

When ducks become too plentiful.

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There was an isle—'twas far away,  
Full twenty pipes from Mud Creek Bay ;  
Whose distant horizon of blue,  
Relieved the vast, unbroken view,  
Walpole t'is called—and to this day  
The home of the Ojibeway.  
And oft did golden fancy trace  
Each feeding ground, and lurking place,  
See in each creek, o'er arched with rice,  
The mallard's home, and Paradise.  
They thought of that enchanted vale,  
Of which we read, in Eastern tale,  
Of that far distant wondrous shore,  
That glowed in our boyhood dreams of yore,  
Whose glitt'ring sands, since time began,  
Had never been trodden by mortal man !  
For a thousand moons 'twas said to take  
In reaching the Isles of Waak--al--Waak !  
And we were only twenty pipes  
From that romantic land of snipes.  
In short, our Wa-ak--al---Wa-ak,  
Was twenty miles from "Ticky--Tack."  
Tho' W-lt-r did at first refuse,  
'To enter into the other's views,  
Attempting, but in vain, to prove  
It was more prudent not to move,  
And giving, as a valid reason,  
'The extreme lateness of the season,