

times I paused to speak to these poor broken fellows—and some of them were woefully broken. I watched these angels of mercy, these Florence Nightingales by the thousand, as they nursed the boys and raised their heads and tenderly tried to distract their attention in order that the silver cord might not be broken. I felt that the days of our heroism and chivalry had not passed away. We have and have had

9 p.m. thousands of Florence Nightingales on these fields. I could not—I have no language in which to pay sufficient and adequate tribute to these noble women, noble beyond compare. A sad business it was passing down these lines. Sometimes my heart was too full to stop and speak a kind word to these broken brothers. But I said: If I live to get back to Canada, I would let Parliament know something of the heroism and devotion of these sons and brothers and sisters of ours at the front.

I should like to take time to tell of the heroism of that great and glorious country, old France. We can well afford to take off our hats to dear old France, France that has stood nobly for a brand of liberty equal to anything cherished by the British race. As we passed through cities like Amiens—driving swiftly in our automobiles lest we should catch the shells that were dropping near,—we could see the pallid, hungry looking faces of the old men and old women of France as they gazed out through the gratings of the cellars with appealing faces to us as much as to say: In God's name, when is this fury to cease? In France there is scarcely a home that has not been desolated, scarcely a home that is not in mourning. I do not recall that we met a single man of military age who was not wearing the historic military uniform of France. All honour to France. We passed over acres and acres of graveyards. Why, on Vimy Ridge alone 100,000 Frenchmen lie buried; what a fight for the liberty of the world?

As we visited Verdun, that wonderful place that was bombarded month after month by the brutal army of the Hun Crown Prince, it is just as if the destroying angel had passed over that once beautiful district and had blasted it beyond recognition. You would see here and there a solitary rampike of some tree lifting its pathetic peak fifteen or twenty feet towards Heaven as if in protest, battered beyond description, the roots torn out all over. The whole country for fifteen miles looks as if it were the face of a smallpox patient magnified a million times. But there the French stood, and month after month said: "They shall

not pass." I have sometimes wondered if there was any Canadian that so far forgot his duty to the old land, his duty to the traditions of his home and of his country, who failed to read and study those awful sacrifices: Blood, blood, blood, in all directions. These are the men who have saved the liberty of the world. All honour to them. Surely no representative man in this country,—surely not any man in this country will fail to remember with gratitude and devotion the service that has been rendered by those who have saved the human race from the degradation of the Hun.

I looked over those acres of crosses, and it was a melancholy sight. But never mind, those boys have passed hence and will enjoy a reward that is worth while. For, after all, it is not the money that we gain in this world that counts; it is not the honour or the knighthoods, the lords this and lords that, that matter. The only thing in life that counts is service—service to your country. It will never be asked of us how much money we made in the world or what titles we enjoyed. What will be required of us is an account of the service we have rendered, and if, like those tens and hundreds of thousands who lie lowly in France we have done our duty it will be said of us, as it surely will be said of them, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I pay this tribute because I felt I could not return to this Parliament without giving my fellow members some idea of the sacrifices that have been made in our behalf in the old land.

Let me pass on to speak for a moment of the work that our Prime Minister has performed overseas. Some hon. members opposite have been disposed to criticise Sir Robert Borden for going overseas. They have asked, why is he not here? Now, I am not going to impute motives or say unkind things. Perhaps these hon. members honestly believe he should be here. I want to tell them—I am not a partisan and have no axe to grind in the public life of this country—that as a member of the Press party that went overseas to witness the effort of Great Britain in the war, I watched our Prime Minister very carefully, and it is my deliberate judgment that he rendered valuable service to the Dominion of Canada while he was overseas.

About one year ago a very critical situation existed at the front. The fifth army had gone to pieces, and if I am betraying no secret and am not deemed to be speaking unwisely, I should like to repeat a state-