

*Deceased Members.*

goes out in fullest measure to the ones who have been so greatly bereaved. It will be the unanimous wish of this House that an expression of its sympathy should be conveyed to Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Stewart, Madame Lafortune and Mrs. Blackadder, and to those who share their irreparable loss. To you, Mr. Speaker, we are fortunate in being able to look for the discharge of this sad duty on our behalf.

Right Hon. ARTHUR MEIGHEN (Leader of the Opposition): Mr. Speaker, in the entire course of my membership of this House, now extending over a goodly number of years, there has never been an occasion before when the opening of parliament was clouded by the recollection of the death of so many members. Between our parting last session and our gathering now, no less than four, as the right honourable Prime Minister has said, have passed from among us. It is true, I think, of all, that, even when we parted at the close of last session, the hand of disease had been laid upon them—a premonitory touch was there, warning them of what might come. Each had been conducting a constant battle with physical infirmity. But nevertheless all were gallantly holding on and were doing a big day's work as each day passed, and all undoubtedly were hopeful that they would gather with us to share our tasks to-day. It is the seeming intrusion of the enemy of life in the season of activity and before the evening comes that makes the writing of the finger of Providence hard to comprehend. When the allotted span has run—a span that for thousands of years has remained almost unchanged, the measure of the tenure of our life on earth—when that span has run the passing of a man seems to fit in with the scheme of things; we submit in sorrow, and we imagine we understand. But when one falls from among us in the very middle of achievement and before the sun has sunk in the heavens, it is then that his journey seems not to be ended, but to be broken, and we fail wholly to understand—we realize that we do not know.

Dr. Blackadder had been a member of this House for only a few months. His family has been for generations a well known and highly respected one in the province of Nova Scotia. His passport to parliament was the same as that which accounts for the entrance of the great body of representatives in all democratic parliaments in the world,—the possession of those acceptable human qualities in which rather than in brilliant attainment, the mass of people put their trust. A wide and generous sympathy with

[Mr. Meighen.]

the lot of his fellows, a generous playing of life's game, modesty of manner and earnestness and integrity of character—these were the things that we all observed in Dr. Blackadder, and by these attributes we will remember him long.

Mr. Lafortune was a very extraordinary man. He possessed two characteristics in pre-eminent degree—tenacity of purpose and a sunny temperament, warmed and vivified with humour. The course of this life is always a struggle, but in the case of Mr. Lafortune the journey was a very long and very steep one and he travelled it pretty much alone. From a youth and young manhood not blessed with any advantages of education he plodded through to a very considerable professional success. From most modest circumstances he worked on and on into comparative affluence. From obscurity he rose to a position of high public office and to a secure place in public esteem. His passing will not soon be forgotten by the members of this House, because he was the type of man one could not readily forget. He had an individuality that was distinctive, and his unique characteristics came to the surface in everything he set his hand to do.

Hon. W. C. Kennedy's death adds another to the honour roll—now one of considerable length, of Canadian ministers of the Crown who have died in office. For a long time he waged with conspicuous bravery an almost hopeless battle, and in the conduct of it he drew to himself the admiring sympathy of everyone, both friend and foe. The tribute paid to him by his fellow countrymen last week in the city of Windsor where the funeral service was followed by mourning multitudes; the warm, glowing, earnest eulogy of the Prime Minister this afternoon—these testify to the worth of the former Minister of Railways more fittingly and more impressively than I can do. But this I can say with the fullest assurance—no man could have fallen out of the ranks of the foe whose death would seem to us more like the loss of a friend. Mr. Kennedy was a man born to success—success not alone in some specialized form, the attainment of which in these times is a great life's work, but he reached success in every form that answers to the aspirations of a wholesome rounded man. In business he was farsighted and enterprising; he marched right through from humble beginnings to substantial wealth. In social life his very presence seemed to be all that was necessary to make him friends, he won his way just by the warmth of a genial personality. In