

private property is derived from nature, not from man, and the state has no right to abolish it; it has the right only to regulate its use. I believe in private enterprise and the old incentives of business, brought up to date to meet changed conditions. Those principles made Britain the great nation she has been, and are the principles which should guide this country in the future.

Regarding the price ceiling and related matters I shall have something to say on another occasion.

Let me conclude by reading a short statement about the cruelty of this dastardly foe which but for Britain might have set foot in this country. It may be of interest to some of my friends from Quebec who have crossed the floor to this side of the house. This is from the Lisbon correspondent of *France*:

I hear of the arrival in Bessarabia of 20,000 Jews deported from France to the Germans. The state in which these wretched people arrived when their trains reached that country made a deep impression on the civil and military authorities . . . Twenty thousand men, women and children had been sent from France in sealed trucks, they were to be forcibly installed in the ghettos of these towns.

When the trucks were opened an appalling spectacle was revealed. More than half the prisoners were dead and their bodies were decomposing. Dead bodies fell out on the railway line as the doors were opened. Those still alive were ill from terror, from hunger, from sickness caused by the atmosphere of putrefaction which they had breathed during the journey. Their condition is desperate and few of them will live.

One of the number who could still speak stated that they had been arrested in their homes in Paris in the middle of the night by S.S. men and taken to the railway station. There they were put into sealed trucks. They were not allowed to take any luggage save three days' provisions. The journey had lasted two weeks.

On these wagons of death was written the label "Explosive Material In Transit for Russia"; that is why none of the customs authorities had opened the trucks at the various frontiers.

Just one other quotation. Every day in Europe, now almost entirely dominated by Germany, men, women and children are tortured and killed. Here is the story of one martyr, a Frenchman. It was published in the paper *France* in September, though it related to events many months old. A German colonel named Holtz was shot. In reprisal fifty Frenchmen were murdered by the German rulers. One of them was called Fourny. A farm labourer, he educated himself as a youth; he joined up in 1914. He fought well, but was taken prisoner. In prison he worked at his books, and while there he was condemned to death, but was saved just in time by the

[Mr. Church.]

armistice. He became a lawyer's clerk and passed his examinations. On the collapse of France he joined the underground organization. In August 1941 he was arrested. Holtz was killed in October. A few days later the first batch of martyrs, twenty-one in number, were chosen and Fourny was among them. The night before the execution Fourny wrote his last letter, and having done this he turned to his comrades, cheering and comforting them, writing their letters home for them, urging them to send messages.

Mr. SPEAKER: Order. The hon. member's time has expired.

Mr. CHURCH: By leave of the house may I read just a few lines?

Some hon. MEMBERS: Go on.

Mr. CHURCH: I thank the house. I would like hon. members to hear something of the way they torture these young people. I quote:

"Tell me what you want to say, I will write for you. Is it your wife, or your mother you want to write to?" All night long he gave courage to the weak and sorrowful men who were to suffer.

When the time came for death the victims were brave, but among them were two lads of seventeen who were in revolt at the thought of what was happening. Fourny put his arms around them and spoke to them quietly. "It is not difficult to die, my children; come with me, we will die together, you will see it will be quickly over, you won't suffer, it is all quite easy." Affectionately putting his arms around them so that they could not see the machine guns, Fourny helped the young martyrs. The same spurt of machine gun fire laid them all three low. The name of Fourny will forever live in Nantes, where he was known and near where he was shot.

Mr. S. H. KNOWLES (Winnipeg North Centre): Mr. Speaker, last year, on March 23, this house paid eloquent tribute to the life and work of one of the greatest Canadians ever elected to this parliament, the late J. S. Woodsworth, whom I have the high honour to succeed as member for Winnipeg North Centre.

The expressions of high regard for the founder of our movement which were made at that time came from every section of this house, and they were echoed throughout the country. My coming to this parliament is to a very large extent because of Winnipeg North Centre's appreciation of the work of its former member, and I wish to take this opportunity of paying my tribute to his memory. I am one of the many to whom he gave the vision of a better day for the common people of this country. It was my privilege to know him as a close personal friend and adviser. I am deeply conscious of the honour that is mine in being called upon