

the motion, and when I insisted, he left the chair and left the room. I said: "Well what are we going to do, boys?" John V. Ellis, a fine old Liberal from Saint John, was a member of that committee, and I moved that he take the chair. But, you know, Mr. Ellis was an older and perhaps wiser man than I in his day and generation; Mr. Ellis did not want to run up against any snag about any patronage business because he might be called down. I did not think of being called down; I did not know enough. I have learned something since then. If I never make another speech in this House I propose to make it to-night and to tell the facts exactly as I know them. It is a fine thing, Mr. Speaker, just once in your life-time to stand up and have your say, anyway.

So Mr. Ellis would not take the chair. Then I looked around and I saw that fine old fellow, Jim Somerville, a Scotchman, who would, I thought, like Wallace, stand to the death. So I moved old Jim into the chair. Do you suppose Jim would take the chair? Not—if you will pardon my adopting the parlance of the street—"not on your tin-type." Jim also was too wise in his day and generation. Jim knew how many beans made five. Jim probably had in contemplation his patronage; all these things were in jeopardy—although poor "R. L." did not understand it at that time; it was a case of fools rushing in where angels like Jim Somerville and John Ellis feared to tread. So when Jim would not take the chair I said to the committee: "Well, if somebody will nominate me, I will take the chair." So my old friend, Nicholas Flood Davin, who loved a scrap and who thought that the boys on the Government side were fighting, moved me to the chair and I took it and had the motion put and carried. But Lord, whatever became of the translators I cannot tell. I do not think they were fired at all. But I was fired. That, Mr. Speaker, is what happened to little Willie. Do you suppose that I ever got the chairmanship of that committee back? No, sir. I have it now, but the committee never meets. I was just reflecting upon how the law of compensation comes in. I was fired, blown, dynamited out of the chair. Billy Gibson, that amiable old whip, went about and said: "You cannot afford to appoint a traitor like that chairman of a committee." So I was not appointed; I was left at home. Although I was too much disgusted to follow it up very closely, I believe that the translators remained in office and drew their stipends just the same, while the girls went on doing

[Mr. Richardson.]

their work for one-quarter the money that was paid to the translators.

So much for my little escapade or pilgrimage into patronage. If we try now to work it on that basis, we shall never succeed. We must go at this thing with an axe. The Acting Prime Minister (Sir Thomas White), a fine old Liberal, and the Prime Minister (Sir Robert Borden), who was also a Liberal by the way—these men know or ought to know something about the principles of Liberalism. Let them set the pace, and they will, I warrant you, Sir, find a united party behind them to get rid of this parasitic business of patronage. It is a dreadful business in this country and we want to wipe it out. If the Government will but set the pace, I am satisfied they will find the House very ready to second their efforts.

I have some other points yet, although I trust I am not wearying the House. I have to take my hon. friend the prophet from Brome (Mr. McMaster) up to Mount Carmel. Before I do so, I should like to refer to my visit to the old land, and to the battlefields of France and Flanders. I have rarely been able to speak without emotion when I refer to the things that I have witnessed on the battlefields of France and Flanders. When I think of the heroism of our boys on the battlefields and remember the task they accomplished and recall the fact, as it was stated to me, that they did about one-quarter of the actual fighting on the battle front, I have no words in which to express my personal gratitude to those brave sons who have saved liberty for me. I suppose most of those boys had read the history of their mother land. They had no doubt read the history of the preservation of liberty and freedom under the British flag. They no doubt know, as we know, that for centuries the blood of our ancestors flowed in rivers in order that the people of Britain should enjoy freedom in the land. Through the veins of the 60,000 boys, no, of the 500,000 who went to the rescue of liberty and freedom in the old land, flows the same British blood. You cannot make any mistake about it. The Britisher knows how to fight; he knows how to die; but he never yet has learned the idea of yielding. That is something the British subject never can do.

I was struck with the heroism of our women, the daughters of this land who by the thousand went to the front, who nursed the boys through their time of trouble, sorrow and peril. I walked through the hospitals, past miles of white cots. Some-