

of it. As a senator from western Canada it was delightful for me to have an associate of that kind with me.

I knew Senator Ross, and also his wife. She is the granddaughter of the Reverend Dr. McDougall, the first Methodist minister who went to western Canada to do missionary work among the Indians. Her grandfather had a distinguished career and in United Church circles today his name is greatly honoured. In the early pioneering days of western Canada the Reverend Dr. McDougall was very welcome wherever he went. I remember women who had lived on western farms telling me, after they got older and had moved into the city of Winnipeg or Brandon, "My, it was wonderful to have the Reverend Dr. McDougall come and spend the night with us and talk to my husband and me." Similar remarks were heard about the Reverend Dr. Robertson, a Presbyterian minister of pioneer days, who used to visit the outposts and tell them about the world outside. Senator Ross' wife was brought up in that environment and she always exhibited the kindly traits of her forebears. She is a noble woman. You know, honourable senators, I may be a pesky old rascal but when I meet a senator I like to know if he is married. If he is I like to meet his wife, for then I will soon know pretty well what kind of a senator he is. A man can fool other men but it is very difficult for him to fool his wife. You can learn a lot about a man from the way his wife speaks of him. Sometimes I did not like George Ross very much. I did not hold any personal grudge against him, but he made some speeches with which I did not agree; I thought he was a little wrong. Then I would meet Mrs. Ross upstairs, and any resentment I felt disappeared out of the window: by the time I left the room I thought Ross was the greatest man in Canada.

In truth I liked George Ross. He was a real westerner. He started life as a cowboy; then he became a lawyer, then a member of Parliament, and afterwards, a senator. I do not know whether everybody thinks that that is a good road to travel, but to my way of thinking it is a pretty fine way to go through life. I pay my greatest respects to Mrs. Ross and the family, and say to them that their husband and father was a pioneer of western Canada and that we from the west are proud that such men as he form part of our Canadian life.

I did not know the late Senator Pirie as well as I know many of my colleagues. On weekends, when we westerners and some easterners have to stay in town, he, like some members from Quebec and Ontario, was

usually away. So our little group who remained here did not have an opportunity of getting to know him and exchanging our family secrets. However, we knew him as an outstanding citizen and one of the ablest businessmen in New Brunswick, one who will be sorely missed in that province.

Like the honourable Leader of the Government (Hon. Mr. Macdonald), I am glad to have been here to meet these men and to have been associated with them. They have left with us memories which will last as long as our lives. They have left Canada a heritage which this country will never forget. We may not know why the spirit of our country is expressed in this way or the other, but men such as these have made an abiding impress on the national life. In years to come, even those who criticize the Senate on various grounds will acknowledge that many fine people, such as our departed colleagues, have been members of this body, and that the reputation of Canada has been greatly enhanced by their lives and conduct.

Hon. W. M. Aseltine: Honourable senators, I wish to associate myself with everything that the honourable Leader of the Government (Hon. Mr. Macdonald) and the honourable Leader of the Opposition (Hon. Mr. Haig) have said with regard to these departed members of our chamber. It was a great shock to me, as it must have been to us all, that so many men whom we had known intimately and long departed this life within so short a time.

I do not intend to speak at length about any of them, but I thought I should say something about the late Senator Stevenson. He came from Saskatchewan. I knew Jack Stevenson as long as, if not longer than, any member of this chamber. I remember that many years ago—longer than I care to recall—he came to my office to ask me to draw up a contract for him in connection with the breaking up of 640 acres of new prairie land which he had just started to farm. I think I did a good job for him, and he mentioned that fact many times after he came down here. Of course, at that time neither of us ever thought we would be members of the Senate of Canada. It was too long ago for us to have entertained such thoughts. Jack Stevenson was a fine fellow, a real western pioneer who started farming in our country before there was any railroad or method of communication, a time when farmers had to haul their wheat thirty or forty miles to market. He made a real success of it and was highly respected by everyone in that part of Saskatchewan. I could tell honourable senators many things he accomplished. He had a great influence with the powers that