

THE SHORT OUT.

Muskoka Lake lay glittering in the sun
A sheer expanse of smooth and glassy ice.
One, gazing, felt the frost had nobly done
It's part in aiding nature's artifice,
Along the shore and far back in the woods,
Within the lumber camps, were men at toil
Felling the giants of the drear hackwoods,
Where Indians, once, roamed, monarchs of the soil.

The young time-keeper stood upon the bank,
And laughed at the advice of woodsmen, old,
"If you go, lad, you'll have yourself to thank,
Fer we're afeared, young man, the ice won't hold;
This sunny spell most like, has left it's mark".
But stubbornly the boy still shook his head
"I'll lose my job if I'm not there by dark,
I'm one day late with my reports;" he said.

So off he started 'cross the slippery sheet.
Twilight, descending, found him almost o'er,
But then—oh! horror!—underneath his feet,
An ominous sound of cracking—then a roar—
"Heipi heipi oh! help!" his cries, the cruel waves drown,
Oh! God above, is no one near to save?"
The dark, cold, chilling waters drag him down,
Down, down, into an icy dreadful grave.

When April came, and with increasing heat,
Old Sol shone down upon the frozen land,
King Winter needs must heat a quick retreat
With all his allies grim—Jack Frost's chill hand.
And when the ice broke up, that held the lake
Captive, through all King Winter's dreary reign,
The waves, beginning on the shores to break,
Their listerred human prey, cast up again.