

gance of words, or bolster his arguments with sophistries and Aristotelian subtleties, as his rival Chapleau often did. Nevertheless Irvine could be subtle enough when he wanted to be. He could split hairs, he could resort to many shadings and distinctions of interpretation and finesse, when it suited his purpose, but he preferred cogent, broad and compelling arguments, couched in virile and correct English. However, like Joey Bagstock, he could be "deep, Sir, deep and devilish sly." His speeches and addresses left an impression on the mind full of vitality and color. He had marked powers of exposition, compactness of thought, accuracy of judgment, astuteness of reference and shrewdness of observation, as well as an encyclopaedic knowledge of politics, of law and general facts. These gifts and acquisitions made him a host in himself and a dangerous foe. In fine he was a personality, a legal and a political entity, who always focused public attention. It was generally conceded that he was one of the great jurists of his day, and it may be remembered that such legal luminaries as Judge Black, the Judges Stuart, and Messrs. Casault, Langlois, Holt, Angers and Dunbar were his contemporaries.

Irvine was a towering figure in a debate. He exhibited much discrimination, clarity of detail, grace and power of diction in his arguments, which he poured forth in crisp torrents. Quick to see through the vulnerable gaps in an opponent's armor, readily he detected an incorrect statement or a wrong date. When this happened he would pounce upon the delinquent with the alertness of the hawk. Chapleau's habit of inaccurate statements and his blunders over many questions, left him open to many scathing "take downs."

Irvine was never slow to trip him under such conditions. He would by such exposure, and by banter and raillerie, break the force of his eloquent passages. He was not without humor, and now and then he indulged in quiet wit to lessen the strain of his own intense thoughts and to jolly an opponent. While modest and unassuming he was not without "an unco guid conceit of himself"; but like Tennyson, when, accused of being vain, he could have replied: "I have good reason to be."

How Irvine loved to taunt Chapleau! He would deliver in gentle and flexible tones of kindness the most serious accusations, biting and scathingly sarcastic; but always in strictly parliamentary language. He fought fairly; asked for no quarters and gave none. The member for Megantic seemed at his best when attacking Chapleau, and the latter was certainly at his worst when replying to him. He would fall into a cold rage over Irvine's mocking reflections and censure. Outwardly he seemed indifferent, but inwardly he was all groans. When other members attacked him he would tilt his head backward with an assumed abstracted pose, occasionally raising his eyebrows in a kind of parliamentary askance, but when it was Irvine that was *une autre histoire*. I have seen Chapleau vince and writhe under the quick, satirical lashing which his arch-enemy administered. Irvine was ordinarily particularly affable and courteous in debate; but when dealing with his rival, he threw the niceties of discussion to the four winds and heaped upon him, unsparingly, rebuke, sarcasm and irony. He did it almost invariably in bantering tones, which greatly provoked his enemy. Instead of puncturing his blunders with shafts of wit, he preferred to smash them