

THE FRENCH-CANADIANS

Written for The Catholic Register.)
Without having any special mandate to defend the French-Canadian people from the attacks, so frequent and so senseless, that are made upon them by those who are most lacking in real knowledge upon the subject, still having spent my life with them and having been educated in great part by them, I feel inclined to give expression to an honest and well-founded opinion concerning their true characteristics. There exists in every land a class of beings who seem to have been sent into this world with a mission to create trouble. They are governed in their actions by an evil genius of prejudice, and their minds are swayed by the spirit of intolerance. Their excessive vanity will not allow them to see beyond the narrow limits of their own experience, and they imagine that they alone are members of this world's elite. They see themselves, their own nationality, their own religious sect, or their own political party, through a telescope that magnifies beyond all reasonable proportions; but they reverse that telescope, and invariably look through the large lens when studying people of other races, creeds, or parties. The sentiments entertained by such individuals are foreign to the cosmopolitan spirit which should animate all the citizens of a mixed and young country like Canada.

An example of this dangerous and unjustifiable spirit may be found in the expressions of the over-zealous propagandists who announce, in a bare-faced manner, that the French-Canadians of the Province of Quebec are a superstitious and ignorant race, and require to be evangelized and instructed—even as the inhabitants of China or India. It seems to me that the very fact of making such an assertion, even in an eminently religious and social organ, and even when made by a professed minister of Christianity, is the best proof of the ignorance of those guilty of the un-Christian and un-Canadian deed.

Let us, for a moment, consider the ignorance of French-Canadians! The question of superstition is not worthy our serious attention. We will open the volume of this country's history. We find that their pioneers sowed the first seeds of civilization in the land, and their missionaries lit the torch of Christianity amongst the primeval forests of Canada. Ignorant, and they laid the foundations of our cities and transformed a wilderness into a garden. Ignorant, and their priests as far back as 1635, built the first college and the most important educational institution in America. Ignorant, and from that establishment went forth Marquette, Joliet, Noue, Daniel, the Lalemans, de Brebeuf, Bressani, Jogues, and the hundreds of others whose lives were sacrificed on the altar of Christian evangelization. Ignorant, and they educated generation after generation of the greatest and best men that ever set foot on this continent. Ignorant, and to-day the temples of faith arise at distances, like the lighthouses along the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, to tell the traveller that Christianity flourishes in the land. Ignorant, and their universities, colleges, convents, academies, and schools dot the face of the country in a profusion not to be found in any land of equal population on earth. Ignorant, and those institutions are frequented by Catholics and Protestants from all ends of the continent. Ignorant, and from their homes of education have come forth some of the greatest prelates, statesmen, jurists, physicians, engineers and literateurs in the annals of Canadian history. Ignorant, with their Lafontaines, Morins, Cartiers, Dolans, Chapleaus, Lauriers, Lafoites, Jetties, Marchands, Merciers and hundreds of others in that wide field. Ignorant, the race that produced the Plomondons, Bibauds, Marbets and Perraults; the Bedards, Chaballieres, Fairbaults, Mondelots, Parents and Vigers, the Angers, Auhins, Chaveaus, De Bouchervilles, Garneau, Gingras, Lavolette and Turcotte. Imagine the ignorance of a people from which came the Bellemores, Cauchons, Chetiers, Ferlands, Gerin-Lajoies, Huats, Saulards and Taches, of the De Bellefleur, Bourcas, Cagrain, Drapeau, Fabres, Frechettes, Verreux and Crematiers. Just think of any sane, not to say educated writer or preacher, branding with ignorance the race that gave us the Begins, Beausoleils, Belangers, Davids, Gauthiers, Desgroses, Gelinas, Lemays, Lachenes, Lemoines, Ouhets, Racines, Panquays, Auges, de Saint Aubins, Buies, De Celles, Hudus, Moreaus, Marmettes and Leandres; or the Bernards, Barons, Desaisies, Evantais, Fontaines, Lammees, Pailsons, Fredergasts, Rauliers, Guays, Chapmans, Poliers and Andurands, as well as thousands of others—the list would form a small plume.

Ignorant, and yet supplying the leading merchants, bankers and manufacturers to the greatest city in the Dominion; giving the brightest lights to the Bench—the Taschereaus, Courniers, Casaults, Bosnes, Giroude, Lerangers, Langeliers and a host of others—furnishing the medical profession, the mechanical departments, the agricultural domain, and every other section with names that are ineluctable on the page of national progress. We find them in painting, sculpture, architecture, design—in music, poetry, history,

science—in all the refining elevating, ennobling branches of human acquirement, challenging the admiration of Canada and the respect of Europe. According to official report "The population of French origin in the Dominion is about 1,415,000." Not a bad percentage of remarkable men, considering that they are ignorant and superstitious. Can the whole population of Canada, of other nationalities combined, present the third of such a list? Yet I have purposely passed over the shining lights of the Church. The Taschereaus, Begins, Taches, Langevins, Duhamels, Emards, Racines, Moreaus, De Celles, Gauthiers, Bourget, Fabres, Bruchesis, and all that brilliant galaxy that have reared, or still lift, their ratted heads above the littleness of surrounding greatness. If such be the class of ignorants that the institutions of Quebec turn out, we can thank God for possessing those institutions, and it would be well for Canada, if, for generations to come, the country were well supplied with ignorant citizens of their calibre.

DODGING HIS OWN LAW.

Lord Salisbury is said to be assigning and otherwise getting rid of a large part of his real estate. It would be impossible, of course, to say a satirical paragraph, to suspect for a moment that this was done with the unpatriotic object of evading the death duties; but the arrangement will nevertheless have that result. In view of his responsibility for the late disastrous and ignominious war, it would be particularly unfortunate, to say the least, if the Exchequer did not get its share of death duties. Of course the making of assignments to escape the death duties is practised not only by poor but by even the wealthiest peers. The late Duke of Northumberland was a case in point; but it must be admitted that in-of course inadvertently—making an arrangement of this kind Lord Salisbury will not have given an example of public spirit worthy of imitation.

Stirring Words to Catholic Young Men.

(Continued from page 4.)

ural. He is taught his rights, and also his duties. With no uncertain tone he is told that faith and not gold is the most valuable thing in life, that heaven and not earth is the end of his existence, that the struggle in life is not for material nor commercial supremacy alone, but only in so much as natural prosperity means a stepping stone to the eternal. Duty, loyalty, are not mere sounding words, but they mean service, sacrifice, unselfishness and devotion.

"The Catholic young man in all the problems of political and social life should carry with him the principles of his religious life. He should be the leader in virtue and integrity. A lover of his Church and its precepts, a reverential child of religion, his life should be filled with that moral character which American citizenship demands. "Catholic young men, stand by the institutions of your Church and you cannot be untrue to the traditions of your country. Be Catholics, standing for Christian education in the school, in the college, in the university, loving your Church and its precepts, and doing faithfully your duty. Love this great country of ours, the noblest and best of republics. Love its traditions, and strive to realize its ideals. Fearlessly stand for the right, and fearlessly oppose the wrong."

To the Trade Unionists of Canada and their friends:

THE PRINTERS OF TORONTO

has always been to avoid, if possible, difficulty with their employers. Believing that trade grievances

ARE

more satisfactorily settled at the arbitration table than by a strike, the Typographical Union prefer to do their

FIGHTING

by friendly arbitration. Actuated by this desire, when the T. Eaton Co. started a printing office, the conditions prevailing in it were detrimental alike to the Master Printers and the men, the Union asked

FOR

an interview with a view of prevailing upon the Company to run their office on fair and legitimate lines. Their request was not only ignored, but the company refused to recognize

A

very satisfactory agreement entered into between the Employing Printers Association and the Union. Under those circumstances the Union had no alternative on

PRINCIPLE

but to order a strike (which is still in progress) and call on the friends of organized labor throughout Canada to withhold their patronage from the store till the difficulty is adjusted.

Millionaires Not the Happy Ones

(George T. Angell in Dumb Animals.)

Thirty years ago, when we were in the practice of law in Boston, wanting a little rest we thought we would run down for a night to Newport, and on arrival at the Ocean House—then the resort of millionaires who have now gone into hundred-thousand dollar cottages—having nothing better to do, and the weather being very warm, we put on a linen duster and thought we would try to see how many happy people we could find in Newport.

We took a seat on the band stand—at the front of the Ocean House—at the hour of fashionable driving, and studied the faces of all who passed in review before us.

A great many cold, hard, and unhappy faces we saw—some dissipated—and now and then one which might well have been portrayed in Dante's Inferno.

It seemed a heartless parade, making nobody happier. In the evening we wandered into the great parlors of the Ocean House and studied faces.

Now and then we saw an apparently happy one—then we came nearer and studied it more closely.

An embryo millionaire talked to us of his father, whom he called the Governor.

At the close of the evening we thought that among the older and middle-aged representatives of wealth we had not found one really happy face.

Next morning we returned to Boston and our work, feeling better satisfied with our own condition.

Later, in a New Hampshire hotel of very modest pretensions, where we were stopping a few days, a poor servant girl, with no home, or money, or friends, was lying dangerously sick with an attack of heart complaint, brought on by overwork, and it was proposed to have a pound party for her relief.

Packages of peanuts, candy, and other cheap things given by the guests, carefully done up so that the contents could not be known, were placed on a large table in the parlor, and the auctioneer, a well-known gentleman, dwelt in eloquent description on the valuable contents which each was presumed to contain. Then came the contest of bidding: 10 cents, 20—30—40—50—\$1—\$2, etc., etc. Every package was sold. Everybody was happy. Every face beamed with kindness and generous emulation to do good, and the next morning the heart of that poor girl was made glad by the reception of a sum which would give her all the comforts she needed for the entire summer.

Moral: If the millionaires of Newport and elsewhere congregated in summer would know what real happiness is, let them drop all this costly display which can bring—if it brings at all—only the joy of the gambler and prize fighter, and substitute a competition for the relief of suffering and the doing of good.

GLADSTONE'S RECORD SPEECH.

Household Words in an article describing the wonders of the modern telegraph, gives the record, up to the present, to the night when Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill for Ireland. On that memorable night in 1886, no less than 1,050,000 words were flashed to all parts of the globe.

"It must be hard for you people to get along without whiskey sometimes," remarked the tourist in a prohibition country. "Oh, I make the best of it," replied the settler with a twinkle in his eye.

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

WHO KNOWS A BOOK.

With staff in hand and dusty shoon, I walked from morning till high noon Then rested for a little while Upon the green grass by a brook, And with a morsel and a look Forgot me many a mile.

And then upon my way I strode With bending back beneath the load, Until the night beset my way With cheerful thought on song and tale, And so I fare by hill and vale, Contented, day by day.

For he who knows a book to read May travel lightly without need And find sweet comfort on the road. He shall forget the rugged way, Nor sigh for kindly company, Nor faint beneath his load. —R. R. Kirk, in Leslie's Monthly.

"Say, Mister," began the beggar, "can't yer spare a poor feller a few cents for a night's lodgin'?" "Sorry, my poor man," replied the baker, "but I knead all the dough I have."

W. E. A. FANNON,

Optical Doctor

EYES CAREFULLY EXAMINED

OFFICE HOURS

7.30 to 9.30 p.m.

219 LANSDOWN AVENUE, TORONTO.

MUSIC Teachers WANTED

To send for our Complete Music Catalogue and Special Rates. We are equipped to supply every Music Teacher in Canada.

WMALEY, ROYCE & CO., Limited

236 Main Street, WINNIPEG, MAN.

124 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT.

Mrs. Wells' Business Card

Cor. Toronto and Adelaide

Established 1850

Members of many of the leading Catholic

of Toronto are graduates of our College. Instruction Day and Evening. Enter any time.

ROGERS' 97 YONGE STREET

Enamelled Bedsteads

Why put up with a cumbersome wood bedstead when you can get from neat, cleanly and attractive iron bedsteads in enamel at very low prices commencing at

\$3.50

In mattresses and springs we carry an extensive of the best makes, put very closely.

THE CHAS. ROGERS &

Company, Limited

97 Yonge St.
