have an awful gravity. (I regret to inform the House that Mr. BLAKE was actually accosted yesterday by a bereaved parent looking for an undertaker.) Yet, sir, I believe the bulk of the people are happy. I have ocular demonstration, sir; wherever I pass I see many people laughing. I know the outcry against us is general; but I feel confident we shall weather the squall. There is a cowardly alarm, sir; undue apprehension, sir; members afraid to vote for us, sir. If we do not stand so high in the opinion of the country, I beg members to observe that the shrinkage of values has extended all over the world. I call attention to the returns. Our imports greatly exceed our exports—last year by forty millions. I challenge the world to show a country getting so much and giving so little. Is not that progress? What if we do run in debt for the balance? Are gentlemen so unaware of our resources? Is there not such a thing as a Bankrupt Court? Though our debts be as scarlet, we may be whitewashed as white as NEELON.

Our whole accounts show a good balance; in spite of the assertion of the Honourable TUPPER, who cannot understand them, owing to his unutterable ignorance, not knowing that twice two are six. As to the commercial depression, it is owing to the fact that during the last few years a very considerable number of persons have engaged in manufacturing industries, without the slightest idea that Government intended to knock 'em on the head. These people evidently had no brains. It is also owing to over-production—not here, for I have taken care to stop our factories producing anything, but elsewhere. Of course, shutting out their over-productions by a high tariff would have saved Canada from sharing in the evil, but would have injured other countries—injured England, too. I am a Free Trader. Free Trade prospers there; if it don't here, so much the worse for Canada. Rule Britannia; Britons never shall be slaves, and they shall be free to crush out any Canadian factory they choose. Hail Columbia! so shall the Yankees.

I am opposed to high tariffs. Manufacturers in the States have made colossal fortunes by them; I shall take care nobody does anything of the sort here. Then Mr. WELLS of New York says their manufacturers are all being ruined; of course they are. The statements conflict, but you will be kind enough to believe them separately. Moreover, if Canada would prosper with Protection, why does it not begin now, and prosper without it? Yes, sir, I demand to know why does it not? We have, sir, done many things to promote the welfare of the country. The rails of our various roads required steeling. I am happy to say that in connection with this matter we have done a very considerable amount of steeling indeed. The country has much to be grateful for. When we took charge, you were all making money rapidly. What would have followed? I repeat, what? Prosperity—dangerous prosperity. What then does history show us follows? What? Luxury. What next? Effeminacy—Destruction! We rushed into the gap—we did our duty, I may say in this case England peculiarly and pecuniarily expected us to do it. That alarming and dangerous prosperity we have most thoroughly checked and put a complete stop to. I defy the most mendacious Conservative to say we have not. And under the guidance of our glorious Free Trade principles we shall go yet further; if I can only keep MACKENZIE in the right track (he's constantly jibbing towards Protection) I intend to shut up every factory in Canada. In the words of the great PITT, "No colonist shall even make a horse-shoe nail." And when that glorious result is attained, though poverty overspread Canada, though bankruptcy follow, though annexation be imminent, though rebellion occur, yet I, and those of my colleagues who stick to me, shall always be satisfied, for WELLS of the States has said we are right, and a greater than WELLS, even BROWN of the *Globe*, has said we are right. And though the States does not believe WELLS, and Canada does not believe BROWN, I believe, and shall believe, till we lose our majority. *Fiat injustitia ruat Canada.*

Plan to Insure General Prosperity.

THE first thing we would remark is what a general rush is made, every January, by a vast multitude of people who wish to become Aldermen. The next thing to be observed is that a certain number of them always succeed in becoming Aldermen. The next thing to notice is that this is an unpaid office. It is honorary. There is no salary attached. Then we would observe that people continue year after year to strive for it. They year after year succeed. They work on committees. They make speeches at Council meetings. Also, and to conclude, we would observe that they generally grow rich. They build houses. They accumulate property. This, as they do not, of course, make it out of the city, is simply the result of a peculiar blessing of Providence which falls on them. Now then, finally, the plan is this:—Let it be provided that all citizens be and are Aldermen henceforth. Let the blessing be general, and let us enjoy and watch the results.

A propos of the Weather.

(By our own Punster.)

Suitable to the late snow storm. All hail!
In what feature has the weather been deficient? Its snows.
On what condition can we excuse it! If it thaw't to please.
Besides it has been ill had a general complaint—*murrain*, which is apt to afflict *wethers*, but although the latter are sheepish they need not necessarily be so soft:

Ginx and Jenkins.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, &C."

THE *Mail* hates our JENKINS, and the reason is obvious. The amplitude and delicate appreciation with which Fancy Balls and Fashionable Weddings are treated, shew that one of the JENKINS family conducts the *Mail*. The bitterness of family quarrels is proverbial.

Alas, Poor Ghost!

O, Horrible! O, Horrible! Most Horrible!

IT is rumoured that the clergymen of the Diocese of Toronto intend to contribute towards the *Testimonial*, which the Law Society, grateful for many deeds of omission as well as commission, are about to present to an eminent Q. C. Surely the ghost of BOUTON will revisit the glimpses of the moon, and make night hideous. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

Rejected Addresses.

"TO TABITHA.

My Idol! whom I worship silently,
Ever at thy sweet shrine,
I do beseech thee let me be
Alone thy valentine.

HARRY."

To this exquisite effusion TABITHA replied as follows (after no hesitation whatever.)

"Sir,

In the first place I have to remind you that you mustn't worship idols, in the second that I'll let you be alone, willingly, if you only won't bother me.

Yours truly,

TABITHA."

And then followed this excruciating reply.

"Dearest TABITHA,

Being idle, I felt like idolizing you, my ideal! you cannot surely object to my subject—I dearly love you. Yours devotedly,

HARRY."

(The rest of the correspondence will appear in our next number—perhaps.)

A Kindly Suggestion.

To the Editor of Grip.

DEAR SIR,—I have been a constant reader of your excellent Journal. I have given up the *Globe*, as I find your political articles much more instructive than those which appear in that Paper. As I do not keep horses I have no use for a Sporting News, and therefore do not take the *Mail*. Besides I find its horsey metaphors unintelligible. As for the *Globe* it is too heavy a tract for me. The action of a stomach pump delights me not. I took the *Weekly Globe* for some time for the sake of its Caricatures, but I gave it up too, as yours are much more true to the originals. As a Sunday-school teacher I find GRIP extremely useful and I consider it superior as a manual of morality to Dr. RYERSON'S great work on "Agriculture and Morals." Many dear friends to whom I have made a practice of sending GRIP, have conspicuously improved in their morals. Some have given up swearing—by the *Mail*, and a bank clerk who was addicted to billiards at the National Club and drinking lemonade with a stick in it, now omits the stick, and plays parlour croquet. I think that many others would be glad to adopt the same course as myself. You need not send your agent to me to collect my subscription for the future. I may add that I am not "An Original Shareholder."

Yours &c.,

ENERY B. 'EAVENS.

Kingston, 28th Feb., 1876.

(We are grateful to our friend for his suggestion, and shall be glad to send GRIP to any gentleman who desires to improve the morals of his neighbours. Subscription, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. ED.)