

appeal to you, gentlemen, who hear me now; the people, the real people, not those whom they gain over by bribery and treating, the people have always heard me, even when they have not followed me. I may have been mistaken myself, I must have been mistaken sometimes (who is there who has never been mistaken), but I have the satisfaction of saying that it has not been by calculation, and I know that my good faith has been credited. [Cheers.] That is the reason I have never failed; that is the reason that disgust has never so far got hold of me as to make me abandon my task, although a few men have had so many struggles to sustain, hatreds to brave and so much drivel to put up with on the part of their opponents. I have always said to myself that the country which I loved is well worth the trouble that I undergo in its service. Often I have returned from these contests soiled, wounded, bruised, but never broken. What matter! It is not to uniforms that are stainless, that bear no mark of dust or blood, that have never been torn, that the Cross of Honor is attached. It is not as a mere soldier of parade that I have gained my stripes, and if I have kept my wounds I have also kept my flag, and I am not dead yet. [Cheers.] Some months ago some persons said I was dying; they tolled the bell for me with an air of joy badly disguised; they were preparing my funeral speech and beginning to sing sweet things of me, believing all was over. But I have returned to life, and since then they are more opposed to me than ever; they would bury me alive; they would bury me with mud, dirt, hatred and calumny. I did not know that my enemies had so much that was unclean in their souls, so much gall in their hearts, so much venom in their pens, but they have not buried me, nor will they bury me. I am better than ever I was, and I have come here in the midst of these people whom I love to continue my task, to render you a service. That task we shall accomplish together, and with your support we shall bring to a victorious, a triumphant conclusion. [Loud cheers.] To us be the work, to all be the glory and the good results. It is to St. Laurent that I wished to come; first, to the County of Jacques Cartier, whose name sounds so well to courageous souls. [Cheers.] It is a long time since we first met here on the ground of politics; seventeen years, I believe, since that day of trial. The other day we met on

the grounds of the dead; I came to mingle my regrets with yours at the tomb of the companion of one of your old servants, your ancient member. It is in the days of mourning that we count our true friends. To-day is a day of labor, and I have come to you again. To-day is a great anniversary—the 6th of September—the anniversary of the birth of Sir George Cartier, that great patriot who died in the service of his country; died regretting that he was far away from the Canadian people whom he had loved so very much. Him they had calumniated during his life, but he had the tardy justice rendered him after death of being called a great citizen. Such a day is a good augury; such a day cannot but be one of success, the forerunner of a triumph. [Cheers.] Ah, my noble friend, if you were here you would say to those assembled, eager to know and to do what is right, to these people here gathered together, that those are not worthy of public confidence who seek to villify the representatives of the nation and stain the reputation of their compatriots; they are unworthy of you, whose just song, as well as last sigh, were those words so patriotic, "Before all, let us be Canadians." [Loud cheers.] Gentlemen, I told you what kind of men my opponents were—envious, disappointed, ambitious, who regarded hatred as talents. It is no longer, as formerly, a loyal struggle of parties; it is a monstrous combination of elements most opposed to each other—*Le Temps* and *L'Etendard*, in a word,

THE CASTORS.

What is a castor? Does it refer to that intelligent and industrious animal which, along with the maple leaf, serves us as a national emblem? No, our political opponents are not patriots enough for that. [Laughter and cheers.] What, then, is a castor? City workingmen call castors those who pretend to know a great deal and who cannot do very much—the talkers, the parasites of trade. [Cheers.] In the country they also call castors those little black creatures who live in ponds on the surface of the stagnant water and spread an odor that is not agreeable—the water bugs, in fact. [Cheers.] Are they the types of the *Etendard* tribe. The political castors are a little of all that, and something worse still. Their party comprises all the ambitious mediocrities who cannot succeed by ordinary means; all the disappointed and a good number of the hypocrites who pretend

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