

packed neatly in the machine shed with the sleigh pulled just inside the door, because it will be taken out very soon.

Winter comes on with its frost and fury. For the farmer, the earlier part of the winter is a sort of "letting up time." He has finished his fall's work and has not yet begun that of the winter.

He enjoys the soft glow of the early lamplight, the tacking of sleet on the window panes and the wind singing down the chimney.

After supper, he takes his last lantern-lit look at the cows chewing their cud in the stable. By the time that Mother brings her sewing near the light and father's stockinged feet are propped to the oven, the children are ready for their lessons, with the promise of a game of checkers as soon as they are through.

Thus the routine of winter passes; with blizzards lasting for days, roads to be broken, ice to be hauled and long sleigh rides to be made.

The farmer likes the winter and welcomes it; but in early spring when the fields appear from under their mantle of snow and everything seems to come to life again, he is ready and willing to say, "Let Spring come."

—ANITA McCABE '50.

BEYOND REASON

I never did believe in the business of ghosts and the likes. No, that's not quite what I meant to say. What I mean is, I believe in it, but I never thought I'd have an experience bordering on it. In fact, I'm still not sure that I have had. But I will tell you about it and let you judge for yourself.

It all started back in London in the days following World War I. There was a chap by the name of Tom Wallis in our office, with whom I occasionally ate lunch and sometimes dinner. As Tom was never very much of a talker, I found out little of importance about him except that he was an orphan and quite alone in the world. We never talked about anything that led to any constructive discussion. On the contrary, what talking we did, mostly about the weather, was very spiritless; for our minds, once we were away from the office, seemed altogether lacking of ambition.

You can imagine my surprise, when, one day at lunch, Tom told me that he was leaving in the morning for Africa. After my surprise had worn off, I began to figure out what had happened.

At this period there used to appear in the London papers alluring ads for young college men to go to Africa and work as clerks, engineers, or managers of various mines and plantations. I figured that Tom had been reading and answering some of these ads.

Generally it all looked fine on paper. The pay was princely and the terms excellent, for you signed for three years, but after working two you got a year's leave with full pay. The only trouble was, of course, that you seldom lived to see the third year. Of the young men who went out to Africa, full of high hopes and ambitions, few ever returned, and those who did were wrecks of their former selves—beaten by the climate, and old before their time.

I asked Tom about this. He smiled. Yes, he knew the risks. He knew that the odds were against him. But he thought that it would be a wonderful adventure; and besides, two years isn't such a long time and look at the money. Why, in that time he would be able to save enough to come back to England and go into business for himself. The poor, deluded fellow even invited me to go along with him.

Naturally, I refused. And more than that—I used every trick of oratory that I knew to talk him out of going. But it was useless; his mind was already made up. Here it was the first time I'd ever talked with him for more than two consecutive minutes and he was getting the better of me without saying a word. He just sat there and smiled and grunted now and again. I knew enough to quit. The power of that smile seemed to crumble all of my arguments to a mere jumble of words.

When I had finished, he rose from his chair and said, "I'll be leaving from Pier Eleven at six in the morning." I threw my hands in the air at the serenity of the brute.

I was at Pier Eleven by five-thirty the next morning. After checking his baggage aboard, Tom came over to say goodbye. I was never very good when it came to farewells; I thought that this one would be more awkward than usual, but, strangely enough, we got talking and in that half hour I seemed closer to Tom than I had been during the few short years that I had known him.

As sailing time drew near, I fished in my pocket and took out a small gold watch that I had picked up on the continent during the war years. I had often seen Tom admiring it, and I thought that it would make a nice going-away present. "Here Tom," I said, "take this with you as a . . . well, as a souvenir, a remembrance of me, something to remind you of our times together. I know you like it and I'd like you to have it."

The boat whistle tooted. We shook hands briefly, and Tom was gone. He stopped near the top of the gang plank to turn and wave, and then disappeared as the fog swirled around the ship.

That was the last time I saw Tom Wallis.

One day about a year later I returned from the office to find a trunk addressed to me. Tom's trunk, I knew at a glance, and guessed what had happened. The letter accompanying it had a lengthy explanation. Boiled down, it meant that the climate was too tough for Tom. He hadn't survived even one year.

I glanced through his belongings. Everything of value seemed to be gone. The watch, his gold signet ring, his cuff links, his good clothes, all gone—God knows where.

I closed the trunk and started to forget the whole incident.

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That was twelve years ago, and a great deal happens in twelve years. Everyone says that we get wiser as we grow older. Well, I'm not doddering yet, but I'll never see thirty-five again; and as for wisdom: well, I was wise enough to lose the job I had, and now I'm wise enough to tramp the streets with thousands of others looking for any kind of work.

I have a small room in one of the most miserable sections of London, that, at one time, I was going to make sit up and take notice. It's pretty lonely at times, especially at night.

Night is supposed to be the time for romance, for deeds of valour and daring; the time when story book detectives come out of hibernation to throw wrenches into the cogs of nefarious machines, or fight off beautiful women who are forever finding some way to get under the feet of the harassed dicks. Night is also the most lonesome time of all. It is the time for crying over lost hopes, and for thinking over past mistakes.

Some people say that sometimes in the stillness and darkness of the night, our eyes play tricks on us; we see imaginary things' objects that do not exist.

Myself, I don't know. Maybe that explanation is good enough for some people, and I can hardly deny that many times at night objects that seemed to be moving about my room revealed themselves as spirits in the brightness of the light. Still the incident that I am leading up to has, I know, a deeper explanation than this.

Through my window I saw a man coming down the street. For no good reason that I can think of now, I stood watching him. Just as he was passing the window, he turned and stared directly up at me. I stood immobile and I felt a shiver crawl up my back to the very roots of my hair. That face! That smile! It had to be! Yes it was—Tom Wallis!

In an instant he was gone. I dashed to the window, threw it up, peered out. Not a soul in sight. And yet I knew that nobody would have been able to get around the corner in the two or three seconds it had taken me to cross the room. He had just disappeared into thin air. I felt that unnatural tingling again, and I quickly slammed the window shut.

I got to my bed, I don't know how, and for about five minutes I just sat there with my head in my hands and let me tell you, mister, I just shook all over and I couldn't stop.

After a while I began to think that I was going a bit crazy. "Imagine me having delusions like that!" I said to myself. Then I began blaming it on loss of sleep, worry, almost anything I could think of. Finally, I decided to go for a walk to try and clear my befuddled head.

Well, that's just about it, except for one thing more. As I left the house and was crossing the street, I noticed something gleaming at my feet. I stooped and picked it up and held it so that I could see it under the street light.

My heart stopped for an instant; because I saw in my hand the tiny gold watch I had given Tom Wallis just before he sailed for Africa.

—MICHAEL HENNESSEY '50.

WILLIAM LYON MacKENZIE KING

On Tuesday, January 20, 1948, came the announcement from Ottawa that Prime Minister MacKenzie King was at last retiring from his post as Liberal Party leader and Premier of Canada. MacKenzie King, perhaps the greatest statesman and politician that Canadian politics ever has witnessed, was finally ready to step down to a well deserved rest. His career has been long and praiseworthy. He has been Prime Minister of Canada longer than any other man; and he guided his country so successfully through the most destructive war ever fought that her economic and political condition is far better than that of the majority of the other countries who actively participated in this conflict. With the good of his fellow citizens always at heart, he has fostered the introduction of such beneficial laws as the Family Allowance Act and the Veterans' Rehabilitation Acts. He has raised Canada to the position of a leading nation of the world, and had given her an influential voice in the management of world affairs.