

THE MUSKOKA MAID;
OR,
FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

BY JEMIMA JANE JAMESJAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE WOODLAND HOME.

Reclining against the gate opening with a path leading to the "front stoop" of a comfortable-looking farm house, facing the margin of one of Muskoka's picturesque, pine environed, and pike populated, purling pools pensively perusing a pictorial paper posed a pretty maid. There was no doubt she was pretty, so pretty in fact that she was acknowledged to be the belle of the 17th Range, on which rather tortuous and somewhat muddy line her father's house, mentioned above, was situated. The gate was rusty and the whole scene was rustic.

Ah, here it is that we get it! What is rusticity without grace? What is prettiness without culchaw. These at least were the thoughts of Hildibrand Fitz Hogan, as from beneath the dark shadow of a tamarac bush he looked upon the form of the young girl at the gate, his own *fiancee*, Jane Ann Jenkinson.

Hildibrand stole out from his covert of the bush with the panther-like stride of a political agent entering a doubtful voter's house with a surreptitious \$10 "to buy a calf." Approaching the unsuspecting maiden he gently whispered in her left ear "Jenny!"

"My, Hildy!" was the startling response, "how you did friken me!"

"Don't say 'friken' for goodness sake," uttered the young man. "Say agitated or something less vulgar. Nay, dearest," continued he with less sternness, "calm yourself; put away that silly paper and listen to what I have to say. You know, dear, that I am rich. My hay alone will bring in at least \$200 next summer, and that I am of aristocratic family. Mother's father kept a dry goods store on—I mean once—in Toronto. She likes you, in fact loves you as a daughter, but she insists before we marry, that—in short—you must get something approaching a lady-like manner and appearance; that, in fact, you must go to a lady's academy for some months and make yourself fitting to appear as—a hem?—my wife."

"Laws! I don't care," said the fair girl, with a twirl of her cinnamon-scented curls. "I know your ma is pretty high-toned, and I reckon I can git myself up just about as quick as any girl in Muskoka. Aunt Hanner will let me have the dimes and I'll start for town tomorrow."

"Tis well," replied her lover. "I will escort you to the train. For the present, adieu."

"Over the river, later," said the young girl, laughingly. "If I don't astonish them all when I come home," she mused, "I'm a sucker, bet yer life!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ACADEMY.

It was late next evening when Jane Ann Jenkinson arrived at Madame Pompydours "Seminary for Young Ladies," and was escorted to the reception room, where she made known who she was, where she came from, her future prospects, and several other facts, all of which Madame P. listened to with apparent interest, for she perceived in the young rustic beauty a paying and profitable pupil, which did not prevent her fellow-boarders, who stared into the room and viewed her rather *outré* costume from passing a few running comments on her appearance.

"Get on to her hat," was the remark of Anastasia Anser, whose head gear was the envy of the whole school.

"Tumble to her bangs," said another.

"Stag her boots!" was the lady-like remark of a third.

"Where did it blow in?" "Is it alive?" "The woods are full of them," composed a portion of the appreciative comments of the young ladies of the fashionable temple of learning.

Though somewhat abashed at first by their magnificent apparel and haughty ways, the new pupil kept up her courage, and by a happy scheme in which she contrived to smuggle in a quantity of caramels and chocolate drops to the school for the refectory and comfort of the scholars, she soon gained popularity with them, and, being assiduous in her studies soon became a favorite with the principal. Although her French would make a Parisian or even a Matawan *voyageur* stare, still it would pass muster, as she knew in Muskoka. Although not exactly a Gottschalk, she could punish the grand piano to the extent of the "Maiden's Prayer," and the Silver Lake waltz. She could "tat" and crechet, and work woolen cats and other somewhat doubtful animals in all colors, in fact, she was as accomplished as the majority of the older pupils, and dropped her r's and broadened her vowels equal to a New York dude. She could also chew gum. At the end of her course of three months she returned to her happy home in Muskoka.

But in the meantime she had made a *mash*!

CHAPTER III.

HO, MUGGIN!

Jane Ann sat by the fire-place in her father's parlor, the bright sparks flying upwards, lit up with sparkling, though furtive radiance, the new set of jewellery that her lover had purchased as an engagement present, and which she donned on her return.

The light from the magnificent kerosene lamp (gas not yet being introduced on the 17th Range), showed her clad in the latest and most fashionable attire. A sky blue basque fitting neatly her graceful form and shone out in harmonious contrast with the sage green overskirt and maroon-colored polonaise. A simple gladiola was in her hair, and altogether she was a daisy.

It was not long before Hildibrand on the wings of love came to the house, bounded, so to speak, into the parlor, and clasped the young girl to his manly bosom. He only murmured "Jenny" in her ear.

"Sir," said Jenny, calmly but firmly, disengaging herself from the young man's loving, though "grisy" like grasp. "Your manners are somewhat rude, and I must say quite what I am unaccustomed to. Ah! weally is that you Hildibrand. Why I hardly knew you. Weally you do look so countrified! An! Hlaw, ye daw?"

Hildibrand stood aghast. Was it for this that he had advised his true love, his own Jane Ann to leave her parental roof to seek accomplishments and culture which resulted in such a display as this? "No, By Jupiter!" said he. "I-I Hildibrand Fitz-Hogan will teach this silly girl that I am to be her future lord and master."

"Jane Ann," said he, sternly, "what is the meaning of these airs?"

"My dear sir," replied the girl, "your language is coarse, and your manners are hardly what they should be. We will not prolong the conversation, if *you* please."

Now, it happened that since Jane Ann's departure for the school Hildibrand had become a steady and assiduous reader of a Toronto newspaper of democratic proclivities, yclept the *Daily Noose*, and had become strongly imbued with its republican sentiments, consequently his former aristocratic proclivities were very considerably weakened, hence when he found that his inamorata had blossomed into a full bloom aristocratic *grande dame* he waxed wrath, and made the following somewhat undignified remarks: "See here, Jane Ann, you've bin to Toronto for a few months in a

boardin'-school, and you are now puttin' on more airs than a country boss. You forgit, I suppose, how to milk cows, as you uster. I tell you I won't have it!"

"And I tell you I won't have you," replied the young lady with asperity.

At this moment a distinguished-looking stranger dressed in the height of fashion, drove up in a magnificently appointed barouche, coolly walked into the parlor, tucked the triumphant Miss Jenkinson under his arm, and led her to the carriage, the young lady merely remarking *en passant* that the orange groves of Florida "would be pleasant at this time of year," leaving her jilted Hildibrand standing like a statue before the fire.

L'ENVOI.

Shortly after Hildibrand received a piece of the bride cake and a box of oranges (per express, C.O.D.) he made up his mind to contest the riding, got elected, and is now known as the Radical member of the Local House, and is down on all Governors, Lieutenants, and otherwise.



P. P.

The soliloquy of PHILIP HARDING (missionary to Chandos, on sending his list of marriages to the "Church Guardian," proclaiming himself P. P. (PARISH PRIEST).

Philip was once an "Evangelist" called,
But this will not do for me;
I must have something imposing and grand,
And will dub myself—P. P.

Since last ordained, I have taken great care
To make all the people see
That whether the gospel I preach or not,
A "Priest" I am bound to be.

That unhappy schism fanatics once made,
Although it set England free,
I always felt, was a sad blow to faith,
I'm sorry it's shared by me.

I want all around, my "Mission" to know
Henceforth is a "Parish" to be,
That I am the "Priest" with fulness of power,
And, *this* makes me write P. P.

I love Rome so well, I wish we were one,
But this, at present, can't be,
Like a "Roman" as much as I can so seem,
I'll mark myself with P. P.

Between us and Rome the difference is small,
I fain would have them all see,
For once, 'twas well said, and still it holds good,
That difference is only a "P."

The Romanist, all men at once will declare
A full blown Pa-pist to be;
The Ritualist, child-like, at Popery may play,
But only an A-pist is he.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion." —Day's Business College, 96 King-st. W., Toronto.