

daisy and hid amid the petals of the rose. A wonderful idea sir by Canadas best loved Poetess, Canadas sweetest dreamer. Let us drink to the memory of Miss Pickthal. By this time I figures the old boy is a bit weak between the ears and I had the race well in hand anyway. I drink to her gladly I replied, she was sure some dreamer, the buttercup assumed the soul, you wins Professor I guess that is too deep for me. There was more discussion after that and I admit that the old editor kept his head better than I did, I am inclined to get sarcastic when I talk, particularly when I thinks that I am right or that some other fellow is trying to peddle moon-shine. And of course it is bad manners to get excited or sarcastic just the same as it is bad manners to yell for the salt.

The blonde lady faded from my sight like a glorious sunset and my ambition to become civilized faded with her. What does it matter if I use one knife when there are six handy? What does it matter if I stretch out my cave man claw and grab them vittals, there is no longer any blue eyes or blonde head to nod approvingly or to smile encouragement. May I not go up to the Chinese restaurant and as long as the meal ticket holds out, trot as I please. Or lacking the meal ticket must I not go back to the Jungles, lacking the meal ticket will I not be found crouched by some camp fire at some lonely junction point waiting for my freight, train eating my Mulligan and enjoying myself, enjoying myself. Where is this man? where is this etiquette feller? this mysterious dictator, he does not belong in the jungle, and I trot as I please. Unless perhaps some lonely night gazing at the fire I see two blue eyes and a dear little blonde head, then I murmur sadly—"Mr. Fraser you look so sad and serious, won't you favour us with a toast?"