

The Woodlark's Song.

The woodlark hopped on the maple limb
 And raised his voice and sang,
 And thro' the depths of the forest dim
 These merry wild notes rang:
 Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
 Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
 See lands did I, none did I, none, did I,
 Like Canada, Canada, Canada.
 Hid in the green woods across the way
 His mate took up the strain,
 And again rang out the joyous lay,
 Again the sweet refrain:
 Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
 Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
 See lands did I, none did I, none, did I,
 Like Canada, Canada, Canada.
 The rovers who from over the foam
 To this new country came
 Heard among the trees the same glad tone
 And caught the magic name:
 Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
 Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
 See lands did I, none did I, none, did I,
 Like Canada, Canada, Canada.
 Sing ye who will of the eagle swift
 Or of the nightingale,
 The lark that sings in the summer lift;
 But we the woodlark hail.
 Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
 Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
 See lands did I, none did I, none, did I,
 Like Canada, Canada, Canada.
 —William Matheson.

The Hold-up at The South Station.

By Mariana M. Tallman.

We made gas at the south station. Our whole city was supplied by two plants, the south and west stations, ours at the south being the larger, and employing a force of two hundred men. I had much to learn when I entered the employment of the gas company as book-keeper, and I enjoyed my discoveries immensely, among them the fact that water-gas was not made from water; that the huge round gas-holders that were placed in the various city yards were not meters, neither were they filled to the windows and doors with a great bulk of loose, floating gas which might rush out at any moment; that a gas plant must have engineers, draftsmen, surveyors, masons and builders, besides the host of stokers, boiler-tenders, pumpers and yardmen; and that tar and ammonia and coke, as by-products, were turned out from the huge plant, as well as its legitimate products of coal- and water-gas that kept our city warm and bright of winter nights. The consulting and contracting engineer for the whole company was also local superintendent of these works, and a man so enthusiastic in his profession it has never since been my fortune to meet. He had a huge technical library of some six thousand volumes,—everything that bore even remotely on gas-making,—and pamphlets and magazines from all over the civilized world. His only holidays were trips to attend conferences of gas-men, and his social diversions were occasional evenings spent with his *confre'es*. For all this, he was the most genial and the most versatile man that I ever knew.
 Kate Lloyd and I had very good times at the south station. Kate was a later comer than I. She came in with Mr. Storer's need for a private secretary, when his mass of correspondence grew so bulky.
 If I had been as ambitious and enterprising before Kate's coming as I grew afterward, she would never have come, for when Mr. Shorter one day remarked that he wished I knew shorthand, I only replied with genuine regret that I was very sorry I did not. And as it was five months between that remark and the stenographer's coming, I might have given my employer an agreeable surprise by making myself more valuable to him in the meantime.
 However, that never entered my head in those days. "Be fit for more than the thing you are doing," I had not then made my motto.

Kate Lloyd was a new sort of girl to me. She was not willing to be idle two minutes. When she was not cataloguing books or writing her letters or translating French documents, she was practising touch typewriting, or getting me to dictate to her in our leisure, for Mr. Storer was often away for days at a time, and we both had time on our hands.
 There was no escaping the contagion of Kate's energy. It seemed to have put something into me permanently that never was there before—or perhaps it only awoke something that had been asleep.
 We worked steadfastly and did our work the best we knew how, and then we did other things. Kate told me what I had already discovered, that I was a little dunce not to learn shorthand; and she proceeded to teach me with energy and despatch. Then while I practised, she wanted to know if there was not anything I could teach her; but I could not think of a thing except instrumental music, and we felt we must really draw the line at a piano in the south station.
 One day Mr. Storer brought the carpenters upstairs, and set them on some mysterious labor on the roof. We guessed at a flagstaff and a tower and a cupola, but Mr. Storer laughed and would not tell.
 But finally, when the workmen had gone, leaving a hole which passed into our office through a hole in the ceiling, he bade me pull it. As I obeyed, the shriek of a syren whistle answered. I let go with a fainter echo of my own.
 "Which was you?" laughed Mr. Storer. It works all right, doesn't it? Now we won't have to fall back on the speaking-tube, and get Michael to travel all over the works, hunting in a hurry for a man he can't find. Miss Nelson, you think up a dozen of the men we send for oftenest and write them down, and we'll see if we can't get some sounds that they can each answer to. Yes, and we must have a general call to the office for pny-night."
 And here it was that I really had a bright idea myself—quite worthy of Kate.
 "O Mr. Storer," I said, eagerly, "let me call them by their initials in the Morse alphabet! The master mason, Mr. Arnold, I'll call A, and then the chief chemist you are always wanting, he can tell his own D from A. May I show you?"
 "Go ahead," assented Mr. Storer, and I laid my hand on the rope and blew: "— — — — —", dash-dot-dot, dash-dot-dot," twice. It worked beautifully.
 "He needn't know the alphabet, of course," I said, in explanation of my idea, "but at the same time he can tell D from A. So on with all the rest. Shall I make a list, and then Kate can typewrite it and hang it here, and I will put the telegraph letters opposite, so any one of us can pull the right one by referring to it?"
 Mr. Storer thought the idea excellent, and approved my list when it was completed, merely adding to it: "Six dots—All hands double quick to the engineer's office."
 How useful our new whistle proved! The works were huge and shadowy and full of nooks and corners, and a search for a man was sometimes a matter of hours; but when the whistle spoke, its voice echoed far and wide across the salt river, on the shore of which, desolate and alone, stood the long, smoke-grimed buildings of the south station.
 Kate was delighted at my telegraphic lore, and wished to learn it at once.
 "You told me you didn't know anything to teach me," she said. "You might have been teaching me the Morse alphabet. Do it now."
 "Why, what good will it do you, child? I learned telegraphy nine years ago, and then took up book-keeping, and never put it to one cent's worth of practical use until this very day."
 "And isn't that quite enough?" rejoined Kate. "I should be glad if I could do as much with anything I had learned. Why, you could call every simple man in the works with a two-letter combination, couldn't you?"
 "I suppose so," I said, absently. "See

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