

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. MacLean Helliwell

A CANOE SONG—TO DALLIE

A dazzling sun in a cloud-fleck'd sky—
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Too swiftly the golden moments fly,
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Past looming boulders, stern and steep,
Where giant pines their vigil keep,
To where the drowsy lilies sleep,
Dip, my paddle, dip.

In from the turbulent, tossing Bay,
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
To channels calm, where the long reeds
sway,

Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Idly we float on the pool's still breast,
By myriad zephyrs sweet caress'd,
Lulling our souls in th' infinite rest,
Hush, my paddle, hush.

M. MACL. H.

Georgian Bay.

ONE day last summer the only Mr. Dooley aired his views in the public press on the subject of country life. With much feeling he related to his faithful Hinnessy how his friend Hogan had taken him out to spend a few days with him in his country villa, "called a villa to distinguish it f'r'm a house"—a very wonderful villa, too, by the way, which looked as "if it had been made by a scroll-saw, but was mannyfacthered by Hogan hisself out of a disign in a pa-aper, 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousand dollars, puzzle: find the money!'" And Dooley's racy description of his experience therein is still fresh in one's mind. The long, sleepless night, with its unaccustomed noises of wakeful birds, beasts, and insects; the suffocating heat, and the ceaseless energy of the mosquitoes, who spend a "short life, but a merry wan," were all too much for Dooley of the City, and after

a country breakfast of canned peaches and condensed milk, he hied him quickly homeward, having no further taste for walking in fresh fields and pastures new. "Stay on the farm," said he to his friend Hogan; "commune with nature, enjoy the simple, rustic life of the merry farmer-boy that goes whistlin' to his worruk before breakfast. But I must go back to the city, where there is nawthin' to eat but what you want, and nawthin' to drink but what you can buy; where the dust is laid by the sprinklin' cart, where the iceman comes reg'lar, and the roof-garden is in bloom; an' ye're waked not be the sun but be the milkman. I want to be near a dochter when I'm sick, an' eat eatable fo'd when I'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in the mornin' an' hook in a newspaaper. The city is the on'y summer resort f'r a man who has iver lived in the city."

The full account of Dooley's experience was inimitably funny and absolutely true to life—from a Dooley standpoint, for that men, women and children of sane mind and sound body should cheerfully, nay, eagerly, give up the comforts and luxuries of roomy bedrooms, soda-water fountains, the dust-sprinkler, the iceman, and the morning paper, to go and camp out in a little six-by-twelve shack, over-run with ants, spiders and mosquitoes, and to dine upon canned fruit, dried beef and condensed milk, is to the Dooleys of the world a piece of utterly incomprehensible and most egregious folly. Nevertheless, year by year, just as surely as summer follows winter, with the first promise of the long, dreamy, sunshiny days the perennial exodus from