

ture so as to teach Christianity to the Indians, the courageous French-Canadians who repulsed the invaders during the American revolution and during the war of 1812, thus proving on two different occasions their loyalty to Canada and to their king. I refer also to my gallant French speaking comrades of the Great War, and of the present war, and to the loyal cooperation of French Canada since the outset of the hostilities. With all these things in mind, as an English speaking Canadian, I wish to pay a humble tribute of respect and admiration to my French speaking compatriots for the part they have taken in building the great and powerful nation that Canada is today.

(Text): I am very proud to have the honour to represent in this house the constituency of Rosthern. Like the hon. member for Dorchester, I can say mine is a truly Canadian seat. Within it there are many people of non-English speaking origin. In the dark days of 1940 I said this about those constituents of mine of non-English origin, as reported in Hansard of June 13, page 762:

I should not be doing my duty to my fellow-citizens of non-English-speaking origin, many of whom to-day are in the armed forces of our sovereign—in the first division, for example, there are probably more boys of Ukrainian origin than their proportion of the population of Canada—if I did not tell my fellow members that from an intimate knowledge of thousands of people of non-English-speaking origin I know they are just as loyal to Canada and our empire as the members of this house of commons. It is our duty to let them know that we trust them, and together we will then go forward as a united people regardless of racial origin and place the name of Canada high on the roll of the nations of the world where tolerance is preached and practised.

The truth of this statement has been well borne out by the record of service of the people from my constituency. I would just call to mind the casualty lists which have appeared from time to time and the record of those decorated for bravery. The first two boys decorated from the little town of Rosthern, where I live, were respectively of French-Irish origin and of Mennonite origin. In regard to the people at large, in the last victory loan the quota set for the district surrounding the little town of Rosthern was \$62,000; the amount subscribed was \$81,650, or 131 per cent of the objective.

I realize that above all else the request that I second this motion to-day is intended as a tribute to the armed forces, of which I am again privileged to be a member in this war as in the last. Speaking of their efforts in this war, as a member of the Canadian corps I feel I cannot pay them a higher tribute than to say that they are worthy

successors of that grand fighting body which distinguished itself so highly in the first great war.

With regard to the boys serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force, I do not think I can pay them a higher tribute than to say that they too have shown themselves to be worthy successors of those who wrote the name of Canada high in the list of nations by their contribution in the last war.

As regards the Royal Canadian Navy, I think they would feel that I could pay them no higher tribute than to say that by their contribution, by their sacrifices in this war, they also have proved themselves worthy upholders of the great traditions which have been built up by the British navy under such leaders as Drake and Nelson.

I believe that the story told by Ralph Allan, war correspondent, in last Saturday's *Winnipeg Tribune*, about a young soldier from western Canada, is worth telling as indicative of the kind of young fellow we have right in our armed forces to-day. Here is what the correspondent said:

I am thinking now of a little battle in which fifteen kids from this part of the country attacked a company of Germans. They got into trouble but they kept going. Eight of them got back, seven didn't. The story of one of them I remember particularly well. He was covering his section with a Bren gun and a German bullet smashed his foot. Badly hurt, weak, dazed with pain, he left his gun and crawled painfully over the battlefield to a ridge that gave him cover. He was safe now. He would live; a minute before he had been going to die.

And then the youngster lifted his head a little and listened to the dreadful sounds of battle a hundred yards ahead. He didn't have to see to know that on the fire-swept slope from which he had found sanctuary his pals were fighting against terrible odds. The kid looked back over the valley that beckoned to life.

Then, painfully he crawled the other way, to where he had come from before. He found his Bren again and sprawled out behind it with his broken foot and started shooting. He stayed with the gun, shooting, until he was killed.

Reading of such an exploit, we long to find words to express our admiration, our unfathomable gratitude, our boundless affection and our sympathy for the loved ones that are bereaved. Words seem to me to be totally inadequate, and in this connection I thought of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, in which he said:

We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here