

VIGNETTES
OF
MUSKOKA

With PEN, BRUSH and PENCIL.



By the Author of
"JUST ONE BLUE BONNET"

Lourence Kinton

CANADIANA

Two acc.
FEB 28 1964

Some of the following sketches are selected from
"Just One Blue Bonnet."

In the Hospital.

WHO came and smiled across my bed?
Who smoothed and brushed my
aching head?

Who was it with a teaspoon fed
And measured out that medicine red?
My night nurse!

With cap and collar and white cuff,
With cocoa in a thin blue cup,
With wafer biscuits just enough,
Neat night nurse!

With clinical thermometer
My temperature to register,
To note each change that might occur,
Wise night nurse!

Who all the room so dainty kept?
Who brushed and shook and wiped and
swept?
And in and out so blithely stept,
Prompt night nurse!

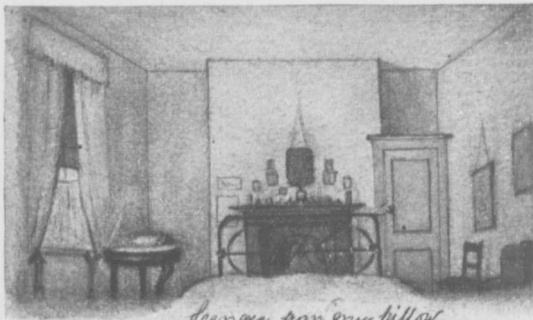
She brought me every scrap of news
That could be gleaned by window views,
And my requests did ne're refuse.
Bright night nurse!

She neither winked nor yawned nor sighed;
She let me all my ills confide;
Chaffed, cheered and comforted beside.
Sweet night nurse!

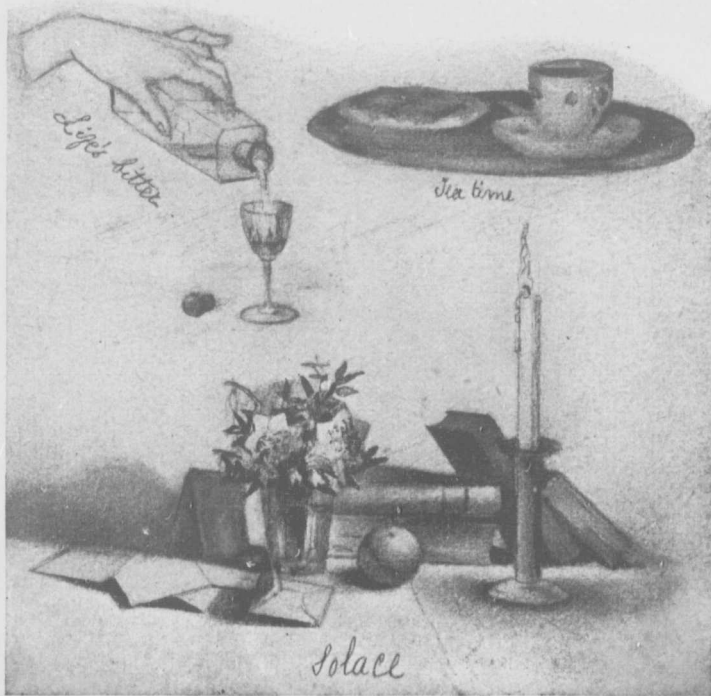
She straightened out the crumpled bed;
She turned my pillow, raised my head,
And watched while each long, slow hour
fled,

Dear night nurse!

When midnight faded into morn,
Receding lamps announced the dawn,
And frogs croaked lonely and forlorn,
With grief of heart I found her gone.
Tired night nurse!



Getting Better Fast.



FROM THE "TRAINED NURSE" NEW YORK.

Rambling in the Woods in May.

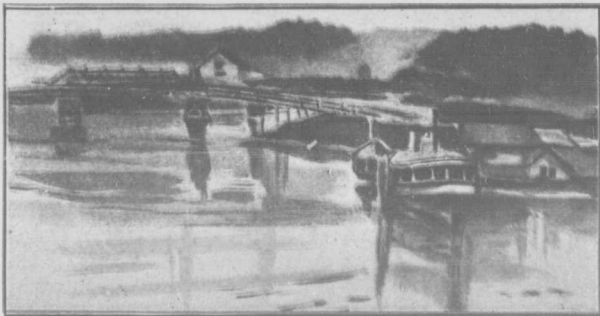
TO-DAY I have been in the open air the whole day long; in the morning along by the Bay among the willows and birch shrubbery, where the floods have risen, doubling all the slim graceful young trees and saplings, and all the rough old stumps, and blackened snags, and the partially submerged snake fences. Saw the first wild canary and some ducks on the water. The catkins on the trees are plentiful, some yellow and downy, and some pendant and brown. The red and yellow twigs and the dotted catkins strike one as very pretty. The luxury of moss is wonderful; some of the sweetest green that I ever cast my eyes upon; some delicately blossoming.





Near a Little Lake.

WOKE with the peep of dawn. Thought I'd get up and take the boat and see the sunrise; then thought wiser not. Commenced painting in the beaver meadow. Saw the first wild violets. The Beaver Lake is one of the most beautiful and most solitary spots I know. It seems entirely forsaken and neglected, except by me and my companion Boxer, and the birds and the frogs, and Boxer's pet aversion, the chipmunk. They are pretty brisk little animals, and they go scurrying up and down the trees and fences in a very lively fashion, with a peculiar little cry like a bird. They come and watch me painting with their bright eyes. The Lake itself lies like a burning blue gem, encircled with low cranberry and bulrushes and beaver grass, billowy like a yellow sea along the margin, and groves of tamarack, and pine, and hemlock, and white birch, and maple-covered hills.



From a Hill Top.

CLIMBED a hill some height above the village, where one gets a good view of the chain of water from the shores of Vernon Lake down the narrows, the Bay, the Muskoka River, Fairy Lake, Peninsula Lake, and possibly Mary Lake too. Many miles of rich purple shadowed "bush" can be seen, dark and velvety, contrasting with the beech, birch, and maple woods, on this hill-top, with its interlaced and arched tracery of boughs and twigs, through which the light filters so softened and subdued that there seems no shadow either, and the dried autumn leaves, preserved by the blanket of snow, are light and delicate as tissue paper, creamy and biscuit-brown, crisping and crackling under one's feet as you tread over the springy depths. Walking is very

pleasant and easy in the sweet, balmy and pure air. All the ground is starred with the tiny blossoms of the pink and white Mayflower. Here and there a bit of scarlet flashes forth from that fungus one sees in Alpine pictures, cup-shaped, and white outside. Painted until the sun went down, seeming to set the grey trunks flaming in the floods of golden glowing, ruddy blaze that streamed in horizontal rays from the west over the hills. Descended in full view of most strangely magnificent sunset.



I go a Fishing.

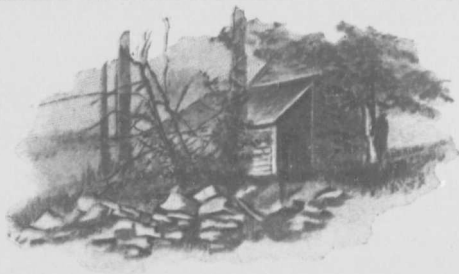
MINE host and three guests are angling at the rapids with long rods. Twice they came up with their sport, little gleaming speckled trout, pretty fish and nice eating. Katie, the maid, came and called me into the kitchen to see a fine show of fish just caught, and panting and flapping on the table,—perch, pickerel, suckers and herring.

An Adventure.

CLIMBED another hill in the thick bush. There among the leaves and blossoms sat down to rest. Presently I heard a stealthy tread approaching, and among the branches I caught a glimpse of a brown creature with a bushy tail. I made sure it was a wolf as they are around, so I thought it best to sit still. Presently it perceived me too, and stood still, watching me a few yards away. After a bit I got tired of those two shining eyes between the twigs, so began to whistle and call to it, and then stood up to get a better view. Then the beast began to approach, and I came to the conclusion that it was not a wolf, but a deer, so I went to get a nearer inspection, and it turned and slowly ran away.

Leafy June.

THE trees are all swathed and wrapt in lovely green. In every direction the eye can turn, long vistas of rolling green and myriads of leaves of every tint and hue of verdure are to be seen, with the peaceful spears of the "multitudinous grass" all underneath. Everywhere and everything green, green, green. The meadows are rich and deep and unsullied emerald. Clover grass, and violets, and shining coltsfoot, and dandelions, ankle-deep, and swaying in the slightest breath of air, fringed every morning with drops of dew.





A Farewell Interview.

MY Furlough was over.
I walked down the garden to bid
farewell to the daisies.

The tiger-lilies turned and bowed.

"I'm going back to the city," I said.

They did not speak, but I'm sure I saw
tears in their eyes. Maybe their thoughts
were too deep for words—like mine.

I pushed through the beds of golden sun-
flowers; I pressed in close amongst them,
till they nestled their warm, velvet faces
down to mine. "You darling," they sigh-
ed, and I felt their soft breath scented
with honey.

"I'm going away," I whispered.

"Keep your face to the sun; keep look-
ing up. We always do."

So I kissed them good-bye.

The river came hurrying round the
curve of the broken bank. I leaned down
low and dipped my hands in the current;
the little waves lapped up and down as
they lifted the white water-lilies.

"Keep on, keep on," sang the gurgling stream, "I'm going to find the great deep sea."

The trees with their birchen boughs stretched out long kind arms to me.

"Good-bye," I repeated in tears.

Each silver leaf trembled, and the breeze sighed deep and long.

"Why not follow the wind?" asked a thistle-down, floating by; but it suddenly came to a stop in the gossamer thread of a spider's web.

The bramble seized my skirt and held me tight. "Must you go? Why not stay and rest?"

"I cannot stay—there is work to do."

"Cheer up, cheer up," said the cricket.

I passed by the sumach, and the milk-white phlox, but the silver moth never moved.

"Could you wish for lovelier gold than ours?" the oriole questioned wistfully. But I thought of my work, and the many friends whose faces I love to remember. So good-bye, Summer."



The Story of "Just One Blue Bonnet"

As culled from the reviews.

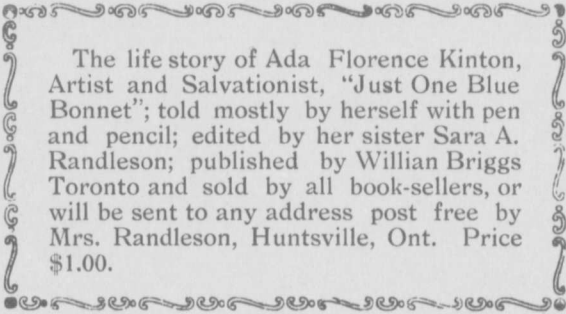
One sometimes comes across the memoir of one who is unknown to fame in the popular sense of the word, and finds the history of a life so true and beautiful, that the wonder is, its praises were not sung far and wide before death has made an aftermath of appreciation.

Florence Kinton was the youngest daughter of a scholarly Professor in London. She early showed a taste for poetry, art and music, and as she grew older, her passionate love for beauty was surpassed only by her pity for the erring and neglected. Fitted by a long and arduous course of training at the South Kensington School of Art, for an art career, it would seem as if her life should have been devoted to interpreting Nature's entrancing and fickle moods. On her father's death she came to Huntsville, Muskoka, where her brothers were living. Her journal tells the impression the new country made on her, and some of the most charming passages in the book are descriptions of scenes around her new home. Muskoka at that time was not the playground of rich people from all over America that it is to-day. It was then an almost primeval wilderness; and the impressionist pictures of the winter land of snowy forests, and icebound lakes, which Miss Kinton gives us, in the clever letters which went back to England, are perhaps the first writings that ever presented the magic charm of our Ontario Highlands.

While in London she had aided in the work of helping the "submerged tenth" and had a personal acquaintance with the family of General Booth. On coming to Canada she continued her artistic work, and was appointed principal of the Art school at Kingston and later of the Toronto Art School. In both places she was very successful and made many friends; but nothing could silence the little voices calling to her to help the neglected poor and to rescue the little ones exposed to suffering and sin. This call she answered and without a thought of self she gave up her lucrative position to join the Salvation Army. In Toronto, in Australia and later in the United States, Miss Kinton devoted all her talents to the Army's work, doing a great deal of literary work and making herself essential and beloved "behind the scenes".

At length the frail body worn out, but the spirit still dauntless, she returned to the home of her sister in Huntsville, to die. On the morning of May 27th 1905, she passed away very quietly. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

The book is both humorous and pathetic and both with a certain charmingly homely quality, which must be read to be appreciated. Those who believe with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man" will find this diary of the human heart as interesting as anything they have ever read.

A decorative border with a repeating scroll pattern surrounds the text.

The life story of Ada Florence Kinton, Artist and Salvationist, "Just One Blue Bonnet"; told mostly by herself with pen and pencil; edited by her sister Sara A. Randleson; published by Willian Briggs Toronto and sold by all book-sellers, or will be sent to any address post free by Mrs. Randleson, Huntsville, Ont. Price \$1.00.

