

THE EXODUS.

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CHAPTER XIII.

PARLIAMENT AND THE EXODUS.

The return of the French Canadian exiles from the factories at Middlehampton and elsewhere in New England was, like all other great movements of population, destined to be brought about by many causes and furthered by many different agents.

Pierre Martin's mission work—there is no truer name for it—among his countrymen may fairly be considered as the original motive force, stirring, as it undoubtedly did, feelings, longings and aspirations hitherto more or less vague and unexpressed, yet deep seated and ready to respond to the quickening breath of his whole-souled enthusiasm.

But if Pierre and his immediate friends, among whom Messrs. Hammond Mills and Company certainly deserve to be counted, as will be presently shown, were chiefly actuated by philanthropic and unselfish motives, the same can hardly be said for Senator Alphonse Bilodeau and his colleague in the Lower House, Zephirin Saint Jacques, the member for South Winnipeg.

In their case, as was only natural, the political possibilities of such an exodus were of vastly greater importance than any benefit which might accrue to those whom they hoped to bring back to Canada; they thought more, in short, of the power which the votes of the New Quebec would give them in Dominion affairs than of the improved condition of the future voters having once been made clear.

This aspect of the matter, however, each kept so strictly to himself that it was never so much as further mentioned between them, well as it was, of course, understood by both. Saint Jacques, in moving for a grant sufficient to bring a first contingent of some fifteen thousand exiles from Middlehampton and the neighborhood to Saskatchewan, and for a grant of land suitable for their settlement, dwelt eloquently on their past hardships and their claims. "As regards the land," he said, "the Saskatchewan Land and Improvement Company is prepared to place at the disposal of the Government, the thirty million acres lately granted them, provided the Government will undertake to settle the exiles on it as a colony, and to compensate the company as may be deemed fair and just."

To the objection that colonization as a method of immigration had been found undesirable and had consequently been abandoned in favor of individual settlement, he answered promptly: "I am entirely of the honorable member's opinion—where aliens are concerned, or people unaccustomed to Canadian methods of farming, but I would remind him that we are dealing now not only with what is practically a purely agricultural immigration, but with the repatriation of agriculturists belonging to a race which for three centuries has tilled the fields of the ancient province, the descendants of those who sowed and reaped the first harvests of the soil of Canada!"

There was, indeed, wonderfully little real opposition to the scheme in principle, whatever technical difficulties might be raised by a finance minister, jealous of encroachment on a record surplus. The details, the premier was pleased to say, would be submitted to a special committee, selected from both political parties, and composed of an equal number of French and English-speaking members, those from the Northwest, having naturally the preference, to be presided over by the finance minister. The committee would, in fact, be drawn from both houses, and Senator Alphonse Bilodeau had been chosen to act as vice-chairman.

"The national importance of this movement," the premier concluded, amid loud applause: "seemed to us to justify the departure from the full concurrence of the Right honorable, the leader of His Majesty's opposition." The offer of the Saskatchewan Land and Improvement Company, would, he added, in answer to a question, be accepted on the Company's term, namely, that the exiles should be settled as a colony on the land in question, and the Company would be "compensated" by being allowed to remain the nominal owners of the land, in return for which they had undertaken to release to the Government such land as might be required for railway purposes. The Company intended, he believed, to charge a nominal price to the settlers, extending over a term of ten to fifteen years. Alphonse Bilodeau's plan, therefore, seemed to be working out in the lines indicated by that astute gentleman, of indirect profits, that is to say, rather than of immediate returns. He gained also, the immense advantage of appearing as the benefactor of the returning exiles, besides the attainment of his main object, the consent of the government to their settlement as a colony. The foundation of New Quebec was, he felt, assured.

"Ca marche," was Senator Bilodeau's mental comment as he left the Speaker's gallery of the House of Commons, whence he had followed the whole debate on the member for South Winnipeg's motion. To the latter gentleman, some hours later, he made a remark to the same effect, indicating an unusual satisfaction.

"Yes," was the answer, "things are certainly moving. May I ask, Monsieur le Sénateur, what you intend to do next?"

for South Winnipeg had undoubtedly scored a notable success. Moreover, there was no reason why he should not know; he might, rather, fairly be said to have a right to whatever information there was to be had.

The Senator, recognizing all this answered, therefore, cordially and readily. "I intend," he said, "to introduce Pierre Martin to His Excellency." And St. Jacques, knowing the great personage referred to at Pierre's character he could guess, easily enough—nodded comprehendingly and approvingly.

His Excellency, Viscount Tregarthen, was a most popular governor, nor was Her Excellency, the Viscountess, less charming than her worthy lord. It is the gentleman only, however, with whom we, as interested in Pierre Martin's life work, need concern ourselves, or who has any place in this chronicle.

"By Pol, Tre and Pen," says the old distich, "you may know Cornish men." Viscount Tregarthen may be described briefly as a typical Celt of Arthur's country. He was slight, dark, clean-shaven, with an air and manner best, perhaps, defined as quasi-eclesiastical. An Anglo-Catholic, indeed, of the most advanced school, his sobriquet of Sir Galahad seemed to fit him better than such characterizations generally do those at whom they are thrown.

Naturally, as with lesser mortals, he had his critics, divided, one may say, into those who conscientiously disapproved of his "views" in matters theological, and those sticklers for constitutionality and precedent—who, of a political mediocrity—who whined, availed his ministers, instead of listening, as a Governor General should, to their advice. To the first of these classes he was something more incomprehensible than "a declared Papist" to use the shibboleth current among them. To the sticklers aforesaid, he was an object of dark suspicion, an Imperialist of a more dangerous type than their pet bug-bear, Mr. Chamberlain.

Viscount Tregarthen, it must be confessed, was inclined to take himself somewhat seriously, and, with true Celtic pertinacity to exaggerate his whimsies into the eternal principles of statesmanship and ethics. Whether, therefore, the mood of the moment led him to advocate, with a facile if shallow eloquence, the blessings of pure elections or a national park on the battlefield of Chateauguay, he was equally in earnest, and equally to be candid, ready to pass to a fresh enthusiasm. Nevertheless, Bilodeau, with a certain cynical familiarity with human, and especially with official nature, was fully alive to the advantages to be derived from enlisting His Excellency's support and patronage on behalf of Pierre Martin's work.

Accordingly, on Pierre Martin's arrival in Ottawa on his way to Saskatchewan, the Senator lost no time in requesting His Excellency to allow him the honor of presenting "the heroic young man who is doing so noble a work for my exiled compatriots." The letter, it must be remembered, was in French, a tongue better suited to the reply, than our blunter speech. This, he said, was in French, the language of Bilodeau's own, the late Viscountess Tregarthen, His Excellency's mother, having been the daughter of a famous French family. His Excellency, the autograph letter stated, would be delighted and honored to receive Monsieur le Sénateur, Monsieur St. Jacques, and that "charming young patriot"—Pierre Martin to wit—at 3 o'clock the following afternoon.

The interview, as may be imagined, was long and most interesting. His Excellency asked many questions, which were answered, not only by Pierre who indeed kept modestly in the background, but also by the Senator, and by the member for South Winnipeg, and expressed many opinions, to which his hearers listened, at least, with due deference, whatever real importance they may or may not have attached to them. What chiefly concerned them, however, were his expressions of warm approval, and of his readiness to preside at a public meeting to be convened at the matter under discussion. Yet in spite of the gratitude for so much kindness and commendation, Pierre was conscious of a vague, unaccountable feeling of disappointment, as if the interview so eagerly looked forward to, had in some indefinable way fallen short of his glowing anticipations. He was not, by any means, unaware of the difficulties attendant on so vast a movement, and he valued on even possibly set too high a value on the non-regal patronage and support. It was none the less a feeling which he strove manfully and honestly, to banish as ungracious, but which resolved itself on later reflection into the conclusion that His Excellency, like Monsieur le Québec minister of mines and colonization—since replaced by how different a man!—when speaking at Saint Joseph de l'Acadie, knew little or nothing about the true state of the matter under discussion. It was as Matthias had said on the day he came over from Sainte Marie de Monnoir, the day on which Pierre's life work may be said to have begun: "How could one so highly placed, so surrounded by those who conceived their one duty to prophesy smooth things, to echo what the great man said as the last utterance of a man, know of what the ineffable wisdom, know of what the ineffable wisdom, know of what the ineffable wisdom, could he ever hope to come in touch with them, to learn their real lives, their real needs?"

Pierre in the months he had spent in the streets and factories of Middlehampton had been made only too familiar with the depth of the social chasm, forever yawning between masses and classes, between governors and governed. The people had so many thoughts, so many needs and so few words wherewith to express them, words, at best, of so little meaning, so incomprehensible, indeed to any but themselves—and their priests. It was a black abyss seemingly impassable, a veritable solid of despond not to be bridged or filled in, a ridge without earthly answer, whatever solution it might have otherwise, the long, bitter contrast of poverty and

riches, idleness and labor. It was on the edge of that abyss, he felt, that he was standing now, stretching out hands to one, ready and willing to touch his, to help, to understand, yet without hope of ever meeting in the grasp of human brotherhood. Truly, he thought, as he listened to His Excellency's kindly words of encouragement and sympathy; between us and you there is a great gulf fixed! Truly, for this tragedy there is no remedy that man may hope to find.

It was so simple and yet so complex. He had lived all his life, one may say, in the last years, especially on the one side, age, in the very depths of this modern Tophet, had been ground in the inexorable wheels of supply and demand; had seen other near and dear to him crushed to earth beneath a burden too heavy for them to bear. And His Excellency? Ah! how could he ever hope to understand unless like Oue, of whom Pierre thought, bring every waking moment, he were to taste poverty, hardship, hopelessness? So and not otherwise might he hope to understand.

He was none the less enthusiastic, however, when discussing the interview with his two companions, on their return from Government House, all the more, it may be, that he realized, more clearly than either of them, how difficult it must be, how impossible indeed for His Excellency to obtain any real insight into the problems connected with the Exodus. The Senator, he had learned, knew more than perhaps any other member of the governing classes, but even he knew little, compared with the knowledge Pierre had acquired, and the member for South Winnipeg even less.

Bilodeau shrugged his shoulders with an expressiveness of which only a Frenchman is capable. "A good man, yes," he said, "and, I am sure, he would have done, had he and Saint Jacques been alone in the cab. The gentleman in question, less reticent and therefore less experienced came promptly to the rescue. "To butting in," he suggested, the slang phrase—sounding oddly enough on French lips, and in a conversation carried on in French.

"Just so," assented Bilodeau, "to coming to hasty decisions, let us say, where men who know more of the matter are looked to weigh it carefully."

Pierre looked grave. So to discuss a highly placed personage bordered for him on actual irreverence. Moreover, if all this were true, what would become of such assistance, the Governor seemed ready to afford?

"But what His Excellency said today?" he asked anxiously; "was he not in earnest?"

"Oh! as for that," returned the Senator, "he is always in earnest—pour le moment." Then seeing that Pierre seemed to derive but little encouragement from so ambiguous a statement, he added, cheerily: "Don't fret yourself, mon cher, he will be in earnest long enough to set the thing going. You will have his distinguished patronage—and a cheque, there will be plenty to follow his example. There always are—in Ottawa—eh, Monsieur le Député?"

"And elsewhere," rejoined the member for South Winnipeg. "It is a common failing, Monsieur le Sénateur not confined to Ottawa, though the symptoms are, I admit, somewhat more marked perhaps. But then, you see, the example is nearer at hand, and more constantly an evidence."

"And the reward easier of attainment," grunted Bilodeau, relapsing into silence as the cab entered the city. His Excellency, as it proved, was more in earnest than perhaps either Bilodeau or even Pierre had given him credit for. If not the great statesman he fancied himself to be, Viscount Tregarthen had studied Canadian affairs for many years prior to accepting the post of Governor General, under conditions, that is to say, paradoxical as it may appear, more favorable to a right understanding than those he had when first coming into closer and official contact with them. His views concerning them while at a distance, had been both clearer and more dispassionate; the focus of vision, in a word, had been truer, than it was now, when near at hand. But of one point, at least, he had gained a grasp not to be loosened, but rather deepened by subsequent study and observation, the part which the French race played in the growth and development of the Canadian nationhood. Kinship of speech between "English" Canadians, and their neighbours to the South, he saw, apart from all other causes, inevitably tend to assimilation of political ideals, to Americanization; to a drifting away from the older, more conservative French or United Empire Loyalist. And while by no means hostile to Americans he believed that it was better to adhere, in some measure, to the old aloofness, rather than to embark on a course which could, he believed, end only in an annexation that should stultify the whole history of Canada since the Declaration of Independence.

It was to the French Canadians, therefore, as to the only homogeneous element in Canadian national life, that he looked for that conservatism which should counteract the radical influences of American democracy. He realized, with a clearness that would greatly have surprised Alphonse Bilodeau, to say nothing of others, that this conservative element, this very salt, as he held it, of the nation's existence, was becoming less effective, as time went on; was in danger of being swallowed up by the

terogeneous elements that were growing more numerous, more accidental, more democratic, more parochial in their ideals, he might have been tempted to say, had he spoken even more plainly than it was his custom to do.

He saw, also, that the French Canadian exiles, however numerous they might come to be, could not, by any conceivable possibility, seriously affect the national or political conditions of the New England states, even should they find it possible to remain there, which seemed to be becoming doubtful, to say the least of it. It was, however, equally evident—to him as to Alphonse Bilodeau—that could these exiles be settled in large numbers on the prairie lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan, forming, in short, a New Quebec in the Northwest, the part played by their race would, in the future, to the end indeed of time be greater than even that which they had played in the past. And if in all this he put the true interests of the Empire, as they appeared to him in the first place, if he considered them before all else, who should blame him for doing so? He was not less but more sincere on that very point, in his desire to serve those from whom he expected so great a service from the Dominion no less than for the Empire.

All this, and more, he said, with an earnestness and an unworked eloquence in his speech at the Russell Theatre when presiding at the public meeting called in support of the "Société de Repatriation Canadienne Française," evoking an applause and an enthusiasm that made Pierre Martin's heart stand still with excess of happiness. He did more, for he opened the list of subscriptions with a cheque for \$5,000, setting just such an example as Bilodeau, his professed cynicism notwithstanding, had felt confident that he would set.

Thus it was that Pierre, when continuing his journey west took with him the glorious knowledge that the money and the land required to make the exodus a reality and a success, would be forthcoming, when needed. And, once more, with a deeper humility and self-distrust than he had yet felt, he thanked God that he, the unknown and unworthy, had been chosen to do so great a work for the people he loved so dearly.

CHAPTER XIV.

SAINT MATTHIAS IN SASKATCHEWAN.

It was a long journey, even from Ottawa, and with all the comforts that Senator Bilodeau's good offices secured him, Pierre was very tired by the time he got to the end of it. When after travelling, as it seemed to him for endless hours, the train left him at a wayside shed and went on towards the setting sun, there were, he found, many miles of this vast, open prairie land still to be traversed in the buckboard which Abbé Provost, notified beforehand by a letter from Father Gagnon, had sent to meet him, and even among other things, and wonderful experiences, a night or two perhaps to be spent in the open, very literally à la belle étoile. But the buckboard driver was a French Canadian like himself and in two minutes at the most the two were exchanging questions and answers like old friends in the speech dear to both. It was like coming home, Pierre thought, even though the land was so strange, so endless and so empty.

"Coming home." That was it. Home, to his own people, home to the freedom of the earth as the Bon Dieu had made it, finding it very good; to all these countless miles of grass, of growing crops, of free winds and boundless horizons, after the confinement of narrow, crowded, airless city streets, to this vast peace and silence after the din and turmoil of the factory. It was a good land, indeed, a Land of Promise, "flowing with milk and honey." Truly, the Bon Dieu was good to let him see it; surely, He meant it for His Chosen People, as surely as of old He gave Canaan to the Israelites. For to Pierre his race were, in very truth, God's chosen people; that was the essence and the reason of his patriotism. That was why—he honestly believed—they had been punished for going into Egypt, for refusing to enter on the inheritance which here awaited them. If they could only see it, as he saw it now! But if the Bon Dieu passed they should see it as of his lawful heritage, Monsieur le Sénateur had assured him that it would soon be; the grass bonnets, the great men at Ottawa, were in favor of it, even the Governor had lent his aid to it; his dream was to come true. What a new world with him to Abbé Provost! Better still, what news to take back to Father Gagnon and all his friends at Middlehampton.

Once more he fell silent as the evening shadows grew longer, he looked out on the land he had come to see, and his companion, with a quick sympathy hardly to be expected of him, respected his silence, guessing, it would seem, at his thoughts, or at least interpreting them by his own memories of his first impressions. *Funes cœciderunt mihi in præcordiis*. The familiar words seemed to repeat themselves to the glad music of the breeze; to the easy rhythm of the horses' feet; to the easy lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. That night as he lay sleepless on the open prairie, the very stars, as it seemed to him, took up the chorus and the silent spaces all around him whispered it again. So, at least, it seemed to him; but then he was a poet and a dreamer. Yet a dreamer whose dream had come true.

Not did Abbé Provost's welcome of him and of the news he brought, when, after yet another night on the prairie, they reached Saint Matthias, fall to deepen the impression made. It was, indeed, a New Quebec to which he had come; a New yet familiar. Houses, church, presbytery and school reminded him of Pont aux Marais, even the eye plain, on which the little settlement stood, was not unlike that of Monnoir, or so his eyes saw it. Marie de Monnoir, or so his eyes saw it. Only he missed Saint Hilaire mountain and Mount Johnson, and the horizon seemed so far away. But, best of all, the speech of every one around him was the speech he loved. There were many, of course, who spoke it in Middlehampton, though

many more had grown ashamed of it as of the loyalities with which it was inseparably associated; but English had predominated, which, at best, was an alien tongue and meant too often that of people pitilessly hostile to his race and to his Faith. But this was—New Quebec, or the beginnings of a New Quebec to be. New, in the best sense, the Land of Promise which his people might possess, if they only would.

Abbé Provost wisely and considerately left his guest several days in which to get his bearings, as the sailors say. Then, on a quiet evening, he began, quietly and almost casually to talk matters over. It was a talk in which Pierre learned many things none of which was ever to be forgotten.

There was, naturally some discussion of the news Pierre had brought with him concerning the proposed action of Parliament and of the Saskatchewan Land and Improvement Company. "Monsieur Bilodeau's right," the priest declared, "we could have claimed the land, doubtless, just like other settlers, but there would have scattered where, with a gesture they would have scattered where, that conveyed more to his hearer than any words could have done. "But," he continued, "we want to be chez nous, here as we were in Quebec. It is what some of them would prevent if they could, but Dieu merci, Monsieur Bilodeau has made it possible." Then, more lightly: "This is like the Quebec you know, mon ami, is it not?" he said, church, school and convent, all familiar, eh?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé," was the answer, "just like home."

"Well, that shows what we can do out here, nous autres Canadiens," pursued the Curé, "what we might have done, mille fois, in a thousand places had our people come out here, to those manifest factories in New England. But they were told to stay in Quebec," he continued almost bitterly, "and I was screamed at, preached at, for encouraging them to come out here, even the Bishop was inclined to disapprove till I showed him the truth of things. 'Dieu merci,' of some they listened to me, and they thank le Bon Dieu every day I think that they did."

"I am sure they do, Monsieur le Curé," assented Pierre as the priest passed.

"See you," Abbé Provost resumed, "they have farms these people of their own as Monsieur Bilodeau is to let you have, a hundred and sixty arpents each and not a mortgage on one of them. Presently, in a year or two this new railway that our Canadian premier ministre has promised us, will pass right through our settlement, they have made the surveys already and secured no doubt of it. Indeed, I don't doubt, Monsieur le Curé went on: "Then it will cost nothing, you see, nothing to send our crops to market, for Monsieur Bilodeau's company or the government will buy it all. We shall grow rich, mon ami, rich and prosperous, now that le Bon Dieu has turned the captivity of His people," he added reverently, "and brought them out—or is bringing them in refrigerium, into a place of refreshment."

Pierre, listening to every word had no doubt of it. Indeed, the signs of such prosperity had been all about him, as earnest of what was yet to be, during the few days he had already spent at Saint Matthias. Presently, Abbé Provost touched upon a different matter, not of less interest by any means, yet far less simple, less easy of solution, yet not to be left unsolved, should the Exodus prove commensurate with the hopes of those who had inaugurated it. That Exodus, indeed, seemed not unlikely to complicate it very considerably.

"You are too young," he began, "to know much about question scolaire in Manitoba. Our people, some of them, say they were 'betrayed' when the settlement was made. Peut être but who betrayed them? They were a majority, at the first, so the school law for many years was in their favor. Tout à l'heure, vis-à-vis, he went on, grimly, "they are in a minority, they are, on the ground of secular education change from the law and take the taxes away from our schools. Our people cry out: 'We are betrayed! May be, as I say, but whose fault is that? They would not come to Manitoba, they were not allowed to come, so they went to the New England factories instead. A fine choice, mon Dieu! How many are they now, la bas?" he demanded, hastily, meaning the States, generally, but New England chiefly.

"Nearly two millions, Monsieur le Curé," answered Pierre, to whom the fact, in all its appalling import, as it seemed to him, was as of the very essence of his hopes of an Exodus.

"Say one, so many years ago," the priest resumed, "though one is too small a number. If they had been in Manitoba, as they should have been, they had the best right to be, would the school law have been changed, think you? Would these zealots of a goddess education, a l'américaine, be in a majority?"

Surely not, Monsieur le Curé," Pierre was too deeply interested in listening to say more than was absolutely necessary himself.

"Who betrayed them, then," went on Abbé Provost. "Those who preached 'Stay in Quebec' to those who could not on the States, as they say; those who would not come out West, because Manitoba was 'ben loin.' Grand Dieu! he exclaimed, fervently, "it was their own people who betrayed themselves. They blame everyone—except themselves!"

But the fear passed even as it came. Where was his trust in God? Besides, could he not tell what he had seen? Let le Bon Dieu see to it, was his reverent conclusion, the Exodus, as had been said in Middlehampton was His work. Let Him bring it to such issue as He should see best.

"In Manitoba?" returned Abbé Provost thoughtfully, "too late, mon ami, much too late. His out manques leur coup, as we say, they let their chance go by, the schools are gone. "But there," he continued, "in these two new provinces, the law, Dieu merci, is on our side for the present. Not perfect, see you, but our premier ministre did his best for his own people. Yet out of a thousand schools or more we Canadians have—how many think you?"

"Eleven, Monsieur le Curé," answered Pierre, for this also as he was well aware, nearly concerned his Exodus.

"Eleven, just," the priest resumed. "The law has been on our side for thirty years, and we have eleven schools! Is it a wonder that they say in Parliament: 'They don't want Separate schools?' It looks like that, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé," Pierre did not know what else he could say. The matter, indeed, gravely as it must affect the issues of the proposed repatriation, was for the present quite beyond his comprehension, as it well might be. He was destined, however, to see it clearly before long and in a wholly unexpected light.

"We have schools—when we can," Abbé Provost went on quietly, "but we are few and poor as yet. Scattered too in little communities over these new provinces, the very thing Monsieur Bilodeau wisely desires to prevent. And you, la bas number—how many did you say?"

"Two millions, Monsieur le Curé." "Two millions and the land is waiting for you!" He spread out his hands, in a gesture that took in, Pierre thought, illimitable acres, rich in possibilities, waiting only for their rightful owners.

"More," he continued, "we are waiting, we Catholics, Canadians ourselves. But if you fail this time, if you refuse this opportunity that is offered you, his voice, to his listener was full of solemn warning—others will take the land that should have been yours and we also shall be betrayed!"

There was a pause during which neither spoke. Presently the priest began again, speaking more calmly yet not less earnestly. "I do not blame these English," he said, thoughtfully, "that they should 'one school, one language,' as they say, here in the West. Me, I would grant them both—on certain terms."

This was new light, indeed, to Pierre and his face showed it, ere he broke out with: "Would you, Monsieur le Curé? On what terms?"

"On two conditions," was the answer, "half an hour's religious teaching before school rather than after, and the right of the majority, in any school district, Catholic or Protestant, to appoint a majority of the teachers. That right, tacitly conceded in Ireland and in Nova Scotia, is the chief thing after all. Nothing else, nothing can compare with it. Briefly, I should be content with that which Catholics in England take as the best they can hope for: with possibilities, things and men being as they are, not as we should wish them to be."

"But they are in a minority," objected Pierre, respectfully, referring to the Catholics in Great Britain.

"So are we, here," was the reply, "and may be always for all we know. We may have a New Quebec here in Saskatchewan," the priest continued, "if le Bon Dieu pleases, and Monsieur Bilodeau succeeds, as I trust he will. But I don't blame these English for all that when they say: 'For the west, one land, one speech.' That is what our school means and we may as well see it so. Dieu sait," he added, "I love my race, my history, my mother tongue, but out here I want our people to be Canadian in a larger sense than they have yet realized as possible, to share the growth and progress of his New West, to take the place and the part that is theirs of right in the development of our nationhood, not to be shut off by a Chinese wall of speech from our fellow-citizens. English in the schools: that is what must be, whether we will or not, sooner or later. Dieu

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