

real understanding. I believe there is not a single member of the armed forces in this country who does not count good friends in some of the other provinces.

Mr. Speaker, on behalf of my constituents, and as representative of the historic constituency of Drummond-Arthabaska, once represented here by Sir Wilfrid Laurier whose voice I modestly echo, I say that we Canadians of French ancestry from old Quebec are ready to extend a cordial hand of friendship, to cooperate in the attainment of this common ideal, so that in the surge of progress now apparent throughout the world, Canada may play a part befitting this vast, wealthy, young and free country. It is necessary that we strive not for a national but for an international outlook. Let our thoughts and discussions no longer dwell on the past but let them carry us into the future in union, harmony and unity.

In my enthusiasm and sincerity, Mr. Speaker, I am reminded of those glorious monuments on parliament hill that recall our political history and the memory of past statesmen: first, the great Queen Victoria, of whom our elders still speak with reverence and whose memory remains dear to all Canadians, then Sir George-Etienne Cartier, an outstanding father of confederation, an inspired patriot, who gave us the song "O Canada", my beloved country, and whose death was truly a national loss, Sir Alexander Mackenzie who, in 1878, asked Sir Wilfrid Laurier to join his cabinet, George Brown, who may well remain as the symbol of the hard task that had to be faced by our first Canadian politicians at that decisive period. At the base of his monument the sculptor has placed a ballot box, a sword at rest, an olive branch and a banner upon which are inscribed the words, "Government by the people, free institutions, religious, liberty and equality, unity and progress of confederation." These are the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty more enduring than the stone upon which they are inscribed. May this ever be the monumental position of a nation of liberty loving peoples unshackled by injustice and tyranny.

At a distance I see the monument of D'Arcy McGee, the great Irish patriot, murdered by the Fenians, whose memory remains green in the hearts of all true Canadians; Lafontaine and Baldwin, who struggled side by side for responsible government, whose administration is not forgotten. Though of different creeds and of different racial origin, they found in their common desire to serve their country and their countrymen, as well as in mutual esteem, grounds

for union and lasting affection. What an example of understanding; what a testimony to Canadian unity!

Sir John A. Macdonald was another father of confederation, and not the least, who did much to build up this great and beautiful country, and whom Canadians rank as one held in high esteem in all parts of this country.

Finally I see, gazing eastward as if still watching over his province, the great Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the silver-tongued orator who, in a memorable speech in Paris, once said: "France gave us life and England gave us liberty." How dearly he loved that province of his, and yet, truly a Canadian, he remains the great advocate of friendly understanding.

In the presence of those statues or material symbols, which are so many landmarks in Canadian political history, there comes to me a vision, an insight into the future of this great country of ours. I can imagine a Hill; a Louis-Philippe Hebert, a Soucy, a Brunet, a sculptor shaping his medium, gathering and putting together bits of material that will soon blend into a complete harmonious whole. What a marvel. It is possible only for a genius, this creation of a living, animated being. Would I were that genius, Mr. Speaker, this sculptor before his task, a creation unlike any other, strong, huge, endowed with the breath of life.

At this moment, Mr. Speaker, I can well picture our country, this Canada of ours. And to close this allegory, I shall quote from the works of one of our poets these few lines from "The Mixer", whose meaning reaches the very depths of my soul, and which I should like to share with you:

In the city, on the prairie, in the forest, in the camp,
In the mountain-clouds of colour, in the fog-white river damp,
From Atlantic to Pacific, from the great lakes to the pole,
I am mixing strange ingredients into a common whole.
Every hope shall build upon me, every heart shall be my own,
The ambition of my people shall be mine and mine alone.
Through the pangs of transformation in my fiery furnace-blast,
Do I shape and mould and make them "Canadians at last."

Mr. H. R. ARGUE (Wood Mountain): Mr. Speaker, in rising to take part in this debate, I find there are a good many topics I could cover which affect the people of my province. The farmers of western Canada would appreciate a good deal of information on several subjects. For example, they would like to know what is likely to be the policy of the government in coarse grains, so that they can