

Another new appointee is the honourable senator from Saint John-Albert (Hon. Mr. Emerson), who is head of a big hardware business and a director of the Canada Cement Company. He is also president of the Saint John Hospital.

The honourable senator from Hanover (Hon. Mr. Brunt) is a lawyer who has law offices in both Hanover and Toronto. I am told he too is a man of experience and ability.

The honourable senator from Lumsden (Hon. Mr. Pearson) saw service with the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War and has been for some years a land inspector and salesman. He will bring to the Senate expert knowledge of land values in the west, which I am sure will be very beneficial.

Honourable senators, I have told you about the new Conservative members. Now let me say something about the members as a whole. Let me state just what we do, what we represent and how well qualified we are to sit in this honourable house. I am doing this because I would like to find out, if in the opinion of the critics of the Senate we are not a representative body, just what sort of men and women they would like appointed here. I am speaking now of the membership of this house before the last appointments were made. There were in the Senate 29 lawyers, many of them Q.C.'s. It seems to me that this is a place for lawyers. We are making laws all the time, so surely lawyers are proper people for appointment.

Then we had 10 farmers. I want to say something about them. They are all successful and prosperous farmers. If they are not men of extraordinary ability I would like to know who are. I am speaking as an authority on unsuccessful farming. I know a lot about it.

Some Hon. Senators: Oh, oh.

Hon. Mr. Davies: All my ancestors on my father's side were Welsh farmers, and my ancestors on my mother's side were Scottish farmers. I must have had farming in my blood, and when I was young I yearned to be a farmer. Well, I didn't know just what to do. The union scale for printers at that time was \$11 a week, as I recall, and I could not save very much from my earnings in that trade. However, I thought I would start farming in a modest way, so I started off with some chickens. Oh, I was going to go into this whole thing in a scientific manner and even grow the feed for the chickens. I did that too. Had I been able to sell my eggs at \$2 a dozen and my hens at \$5 apiece after they were through laying eggs, I would have been all right. But nobody wanted to pay those prices. So that venture failed.

Later on two other chaps and I decided to try to make a little money by fattening cattle

and selling them. We rented some river land down by the Grand River, across which the honourable senator from Norfolk (Hon. Mr. Taylor) is able to gaze when he sits on the verandah of his beautiful home on Tutela Heights, Brantford. Then we bought some cattle, but our scheme of fattening them up and selling them proved to be a disastrous experience too. We bought them in the spring and pastured them out all summer. Then we fed them all winter. But something happened to the price of cattle. I don't recall what it was, but we sold them eventually for 50 cents a head less than we had paid for them. So, honourable senators, I am an authority on unsuccessful farming.

When I was High Sheriff of Montgomeryshire I tried something else. I have a little place over there, where the honourable senator from Rosetown (Hon. Mr. Aseltine), the honourable senator from Toronto (Hon. Mr. Hayden), the honourable senator from Churchill (Hon. Mr. Crerar), and Mr. Shelton of the *Hansard* staff have all done me the honour of paying me a visit. I have 25 acres of pasture land. Over there they are very strict and you have to have livestock on the land; if you don't somebody else will put it on for you. I consulted an agent about it and he said, "Get some sheep. There is no trouble with them."

Now, as honourable senators know, Johann Sebastian Bach, the great composer, wrote many oratorios and cantatas, one of which contains a choral prelude entitled *Sheep May Safely Graze*. They do nothing of the kind. They graze all right, but all the time they are grazing they are thinking up schemes to do you down. I had quite an experience with them. If they are not running around trying to get out of their fenced enclosure to cause trouble on somebody else's pastureland, they are thinking up some new disease to get. If they haven't got the maggots they have the foot rot, and if they haven't got the foot rot they have the fluke, and if they haven't got the fluke they have some other disease. That's the way it goes. I got hold of a flock of about 40 sheep, and everything was all right for a while. Then I noticed they started to die. In ten days I had lost seven. That was bad. I was going to be worse off than I was with the cattle experiment I had undertaken in my youth. I went out to the barn one night after the seven had died and one was lying there looking as if it was going to die. That made me mad, and pretty soon I started to swear. I can't repeat in this chamber the words I used then. I have two grandchildren going to school and the chaplain told them they should never say "Hell," but "H-e-double hockey sticks". Well, I looked at these sheep and I said exactly that—"H-e-double hockey sticks". However, I decided to do something about the ailing sheep, so I went into the