

into several drafts and distributed amongst many regiments. The same fate happened to Colonel Piuze who raised a regiment in the district represented by my hon. friend the member for Kamouraska (Mr. Lapointe). I know there are reasons for that and I do not blame the Government. But there is some pride in our people; they would have been glad to read of the Asselin regiment at the front as the Asselin regiment, just as they were proud to hear of the 22nd battalion at the front as the 22nd battalion. True it is that there may have been military reasons for disbanding the battalion, but it is to say the least most unfortunate that the Government did not see its way clear to do for the Asselin battalion what was done for the Irish Brigade that was raised in Montreal. Although that brigade had not the required numbers, its identity was maintained and it was given a tour in Ireland to arouse the people in that country as well as the Irish people in Canada to the necessities of the hour. That was wise policy on the part of the Government.

Mr. MURPHY: What has been done since with that brigade?

Mr. LEMIEUX: I do not know.

Mr. MURPHY: Neither do I.

Mr. H. B. MORPHY: Does the hon. member not know that the matter of which he complains was one of serious complaint also throughout western Ontario, because of units from the various counties there being broken up by reason of militia regulations and orders of the British War Office?

Mr. LEMIEUX: I quite understand that; I know it is a fact. But there is a distinction.

Mr. MORPHY: None whatever.

Mr. LEMIEUX: Yes, there is, and my hon. friend is too fair not to admit it. The battalions from Ontario which were scattered amongst other units in Great Britain were composed of men speaking the English language. They could be understood by the Welsh and Irish Fusiliers, the Durhams and the Yorks, that were so jauntily mentioned this afternoon by the ex-Minister of Militia. But the men recruited by Major Asselin were young French-Canadians, mostly speaking only the French language. The battalion was sent to England, and there dislocated, the men being spread amongst various

[Mr. Lemieux.]

units where they did not understand the language; where they did not speak the language of their commanding officers. I will give my hon. friend another instance—and I hope that the member for Kingston will listen to me for a moment. This will give the House an idea of how something unfair may sometimes be done unwittingly. Last winter I was travelling from Quebec to Montreal. It was a bitterly cold evening. I was in a pullman car—although I am not a minister of the Crown, I sometimes travel in a pullman car. I noticed a young man, rather short and stocky, dressed in kilties. As I looked at him I said to myself: surely this is not a Highlander—yet he has the kilties, and a Scotch cap. As I looked at him he also looked at me, and then addressing him in French. I said: "Are you not a Scotchman?" He said: "No, I am Albert Martel, from Quebec." I said: "Under what guise are you travelling?" "Oh, well," he said, "I was in Ottawa; our regiment, which was being recruited by Colonel de Salaberry, was disbanded for certain reasons, and I offered my services to the Kingston Queen's Highlanders, which left a few weeks ago." What was the strength of that unit?

Mr. NICKLE: About 700.

Mr. LEMIEUX: As Martel was passing from the pullman to the first class coaches, I said: "Where are you going?" He answered: "To see my men." "Your men?" "Yes," he said, "I am recruiting in Quebec for the Queen's Highlanders; I will introduce you to 17 Highlanders from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's constituency. I am going to Ottawa—it is not the shortest way to Kingston—but I am going there with my men because Ottawa is dry and I want to spend a Sunday in that place." They came to Ottawa, and I saw alighting from the train the 18 kilties, fine, bright fellows, not one of them speaking a word of English. That is the first chapter of my little story.

A few days ago the bell was rung at my residence. A gentleman in kilts was ushered in. "Bonjour, monsieur; I am Lieutenant Martel." "Oh," I said, "the gentleman I met this winter. Are you still recruiting for the Queen's Highlanders?" "I have recruited," he answered, "101 men; they left a few weeks ago with a battalion made up of about 700 Scotchmen." "Did you not follow your men?" I asked. He answered: "No." Now there comes a blank in my story, but if the member for Kingston will come to me after the sitting I will tell him why Lieutenant Mar-