

well expressed by the remark of an old farmer friend of mine who, when he heard I was in the Senate, said "Poor Dr. Grant got into Heaven without having to die for it."

Some Hon. Senators: Oh, oh.

Hon. Mr. Grant: I feel that I am now associated with the cream of Canadian public life.

An Hon. Senator: We believe you.

Hon. Mr. Grant: In proof of this I need only point to my two colleagues from Prince Edward Island, the honourable senator from Mount Stewart (Hon. Mr. McIntyre) and the honourable senator from Prince (Hon. Mr. Barbour). Both these men began life in very humble surroundings, from poor but honest homes, both went into business in their respective counties; both made great success in business; both entered politics; both became Ministers of Public Works in turn, and both were the best Ministers of Public Works Prince Edward Island ever had. Should men with this kind of background be required to run for election to the Senate against some young, well-trained athlete?

A noted author recently wrote in *The Maritime Advocate*:

I like to write sketches of maritimers who have achieved success in their own province. The man who is successful at home deserves far more credit than does the man who goes far afield, for the reason that it is harder to succeed in one's own province than it is to achieve greatness in a far off country.

Honourable senators, I have been getting somewhat personal, but I should like to refer to a few other honourable gentlemen in this chamber. First, let me mention the honourable leader of the opposition (Hon. Mr. Haig). I remember him when he used to come over and sit in the gallery of another place, where I believe he attended the sittings more than any other senator. Since coming here I have come to love him, and the more one knows him the more one loves him.

Some Hon. Senators: Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. Grant: Sometimes I think he is off the track in his thinking, but that makes me love him all the more—because to err is human. Next, I wish to speak about my own leader (Hon. Mr. Robertson). I have known him for some years, but came to know him better on hearing him in caucus. I admire his good common sense, and I am sure we all respect him and agree that he is the best man for the job.

I should like, also, to refer to His Honour the Speaker. I think he is the light in this house. When we assemble for prayers, and he enters the Chamber, he seems to illuminate the whole place. I saw the Passion Play in

Ottawa—some people call it "The Road to Calvary"—and I thought the actors were well chosen; but if I were asked to select some people to act in a play entitled "The Road to Paradise", I would choose His Honour the Speaker to sit on the throne. Then I would select the leader of the opposition (Hon. Mr. Haig) to play the role of Peter, because I know he would find it difficult to turn anybody away. I am sure that when I came to the golden gate he would say "Come on in, Grant. If you behave yourself nobody will know the difference".

Some Hon. Senators: Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. Grant: This thought reminds me of an incident which occurred twenty-five years ago, when I was first a candidate for federal nomination. Five of us were in the running, and one day while I was on the way to visit a patient I met a certain Scotchman who was a friend of mine. We had a conversation and he said to me "I believe, doctor, that you are going to win this nomination". I asked him why he thought so, and he replied, "Well, I was talking to some delegates up along the north shore and they all seemed to think that you were a clever man, and I never told them the difference".

Some Hon. Senators: Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. Grant: Honourable senators, I hesitate to touch upon anything controversial, but there is a small matter in connection with the civil service system of this country about which I should like to speak. It might be something that the Senate itself could look into. I refer to the system of taking people into the civil service in the first instance. Fifty two years ago I was a school teacher, and in 1899, as I was driving around the district, with my father's grey mare and wagon, the Liberal candidate, Mr. J. J. Hughes, who later became a member of this Senate, said to me: "Why don't you get a job in the civil service? There is no money in teaching school". I asked him how I would go about doing this, and he advised me to write William Foran, the secretary of the Civil Service department in Ottawa, and make application to write the required examination.

I wrote to Mr. Foran, and in his reply he enumerated the subjects on which I would have to write. They were not like those found on civil service examinations today. For instance, there was high English and advanced arithmetic; there was history—of Canada, Britain, France, and the United States—penmanship, composition and transcription. I was told to report at a certain time and place in Charlottetown where a Mr. Cameron, the supervisor of schools, would preside over