

ment, where tents are the thickest, the boys are the jolliest. Here you may wander through the curious mansions of the Ottawas, or the Deserontos and the Mohicans. In another direction you meet the Vesper Club, of Lowell, then follow down Malk St., passing in turn the encampment of the Ianthe Club, of Newark, the Krickerbockers, of New York, and the Shu. Shu. Gah. Warriors, from Winchester, Mass., and on the way pass a black eyed beauty, whose face tells that life's current to the red man tinged her veins from no far distant spring. You arrive then at the Cataragui Club, of Kingston, where you meet the whole souled fellow, famed for singing the praises of Susan Brown, who pulls the strings of a broken necked guitar as you enter. Musical instruments of all kinds are to be seen, from the old rusty banjo, with no head, to the three legged piano, that goes out of tune in the upper notes. Toronto was very sparsely represented at the Meet, and bodies from Squaw Point would remark as they passed: Small, but "Oh! my!" Some of the members of the male persuasion glibly inform you that it was quality, not quantity, that was required. Our modesty forbade us to believe they were in earnest. An incident occurred that caused some fun. We are prone to talk of the English man and his bath tub, but although a fine beach was to be found for bathing, a prominent member of the Cataragui Club, who was unable to swim, brought a tin bath to Camp. It gave amateur joke fiends a fine opportunity. The Bulletin board furnished lots of merriment, and the many ridiculous notices posted on it found ready readers. An advertisement appeared in bold letters, reading: For sale cheap, a Bull Terrier Pup, with large capacious jaws, will eat anything, very fond of children.

The gloaming coming now fast on, one of the prettiest events took place. At headquarters it was announced that a "Kampe Fyre Konserte" would be the order of the evening, rendezvous of a certain Club famed for its fine musical voices and fire side orators. At a given signal, a magnificent burst of phosphorescent flame shot from the water, casting a lurid glare upon a hundred female faces, and radiating to a marked degree the visage of many a jolly good fellow. This with fireworks from the water, a shower of colored flame on shore, an exhibition of many tinted Chinese lanterns from the tents, the Association Orchestra struck up a tuneful melody, that for harmonious and mellifluous resonance was supreme. A happy chorus followed, and the merry ring of sopranos and tenors, the mellow sound of low contraltos and basses, combined to produce a perfect harmony. One particularly pretty effect was created by a group of paddles, formed in the shape of a tripod, from which was suspended an old fashioned gipsy camp pot. It was a perfect night, the moon came out and shone through the trees, with silvery effect. Romantic it was indeed to hear the sound of voices over the water, join in the chorus, and subside as the soloists turn came. Its influence stills the soul as softly as the negro steals across the moon lit sward, in quest of the chickens that are not his, but which shortly will be. "Lo," the wind springs up, and we are homeward bound. Straight as an arrow we fly, our white wings carry us along, hoping to get back in the same short order we came. But we are doomed to disappointment, we strike a snag, our main halliard gives way, and we have to sail to some place for assistance to get in good shape again. However, we made Cedar