

ing of a man who stood for the finest in life, and of whom I can confidently say, as Burns said of a great good neighbour:

If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Hon. G. V. WHITE: Honourable senators, I desire to associate myself with the honourable senators who have already spoken, and to express my personal sorrow at the death of our esteemed colleague the late Senator Horsey.

It was my privilege to have known him quite intimately ever since he became a member of the Senate. For some years past, in connection with our duties as party whips, it was necessary for me to consult Senator Horsey upon numerous occasions during the parliamentary sessions. I found him to be a genial, courteous and kindly gentleman, always ready to solve our problems in a fair-minded way; and I am sure that by his passing this House will be the poorer.

To his family I desire to convey my deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

Hon. W. D. EULER: Honourable senators, while I have no desire to delay the proceedings of the House, I may be permitted to add a very few words to what already has been so well said. I speak with particular reference to one who was a close personal friend of mine, the late Senator Elliott, popularly and affectionately known as "Jack Elliott."

I knew Mr. Elliott for a good many years before he came to Ottawa. He was, as has been said, a member of the Ontario Legislature, and was very well known throughout Ontario. He later came to Ottawa and entered the Government, and I had the privilege of serving with him in two administrations, in which he occupied successively the positions of Minister of Labour, Minister of Public Works, and Postmaster General—posts which I think all will admit he filled acceptably to the people of Canada.

My right honourable friend the leader of the Government (Right Hon. Mr. Dandurand) has made some reference to the fact that Senator Elliott, he and I were delegates to the Assembly of the later ill-fated League of Nations in 1929. I recall quite well the conversations which the right honourable leader has mentioned. Mr. Elliott was a deep believer in and had strong convictions on the theory—perhaps it is not a theory—of predestination. Whatever the merits of that may be, I have sometimes thought that perhaps my difference of opinion with him arose from a faint suspicion in his mind that my destination was not just what he might have wished it to be.

A few weeks ago I stood, as a representative of this body, at the graveside of Mr. Elliott in a little country churchyard about twenty miles from the city of London. He was laid to rest there, among those of his kin who had gone before him, and in the presence of hundreds of people who had known, respected and believed in him. The little country church was filled to overflowing by those who came to pay a last tribute of respect and affection to a man who held the confidence of perhaps a larger proportion of constituents than do most members of the House of Commons. His outstanding characteristics, to my mind, were his constant cheerfulness and great sense of humor, which made him a charming social companion at all times. But more important than these were his complete integrity and, as has been mentioned by a preceding speaker, his great loyalty to all with whom he was associated. Perhaps I can pay him no greater tribute than to say simply that Jack Elliott was in every sense of the word a fine man, a faithful public servant, a man who had no enemies and who was peculiarly endowed, to a greater degree than most of us who give a good portion of our lives to public service, with the gift and genius for making friends.

Hon. A. D. McRAE: Honourable senators, I could not let this occasion go by without paying my tribute to the late Senator Elliott, whom I knew longer, perhaps, than did any other member of this House. We sat on the same bench in public school some fifty odd years ago, and I maintained more or less close contact with him ever since. I regarded Jack Elliott as a very exceptional man. What has been said by the honourable senator from Waterloo (Mr. Euler) is quite true: he had no enemies. To my knowledge, Senator Elliott never did anyone an injury intentionally. The result was that his friends were counted by the legion, and in my native riding of West Middlesex, which Mr. Elliott represented, and could have represented as long as he wished, he had the support of everybody, even of members of my own family.

His way through life was not easy. His family were not blessed with the best of health, and the charge of that family rested upon him every day of the last half century. He did all that he could for them, just as faithfully as if they had been his direct descendants.

I do not think I can better indicate the kind of man that Senator Elliott was than by saying that his friends came from all classes in the community, without distinction of party. In the death of Senator Elliott I have lost one of my old associates, a friend of more than half a century.