CANADIAN COURIER



chap's hands, and he is progressing amazingly. He was so much better that I told him the whole truth." "So I gathered. Oh, was it well?" she cried, clasping her hands. "The right thing," he answered.

"He's as stubborn as a mule; won't admit that he was drunk at all, but ground his teeth with pain, and sneer-I am almost convinced, I ed at us. fear—madness." "Madness!"

she whispered the

wadness!" she whispered the word, starting violently. The doctor looked steadily at her. "Yes. I may bring a colleague, and if he agrees we will send him to____" "Yes, yes," she breathed, coming close to him, "to____"

"An asylum, my lady."

Lady Yatton sank back into a chair, panting.

(To be continued.)

Our National Anthems

Apropos of our national anthem dis-Apropos of our national anthem dis-pute two readers have sent the COURIER suggested solutions—at least in part; one a national song to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," which in our judg-ment, would be a very ticklish business; the other an extension of "God Save the King."

To the Editor CANADIAN COURIER. To the Editor CANADIAN COURIER. Sir,—In your issue of Oct. 8th there is a discussion about a national anthem for Canada. What is wrong with "My Canada, My Canada," a copy of which I enclose. This song was written by Mr. Thomas C. Robson in 1890. It has appeared in a number of Canadian publications.

publications.

My Canada, My Canada!

(Air Auld Lang Syne.)

My Canada! My Canada! How beats my heart for thee, Thou home of many pure delights, Thou land of liberty. And shall we strike thy grand old flag To do another's will? Oh God of Battles! grant that we May prove we're English still.

Yes! English still, or Gael, or Scot, Or from fair Erin's throne, We love thy tri-une banner yet And claim it as our own. The meteor flag, the tri-une flag, To all our fathers dear;

h, may our children gather round For many a circling year. Oh

Should hostile legions in their wrath Come on us like a sea, Make strong our arm, God of Sabasth

To keep our country free. But if it be Thy will, oh God,

To chasten us on high, h, say not, live the tyrant's slave But let us free men die.

I may add that Mr. Robson is a backwoods' farmer, having resided 27 years in Ontario and ten in Mani-toba. He is the author of three small books of poems, "Petti-wah-wah Una in the Wilderness," etc.

Yours truly, A Reader in the West.

God Bless Canada.

A NOTHER suggestion for a na-A tional hymn sent to the CAN-ADIAN COURIER from Winnipeg, favours a Canadian version of "God Save the King."

God bless fair Canada, Long thrive our Canada, God bless our land. Send her prosperity, Peace, love and unity, And from adversity Save Canada.

Choice gifts from out Thy store Thou hast been pleased to pour, Long may we guard. Protected by Thy might And guided by Thy light, Firm for the truth and right, Keep Canada.

-J. A. MCANDREW,