

was wholly back in his old routine. After the outbreak of war, the regimen became almost intolerable, for one even in the prime of health. As his responsibilities increased, he expended the last ounce of his energy to meet them. More and more burdens fell on him, which he indefatigably attempted to carry. Finally his physical machine broke down, his heart failed him.

On January 28, 1941, after a hard morning's work, he had lunched and was driving back to his office up O'Connor St. toward Sparks at 2.15 p.m. when he slumped unconscious over the steering wheel. A policeman and several others witnessed this. On the instant, his uncontrolled car went on and collided with an east-bound streetcar on Sparks St. When he was lifted out and taken to the hospital by ambulance, he was no longer alive. The Prime Minister was at his side very soon, and Mrs. Skelton, quickly notified, arrived within a few minutes; but it was too late. One of his closest friends, W.C. Clark, has written: "How on the day of his death he happened to be coming up Metcalfe Street ~~at O'Connor?~~ when he slumped over the wheel of his car is still a mystery, but it is a good guess that after a hasty luncheon at a small cafeteria he had taken out his car to do an errand of kindness to some humble friend." (1)

His funeral in Ottawa was attended by a large number of statesmen, senior Civil Servants, diplomats

(1) W.C. Clark: "Oscar Douglas Skelton", Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada, May, 1941. p.144.