

whether I am not right in saying that in the case I bring before it, that limit has not been reached. In 'La Presse' of the 26th instant I find an article headed 'Le Parlement Federal' and signed 'Blaise,' which I am informed is the pseudonym under which a young gentleman by the name of Cinq-Mars writes in that newspaper. I must ask the House to be indulgent while I read the article in the French tongue in which it is written, and would ask my hon. friend the Minister of Customs (Mr. Paterson) to correct me when my accent is too faulty :

(Translation). A friend has made the remark to me that I am not at all tender in my regard for Mr. Foster since the opening of this session. That is true. How can one remain insensible under the gratuitous slander which this old parliamentarian incessantly throws into the face of the inhabitants of the province of Quebec, of French Canadians, of Catholics, in fine of everything and everybody who is respectable and ought to be respected. Very well, if the words of this fellow were not printed anywhere except in Hansard. But no, the parliamentary correspondents of the Tory press drink in his words and transmit them to their papers which make fine pages of them. Thus in the reading of the chief Tory papers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is made to appear a knavish politician, the deceased Hon. Mr. Préfontaine a thief, the hon. the Minister of Finance an incorrigible liar, the other members of the cabinet political fakirs and acrobats. Our compatriots are represented as fools steeped in ignorance; our clergy as a collection of fanatics and hypocrites. And it is Mr. Foster, a politician of ill-fame, who sings this refrain in the House of Commons.

At the last session, his colleague and political associate, Mr. Borden, had inaugurated a similar crusade, but the result of the provincial elections in the North-west and of the federal by-elections that have taken place during the recess, has been to put a check on him, if he wishes to retain any longer the leadership of his party. His sentiments are probably the same, but he has modified his language.

It is necessary to answer Mr. Foster, not because the writings he inspires in these papers are worth the trouble, but because there are certain readers who are disposed to accept as true the things which remain unanswered.

Mr. Foster's methods are very simple and what he lacks before all is a little honesty in quotations. Last Wednesday he was caught red handed by the Minister of Finance who promptly set him on the right path. As a rule the corrections administered to Mr. Foster are not published in the tory papers. In those papers, these false statements are given the place of honour. He parodies the speeches of his adversaries, he distorts their thoughts and mutilates their sentences; such are the contrivances of which he uses and abuses.

He has but one principle, that of self interest. He has only one desire, the desire to insult. He belongs to the school of lying, hypocrisy and cowardice. In his eyes the person to whom civic and political virtue are not vain words is an imbecile and a hot head.

Mr. FOSTER.

It is useless to discuss these questions with him; he would not understand them.

I wish to give a running translation, which will be as fair a translation as I can make it of the original :—

A friend has made the remark to me that I am not at all tender in my regard for Mr. Foster since the opening of this session. That is true. How can one remain insensible under the gratuitous slanders which this old parliamentarian incessantly throws into the face of the inhabitants of the province of Quebec, of French Canadians, of Catholics, in fine of everything and everybody who is respectable and ought to be respected. Very well, if the words of this fellow were not printed anywhere except in Hansard. But no, the parliamentary correspondents of the Tory press drink in his words and transmit them to their papers which make fine pages of them. Thus in the reading of the chief daily Tory papers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is made to appear a knavish politician, the deceased Hon. Mr. Préfontaine a thief, the hon. the Minister of Finance an incorrigible liar, the other members of the cabinet political fakirs and acrobats. Our compatriots are represented as fools steeped in ignorance; our clergy as a collection of fanatics and hypocrites. And it is Mr. Foster, a politician of ill-fame, who sings this refrain in the House of Commons.

The writer goes on to say that last year this was done by Mr. Borden, that Mr. Borden does not do it so much now, that he may have changed his clothes, but underneath he is just the same. Then he proceeds :—

It is necessary to answer Mr. Foster, not because the writings he inspires in these papers are worth the trouble, but because there are certain readers who are disposed to accept as true the things which remain unanswered.

Then there is a portion which is not very important and I omit that and go on a little further :—

He has but one principle, that of self interest. He has only one desire, the desire to insult. He belongs to the school of lying, hypocrisy and cowardice. In his eyes the person to whom civic and political virtue are not vain words is an imbecile and a hot head. It is useless to discuss these questions with him; he would not understand them.

I have said that in ingenuity and brutality and misrepresentation this probably is unsurpassed by anything I have seen in the press. Brought down to three points, and the main ones, I hold that this writer has charged as follows :—

That I am continually throwing gratuitous slanders into the face of the people of Quebec, the French Canadians, the Catholics, and every one and everything which is respected and ought to be respected. That in the House of Commons I represent the compatriots of the writer—that is the French Canadians—as fools steeped in ignorance, and the Catholic clergy as a collection of fanatics and hypocrites. That I have only one principle, that of self interest; only one desire, the desire