

BONNIE PRINCE FETLAR

"Canada, fair Canada,  
God's blessing rest on thee."

came from a group of people up by the Talkers'  
and canoes on the lake answered,

"May His right hand protect our land  
And guard her liberty."

Then Dallas went quickly to the farm-home  
where his parents were packing.

Seeing his mother standing before his wardrobe  
trunk he went into a quiet ecstasy.

"A mother—to pack one's trunk—but it is too  
much. I will finish. What are all these packages?"

"Presents for my boy from the kindly folk here."

"I don't deserve them," he said humbly. Then  
he added, "Mother, my dear, may I send a big  
bundle of nice things for their community  
Christmas tree?"

"Certainly," she said, "and, my boy, I have good  
news for you. Madame de Valkonski has dis-  
covered that the back of your head is shaped like  
her Paul's. Now she will love you like a second  
mother."

Dallas put his two hands on her arms. "Mother-  
my-love, I can have two mothers, three mothers,  
or a dozen mothers, but there will never be one  
like my very own."

Mrs. Duff was quite tired, but I could see as I  
looked in her boy's window that his words put new  
strength in her.

She straightened herself and said in her sweet