Winnipeg, April, 1915

here?" he asked presently.

What does it mean? Why are you

a doubtful look.
"Yes, I do," she held to it. "And
Arnie, dear, he's blind. It's cataract, but he won't have an operation, though the

doctor said he ought. He wouldn't have fetched you, but your mother was pining

away for a sight of you, so he gave "Ay, on his own terms," said Arnold

bitterly. "It's no use, Comfort. You meant well in coming here but he sticks

to it I am to wed the wife of his choos-

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"Father has found a sweetheart for me,

"Nancy Nicholson," she breathed.

"I'm poultrymaid at Mossley Farm," she laughed merrily. "The master took me on last June. He didn't guess who I was. An, oh, Arnie, I love Mossley Farm, and your mother and the master."

"You love my father?" He gave her "No, it's not Nancy Nicholson. What do you take me for, sweetheart? It's the girl he calls the sunshine lass-Comfort Stanley. He'll turn me adrift if I can't get her to take pity on me."

"Then you shall not be turned adrift, Arnie," whispered Comfort.

The Frogs In April

By William Hervey Woods

Not for the world's delight In the wet, moonless night Ye lift your litanies, O tuneless choir, To one high note and shrill Piping your own wild will, A week passed and Arnold was still at From your dark lodgings in the moss and mire.



Dog tree in bloom, Victoria, B.C.

Seth was in milder humor; a son's eyes were over the men, they could not

Then one night, standing at the orchard gate with Arnold, he spoke his mind.

"I'll not deny you're eyes to me,
Arnold, lad," he said, slowly. "But you
know, well, I never go back on my
word. I want you to bide at home on
my own terms. If you'll wed the wife
I've picked for you, you'll be welcome
to the old home and all I have will be to the old home, and all I have will be yours in the long run.'

"I'll never wed Nancy Nicholson, father," said Arnold, steadily.

"Who's asking you to wed Nancy Nicholson?" he demanded. "It's the lass who has been your mother's comfort, and mine, since last June—the sunshine lass of Mossley Farm—young Comfort Stanley.'

The blood mounted to Arnold's brow. A great joy overflowed his heart. But he knew better than to give himself away to his father.

"Comfort Stanley?" he repeated. "Ay, father, I would wed her willingly, if she'd have me."

"Try her lad."

Comfort," he said.

No poet voices praise The ringing rotes ye raise; Nay, chanticleer himself doth sweetlier sound

His farmyard trumpet clear When first the dawn is near, And gaping milkmaids make their morning round.

Your artless anthems range Along the stops of change, "The snows are gone," ye pipe, "and bluebirds come! Times' at the dewy turn When dandelions burn; In you bare boughs o'er long the bees

Pipe, then, your vernal theme, Pipe on, though eyes may gleam, Mid your keen chorals, through a mist

will hum.

of tears; For with your notes come back Old things we love, but lack, And dear, dead faces out of vanished

Aye, but to hear that hymn Once more in meadows dim, Arnold found his sweetheart in the God's saints, mayhap, shall cease from heavenly mirth Along the wall to listen,

omfort," he said.

She looked at him with sweetly startd eyes.

With down-dropt eyes that glisten,
And sighing, say, "Tis spring in our old
earth."



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