

that the Dalhousie team had won the game, eight to four. The Girl dragged her hat off and waved it joyously.

"What a shame I wasn't there. They'd have gone mad over my dress."

But the next item of information crushed her. The Creature had arrived. He had called that afternoon, and was coming to dinner that night.

"How fortunate," said the Girl, as she went to her room, "that I relieved my mind to that Young Man out in the park to-day. If I had come back with all that pent-up feeling seething within me and heard this news right on top of it all, I might have flown into a thousand pieces. What lovely brown eyes he had! I do dote on brown eyes. The Creature will be sure to have fishy blue ones."

When the Girl went down to meet the Creature she found herself confronted by the Young Man. For the first, last, and only time in her life, the Girl had not a word to say. But her family thought her confusion very natural and pretty. They really had not expected her to behave so well. As for the Young Man, his manner was flawless.

Toward the end of the dinner, when the Girl was beginning to recover herself, he turned to her.

"You know I promised never to tell," he said.

"Be sure you don't then," said the Girl, meekly.

"But aren't you glad you left the loophole?" he persisted.

The Girl smiled down into her lap.

"Perhaps," she said.

The Call of Jubilee.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

MR. C. R. McCULLOUGH has republished in pamphlet form the article upon which we commented when it was first published in the Canadian Courier in January, embodying certain proposals for the celebration of the Semi-centennial of this Dominion, five years hence. Any additional circulation thus given to the article is a public benefit, for Canada should long since have awakened from the lethargy of excessive prosperity and over-much politics and begun to take thought for an event that will draw upon her the attention of the entire world.

One at least of Mr. McCullough's ideas is so practical, and at the same time so large in its scope, that the work of preparing the ground for its accomplishment should be undertaken immediately. This is the idea of a great national convention of the eminent Canadians of this day and of those who have survived from earlier days, to which should be invited also the premiers and ministers of Britain and other Overseas Dominions, and at which His Most Gracious Majesty the King should be prayed to grant the favour of his personal presence. If the Canadian people decide early enough that they want this thing, and that they are going to get it, they will get it, but it will not come to pass of itself just because Canada is Canada, and the British North America Act was ratified in 1867.

Canadians have a great opportunity in this approaching celebration for the display both of imagination and of patriotism.

A Book of Laughs.

IN "Danny's Own Story," by Don Marquis (Mussion Book Co., Toronto), Danny has given us a delightfully humorous biography of his eventful career. Although he introduces himself in a somewhat time-word manner, that of an abandoned infant left in a basket on the doorstep of the village blacksmith, the narrative subsequent to the introduction in no way lacks originality and incident. During his kaleidoscopic life, Danny acquires a human philosophy which, combined with his naturally humorous outlook on things in general, lends a new and deliciously funny flavour to his remarks.

"I have been around the country a good 'eal," Danny tells us, "and seen and heard of some awful remarkable things, and I never seen no one that wasn't more or less looney when the search us the femm comes into the case. Which is a dago word I got out'n a newspaper and it means: 'Who was the dead gent's lady friend?'"



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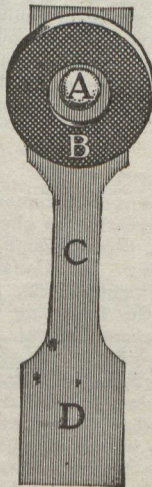
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No soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn.

Why pare corns when this thing is possible?

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C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
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