

Irishmen and to one I gave the military cross for his bravery, and he deserved it. He wore kilts like the rest. I had several Englishmen, and nothing too good could be said of them. I had some of our friends from Lower Canada—there were a number of them with me. No braver men or better troops ever stood in shoe-leather than the French-Canadians who were with the First Division. When you fight alongside of men and see them press on, fighting with their hands, and bayonets, and rifles, and all standing to it without quailing, you realize the merits of those men and know the stuff the real Canadian is made of. The French-speaking Canadian militia has had a glorious history. Think of that corps in the campaigns of Montcalm and Wolfe. We know that when Canada was handed over to the British Crown the Canadian militia did not surrender, but marched out with drums beating, colours flying, matchlocks burning, and with all the honours of war. And the men who are fighting on the front to-day, men alongside of whom I fought, the men of the Royal Highlanders of Montreal and the Montreal regiment, and some in my own regiment, were worthy successors of those brave men who tried to defeat the British over a hundred years ago. It makes me very tired indeed when I see the efforts made to stir up strife in this country with the old weapons of the seventeenth century. These men at the front forget all these things. Those here who are trying to stir up trouble should go to the trenches for at least a few days. There they will see the wild Orangemen of Ontario dying, hundreds of them, alongside their comrades from the province of Quebec. And what for? For the very language and ideals over which there is trouble in this country; for the liberties of France; for the rights of that French-speaking people, the Belgians; for the integrity and independence of Belgium, "the beloved daughter of the Church." All these ideas of race and religion have been thrown into the sea by the men who have gone across; there is nothing of that among them. When a man has been under fire for twenty-four hours he reconciles himself to death. And he has a great respect for the man alongside him. The devotion of those men dying there should be an example to us in this country. In the shattered churches behind the lines, you find priests of the old faith praying there for these Orangemen and the rest of us in the trenches, praying that we may be safe and victorious. That is

an example for the whole world, and surely it should put an end for ever to strife in this country. I would urge those who seek to stir up trouble to go to the front and see what is taking place there. You will find the bodies of these same Orangemen that are derided by some here, and about whom such a row is raised by agitators, buried in cemeteries the walls of which have been thrown down, buried in consecrated ground; no question as to religion there in the presence of the Great Tragedy. And this Great Tragedy is not enacted on that embattled ground alone; it is here, at our doors, it is in this very chamber as real as among these men in Flanders—unless they win. Surely we have something else to do here than to stir up strife. It ill becomes any man of military age, to carry on such an agitation among our people. Where the fighting goes on we come to know each other. And I can assure you that, so far as those are concerned who seek political preferment by means of such agitation, the men who have fought and learned lessons of toleration in the trenches—for they have votes—will take care of those agitators.

Perhaps the House would desire to hear something of the battle of St. Julien, and it may not be amiss for me to put on record a few words concerning it here. For no doubt future historians will take up this Hansard to see what one who was present had to say about it.

The Canadians took over the French trenches immediately east and north of the city of Ypres, in Belgium. I may explain that all Belgium is gone except a strip about twenty miles wide and thirty miles long—that is all that is left to the brave King Albert and his people to fight in. The rest is in the hands of the Germans. But it will not be always thus. The last city in Belgium is the city of Ypres. The Allies had thrown around it cordons of their troops and had driven the Germans back about six miles all around the city, forming what they call a salient. On the extreme north, along the canal to the sea the Belgian troops were holding. Then came the French, the "Iron Division" from Nancy, whose lines ran along the north-east section of this salient. Then came the Turcos, native Algerian troops, and brave troops they are. I do not say they were not justified in fleeing when the gas came. The French left their trenches, and we took them over, having a position between the Turcos and the British troops, who held the line southwest to Labasse.