

Dirty, greasy, bleary-eyed looking specimens, they no more approach the average country people to be found in Central Ontario than South African Hottentots approach the polished types of European Civilisation. . . . The crops in the fields are remarkably poor, owing no doubt to the ignorance of their owners with regard to the grain-producing qualities of the land. In every doorway may be seen squalid, half-naked children, whose mothers are either weeding onion beds in the garden or fishing in the nearest stream. . . . It is the land of the French, the kingdom of the garlic eaters ! ”

We will not allow our opponents to assume that all this zeal for one national language is the outcome of patriotic enthusiasm for the unification of the country and the perpetuation of civil liberty. I think it requires but little penetration to see through the thin veil of hypocrisy under which all their pretensions are concealed. A few years ago Prescott, Russell and Essex were represented in the Local Legislature by Conservatives. There was no cry then of French aggression and French invasion. In nearly half these schools at that time no English was taught and few of the authorized text books were used. The teachers were not as capable of teaching English as they are now. A greater number of them came from Quebec then than now. Where were these guardians of the liberties of Ontario in those days ? In 1883, when Tory members, by virtue of the votes of the Frenchmen in these counties, sat in the Legislative Assembly, were they the champions of English schools they pretend to be to-day ? When the Government submitted to the regulations of 1885, by which substantial progress has been made for securing the introduction of English into every school did Mr. Robillard, the Tory member for Prescott, or Mr. Sol White, the Tory member for Essex, say a word in support of the policy then instituted ? Not a word. The oracles of to-day were all silent then. Even the “son of Ontario.”

THE ORPHAN LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION,

while on his eastern tour in 1886, in his speeches at Winchester Springs and at Cornwall in the immediate vicinity of this Providence-forsaken land, was mute as a “mermaid by the sounding sea.” (Laughter and applause.) Now like a hungry pack of wolves they are down upon us because in a day we have not changed a condition of things which must have been well known to every one of them. So long as they received the political support of the Frenchman he was a good, intelligent, progressive citizen, but when he became a Liberal and showed his appreciation of the Mowat Government he is “a South African Hottentot and a garlic eater,” his “children are half naked” and his wife takes to “weeding onion beds and fishing in the nearest stream.” (Cheers and laughter.) Charming gratitude this, to say