

the Admiral, the irrepressible senator from Lunenburg (Hon. Mr. Duff). At the conclusion of his address there was a dialogue between him and the honourable senator from Alma. At first I thought they were at least in partial agreement, though, so far as I know, they have not agreed in the last twenty years. It seemed to me that they were both more loyal than the King, more catholic than the Pope. However, they both concluded as "continuing Presbyterians."

I have known my honourable friend from Alma off and on for the last twenty years. I listened with close attention, as I always do, to every word of his. He spoke in a cool, calm and collected manner. He said he believed that Canada should provide a certain degree of naval defence for the Dominion. He was mild and modest. His mildness and modesty carried me back to many years ago when I was in my native county of North Wellington. At that time there also lived there an old rough-necked Irishman. He had a wonderful daughter, but nobody came to claim her. So the old man proceeded to do a little missionary work among his neighbours, and he would always conclude his praise of her fine qualities with the words, "You know, my Maggie is mild wid modesty." Certainly the honourable senator from Alma was mild and modest in his proposal. I say to him that I would take no objection to his proposal being adopted if circumstances warranted and the finances of this country permitted.

But the honourable senator from Edmonton (Hon. Mr. Griesbach) is different. There is nothing mild or modest about him. I am beginning to think that my honourable friend has the mentality of destruction, not construction. It appears to me that he must have the mind of Attila, the Hun, who boasted that the grass never grew where his horse trod. Apparently my honourable friend would be only too happy if this and every other country on the face of the globe were engaged in nothing but war and all the carnage incident to it.

I have no doubt that most honourable members have seen the splendid screen version of Abie's Irish Rose. It will be remembered that Abie was born at sea and his mother died. In the misery of his grief the old father clung to his son. The son grew up to manhood. Then came the Great War. He enlisted. The day came when along with his comrades he had to embark for overseas. Among the cheering crowds on the sidewalk was an old man with a long beard—Abie's father. As the column passed the father joined Abie to have a parting word with him. He said to his son, "Abie, you be

a good boy and take care of yourself—you stay near the generals."

Some Hon. SENATORS: Oh, oh.

Hon. Mr. MOLLOY: I do not believe we are going to have another war, but I say here and now that not only the British people but every great nation are doing everything to bring about war; they talk of nothing but war. Every night on the radio and every day in the newspapers we get reports of the civil war in Spain. Perhaps after a while we shall become war-minded.

A famous French marshal once said, "If you want war, arm for war." That is quite logical. I am not a strategist nor a war expert, and I have no connection with the war lords of this or any other country, but it does seem to me that in 1914 it was not the assassination of an Austrian grand duke and his wife that brought about the Great War. The time was ripe for a terrific explosion, an explosion which shook the very earth. Nation after nation since, you might say, 1870, after the Franco-Prussian war, had been seeking an excuse to make use of their vast armies and armaments, and the Sarajevo tragedy provided that excuse.

War, honourable senators, is a very expensive thing. It is like a lawsuit: if you win you lose. I have been a party to three lawsuits. I won them all, but they were costly victories, and I wish I had settled the disputes out of court.

Let me say this. Canada did her share, and more than her share, in the last World War. We, a nation of less than 10,000,000 people, enlisted 619,000 men. We sent overseas 424,000 soldiers. Of that army 60,000 were killed and 140,000 wounded. I am giving round figures.

About two years ago I happened to turn on the radio in my home. A lady was speaking. She had for some time been a member of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Winnipeg. She had the leisure and the means to make a European tour. She is interested in public affairs, and she felt it incumbent upon her to describe what she had heard and seen while in Europe. She was near the end of her speech, and what she said I shall always remember. She made this striking statement regarding the Great War: the per capita cost to Great Britain was £156; to France £56; to Germany £8. Then she put this arresting question: Who won the war?

I was more than pleased to listen to my old-time friend from Lunenburg when he took part in this debate last week. It brought back to my mind the words used by the Hon. Edward Blake on the motion to appoint Mr.

Hon. Mr. MOLLOY.