

emerge like animated snowballs, screaming with laughter. They went barefooted, late in autumn, when town children were shivering with cold feet, and in the summer, their bare heads defied sunstroke.

Muskoka, in the future, will be an invaluable recruiting field, should Canada ever unhappily need a regular army, and in the meanwhile Reform and Conservative administrations at Ottawa, are alike to be censured for not having organized a volunteer force in Muskoka and Parry Sound, where such excellent physical material exists for its foundation.

One great fault in the architecture of the shanty, was its being built with the floor nearly on the ground level, so that, especially after the sinking of the logs, where the snow melted in the spring, the hard tramped path to the door, became an inclined plane to conduct into the house, water none the purer from the part that cows and pigs stood so often and long in suppliant attitudes outside the door.

One cause which retarded the progress of farming proper, although it raised local prices of produce, was the existence of lumbering on a large scale. Many farmers worked in the woods, when they might have been chopping on their own lots. Another great temptation to draw the free granter from his proper business sprung from the charms of hunting, trapping, snooting and canoeing.

Happy Jack, before immortalized was a sample of this. Not a bad sort

of man, no worse naturally than hundreds of others, fate threw him into a country where the lazy element of his nature was ministered to, and the powerful magnet of sport, at first toyed with as a pastime, had drawn him from farming work which he thoroughly understood, and which his strength fitted him for, and developed him into the Indian type, without the Indian's excuse of early bringing up as a hunter.

Drunkenness, too, which clings like an evil spirit to the Anglosaxon race, whether under palms or icebergs, plentifully sprinkled Muskoka with moral and physical wrecks. In this fashion did the tempter smite the temple of man's body; the settler was leaning over his rough-hewn table, moodily brooding over the past and future; on the vanishing light of the first and the coming darkness of the second. It was evening. The icy blast was ruthlessly tearing away the few leaves which the frost had spared. Other sound there was none, except the hoot of a passing owl. He had hay. Could he but sell it, he could get cash, and cash mean't flour, and the want of it mean't hunger. But the roads were impassible, and no work was to be had. Still he brooded, till the tension of thought became intolerable. He sallied forth into the cool air, and strolled along till he heard the sound of rough revelry, from the bush tavern. Maudlin music filled the air. Conscience said "go back," with solemn and stern iteration. His credit was