

as they anticipate. Of course, it will not mean everything, but at a time when our American friends are seeing fit—temporarily, I do hope—to tighten their tariff restrictions against Canadian agricultural products, the entry of live Canadian cattle into the British market is certainly a step in the right direction.

The Speech from the Throne portends the dawn of a better time. The clouds of economic discouragement have overhung the firmament for a long while, and through long and strenuous years we have watched to try and determine whether the situation was growing darker or more hopeful; but at last we see the dark clouds interlaced with streaks of light that, we believe, herald the morning which will slowly roll them away. Thus far the Canadian people deserve unlimited credit for their patience and their morale in holding the economic line. If we should falter now, if we should fail in the qualities of courage and tenacity and hope which we have hitherto displayed, we should be utterly unworthy of those brave boys, living and dead, who held the trenches when the odds seemed so overwhelmingly against them as might well have caused dismay.

I am gratified to learn, in fact, I have seen evidence of it personally, that there is a diminution in unemployment. That should bring joy not only to the heart of the honest labourer worthy of his hire, but to every humane heart in this country; for what spectacle is more pitiful, what more calculated to tempt us to ask whether our civilization has not failed after all, than that of the honest and needy labourer begging simply for the modest prize of work and finding it not, but going back home each evening to his wife and bairns and reporting that this simple privilege of work is not for him. In the times of stress through which we have passed, years in which the world was reeking and rocking from the earthquake of the great war, labour and capital have been taught a lesson in common, and that lesson is that sometimes both are equally helpless in the face of a combination of difficult circumstances. Out of these stressful times, and because of the severe lesson which they have learned, may there not grow henceforth—God grant that there may—a spirit of mutual forbearance and of sweet reasonableness when labour and capital come together to try and adjust their differences? And may each strive as never before to see and to appreciate the other's viewpoint. In my humble view, legislation will probably never be devised that will permanently establish a satisfactory standard of affairs as be-

tween capital and labour. Labour must never think that it may not run into the time when it shall have to walk the streets looking in vain for work; and capital need never presume that it may always be profitably active. May they both profit by the lesson of their helplessness. I hope that for a long time to come labour and capital are going to be more genuinely reasonable in meeting to settle their differences, whatever those differences may be. After all, as the poet of a former century said—and we have in this year of grace to sigh in common with him:

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
The part that laws or kings can make or cure!

I am glad to believe, Mr. Speaker, that the rebound is coming for this Canada of ours, and I believe that the rebound which we already feel, despite the depression in Europe, is a measure of the rebound we would have felt had conditions been anything like normal over there.

We have to welcome several new members to the House this session, and amongst them is the hon. member for Jacques Cartier (Mr. Rhéaume). He shares with myself the honour of speaking to this motion, and I understand that he will second it in his own language. The fact that he has the right to speak in this House in his own mother tongue, and I in mine, however poor my effort may have been, is certainly not a thing to be deplored. I regard it rather as an evidence of that accord which is rooted in liberty. My only regret is, that though my ear may be able to catch some of the music of that language of charm the meaning of whose words and phrases would seem to be graded like the hues of the sunset, my understanding will not be able to follow except, like Peter, afar off, until I shall have seen the English translation. I remember when a very young man reading a speech by Sir John Macdonald, the then great leader of the Conservative party, whose very worthy successor, the present honourable leader of the Opposition, sits opposite me to-day. In beautiful language he pictured this dual liberty of the representatives of the two main partners in Confederation, and I remember those moving words of his: "The solace of the mother tongue, the language learned in lisping tones at a mother's knee."

Mr. Speaker, I thank you and the House for your considerate attention, and regret that I have occupied so much of its time. I do now move that an humble address be presented to His Excellency in reply to the Speech from the Throne.