



THE GREAT MERCIER RECEPTION.

MAYOR MCSHANE (*reading civic address*)—"The season of conflict will doubtless soon recommence, the scent of battle is in the air, and your patriotic supporters rejoice greatly to have again at their head the respected chief on whose banners success and victory love to perch.

"You will find us, honorable sir, always at your side when you call upon us to fight for the great principles you represent in our good old Province."

DOUGALL—"Here! Mr. Mayor, no party tunes! Speak for yourself!"

ROUGHING IT IN MUSKOKA.

THE Gassleys are in Muskoka doing the "roughing it" act. They have a place on one of the islands, and every summer they resign the luxuries of Jarvis street for a season of hardships and privations in that wild district. "It is, of course, a severe test," says Mrs. Gassley, "but then it gives us all such rugged health, you know. Why, the girls add pounds and pounds to their weight, and the boys are improved in every way by the experience."

Let us drop in upon them unexpectedly and make notes of the day's "roughing." Here we are at the Gassley cottage, though that isn't its official title. It is known as "Tribulation Camp"—these words being wrought very tastefully in evergreen over the front door. And a very snug and pretty cottage it is, standing on a gentle slope about one hundred yards from the placid shore of the pretty island-dotted lake. A broad verandah sweeps round three sides of the house, and there is a plentiful supply of comfortable-looking armchairs, in one of which Mr. Gassley is at the moment roughing it in carpet slippers, burdened with a good cigar and the current number of *Harper*. We enter the front door and an appalling scene of hardship bursts upon us. The walls and ceiling are positively unplastered—nothing but pine boards matched and varnished! There is a marked absence of oil painting and articles of *vertu* on the walls, the place of these marks of civilization being supplied by full-page pictures from illustrated newspapers, tacked up with extemporized frames of evergreen twigs. The floor is also of pine, and here and there, where it is not covered by

the rugs which lie about, we may see that the boards are by no means perfectly joined. Coal oil lamps fastened here and there to the walls provide light at night—there isn't a single gas-meter in the whole island! We tour through the rest of the house and find everything else to correspond with what has just been described. It gives us a keen sense of the privations of a life in the bush, and sets us to wondering how these refined beings from Jarvis street can possibly endure it even for a few weeks each summer. We go outdoors and the feeling is intensified. All about us is the primæval forest—the natural home of bears and wolves—and here, a few yards from the back door, we find Mrs. Gassley, whose nerves have evidently been steeled by these seasons of roughing it, calmly swinging in a hammock. The boys and girls are out on the bosom of the lake in a row boat, the former rowing like veritable *voyageurs*, the latter sitting in picturesque postures and holding up their faces and lily-white arms to the sun, if perchance they can manage to get a good tan put on before they start for the city. Roughing it! We should say so!

GEOGRAPHICAL.

IT was at Lewiston, and they sat in front of the hotel, waiting for the steamer: "Where are we, any'ow?" queried the young Englishman with the wraps, "in America or Canada, or where?" He was informed that Canada was just across the river, and a momentary ray of intelligence passed across his features.