

politics his rise was phenomenally rapid. In domestic life he was singularly happy. And all these successes, in the case of a man of Mr. Kennedy's mould, could be carried without exciting the envy of any one. He seemed to move in a perpetual atmosphere of comradeship and goodwill. His death is a distinct loss to this House, and I can well understand the feelings of the Prime Minister that his place in the councils of the government, as in the hearts of us all, will not soon or readily be filled.

There remains another, a fourth, one who was with us when we parted and who will join us no more in this arena of toil and strife. Hon. John Alexander Stewart, big constructive man of affairs, gallant friend, fearless fighter, clear-headed leader of men—he too has gone from us. The career of Mr. Stewart was one that warms the heart of youth. Not so much is that due to the high station that he ultimately reached, it is due more to the length of the journey, to the perilous path he travelled, to the cliffs surmounted, to the pluck and spirit he displayed. To these things are due the grip such a career has on the imagination of the young, and the fact that it fires the ambitions and commands the emulation of others. There could scarcely be imagined an obstacle calculated to prey on human vitality and throw a shadow over the path of a forward-looking mind which Mr. Stewart did not have to encounter. He was blessed by inheritance with little, if anything at all, of a material nature; but he did inherit a sound intellect and a will of iron. Early in his life he was attacked by one of the worst of maladies, and for three decades he waged a constant war against the dreadest of disease. There is nothing so haunts and depresses the spirit as an exhausting conflict with an unshakeable physical affliction. "The weariness, the fever and the fret" have robbed this world of some of the best of human treasures. Against such a handicap Mr. Stewart waged the struggle of life; but rarely did he reveal the spectre, the spectre that never left him, even to his closest friends.

Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

That was the motto he followed through the buffetings and struggles of fifty years.

The personality of the hon. member for Lanark was the mainspring, indeed, it was the creator, of a series of industries that changed the face of the countryside in which he lived. The fruits of his energies were reaped by hundreds of happy people. Indeed, he held the belief—and he made good that

belief—that a concentration of will and intellect would win the day in competition with all other assets that so much command the envy and admiration of men. And wherever the hand of his operations went, the strength of his character became recognized, and larger and larger numbers came to rely upon his judgment and his leadership. He was one of the few big men of commerce—how few, only those of long parliamentary life fully realize—whose qualifications for parliament were as ample as their qualifications for business. Entering this House when far past middle life, on toward the half century mark, a member of it for the short space of four years, even then speaking very rarely, he nevertheless marched, and marched with ease, to a recognized place in the forefront of the House of Commons. His firm grasp of facts, his direct, visible march from premise to conclusion, the confidence he always inspired that on everything that counted he knew just where he stood, lucidity of statement that was simply the reflection of lucidity of intellect,—these were the qualities that accounted for his rapid rise in a short parliamentary term. And, indeed, these are all the possessions which in a modern British parliament any man really needs.

The place which Mr. Stewart had reached among the fifty men who comprised His Majesty's opposition was very much the same as that which he attained in the community in which he lived. He was the tried counsellor, the trusted of everyone, the friend of all.

It is, as the Prime Minister has gracefully said, fitting that a word should go to the families of the deceased, expressive of the solicitude of this House. To the widows of the two former Ministers of Railways—two women who shared in a very peculiar way their husbands' fortunes, and shared just as intimately their husbands' cares; two women, as well, who enjoyed in a very marked degree the affectionate regard of hon. members here of all political parties, this House will not fail while honouring their husbands, to extend a tender, a very real, and a very lasting sympathy.

Mr. ROBERT FORKE (Brandon): Mr. Speaker, amidst the pressing duties of life we are sometimes called upon to pause for a moment and to realize that here we have no abiding city. The House has lost four valuable and highly esteemed members through death. I should like to add a few words of tribute to the memory of those departed members, but I shall not speak at any length after the very eloquent and feeling speeches