

You can gather from what I have said that the difficulty does not arise so much in the terms of the Act as in the imperfect functioning of the machinery which has been set up to administer the Act. It may not be the fault of that machinery, but again I insist that the time has arrived when the machinery must be surveyed, examined, renewed and brought up to date.

I have referred to this question, onus of proof; the Pensions Board says it cannot assume the responsibility. Well, I can quite see their difficulty. I doubt if they should be asked to do so, but remember it is frightfully hard, it is impossible sometimes, for the man to prove his claim. You can put all the meritorious clauses in the Act that you like, it will all depend on the interpretation you put on it and the character of the machinery you set up for these things. I am not going to deal with many specific cases, but I have one case which will illustrate what I mean. Here is a man who enlisted in a western province in September, 1915. He was 37 years of age, big, strong and in perfect physical condition. He went to France, where he served in the signal corps. Now, gentlemen, you who know anything about it—and I know the great majority of you do—think what a man does in the signal service. Day and night, rain or shine, he must get out and keep the lines repaired. It is not a case of eight or ten hours a day, it is a case of twenty-four hours a day, and for days on end, always working in the battle area. His shelter at the best of times is nothing more than a thin sheet of corrugated iron or an old piece of tarpaulin; it may be nothing more than a shell hole in the broken and poisoned earth. Yet that man must be out all the time in all kinds of weather, wet to the skin, cold, lousy. If he does occupy a rude dug-out the chances are he has rats for companions. He is always in the battle area, shelled and bombed. Do you mean to tell me that those conditions will not affect adversely a man's health? Is it any wonder this man got a touch of rheumatism? This man was a corporal who won a military medal, so he was not a bad sort of fellow. That he suffered from rheumatic pains in his back and sciatica while on service is the sworn statement of his officers and companions, but he was so keen he kept on at work when his commanding officer said he should be in hospital. That was not a strange or unusual thing. I know men who would not go sick, they might go to the horse lines and remain there; skrim-shankers were not common. Why, gentlemen, I remember sending a commanding officer away. There was a battle coming on and I did not tell him the truth about it. What happened? I sent him away because his health was breaking. A battle had begun, the man in command of his battalion was killed. His brigadier telephoned asking me to get him back. I wired to the base where he was, to get him back, and received a wire that he was already with his battalion. You could not keep these men away. They were not trying to go back in order to try and build up claims for pensions. He grew so bad that in 1918 he was returned to England to serve as an instructor, and continued in that way until the end of the war, and in 1919 took his discharge. The sheltered life at Seaford made him feel he was all right. I will say this, gentlemen, that the medical examinations when the men left the service were very cursory examinations. I remember very well the man that came to me. He said, "You are all right." I said, "Yes." Yet the history sheet is thus stressed, that it must be true, nothing else can be true but it.

Soon after his return to this country this man suffered pains and extreme nervousness. He became so bad that on the advice of his doctor he went to California. He had already spent all his money and made application for pension through the efforts of the American Legion. He was suffering from sciatica, and was granted a pension dating from October 1924 at \$11 a month, with an allowance of \$6.25 for his wife and child. In order to get treatment he had to travel a great distance, and the pension was too small, but it was all he had to live on so in despair he appealed for more generous treatment. They sent him