

enemies ranged against us, coalesced and combined against us, have asked for total war. Let us make sure they get it.

That grand old minstrel, Harry Lauder—Sir Harry Lauder, I should say, and no honour was better deserved—had a song in the last war which began:

If we all look back o'er the history of the past,
We can just see where we are.

Let us then look back. Sir, we plunged into this war all unprepared because we had pledged our word to stand by the side of Poland, which Hitler had feloniously invaded and, in spite of a gallant resistance, had soon struck down. There followed those astonishing seven months which were called on this side of the Atlantic the "phoney" war. Suddenly the explosion of pent-up German strength and preparation burst upon Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium. All these absolutely blameless neutrals, to most of whom Germany up to the last moment was giving every kind of guarantee and assurance, were overrun and trampled down. The hideous massacre of Rotterdam, where thirty thousand people perished, showed the ferocious barbarism in which the German air force revels when, as in Warsaw and later Belgrade, it was able to bomb practically undefended cities.

On top of all this came the great French catastrophe. The French army collapsed and the French nation was dashed into utter and, as it has proved so far, irretrievable confusion. The French Government had, at their own suggestion, solemnly bound themselves with us not to make a separate peace. It was their duty, and it was also their interest, to go to North Africa, where they would have been at the head of the French Empire. In Africa with our aid they would have had overwhelming sea power; they would have had the recognition of the United States, and the use of all the gold they have lodged beyond the seas. If they had done this, Italy might have been driven out of the war before the end of 1940, and France would have held her place as a nation in the councils of the Allies, and at the conference table of the victors.

But their generals misled them. When I warned them that Britain would fight on alone, whatever they did, their generals told their Prime Minister and his divided cabinet, "In three weeks England will have her neck wrung like a chicken." Some chicken! Some neck!

What a contrast, Sir, has been the behaviour of the valiant, stout-hearted Dutch, who still stand forth as a strong-living partner in the struggle. Their venerated Queen and their Government are in England. Their Princess

and her children have found asylum and protection here in your midst. But the Dutch nation are defending their Empire with dogged courage and tenacity by land and sea and in the air. Their submarines are inflicting a heavy daily toll upon the Japanese robbers who have come across the seas to steal the wealth of the East Indies, and to ravage and exploit their fertility and their civilization.

The British Empire and the United States are going to the aid of the Dutch. We are going to fight out this new war against Japan together. We have suffered together and we shall conquer together. But the men of Bordeaux, the men of Vichy—they would do nothing like this. They lie prostrate at the foot of the conqueror. They fawned upon him. And what have they got out of it? The fragment of France which was left to them is just as powerless, just as hungry, as the occupied regions themselves, and even more miserable, because more divided. Hitler plays from day to day a cat-and-mouse game with these tormented men. One day he will charge them a little less for holding their countrymen down. Another day he will let out a few thousand broken prisoners of war from the million and a half or million and three-quarters he has collected. Or, again, he will shoot a hundred French hostages to give them a taste of the lash. On these blows and favours the Vichy Government have been content to live from day to day. But even this will not go on indefinitely. At any moment it may suit Hitler's plans to brush them away. Their only guarantee is Hitler's good faith, which, as everyone knows, biteth like the adder and stingeth like the asp. Some Frenchmen there were who would not bow their knees and who under General de Gaulle have continued to fight at the side of the Allies. They have been condemned to death by the men of Vichy, but their names will be held, and are being held, in increasing respect by nine Frenchmen out of every ten throughout the once happy, smiling land of France.

But now, Sir, strong forces are at hand. The tide has turned against the Hun. Britain, which the men of Bordeaux thought and then hoped would soon be finished, Britain, with her Empire around her, carried the weight of the war alone for a whole long year through the darkest part of the valley. She is growing stronger every day. You can see it here in Canada. Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of our affairs is aware that very soon we shall be superior in every form of equipment to those who have taken us at the disadvantage of being but half armed.