

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1901.

Canada Wants Her French.

A very excited controversy upon the status of French Canadians in the United States and the efforts being made for their repatriation is at present being waged between the French newspapers of Montreal and Quebec on the one side and those of the English States on the other. Leo Richard, editor of L'Ami du Foyer of Manchester, N. H., who is taking an active part in the discussion, vigorously replies to the Canadian pretension, that while repatriation in the past has been little more than a dream the present is a favorable opportunity for it. Mr. Richard expresses his firm belief that the contrary is the fact.

Repatriation, he says, might have been attended with a certain success during the first years of the migratory movement from Canada to the United States, and before the expatriated Canadians had acquired any special attachment to their new homes, provided that the Canadian Government of that time had closed the door to further emigration by establishing those commercial conditions within the Dominion which so many of its people went in search of on the other side of the International boundary, and if it had then sent properly accredited agents to assure their fellow countrymen in the neighboring Republic that plenty and prosperity awaited those of them who returned to their former homes.

But the opportunity so lost can never again, he says, be taken advantage of. Higher salaries than those paid to the north of the frontier have, he says, attracted thousands upon thousands of French-Canadians to the States, and these have gradually adapted themselves to the conditions of life existing there, have in time acquired the air of progress, which is breathed in every New England village and have learned to love their new home and their new country with an affection as great as that which they entertained in years gone by for the land which they left. Mr. Richard also points out that numbers of French-Canadians in the United States, out of their savings in the land of their adoption, have acquired farm lands of their own, purchased from American farmers, and with the attainment of the political rights which followed upon their naturalization, have come to take a deep interest in the public affairs of the nation and of their particular State. These are the things, says Mr. Richard and those who support his views, which bind the French Canadian population of the United States to their new country, which had no existence three-quarters of a century ago.

Various are the arguments on the other side. Sentiment is made to play a large part in them, and the home of youth and the parish church and cemetery and the alleged happiness of life among those who almost universally speak the same language and practice the same religion are among the special attractions set before the French-Canadians of the New England States in the Quebec and Montreal newspaper articles which are being distributed at present by thousands among them by the colonization agents of the Canadian Government. Mr. Richard ridicules the idea that the simple sound of the word 'patriotism' and the prospect of the up-building of a great French-speaking and Catholic power in the northern part of North America by the union in Canada of all those of French-Canadian origin upon the continent are going to entice the bulk of the French-Canadians in the United States back to Canada. Touching the sentiment of the case, he says:

'The French-Canadians of New England have not expended all their earnings for their material and personal needs. Out of their savings they have erected magnificent churches, colleges, chapels, convent schools etc. These are their property. They have grown in dimensions with them for more than half a century. Is this not enough to retain them here? Then turn to the cemeteries, where rest the bones of our parents and cousins and friends, which it would pain us almost as much to leave as it did to lay them there. This tie is another which did not exist fifty years ago. Is this not enough? Then see how many of us are connected by marriage with the different American families among whom

we live. How many of those do you think would go to Canada to live? These conditions could not be invoked some years ago. Is this not enough? Nor is it all. Two generations of Canadians have already lived in the United States since the period of French Canadian immigration commenced. Their marriages have produced immense numbers of children. These children were born in the United States. For those men of heart among them who respect the land of their fathers, as you respect yours, the United States is their country. Does any one think that these so called French-Canadians are ready to go to Canada? For them it would be no repatriation, but emigration. And their number today constitutes four fifths of that of the French population of the United States. Take them if you are able.'

La Solle, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's personal and political organ, of which he was for some time the editor, is publishing a series of articles in opposition to Mr. Richard's stand on the subject, one of which argues that the Federal Ministers should go on a pilgrimage to the New England States and preach the doctrine of repatriation. It is alleged among other things that the present condition of the Canadian operatives in the American factory towns is little better than that of serfs, while Canada is taking such rapid strides in both industrial and agricultural prosperity that higher wages could now be secured here than in New England.

But the most serious allegations concerning the status of French-Canadians in the United States have just been published here by a physician who has resided for some years among them. Dr. Alphonse Lessard, the person in question, declares that the majority of these people are treated by those among whom they live as belonging to an inferior race, that as soon as they arrive in the United States they find themselves in an atmosphere that is vicious from every point of view, vice, tripping, evil examples taking root, debauchery and drunkenness flourishing in the streets in broad daylight and everything else that tends to the destruction of the soul as well as the body. Little by little, he says, this condition of affairs insinuates itself into the hearts of the new arrivals, until, generally speaking, two years suffice to bring them all to the same level. He continues his diatribe against the alleged immorality of life in the New England manufacturing centres in this vein:

Look on the street and tell me if it is not atrocious to see children of 8 or 9 years of age and of both sexes using the most horrible blasphemies. Their parents who work in the factories, cannot take the children with them, and so they are thrown together, children of all ages and of both sexes, in big buildings erected near the factories and almost without any surveillance. When all the debts of the week are paid these poor people are quite satisfied if there is a fifty cent piece left, to buy a gallon of beer, which the whole family will unite in drinking on Sunday.

'And it is quite easy to find a drug store, which, under the pretence of selling soda water, is neither more nor less than a dirty bar, where all kinds of poisons are sold under the name of brandy and whiskey. Deprivations of all kinds follow, vice reigns supreme and the unclean plague makes innumerable victims.

'You young doctors who have established yourselves in American centres know how true this is. Is it not true that as a condition of success the attempt has very often been made to impose upon you the practice of guilty manoeuvres, which honor as well as religion, I required you to refuse? I hope that I am properly understood. Let anyone contradict me who dares. . . .

The father of the family gradually abandons church, because it costs him 10 or 15 cents a Sunday to go to mass, which would diminish so much the beer that he would have to drink that day, and he neglects to have his children baptized because of the cost.

Then, too, the big American clergy (the Bishops), composed of a different race from ours, continue to make trouble

for our Canadian priests, and to such an extent that even in the Canadian parishes the parish priests are prohibited from preaching in our beautiful French language. Look at Massachusetts and say if this is not true.

Such are some of the means adopted to aid the colonization agents of the Canadian Government in their attempts to repatriate the French-Canadians living in the United States, and to prevent the exodus from Canada of more of them.

RATTLESNAKE DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

Birds and King Snakes Killing Them On Feet in Arizona.

In a country where a quarter of a century ago a rattlesnake was to be found under every rock and in every billock, the reptile is rapidly becoming a rarity. With his human relative, the Apache, the rattlesnake is disappearing from Arizona, and is now found only in the most isolated districts.

To the advance of civilization and the unrelenting warfare of the road runner and the king snake may be attributed the extermination of the rattler. Wherever irrigation has found its way, the rattlesnake has been driven to higher ground, and there the prospector and miner have slain him whenever and wherever found. The road runner, that long-legged, feathered warrior, the fighting cock of the desert, has done his part and done it well.

Much resembling, but more lightly constructed than the fighting cock, the road runner is one of the most dreaded enemies of the rattler. In fact, so great are his snake-killing proclivities that heavy penalties are provided by the Territorial statutes as a protection to him from the gun of a hunter. Apparently immune to the venom in the poison sac of the rattler, the broad runner attacks the largest snake with impunity, and was never known to lose a fight. Frequently, indeed, the road runner has been known to battle with and kill a pair of large diamond rattlers, whose total weight was five times that of his own.

Not so common an enemy to the rattlesnake, but no less deadly, is the king snake, a large species of the bull snake family. Rarely seen in the lower countries, but often found in the northern forests and higher mountains, the king snake wages constant warfare on the rattler, and when his great life-form coils around the body of the rattlesnake, the life of the latter is a matter of only a few seconds.

Herbert Houland, a prospector, had an experience with a rattler, a king snake and a road runner a few days ago which he will not soon forget. He was with a party in the Bradshaw mountains, south of Prescott, and was guarding camp for the day. He had lain down to sleep when he was suddenly aroused, to find and a great rattlesnake coiled upon his breast.

'I almost suffocated from fear to breathe lest I should be bitten,' he said. 'The snake was greatly excited and in a minute I saw the cause. A king snake was trying to excite the rattler to combat, and my person was the chosen battle ground. The king snake had probably forced the rattler to refuge upon my body, and following up his aggressive tactics was running in a circle around the rattler very rapidly. He crossed my breast from left to right and my thighs from right to left, and within less than a foot of the rattler's body.

'The velocity of the snake was most wonderful. It seemed to be one continuous ring, and part of the time I could seemingly see three or four rings at once. I made a slight movement with my right foot which attracted the rattler's attention for an instant, and that was fatal to him. At that one false movement of his eyes, the king snake darted in and seized the rattler by the throat, close up to his head, and began instantly to coil round his victim.

'They rolled off me in their death struggle and became one tangled mass for ten minutes, when the rattler's sounds died away gradually. While I lay exhausted from my fright a road runner darted out of a bush and, grabbing the two snakes in his beak, began to drag them away. The weight was too great, but he killed the king snake by a blow from his long bill, and ran away as I rose. I threw the two reptiles into the bushes and there the bird and his mate devoured them.

Bilkins—Why are you so excited over the prospect of an international yacht race? You don't know a catboat from a cutter. Wilkins—No; but I have a nautical friend who always tells me which way to bet.

Early Boating at Yale.

'It takes me back to the old days with starting force,' said the old Yale oarsman, 'when I ran up to New Haven in the spring and drop in the crew at practice. The strongest part of it is the difference between the way the college boys go at the sport nowadays and the way we did in the early 60s. The thing that strikes an old grad most is the great and minute organization of all branches of athletics, the splendid drill of the athletes, the diet, training table and coaches. Forty years ago went at it in an impulsive sort of way, every man taking care of himself, and we had no training tables or coaches.

'Nowadays there are class crews, and all of these eight are selected apparently after the hardest kind of competition, the end and aim of the season being, of course, the great 'Varsity and Freshman races with Harvard on the Thames. When I was in college the great intercollegiate races were just starting, and the chief interest was centred in home talent. There was as much talk in my time of whether Varuna or Glyuna boat club would win the annual regatta on the Quinipiac as there is today regarding Yale and Harvard on the Thames.

'Previous to my time there had been some fifteen boats used by the student oarsmen, mostly six eared without coxswains, but some eight eared or four eared. In '53 I think it was, the various boat clubs were organized under one general college flag and about forty boats entered the races each year, until '69, when the English University plan was adopted, changing the class clubs for general university clubs. This plan was in force when I was at Yale, and the club to which I belonged was made up of men from all classes. In the early 60s there were fifteen boats in commission ranging from 45 to 46-foot Spanish cedar shells and 45 foot lap streaked gigs to 33

foot barges built for four oars. 'In my day, when the English university plan was at its height, the total enrollment of the navy was 330 men. The Varuna club had 153 men and five boats, three shells, a gig and a barge; Glyuna had 108 men and five boats, two shells, a gig and two barges; Nixie had 28 men and three boats, a shell, a barge and a gig; while Undine, which was a club made up of scientific school men, or engineers, as we called them, had 23 men and two boats, a shell and a barge. The aggregation of clubs was called the Yale navy, at the head of which was a commodore. There was an intense rivalry among the clubs.

'Our boats were mere shells, and were often marvels of the boatmaker's art. When the boats were moored in open water at Riker's before we had a boat-house, it was not uncommon for our barges or shells to release themselves and float across to Long Island shores, where they were chopped up by some lonely fisherman for firewood or towed back in water logged condition to New Haven and returned to their owners on payment of heavy salvage. One famous boat was called the Centipede and was owned by sixteen sophomores. It won the only race it ever entered, its competitor, the Nautilus, having been secretly handicapped the night before the race by a large rock securely and feloniously fastened to its keel.

'One early barge that I remember was called the Shawmut, and had been originally built for an infantry company in Boston. It was an eight eared 30 foot boat, and there were stern seats for passengers, and a raised platform where the captain stood and directed his crew. This barge broke from its moorings in a storm one night and was later beached on Long Island, where it went to pieces. The Osceola

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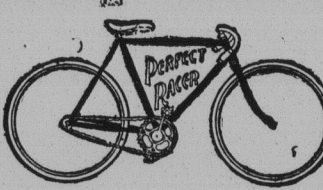
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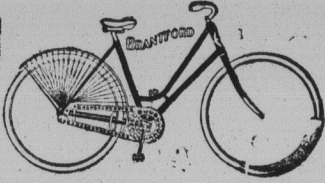
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