

THE SENATE

Tuesday, March 6, 1934.

The Senate met at 8 p.m., the Speaker in the Chair.

Prayers and routine proceedings.

THE LATE SENATOR LAWRENCE A. WILSON

TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY

Before the Orders of the Day:

Right Hon. ARTHUR MEIGHEN: Honourable senators, news of the death of Senator Lawrence A. Wilson came with great surprise and undoubtedly much sadness to us all. Only a little more than three years ago did he enter the Upper Chamber, after a very industrious and useful sojourn in the Lower House, extending over five years.

Senator Wilson had reached the age of three score years and ten. He had contributed most of his service in this world in the way of business activity, having been for forty years a very prominent wine importer in the Montreal district of the province of Quebec. His assiduity, native shrewdness and intense devotion to his work resulted in success which made him a man of means and enabled him in the latter years of his life to enjoy the wonderful exhilaration which comes from the helping of others. I have no doubt at all that those latter years were the happiest of his life, and in them he did more than most men have the good fortune to be able to do, in distributing among his fellows out of his bounty and bringing joy into the hearts of thousands. We all know of his interest in agriculture, and particularly in charitable institutions. Suffice to say that at the end he was honorary governor of no less than four hospitals in this country. His benefactions to education were equally lavish. His personality was one that is certainly not easily forgotten; indeed, it was one that we love to remember, because of its singular charm. He had urbanity, a gift of happy presence, and in the circles in which he best was known he was veritably loved.

I could scarcely do better in summing up the splendid phases of his life than to quote the following brief extract from an article in a paper published near his home:

Few men indeed have touched the lives of so many individuals in this community with such a kindly grace as did the late Senator Lawrence A. Wilson, and none kept alive so many friendships or so constantly made new ones.

Hon. Mr. HORNER.

Benevolence, finely executed, was the keynote of Mr. Wilson's personality. Innumerable individuals had reason to thank him for kindnesses throughout the years; and institutions innumerable also received his help. Neither race nor creed made any difference to him.

Any institution connected with philanthropy and the relief of suffering could count on him as a friend. Hospitals in particular were the object of his assistance, and educational institutions were enriched by his bounty.

To the people of his native Coteau du Lac he was a veritable father, and sadly will they miss him.

Canada will lament, and deeply will his own neighbourhood lament, the passing of a man of his type and character. His colleagues in this House, who had cultivated a real affection for him, will all join with his friends in tendering sincerest sympathy to the members of his family.

Right Hon. GEORGE P. GRAHAM: Honourable members, the relentless regularity with which occasions of this kind have been thrust upon us during the past months must almost cause us to pause and wonder at the peculiarities of life and the sureness of death. As one writer has said:

Friend after friend departs.
Who has not lost a friend?

In the atmosphere of the Senate, unlike that of any other organization of which I have ever been a participating member, we feel, when one of our fellow members has passed, that we have lost not merely an associate but a personal friend. This is true even of those who may not have come into contact to any great extent with the member who has been called away.

I think that we ought to stop to consider for a moment whether we have any time at our disposal to enter into the smaller bickerings of life, or whether we could not make better use of our time in looking on the brighter side of things, the better side of every individual, and in doing our utmost to make life in general happier.

I first met the late Senator Wilson in a smoking car, I think, a good many years ago. We were both comparatively young men. He was then, as he was to the last, a rollicking, good-natured, big-hearted man. Larry Wilson was never happier than when surrounded by his friends and doing something to cast a ray of sunshine into the shadows and the dark places. Although he was a great success as a business man, I never heard it said that he had done a dishonest act, in business or elsewhere. His father was a Scotch Canadian and his mother a French-speaking Canadian—a combination that helped to make him not