

THE SECRET.

To prevent any misunderstanding as to my motives in my "Modus Operandi" to Orange Open Air Processions and their own and sympathizers' press propaganda, I may just as well come straight to the point now. The feud between us has been brewing for a long time and I have only been waiting for a favourable opportunity to do what I am doing now. I think the hour has come to strike. It began with their opposition to land law reform in the old land. The land laws, in the British Isles, are still the worst in the whole world. I believe in changing the laws and making every cultivator of the land in the British Isles his own landlord as he is in Canada and most other places in the civilized world. The Irish Celts could always be depended on to vote right on that question while the Orangemen have always sided with landlordism. For that reason, I do not like the idea of the Irish Celtic members withdrawing from the Imperial parliament in London. In the next place, I believe in keeping up our old languages, Gaelic and French, while the Orangemen, with their one school and one language craze advocate an entirely different policy. Then I am opposed to their compulsory education ideas from the time of the Manitoba school question agitation. I know for a fact that many Catholics pay double school taxes and compelling a man to pay for supporting a school to which he does not send his children seems to me just as bad as compelling a man to pay to support a church in which he does not believe.

In the next place, I am an out and free trader and believe all the revenue of a country should be based on an income tax and not on commerce. The antics of the Orange gang and their other Tory allies broke up our old liberal party by their Unholy Alliance with the so called Quebec Nationalists, in 1911, which was the cause of the confusion in the Province of Quebec during the late war. In the next place, I have lived for thirty-four years in Quebec, and though we had many little scraps during that time. I resent the outrageous campaign carried on against the Province, in one form or another, all these years, so if I get a little encouragement I intend, instead of apologizing for Quebec, to make a High-land charge on the enemy.

I have known nuns in Montreal to nurse an unfortunate Presbyterian minister who was travelling incognito. The type which Victor Hugo describes, in "Les Misérables", as Bishop Welcome, is not a rarity, even among the Quebec Catholic clergy. There is too much of the Book of Joshua and the war drum in peace times among the Orange fraternity, and not enough of the