

run the pipe up to the mountains for a mile and a half or two or three miles and have a perpetual supply of water from the upper lakes to the tanks along that railway. It would do your heart good to see them, but, my God, it would make your heart grow sorry to see them becoming useless, and now unused. Stations are built that would do credit to any first class station in England or France, and that is saying something; they are all rock, and all the stations are good hardwood, well painted, with beautiful platforms, fine baggage rooms, excellent comforts for station agents; but they are all locked, and cobwebs are beginning to grow on the windows. I have seen that for the past three years. Do you know why? Because there is a dispute between the contractor who built them—and no doubt he did his work splendidly—as to the value, or as to prices, but the passengers will have to remain on the platforms without shelter from rain or storm, from snow or heat, or have to stand on the track; and that is going on, to my own knowledge and experience, for the past three years. This country has to put up with that state of affairs, this Canada of ours, and especially Quebec, from which the senator from Mille Îles and myself come; but we will not put up with that without uttering a word of complaint. Do you think that the cry for pity, for mercy, for help, from the senator from Mille Îles is not well timed? It is late, it is a late cry. At Hervey Junction I have seen passengers numbering anywhere from two to three hundred, men, women and children, many of the ladies with babies in their arms, not only on one occasion but on dozens, and every day it was the same thing—waiting after they had come down from Cochrane and from La Tuque to make connections at Hervey Junction with the Canadian Northern. I have seen those citizens of Canada, I have seen those mothers with their babies in their arms, insulted by drunkards from the shanty. There was no protection for them; no police to look after them; and, of course, you will understand that men coming from the shanty very often are not responsible; but out of that two or three hundred it only took three or four men to create disturbances that were a disgrace to our administration, and to our respect of womanhood. And why? Do you know what was at Hervey Junction? A box car that had been derailed, that was unfit for pigs or for animals, and that

was the station of the Canadian Northern for at least eight or ten years, as long as I have been going there. They had a better station eleven years ago, but it was burned down, and they put up this derailed box car, a cattle car, and they made the women and children go in there and buy tickets. Why, you would not go in there to sell a pig. One day six or seven years ago I saw 250 or 300 passengers on the platform of the so-called station waiting for the train. I went into the telegraph office and wired to the Railway Commission that they were not doing their duty by the people of the country, and that the things that were going on at Hervey Junction were a disgrace to civilization. I sent that to the late minister, who was then a commissioner on the Railway Commission, Mr. Bernier, and my appeal had its effect, for a few months after a beautiful station was put up, a regular junction platform was built for the convenience of the traffic. When I went back next year the station was finished, beautifully painted, all hardwood, everything fine, and I tried to get in the door, but I was told it had not been opened since I left the previous year. Now, that is the way things are going on; it was not opened because the contractor who built that first-class station could not get his pay from the department. The Canadian Northern who were getting \$45,000,000 last year, are still keeping the people in the old box car not fit for dogs or pigs. I want that to go out to the world—not fit for dogs or pigs—and yet doing an immense amount of business in express, telegraph, baggage, and passengers. I venture to say that at Hervey Junction there is more traffic, profitable traffic for the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific than at any other station between Montreal and Quebec. And that is the district that the hon. senator has been representing for the last several years. Do you wonder at his indignation? Do you wonder at my exposé of the facts? I am not indignant; I got over it; I am exposing the facts just as they are; but do you wonder at his indignant exposing of these things on behalf of himself and those that he represents? Will not the Government come down and use some means whereby respect can be given to ordinary common females with their children? That is a plain question. Cannot they do it? I am putting the expression so that they will understand; if I talked to them of ladies they would not understand. There is the condition of things at Hervey Junction

Hon. Mr. CLORAN.