

SHALL ONTARIO REMAIN ENGLISH ?

A writer in the English press declares that it is a greater crime to die a bachelor than to die rich, that such a man should not receive benefit of clergy, etc., and winds up by claiming that he ought to be shot. The threat of benefit of clergy doesn't fizzle on the average bachelor—the Protestant ones particularly—but the idea of being shot is a horse of another color. Why the writer in the English press should get excited about non-marrying men is a puzzle to me for Great Britain sends us shiploads of children every year, until there be communities in Ontario where the imported young ones exceed in number the native born. This being the case, it is the Canadian, not the Englishman, who should get busy and form himself into a royal commission of one to probe the subject and find out where he is at. For if he doesn't look out he will find that he is nowhere.

Why should we conceal from ourselves the tremendous fact that a gigantic struggle is on between Quebec and Ontario to be the keystone in the vast north British arch of confederation, whose cornerstones rest, the one in the Atlantic, the other in the Pacific? The keystone is right here, and its apex stretches from Ottawa to Thunder Bay and its point rests on Lake Ontario. Whoever owns this keystone is the master of the situation. Quebec is going to get it by the look of things. She is not going to do it by force of arms, yet she is a conquering army marching west and south under the Lord of Hosts, who is the same God who issued the injunction, "Replenish the earth." For the Lord is on the side of the babies. Napoleon used to say that God favored the heaviest battalions—"Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons." Don't you remember that it was not the old folks that interested him, but the children of Israel?

"Gadder up the lil' lambs an' put 'em in your bosom,
But let the ole sheep go!"

There are two townships down east side by side, one English, the other French. A third of the English adults are unmarried; and if they are there are no children. The other two-thirds average three to a family, and then they think they are doing wonders. In the French districts across the line the families run up to ten, fifteen, twenty. What do you suppose is going to happen? The French will get the English township. To the victors belong the spoils. There is no use in talking, it was the Lord who sent these children here, and He is going to give each one of them a farm. The big question before this province is not "Abolish the bar," nor the school question, but "Shall Ontario remain an English province?" The French-Canadians deal with the liquor problem with far more intelligence than we do, and if they ever get the upper hand they will show you how to do it here without prostituting a great and holy cause to the ambitions of a few cock-robin politicians. In Quebec more than one-third of the municipalities are "dry," and they have no Scott act or local option either, and just because the crozier is mightier than the mace.

If those twenty million acres of clay belt are peopled by the French-Canadians, French will be taught in every school in Ontario. There will be a French-Canadian premier, and the biggest day in the province will be the feast day of St. Jean Baptiste!—The Khan.