



AN AUTHORITY ON "PLUGS."

ONE VACATION;
OR,
CAMPED OUT.

EPISTLE I.—THE SUMMER WOODS.

19th August, 1882.

DEAR BOB,—Arrived! Hammocks slung, camp-kettle planted, tent pitched and everything first-rate! No house nearer than a quarter of a mile, no dinner-gong, no company, and no clocks. Lake is splendid; full of fish. Can hear the partridge drumming everywhere, wood-pigeons plenty, and bears in the neighborhood, so we shall have lots to eat. We are to take turns in the camp-cooking. Barrington is doing it to-day, but the fellows can't let him have the fun all to himself, so he has to stand round mostly and ask for what he wants. There's the beauty of division of labor. By Jove, it's all splendid. Out of bed at five, into the lake for a dip, no bother about collar, boots, or coat, all free and easy. Throw in your line, out with a fish, give it to the cook, and when the breakfast is ready eat it like an Indian. By the way, the bread was a little stale we brought with us, and that duffer, Wilton, made the coffee in the dipper without washing it after lading out last night's supper. Said it was all in the bill. Just going out shooting, so ex-cuse.

Yours friendly,
JACK.P. S.—Tell the *mater* I'm all right.

EPISTLE II.—THE SUMMER WOODS.

28th August, 1882.

DEAR BOB,—Can you send me some moustache wax? It's a regular bother. Girls are come, and one has to look somehow. Fine girls, too! One of 'em's a daisy. Complexion like a sun-flower: stand anything, either sun or wind. I never did go in for peach-blossoms and cream. She's up to everything, too; fishing, rowing, paddling, dancing, singing, and even playing euchre, if you'd pretend to teach her. She can ride, too, and catch her horse herself. At least the other girls say so, but she hadn't been here two days before she was O.K. with Rory, that's the boy, stroked his neck, patted his nose, gave him bread and apples, and even kissed him. By Jove, what a waste! Daren't say so, though. If you give the first letter of anything smart she's up like fire, eyes blazing, head aloft, and her back turned on you like Zenobia. Splendid creature. Of course all the fellows are in love with her, but I think I've got the bulge on 'em all. You know the *mater* wants me to marry, and I really think I may some of these days, just to please her. Don't let on to any of the King-street lot that

you know where I am. But there's nobody in town, I guess, just now. I had a letter from that spoony little thing, Patty, but—ah well, not this post.

Yours fraternally,
JACK.

P. S.—Don't forget the wax.

EPISTLE III.—THE LOVELY SUMMER WOODS.

16th Sept., 1882.

DEAR BOB,—You may well envy us. What do you think we had for breakfast this morning? Hot rolls, muffins, fried sausages, poached eggs, ham, pigeon pie, stewed chicken, and mashed potatoes. There's breakfast for fellows that have had nothing but fish, fish, fish, five days out of seven for the last three weeks. And it was all May's doing, the cooking and the invitation and all. And so pretty they all looked in their clean wrappers and white aprons with little frills, flowers in their hair, and smiles all round, that you couldn't help enjoying it. My little beauty waited on me, for they wouldn't let us do anything but enjoy our breakfast, and there's a girl apiece; they said we must be "so miserable" up there in camp. I do admire these womanly women; not above cooking, you know, and able to wash their own dresses and look nice in 'em too. It really is not kind of those people who want to educate woman above herself. Cooking and washing are evidently her natural occupations, and they are not her friends who would set her above them. We are going to gather water-lilies this afternoon, and I shall get May into my boat and make all square with her.

Dear little May! She'll make me so happy, and I'll be so proud of her. None of your Higher Education women for me, indeed!

Tata, then my boy, till I write you again.
Yours,
JACK.P. S.—I've written *mater* and the girls, just to prepare them, you know.

EPISTLE IV.—S. W.

19th Sept., 1882.

DEAR BOB,—The dooce is in it all! Here I've been and honored that girl with a proposal only to be refused. Me! With a thou, a year and a style equal to Senator Macpherson. The mean little jade! "She's engaged." And to that fellow I hate so, him that took the gold medal last year. "Hoped I wouldn't feel it too much." "Never thought I meant anything more than the other young gentlemen." "Mr.—what's the beggar's name—is coming for her in a day or two." "Sure I'll like him." Yes, like a bass, spear him by torchlight.

And this after all my letters to the *mater* and the girls, telling them how fond she was of me, and how sure I was they'd like her; only need to know her. That's it! Only need to know her. Mean, designing, artful creature!

Confound camp life, anyhow! Haven't got a rag fit to wear. Upset the kettle into the fire the day before yesterday; scalded my legs, burned my shirt, singed one side of my face, and had to shave off my moustache. Blessed sand flies cut me all up, too, and can't sit out of the smoke at night for the mosquitoes. Eyes as red as ferrets, complexion like a nigger, and blistered at that. What in thunder I came here for I should like to know. Last night a gale blew, rain came down like pitchforks, lightning flashed, thunder roared, and in the midst of all rir went the ropes, and over came the tent, and we were obliged to run all through the storm to the shanty for shelter. Nice fun! And those imps of girls laughing at us, I heard 'em.

He's come, too: all so nice and so clean, and so neat, a regular Adonis. I'd change his looks for him if he was here a week. And she's strong-minded after all. Going to be a doctor.

Bah! Hopes to have a vote. Pretty wife she'll make! Nice thing when a man can't rule his wife and don't know more than she! Like to see my wife with a vote or even an opinion that wasn't mine! Tell the *mater* I'm gone to Winnipeg: heard of some land there! I'll marry one of the Marquis of Lorne's servant-girl's, and settle down on a water lot.

Yours, played out and disgusted,
JACK.

A SECULAR SOCIETY SOCIAL.

FIRST MORAL PHILOSOPHER.—That's my opinion on the subject!

SECOND DO. DO.—My dear sir, I perfectly agree with you, but I'll show you where you're wrong! [*Left showing him.*]

UNDER THE ROD.

A NOVELLETTE FOR GIRLS.

PART II.

Nothing occurred next day between Julia and Mrs. Jevons to intimate want of family harmony. In the forenoon two magnificent bouquets arrived for mother and daughter from Mr. Cecil Grosvenor, the sight of which gave the worldly-minded lady a more amicable feeling towards her eldest daughter, whose firm independence of character she rather suspected than knew. After all, the girl might have got some wild Canadian notions, but then Mrs. Jevons by her superior strength of mind would eradicate these eccentricities without the trouble and possible conflicting of punishing a daughter of eighteen. So she smiled an almost maternal smile and took Julia to drive in the park at the fashionable hour. They met Cecil Grosvenor, who bowed and rode for some time beside their carriage talking to Mrs. Jevons. That lady was radiant. When they returned, Mrs. Jevons told Julia that a card had arrived for a ball that evening at Lady Ladedda's. "I have ordered my maid to place in your room a pearl necklace of my own, with a locket, which pray keep as a present if you find it suits your style. I have also told Pinner to lay out ready for your *toilette* this evening a new ball-dress, they are worn *en peu decollete* at present, as I suppose you know. As I am to be at dinner two hours earlier than the dancing, you will go in the carriage with your sisters." My Lady then swept out of the room with the air of a duchess. In the evening Julia went to her room to dress. A beautiful morocco case lay on the *toilette* table, lined with azure silk, and containing a glittering necklace of real pearls larger than any she had seen before, with a jewel of fine gold on which Julia's monogram was inlaid with turquoise of the purest blue. Julia could not help coloring for pleasure. Then there was the dress, just arrived from Worth's. It was lovelier than any she had ever dreamed of wearing, silk of one of the new fashionable colors that is neither argent nor grey nor dun-colored, but a name-