

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.

William Lyon MacKenzie King was born on December 17, 1874, in the little Ontario town of Berlin, which is now known as Kitchener. He received his early education at the public grammar and high school of his native town. His higher learning was received at the University of Toronto, where he took the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Law and Master of Arts, the last one in 1897, when he was twenty-three. He soon gained recognition as a legal expert, and was employed by the government to head many commissions and delegations. Under the auspices of the Rockefeller Institute, he investigated industrial relations and shortly afterwards, in 1918, wrote a book entitled **Industry and Humanity, a Study in the Principles Underlying Industrial Reconstruction**. The first acknowledgement of his abilities was shown by Harvard University when it conferred on him an honorary Doctorate of Philosophy in 1909.

Mr. King began his career in the House of Commons in 1919, and to the launching of this career Prince Edward Island may look back with pride, for it was as Liberal representative of Prince County that MacKenzie King first entered parliament. He was immediately made a member of the Laurier Cabinet, and two years later he became Prime Minister.

In his career as Prime Minister, King was confronted with many difficult problems; it is his meeting and overcoming of these problems that has marked his career with such success. This is shown clearly by the way in which he lifted his country out of the depression into which it had fallen, and also by the manner in which he kept the two distinct but closely related factions of French and English together during the war years. Like his grandfather of the same name, who was a great Canadian reformer, King always had the good of the people at heart; even when he announced his retirement, for example, he exhorted Canadians to keep Communism out of their country, and also ordered an investigation into illegal profiteering of prices in Canada.

Marks of recognition of this great man have come from every major College in Canada and England, and also from many of the leading Universities of the United States, such as Harvard and Yale. His greatness is also reflected by the great men who were his closest friends. Such men as Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt have respected this man not only as a great statesman, but also have regarded him as one of their closest friends.

Who will succeed him? The most likely successor, although King has not named his choice, is sixty-six year old Louis St. Laurent, of Quebec. An able politician and statesman, and a close friend of King's, St. Laurent has been capably representing Canada at the meetings of the United Nations. Other likely prospects are Douglas Abbott, Brooke Claxton and James Gardiner. Whichever

one of these men is the next Prime Minister of Canada, he will have to be well qualified to fill William Lyon MacKenzie King's place.

As this great man, in whom Canadians have such unwavering faith, withdraws from public life, perhaps no more fitting and suitable words could be said to him than these: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

—PAUL LANDRIGAN '49.

HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

It is half-past eight o'clock; all is quiet on the corridor, and I am at my desk. It is the ideal time for study and I make up my mind to take advantage of it. I take down the philosophy text from the shelf, dust it, and open it at page one. "*Philosophia, juxta nomen, est amor sapientiae.*" The first sentence; I proceed to translate it: "Philosophy, as the name implies, is . . ."

"You're covered stranger! Don't make a move!"

This startling command is hurled at me from the door, and I interrupt my philosophical line of thought to see who my cowboy friend may be. I satisfy my curiosity, and then, recognizing from past experience that such an intrusion is inevitable, I disregard it and return to my philosophy. In the meantime, however, my friend the cowboy is not quiet, for, being the acrobatic type, he has already demolished my ashtray, leaving a nasty mess on the floor. I take in the situation only to dismiss it. After all, the ashtray was only ten cents, and I can sweep the floor again. But just now I have to have another—I mean, I must get on with my philosophy.

"*Philosophia, juxta nomen, est . . .*" "Hey, Russell! Where have you been hiding yourself? I have been looking for you all evening."

I eye my second intruder not too calmly, yet not very severely, as I recognize his right to half the room. Nevertheless, I regard him as an intrusion since he and my acrobatic friend are close pals (I could add partners in crime), and since they have not seen each other for quite some time, a lengthy conversation is about to follow, and, by the way, it will not be carried on in whispers. But, being determined to increase my knowledge on this particular night, I disregard the shouts and laughter, or at least I try to, and continue with my study.

I continue but not for long, for now the conversation apparently has got out of hand and developed into the first stages of an argument, with an appropriate increase in volume. My own intent