

THE NIGHTINGALE.

By Barry Pain.

As I walked out by the moonlight, somewhere 'twixt twelve and three. The country's blessed silence was more sweet than sleep to me; The fields that lay breast-deep in mist beneath the magic moon, Were like the drowsy waters of a far-away lagoon; And through a chain of melting greys beneath the sky's grey blue The birch's silver met the velvet blackness of the yew, Then from the distant copse Showered in liquid drops The music of the nightingale in ecstasy apart; "O love of mine! O love of mine! O give me all your heart!"

As I walked out by moonlight I came where the river went; It shook the stars in its foamy depth, and the stars were well content; And if you looked long downward from the bridge, as I looked now, The foam was a shaking blossom on a lad on almond bough, And the river was an orchard with faces peeping through, And all the faces had great eyes, and all the eyes saw you; And louder and more strong Came the compelling song, From the bird must-be-loved that sate in ecstasy apart; "O love of mine! O love of mine! O give me all your heart!"

And not a thing was real again until the moon went down And near in scattered spangles lay the gas lights of the town; And high-stacked hay-carts crushed the flints or ever the yellow broke Over the grey of the quiet sky and the factory chimney smoke. And there's little time for love, for love, and we steal from love's sweet night; We toil too soon and we toil too late, and in this world nothing's right, Only while our masters sleep and we wander by moonlight, And hear, faint, far away, At the near dawn of day, The swooning song of love from those dark copses start, "O love of mine! Love, love of mine! I give thee all my heart!" --Black and White.

KATIE'S FISHING.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Oh, dear, I am so tired, so very tired! toiling all day, and often half the night, for barely enough to keep soul and body together. I must endeavor to find something that pays better than this ceaseless stitching. Four long weeks, and I've made less than twenty dollars. But here comes mother; I must chase away this weary look."

Notwithstanding the smile which welcomed Mrs. Ashley's entrance, the mother could not fail to see that her little Katie was looking really miserable. Six months' constant confinement had made a manifest change in the merry, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl. So young a heart to be burdened with much care! No wonder smiles had fled and roses paled under it.

Mr. Ashley had been a government clerk, and lived up to every cent of his slender income; just managing to keep up a genteel appearance, and send Katie to an excellent school, intending to fit her for a teacher. But ere this was accomplished, Mr. Ashley died suddenly, and the little family were left entirely destitute. Mrs. Ashley was an invalid; she could help in no way to support her little family. So poor Katie, when only sixteen, was forced to leave her studies and put her shoulder to the wheel. A sewing machine was purchased, and bravely she went to work.

At the time of Mr. Ashley's death, many of his friends came forward with assistance. Katie was assured that she should get a position in one of the departments. Some of the most influential of her father's friends went to work for that purpose. But up to the time our story commences, Katie had nothing to encourage the hopes raised.

Mrs. Ashley gazed in silence for some time on her child, her heart filled with alarm at the change a few months had made. At length she said:

"Katie, love, this will never do. You must not work so constantly. Get your hat and go take a walk. And, my child—" She hesitated. "Well, I've been thinking that possibly, if you would try yourself, and not depend on friends, you might get a position. I should think General Looms, if he knew you, would give you work. He knew your father well. Go and ask him, Katie."

"Oh, mother, it would not be a particle of use. I do not believe he would look at me a second time. You know I am not handsome, and I have nothing about me to produce a favorable impression at first sight. Folks like me after they know me. But General Looms would never care to know me, when he has so many beautiful women about him all the time."

"Kate, you have no confidence in yourself. You are so sensitive and retiring. I'm sure, if you would only make yourself known, and tell our necessities to General Looms—"

"What about the general, mother? I know him by sight, and to speak to a little. And he is a fine old gentleman, I think," said Walter Ashley, a boy of ten years, who had entered the room and caught the last part of his mother's remark.

"How, or rather where, did you meet him, Walter?" asked Katie.

King's Evil

That is Scrofula. No disease is older. No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality. Consumption is commonly its outgrowth. There is no excuse for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, such as glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility. Children of J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont., had scrofula sores so bad they could not attend school for three months. When different kinds of medicines had been used to no purpose whatever, these sufferers were cured, according to Mr. McGinn's voluntary testimonial, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which has effected the most wonderful, radical and permanent cures of scrofula in old and young.

"Why, I see him most every afternoon up where we go fishing. Well, it would do you good to see him when he has fine luck. I believe he would sooner draw up black bass than greenbacks," Walter answered.

"Oh, Walter, some time when he is in such a good humor, could not you tell him who you are, and ask him to give me something to do?" Katie asked, in a tone and manner half serious, half in fun.

"Now, as if he would mind what a boy said! No, Katie, you come and go with me. Ladies often come up to the fishing-ground. Yes, indeed, they do! Then when he looks pleasant enough, you ask him yourself," said Walter.

"Oh, I never could muster up sufficient courage."

"Well, come with me anyhow. I am going now. Perhaps, when you see him, you'll find that he is not such a frightful somebody," Walter urged.

"Yes, do, dear. I think Walter's idea is very good. Go, at any rate. The change will do you good."

"Yes, mother, I'll go and try to ask him. I feel truly I cannot stand this constant confinement very long," Katie said, then putting aside her work and preparing to go with Walter.

They were soon after on their way to the fishing-ground. When in sight of the place, Walter said, "The general is not there, but he will come by-and-by, I guess. I'm glad we are first. I'll get a good position."

Thinking only then of the sport he was after, the boy busied himself with his tackle. Soon his line was dropped, and a few moments after, Katie saw him draw it up, with a triumphant exclamation.

"What a beauty! Oh, there comes the general. Ain't I glad he didn't get here before? He would have caught this. Now, watch him, Katie, I must to business. I'm going to have a brisk time, I think."

Then, in a lower tone, as the general came near, Walter said:

"He will come right up here beside you, I guess, for he most always sits just about here."

Katie raised her eyes to the approaching form timidly for an instant—but an instant only; for surely there she found nothing to encourage a longer gaze.

General Looms looked decidedly cross. And the expression changed not for the better during the two hours the poor girl sat and watched.

"No, no," she thought. "There is nothing about him to bid me speak."

Then at last, tired and disheartened, she coaxed Walter to return home.

"What luck?" asked Mrs. Ashley, meeting them at the door.

"Splendid! See what a feast!" exclaimed Walter. He had quite forgotten the real purpose of Katie's going.

"Oh, Walter, mother means something of more importance than your fish," Katie said, with a reproachful look at Walter, adding, "No good luck for me, mamma. I could not dare to speak to him. He looked awfully cross."

"Well, that's so. He did. I never saw him so before. But the fish did not bite for him. I guess that was the reason," said Walter.

"No. He looked cross and annoyed when he first came in sight. I noticed particularly," Katie answered.

"I'm sure I cannot imagine why. Only I never saw him in such a humor before. But don't give up, Katie. Try again. Something, either at the office or home, must have annoyed him. Of course you nor I had anything to do with his cross looks," said Walter.

"I will try, but I have not the faintest hope of success," Katie answered, in a tremulous voice.

Day after day, when Walter returned from school, she would put aside her work and accompany him, returning to the anxious mother ever with the same despondent look on her pale face.

Twelve days passed thus. To Walter it was beyond comprehension. He declared that always before the general looked pleasant, sometimes he was really jovial, and on two or three occasions had spoken with much kindness to him.

"I declare, Katie, it is the strangest thing I ever knew. From the time he comes in sight, he looks cross, and grows more so until he or we leave," Walter said.

"Then I will not go any more. I believe I must have something to do with his changed humor."

"Oh, nonsense, Kate. I never meant

to imply anything of that kind. Of course, as I told you before, neither you nor I have anything to do with it. Come on. The change from sitting over this old machine is good for you; so come. If the general never smiles again, we won't care," Walter said. And Mrs. Ashley urged:

"Yes, do. This will be the thirteenth time. Some people say that is a fatal number. With me it has ever been different. Go. I am sure something will turn up this afternoon. I feel it."

"Something! Well, anything will be better than this uncertainty," Katie murmured, kissing her mother, and following Walter, who called out:

"Hurry up, Katie! I want to be up there early, and get my place. We have managed to keep that spot all these days, and I've had splendid luck there."

"It is going to rain, I fear. See how cloudy it is; I had better stay home."

"No, no. Bring the umbrella. Don't you know how much better the fish bite such days, Katie?"

Again they arrived in time to secure the fine place for Walter's sport. And Katie began her watchful, wistful gaze. It was not long before the familiar form came in sight, nearer and nearer, until the poor girl could plainly see the same old look. And it really seemed to her he uttered an angry, impatient exclamation.

General Looms stopped not at his accustomed place, but came right up to where they sat. Planting his rod into the soil in the vicinity of Katie, he looked at her a few seconds, and then said, in a not very amiable tone:

"I did think you would have stayed home such an afternoon. It is a pity your mother has not something else for you to do. Can't you find anything more profitable to be about?"

Poor Katie, trembling with fright, stammered:

"No, sir."

Before she could control her emotion sufficiently to say anything more, the general exclaimed:

"Then I can. Do you write a fair hand? Can you count rapidly? But you can learn, if you do not already. Listen to me. Come to my room to-morrow morning, and I'll put you to work, and keep you so busy you will be glad to rest, and not come here every afternoon."

"Oh, sir, you are so kind, so very kind!" Katie, who had found her voice, exclaimed, growing rosy, and really quite pretty, with the joyous surprise. "How can I thank you?"

"By keeping off my fishing-ground. Don't you know, ever since you have been coming here, you've occupied my place? And being a young lady, I could not very well ask you to remove. And so I'll give you an office, to get rid of you," General Looms said, then laughing merrily, and looking as he "used to do," as Walter said.

Katie was so overjoyed and reassured by the pleasant tone and manner of the general, that she told him all about the object of her coming; and the general exclaimed:

"And so you came a fishing for an office! But you used the worst kind of bait, my little girl."

"At any rate, you looked as if you would bite every time," Katie answered, her eyes dancing merrily.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the general. "I really have felt so. Well, I am truly glad to help the daughter of Mr. Ashley, and delighted to get her off my fishing-ground."

Mrs. Ashley was watching for her children's return. As soon as they came in sight, she noticed Katie's quick, light steps, and knew something pleasant had happened.

Katie's arms were soon about her while she told of the splendid luck she had met at last.

"Getting an office without asking for it, mamma. Only think of it!" Katie exclaimed.

"Ah, Katie, the true cause of your success was your extreme diffidence and timidity. You are such a modest, retiring little bird, none but those in the home nest know how lovely you really are," Mrs. Ashley said, with a fond look.

And Walter exclaimed, laughing: "Please give me the credit of placing her in the true position to command success."

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70,914—Joseph H. Gagnier, Montreal, Que., Car brakes.

70,925—Honore Dupere, Quebec, Que., Gully cleaner.

70,933—Etienne Poulin Fils, St. Germain de Grantham, Que., Railway crossing frogs.

70,949—Gilbert M. Tate, Windsor Mills Que., Pulp screens.

70,976—James W. McQuay, Valley River, Man., Reversing valve mechanism for engines.

70,998—Odilon Feiner, Montreal, Que., Window fastener.

71,059—George H. Stockog, Bloomfield, N. B., Milk account books.

71,067—Napoleon Dussault, Montreal, Que., Hand lasting tool.

71,070—Louis Arceue Desy, Montreal, Que., Dredge.

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Maud—Why not? Clara—She tells me that when they came back from their wedding trip he had some money left.—Pack.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Creditor—Open the door, I know you are there. I see your boots at the door. Debtor—How careless I am! I have gone out barefooted!—Le Rire.



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