

nearest him—his family and his friends—and to live up to the best standards of a private citizen all the days of all the years.

When the War came upon us he raised a regiment in his district, having first suffered a very severe personal calamity. He went with his regiment to England, where, like many others, it was broken up. But, nothing daunted, he reverted to the ranks, went over to France as a captain and served there until 1917, by which time he had attained the rank of colonel. Since his return to Canada his dearest interest has been the care of those who, like himself, suffered on the fields of war. That he was quiet, unobtrusive, dependable, a really good Canadian—such is the tribute properly paid to Colonel Arthurs.

The last of our late members to whom I refer, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, was a man who occupied a pretty large space in the recent history of this country. He was already very prominent in our public life when most of us were merely aspiring to take a humble part therein. He was distinctly gifted in those special talents in which, as I have always thought, those of his race excel. His tastes were for literature, for the fine arts, and particularly for the arts of speech, in which few could equal him. It is one thing to speak gracefully and forcefully in one's native tongue, but he who achieves like excellence in another tongue has my admiration, indeed my envy. Though many attain a measure of effectiveness, of skill, in two languages, few arrive at that stage which could be described as approaching perfection, complete command, as did Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who possibly is our most conspicuous example, and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. On no occasion did I ever hear Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux utter a sentence improperly constructed or one which was left blemished by the slightest flaw. His taste in literature was of the purest, his command of language was of the best. And he loved the thoughts of literature, and loved to discuss the writers of both great races, which writers no one knew better than he.

In politics he was an ardent partisan, active and energetic, who loved the fray. It is with some sadness that my mind goes back now to conflicts in the other House in which I bore a humble part and he a very conspicuous part. Many of his speeches come to my mind at this very moment.

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux was a big figure in the public life of Canada. A reference to him should not be concluded without some mention of that great tragedy which robbed him of

his only son. The boy insisted on serving his country when his country was in trial, and with the passing of that boy much went out from the spirit of Mr. Lemieux. It emptied his life of hope, of the source of strength in later years, of the elixir of age. The sympathies of all who knew him went out to him, and clung to him, and have been with him ever since, because of that great loss.

To the widows and families of those who are gone we extend our deepest sympathy.

I feel that I should like to make reference to-night to another loss which this country has sustained in the interval between our sessions—the passing of one who never was a member of this House, but who occupied so tremendous a place in our political history throughout the last three or four decades that I think it fitting something in the way of a special tribute should be paid his memory here. I refer, of course, to Sir Robert Borden.

I remember meeting Sir Robert soon after I had arrived at man's estate, hoping some day to be of some help in the task which then was his. Circumstances so turned out that I was able to occupy positions which enabled me to study the man and to know him in a way that fell to the lot of few others in our country.

Sir Robert Borden did not possess in outstanding degree the lighter but very valuable personal attributes which often give political influence as well as political success to men not endowed with those deeper and more solid and enduring qualities which in so large a measure belonged to him. He was a man of strength, of integrity of purpose, of powerful physique, of commanding intellectual force, a man with a stern and unchanging sense of duty, courageous both of mind and of heart.

It became his great task to guide this nation through the most difficult, certainly the heaviest, of all the years of its history. We often are told that times are strenuous and the task of public men severe. That is true. Never is there a period when the duties of leaders in public life are not onerous. But I cannot think that the time was before or has been since when responsibilities of leadership involved so much, and caused so fearful and appalling a strain, as during the years of that war. All those experiences were new. The tragedies which our people endured were necessarily reflected in the souls of our leaders. People were irritable, impatient. They seemed to be mired and unable to extricate themselves and find any direction ahead. Events crowded on events; grievances which always beset public men were multiplied; certainly they were more severe than one could conceive them to be at other times.