

animosity. At the close of the last Federal session, Senator Landry stated at Ottawa that I must be destroyed at all costs, as I am an element of strength to the Liberal party in the Quebec district. Senator Landry had even used a still more flattering expression, which for that reason I prefer to pass over in silence. Such is the general reason—the interest of the Conservative party; and it is the only one worthy of attention.

It is necessary, however, to mention the private reasons, because they threw an important light upon the methods and sincerity of Senator Landry. These reasons are connected with the question, which occupied the attention of the Legislature between 1892 and 1897, of the purchase by the Government of the Beauport Asylum. The Landry family were part owners of this and they had made a large fortune out of its wretched inmates. That purchase was the true cause of the coup d'état of December, 1891. In the interest of the unfortunate inmates and of the public, Mercier had decided not to renew the contract, which was a scandalous one, but to erect a hospital worthy of the Province and of modern science. This led Messrs. Angers and Landry to strike their great blow. I was then a member of the House and, with others, strongly denounced the scandal. We placed Mr. Landry on the horns of a dilemma from which he has never cleared himself—from which I defy him to-day to clear himself. He had, as curator to his sick brother, valued the Asylum at \$270,000 in 1884, when it was in better condition and the contract had still nine years to run. Now, Mr. Landry either was an accomplice in despoiling one whom the law and the ties of kindred made it his duty to protect, or else the value fixed in 1884 was correct and thus, in 1893, the Province of Quebec paid from \$150,000 to \$200,000 more than it should have paid. Is it surprising, therefore, after this disgraceful scandal, that anxiety for public weal has arisen in the soul of Senator Landry and that the unworthiness of the member for Bellechasse has moved the scribes of *L'Evenement*, wherein you will find the inspiration, the methods of the worst black sheep in the Conservative ranks, among men whose names have been connected with acts of political brigandage during the past quarter of a century?

A FOREIGNER SENT BY

THE CURSE OF HEAVEN

No less interesting than the motives,

are the individuals chosen to do the work and the way in which they went about it. Two men were the principal actors in the trial which so inflamed the public mind not long ago. One of these, Lamont or Lemont, was an unfrocked ecclesiastic whom the Hon. Mr. Prevost picked up in the street, made him private secretary and then an officer of his department and who, from that ambush spied upon everything that occurred or imagined what had not occurred, wrote vile and lying articles in the *Nationaliste* against the man who gave him his daily bread. These you have Senator Landry's first collaborator. But there is another, no less illustrious but of different origin, who came from Europe. Gentlemen, the Baron de l'Epine's history is well-known. In 1902, Belgium dumped upon our shores, one of these foreigners whom the curse of heaven periodically sends us. It was my misfortune to meet him. He was a man of good family, possessed of education and tactful address, who looked miserable at Mr. Gigault's, where he was working as a farm hand at five dollars a week. I was filled with compassion for him, when I saw him striving so bravely to remake the fortune he had wasted in the old country. I have been blamed for having been so intimate with Baron de l'Epine, but surely I am not the first to be deceived by appearances, nor the first honest man to be duped by a rogue? Only my intimate friends knew what I did for that man, and yet it was that same man who for five years took notes of everything I did, collected everything I wrote, and sold it for so much a line, even those private and confidential letters which no honorable man should ever part with—who forged documents and mutilated others to destroy or dishonor me, his benefactor!

After this, who can say that the actors are unworthy of the piece and of its author, the man of the safe, the sympathetic Mr. Landry? It is true, the whole scheme might have been wrecked—there was the confession of Baron de l'Epine himself, in his evidence, and for a small position of \$50 a month his silence could have been purchased and his scruples quieted. Thank goodness, this was refused, and for my own part, when the bargain was submitted to me and a corner of the veil lifted from the conspiracy hatched against me, I replied that I might fall, but I would at least fall manfully and honorably."