

THE DAIRYMAIDS.

The Dairymaids met in convention,  
And marched to and fro,  
Milking stools in a row;  
From the left to the right,  
Tied with ribbons so bright,  
Which they brought to the order,  
"attention!"

They advance, they retreat,  
They look graceful and sweet;  
They divide, they retire,  
And their style we admire,  
While their dresses deserve special  
mention.

One sang a most musical solo.  
A quaint little maid,  
All in muslins arrayed;  
Of the joys of the farm,  
With her pail on her arm,  
While she called to her bossy cow,  
"so-ho!"

And her sweetheart in vain,  
Her attention to gain,  
In his neat corduroy,  
"A broth of a boy,"  
Danced around while the maiden  
said, "no-no!"

And then they all sang in a chorus,  
The farmer and man,  
And the big tin can;  
And even the pump,  
With a skip and a jump,  
Came rollicking out quite up-  
roar'ous.

And the supper horn blew,  
As they vanished from view:  
The ghost of the hawk,  
Found legs and could walk.  
The maids at the call,  
And the men one and all,  
As the curtain descended before us.

---

Mar. 8th -T, Long reports the Song Sparrow in the grounds to-day.

J. Lawler heard Blue birds this morning.

A PASTORAL JOKE.— The following joke was heard uttered "sotto voce" by a patient in our Hospital, on the night of the performance of the Cantata, called the Dairymaid's Convention. One of the milkmaid's was singing a bewitching solo, in which there was frequent reference to a cow. A rustic lover was paying mute address to the fair maid, and although he acted admirably, his somewhat slight build attracted the patient's attention. The critic listened quietly for a few minutes, and then said: "It is all right about the cow, but just look at those calves."

FIELD NOTES.—About the middle of May we begin to look for the two Trilliums that are to be found very commonly distributed in our woods. Of these the Wake Robin, or as it is known in the books, Trillium Erectum, is less frequently found, and cannot be called as beautiful as the paler variety. It is a dark red flower, with three sepals and three petals; it has one stalk with three leaves pointed at the end. The root is a bulb with rootlets shooting out on every side. I do not think that this is, by any means, one of the most beautiful flowers, but it is mentioned as it comes so early. About the time of its appearance we always look for the "Adder's Tongue or Dog Toothed Violet," one of the very commonest of the wild flowers about Beech-grove and Hat-wood. The flower is a drooping yellow bell, of great beauty, with bright reddish stamens. The two leaves between which the flower rises are of a lovely green, mottled with blotches of brown. The root is a bulb without rootlets.

Before our next issue our Western friends should report the arrival of the Spring Beauty and Hepatica. Who will send us the first specimen?