

Right Hon. ARTHUR MEIGHEN P.C. (Leader of the Opposition): The event of this afternoon is the first of its kind in our country's history. It has been the lot of other nations to have their legislators, their parliamentarians, even their kings put on the uniform of soldiers and go forth to battle and meet a patriot's death, but so far it has been the lot of Canada only once. George Harry Baker, a gifted, comely, companionable man; the youngest of the members of the House of Commons, the centre of the hopes of his associates in parliament, the trusted of everyone, the choice of a fine old constituency, the pride of an honoured family, heard the solemn call of duty at the outbreak of the great war—he answered and he gave his life.

Thousands went to battle with him and thousands died, but Colonel Baker left a scene probably more dear to the ambitions, more attractive to aspiring manhood, than any from which others tore themselves away. There were others in the parliament of that day who joined the colors and went too. Some of them are with us still and all of them have an honoured place in memory and in public regard. But Colonel Baker alone never returned. He made the final sacrifice; bequeathed to his country the heritage of a great example and left for the records of this parliament the legacy of his gallant name.

The character of Colonel Baker is reflected, perhaps best of all, in the letters he wrote home and back to Canada during his service overseas. These are embalmed in a private biography published by his friends, and will be treasured by all who honour his memory. They disclose a modesty of demeanor, a cheerfulness of temperament, a human kindness and with a splendid courage; qualities every one that we well knew he possessed. "I make no profession as a soldier" he said at a banquet in his honour prior to his departure, "I lay no claim to special merit. My aim is to win the confidence of my men and to leave the rest to circumstances and the turn of events." The confidence of his men he won, a confidence which reached a degree of ardor and devotion rarely equalled in our military annals. The story of the struggle in which he lost his life is one of the most tragic and thrilling in all the long and ghastly but glorious history of war. For a day and a night it raged and on into the next a thundering, deafening, murderous struggle—a struggle perhaps more distinctly Canadian on the allied side than any previous engagement. The names of Maple Copse, Observatory Ridge, and Armagh Wood, places where the sanguinary contest was waged should

be names forever remembered by the children of our Dominion. Companies went forward and bravely battled on after their arms had all but disappeared, many of their men deafened and blind, but discipline maintained to the end. General Griesbach, one of our Senators was there; General Macdonell, now Principal of Royal Military College at Kingston arrived also with his men on the scene, and General Draper whom we rejoice to see with us to-day—he too played a noble part. The figure of Harry Baker moving from point to point, making his dispositions for defence, cheering his men, encouraging them by his enthusiasm and his example, is the last memory which his batallion cherishes of their commanding officer. Brave to the last, smiling to the end, imperturbable, unselfish, full of cheer, a leader even in death, he illustrated how a soldier should battle and how gentlemen should die.

A brilliant career was cut short in its prime. All that man had to live for he left behind. A domestic felicity as sweet as ever enshrouded a life, he sacrificed; social position was his, this he sacrificed as well; a professional career already prosperous, this he abandoned, a public service splendid with promise, this too he left behind. The best that life had to offer he cheerfully surrendered that his whole duty might be done.

We are accustomed to regard such an early ending of a splendid young man as the lamentable close of a life of promise. But the story of Harry Baker is a story of achievements won, even more than it is a story of promise lost. His years of maturity were crowded with things done and well done, in private life, in professional life, in public life, and on the field of war. It is in the spirit of such a career more than in expansion of territory, or even in continuance of Empire, that there lies the imperishable glory of the British name. The names of our great men, spread over the centuries, treasured forever by our children, the light that shines for their example; these are remembered and have their eternal value long after the events through which they passed have been forgotten. In the wide circle of his friends, in the larger area of his activities and his influence in the Eastern Townships where he was reared and which he loved, in the Dominion which he served, and for whose honour he died, Harold Baker will be known as one of those men.

Mr. ROBERT FORKE (Brandon, Leader of the Progressive Party):

I feel almost unworthy to take part in this ceremony, as I was not privileged to have the acquaintance of the one whose memory we