

mon was heard, especially from a minister from Ohio, who had a pretty summer home near by. He had a fine sonorous voice and good command of language, and on one occasion he likened the little fleet of boats and canoes which came to bring their owners to the service to the same kind of scene he had witnessed in Norway, where so many of the farmers can only hear the Word of God preached during the summer season when they all come to a meeting held by some good pastor for their benefit; but no doubt the picturesque costumes and grand surrounding scenery make up even a more glowing picture than our more conventional Muskoka could furnish.

The Red Indian is seldom seen now; only twice during our stay did any appear. Two women, one old, fat and ugly, the other not so old but equally fat and ugly, came one day in an old birch bark canoe, with a bundle of rags apparently in the bottom; and sitting in the middle was a little child. They brought some pretty mats and baskets of sweet-scented grass; were very reticent, speaking little English, and with no trace of the romantic legends attached to the dusky savage. They had come from Rama, in Lake Couchiching, a long way off, and were too glad to get clothes or ordinary necessities in return for their handiwork.

Many hotels are about the lakes now, which makes the getting provisions an easier matter than it was in years gone by, as the little tug boats come up twice a week during the season, bringing up eatables of all kinds, and taking orders, which they fulfil on the next trip. They call at all the houses and many of the camps, and must make a fair thing out of their buying and selling, also taking passengers from different points to make excursions, and thus we often found friends on board.

One of the hotels has a large handsome tug belonging to the establishment, and with its cabin windows draped in scarlet, and many flags flying in the breeze, it made a most splendid appearance, and many and gay were the parties assembled in it. Some friend who had a large house on a neighbouring island, the only house with a brick chimney-piece and open fire-place, with dogs (whereon burned mighty logs of wood), had a little steam yacht, run with petroleum, and whenever we heard the musical little pipe there was a general stampede to the wharf where "The Madge" would lie, looking so pretty with its red-lined seats and soft scarlet cushions, forming most luxurious divans, and the brass of the machinery flashing brilliantly in the sun. At times the musician would bring her guitar, and with talking, laughing and singing the "Madge" would puff along in the most important fashion, going in and out of the islands, and steaming ahead at a capital pace. A deep troll was let out, and many a big trout and bass fell victim.

Many of the settlers are glad to sell any produce they have, and many curious characters are met amongst them. One, from whom we got milk and vegetables, brought twice daily by two blue-eyed boys, who looked as though life was a thing to be taken very easily, must, we thought, have been a schoolmaster, perhaps in some small village in England, partly from the air of authority with which he would give his opinion, partly from the long words he used; he would spout Shakespeare and Byron in a most rasping voice, and lecture the youngsters as though he meant it. Another, a capital boatbuilder, was a good philosopher, and would give vent to the oddest sentiments, sending us into hidden fits of laughter; for he was a shy man, and I doubt his ever coming again, however much we wanted him, if we offended him.

Some Scotch settlers had a beautiful farm down the river, their fields and gardens a picture of care and neatness. The highest price was always paid for their produce. The wife had a large family, her house was a model of neatness, and yet withal she had nine boarders through the summer. How she managed to keep herself and children as she did was a mystery. They had been burned out, but their Scotch thrift weathered them through their troubles, and the wife told the artiste one day she "thought they were on the right side now."

Once during the season a party of five was made up, consisting of the lawyer and his wife, the artiste, the doctor and the tea broker to "go a-fishing" in some of the back lakes. They started one fine morning, taking the little steamer "Muskoka" up to Port Cockburn, or, as it was commonly called, "Fraser's" from the name of the proprietor of the large hotel there. There they got into an open waggon and drove some nine miles into the back country, up and down the corduroy roads, along hills in blazing sunshine and clouds of dust, drawn by a very unequally matched pair of horses, which made the drive no easier, one being a steady old farm hand, "which nothing her dismayed," the other a frisky young colt, which was with difficulty restrained from breaking bounds altogether, only checked by the stolid perseverance of its mate. The farmhouse was reached at length where quarters had been engaged for the night, not the most inviting, either. The mistress of the house at first sight appeared to be quite an oldish woman, with ragged looking head, apparently no teeth to speak of, and dirty dress. The enthusiasts went off to catch fish in the few remaining hours of daylight, and on returning were amazed to find their hostess an entirely different looking person altogether to what she had been on their arrival. Her hair, by some marvellous means, was curled up in a most luxuriant fashion, the hollows of the thin cheeks were filled up by the missing teeth, which apparently were more for ornament than use. A clean dress and apron replaced the former untidy garments, and an appearance of at least ten years younger was the result.

There was a large dairy in connection with the ranche,

and so milk and butter were both good. Hot biscuits, meat and eggs were produced, the campers had brought their own tea with them, so a delightful meal was the outcome of all the preparation which went on in the one big room where everyone sat, the "parlour" being so dreary that all, with one consent, remained in the kitchen.

The next morning the artiste reported having slept soundly, notwithstanding feather beds and noises of every kind, humane and animal, which disturbed the earliest dawn. As soon as possible they went off in force to the lake, which was only a very short distance from the house, and getting into a huge boat were pulled out to the fishing grounds, and in a few hours had a big catch of between forty and fifty bass of varying sizes. As many as possible were packed in leaves and moss in a box, and the next morning the waggon was mounted and the return drive was accomplished much under the same conditions as the one before. A dear little girl was a bright spot in the somewhat dreary farmhouse. She was an adopted child of some five or six years old, lovely in face and winning in ways, following the two ladies about as though they were something she knew not of, and on their leaving she was richer than she ever hoped to be, I imagine, as she confided that she was "saving up to buy daddy a moustache cup for a Christmas present," so her fortunes were swelled to the extent of being able to buy a dozen moustache cups if she wished—a lonely life for a child, but infinitely more to be desired than the pent-up existence of a city waif.

There are many guide books and maps of Muskoka, illustrated and without such attractions, issued now for the traveller, and everything can be learned about this charming part of the country with ease.

Rain comes seldom, but when it does a fall of several days is often the case. Then if one cannot get out in the canoes the camp is thrown on its own resources for amusement. A fire light in the wood stove soon throws a cheery glow of heat into the big sitting-room; the ladies take up their work, the elocutionist spouts forth themes grave and gay, the *littérateur* reads a tale or poem for us with fitting emphasis, the guitar is heard twanging musically, stories are told, topics discussed in every shade, games played, and the most wonderful likenesses taken, not by sun or pencil, but cut out in white paper, the profiles thus produced being afterwards gummed in a book of red cotton pages, the effect being in many cases so good that it is needless to attach the names underneath. The time passes so quickly that luncheon comes, then dinner, before we know the day gone. One accident only happened during the summer. The colonel, by some violent jerk, dislocated his shoulder, or rather the arm at his shoulder. The whole camp was in a fine ferment in a moment. Some of the ladies having been through "ambulance courses of lectures," were most anxious to lay violent hands on him at once, but this was prevented. The night was getting dark, but all flew off in various directions, hoping to find a medical man from other islands, in the meantime bandages being got ready for the operation of "putting in"—the tender hearts of the governor and madame mentally suffering as much as the colonel himself almost in bodily anguish. Most providentially the artiste and the elocutionist going, at lightning speed in their canoe, found a very well known medico on his island not very far from the camp. He was also an old friend of the governor's and most kindly turned out of bed to come to our relief, and in a short time the agony was over, not a groan being heard during the process of the pulling and tugging necessary to get the limb into its right place from the colonel, who, true soldier that he was, bore the wrenching pain without a murmur. The doctor was sitting on a low bench only a few inches from the floor, so as to get a greater purchase on the arm itself, putting his foot under the arm-pit to give the strongest force. He had just shot the joint back when we heard a hearty laugh from both, and rushing in found the colonel at full length on the floor with his arm in place and the doctor also on the floor, but not with intention, the bench having broken under his weight, and a tumble being the result. However, we were only too glad to have this happy ending to the accident.

The echoes are wonderful in that part of Muskoka. One can hear a sentence repeated over and over again, and the numerous "calls" in which the campers indulge are heard in every variety of tone all round the lake. The camp fires have a lovely appearance, too; some like tall pyramids of red light, and the darker the night the more brilliant the fire, the red glow being seen for miles; but to many of the old campers these evidences of visitors to the once peaceful lakes are not at all wished for. In fact, one day the artiste said, in a most impatient tone, "I wish these visitors would go away, one can hear the voices as plainly as though they were close at hand. I heard just now someone on a neighbouring island say, 'Jimmie, take that pot round to the kitchen!' Now, why should Jimmie take the pot to the kitchen? Muskoka is getting quite spoilt." But, of course, many rather enjoy the brightness given to the day by seeing the little tugs steaming about and the pretty passenger boats puffing along with their gay crowds of young folks, perhaps bound to Shadow River, where the waters are so marvellously clear that each leaf and twig is reflected as in the most brilliant of mirrors. A photograph taken of a young and fair voyageur in her canoe, pausing in the river, seemed as though the canoe was turned upside down, each fold in the dress, even, being seen most accurately.

The atmosphere is clear and fine to a wonderful degree, a warm day, when the heat is unusual, producing much the effect of a mirage, the islands seeming to be lifted up with the golden shimmering light. On such a day as that we took ourselves either to "Arthur Seat," a green mossy nook

amongst the ferns high up on a rock which rose in the middle of the wood, or down to the cool shores of the "Ladies' Bathing Place," where the breeze came delightfully to cool the air and the sun glistened down on the beds of scarlet pigeon-berries and golden-rod, and the hours of heat were passed in reading, writing, sleeping or chattering.

The day came when we were to "break camp," and we were all sorry to say good-bye to the pretty island and comfortable habitation. Books, work, sketches were packed up, everything moveable put away in the attic, all sorts of treasures distributed amongst the settlers and children, boats and canoes put away, windows boarded up, and, lastly, the Union Jack, which had floated proudly from the boat house, was pulled down, and we all said good-bye, hoping to meet next summer at Governor's Island to go through again all the delights of a summer in Muskoka.

The purity of the air, the soft brilliancy of the atmosphere, and, perforce, the plain but nourishing food, which are the main conditions of a holiday in Muskoka, render a sojourn there of inestimable value to everyone, but especially to those whose energies have been taxed in the sultry heat of a city. A man will appear, pale, languid, and at first wanting nothing but the mere facts of living, eating and sleeping; but in a few days the recuperating power of air and water make themselves felt, and in a short time a bronzed, active, healthy being, weighing many pounds more than on arrival, is seen rowing, paddling, sailing, fishing, even chopping wood, with an energy hitherto unknown. And all this makes an interest not felt often in "welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest."

M. FORSYTH GRANT.

MR. STANLEY'S BOOK.

In Queen's Bench on the 21st ult., before Mr. George Murray, the Special Examiner appointed by the court, the end of the litigation between H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, and Mr. Troup, the transport officer of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, was reached. The object of the action by Mr. Stanley was to restrain Mr. Troup from publishing a work which had been advertised under the title, "With Stanley's Rear Column; a Narrative of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, including a diary showing how events led up to the assassination of Major Barttelot and a failure of this branch of the Expedition, by John Rose Troup, transport officer of the Expedition." It was contended on behalf of Mr. Stanley that Mr. Troup, who had previously been an officer in the service of the King of the Belgians, was precluded from publishing this book by an agreement which he entered into with him in January 1887, in which he undertook not to publish anything in connection with the expedition for six months after the issue of the official publication of the expedition by the leader or his representative. Before the learned Examiner had taken his seat in court, it leaked out that the whole of the litigation had been settled. The terms of the settlement were not disclosed.

HUMOUROUS.

"Well, Johnnie, do you enjoy going to school?" "It's pretty good fun. I like comin' home the best, though."

COTTON MERCHANT (to son who wants to be a poet): Why, boy, remember that poetry, even good poetry, will never pay as well as cotton, even bad cotton—especially bad cotton.

A WOMAN'S REASON.—Maud: Why have you thrown Clarence overboard? Madge: I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose. Maud: How did his nose get broken? Madge: I struck him playing tennis.

ART CRITICISM.—First Critic: Well, what do you think of it? Second do: Capital; exceedingly realistic treatment of the subject; true to nature! . . . By the way, have you any idea what it is intended to represent?"—Grip.

A WEE BOY beset his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see how busy I am at these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?'" "That would be funny for you."

A SPORTSMAN went out for a day's shooting, taking with him an idle weaver from the village to carry his bag. Crossing a field on the way to the moors, a bull met the sportsman, who dropped on his knee, presented his rifle at the enraged animal, and shot it dead. Coming up to the scene of operations, Sandy with the bag over his shoulder looked at the animal, and said:—"Ah, weel, sir, if that's the kind o' game you're gaun to shoot I'll awa' hame, an' ye can carry yer bag yersel'."

DR. PARR (the celebrated scholar) was once preaching in the country parish of another clergyman, and, as was his habit used very learned language. The rector afterward said to him, "They could not understand you." "Nonsense," said Dr. Parr; "I am sure there was nothing in my sermon which they could not comprehend." "Well," said the rector, "I will call one of them in, and see if he understands the meaning of the word 'felicity.'" So he called in a labouring man, and said, "John, can you tell me what is the meaning of 'felicity?'" "Well, I don't know, sir," said John; "but I believe it is some part of the inside of a pig."