

style in which she did it. First, splash ; second, splash ; third, swears from an adjacent canoe ; fourth attempt, the canoe moved sideways. After a few spasmodic strokes we seemed to be approaching a stump. She didn't notice it at first. When she did :—

“Oh, there's a stump ! (then in an agonized scream.) “attend to it, attend to it !”

Her idea (I put it in the singular advisably), seemed to be that I, reclining in hysterical security, in the bow, without a paddle, could walk over the water to the stump and remove it. That her paddle had any relationship to the keeping the canoe off logs had not as yet permeated even her outer consciousness. All this

might have had its humorous side, if I had not spent the best part of two days in explaining all possible contingencies in connection with steering. I made some remarks to that effect. She got cross, but I patiently explained again. She said she understood *now*, in a tone that meant that this was the first time that she had heard of it. For a time all went fairly well, and then the usual thing happened. She caught sight of a white flanneled youth on shore and land she would, and did. Thus was I led to meditate on the utter folly and futility of trying to teach a summer girl anything, if a summer youth is in the near vicinity.

MADGE ROBERTSON.

