

On arrival at Kenora on Tuesday last I was greatly impressed to see that the flags on all businesses and private dwellings were at half-staff. This indicated to all the deep affection in which he was held by the townspeople, and the sorrow they felt at his sudden passing on the previous Friday evening.

At the service in the church there were members of the many organizations to which he belonged, as well as representatives of the Ontario Provincial Police and the Ontario Lands Branch.

As has been mentioned before, Senator Robertson was a railroad man, a fact of which he was very proud. On the many trips he and I made between Winnipeg, Kenora and Ottawa, it was most evident at all times that he was held in the highest esteem by his former fellow workers.

He was one of the most friendly of men. He had the happy faculty of getting to know people quickly and understanding their problems. He was well known to most of the members of this house and to the staff and officers of these buildings. He was genuinely interested in the work of this chamber; he studied the legislation coming forward and spent a great deal of time and effort in understanding it.

At this point I would like to mention a fact that may not be generally known to the members of this house: it is that the Honourable F. W. Gershaw was the physician in charge when the late John Alexander Robertson was born in Medicine Hat in 1913.

I speak with great assurance tonight, honourable senators, in expressing our heartfelt sympathy to his widow, Roberta, and their three young children.

**Hon. Rhéal Belisle:** Honourable senators, surely if happiness can ever come from honour and success achieved in this world, our distinguished friends, Senator Taylor and Senator Robertson, may well have been happy men. Not the slightest premonition of danger beclouded their sky when they left for home before Christmas. They stood erect, strong, and confident in the years stretching out peacefully and securely before them. They were thrust from this world's interests, from its hopes, its aspirations and its victories into the inevitable presence of death, and they did not quail. Their short agony was silently borne. With unflinching tenderness they took leave of life; with simple resignation they bowed to the divine decree and fell into eternal sleep.

We are here today to pay tribute to the memory of our distinguished friends.

As Senator Robertson was an old friend of mine, may I be permitted to say that his career was an example for all the working and ambitious young men of this country.

Born of humble parents in Medicine Hat, Alberta, he rose to prominence and prestige in Northern Ontario. Loved by those who knew him best and respected by many, circumstances decreed that he should experience life as a young man the hard way. He was a grocery store operator in Kenora before joining the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1938. He served in the provost corps in the Canadian army during the Second World War as a corporal and sergeant.

He was twice unsuccessful in seeking a seat in the federal and provincial elections, and yet from each encounter he emerged strengthened in character and richer in experience. Surely, he believed, and certainly he lived, the sentiments expressed by Chapman when he said:

There is a nick in Fortune's restless panel.

For each man's good.

Senator Robertson forged ahead. He made friends. He devoted his time and his talents to public life. He bore the acclaim of his admirers with genuine modesty, and strove by all means at his command to reflect their wishes and welfare in all his actions and decisions. In truth, he kept the "common touch."

As these two late senators were comparatively young in years, but old in experience and wisdom, may I be permitted to think and hope that when their vacancies are filled in this honourable assembly the Prime Minister will replace them by men who have greatly contributed to the agricultural and labour groups of our country.

In these trying days, when our noble and distinguished Senate has to keep abreast of the popular demand for some kind of reform, I respectfully suggest that naming men who have practical and every-day experience with labour and agricultural problems will greatly enhance our popularity and usefulness, so that we may continue to deserve the high prestige of this honourable chamber.

In offering my condolences to Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Robertson, and their bereaved families, I conclude by saying that they are parted, but they are not forgotten. The helping hand, the friendly smile, the encouraging word were displayed by both throughout their lifetime, and became woven into a bright and shining pattern whose beauty warms and thrills us even yet. They are not with us now, and yet they are not dead because:

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

**Hon. Muriel McO. Fergusson:** Honourable senators, with Senator Burchill I mourn the