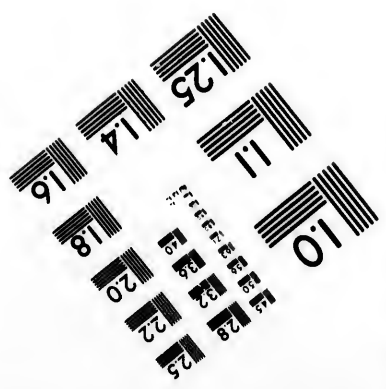
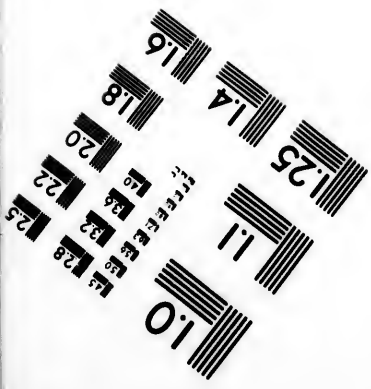
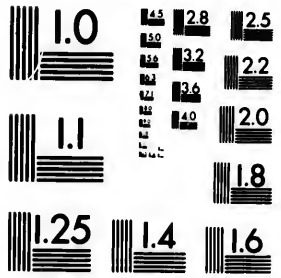


**IMAGE EVALUATION
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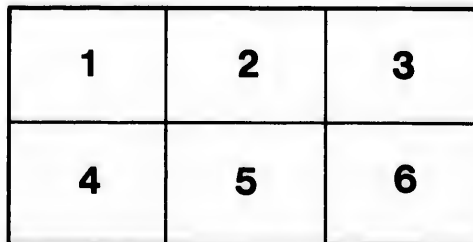
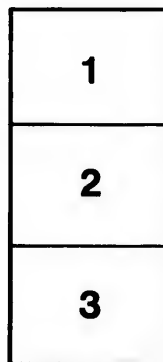
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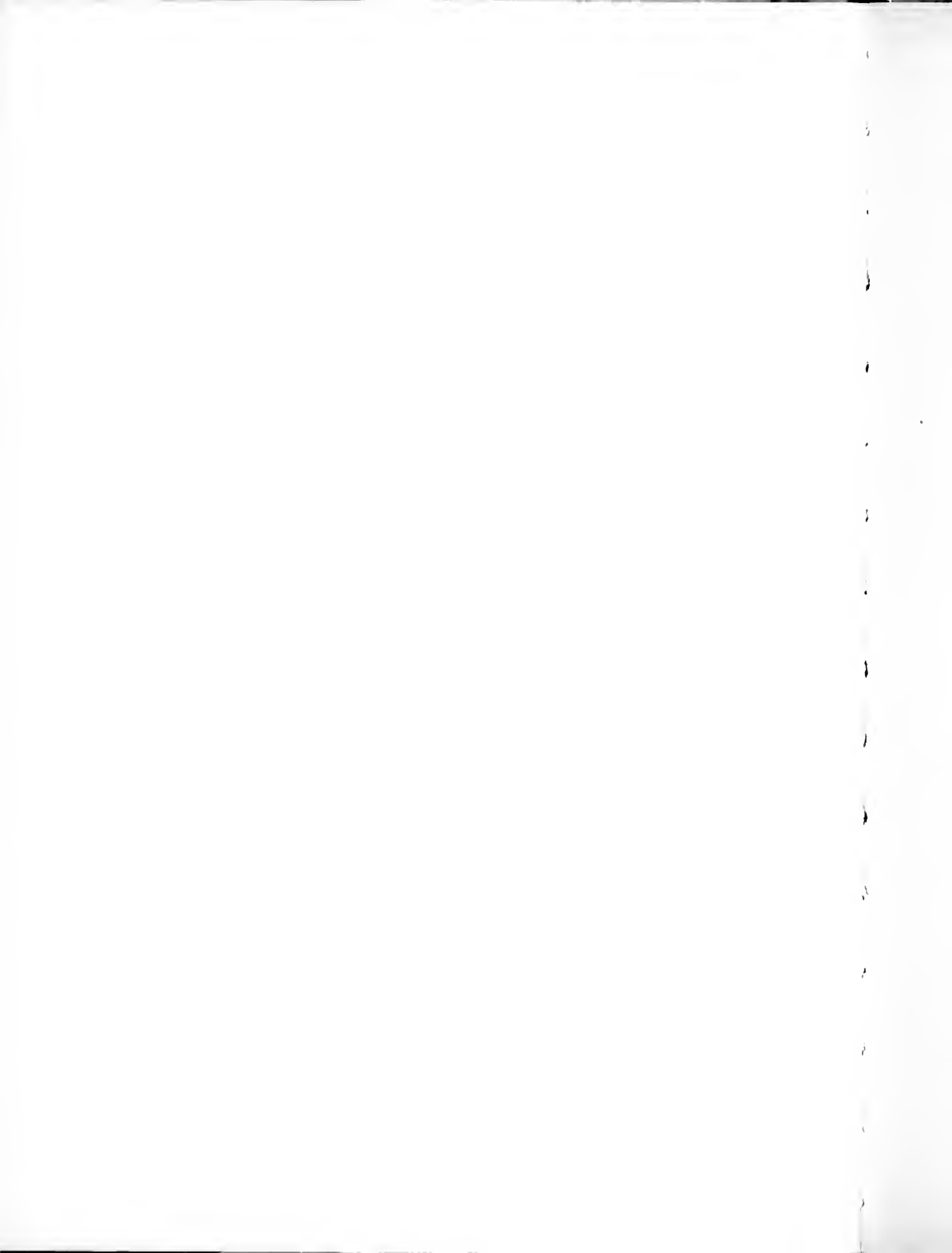
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MR. BAILLAIRGÉ'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME
TO THE
Montreal Section of Canadian Architects

ON THE OCCASION OF THE
Annual meeting of the Association, and luncheon offered by
the Quebec Section to their metropolitan confreres

AT THE
CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUÉBEC. — OCT. 2, 1898.



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MR BAILLAIRGÉ'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME
TO THE
Montreal Section of Canadian Architects

ON THE OCCASION OF THE
Annual meeting of the Association, and luncheon offered by
the Quebec Section to their metropolitan confreres

AT THE
CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC. — OCT. 2. 1895.

On rising in answer to your toast to myself and the Quebec Section, I must ask you to allow me to do so in the language of he whose name the Chateau bears, in which we are now met together on this mission: Frontenac, gentlemen, He who from the summit of this fort, in answer to Admiral Phipps' summons to surrender, sent back the messenger with the injunction: "Allez dire à votre maître que je lui répondrai par la bouche de mes canons". But from these almost sacred heights, from these historical precincts, it would require the eloquence of a Chapeau or a Laurier to do justice to the occasion.

Now at the very outset, I must ask you to bear with me, while, though a subject of her Britanic Majesty, I tell you why I crave the privilege of answering your toast in the language of my peers; I wish thereby to proclaim the necessity of the dual idioms. Proud Albion seeing that her tongue is

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1756/7
G. S. L. E.

spoken by her 200 millions of british subjects, seems anxious to extend the language and cause its adoption by all the nations of the earth — but God forbid that such should ever come to pass ; and, this, as you will immediately see, in the best interests, pecuniary and humanitarian, of England herself and of her colonies.

Let Canada also ponder twice ere it decrees the elimination of the french ; for every nation likes to be informed, in its own tongue, of the doings, sayings, writings of every other nation.

Anarchy is giving itself vent, as expressive of the views of communism, socialism, which Louise Michel of France defines to be a desire, a necessity that the rich who have more than wherewithal to do, should share with those who have too little. Now the army of the necessitous, the poor, the unemployed, is but too great already — its numbers : legion, millions ; and to those millions would be added, by the suppression of our tongue, other millions in the shape of unemployed translators who now find a living in thus ministering to the requirements of their fellows — and not only would the translators be thrown out of employment, but the printers, typos., pressmen and those who make the paper, cast the type, prepare the ink, who do the folding, sewing, stitching, binding ; the scores, the hundreds, may be thousands already engaged in the new industry of felling our forest trees for pulp, and of milling it into paper, in substitution for the forest papyrus of old.

Let us but conceive of the thousands thus to be thrown upon the world ; and I tell you gentlemen

that even our francophobic westerners will look twice before they leap, or ere they persist in their outcry for "one language," the suppression of the french, the most elegant of all idioms ; that admittedly best adapted to the diplomatic requirements of all nations. No ! gentlemen ; no volapuk, no universal language ; and let us beware also how we give concurrence to any scheme of assimilating the currencies of nations, their systems of computing time, their weights and measures. Any reduction of the kind to one unique type of units for the world, would at one fell swoop throw upon the charity of the world at large, the millions now kept busy and from starvation, by being utilized in translating, reducing the units of one nation into the equivalents of another.

And now sirs that you have, I am sure, forgiven me this digression somewhat called for by the surging cry around us for employment ; and which, if we can not minister unto, it behoves us at any rate, not to aggravate, by decreasing labor instead of finding work for those who have none ; let me tell you how highly I appreciate your politness in drinking to my health and that I am certain of correctly expressing the sentiments of my confrères of the Quebec Section, in telling you how much flattered and pleased the Section is collectively and individually at receiving you and in endeavoring to make even this slight return for your princely hospitality to us when in Montreal.

But, on this score, you are certainly open to some reproach for not having allowed us, Quebecers, an opportunity of doing things in a way more worthy of

your appreciation. Montreal has smoked, wined, dined and fêted us, as the saying is, and taken us to the opera—we naturally desired to retaliate, as I told you all last year, and wrote you all: in a soiree with your wives and daughters at the Frontenac—Montreal last year held a conversazione in the pictured, marbled, bronzed, flowered halls of the Society of Arts, with delicious music and refreshments all the while; and the elite of Montreal society where there convened including ladies of course to do honor to the society; and on a former occasion, that of our first meeting in Montreal I believe Hble Mayor McShane and his charming wife convened us all to a splendid soiree at the City Hall; and now you, in your pride, and as if you thought we could not do honor to the occasion, or may be with the humanitarian feeling of not putting us to too much expense; you have thwarted our hopes, our best endeavours. We would have preferred, I say again, giving you a ball, a soiree; but we could not do it, you were so considerate as to cause your secretary to intimate—pressed as you are, I suppose, for business, and poor Quebec offering no attractions to you in the sphere of your affections—to intimate, I say, that you would be here only for a day; which we understood to mean: coming to us by the morning train and leaving by evening train or boat; and hence the mere luncheon at which you are now present. But sirs, we hold you in reserve for a future occasion; and let me tell you that what we may be impotent to obtain will likely be brought about by natural circumstances to which I shall now allude.

In your legitimate pride as metropolitans, you make little of us, Quebecers — we are at the end of the world and it is exceptional to find in your city press, more than three lines at a time devoted to the doings of the olden capital. Our turn will come, and may be it is close at hand.

If Quebec to day is attractive to tourists only, due to its drives, its points of view, its terraces, the surrounding landscape, its unrivalled port, its carnivals of ice and fire — if commerce, business have for 30 years past eschewed, abandoned our ports, and rendered us disinterested to the extent of cutting our own throats to favor Montreal, to make it an ocean port, the head waters of ocean navigation, by spending our millions in deepening lake St. Peter—nature is now about to force you to return to your whilom loves — (*revenir à vos anciens amours*) for apart from the Chicago canal which will lower the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal and up to lake Ontario by fully 5 per cent—and I was the first to call the attention of our people to this unwarranted, unauthorized international spoliation — apart, I say, from the tapping of our waters to draw them off towards the Gulf of Mexico—there are other schemes upon the tapis (the deep water convention now being held at Cleveland is proof to what I say): canals one or more which will run another 10 per cent, another 20 of our noble river, from the great lakes towards the Atlantic by the Mississippi and the Hudson; and this handiwork of man is already being added to by natural causes: our waters as you see on all hands are being lowered, shallowed. Man

is and has been the direful agent in bringing this about—he has, under our government's most unwise policy of timber limits, with no reserve; cut down our forests, left bare the ground, the country; instead of the wise policy of France and of the mother country, to cause the forest to persist, by sparing every tree less than twelve inches in diameter—he has swept the surface clean and where the axe has been impotent to do the unhallowed work, man has abetted fire in its devouring greed to lay waste our God-given patrimony of wealth and plenty—Well, see you how it is? You are astonished nowadays at the greater frequency of cyclonic winds, and storms and inundations. No wonder, though, this should be so, when the winter's snow which formerly, protected from the sun's rays by the foliage, melted and ran off slowly into rills and rivulets and rivers; now melts, as it were, all at a bound of sun shine and rushes along in its maddened devastating course, carrying away mills and bridges and whole villages, and increasing our waters to a depth unknown before in spring; while per contra, the rains of summer which, when the lands were wooded, ran from them slowly and measuredly, as in the wisdom of God it had been will'd they should, reaching in time our lakes and rivers through their tributaries; these waters now are sucked up by the sun, before they reach their destination, or on the way, absorbed by the dried up, parched beds of the unprotected rivers; and hence in every way the St Lawrence is gradually growing less and less: and gentlemen you will have to come to us to get deep water; for thank God,

the Ocean is still there, and the moon far enough away for man in his destructive rage, and though he may bring it within a stone's throw by the telescope, to be not able to interfere with it, much less the sun in giving us the tides which, if they cannot reach to Montreal, will continue to Quebec, and make this the head of ocean navigation, the true ocean port for steamers of draught too great for shallowed lake St. Peter.

Now think ye, gentlemen, that we dote on these possibilities of the near future; think ye that we tell you this in proud retaliation of the past? Not so, by any means, we look forward to it with pleasure, to do you good, not harm; to help you find a remunerative field for your unexpended and ever increasing millions — Come to us, we are ready to receive you with open arms; we have for some years past been endeavouring to put on the new man — not the new woman with her unfeminine, unloveable prerogatives — we have a new parliament, a new post office, new courts of justice, new hospitals, new hotels: the Florence, Clarendon, Victoria, the Chateau Frontenac adequate to all tastes, all purses, all aspirations — we have a new City Hall by our friends Tanguay & Vallée and a new Mayor full of youth talent and initiative enterprise. He saw as I had pointed out, that the "Westward" cry must be abandoned, and that instead of St. Sauveur, St. Roch or Mount Pleasant, the walled portion of the City was geographically the most central for Quebec's future, and now the extension of the city is going forward towards Montmoréncy, between which and the city proper there is a stretch of six or seven miles

of unimproved territory — This is where we await your Montreal millionnaires, and we will not be jealous if they bring you down with them to build them up and tell them how to make available ground, of the Beauport fore-shore (the so called battures) by building return tramways to the close-by heights and quarries where lie ready, centuries of quarry refuse which would reach its destination by gravitation only and the loaded cars return the empty ones. Ground can be made here for almost nothing — Gentlemen this is no idle theory of mine — already some of your own people are here at work. MM. Whitehead & Co. have erected vast cotton and woolen factories at the Montmorency, and one of yourselves, Wallbank, is the architect. The thriving village of Hedlyville is advancing to meet LaCanardière and Richardson's factories. MM. Parent and Bedard both ex-mayors of the large and thriving parish of Beauport have for the fourth time in nearly three centuries rebuilt, the as often fired brewery of Racey memory and celebrity; the water from the river Beauport being pronounced by analysts amongst the very best in America for the required purpose. This factory of beer and lager will do much good in weaning men from their whi-kying propensities, it will render them stern and strong and healthy and fit them for your purposes of building you up docks, elevators, refrigerators for your transatlantic business, while the want of water at Montreal may seriously inpair the utility of your Hochelega and other schemes. Once more then gentlemen, let us say: come to us and we will receive you for our mutual benefit with welcome and outstretched arms.

