

I knew.

We lived in the same city until our family moved to Calgary in 1923, but that was the last serious conversation we had, although we often saw each other.

In 1926, I remember spending a very pleasant time with him and my sister-in-law in their home on 100th Avenue, which had been remodelled and decorated and was complete in every last detail. I spoke of this as we sat before a cheerful fire in his den. "You're very comfortable now, Will," I said, "and I hope you'll have long and happy years here."

There was a quizzical smile on his face as he answered: "Not likely. No one stays long when everything is exactly right. Nothing to complain of? It cannot last!"

We laughed about it then, but he was speaking truly. He died the next year.